

VOLUME I.—NUMBER I.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

NATIONAL EMBLEMS.

Such of our readers as are familiar with the pages of the late *Dublin Penny Journal*, and we doubt not their name is legion, will perceive from the above engraving of Irish national emblems, that they are copied from the second number of that Journal. As we have promised a reprint of that popular periodical, some may think it strange that we commence with the second instead of the first number. This, will, however, be accounted for from the fact, that the first number of that Journal was commenced under very great difficulties, and was not, by any means, what its publishers desired.

Taught by their experience and anxious to stamp at once on our publication a truly Irish national character, we have avoided the difficulty which they experienced, and at once give a pictorial illustration of national emblems truly characteristic of the ancient history of our old isle, when she was, indeed, "the gem of the sea."

Our readers will perceive that our engraving is much larger than the original, and while we have improved in artistic execution, we have faithfully preserved the historical correctness of the original.

Our artists are young Irish gentlemen of great promise, who feel that love of art which transcends all mere mechanical execution; they are inspired in their

efforts in our behalf, with that love of old memories and old familiar scenes which they will not fail to impress upon their artistic labors.

The following letter which explains the meaning of the emblems, accompanied the original engraving.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Sir—Your wood-cut is, to my apprehension, as full of meaning to an Irishman, as any emblematic device I have seen. It represents peculiar marks or tokens of Ireland, which are dear to my soul. I am bold to say, the Round Tower, and the Wolf Dog, belong exclusively to our country; not so I allow the Oak, or the



NATIONAL EMBLEMS.

Shamrock, or the Harp; and, we may add, the Crown. But Irish Oaks, and Shamrocks, and Harps, as well as Irish Dogs, are known all the world over; and small blame to me, if I try to say a little about them!

The Round Tower, to the right, is a prodigious puzzle to antiquarians. Quires of paper as tall as a tower, have been covered with as much ink as might form a Lifey, in accounting for their origin and use. They have been assigned to the obscure rites of Paganism—the mystic arcana of Druidism—said to be temples of the fire worshippers—standings of the pillar wor-

shippers—Christian belfries—military towers of the Danish invaders—defensive retreats for the native clergy, from the sudden inroads of the ruthless Norman. But all these clever and recondite conjectures are shortly, as I understand, to be completely overthrown, and the real nature of these Round Towers clearly explained, for the first time, in a Prize Essay, presented to the ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY, by an accomplished antiquarian of our city. Sixty-five of these extraordinary constructions have been discovered and described in our island; of these, the highest and most

perfect are at Dromiskin, Fertagh, Kilmacduagh, Kildare, and Kells.—There are generally the marks of five or six stories in each tower; the doors are from thirteen to twenty feet from the ground, and so low, that none can enter except by stooping. The one nearest to Dublin, is at Clondalkin, four miles from town,—though formerly there was one in a court off Shipstreet. The most interesting one, both to the antiquarian and the lover of mountain scenery, is the one at the Seven Churches of Glendalough, within a day's drive of Dublin;—the scene of the legend given

in your first number, and which, if any one of your readers has not seen, he will not do himself justice, unless, during the fine weather, he contrive to pay it a visit.

The next of our national peculiarities, is that Wolf Dog, which, with paws most contemptively crossed, is looking abroad, and as it were scowling with his keen round eye, for the game that, alas poor Louth! is no longer to be found on hill or currah. Ireland, though it does indeed contain many a ravenous greedy creature, is yet no longer infested with wolves. Formerly it was not so. So late as the year 1662, Sir John Ponsoby had to bring into Parliament a bill to encourage the killing of wolves. Their covers were the bogs, the mountains, and those shrubby tracts then so abundant in the island, and which remained after the ancient woods were cut down; affording shelter, not only for the wolf, but the *rapparee*. The last wolf seen in Ireland was killed in Kerry in 1710. But if our country was once famous for wolves, she was equally noted for its peculiar enemy,—and the Irish Wolf Dog, uniting all the speed of the greyhound with the strength of the mastiff, and depending on its eye, its foot, and its wind, would hunt down the game, which the *canis veltris*, or scent hound, had started for it. These Irish Dogs were exhibited in the fourth century, at the Circensian games at Rome; they were an article of export from our isle in the middle ages; they are mentioned in the Welch laws of Howel Dha, as belonging exclusively to the Cambrian princes and nobility; and a great fine is noted, as to be imposed on those who should injure them. They were employed to hunt the red deer, and the *platyceros* or moose deer, as well as the wolf;—but the employment being gone, the breed, though not extinct, has ceased to be common; it is rarely to be seen, though I have marked a certain, grave solemn gentleman, parading through town with a couple of these grim creatures stalking after him, while both he and his dogs looked as if they belonged to an age long gone by.

Now, the hound is couchant beside a gootly plant of trefoil. The draughtsmen seemed determined that the *Shamrock* should be as gigantic as the dog. And why should not our favorite plant have a gootly appearance? Other countries may boast of their trefoil as well as we: but no where on the broad earth, or continent, or in isle, is there such an abundance of this succulent material for making fat mutton. In winter as well as in summer, it is found to spread its green carpet over our limestone hills, drawing its verdure from the mists which sweep from the Atlantic. The seed of it is every where. Cast line or limestone gravel on the top of a mountain, or on the centre of a bog, and up starts the Shamrock. St. Patrick, when he drove all living things that had venom (save *wan*) from the top of Croagh Patrick, had his foot planted on a Shamrock; and if the readers of your Journal will go on a pilgrimage to that most beautiful of Irish hills, they will see the Shamrock still flourishing there, and expanding its fragrant honeysuckles to the western wind. I confess I have no patience with that impudent Englishman, who wants to make us believe that our darling plant, associated as it is with our religious and convivial partialities, was not the favourite of St. Patrick, and who would substitute in the place of that badge of our faith and our nationality, a little sour puny plant of wood sorrel! This is actually attempted to be done by that stiff, sturdy Saxon, Mister Bicheno: though Keogh, Threikeld, and other Irish botanists assert, that the *scarum oge* or *Schamrock*, is indeed the *trifolium ripens*; and Threikeld expressly says, that "the trefoil is worn by the people in their hats upon the 17th of March, which is called SAINT PATRICK'S DAY, it being the current tradition, that by this *three-leaved* GRASS, he emblematically set forth the Holy Trinity. However that be, when they get their *Scarum oge*, they often commit excess in wearing it, which is not a right keeping a day to the Lord!" The Englishman adduces, the testimony of a certain Saxon, another Saxon, who, in his view of Ireland, describes the people, in a great famine, as creep-

ing forth and flocking to a plot of Shamrocks' or water cresses, to feed on them for the time; and he also quotes an English satirist, one Wytile, who scoffingly says of those

"Who, for their clothing, in mantle goe,
"And feed on *Shamrocks*, as the Irish doe."

But we are not so easily led, Mr. Saxon; we Irishmen are not quite disposed to give up our favorite plant at your bidding. In time of famine, the Irish might have attempted to satisfy hunger with trefoil, as well as they did years ago, when such a thing as sea-weed was eaten,—for hunger will break through a stone wall. But do not the Welch put leeks into their bonnets on St. David's day, and now and then they may eat their leek, as Shakespear has it, as a relish either for an affront or for other sort of food; and small blame to an Irishman, if, when he feels that queer sensation called hunger, he chews a plant of clover! I, for one, when going into good company, would rather have my breath redolent of the honey suckle plant, than spiced with the *haut gout* of garlic! Yet no Welshman would like to live upon leeks, no more than a poor Irishman would upon grass or trefoil; for there is, doubtless, as little nourishment for man in the one as the other. But to do Mr. Bicheno justice, he has another argument in favor of the wood-sorrel being the favorite plant of our country, which is far more to an Irishman's mind. He says, that wood-sorrel, when steeped in punch, makes a better substitute for lemon than trefoil. This has something very specious in it. If any thing would do, this would. But let the Saxon do his best. Even on his own ground—even in London—he would find it very hard to convince our countrymen, settled in St. Giles, that the *oxalis acetosella*, the sour, puny, crab-wood-sorrel, is the proper emblem for Ireland. No; "the Shamrock—the green Shamrock," for me!

But what will I say about the Harp, the garbled Oak, the regal Crown, the weapons of war, and of chase, that are strewed around? If any of your readers want to see a perfect specimen of an Irish harp let them go to Trinity College Museum, and they will see there the genuine harp of Brian Boro, monarch of Ireland, who used to solace his proud and lofty spirit with this identical instrument, before he fell in his country's cause at the battle of Clontarf. To be sure it is not such a finished article as Mr. Egan of Dawson-street can supply, at the very gootly sum of a hundred and fifty guineas, and whose pedals are as complicated as the levers and articulations of the human foot. The old Irish harp was intended more for the poet than the musician, and was used as a subordinate accompaniment to the recitative of the minstrel; and who, on looking at the harp of Brian Boro, rude though it be, would not kindle into a rapture of enthusiasm, at the thought of that valiant minstrel king—and feel his spirit swelling within him, as the words rise to his recollection—

"His father's sword he hath girded on,
"And his wild-harp slung behind him!"

Yes! though the harp be hung on Tara's walls, though it be as mute as if the soul of music had fled, there was a time when the bard made its wild notes ring to his Tyrtan strains, and roused the warrior to the strife, or awakened within him the softer emotions of love and pity!

And who has not heard of Irish Oak? For though our hills and plains are now so bare of trees that they excite the admiration of all timber-hating Yankees, as they sail along its *improved* shores, yet formerly it was not so. No! It is said that Westminster Hall is roofed with oak, brought from the wood of Shillelagh; and a great many of our common names are significant of oak woods. As Kildare, the wood of oak; Londonderry, the oak wood planted by Londoners; Ballinderry, the town in the oak wood. At the bottom of all our bogs, and on the tops of our highest hills, roots of oak, of immense size are found; and we may very fairly conclude, that though Ireland is now a denuded country, it was once the most umbrageous of the British isles. The customs of our country show

that our people once dwelt under the green-wood tree; for an Irishman cannot walk or wander, sport or fight, buy or sell, comfortably, without an oak stick in his fist. If he travels, he will beg, borrow, or steal, a shillelagh; if he goes to play, he hurls with a crooked oak stick; if he goes to a fair, it is delightful to hear the sound of his clough-peen on the cattle-horns; if he fights, as fight he must, at market or at fair, the cudgel is brandished on high; and, as *Fia Ma Coul* of old smiled grimly in the joy of battle, so his descendants shout lustily in the joy of cudgels—"Bello gaudentes—pallio ridentes!"

"In *ruxion* delighting,
"Laughing—while fighting!"

"Leather away with your oak sticks!" is still the privilege, the glory, and the practice of Irishmen. Nay, more while living, their meal, their meat, and their valuables, (if they have any—of course) are kept in oak chests, and when dying, Paddy dies quietly, if assured that he shall have a decent, "berrin," be buried in an oaken coffin, and attended to the grave by a powerful faction, well provided with oak saplings!

But, Mr. Penny Editor, I am taking up too much of your room. Another time, (if this pleases you,) I will give you something about the kingly crown, the dress, the armour, and the weapons of warfare, and of chase, which adorn your wood-cut; for dearly do I love every thing connected with Ireland, and as I happen to have some little knowledge of the "old ancient times," I may be inclined to write to you again. In the mean time, thou unmercenary patriot, I bid you farewell, leaving you my best wishes for the success of your Journal: for while others are striving to carry off our pounds, you merely want to pick up our pennies; and as reasonable treatment, you may at any time bid "a penny for the thoughts" of

Yours to command,
TERENCE O'TOOLE.

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND.

THE LANDLORD AND TENANT.

AN AUTHENTIC STORY.

Owen M'Carthy was the son of a long line of honest ancestors, whose names had never, within the memory of man, been tarnished by the commission of a mean or disreputable action. His family believed themselves to be, and probably were, a branch of the MacCarthy More stock; and although only the possessors of a small farm, it was singular to observe the effect which this conviction produced upon them. No one would ever think of imputing a dishonest act to the M'Carthy's; nor would any one acquainted with them hesitate to consider their word as good as the bond of another. Their little farm-house was situated on the south side of a sloping tract of light ground, lively, warm, and productive; and its picturesque situation was rendered remarkable, not so much for the lovely and romantic objects around, as for the manner in which the farm itself was kept. No man could rise, be it ever so early, who would not find Owen M'Carthy up before him; no man could anticipate him in an early crop; and if a widow, or a sick acquaintance, were unable to get in their harvest, Owen was sure to collect the neighbors to assist them—to be the first there himself—and with quick benevolence, encouraging them to a zealous performance of the friendly task in which they were engaged. His little place was called Tubber Derg, or the Red Well, from the circumstance of a chalybeate *spa* being not far from the door of his house, and which, oozing out of the earth, spread its crimson stream across the path.

Soon after Owen's marriage, the lease of the farm held by the family expired, and on its being renewed, the rent was raised one pound an acre. Until that time, the M'Carthy's had lived in comparative independence; hard working, decent people, who had willed to live themselves, and a little to spare for the wants and distresses of others. But now Owen's comforts were abridged, and the rent became a heavy burden; yet by dint of persevering industry, and careful

habits, he strove for many years to maintain that respectable decency which it had been always the pride of his family to keep up. He contrived to pay his rent with tolerable regularity; sometimes he would sigh as he glanced forward to the time when he might not be able to work as he did; but he would check himself, pursue his labor with unremitting assiduity, and struggled hard to meet all the engagements which a weighty rent, the wants of an increasing family, and the serious fluctuations in the price of agricultural produce entailed upon him.

At last a change began to appear in his personal appearance, in his farm, in the dress of his children, and in the economy of his household. Improvements which adequate capital would have enabled him to effect, were left either altogether unattempted or in an imperfect state, resembling neglect, though, in reality, the result of poverty. His dress at mass, and in fairs and markets, had, by degrees, lost that air of comfort and warmth which bespeak the independent farmer. The evidences of embarrassment began to disclose themselves in many small points, inconsiderable it is true, but not the less significant. His house, in the progress of his declining circumstances, ceased to be annually ornamented by a new coat of whitewash—soon assumed a faded and yellowish hue, and sparkled not in the setting sun as in the days of Owen's prosperity. It had, in fact, a wasted, unthriving look like its master; the thatch became black and rotten upon its roof, the chimney sloped to opposite points, the windows were less neat, and, ultimately, when broken, were patched with a couple of leaves from the children's blotted copy-books. His out-houses also began to fail; the neatness of his little farm-yards, and the cleanliness which marked so conspicuously the space fronting his dwelling-house, disappeared in the course of time. Filth began to accumulate where no filth had been; his garden was not now planted so early, nor with taste and neatness as before; his crops were later and less abundant; his haggards neither so full nor so trim as they were wont to be, nor his ditches and enclosures kept in such good repair. His cars, ploughs, and other farming implements, instead of being put under cover, were left exposed to the influence of wind and weather, where they soon became crazy and useless.

Year after year produced deeper, more extensive, and more complicated misery; and when he hoped that every succeeding season would bring an improvement in the market, he was destined to experience not only a fresh disappointment—but an unexpected depreciation in the price of his corn, butter, and other disposable commodities.

When a whole nation is reduced to such a state, no eye but that of God himself can see the appalling wretchedness to which a year of disease and scarcity strikes down the poor and working classes.

Owen, after a long and noble contest for nearly three years, sank, at length, under the untied visitation of disease and scarcity. The father of the family was laid low upon the bed of sickness, and those of them who escaped it were almost consumed by famine. This two-fold shock sealed his ruin; his honest heart was crushed—his hardy frame shorn of its strength, and he to whom every neighbor fled as to a friend, now required friendship at a moment when the widespread poverty of the country rendered its assistance hopeless.

On rising from his bed of sickness, the prospect before him required his utmost fortitude to bear. Wasted in energy both of mind and body, reduced to utter poverty, with a large family of children, too young to assist him, without means of retrieving himself, his wife and himself gaunt skeletons, his farm neglected, his house wrecked, and his offices falling to ruin, yet every day bringing the half-year's term nearer—Oh, ye who riot on the miseries of such men—ye who roll round the easy circle of fashionable life, think upon this picture! Ye vile and heartless landlords, who see not, hear not, know not those to whose heart-breaking toil ye owe the only merit ye possess—that of rank in society; come and contemplate this virtuous man, as,

unfriended, unassisted, and uncheered by those who are bound by a strong and moral duty to protect and aid him; he looks shuddering into the dark and cheerless future! Is it to be wondered at that he, and such as he, should, in the misery of his despair, join the nightly meetings, be lured to associate himself with the incendiary, or seduced to grasp, in the stupid apathy of wretchedness, the weapon of the murderer? By neglecting the people, by draining them with merciless rapacity of the means of life, by goading them on under a cruel system of rack rents, ye become not their natural benefactors, but curses and scourges, nearly as much in reality as ye are in their opinion.

When Owen rose, he was driven by hunger, direct and immediate, to sell his best cow; and having laid in as much oatmeal at an enormous price, paid to a well known miser in the parish, who hoarded up this commodity for a "dear summer," he laid his plans for the future, with as much judgment as any man could display. One morning after breakfast, he addressed his wife as follows:—

"Kathleen, mavourneen, I want to consult wid you about what we ought to do; things are low wid us, ashore; and except our heavenly Father puts it into the heart of them I'm goin' to mention, I don't know what we'll do, nor what'll become of these poor crathurs that's naked and hungry about us. God pity them, they don't know—and maybe that same's some comfort—the hardships that's before them. Poor crathurs, see how quiet and sorrowful they sit about their little play, passing the time for themselves as well as they can! Alley, a-cushla machree, come over to me. Your hair is bright and fair, Alley, and curls so purtly that the finest lady in the land might envy it, but a-cushla, your color's gone, your little hands are wasted away, too; that sickness was hard and sore upon you, a-cushla machree, and he that 'ud spend his heart's blood for you, darlin, could do nothing to help you!"

He looked at the child as he spoke, and a slight motion in the muscles of his face was barely perceptible; but it passed away; and after kissing her, he proceeded:—

"Ay, the crathurs—you and I, Kathleen, could earn our bread for ourselves yet, but these can't do it. This last stroke, darlin', has laid us at the door of both poverty and sickness, but blessed be the mother of heaven for it, they're all left wid us; and sure that's a blessin' we've to be thankful for—glory be to God!"

"Ay, poor things, it's well to have them spared, Owen, dear; sure I'd rather a thousand times beg from door to door, and have my children to look at, than be in comfort widout them."

"Beg!—that 'ud go hard wid me, Kathleen. I'd work—I'd live on next to nothing all the year round—but to see the crathurs that wor dacently bred up, brought to that, I couldn't bear it, Kathleen—'twould break the heart widin me. Poor as they are, they have the blood of kings in their veins; and besides, to see a M'Carthy beggin' his bread in the country where his name was once great—The M'Carthy More, that was their title—No, a-cushla—I love them as I do the blood in my own veins; but I'd rather see them in the arms of God in heaven, laid down dacently, wid their little sorrowful faces washed, and their little bodies stretcht out purtly before my eyes—I would—in the grave-yard there beyant, where all belonging to me lie, than have it cast up to them, or have it said, that ever a M'Carthy was seen beggin' on the highway."

"But, Owen, can you strike out no plan for us that 'ud put us in the way of comin' round agin? Those poor ones, if we could hold out for two or three years, would soon be able to help us."

"They would," they would. I'm thinkin' this day or two of a plan; but I'm doubtful whether it 'ud come to any thing."

"What is it a-cushla? Sure we can't be worse nor we are, any way?"

"I'm goin' to go to Dublin. I'm tould that the landlord's come home from France, and that he's there now; and if I didn't see him, sure I could see the agent. Now, Kathleen, my intintion 'ud be to lay our case

before the head landlord himself, in hopes he might hould back his hand, and spare us for a while. If I had a line from the agent, or a scrape of a pen that I could show at home to some of the nabors, who knows but I could borry what 'ud set us up agin! I think many of them 'ud be sorry to see me turned out, Kathleen?"

The Irish are an imaginative people; indeed too much so, for either their individual or national happiness. And it is this and superstition, which also depends much upon imagination, that make them so easily influenced by those extravagant dreams which are held out to them by persons who understand their character.

When Kathleen heard the plan on which Owen founded his expectations of assistance, her dark melancholy eye flashed with a portion of its former fire; a transient vivacity lit up her sickly features, and she turned a smile of hope and affection upon her children, then upon Owen.

"Arrah, thin, wha' shows, indeed!—who knows but he might do sorr ethin' for us? and maybe we might be as well as ever yet! May the Lord put it into his heart, any how! I declare ay!—maybe it was God put into your heart, Owen!"

"I'll set off," replied her husband, who was a man of decision—"I'll set off on other morrow morning; and as nobody knows any thing about it, so let there not be a word said upon the subject good or bad. If I have success, well and good; but if not, why nobody need be the wiser."

The heart-broken wife evinced, for the remainder of the day, a buoyancy of spirits which she had not felt for many a month before. Even Owen was less depressed than usual, and employed himself in making such arrangements as he knew would occasion his family to feel the inconvenience of his absence less acutely. But as the hour of his departure drew nigh, a sorrowful feeling of affection rising into greater strength and tenderness, threw a melancholy gloom around his hearth. According to their simple view of distance, a journey to Dublin was a serious undertaking. Owen was in weak health, just risen out of illness, and what was more alarming than any other consideration—since their marriage they never had been separated before.

On the morning of his departure, he was up before day-break, and so were his wife and children, for the latter had heard the conversation already detailed between them, and, with their simple-minded parents, enjoyed the gleam of hope which it presented; but this soon changed—when he was preparing to go, an indefinite sense of fear, and a more vivid clinging of affection marked their feelings. He himself partook of this, and was silent, depressed, and less ardent than when the speculation first presented itself to his mind. His resolution, however, was taken, and should he fail no blame at a future time could be attached to himself. It was the last effort; and to neglect it, he thought, would have been to neglect his duty.

When breakfast was ready, they all sat down in silence; the hour was yet early, and a rush-light was placed in a wooden candlestick that stood beside them, to afford light. There was something solemn and touching in the group as they sat in dim relief, every face marked by the traces of sickness, want, sorrow, and affection. The father attempted to eat but he could not; Kathleen sat at the meal but could taste nothing; the children eat, for hunger at the moment was predominant over every other sensation. At length it was over, and Owen rose to depart; he stood for a minute on the floor, and seemed to take a survey of his cold, cheerless home, and then of his family; he cleared his throat several times, but did not speak.

"Kathleen," said he, at length, "in the name of God I'll go; and may his blessing be about you, as-thore machree, and guard you and these darlins till I come back to ye."

Kathleen's faithful heart could bear no more; she laid herself on his bosom—clung to his neck, and, at the parting kiss was given, she wept aloud, and

[Continued on pages 6 and 7.]

CLONGOWES.

As we intend to devote some portion of our pages not only to the various institutions of the City of DUBLIN, but of IRELAND, we think our readers will not be displeased at seeing a representation of CLONGOWES COLLEGE in our Journal. A gentleman whose literary character stands very high in the estimation of all ranks and parties, and whose antiquarian pursuits and patriotic exertions for the literature of Ireland, are well known, has very kindly acceded to our request, and furnished us with a sketch of CARLING FORD, which will appear in our 4th number; and he has undertaken the obligation by promising to follow it with one on CLONGOWES, intending to visit it at an approaching interesting season.

LITTLE JOHN IN IRELAND.

STANFORD tells a singular story about Little John, the notable companion of Robin Hood. We may as well give the matter in the words of the author, whose curious information is set off by his singular style of narrative, which to an antiquarian is as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Speaking of Oxmantown-green he says,—"In the farthest end of



CLONGOWES.

was not sooner hanged on that gallows, through which, in his youth and jollity, he was wont to run.

"There also standeth on Oxmantown-green, a hillock, named *Little John his shot*: the occasion proceeded of this:

"In the year 1189, there ranged three robbers and outlaws in England, among which Robert Hood and Little John were chieftains; and of all thieves, doubtless the most courteous. Robert Hood being betrayed at a priory in Scotland, called Brickliss, the remnant of the crew was scattered, and every man forced to shift for himself. Whereupon Little John was fayne to die the realm, by saying into Ireland, where he sojourned for a few days at Dublin. The citizens began to understand the wandering outcast to be an excellent archer, requested of him hastily to try how far he could shoot at random; who yielding to their request, stood on the bridge of Dublin, [the same that now leads from Bridge-street to Church-street,] and shoot to that mole-hill leaving behind him a memorial rather by his posterity to be wondered at, than possibly by any man living to be counterseared. But as the repays of so notorious a champion to any country would soon be published, so his abode could not be long concealed; and therefore to eschew the danger of laws, he fled into Scotland, where he dyed at a town or village called Moranny, Gerardus Mercator, in his cosmographie, affirmeth, that in the same town the bones of a huge and mighty man are kept, which was called Little John; among which bones the huckle bone or hip bone was of such largeness, as witnesseth Hector Boethius, that he thrust his arm through the hole thereof; and the same bone being suited to the other parts of his body, did argue the man to have been *FOURTEEN FEET LONG*, (!) which was a pretty length for a *little John*: whereby appeareth that he was called Little John ironically! lyke as we terme him an *honest* man, whom we take for a *knave* in grayne."

STATISTICS.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE IRISH LABORER.

There are in Ireland five millions of 203 acres of waste land, whose lowest elevation is 203 feet above the level of the sea, at low water. Their best manure, limestone gravel, lies in central hills, with every facility to improvement to water-carriage. The bogs of Ireland differ from the boggy, moory, and fenny lands of England, with regard to the facility of reclaiming, and still more in point of value. In other countries reclaiming requires considerable skill, and is expensive: In Ireland nature has been so bountiful that little skill and small expense will do. If the proprietors of waste lands in Ireland will come fairly forward, give the people long leases, and let them at a fair rent proportionate to their yearly produce, so that each party would have a mutual interest in their improvement, as is the case in Italy and France; and if they would also allow a primary expenditure of three pounds an acre, the people will willingly give their present waste land without any charge, in expectation of future independence. Thus, on the very principle which leads so many of our countrymen into the hope of bettering their condition,—might thousands of our poor, hungry, neglected brethren be comfortably employed, and the country rise in value physically and morally.—*Bryan's Political View.*

IRISH MINSTRELSY.

MAC CABE'S ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF CAROLAN.

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Woe is my portion! unremitting woe!
Idly and wildly in my grief I rave;
Thy song, my Turlogh, shall be sung no more—
Thro' festive halls no more thy strains shall flow:
The thrilling music of thy harp is o'er—
The hand that wak'd it moulders in the grave.

I start at dawn—I mark the country's gloom—
O'er the green hills a heavy cloud appears—
Aid me, kind Heaven, to bear my bitter doom,
To check my murmurs, and restrain my tears.

Oh! gracious God! how lonely are my days,
At night sleep comes not to these wearied eyes,
Nor beams one hope my sinking heart to raise—
In Turlogh's grave each hope that cheer'd me lies.

Oh! ye blest spirits, dwelling with your God,
Hymning his praise as ages roll along,
Receive my Turlogh in your bright abode,
And bid him aid you in your sacred song.

Thistles, though noxious things in themselves, are usually signs of an excellent ground whereon they grow; so bashfulness, though it be a weakness and betrayer of the mind, is yet generally an argument of a soul ingeniously and virtuously inclined.

These bodies are usually the most healthful, that break out in their youth, and sometimes the souls of men prove the sounder, for having vented themselves in their younger days.

There needs no greater commendation of a sober life, than that most men covet to be reputed temperate, though they be strangers to the practice thereof. Drunkards and gluttons are tubs to hold wash and grains for swine, and reservoirs for offals.

Every man knows how to row in a calm; an indifferent pilot will guide a ship well in smooth water. To repress our rising passion in the midst of provocation, will prove that we can handle the helm in a storm.

The ancients had a most excellent emblem; whereby they used to express a true and sincere friendship. They pictured it in the shape of a young man, very fair, bare-headed, and meanly attired; on the outside of his garment was written, *vice et mori*, "To live and die;" on his forehead, *æstate et hyeme*, "In summer and winter;" his breast was open, so that his heart might be seen; and with his finger he pointed to his heart, where was written, *prope longe*, "Far and near." But such kind of friendships are rather scarce.

The power of beauty is universally acknowledged, and may be termed Nature's letter of recommendation: nevertheless he might make a sorry bargain who would buy a watch because of the goodness of the case.

Light injuries are made none by disregarding them; which, if revenged, grow burdensome and grievous, living to hurt us, when they might die to secure us.

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND.

We intend to present to our readers regularly with whatever is gay and agreeable and interesting in Irish legendary lore, or mirthful and amusing in Irish stories. We cannot, therefore, better commence than by extracting from "Legends and Stories of Ireland," by our clever townsman, Mr. Lover. His little volume is already in a second edition. (indeed we believe it is nearly sold off,) and though many of our readers are doubtless well acquainted with it, we also know that many more have been able to procure either a copy or a reading, and who, after lingering at the bookseller's window, and casting a longing look at Mr. Lover's capital pictorial illustrations, have been obliged to pass on with a sigh that they could not get a peep into "My New Pittay-a-tees, or to get their flagon filled with some of Corny's best." The first story, "King O'Toole and St. Kevin," has been given repeatedly to the public—but no matter—it is a good thing—and though we cannot accompany the story with that laughable *Cruikshank* elongation of countenance which his Majesty wears in the volume, yet—our readers can imagine it!

KING O'TOOLE AND ST. KAVIN.

A LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH.

"By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep."—*Moore*

Who has not read of St. Kevin, celebrated as he has been by Moore in the melodies of his native land, with whose wild and impassioned music he has so intimately entwined his name? Through him, in the beautiful ballad whence the epigraph of this story is quoted, the world already knows that the sky-lark, through the intervention of the saint, never startles the morning with its joyous note in the lonely valley of Glendalough. In the same ballad, the unhappy passion which the saint inspired, and the "unholy blue" eyes of Kathleen, and the melancholy fate of the heroine by the saint's going "unused to the melting mood," are also celebrated; as well as the superstitious finale of the legend, in the spectral appearance of the love-lorn maiden.

"And her ghost was seen to glide
Gently o'er the fatal tide."

Thus has Moore given, within the limits of a ballad, the spirit of two legends of Glendalough, which otherwise the reader might have been put to the trouble of reaching after a more round-about fashion. But luckily for those coming after him, one legend he has left to be

"—touched by a hand more unworthy"—
and instead of a lyrical essence, the raw material in prose is offered, nearly *verbatim* as it was furnished to

this field there is a hole, commonly termed Scald Brother's hole, a labyrinth reaching two large miles under the earth. This hole was in old times frequented by a notorious thief, named Scald Brother, wherein he would hide all the baggage and baggage he could pilfer. The varlet was so swift of foot, as he had oftentimes outrun the swiftest and lustiest young men in Oxmantown (Oxmantown), mangle their heads, bearing a pot or pail of their own upon his shoulders, to his den. And now then, in derision of them, that pursued him, he would take his course under the gallows, which standeth very high, have (a flitting sign for such an inn) and so being shrouded within his lodge, he reckoned himself very sure, none being found at that time so hardy as would adventure to entangle himself within so intricate a maze. But as the pitcher that goeth out to the water, cometh at length home broken, so this lusty youth would not surmise from open catching, forcible snatching, and privy prowling, until he was by certain groping groomes, that lay in wait for him, intercepted, being towards his couch—having upon his apprehension, no more wrong done him, than that he

me by that celebrated guide and bore, Joe Irwin, who traces his descent in a direct line from the old Irish kings, and warns the public in general that 'there's a power of them spalpeens shraavaingin' about, 'shtrivin' to put their comther upon the quol'y, [quality]—the Irish gentry generally call the higher orders 'quality,' and callin' themselves Irwin, (knowin', the thieves of the world, how his name had gone far and near, as the rale guid,) for to deceive dacent people; but never to b'leave the likes—for it was only mulvath-erin people they wor.' For my part, I promised nev to put faith in any but himself; and the old rogue's self-love being satisfied, we set out to explore the wonders of Glendalough. On arriving at a small ruin, situated on the south-eastern side of the lake, my guide assumed an air of importance, and led me into the ivy-covered remains through a small square door-way whose simple structure gave evidence of its early date; a lintel of stone lay across two upright supporters, after the fashion of such religious remains in Ireland.

'This, Sir,' said my guide, putting himself into an attitude, 'is the chapel of King O'Toole—av coorse y'iv often heard o' King O'Toole, your honor?'

'Never,' said I.

'Musha, thin, do you tell meso?' said he, I thought all the world, far and near, heard o' King O'Toole—well, well!! but the darkness of mankind is ontellible! Well, Sir, you must know, as you did not hear it afore, that there was wunst a king, called King O'Toole, who was a fine oold king in the oold ancient times, long ago; and it was him that ownded the churches in the airly days.'

'Surely,' said I, 'the churches were not in King O'Toole's time?'

'Oh, by no means; your honor—troth, it's yourself that's right enough there; but you know the place is called 'The Churches,' be'cause they wor built afther by St. Kavin, and wint by the name o' the churches iver more; and therefore, av coorse, the place bein' so called, I say that the king ownded the churches—and why not Sir, seein' twas his birth-right, time out o' mind, beyant the flood? Well, the king, you see, was the right sort—he was the rale boy, and loved sport as he loved his life, and huntin' in partic'lar; and from the risin' o' the sun, up he got, and away he wint over the mountains beyant afther the deer; and the fine times them wor; for the deer was as plinty thin, aye throth, far plintyer than the sheep is now; and that's the way it was with the king, from the crow o' the cock to the song o' the redbreast'

'In this country, Sir,' added he, speaking parenthetically in an under tone, 'we think it onlooky to kill the redbreast, for the robin is God's own bird.'

Then, elevating his voice to its former pitch, he proceeded:

'Well, it was all mighty good, as long as the king had his health; but you see, in coorse o' time, the king grown owd, by reason he was stiff in his limbs, and when he got stricken in years, his heart failed him, and he was lost intirely for want o' divarshin, be'cause he couldn't go a huntin' no longer; and, by dad, the poor king was obleeged at last for to get a goose to divart him.'

Here an involuntary smile was produced by this regal mode of recreation,—'the royal game of goose.'

'Oh, you may laugh, if you like,' said he, half affronted, 'but it's truth I'm telling you; and the way the goose divarted him was this-a-way: you see, the goose used for to swim across the lake and go down divin' for throuth (and not finer throuth in in all Ireland than the same throuth,) and catch fish an a Friday for the king, and flew every other day round about the lake, divartin' the poor king, that you'd think he'd break his sides laughin' at the frolicsome tricks av his goose; so in coorse o' time the goose was the greatest pet in the country, and the biggest rogue, and divarted the king to no end, and the poor king was as happy as the day was long. So that's the way it was; and all went on mighty well, until, by dad, the goose got stricken in years, as well as the king, and grew stiff in the limbs, like her master, and couldn't

divart him no longer; and then it was that the poor king was lost complete, and didn't know what in the wide world to do, seein' he was done out of all divarshin, by reason that the goose was no more in the flower of her blume. Well, the king was well nigh broken-hearted, and melancholy entirely, and was walkin' one mornin' by the edge of the lake, lamentin' his cruel fate, an thinkin' o' drowain' himself, that could get no divarshin in life, when all of a suddint, turnin' round the corner beyant, who should he meet but a mighty dacent young man comin' up to him.

'God save you,' says the king, (for the king was a civil-spoken gentleman, by all accounts), 'God save you,' says he to the young man.

'God save you kindly,' says the young man to him, back again, 'God save you,' says he, 'King O'Toole.'

'Thrne for you,' says the king, 'I am King O'Toole,' says he, 'prince and plennypennyinchery o' these parts,' says he, 'but how kem you to know that?' says he.

'Oh, never mind,' says Saint Kavin.

'For you see,' said old Joe, in his under tone again, and looking very knowingly, 'it was Saint Kavin, sure enough—the saint in disguise, and nobody else.'

'Oh, never mind,' says he, 'I know more than that,' says he, 'nor twice that.'

'And who are you?' said the king, 'that makes so bowld—who are you at all, at all?'

'Oh, never you mind,' says Saint Kavin, 'who I am; you'll know more o' me before we part, King O'Toole,' says he.

'I'll be proud o' the knowledge o' your acquaintance,' says the king, mighty p'lite.

'Troth, you may say that,' says Saint Kavin.

'And now, may I make bowld to ax, how is your goose, King O'Toole?' says he.

'Blur-and-agers, how kem you to know about my goose?' says the king.

'Oh, no matter; I was given to understand it,' says Saint Kavin.

'Oh, that's a folly to talk,' says the king; 'be'cause myself and my goose is private frinds,' says he; 'and no one could tell you,' says he, 'barrin' the fairies.'

'Oh, thin, it wasn't the fairies,' says Saint Kavin; 'for I'd have you to know,' says he, 'that I don't keep the likes of sich company.'

'You might do worse, then, mygay fellow,' says the king; 'for it's they could show you a croke o' money as aisy as kiss hand; and that's not to be sneezed at,' says the king, 'by a poor man' says he.

'Maybe I've a bether way of making money myself,' says the saint.

'By gor,' says the king, 'barrin' you're a coiner,' says he, 'that's impossible.'

'I'd scorn to be the like, my lord!' says Saint Kavin, mighty high, 'I'd scorn to be the like,' says he.

'And what do you say to me,' says Saint Kavin, 'for makin' her the like?' I say,' says the king, 'that nothin, bates the art o' man, barrin' the bees.' And y'e say no more nor that?' says St. Kavin. 'It's well for you,' says the king, 'that I'm leechin' to you, says the king. 'But will you gi' me all the ground the goose flew over?' says St. Kavin. 'I will,' says the king, 'and you're welkin' to it,' says he, 'though it's the last acre I have to give.' It's well for you, says the king, mighty sharp, 'for if you didn't say that word, the deed reciev the bit o' your goose in ever fly agin' says St. Kavin.

Well, when the king was as good as his word, Saint Kavin was pleased with him, and says he, 'King O'Toole, you're a dacent man. I only came here to tell you. You don't know me,' says he, 'I'm deceavin' you all you, I'm not myself at all.'—Blur-and-agers, thin, says the king, 'I'm not myself, who are you?' I'm Saint Kavin,' said the saint, blessing himself. 'Oh, queen iv heaven, says the king, making the cross betwix his eyes, and fallin' down as he knews her hand, and says he, 'King O'Toole, you're a dacent man, that I've been deceavin' all this time, without knowin' it,' says he, 'as all as one as if he was a lump iv a gossoun'; and so you're a saint,' says the king. 'I am,' says the king, 'and I'm as good as a saint as you are.' For Saint Kavin, you must know, sir, said Joe, 'is counted the greatest of all the saints, be'cause he went to school with the Prophet Jeremiah.'

Well, my dear, that's the way that the place came all wint into the hands of Saint Kavin, for the goose flew round every individual acre o' King O'Toole's property, bein' it into the saint's by St. Kavin, who was mighty wily, and the king had no more of it, and grew as good as new, and the saint supported him, atter he kem into his property, until it day iv his death; and when he was gone, Saint Kavin gave him an elegant wain, and drove off with him, and were be-taken, he said most for his sel, an took care of his goos.

'I have made a vow agin it,' says the Saint; 'and I am bold sworn,' says he, 'never to have gold, silver, or brass in my company.'

'Barrin' the thrille you can't help,' says the king, mighty cute, and swingin' him straight in the face.

'You just hit it,' says Saint Kavin, 'but though I can't take money,' says he, 'I could take a few acres o' land, if you'd give them to me.'

'With all the veins o' my heart,' says the king, 'it you will do what you say.'

'Thry me!' says Saint Kavin. 'Call down your goose here,' says he, 'and I'll see what I can do for her.'

'With that, the king whistled, and down came the poor goose, all as one as a bound, waddin' up to the poor oold cripple. The mother, and she like him as two paws. The minute the saint clapped his eye on the goose, 'I'll do the job for you,' says he, 'King O'Toole!'

By Janance, says King O'Toole, 'if you do, but I'll say you're the cleverest fellow in the seven parishes.'

'Oh, by dad,' says Saint Kavin, 'you must say more nor that your horn's not so soft all you,' says he, 'as to repair your oold goose for nothin'; what'll you gi' me if I do the job for you?—that's the chut,' says Saint Kavin.

'I'll give you whatever you ax,' says the king, 'isn't that fair?'

'Divil a fairer,' says the saint; 'that's the way to do business now,' says he, 'that's the way, I'll make with you, King O'Toole; will you give me all the ground the goose flies over, the first offer afther I make her as good as new?'

'I will,' says the king.

'You won't go back o' your word,' says Saint Kavin.

'Honor bright!' says King O'Toole, howidin' out his fist.

'Honor bright!' says Saint Kavin, back agin, 'it's a bargain, says he. 'Come here!' says he to the poor oold goose—'come here you unfortunate oold cripple,' says he, 'and it's I that'll make you the sportin' bird.'

With that, my dear, he tuk up the goose by the two wings—'criss o' my crass an you,' says he, makin' her to grace with the blessed sign at the same minute—and throwin' her up in the air. 'Whew!' says he, 'jist givin' her a blast to fly; and now, and now, and now, she tuk to her wings, and flyin' like one o' the eagles themselves, and cuttin' as many capers as a swallow before a shower o' rain. Away she wint down there, right formin' you, along the side o' the cliff, and flew over St. Kavin, bein' that where he stood, he was bed in now, but was not thin, by reason it wasn't mae, but was contrived afther by Saint Kavin himself, that the women might have him alone, and on with her under Lug-dub and round the ind av the lake there, far beyant where you see the waterfall, (though indeed it's no waterfall at all now, but only a poor drubbible iv a thing; but if you see it the winter, it's all your heart good, it's roarin' and foamin' mad, and white as the thrille is, and it's all the big rocks before it, all as one as childer playin' marbles,—and on with her thin, right over the lead mines o' Luganure, (thin, where the lead mines is now, but was not thin, by reason they weren't discovered, but was as good in Saint Kavin's time.) Well, over the ind o' Luganure she flew, stout and sturdy, and round the other ind av the little lake, by the churches, that is, be'cause the churches is none, but was not thin, by reason they wor not built, but afterwards by St. Kavin,) and over the big hill here over your head, where you see the big cliff; (and that cliff in the mountain was made by the God, where he cut it across with a big sword, that he got made a purpose by a blacksmith out o' Rathdrum, a cousin av his own, for to fight a joyant (giant) that dar'd him an the Curragh o' Kilbare; and he tuk to the sword first, an the mountain, and it came down into a gap, as is plain to this day; and faith, sure enough, it's the same sence he saved the joyant, soon and suddint, and choppe'd him in two like a pretie for the glory o' his sel, and over Ireland,) well, down she tuk over the cliff, and flatterin' over the wood there at Poulanaas, (where I showed you the party waterfall; and by the same token, last Thursday, I was there, and I saw the saint's lady, Miss Ratterly by name, fell into the same waterfall, and was nigh land drowned; and indeed would be to this day, but for a young man who jumped in afther her; indeed a sweet slip it's a young man; he was out o' Francis street, I hear, and courted her sence, and they were married, I'm given to understand; and indeed a party couple they wor.) Well, as I said afther flatterin' over the wood a little bit, to please herself, the goose flew down, and lit at the foot of the king, as fresh as a daisy, afther flyin' around his dominions, just as if she hadn't flew three perch. Well, my dear, it was a beautiful sight to see the king starlin' with his mouth open, lookin' at his poor oold goose flyin' as light as a lark, and better nor she ever was; and when she lit at his foot, he patted her on the head, and 'ma vounness,' says he, 'but you are the darlin' o' me,' says Saint Kavin, 'for makin' her the like?' I say,' says the king, 'that nothin, bates the art o' man, barrin' the bees.' And y'e say no more nor that?' says St. Kavin. 'It's well for you,' says the king, 'that I'm leechin' to you, says the king. 'But will you gi' me all the ground the goose flew over?' says St. Kavin. 'I will,' says the king, 'and you're welkin' to it,' says he, 'though it's the last acre I have to give.' It's well for you, says the king, mighty sharp, 'for if you didn't say that word, the deed reciev the bit o' your goose in ever fly agin' says St. Kavin.

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'Faith then, I'm thinkin' a thrille o' change would do you no harm,' says the king, looking up sly at the oold canbreen that St. Kavin had an him.

Continued from page 54.

Owen's tears fell silently down his worn cheeks. The children crowded about them in loud wailings, and the grief of this virtuous and afflicted family was of that profound description, which is ever the companion in such scenes, of pure and genuine love.

"Owen!" she exclaimed—"Owen, *anúisliú mairbh*! *anúisliú mairbh*!" (light of my eyes and my heart,) I doubt we wor wrong in thinkin' of this journey. How can you mavournen, walk all the way to Dublin, and you so worn and weakly wid that sickness, and the bad feedin' both before and since? Och, give it up, mairbh, and stay wid us—let what will happen. You're not able for sich a journey, indeed you're not. Stay wid me and the childher, Owen; srra we'd be so lonesome widout you—will you agrah! and the Lord will do for us semo other way maybe."

Owen pressed his faithful wife to his heart, and kissed her chaste lips with a tenderness which the heartless votaries of fashionable life can never know.

"Kathleen, ashore," he replied, in those terms of endearment which flow so tenderly through the language of the people—"sure, whin I remimber your fair young face—your yellow hair, and the light that was in your eyes, a-cushla mairbh—but that's gone long ago—och, don't ax me to stop. Isn't your light-some laugh long ago in my ears? and your step that 'ud not bend the flower of the field—Kathleen, I can't indeed, I can't bear to think of what you wor, nor of what you are now, when, in the coorse of ago and nather, but a small change ought to be upon you! Sure I ought to make every struggle to take you and these sorrowful crathurs out of the state you're in."

The children flocked about them, and joined their entreaties to those of their mother. "Father, don't lave us—we'll be lonesome if you go; and if my mother 'ud get unwell, who'd be to take care of her? Father, don't lave your own weeny crathers," (a pet name he had for them,—maybe the meal 'ud be ear out before you'd come back; or maybe something 'ud happen you in that strange place."

"Indeed there's truth in what they say, Owen," said the wife; "do be said by your own Kathleen for this time, and don't take sich a long journey upon you. After all, maybe, you would'n't see him—sure the nabors will help us, if you could only humble yourself to ax them!"

"Kathleen," said Owen, "when this is past, you'll be glad I went—indeed you will; sure its only the tindhers feelin' of your hearts, darlins. Who knows what the landlord may do when I see himself, and show him these resates—every penny paid him by our own family. Let me go a-cushla; it does cut me to the heart to lave yees the way yees are in, even for a while; but it's far worse to see your poor wasted faces, widout havin it in my power to do any thing for yees."

He then kissed them agin, one by one; and pressing the affectionate partner of his sorrows to his breaking heart, he bade God bless them, and set out in the twilight of a bitter March morning. He had not gone many yards from the door when little Alley ran after him in tears; he felt her hand upon the skirt of his coat, which she plucked with a smile, of affection that neither tears nor sorrow could redress. "Father, kiss me again," said she. He stooped down and kissed her tenderly. The child then ascended a green ditch, and Owen, as he looked back, saw her standing upon it; her fair tresses were tossed by the blast about her face, as with straining eyes she watched him receding from her view. Kathleen and the other children stood at the door, and also with deep sorrow watched his form, until the angle of the bridge road rendered him no longer visible; after which they returned slowly to the fire and wept bitterly.

We believe no men are capable of bearing greater toil or privation than the Irish. Owen's *viaticum* was only two or three oaten cakes tied in a little handkerchief, and a few shillings to pay for his bed. With this small stock of food and money, an oaken stick in his hand, and his wife's kerchief tied about his waist, he undertook a journey of one hundred and eighty

miles in quest of a landlord who, so far from being acquainted with the distresses of his tenantry, scarcely knew even their names, and not one of them in person.

Our scene now changes to the metropolis. One evening, about half past six o'clock, a toil-worn man turned his steps to a splendid mansion in Mountjoy-square; his appearance was drooping, fatigued, and feeble. As he went along he examined the numbers on the respective doors, until he reached *one*—before which he stopped for a moment; he then stepped out upon the street, and looked through the windows, as if willing to ascertain whether there was any chance of his object being attained. Whilst in this situation a carriage rolled up, and stopped with a sudden check that nearly threw the horses on their haunches. In an instant the thundering knock of the servant intimated the arrival of some person of rank; the hall door was opened, and Owen, availing himself of that opportunity, entered the hall. Such a visitor, however, was too remarkable to escape notice. The hand of the menial was rudely placed against his breast; and as the usual impertinent interrogatories were put to him, the pampered ruffian kept pushing him back, until the afflicted man stood upon the upper step leading to the door.

"For the sake of God, let me speak but two words to him. I'm his tenant; and I know he's too much of a gentleman to turn away a man that has lived upon his honor's estate—father and son—for upwards of a hundred years. My name's Owen—"

"You can't see him, my good fellow, at this hour. Go to Mr. M—, his agent: we have company to dinner. Go—you're very teasing, man—get along!"

As he uttered the last word, he pushed Owen back, who, forgetting that the stairs were behind him, fell, received a severe cut, and was so completely stunned, that he lay senseless and bleeding. Another carriage drove up as the fellow, now much alarmed, attempted to raise him up; and, by the orders of the gentleman who came in it, he was brought into the hall. The circumstances now made some noise. It was whispered about, that one of Mr. M—'s tenants, a drunken man from the country, wanted to break in forcibly to see him; but then it was also asserted, that his skull was broken, and that he lay dead in the hall. The company above stairs immediately assembled about him, and by the means of restoratives, he soon recovered though the blood streamed copiously from the wound in the back of his head.

"Who are you, my good man?" said Mr. S.

Owen looked about him rather vacantly, but he soon collected himself, and replied, in a mournful and touching tone of voice—"I am one of your honor's tenants, Sir, from Tubber Derge; my name is Owen M'Carthy, your honor—that is, if you be Mr. —."

"And pray what brought you to town, M'Carthy?"

"I wanted to make a humble appeal to your honor's feelings in regard of my bit of farm. I and my poor family, your honor, have been broken down by the hard times and the sickness of the sason—God knows how they are."

"Is it that you wish to speak to me about it? but, my good man, I refer all these matters to my agent—go to him; he, of course, knows them best; and whatever is right and proper to be done for you, Carty, he will do it. Sinclair, give him a crown, and send him to the — Dispensary to get his head dressed. I say, Carty, go to my agent; he knows whether your claim is just or not, and will attend to it accordingly."

"Please your honor, I've been wid him, and he says he can do nothin' whinsomever for me. I went two or three times, and couldn't see him, he was so busy; and when I did get a word or two wid him, he tould me there was more offered for my land than I'm payin'; and that, if I did not pay up, I must be put out—God help me!"

"But I tell you, Carty, I never interfere between him and my tenants."

"Och, indeed, and it would be well both for your honor's tenants and yourself, if you did, Sir. Your honor ought to know, Sir, more about us, and how

we're thrated. I'm an honest man, Sir, and I tell you so for your good."

"And pray, Sir," said the agent, stepping forward, for he had arrived a few minutes before, and heard the last observation of M'Carthy—"pray, how are they treated, you that know so well, and are so honest a man?—as for honesty, you might have referred to me for that, I think," he added.

"Mr. M—," said Owen, "we're thrated very badly—Sir, you needn't look at—you've broken the half of them by severity: you've turned the tenants against yerself and his honor here; and I tell you now, though you're to the fore, that in the coorse of a short time, there'll be bad work upon the estate, except his honor here looks to his own affairs, and hears the complaints of the people; look at these resates, yer honor, they'll show you, Sir—"

"Carty, I can hear no such language against the gentleman to whom I entrust the management of my property; of course I refer the matter solely to him—I can do nothing in it."

"Kathleen, avournen!" exclaimed the poor man, as he looked up despairingly to heaven—"and ye, poor darlins of my heart! is this the news I'm to have for yees whin I go home? As you hope for mercy, Sir, don't turn your ear from my petition, that I'd humbly make to yourself. Cowid, and hunger, and hardship are at home before me, yer honor. If you'd be pleased to look at these resates, you'd see that I was always industrious, and 'twas sickness and the hard times—"

"And your own honesty, industry, and good conduct," said the agent, giving a dark and malignant sneer at him, "Carty, it shall be my business to see that you shall not spread a bad spirit through the tenantry much longer. Sir, you have heard the fellow's admission. It is an implied threat that he will give us much serious trouble. There is not such another incendiary on your property—not one, upon my honor."

"Sir," said a servant, "dinner's on the table."

"Sinclair," said his landlord, "give him another crown, and tell him to trouble me no more." Saying which he and the agent went up to the drawing-room, and, in a moment, Owen saw a large party sweep down stairs, full of glee and vivacity, among whom both himself and his distresses were as completely forgotten as if they had never existed.

He now slowly departed, scarcely knowing whether the money, which the house steward had given him, was in his hand or not. A cold, sorrowful weight lay upon his heart; the din of the town deadened his affliction into a stupor; but an overwhelming sense of his disappointment, and a conviction of the agent's diabolical falsehood, entered, like barbed arrows, into his heart.

On leaving the steps, he looked up to heaven in the distraction of his agonizing thoughts: the clouds were black and lowering; the wind stormy, and as it carried them on its dark wing along the sky, he wished, if it were the will of God, that his head lay in the quiet grave yard where the ashes of his forefathers reposed in peace. But he again remembered his Kathleen and their children, and the large tears of anguish, deep and bitter, rolled slowly down his cheeks.

We will not trace him into an hospital, whither the wound on his head occasioned him to be sent, but simply state, that, on the week after this, a man with his head bound in a hankerchief, lame, bent, and evidently laboring under severe illness or great affliction, might be seen toiling slowly up the little hill that commanded a view of Tubber Derg. On reaching the top, he sat down to rest for a few minutes, but his eye was eagerly turned to the house which contained all that was dear to him on this earth. The sun was setting, and shone with half his disk visible, in that dim and cheerless splendor which produces in almost every temperament a feeling of melancholy. His house which, in far happier days, formed so beautiful and conspicuous an object in the view, was now, from the darkness of its walls, scarcely discernible. The position of the sun, too, rendered it more difficult to

be seen, and Owen, for it was he, shud his eyes with his hand to survey it more distinctly. Many a harrowing thought and remembrance passed through his mind, as his eye traced its dim outline in the fading light. He had done his duty—he had gone to the fountain-head, with a hope that his simple story of affliction might be heard; but all was fruitless: the only gleam of hope that opened upon their misery, was now passed into darkness and despair for ever. He pressed his aching forehead with distraction as he thought of this—then clasped his hands bitterly, and groaned aloud.

At length he rose, and proceeded with great difficulty, for the short rest had stiffened his weak and fatigued joints. As he approached home his heart sank; and as he ascended the blood-red stream which covered the bridle way that led to his house, what with fatigued and affliction, his agitation weakened him so much that he stopped and leaned on his staff several times, that he might take breath.

"It's too dark, maybe, for them to see me, or poor Kathleen would send the darlins to give me the *she dha veah*. (The welcome.) Kathleen, avourneen, machree, how my heart beats wid long to see you, ashore, and to see the weeny crathurs—glory be to Him that has left them to me—praise and glory to His name!"

He was now within a few perches of the door; but a sudden misgiving shot across his heart when he saw it shut, and no appearance of smoke from the chimney, nor of stir of life about the house. He advanced—

"Mother of glory, what's this!—but, wait, let me rap again. Kathleen—Kathleen—are you widin' avourneen? Owen—Alley—arn't yees widin, child her? Alley, sure I'm come back to yees!" and he rapped more loudly than before. A dark breeze swept through the bushes as he spoke, but no voice nor sound proceeded from the house—all was still as death within. "Alley!" he called once more to his little favorite—"I'm come home wid something for you, ashore; I didn't forget you, alannah—I brought it from Dublin all the way—Alley!" but the chill murmur of the blast was the only reply.

Perhaps the most intense of all that he knew as misery is that which he then felt; but this state of suspense was soon terminated by the appearance of a neighbor who was passing.

"Why, thin, Owen, but yer welcome home again, my poor fellow; and I'm sorry that I havn't bether news for you, and so are all of us."

He whom he addressed had almost lost the power of speech:—

"Frank," said he, and he wrang his hand, "What—what? was death among them? for the sake of heaven spake!"

The severe pressure which he received in return ran like a shock of paralysis to his heart. "Owen, you must be a man; every one pities yees, and may the Almighty pity and support yees! She is, indeed, Owen, gone—the weeny fair haired child, your favorite, Alley, is gone. Yesterday she was berried; and decently the nabors attendid the place, and sent in, as far as they had it, both mate and drink to Kathleen and the other ones. Now, Owen, you have heard it; trust in God, and be a man."

A deep and convulsive throo shook him to the heart. "Gone!—the fair-haired one!—Alley!—Alley!—the pride of both our hearts—the sweet, the quiet, and the sorrowful child, that seldom played wid the rest but played my mys!—Oh, my darlin', my darlin'!—gone from yees eyes for ever! God of Glory! won't you support me this night of sorrow and misery!" But with a sudden yet profound sense of humility, he dropped on his knees at the threshold, and as the tears rolled down his convulsed cheeks, exclaimed, in a burst of sublime piety, not at all uncommon among our peasantry—"I thank thee, O my God—I thank thee, and I put myself and my weeny ones, my *paschee boght*, into your hands. I thank thee, O God, for what has happened. Keep me up, and support me—oh, I want it. You loved the weeny one, and you took her; she was the light of my eyes and the pulse

of my broken heart; but you took her, blessed Father of heaven! and we can't be angry wid you for so doin'. Still if you had spared her—if—if—oh, blessed Father, my heart was in the very one you took—but I thank thee, O God! May she rest in pace, now and for ever, Amen!"

He then rose up, and slowly wiping the tears from his eyes, departed.

"Let me bould your arm, Frank, dear," said he. "I'm weak and tired wid a long journey. Oh, and can it be that she's gone—the fair haired colleen! When I was lavin' home, and had kissed them all—'twas the first time we ever parted, Kathleen and I, since our marriage—the blessed child came over and held up her mouth, saying, 'Kiss me again, father,' and this was aftir herself and all of them had kissed me afore; but oh! oh! Blessed Mother, Frank, whare's my Kathleen and the rest?—and why are they out of their own poor place?"

"Owen, I tould you a while ago; that you must be a man. I gave you the worst news first, and what's to come doesn't signify much. It was too dear; for if any man could live upon it you could—you have neither house nor home, Owen, nor land. An order came from the agit—your last cow was taken, so 'twas all you had in the world—hem—barrin' a trifle—no, bad manners to it—no, you're not widout a home, any way—the family's in my barn, brave and comfortable compared to what your own house was, that let in the water through the roff like a sieve; and while the same barn's to the fore, never say you want a home."

"God bless you, Frank, for that goodness to them and me. If you're not rewarded for it here, you will in a better place. Oh, I long to see Kathleen and the childer! but I'm fairly broken down, Frank, and hardly able to mark the ground, and, indeed, no wonder, if you knew but all, but God's will be done! Poor Kathleen, I must bear up before her or she'll break her heart, for I know how she loved the golden-haired darlin' that's gone from us. Oh, and how did she go, Frank, for I left her bether?"

"Why, the poor girsha took a relapse, and wasn't strong enough to bear up against the last attack; but it's one comfort that you know she's happy."

Owen sood for a moment, and looking solemnly in his neighbor's face, exclaimed, in a deep and exhausted voice—"Frank!"

"What are you goin' to say, Owen?"

"The heart widin me's broke—broke!"

The large tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks, and he proceeded in silence to the house of his friend. There was, however, a feeling of sorrow in his words and manner which the other could not withstand. He grasped Owen's hand, and, in a low and broken voice, simply said—"Keep your spirits up—keep them up."

When they came to the barn in which his hapless family had taken up their temporary residence, Owen stood for a moment to collect himself, but he was nervous, and trembled with repressed emotion. They then entered; and Kathleen, on seeing her beloved and affectionate husband, threw herself on his bosom, and for some time felt neither joy nor sorrow—she had swooned. The poor man kissed her lips with a tenderness at once mournful and deep. The children, on seeing their father safely returned, forgot their recent grief, and clung about him with gladness and delight. In the mean time Kathleen recovered, and Owen for many minutes could not check the loud and clamorous grief—now revived by the presence of her husband—with which the heartbroken and emaciated mother deplored her departed child; and Owen himself on once more looking among the little ones—on seeing her little frock hanging up, and her stool vacant by the fire—on missing her voice and her blue laughing eyes, and remembering the affectionate manner in which, as with a presentiment of death, she held up her little mouth and offered him the last kiss—he slowly pulled the toys and cakes he had purchased for her out of his pocket, surveyed them for a moment, and then putting his hands on his face, bent his head

upon his bosom, and wept with the vehement outpouring of a father's sorrow.

Owen, for another year, struggled on with his family, without success; his firm spirit was broken; employment he could not get, and even had it been regular, he would have found it impracticable to support his helpless wife and children by his labor. The next year unhappily was also one of sickness and of want; the country was not only a wide waste of poverty, but overspread with typhus fever. One Saturday night he and the family found themselves without food; they had not tasted a morsel for twenty-four hours. There were murmurings and tears, and finally a low conversation among them, as if they had a conference upon some subject which filled them with both grief and satisfaction. In this alternation of feeling did they pass the time until the sharp gnawing of hunger was relieved by sleep. A keen December wind blew with a bitter blast on the following morning; the rain was borne along upon it with violence, and cold was chill and piercing. Owen, his wife, and their six children issued at daybreak out of the barn in which, ever since their removal from Tubber Derge, they had lived; their miserable fragments of bed clothes were tied about them; their pace was slow, need we say sorrowful; all were in tears. Owen and Kathleen went first, with the child upon the back and another in the hand of each. Their route lay by their former dwelling, the door of which was open, for it had not been inhabited. On passing it they stood a moment; then with a simultaneous impulse both approached—entered—and took one last look of a spot to which their hearts clung with enduring attachment. They then returned; and as they passed, Owen put forth his hand, and picking a few small pebbles out of the wall, put them in his pocket.

"Farewell!" said he, "and may the blessing of God rest upon you! We now lave you for ever—we're goin' at last to beg our bread through the world wide, where none will know of the happy days we passed widin' your walls! We must lave you; but glory be to the Almighty, we are goin' wid a clear conscience; we took no revenge upon ourselves, there's neither blood, nor murder, nor dishonesty upon our hands. Don't cry, Kathleen—don't cry, childer; there is still a good God above, who can and may do something for us yet, glory be to his name!"

He then passed on with his family, which, including himself, made, in all, eight paupers, being an additional burden upon the country, which might easily have been avoided. His land was above two years waste, and when it was ultimately taken, the house was a ruin; and the money allowed by the landlord for building a new one, together with the loss of two years rent, would, if humanely directed, have enabled Owen M'Carthy to remain a solvent tenant.

MORAL MAXIMS.

Some men dig their graves as effectually with their tongues as others do with their teeth; for when that little member scatters its squibs among others, they commonly recoil and scorch the author also. Some men cannot speak but they must bite; they had rather lose a friend than their quibble. But such scoffers would do well to remember Castillo's caveat—"Play with me, but hurt me not; jest with me, but shame me not: for snarling curs seldom go without bitten ears."

Plutarch compares envious persons to cupping glasses, which ever draw the worst humors after them; they are like flies which resort only to the raw and corrupt parts of the body; or if they light on a sound part, never leave blowing upon it till they have disposed it to putrefaction.

Jealousy may be compared to a poisoned arrow, so envenomed, that if it even prick the skin it is very dangerous, but if it draw blood, it is irreversibly deadly.

Mon that live always to themselves, had need to have a well-timbered bottom, for if once their selfish bark prove leaky they will find few to stop the breaches.



"CASHELL OF THE KINGS."

CASHELL.

With the assistance of our artists, we have transferred to our pages the above beautiful and correct view of the ancient city of Cashell from the north, which we have copied from *Burkett's Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland*. Cashell is an arch Diocese, a city and parliamentary borough in the County Tipperary, 120 miles south-west of Dublin, a few miles east of the river Suir, which flows Southward towards Clonmel, and was erected into an archbishop's see at a synod held in Drogheda, March, 1152, where Donatus O'Lanergan, the first of that name, was invested with the pall by Cardinal Paparo, the legate of Pope Eugene III. In the 29th year of the reign of Henry VIII, the see was valued at 355,134 Irish, or about £50 sterling. The diocese contains 100 parishes, is divided into 15 baronies and 12 rural deaneries; it is confined, with the exception of two parishes, to the county Tipperary.

The proportion of Roman Catholics to Protestants, is as 36 to 1, yet the professors of the former faith are enormously taxed to support an immense staff of dignitaries belonging to the latter denomination (which in this diocese, as in others in Ireland, has more parsons than people, though too poor to provide sufficient church accommodation for themselves. Of the four Irish archbishops, the Archbishop of Cashell ranks third.

Cashell is a very ancient city, the seat of the see, situated in the parish of St. Patrick's Rock, and barony of Middlefield, and is about 14 miles distant from Clonmel.

The boundaries of the old borough, include the whole of the ancient walled town, extending near three miles on the road to Caher and Clonmel, and contains 3972 statute acres. By a modern act of the English parliament, the limits of the borough have been somewhat enlarged, and the total area now contains 3974 statute acres. The population in 1841 was 7093, but famine, pestilence and extermination have probably reduced its population below that number.

The town, which is much decayed, is chiefly built round the southern and eastern sides of an insulated mass of limestone, called the Rock of Cashell. This rock rises abruptly in the midst of a rich plain, close by the city, which it overlooks, and commands an extensive and magnificent view of the surrounding coun-

try. On its summit stood the palace of the ancient kings of Munster, and Sir James Ware, who died, we believe, in 1699, informs us, that he has here seen the stone on which those potentates were inaugurated and where they received the tribute of those princes subordinate to them. From this latter circumstance Cashell has derived its name; *cashell* meaning "the stone of tribute." Some authorities allege that although *cashell* is a pure Celtic word, yet its signification is similar with the Latin *castellum*, and contend that its name was probably derived from the castle or dun on its summit. An ancient roll of the tribute payable here is, we believe, still preserved, and affords a curious and interesting enumeration of the articles paid, probably in lieu of rent, among which we find arms, clothing, provisions, live stock, and slaves, both male and female; the latter being probably Saxons, derived from the English market. On the summit of the rock may be observed a series of splendid ruins, consisting of Cormac Mc. Callinans chapel, built in the ninth century, a round tower 50ft in circumference, and 90ft in height, of unknown date, but supposed to be the most ancient building on the rock; a cathedral, castle and monastery, all built about the 12th century, and presenting such a variety of ecclesiastical architecture as to render them the most remarkable and interesting ruins in Ireland, an interest not a little increased by their singular and conspicuous position.

On the introduction of Christianity into Ireland in the fifth century, the apostle of Ireland here baptised Angus, son of the king of Cashell, who became the first Christian king of the province. It is related of St. Patrick, that having finished his mission at Ossory, about the year 445, he proceeded without delay to Cashell, where the kings of the province usually resided. On approaching the city, the historian informs us, that the king came to greet him, and having given him a welcome salutation conducted the saint to his court. On one occasion as the saint was imparting his blessing to Angus, who approached too closely to him in his desire to obtain such a favor, he accidentally pierced the foot of the king with his staff. When St. Patrick inquired why he had not made it known, he replied that he supposed it was part of the ceremony and accordingly bore it with patience. From him descended Cormac, son of Cullenan, who became king of Munster and bishop of Cashell about the beginning of the tenth cen-

tury, who is supposed to have built the very remarkable stone roofed chapel, above referred to, on the summit of the rock. To him also, it is said, we are indebted for the building of the adjoining round tower. This however is disputed by some writers who contend that the chapel was built by Cormac Mc. Carthy, king of Munster and bishop of Cashell, in the eleventh century, while of the round tower others assert that nothing definite or probable is known. It is, however, clear that both edifices were built prior to the foundation of the cathedral, which was erected prior to the English invasion, about the latter end of the twelfth century, by Donal O'Brien king of Limerick.

The cathedral is cruci-form, the choir and southern transept embracing Cormac's chapel on two sides, the chapel flanks the southern side at the choir to which it serves as a chapter-house, and which stands between it and the round tower on the northern side. The other buildings on the rock, are a hall for the vicars choral, built by Archbishop Richard O'Hediam in 1421. A wall, intended for defence, surrounds the platform on which the ruins stand and completes the pile of building, which is justly considered the finest of the kind in Ireland. Cormac's chapel is the most perfect specimen of the kind in the British islands and gives a convincing proof, not only of the existence, but of the excellence, of works of stone and lime in Ireland before the English invasion.

Donatus O'Lanergan, the first bishop of Cashell who received the archiepiscopal pall was succeeded in the see by Donal O'Halloran in whose time, 1172, in the reign of Henry II., the great synod was held here. This synod, it is alleged, recognized the authority of the English king, and the ecclesiastical superiority of the English church. This is, however, disputed by ecclesiastical historians, who contend that its decrees were treated by the church in Ireland as a nullity, and produced as little effect as if it had never been convoked. Certain it is, that the Primate Gelasius and his suffragans did not attend the synod, and there is little doubt the whole affair was a crafty effort on the part of Henry, the murderer of St. Thomas a'Becket, to gain over the Irish prelates in support of the Bull which he had received from his countryman, Pope Adrian the IV., to conquer and subdue the "barbarous" Irish.

(Concluded on page 11th.)

IRISH MISCELLANY.

EDITORIAL



BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858.

OUR FIRST NUMBER.

This day we present to our readers the first number of our *IRISH MISCELLANY*, and ask for its imperfections and shortcomings, their kind consideration. The labor and difficulty of bringing out the first number of a periodical, are much greater than persons, not familiar with it from actual experience can realize. The difficulties we have met, tho' to a considerable extent surmounted, will we fear, leave defects too apparent to escape notice. However, we shall endeavor to shun these defects in future, and now that we are in working order, hope to produce a sheet worthy of the extensive support of which we are assured from all quarters.

The objects we have in view are foreshadowed in our prospectus—so definitely, that we need not here repeat them. Suffice it to say, that our ambition is to produce a paper which shall be as welcome at the fire-side of our numerous friends, as one of the Bards of olden times in days of yore, and we hope, on all occasions, to be received with the same friendly salutation and welcome.

The Pictorial Illustrations in our paper are an entire new feature in an Irish periodical in this country, which requires large weekly expenditure of money on our part. This can only be sustained by an extensive patronage from our fellow countrymen here. As a specimen of what we seek to accomplish in this department of the *Irish Miscellany*, we point to the engravings in this number with much pleasure.

It will be seen, that we have, in addition to what we promised in our "prospectus" added to our paper a Musical Department, and give, with this number, a song set to music and arranged for the Piano Forte. This of itself, is worth one half of the year's subscription to our publication. There is, unfortunately, more to many of our countrymen in this land, a growing indifference to the fine old airs and beautiful music for which our native country has in all ages, been distinguished. We have seen with feelings of shame and indignation songs called Irish, sung before audiences almost exclusively Celtic, which were vile caricatures of our country and our people. We shall endeavor by giving, from time to time, the music of our ancient songs and ballads, to cultivate a taste for our national air, and thus cherish a pious regard for those strains which stimulated our sires to brave deeds in many a bloody field, and contending with the common foe, or moved them to grief at the recollection of the ancient glory of their race, and often in the midst of sorrow and oppression, made them exuberant with joy.

We seek also to cultivate a taste for our national literature among our young men, and desire to stimulate them to literary efforts. For this purpose our pages will be open to well written, original essays, upon subjects of general interest, and respectfully solicit the same. With these remarks, we commend the *"Irish Miscellany"* to the support of the public, and ask for it a generous support.

OUR CITY GOVERNMENT.

Reform, like charity, should begin at home. It is worse than useless to send missionaries to foreign lands, to convert the Pagan and reform the wicked, while we have so many practical Pagans at our own doors, and so much wickedness in our midst. It is of little use to be perpetually declaiming against the extravagance of our national and State Governments, while we have so much which needs reforming and retrenching in the government of our own city.

Some weeks ago a convention of citizens was held in the City Hall, for the purpose of nominating a City Government composed of good men of all parties, that the best possible government might be obtained at the least possible price. This convention soon displayed the cloven foot of black republicanism, while the horns and tail of know-nothingism—somewhat the worse for wear, were plainly visible through the gauze garments put on for the occasion. Respectable men of all parties repudiated all connection with the beast, and fled from its sight. The citizens approved their conduct—pursued the specious pretensions of

the creature, and elected a government composed of respectable men of every political creed.

In this acting, the citizens at large unmistakably pronounced against the manner in which former city governments had conducted affairs. By infusing so much new, mixed and healthy blood into the veins of the new system, clearly indicating their wish that what they had done with the government, should be done to those holding place under it; so that the reforms and retrenchments so loudly called for from the new organization, should not be thwarted by a lot of old officials who have every interest in maintaining our present corrupt and extravagant expenditures—none in reforming and retrenching them.

We did, therefore, look for extensive changes among the city officials, and hoped to see eligible and able men of every party elected to office, that they might take care of each other, and thus produce the best results for the city.

In this we, in common with a large majority of our citizens, have been disappointed. The old system of extravagance, corruption and fraud is to be carried on. Of what use is it for the citizens to make a new and improved machine of government, if it is to be managed and worked by men opposed to its success, who seek to render it inoperative?

Most of the old officials have been re-installed in their old positions with an indecent haste, which clearly testifies to the fear entertained of a strong expression of public opinion upon the matter. What have our democratic representatives in the city government done to carry out their loud pretensions before election? They have button-holed and wire-pulled with the old system, and some have endeavored to frown down those among them who had the honesty to endeavor to carry out the views and expectations of their constituents. The board of Aldermen, was, in numbers, equally divided. It became necessary to remove one person out of the way, so as to give to the corruptionists a majority of votes. The bait was thrown out—Mr. Bradford the democratic Alderman of Ward 7, greedily swallowed it—retired from the board—received his reward, by an appointment to a fat office, and left his quondam associates to distribute the city offices to whom they wished! He got his place and other democrats might, for all he cared, go to the devil!

However, there is at least one honest man on the board of Aldermen, a staunch democrat, possessed of common sense and good business faculties. He has, by integrity and industry, become one of our most successful merchant princes. So long as he is on the board of aldermen he will keep a keen eye upon the city treasury, and prevent, as far as he can, the abuses of which we complain. The course pursued by Alderman Pierce entitles him to the gratitude of the city, and he must be strongly sustained.

In the popular branch of the city government, we feel more disappointment than we do with the board of aldermen. The only man who has had the moral courage to remind the city council of the principles by which they were elected, and call upon them to realize the wishes of the city, is John C. Tucker. He stands, like a pillar of granite, it may be, unpopulated, but strong and powerful in the truth which sustains him. Mr. Bradlee of Ward 7 seems to have a particular desire to cushion Mr. Tucker's remarks, and often rises to order, but is as often told by the president to take his seat and allow Mr. T. to proceed. We have seen professed democrats in the Council sneer at Mr. Tucker, while addressing that body; it would be well for them if they possessed his manliness and integrity and were as true to party and to principle.

Mr. Tucker is the first Irishman who has been elected to the city council, and some of the know-nothing democrats evidently think he has no business in such an august body! We trust he will persevere in this course so well begun, despite the vulgar, small-beer wit of Col. Thompson, or the rude impertinence of Mr. Bradlee.

The democrats demand a share of the public offices—the citizens at large insist upon it, and we are sure the man who refuses to concede this justice to them, will, at the end of the municipal year, have permission to yield his place to one more deserving.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE under the management of Mr. W. B. English, seems to be doing a good business, these hard times; the houses during the past week have been well attended and the reception of Mr. M. W. Fleming, the late manager, must have convinced him of the respect entertained for him by his former friends and patrons.

BOSTON THEATRE. The Ravens are still starring it at this popular establishment and their wonderful feats nightly call down the applause of crowded houses.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELLER & HUNTLEY'S MINSTRELS. This company of talented Minstrels have secured the building known as Horticultural Hall in School street, which they have fitted up at great expense and with considerable artistic skill, as an Opera House. Their burlesque Ethiopian melodies ought to be witnessed by every person troubled with dyspepsia, or at all subject to the blues; for there is nothing like a good hearty laugh to drive away melancholy and its concomitant evils. The music of the new

song given in this number of the *Miscellany*, is by H. S. Thompson Esq. the talented composer, connected with this company. Such of our readers as wish to hear that beautiful ballad sung in the best style by Mr. Thompson, will be gratified by attending at the Opera House on Monday evening the 15th, or any evening during that week, when it will be sung by the author assisted by the full company. We intend being present with our corps of contributors, composers, &c. and bespeak for Mr. Thompson a kind and enthusiastic reception. Doubtless all Boston will be present on the auspicious occasion.

ORDWAY HALL. This old established and popular place of amusement still continues to flourish, and the crowds nightly attending upon the feast of fun which the great caterer spreads before his patrons, sufficiently attest the excellent quality of the viands prepared for the repast.

"FOREIGN INFLUENCE."

What have the Know Nothing incendiaries and assassins to say about the kind of Influence exercised over legislation in this country by "foreign governments?" As recently developed before a Congressional committee, by one Williamson, who seems to have been the instrument used by the governments of France and England in procuring the passage of an American tariff law favorable to the commercial interests of those countries? Hear what he says—

Mr. Williamson claims to have been the secret commercial agent for this country, of the Barings and other English and French mercantile and manufacturing houses from 1841 to 1850. Williamson informed me, that if permitted, he would have testified that European manufacturers and the British government had authorized Sir Henry Bulwer and others to expend two millions of dollars to effect our tariff and to establish a free trade policy. More than seven hundred thousand dollars had actually been expended to buy the members of Congress or to defeat their election when they could not be bought. Williamson also intimated that he could disclose conduct or disreputable transactions of our own Government in connection with the negotiations of the recent treaty with New Granada.—He particularly implicated Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Cass.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM TICKNOR & FIELDS. ILLUSTRATIONS OF GENIUS, in some of its relations to culture and society. By Henry Giles, author of "Lectures and Essays." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858.

[We shall take occasion at an early day to thoroughly review this work.]

FROM PATRICK DONAHOE. THE BLACK BARONET; OR THE CHRONICLES OF BALLYTRIN. By William Carleton.

Mr. Donahoe, with his laudable desire to meet the wishes of the reading public, has just issued a splendid edition of Carleton's great work, "The Black Baronet." The name of the author alone, is a synonyme of excellence in the department of romance, which is a sufficient recommendation of the work; but when we take into consideration the vivid portrayal of scenes and events—the close analysis of character in all its phases—running from the highest to the lowest—from the peer to the peasant,—we feel constrained to rank it among the most successful productions of modern fiction. Carleton is the Dickens of Ireland, and the lover of the works of "Boz," will find something really congenial in the book now before us. The object of the work is an exhibition of the three powerful passions of love, ambition and revenge; and finely is the idea carried out. The work, which is embellished with two fine engravings is for sale at the low price of seventy-five cents, and should be in the possession of all lovers of that land which Moore has so beautifully classed as

"First flower of the earth
First gem of the sea."

To clubs of six the book will be sent for \$3.50; and to clubs of twelve for \$6.00; (the club so ordering, to pay the expense of transportation, which is an inducement not to be overlooked.

COLUMBIAN ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Nicholas Bern lectured before this society, on Wednesday evening last, at their rooms in Hanover street, on "Democracy." The lecturer although a "foreigner," proved that he was perfectly familiar with the principles on which true democracy are based. As we go to press immediately after the lecture, we cannot give in this number the notice to which it is entitled, and which it so justly merits, but shall return to it again. We are glad to hear that this popular association is in a flourishing condition.

ANOTHER NEW TERRITORY.—It is proposed to make an effort for a Territorial organization of the upper peninsula of Michigan, under the name of Superior or Mackinaw. The country embraces some sixteen thousand square miles, abounds in mineral resources, and has an estimated population of ten thousand. At present it is a part of the State of Michigan, from the main portion of which, however, it is separated by the straits of Mackinaw, and with which it has no common interests.

[Continued from page 8th.]

The town of Cashell, which had grown into considerable importance, was burnt down in the year 1179. Donatus O'Lanegan, the second bishop of Cashell, assisted at the council of Lateran in 1315, and, it is said, died there. His successor was also his namesake, and the third archbishop of that name in the diocese of Cashell, he erected Cashell into a borough in the year 1233. Marian O'Brian became his successor and having obtained a perpetual alms-gift of the town, from King Henry III, regranted and confirmed the same to the provost and burgesses, reserving only to himself the bakery and shambles, in return for which the citizens in 1230 made a grant of two gallons of ale out of every browage in their town, for ever, towards the support of a lazaret house founded by Sir David le Latimer, the archbishop's seneschal. In this hospital provision was made for three chaplains, and fourteen beds were kept for sick and infirm poor. In 1253 Marian was succeeded by David MacCarwell who in 1268 granted an indulgence of forty days, to all such as would contribute to the erection of *St. Paul's* Church, in London. This prelate expelled the occupants of the lazaret hospital by force, and united it to the Cistercian Abbey, about the year 1272. He seems to have been somewhat troublesome to the government, but as he was of a kind and charitable nature, and a great benefactor to the church, we may safely infer that he was defending the rights of the people committed to his charge, against the oppressions of their rulers. He founded the Chauntry of *St. Nicholas*, the Abbey of the rock of Cashell and Hore Abbey, called *St. Mary's* of the rock of Cashell, a monastery for the Cistercian monks, in the vicinity of the town, the ruins of which still attest its former splendor.

In one respect Cashell was unfortunately situated, being upon the borders of the Butlers country and exposed in their wars with the family of Desmond, to the hostile neighborhood of the Fitzgeralds. In one of the disputes between these, David Creagh, archbishop of Cashell in 1483, became obnoxious to Gerald Fitzgerald, the great Earl of Kildare; the consequence of which was that the earl, about 1498, burnt down the cathedral and devastated the town.

The archbishop, being supported by the Earl of Ormonde, the chief of the Butlers, complained of this sacrilegious conduct, on the part of Gerald, to King Henry VII, and added that all Ireland could not govern him. Henry, taxing Fitzgerald, who was then present in council, was answered by the audacious Fitzgerald, that "By God he would never have thought of committing such a sacrilege had he not been told for certain, that the archbishop was inside the cathedral." This reply so characteristic of the fiery Gerald, gained him the good will of the king, who soon after created him Lord Deputy of Ireland, alleging that "if all Ireland could not govern him, he was for that reason the fittest man to govern all Ireland."

We do not find on the record much that would interest our readers until after the reformation. James MacCaghwell, who had been nominated to the see by Queen Elizabeth, was stabbed to death by his titular rival, Maurice Gibbon or Maurice Reagh, in 1570. His successor was Miles McGrath, who having previously filled the see of Down was promoted to the dignity of Archbishop of Cashell, by the "virtuous queen." McGrath was a native of Fermanagh who had, at an early age joined the order of St. Francis. It would seem, from certain events in his life, that McGrath entered the sanctuary as the best way to wealth and dignity. Such was his avarice that it drew upon him the censures of even Protestant writers. He was promoted to the see of Down by the Pontiff, Paul V., but being deprived of the temporalities connected with his see, and thus foiled in that which his heart most loved, he cast aside the warnings of conscience, and submitting to Elizabeth, renounced his religion. For this apostasy, and to stimulate others to follow his example, Miller was translated to the see of Clogher, thence to the united bishoprics of Cashell and Emilly, in February 1571. His avarice and cupidity not yet satiated, he obtained from Elizabeth a commendatory

grant which enabled him to clutch the see's of Lismore and Waterford, and retain them twenty-five years.

To complete his fall he married one Anne O'Meara, who died soon after wasted with grief. Some time after he married a second wife, that he might have one to share with him the plunder of the church. It would be useless to follow the unhappy man through his wretched career; suffice it to say, that after being two years bed-ridden, he died in December, 1622, at the advanced age of one hundred years, having previously returned to the bosom of the Catholic Church. The following is an English translation of the epitaph in Latin, inscribed on his monument in the cathedral of Cashell, which was composed by himself in the first year of his illness.

"Patrick the glory of our isle and gown,
First sat a bishop in the see of Down.
I wish that I, succeeding him in place
As bishop, had an equal share of grace.
I served thee, England, fifty years in jars,
And pleased thy princes in the midst of wars:
Here where I am placed, I am not, and thus the case is,
I am not in both, yet am in both places. 1621.
He that judges me is the Lord,
Let him who stands take care lest he fall."

This monument is on the south side of the choir, but his body was privately interred according to the rites of the Catholic Church, elsewhere.

In the wars subsequent to the rebellion of 1541 Cashell was garrisoned and the rock put in a state of defence by Lord Taffe, on the part of the Irish royalists; but Inchiquin who commanded the parliamentary forces, having taken Cahier, which, at that time, (1547) was considered the key to Tipperary, assumed a position so threatening that Lord Taffe withdrew from Cashell, leaving only a small garrison to aid the inhabitants in their defence. On Inchiquin's approach the city was deserted and the people, leaving their gates open, fled to the cathedral for protection.

MacGeoghegan thus describes the slaughter which followed. "The holy city of Cashell where the apostle of Ireland baptized the first Christian king of the province, did not escape his (Inchiquin's) fury; in vain the terrified inhabitants sought safety in the cathedral church, the sanctity of which was no security against the tyrant, Inchiquin having given orders for an assault, commanded his soldiers to give no quarter, so that between the carnage in and outside the church, not one escaped. Twenty clergymen, with a vast multitude of people perished on this occasion. He took pleasure in burning whole villages, houses and the properties of the inhabitants, for which he was called *Murrough an toitaine*—that is Murrough the incendiary, by which name he is still known in that province where his memory is execrated."

During the wars of Cromwell, Cashell was again taken, after which its annals contain nothing historically remarkable. Subsequent to the revolution of 1688, it became prosperous, reaped numerous advantages, and, up to the period of the "Union" of the Irish with the English parliament, continued to grow and flourish. Cashell, in common with the other towns and cities of Ireland, has since then felt the evil consequences of that infamous measure, and has since gone much to decay. Yet, in the midst of difficulties and poverty, Cashell has continued to support large numbers of schools, and to dispense the blessings of education to the rising generation with a profuse and liberal hand. What the present condition of this beautiful old city may be, we cannot say; it is many years since we stood upon her holy soil, and we have not, at present, access to modern documents on which we can rely. We long for the time, when under a government inaugurated by the unanimous voice of a free people, she shall be restored to her ancient splendor, and again enjoy the name of the "Holy City of Cashell."—*Ware's Works, Cart's Life of Ormonde, Inglis's Ireland in 1834, Walsh's History of the Irish Hierarchy.*

All favored men whose minds are intellectual are like dark lanterns; we regard not so much the body because of the lustre of that which dwelleth in it.

"THE ENGLISH IN INDIA."

It will be seen from the following, which we cut from the *Mississippian* of January 22nd that John Mitchell is doing good service to the cause of truth, in the Southern States, by his lectures upon the above subject.

MITCHELL'S LECTURE.—By the invitation of numerous citizens, and agreeable to previous notice, Mr. John Mitchell delivered his promised lecture in this city, Wednesday evening last. The large number of visitors in the city in attendance on the Grand Lodge, rendered the appointment peculiarly favorable for a brilliant, intellectual and appreciative audience.

At an early hour the Hall of Representatives was crowded to overflowing. The sterner sex was largely represented but it was still more gratifying to note that the room was radiant with the sunny smiles and bright eyes of beautiful women.

Mr. Mitchell was received and introduced to the audience by the distinguished Chief Magistrate of the State, Gov. McWILLIE, whose speech of cordial and complimentary greeting, was peculiarly felicitous, and elicited frequent applause.

Mr. Mitchell responded appropriately; and proceeded to deliver his discourse upon the theme previously announced: "*The English in India.*"

We will not mar the splendid proportions of this grand intellectual structure by attempting a sketch, or a detailed description of it. During its delivery of nearly two hours, his large and cultivated audience was held in breathless attention. It was a plain, clear, cogent, and we may say startling, narrative of facts illustrating the selfishness, cruelty and barbarity of British rule in India, occasionally interspersed with withering satire scarcely paralleled by the terrible invectives of Junius; but anon the lecturer would draw himself up "until his thoughts seemed to jostle the stars," while his teeming faculties found utterance in drapery of more than Miltonic grandeur and gorgeousness.

As a public speaker, Mr. Mitchell's manner is unambitious and unpretentious. He seems not to have attempted to master the graces of oratory, but to have studied more the matter of his discourse than the mere form of its delivery. His manner is entirely self-possessed, and his action easy and unrestrained; and his full, rich, well modulated voice, adds an indescribable charm to the bright conceptions of his genius.

Yesterday, with a number of friends, he partook of a sumptuous entertainment at the Executive Mansion, the hospitalities of which were dispensed with the urbanity and elegance peculiar to the respected host and his accomplished lady and daughters. To-day he proceeds on his journey Southward, carrying with him the good wishes of all our citizens.

TRUE REPENTANCE.—A man that has made himself rich by a dishonest course, may repent of his course *after* he is rich. But when a man has grown rich by cheating others, he cannot make a true repentance without also making *reparation*. Simply to stop his dishonesties for the future, and to live comfortably on what he has reaped by them in the past, is not repentance. A man who has injured another by a slander cannot repent by merely ceasing to repeat the slander; he must go and contradict it, and apologize for it. God other wise will not accept his repentance, for it is not genuine. Christ says, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." If men do wrong to their fellow-men, and suppose that they can repent without reparation, they deceive themselves; but they cannot deceive God. All their subterfuges, all their pretensions goodness, all their piteous prayers, will be contemptible in His sight so long as they have not honestly caudily, and in a manly way, sought to right the wrong, they have done.

VIRGINIA.

The Legislature has appropriated two thousand dollars towards defraying the expenses of the inauguration of Crawford's statue of Washington on the 22nd of February next. The civic and military display on the occasion it is expected, will be the greatest ever witnessed in that city. All the volunteer corps and fire companies of Petersburg, and two military companies from Washington have determined upon being present. The President and his Cabinet, and distinguished men from all sections of the Union, are expected to participate in the ceremonies. The address will be delivered by Senator R. M. T. Hunter.

Mr. Crawford, the distinguished sculptor above referred to, lately deceased, although claimed as "the great American Sculptor," was a native of the North of Ireland.

Jones says that he hears a good deal about hard times, but he thinks the Judges of the Special Sessions have the most "trying" time of it.

A HINT.

Genl. (in hopes).—Sally, what time do your folks dine?
Sally.—Soon as you goes away. Dem's missus's orders.

DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS IN CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—The House was in session all night. A fight occurred between Messrs. Grow and Keitt. The latter struck Grow three, and Grow knocked him down. The parties were then separated.

Lucius A. M. Mr. Davis of Mississippi unacceptably proposed by way of variety that the House have a few speeches.

Mr. Grow objected. The proceedings were exceedingly dull, about one-tenth of the members being either asleep or nodding in their seats. A few were smoking cigars, and others going and coming from the refreshment rooms. Just at this point the House was thrown into most violent excitement, and a fearful scene of confusion took place.

A member of Congress who was a witness gives the following particulars:—

Mr. Grow objected to Mr. Quitman's making any remarks. Mr. Keitt said, "If you are going to object, return to your own side of the House."

Mr. Grow responded, "This is a free hall, and every man has a right to be where he pleases."

Mr. Keitt then came up to Mr. Grow and said: "I want to know what you mean by such an answer as that."

Mr. Grow replied: "I mean just what I say. This is a free hall and a man has a right to be where he pleases."

Mr. Keitt, taking Mr. Grow by the throat, said: "I will let you know that you are a damned black Republican puppy."

Mr. Grow knocked up his hand saying:—"I shall occupy such a place in this hall as I please, and no nigger driver shall crack his whip over me."

Mr. Keitt then again grabbed Mr. Grow by the throat, and Mr. Grow knocked his hand off, and Mr. Keitt coming at him again, Mr. Grow knocked him down.

The fight took place at twenty minutes before two o'clock. Further difficulties are apprehended. The respective friends of both parties rushed to the rescue. Various members on each side engaged in the fight, which took place in the area fronting the clerk's desk. Mr. Washburn of Illinois was conspicuous among the Republicans, dealing heavy blows.

The speaker loudly and imperatively demanded order, and called on the sergeant-at-arms to interfere. That functionary, (carrying his mace of office), together with his assistants, hurried to the scene, and crowding into the thickest of the fight, in which at least a dozen members were engaged. Some minutes elapsed before this truly fearful contest was quieted. The members having reluctantly returned to their seats, there was a dead calm in comparison with the scene just enacted.

Mr. Quitman proposed that they now adjourn and take up the reference of the Kansas Message on Monday, at one o'clock.—There were emphatic and general responses from the Republican side: "no! no!" The confusion began to break out afresh, when the speaker said he would direct the sergeant-at-arms to put under arrest those who disregarded the order of the House.

Mr. Campbell said that he foresaw that disagreeable feelings would result here from the exciting questions connected with Kansas.

Mr. Barksdale of Mississippi called the gentlemen to order. Mr. Campbell wished the gentleman from Mississippi to know that he was his peer.

THE MORMON WAR.—The Washington Union says: So far from any relaxation being likely to occur in the efforts of the administration to press on reinforcements for the army in Utah, we have conclusive reason to believe that every resource at its command will be exhausted by the war department for swelling and expediting these reinforcements.

The preparation of the administration will be such that whatever responsibility for mischances to our gallant army shall attach to the government, they shall fall alone at the doors of Congress.

The N. Y. Times of Feb. 6, says, that the Hon. Horace S. Eldridge, one of the leaders of the Saints, who is now on a visit to this city, and is charged with the supervision of the Mormon Church in the East. Mr. Eldridge seeks to correct certain misapprehensions in the mind of the public concerning the disposition of the Mormons, but admits that any attempt of the troops to enter Salt Lake city in hostile array, will inevitably result in bloodshed.

FRANCIS DAVIES, an Irish poet, has received a government pension of £50 per annum; he has contributed largely to the Dublin University Magazine.—*Ex.*

Mr. Davies was known in 1848 by his *nomme de plume* of "The Belfast Man."—*El.*

BURNING FLUID ACCIDENT.—On Friday night last while filling a fluid lamp at her residence, No. 332 North street, Ellen Anderson was so severely burned, by its bursting, that there are small hopes of her recovery.

Speaking of no one's having the courage to reply to Gen. Cushing's speech in the Legislature, the other day, the New York Tribune says:—"Some one should at least have whistled, to prove that he was struggling to keep his courage up."

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

THE CALEDONIA CLUB HALL.—The second Ball of the Caledonia Club took place on the evening of the 5th inst. at Union Hall, and was an event which will always be looked to with pleasure by all who had the good fortune to participate. The hall was beautifully decorated under the supervision of Mr. Francis N. Mitchell, and in front of the galleries were conspicuous the elegant banner of the Club, and their seal, which by the way, is a design of Mr. Mitchell, and very neat it is.

Shortly after eight o'clock, the company, numbering full two hundred couples, to which number the tickets were limited, marched into the hall, the band playing a grand march, composed expressly for the occasion, and dedicated to the Club by Alonzo Boud. This was much admired, and was performed admirably, as was all the music of the evening, by the full quadrille band of this excellent musician.

The ball opened with the reel o' Tullochgorum, and when the company formed for this, the sight from the galleries was beautiful beyond description, the elegant and varied dresses of the bonnie lassies, together with the showy costumes of the Club, and the many military gentlemen forming a sight seldom indeed seen in our city.

The order of dances comprised all the fashionable dances in vogue, liberally interspersed with the national dances of the country, and it was little short of daylight when the programme was finished. The interest was kept up, unabated, to the end, and when the last dance was finished, there was a look of regret on more than one fair face. In every particular this was undoubtedly the most successful ball the Caledonia Club have ever given, and we but express the oft repeated wishes of a large number of those present last night, in saying they must by all means give another before the season closes.

Among the Highland costumes, worn so generally by the Club, we noticed the following:—"Buchanan" worn by Dr. W. E. Coale, "Gordon," by Gordon Forrest, "Hunting Argyle," by W. G. Smith, "Royal Stuart" by Monroe Ross, "Rob Roy" by William Willey, "Argyle" by Mr. Banks, "Robinson" by John Kells, "McDonald" by Jas. McDonald, and "Royal Stuart" by James Bogle. The veteran Miller Crabbe, Esq., was also present, wearing the ancient costume of a Lowlander.—*Boston Ledger.*

MAN'S DESTINY.—The appearance of man upon the scene of being constitutes a new era in creation, the operations of a new instinct come into play—that instinct which anticipates a life after the grave, and reposes implicit faith upon a God alike just and good, who is the pledged "rewarder of all who diligently seek Him." And in looking along the long line of being—ever rising in the scale from higher to yet higher manifestations, or abroad on the lower animals, whom instinct never deceives—can we hold that man, immeasurably higher in his place, and infinitely higher in his hopes and aspirations than all that ever went before him, should be, notwithstanding, the one grand error in creation—the one painful worker, in the midst of present troubles, for a state into which he is never to enter—the befooled expectant of a happy future which he is never to see? Assuredly no. He who keeps faith with His humble creatures—who gives even the bee and the dormouse the winter for which they prepare—will to a certainty not break faith with man—with man, alike the deputed lord of the present creation, and the chosen heir of all the future. We have been looking abroad on the old geologic burying-grounds, and deciphering the strange inscriptions on their tombs, but there are other burying grounds, and other tombs—solitary church yards among the hills, where the dust of martyrs lies, and tombs that rise over the ashes of the wise and good; nor are there wanting, on even the monuments of the perished race, frequent hieroglyphics and symbols of high meaning, which darkly intimate to us, that while their burial yards contain but the debris of the past, we are to regard the others as charged with the sown seed of the future.—*Hugh Miller.*

"GO IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG."—At the poor house in Taunton, a few days since, a mother gave birth to a child weighing eight pounds, the mother being eleven years old and the father but fourteen. The mother herself was born in the poor house.

COMMON SENSE IN CHELSEA.—At a meeting of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of Chelsea, held on Thursday evening, Alderman G. W. Churchill offered the following resolution, which was adopted by a vote of five to three:

Resolved—That in the opinion of the City Council of Chelsea, the best way of regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors and promoting the cause of temperance, would be the passage by the Legislature of a license law, and a law rendering penal the act of adulterating or selling of spirituous liquors in which intemperance finds a most prolific source

DEATHS IN THE CITY.—During the week ending Saturday last at noon there were 83 deaths in this city, an increase of 36 over last week's bill of mortality. Of these no less than 25 were caused by consumption. Seventeen occurred in Ward 7, 14 in Ward 8 and 10 in Ward 12, while in

Wards 4 and 5, there were but 2 each. Thirty-two were of children under the age of five years, and 68 persons were of foreign parentage, 21 being natives of Ireland. There were 45 males and 37 females.

AN INSCORRIBLE BOY.—John A.—was a good-natured fellow, not without wit, averse to toll, and spending most of his time in manipulating those rectangular forms of pasteboard which T. Crehore devised, and where the American eagle sits on the ace of spades. John's father was dead, but his uncle, a Boston citizen, frequently gave him good advice. "John," said he, one day, "be industrious, and with your talents you can make anything of yourself. Suppose you have no capital. Look at old Billy Gray! He came into this city with a pack on his back, and went out with a million of dollars!" "That's nothing to my case, uncle," said the incorrigible John, "I came into this city with two packs in my pocket, and am going out without a red cent."—*New York Post.*

"Here's your money, dolt. Now tell me why your master wrote eighteen letters about that paltry sum?" said an exasperated debtor. "I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, sir; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it was because seventeen letters did not fetch it."

A WOMAN CHARGED WITH POISONING HER WHOLE FAMILY.—A woman named Hong, has been arrested in Alabama, Genesee Co., N. Y., who is suspected of having poisoned her husband and six children within the past few years. Her husband died in July, 1856, three children previous to his death and three since. Suspensions of foul play were entertained, and all the bodies were exhumed, and upon analysis, arsenic was found in them all. The inhuman mother is now in jail awaiting the action of the Grand Jury.

SINGULAR ATMOSPHERICAL PHENOMENON.—The *Hingham Journal* says:—"A most singular state of the atmosphere was observable through the day on Monday the 1st inst, the line of the sea-coast in this region of the country. It was nothing more nor less than a mirage, which is a scientific term to describe that condition of the atmosphere that produces an optical illusion arising from an unequal refraction in the lower strata of the atmosphere, and causing remote objects to be seen double as if reflected in a mirror, or to appear as if suspended in the air. This phenomenon was seen by thousands of persons on this coast. Ships were seen sailing in the air, and distant parts of Cape Cod were distinctly visible in the vicinity of Boston; large rocks and islands were clearly painted out upon the clouds, and various other singular appearances were discerned by many eyes. We believe the like of this phenomena has never before occurred on this coast."

TAPERING OFF STABLY.—It is said that the Managers of the Washington Monument have got so short of funds that they intend building the remainder of it of brick, and cover it with mastic to represent marble.—We presume says the *Worcester Bay State*, if the Father of his Country were now alive, they would present him with a galvanized watch as a token of their appreciation of his services during the revolutionary war.

MR. SEWARD ON THE MORMONS. The following from Senator Seward's late speech is graphic and seems to be true:

"I am told that these Mormons will not fight; and I know that it is not until after a long time that any community makes up its mind to defy an imperial power like this; but, sir, these Mormons are exceptional in the first place. They have done nothing but fight from the beginning. They are an armed and military set, a superstitious set, and war is an element of their progress. They fought themselves out of the State of N. York, when they were but a handful of men, into Ohio. They wrangled themselves out of Ohio into Missouri. Civil war grew up around them in Missouri, and they fought their way into Illinois and established themselves at Nauvoo, and a civil war attended their exit from Nauvoo to the Salt Lake. They are worthless for any other purpose but to fight. Their religion makes them fighting men; for it is a religion which can submit to no civil authority that is administered or exercised over them by a Christian people. It is a religion which gives license, in the name of government and God, to the indulgence of basest propensity of human nature. I never yet have read, I never yet have heard. I never yet have seen any superstition of this kind that had not taken in, as its weapon for polytism the sword."

PHILADELPHIA BANKS.—The banks of Philadelphia have virtually resumed, specie payments. No difficulty is experienced in obtaining gold and silver at any of them.—It is probably that a formal and general resumption will be announced in the course of a day or two. There is, indeed no practical impediment in the way, and the public are fully prepared for such a movement.

EXTRACTS FROM THE IRISH JOURNALS.

The *Dublin Correspondent* of the N. Y. *Irish News* who writes over the signature of 'Kilminkham,' and weekly furnishes to that ably conducted paper a letter which no Irishman should fail to read, thus discourses of

IRISH MANUFACTURE.

'Various "movements" have taken place in this country for the revival of Irish manufacture. Mischievous in themselves, inasmuch as they tended to perpetuate delusion, these movements never did any good for Irish manufacture. The idea of establishing manufactures by dint of talk, was one of the absurd. Nevertheless, the thing has at various times been attempted, but always with the same result—'great noise and little wool.' At present there is no noise being made about Irish manufactures; there is no 'Board' meeting twice a week and boring us with nonsensical statistics; there is no secretary blotting pages of foolscap with elaborate nonsense—there is nothing of this now, and yet I venture to say that Irish manufactured goods are now more generally worn than when Daniel O'Connell walked into the House of Commons in his coat of Irish frieze. Our swells, here now wear Irish frieze coats—and devilish handsome coats they are too. Frieze coats are the fashion—patriotism has nothing to do with it. But what matters it from what motive our swells act, when the result is that employment is given to a number of industrious Irish families? Now I should like Irish frieze coats to become fashionable in America; and I should like every steamer from New York to bring an order for at least one piece of Irish frieze. I have two or three young fellows in my eye, who, if they were to set the example, would compel all upper-tendons to clothe itself in Irish frieze before a month. Great care, however, must be taken that the frieze is Irish, not English. In order, therefore, to make sure that they get the true article, parties in New York should send their orders through some friend in Ireland who would see it fairly executed. I know myself two or three small tenant farmers, who can scarcely supply all the orders that are pouring in on them for Irish frieze. If any of my friends in New York—any good Irishmen there—want good Irish frieze coats, let them send an order for a piece of frieze. They can have any quantity, from ten yards to a hundred. They will have, in this way, the cheapest, most servicable, and handsomest coats, and the satisfaction of having shed a ray of comfort on an humble Irish home. Come, now—don't all speak at once.'

WORK FOR THE GENTLEMEN OF THE BLACK GOWN.—We are given to understand that the legal gentlemen of the Leinster bar are likely to be engaged in a case of 'breach of promise,' connected with our own county at the next assizes. It would seem that a mercantile clerk, belonging to a metropolitan establishment, paid his addresses to, and won the affections of a shopkeeper's daughter in one of the country towns of this county, and the principal parties, as well as the parents and friends of both, having mutually arranged all matters and decided on the day when the happy couple should plight their vows at the hymeneal altar, the young gentleman set off for Dublin, full of joyful anticipations. But shortly after his arrival there he received a letter from the fair one's father, making the disagreeable announcement that a change had come over the spirit of his dream, that the union could not be effected, and requesting all past events to be forgotten. On this, the Lotherio at once proceeded to the country to seek an explanation, and not receiving what he considered a satisfactory one, he again returned to the metropolis and at once commenced proceedings for a breach of promise.—*Kilkenny Moderator*.

ARREST FOR MURDER.—Head Constable Aubrey, of Borrisokane, arrested Thomas Fogarty, under the assumed name of Egan, who is charged with the murder of Philip Shanahan in Templemore, in the month

of March, 1857, from which time he evaded the vigilance of the police.—*Nenagh Guardian*.

BANKRUPTS.—George Hanks, of Rathangan, county Kildare, and of No. 1 Cumberland place, city of Dublin, miller, flour and corn merchant, to surrender on Friday 22d day of January instant and on Friday, the 12th day of February next. John O'Mears, of Rathdowney, Queen's county, draper and shop-keeper, to surrender on Monday, the 18th day of January, and on Tuesday, the 9th day of Feb. next.

The first mercantile failure in Limerick has been just announced—the suspension of an old and respectable firm, that of Mr. James Banatyne & Son, with liabilities set down at £50,000. Some merchants here are stated to be losers by this suspension, and others in Kilrush; but the particulars are not precisely known. The Bank of Ireland is set down at £18,000. Other failures are sure to follow.—*Saunders*.

At the Waterford Quarter Sessions, William Scanlan was tried before Assistant Barrister Bessonet, for having stolen a sum of £40 belonging to Mr. Burke, clerk of Waterford union. Constable McManus, of the Cork Constabulary, was examined, and proved having arrested the prisoner at the railway station in Cork, and finding on his person £1 18s. 7d., a passage ticket to America, and a key that opened the desk from which he had abstracted the money. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labor.

RETURN OF IRISH EMIGRANTS.—For the last few months persons who left this city as emigrants have returned to their old employments in Kilkenny, and caution their neighbors against venturing to America at present. The story of desolation and death which these poor emigrants relate is fearful, and we hope it may serve as a caution to others to turn their thoughts from emigration and cling to the rock in the old country.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

THE CROPS.—The winter work is done everywhere, and preparations for the spring work are being made actively. It has been remarked to us, and we have seen for ourselves, that there is a large amount of lea ground in course of being turned up this year. Probably, the fall in stock has contributed greatly to the fact, giving us, as it does, reason to believe that the laborer will find abundance of employment during the spring, summer and harvest.—*Meath People*.

COMMERCIAL FAILURES.—The failure of Mr. James Taylor, spinner, of Carrickfergus, is no longer a rumor; and said to be brought down by this stage, we have to report that Mr. Bristow Minnis, wholesale grocer, of Ballymena, has failed. In some cases, we hear of creditors being called together; and a very great gloom and confusion are said to prevail in Ballymena and neighborhood in consequence.—*Northern Whig*.

On Thursday week, John McGowan, Esq., Mayor, Returning Officer at the last borough election, and his two deputies, Mr. Joseph Polley and Mr. Hugh Connellan, together with two poll clerks, Mr. William Ward and Mr. John Bruen, entered each into security before the resident magistrate, W. C. Morony, Esq., to the amount in £100, to stand their trial at the approaching assizes, for a conspiracy to defraud certain electors of the borough of their votes on the above memorable occasion.—*Sligo Independent*.

Three men named Maher, who reside at Shankhill, have been committed for further examination, by Thomas Brereton, Esq., R. M., charged with being concerned in the recent attempt to assassinate Mr. Denis Egan, when on his way to Dunkerrin chapel. The first examination of the prisoners took place at Dunkerrin, before Mr. Brereton, assisted by John Julian, Esq., Crown Solicitor for the King's county. There are now four men in custody charged with this offence, and there is every reason to expect that all the parties concerned in it will be convicted and punished, an exceptional conclusion in that county to an agrarian crime.

THE LATE ENEAS MACDONNELL, ESQ. We are authorized to state that the papers and correspondence of the late Eneas MacDonnell, Esq., were placed by him, sometime previous to his decease, in the hands of his son-in-law, Nicholas J. Gannon, Esq., of Lara, with a view to his political life being embodied by that gentleman in a form for publication; and that it is the intention of Mr. Gannon, to present the public with a biography of his father-in-law at as early a date as possible.

EARLY POTATOES. Mr. Bourke, of 41 Harold's cross, near Dublin, has at present a plot of early potatoes planted in October last, nearly a foot overground, with new potatoes under them, nearly an inch in diameter; Bourke has for some years devoted considerable time and attention to the raising of new varieties of potatoes from seed, and has succeeded in producing some remarkable ones for beauty of form, earliness of maturity, and of excellent quality for table use.—*Irish Farmer's Gazette*.

VALUE OF LAND.—The farm of Cornelstown, as in the occupation of the late Mr. James Leary, situate in the parish of Dunboyne, consisting of 104 acres, Irish plantation measure, held by leases for an unexpired term of 20 years, subject to 32s. 6d. per acre, was set up for the widow and executrix at the Metropolitan Auction Hall, on Thursday last, by Mr. Charles C. Farrell, and after a spirited competition, was knocked down to James Spring, Esq., for £1,350l. The only building on the farm was a small cottage residence, without any stabling or offices.—*Saunders*.

GOVERNMENT EMIGRATION.—Her Majesty's emigration commissioners during the past year dispatched seventy ships to the Australian colonies, viz.—33 to Victoria, 25 to New South Wales, 11 to South Australia, and 1 to Western Australia; 33 sailed from Liverpool, 26 from Plymouth, and 11 from Southampton.

LANDLORDISM IN DONEGAL. A meeting to give expression to the opinion created by the recent proceedings of certain landlords in the county Donegal, will be held at Milford on the 21st inst. Mr. W. S. Crawford, Mr. S. M. Greer, M. P., and other distinguished advocates of tenant right, being announced on the occasion.

CARLETON'S BEST NOVEL. THE BLACK BARONET; Or, the Chronicles of Ballytrain. Mr. Donahoe, Boston, will issue from his Steam Printing Presses on the 11th of February, the above highly popular book. The following are a few of the opinions of the Irish press upon this very exciting and thrilling story.

"The public have been for sometime on the tiptoe of expectation for Carleton's new work. They have been promised "Carleton's greatest work," and in this, too, their anticipations have been fulfilled. The "Black Baronet" is really Carleton's *chef d'œuvre*; and it will undoubtedly take its place among the master-pieces of fiction. It is a production in which Carleton has surpassed himself."

"Of all Carleton's Novels, this in our judgment is by far the best. The "Black Baronet," had he written no other work, would entitle Carleton to the foremost place among our Irish novelists, for in the whole range of their productions, they have not produced anything to equal this."

"Mr. Carleton holds in many respects, the highest place as a national novelist, and if undeniable proof of this were still wanting, the avidity with which his productions are sought after and read in Ireland, would as strongly establish his title to pre-eminence, as it would afford undeniable evidence of his popularity as an accurate and faithful delineator of the manners, customs, and sentiments of his countrymen. The work before us is replete with the author's excellencies, whilst his defects, as a writer of fiction, are fewer and more far between in this, than in any of his previous works."

We might continue these extracts from the Irish press, but the above opinions of the leading journals of the Irish metropolis, will suffice to show what the work is that has been published in Dublin, and re-produced, in beautiful style, by Mr. Donahoe, of Boston. The book is embellished with two engravings, and is sold for the low price of seventy-five cents.

It will be sent to any part of the United States and British Possessions, postage paid, on the reception of seventy-five cents in stamps.

*Clubs may be formed in cities or towns for the book. To clubs of six, the book will be sent for \$3.50. Clubs of twelve, \$6.00. In each case, the person ordering for the club must pay expense of transportation.

PATRICK DONAHOE, 23 Franklin St., BOSTON.

[FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.]

TO LET.—To a small family. Half a House at No. 17 Wheeler's Court.

Feb 13

LITERATURE.

LITERATURE AND ESSAYS. BY HENRY GILES, 2 vols.—Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

These volumes contain a series of lectures and essays, delivered by one of our best Henry Giles, as he informs us in the preface, "in mixed and popular assemblies," and are published at the desire of his admirers in various places. As an orator, that the tradition and "second sight" of the popular orator and great scholar should be placed in some enduring form, there is no man in America whose heart beats true to Ireland and the man possessing more of that native wit and eloquence for which our countrymen have all ages, been so remarkable few men who shed greater honor upon the old land by the splendor of their genius or the power of their eloquence than Henry Giles. Here are some passages from his "Spirit of Irish History."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"The age of Elizabeth, which was to Europe the dawn of many hopes—this age of Elizabeth, which was so adorned and so enriched with all that makes an age transcendent—this age of Elizabeth was only for Ireland a heavy and a starless night. The government of Elizabeth, which had so much glory for England, gave no promise to Ireland.—Under the sway of Elizabeth, Ireland lay in tempest and in waste. Oppression, that makes wise men mad, will provoke even despair to resistance, and resistance was obstinate and frequent in Ireland to the rulers whom Elizabeth set above them. Resistance was put down by methods the most inhuman; the crops were destroyed, dwelling-houses burned, the population indiscriminately massacred, famine the most terrible ensued, and hunger withered those whom the sword had spared. The people were slaughtered, but not subdued; the soil was not enriched, but ravaged; no arts arose; no principles of wealth or liberty were developed; life was unsafe; and property in the true sense was scarcely known. Even the stony heart of Elizabeth at length was touched; humanity, for once, shot a pang to her breast. "Alas, alas," she cried; "I fear lest it be objected to us, as it was to Tiberius, concerning the Dalmatian commotions—you, you, it is who are to blame, who have committed your flock, not to shepherds, but to wolves." And to wolves, they were still committed. Such was the rigor of the ordinary government, that a deputy of the most common kindness, gained the worship of the unhappy Irish, and became hateful to the jealous queen; so that the gratitude of the people ruined, at the same time, their benefactors and themselves. And yet, this age of Elizabeth was a glorious age. Everywhere but in Ireland, it was filled with power and with promise. From the death of Mary to that of James the First, was a period such as comes but seldom, and when it comes such as makes an era. A mighty life was palpating among the nations; the head of civilized humanity was filled with many speculations, and the heart was beating with marvelous fancies and magnanimous passions. Genius and glory had burst as a flood of light upon the world. The feudal system was passing away. The arm of its oppression had been broken, but its high-bred courtesy yet remained; its violence was repressed, but its heroic spirit had not been quenched. The courage of the savage warrior had given way before the chivalry of the humane soldier. The dominion of superstition, too, had been broken, but a rigid utilitarianism had not yet taken place. The spectres of night had vanished, but dreams of the wonderful and the lovely still hovered around imagination.—The earth was not bare, nor the heavens empty. The merchant and the money-changer began to rule the city; but Queen Mab was not yet dethroned. She had yet her fairy empire in the green-wood shade; she had yet her dancing in the moon-light glen. The practical had not yet banished the romantic, and the soul had her philosophy, as well as the senses. Columbus had opened new worlds, and the old world hailed him as the Moses of the seas. Dreams of sunny regions; of Edens in the desert; of El Dorados in the treeless hills, wafted longing fancies from olden homes, and thoughts flew fast and far on the crest of the wave and the wings of the wind. Learning started from leaden sleep to earnest life. Philosophy poured forth her eloquent wisdom; and the thoughtful listened with enraptured ear. Poetry was filling the earth with her music;—and Fiction was delighting mankind with rare enchantment; and Religion was busy with all brains with her solemn and profound discoursing. Bacon was sounding the depths of human intellect, and calling from their silence the energies of endless progression. Shakespeare was shaping, to enduring beauty, those wondrous creations which embody the universal life of man. Cervantes, the glorious Spaniard, in soul a brother to the glorious Briton, had sent forth among men's fancies, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, the high-dreaming knight, and the low-thinking squire; the grave in company with the grotesque, a goodly image of humanity for everlasting laughter and everlasting love."

Here is a picture of another royal tyrant.

JAMES THE I.

"James of Scotland, the successor of his mother's slayer, treated unfortunate Ireland with no gentler policy.—Without accusation of sedition or rebellion, he alienated six counties from their owners, and colonized them with his countrymen. The outcasts wandered on their own soil as strangers and as vagabonds. Fearful deeds were done

in revenge and retribution during the terrible insurrection of 1601, which occurred in the reign of this man's son.—Heavily passions mingled together in the strife, passions in the hurricane; and the blood of reformer and the blood of Romanist, swelled the common torrent. England, too, became convulsed with trouble. Charles endeavored to moderate the Irish, and to a considerable extent he succeeded. But, their assistance availed the unhappy monarch nothing; and ere his blood was well clotted on the block, they had Cromwell of the iron hand, dealing death upon themselves."

He next gives this graphic sketch of the ruthless

CROMWELL.

"It is not my province, here, even if my power answered to the task, to draw a complete moral portrait of Cromwell. I am simply to speak of him in relation to Ireland; and, in that relation, he was a steel-hearted exterminator. I have no inclination to deny him grandeur, and if I had, the general verdict would stand independently of my inclination. Whether the moralist approve, or whether he condemn, the world always enthroned will, and power, and success; and that which it enthroned, it worships. How much in Cromwell was the honesty of a patriot, how much was the policy of a designer; how much was purity, how much was ambition, which so predominated, the evil or the good, as to constitute his character; this will probably be decided in opposite directions by opposite parties to the end of history. Whatever be the decision on the man, measured as a whole, the facts of his career in Ireland show him to have been most cruel and most sanguinary."

Nor are these facts inconsistent with our general idea of the dictator's character. A dark compound of the daring soldier and the religious zealot, uniting in one spirit the austere attributes of each, stern in purpose, and rapid in execution, he was the man for a mission of destruction.—The Irish, on many accounts, were peculiarly hateful to him. They were the adherents of defeated royalty. They were not simply prelatists, which were in itself offensive; but they were papists, and that was hideous iniquity. They were not only aliens, they were worse than aliens; they were outcasts, the doomed of prophecy, the sealed of Antichrist. They were the modern Canaanites, and he was the modern Joshua, the anointed of the Lord, to deal judgment on the reprobate; and judgment he dealt with vengeance, with vengeance that knew no touch of mercy. His track in Ireland may be followed over ruins which yet seem fresh. We can trace him as we do a ravenous animal, by the blotches where he lay to rest, or by the bloody fragments where he tore his prey. The Irish peasantry still speak of this man with those vivid impressions, which, of all passions, terror alone can leave. They allude to him in the living phraseology, which only that can prompt which moves us nearly, and, therefore, moves us strongly; they allude to him, not as if he were a shadow in the dimness of two centuries, but as if he were an agent of recent days. Stop, as you pass a laborer on the roadside in Ireland; ask him to tell you of the ruin before you on the hill. You will hear him describe it in language far more poetical and far more picturesque than I can copy, but somewhat in manner such as this:—

"Och, sure, that's the castle o' the Crogans, that Cromwell, the blackguard, took away from them. But maybe they didn't fight, while fightin' was in them, the poor fellows; barrin' there's no strivin' agin the devil, the Lord preserve us, and everybody knows that Cromwell, bad win to him, was hand and glove with the old boy; muska, faix he was, as sure as there's fish in the sea, or pigs in Connaught. There's the hill where the wagabond planted his cannon. There's the farm which the Blaneys got for sellin' the Pass, the white-livered thraitors; there's the bracke which he made in the walls, where brave Square Cogan—a bed in heaven to his soul—was killed, wid his six fine darlint sons, as strappin' boys as you'd meet in a long summer's day. Och, wirra, wirra, strub; bad Cogan was a man it would do your heart good to see; my yard, as it wouldn't keep the frosh out of your stomach the blackest day in winter; full and plinty were in his house, and the poor niver went empty from his door; as I heard my grandmother say, that heard it from her grandmother, that, be the same token, was Cogan's cousin. Och, bud, with fair fightin' Cogan didn't fear the face of man, and, sure enough, when Cromwell commanded him to surrender, he told infarnal coppernove, he'd at his boots first; throth he would, and his stockings after, as there's the last use in it; but the man's not born'd o' woman, that can stand against a whelp of hell; and, as old Nick iver had a son, my word for it bud his name was Oliver."

Mr. Giles next describes the Stuart's and the fatal consequence resulting to Ireland from her devotion, to that house of royal imbeciles, and ill-fated monarchs; but we pass to the following account of the siege and

TREATY OF LIMERICK.

"The fortunes of James received their first blow at the siege of Derry in the north; were staggered at the battle of the Boyne, midway in the kingdom; and were fatally decided at the taking of Limerick in the south. The full of

Limerick closed the war. James had fled; and William remained the victor. Limerick did not go out of the contest ignominiously. Even the women threw themselves into the breach, and for that time saved the city; nor did the city itself, surrender, but on terms which comprehended the whole of Ireland. Limerick capitulated on the part of all the Irish Catholics. The capitulation was but signed, when a large French fleet appeared in the river, with extensive supplies and numerous reinforcements. But with the good faith of honorable men, fifteen thousand laid down their arms, and were true to their engagements. The terms of this treaty were fair and advantageous. They secured to the Catholics the right of property, of liberty, and of conscience, and all things seemed to augur well for peace, for unity, and for happiness."

Had the victors been merciful with power, and generous with success, had they been just, nay had they been wisely politic, Ireland might have been tranquilized, and her prosperity might have commenced. But it was an age of faction, and faction was true to its vilest instincts. The legislation that followed this event, was intensely exclusive, and it was exclusively Protestant. The whole power of the country was in the hands of a Protestant aristocracy.—The first action then, of the Parliament in Ireland, after the reduction of Limerick, was to annul the treaty of Limerick, a treaty as solemn as any that history records; a treaty made in the face of armies, and which pledged the faith of nations. And, not only that, but it was followed by a code of laws, which would have been a shame upon the reign of Nero; a code of laws which made, at one time, the Catholic religion a capital offence; and which, when greatly mitigated, denied to Catholics the means of education, the claims of property, and the rights of citizens.—Legislation like this was of course, disastrous. Strange, indeed; if it were not, history were a lie, and all experience a dream; if it were not, human nature were, itself, a confounding delusion. It was disastrous to the Protestant religion, which it pretended to support; it was disastrous to the interests of England, which it promised to maintain; it was disastrous, also, to the unhappy people whose energies it crushed; but that the law of compensation should not utterly fail—that some evidence should be given to earth, that even on earth crime does not go unpunished—it was disastrous to its enactors."

Man can never separate himself from his fellows. He can never make their evil his good. The darkness which he draws upon his country, will overshadow his own home; and the misery which he prepares for his neighbor, will be misery for himself. So it was with the authors of these evil laws; so it ever must be, while moral right binds actions to appropriate consequence, while a God of eternal justice governs the world by principles which are as immutable as they are holy. The possessions which rapine had acquired, and which wrong controlled, did not give such return as the covetous heart desired. By confiscation, by penalties, by all modes of harsh restriction, the kingdom was drained of its native intelligence and native strength. Wealth of sentiment, wealth of capital, wealth of skill, wealth of industry, wealth of muscle, were driven from the country, or paralyzed within it. The high chivalry which generous treatment would have retained, directed foreign courts, commanded foreign armies; while a hardy yeomanry that indulgence could have made loyal forever, carried bravery to the ranks of England's enemies, and labor to their markets."

☐ We shall present to our readers in our next number, a series of life like portraits of distinguished Irishmen, from the pen of this graphic writer, among which will be those of Grattan, Curran, and Combe.

A LARGE CAVE EXPLORED.—A friend in Ohio county writes us an account of the exploration of a remarkable cave in that county. An entrance to the cave was effected through a narrow passage about thirty feet long, which opened into an egg-shaped room, about thirty feet long and fifteen high. The exploring party visited through various passages, five other rooms, in one of which was a small set-off as if made by man, and on it were three books and several letters, none of which the gentlemen could make out. They also found in this room silvery-looking metal that had been run into lumps. In another room they found human bones. It is the intention of the gentlemen engaged in this exploration to make a more thorough examination of this cave. Our correspondent thinks it will prove to be as extensive a cave as the mammoth.—*Louisville Journal.*

A PROPER MEDIUM.

Julius.—Where you been, dis long time, Miss Johnson?
Miss Johnson.—Lor, I's been in heaven, I I's—mong de stars—
—you see I's a medium. I I's—a spirit medium.
Julius.—Yah! yah! yah! Dat is putty good, dat am a fie!
Look heah, tell me dis: Dy's any colored folks dere?
Miss Johnson.—Lor, Julius, you don't suppose I went into de kitchen does ye? Yah! yah! yah! yah!

An administrator on the estate of a deceased female, in New Hampshire, advertises for sale at auction, "The wearing apparel of Mrs. A.—O—, deceased, consisting of one bed, two carpets, and one sleigh."

PROSPECTUS.



THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Written expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

WORDS BY W. R. J.

MUSIC BY H. S. THOMPSON.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

Farewell to thee, Ireland, the land of our birth, The pride and the glo-ry, the gem of the

earth; We sail with sad hearts to a land far a-way, In search of that bread that may fail if we

Ritard.

A Tempo.

stay; New fa-cies glow bright in the blaze of our fires, And the Sax-on a-bides in the halls of our

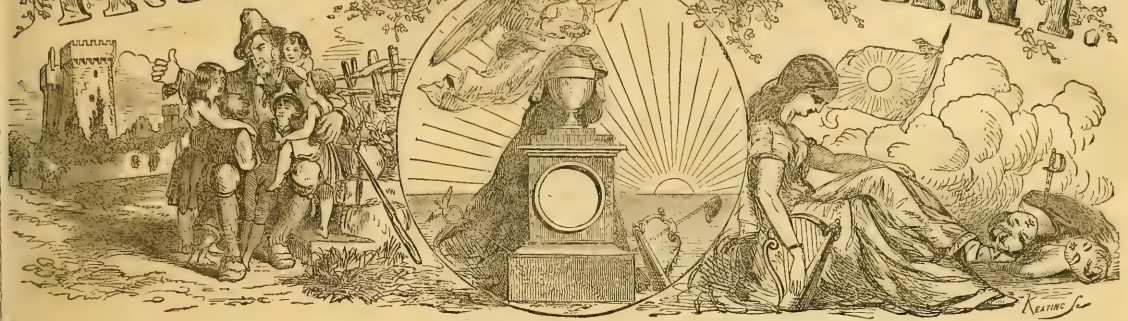
Sires. Farewell, oh farewell to thy beau-ti-ful shore; 'Tis with tears that we bid thee fare-well ever-more.

2. 3.

We've courage to lead us; there's strength in our hands,
There's wealth to be won in far distant lands;
For us and our children are acres to spare,
And the names of our fathers forbids to despair.
There are homes in the world for the honest and free,
And republics and kingdoms to found o'er the sea;
Farewell, oh farewell to thy time honored shore,
Erin, dear Erin, farewell evermore.

Farewell, oh farewell! in the land where we go
Our hearts deep affection shall lighten our woe,
Thy manners, and customs, thy faith and thy fame,
Shall follow our footsteps and flourish the same.
Thy customs shall live in the land that we sing,
And the tales that we tell, to thy glory shall cling;
Farewell, oh farewell to thy time honored shore;
'Tis with tears that we bid thee farewell evermore.

IRISH MISCELLANY.



VOLUME I.—NUMBER 2.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

The period of the foundation of our city is involved in as much obscurity as the etymology of its name.—It may easily be supposed that men would congregate at such a convenient spot for fishing and commerce as the ridge of land that rose above the last place where the Liffey was fordable, before it joined the sea; and therefore it is very probable that such a position, presenting means of safety and support, of offence and

defence, was very easily seized on. The geographer Ptolemy, places (A. D. 140.) a town exactly in the parallel of Dublin, and calls it "Civitas Eblana."—Our city therefore has a just claim to antiquity of seventeen centuries. But we are inclined to suppose that though the Greek cosmographer had good reason to lay down such a place as "Civitas Eblana," yet it is to the VIKINGAR—pirates, or "Sea-Kings," of Scandinavia—that the settlement of DUBLIN, as a place of commerce, and as a fortified town, may be attributed.

These bold intelligent Ostmen, (as the Scandinavians were called by the Irish, because they came from a comparatively Eastern country), saw that Dublin harbor was one of the best, and the river Liffey one of the most commodious, and the valley of Dublin one of the most fertile in the island. They therefore selected this central position, and landed their troops, where, according to custom, they erected a fortified RATH; and on that ridge that hangs over the lowest ford of the Liffey, on the exact spot where the Cathedral of Christ's Church now stands, they excavated



THE CUSTOM HOUSE AND HARBOR OF DUBLIN.

vaults or crypts, in one of which St. PATRICK, the apostle of Ireland, is said to have celebrated the sacred offices of his religion.* Here they deposited the produce of their commerce and their plunder, and used to retreat to them on occasion of any sudden invasion of their enemies.

But very probably, it is to the sea-king, Avellanus,

that we owe the establishment of our city as a place of military and commercial importance. He, with his brethren, Siterick and Yvornus, having heard from their roving countrymen of the fertility and capabilities of the green western isle, landed a fresh swarm from the Baltic, and proceeded to win, by their swords or their policy, a settlement in Ireland. Yvornus, who was doubt-

less the more cautious of the three, and had a good military eye, pitched on Limerick; Siterick, struck with the great commercial advantages that the junction of the Nore, the Suir, and the Barrow, presented sailed up that fine estuary, and landed at Waterford; but Avellanus, with the eye of a king, saw at once that neither the waters of the Shannon or the Suir

*Over one of these early Danish vaults or fornicies, or crypts, sanctified, as tradition says, by the consecration of St. Patrick, Siterick, son of Avellanus, king of the Ostmen of Dublin, built Christ's Church. There are still many of these underground Danish depositories in Ireland, of

which we may probably give some account in our Journal. In the county of Wick, for instance, where they are called Piet's holes. Within six miles of Dublin, and adjoining the beautiful bluffs of Linnah, there is a fine and commanding Danish Rath, in the centre of which there is one

of those artificial caves spoken of above. About twenty years ago, the author of this article was shown a very large and double circular cave in the side of the hill between Rathmole and Naas, a few hundred yards from the sea-side in that line of road.

would answer his purpose; and so he selected that spot where the *AWN-LIFFEY* ceased to be navigable, and on the rising ground that rose from its southern bank, he planted himself, convinced that if ever Ireland was to come under the sway of one monarch, it would become the seat of the metropolis of the island. Stanishurst, on the authority of Giraldus Cambrensis, asserts that the city owes its name to this Avallenus, and with the license of an etymologist deduces it in this way:—

Avellana—Eblana—Dublana.

But this surely cannot be the derivation: for Ptolemy, upwards of six hundred years before, called it *Eblana Civitas*. Probably the author of the life of St. Kevin gives the best derivation. Speaking about St. Garban, he says, "he lived near Aith Cliaith, which is also called by the Irish, *DUBH LIEN*, signifying the dark bath." Now any one who observes the Liffey may see good reason why the ford over this unusually dark flowing stream might be called the *black bathing place*.*

Stanishurst, with his usual quaintness, in commenting on the wise choice of Avallenus, says, "The Dane did well—for our city is of all sides pleasant, comfortable, and wholesome; if you would traverse hills they are not far off; if champaign ground, it lieth of all parts; if you be delighted with water, the famous river called the Liffey, named of Ptolemy *Lybinus*, runneth fast by; if you will take a view of the sea, it is at hand."

The Ostmen, then, may be considered as the founders and colonizers of Dublin, as indeed they were of the most important towns in Ireland, such as Cork, Waterford, Limerick, &c., for the same Stanishurst observes that "until the arrival of the Danes, such means of strength the Irish had not, for until these days they knew no defence but woods, bogs, and strokes." The colonization of the Danes in Dublin and other maritime places had no doubt a great effect on the character of the Irish. Their commerce with the Ostmen in peace made them more acquainted with the wants of civilized life, and their contests in war made them more expert in the art of attack and defence. But nothing could effect a continued unity of purpose among the Irish chieftains. The Danish king, acting under the same wily policy as the English used long afterwards in India, at one time mediated between the contending chiefs, and at another time sided with the weakest, occasionally protected a usurper, or set himself up as the avenger of blood. Thus did he establish his influence, and strengthen his kingdom; and long after the Danish power was broken in the interior of the island, the Ostmen still remained firm in Dublin. In vain did the Airdirgh (Monarch) call together the *Ribeggs* (petty kings) to unite in expelling the stranger from their shores. The *Dabh Gael* and the *Fin Gael*,† (for so in these days were the Norwegians distinguished from the Danes) still kept possession of their strong hold, Dublin, and the surrounding territory; and not even the just vengeance of O'McLaglin, king of Meath, nor the Munster confederacy, cemented by the talents and the military prowess of Brian Boro, could effect the purpose. It was reserved for those mailed warriors, the Normans, who had acquired by their settlement in France, and their achievements in Italy, all the arts of civilized warfare, and the discipline connected with chivalrous training, without losing any of their Scandinavian hardihood, to upset the Ostmen power in Dublin.

During the period immediately preceding the Anglo-Norman conquest, the Danes or Ostmen of Cork, Lim-

*The other and more ancient name *Bally Aith Cliaith*, the town of the ford of hurdles, arose from a common practice of the Irish who used to make muddy rivers, such as the Liffey was, near its junction with the sea, and near the bogs and marshes, fordable by means of hurdles or kishes laid down where they desired to pass. It was a rude substitute for a bridge, and did more mischief than perhaps those who had them down thought of—for the course of rivers was impeded; bogs formed, and swamps established.

†The *Fin Gael* were settled in that broad and fertile plain that stretches north of the Liffey, until it meets the high lands that have since the Boyne. The inhabitants of this district form a distinct race to this day, and evince a marked difference from the natives of Meath and Louth, not only in their habits of industry, but also in their personal appearance. The *Dabh Gael* were settled in these parts south and west of Dublin, joining Wicklow and Kildare.

erick, and Waterford, more especially of Dublin, living under a polity, civil, military and ecclesiastical, quite distinct from the Milesian kingdoms into which Ireland was divided, kept up an active and close correspondence with their kindred settlements in the Isle of Man, the Orkneys, and England. A barbarous and insulting murder first brought the Anglo-Normans to the Danish gates. Dermot M'Murrough, in revenge for the assassination of his father, (whom the citizens of Dublin had invited to a feast, and taking advantage of his security, not only slew him, but buried his body in a dunghill along with a dog), joined with the Normans, commanded by the redoubtable Miles de Cogan, and marched to Dublin. O'Connor, the monarch of Ireland, saw that if the Normans were successful, they would keep the city, and thinking that old enemies were better than new ones, and not choosing to let them get the key of Ireland into their hands, marched with an immense force to protect the city, and at Clondalkin waited the approach of the enemy. But on the arrival of king Dermot of Leinster, with his allies, the appearance of the English warriors, steel-clad from head to foot, struck such terror into the undisciplined and disunited Irish, who were without defensive armor, that they did not stand the shock, but fled before their foes. Dublin did not share a better fate. While the citizens were parleying with a herald, and disputing about the terms of surrender, the fierce Miles de Cogan burst with his men over the city wall, and sacked the town. The Ostman king, Asculph M'Torcall, escaped with difficulty to his shipping in the bay—and thus Dublin changed its masters.

But it was too valuable a possession to be allowed to remain quietly in the hands of its new occupiers.—The Norman adventurers, under their leader, Strongbow, had fallen under the jealous displeasure of King Henry II. of England, who ordered them to return home, and while they were hesitating what to do, O'Connor, the Irish monarch, entered into a confederacy with the ejected Ostman king of Dublin, who had gone amongst his Danish allies in the north to raise supplies, and having summoned the largest army ever before collected in Ireland, surrounded the city, and cut off its supplies. Lawrence O'Toole, the Archbishop of Dublin, true to the Milesian cause, and patriotically anxious to get rid of the English, did all he could to persuade Strongbow to surrender, who, seeing the difficulties he had to encounter, was inclined to take the advice: but unfortunately, the Irish, not knowing the enemy they had to deal with, insisted on such extravagant terms, that they were rejected; and Miles de Cogan, the bravest of those Anglo-Normans, advised a sudden and desperate sally upon the Irish.—Accordingly five hundred men, led on by Cogan, supported by Strongbow, and Raymond le Gros, broke in upon the Irish lines at Finglas—and this handful of determined and desperate men actually routed the Irish host, and nearly took King O'Connor prisoner, who at the time was enjoying the luxury of a bath.

The Irish army were scarcely dispersed, when M'Torcall appeared with his Ostman shipping and forces in the river. These were so numerous, that he had full expectation of recovering his lost city; and had he arrived in time, and joined in the attack with the Irish monarch, there is every reason to suppose that the Norman-English would have been driven out of the country. But the fortune of war was otherwise.—There is a great deal of romantic interest attached to this last struggle of the Danes with the Anglo-Normans. As Strongbow had his brave and valiant knight, the indomitable Miles de Cogan, so M'Torcall was attended by a Scandinavian, named John le Dane or John the *Mad*. Maurice Regan reports that this northern Hector was of such enormous prowess, that with one blow of his battle-axe he could cut the thigh-bones of the horsemen like cheese, and their legs would fall off like so many cabbage-stocks to the ground.—Thus these two fierce knights were matched together, and dreadful must have been the struggle as they met.

"Foot to foot, and head to hand."

But this is not the only romantic circumstance attend-

ing this celebrated engagement. A petty king of the name of Gille Mo Holmlock, of Ostman descent, but who had adopted the manners, dress, and habits of the Irish, and who governed a district not far from Dublin, came and offered the English, his assistance.—"No," says Miles de Cogan, in the pride of his knight-hood, "we won't have your help!" (perhaps he distrusted him) "all we want you to do is this: if we beat the Danes, cut off their retreat to the ships, and help us to kill them; and if we be defeated, and are forced to fly, why, fall on us, and cut our throats sooner than let us be taken prisoners by these pirates!"

The performance of these conditions Gille Mo Holmlock swore to observe, and he stood aloof while the Ostmen marched to assault Dublin. The assault was made at Dame Gate, and the furious onset was headed by John le Dane, but Miles de Cogan stood there to oppose him, just where the entrance to the LOWER CASTLE YARD now is. But in the meantime, the Norman knights, who had learned in the battle fields of Italy and France the military arts and stratagems by which superior numbers may be matched and overpowered, made, under the command of Richard de Cogan, a sally from the postern then called the Pole Gate, at the foot of Ship-street, and taking a circuit through the fields whereon now stand Stephens-street and Georges-street, John le Dane was attacked both in flank and front. This decided the day. John le Dane was slain by Miles de Cogan, and M'Torcall was taken prisoner by Richard de Cogan, and hanged the next morning; while Gille Mo Holmlock, true to his promise, fell upon the retreating Danes, and cut them to pieces, so that few escaped to their ships in the Liffey.

Thus ended the dominion of the SEA-KINGS in Ireland. Henceforward the history of Ireland is connected with the Anglo-Normans or English.

We now take up the history of Dublin from the period of the Anglo-Norman conquest; and in thus approaching nearer to our own times, we crave the indulgence of the reader, and hope that he will be enabled to state truths without indicating any bias.

No king, perhaps, ever gained so important a possession as Ireland, at so little personal expense as did Henry the second of England. While, with all his chivalry, and the dower of his dominions, he was vainly endeavoring to preserve France as part and parcel of the British empire, a few of his subjects on the marches of Wales had won for him, apparently against his consent, an island without which the empire must have been incomplete, even though France had been retained. The Plantagenet, though he affected to be angry with Strongbow and the extraordinary handful of men who had secured Dublin and the east of Ireland for him, was not slow in proceeding to take possession in person of the crown that was thus won. On landing at Waterford, he immediately went on to Dublin, attended by Strongbow, and having in his train a gallant body of the Anglo-Norman nobility, and a small but well appointed army. When he reached the metropolis, he summoned the Irish kings to meet him, which was obeyed by the 'kings of Meath, Breffny, (Longford,) Uriel, (Louth,) and many others. But O'Connor, the Irish monarch, would not trust himself on the eastern side of the Shannon, and made his submission to Hugh de Lacy, who was commissioned to receive it, acknowledging Henry as his liege lord. Dublin, at the period of the Plantagenet's arrival, did not contain a house fit to receive a King, or capable of exhibiting those festive hospitalities which, as a King, he was determined to display to his new subjects.—Therefore, outside the walls, what was then called *Hoggin*, but now COLLEGE-GREEN, a large temporary building was erected, composed of wattles plastered with clay. In this *pavilion*, run up after Irish fashion, Henry kept his Christmas. Within these rude walls, hung with the draperies of Flanders, and with the gorgeous plate and household decorations of France and Italy, he dazzled, while he feasted the Irish chieftains, and confirmed them in the opinion of his wealth and power. Having established courts of justice, granted English laws, which were accepted, and held

a Parliament, according to the existing Anglo-Norman constitution, and after staying a few months, he hurried back to the peculiar field of his ambition—Normandy; leaving Dublin, not under the government of Strongbow, for of him he was ever jealous, but of Hugh de Lacy, Robert Fitz Stephen, and Maurice Fitzgerald who, for their talents, rank, and possessions, amongst the Anglo-Norman conquerors of Ireland, he supposed would prove a counterpoise to the power of Strongbow. Henry, though he accepted the conquest of Ireland, because it cost him little, and though he had cunning enough to see that it was worth something, yet actuated by his mean parsimony, political views, and perhaps a low estimate of the real value of our country, determined that the private individuals at whose risk it was obtained, should also be at the expense of persevering what has already mastered, and of subduing the rest. So, after bringing over a colony from Bristol to settle in Dublin, and occupy the place of the evicted Ostmen, he distributed immense territories to the grandees who had first invaded, and gained a footing on our isle. To Strongbow he gave all Leinster; to de Lacy, Meath; to De Courcy, Ulster; and to Robert Fitz Stephen and Miles de Cogan, Cork. Thus he laid the foundation of that great Anglo-Norman aristocracy, or rather oligarchy, who even at war with the Irish or the crown, were the chief cause of the unquiet state of Ireland for five hundred years.

It is not within our scope to enter into detail on the annals of Dublin, because, in fact, there is not a great deal that is really historically interesting. The colony of Bristolians settled under Henry's encouragement and charter, seemed to have amalgamated readily with the Irish and Ostman remnant that remained in the city after the seizure of it by Miles de Cogan. The walls being strengthened, and the castle of Dublin commenced in 1220 by Henry de Londres, the Archbishop, and rendered a respectable fortress, the citizens of Dublin were found to be of great use in maintaining the English power in Ireland. They went forth with the Lords lieutenants and Lords deputies, in carrying the war beyond the pale, and in breaking the hostile confederacies of the Anglo-Irish or Milesian chieftains; and the fame of their martial prowess went before them beyond the Shannon, and as far as the Giant's Causeway. On these occasions the martial force of Dublin consisted of twenty companies, drawn from the Corporations, and headed by their Masters as Captains, and bearing before them their black standard, which, as Stanhiurst says, was 'ragged and jagged, and almost by the rough tract of time, worn to the bare stumps.' This array was always beheld by their enemies with particular respect and dread, and it was not alone the Byrnes or the O'Tooles that were kept by them in check, but the farthest north had reason to feel their power.

The particular day for mustering the martial array of Dublin was Easter Monday, which is still called Black Monday, for the following reason: The Bristolians, to whom Henry the Second had granted the city, and who now in fact composed the majority of the citizens, had introduced a sport which appears to have been lost in England, but is to this day a favorite game with the Irish—the hurling of balls on an extensive green. In the year 1209, a party of the citizens having challenged another party to a hurling match on Easter Monday, they fixed on an open space, now Cullenswood, which then stretched from within two miles of the Castle of Dublin to the Wicklow mountains. Here, while unarmed, and deeply engaged in this beautiful and interesting game, they were set upon by the Byrnes O'Tooles, and a dreadful slaughter ensued.*

It was chiefly owing to the defensive precautions of

*It may interest the reader to peruse the quaint description that Stanhiurst gives of this affair:—The citizens, having great alliance in the multitude of the people, and so consequently being somewhat reckless (reckless) in leading the mountain enemy, that lurched under their noses, were wont to roam and royle in clusters, sometimes three or four miles from town. The Irish enemy, seeing that the citizens were accustomed to fetch such odd vagrancies on holy days, and having an itching withal by the means of some clatterer (traitor) or other that a company of them would range abroad, on Monday in the Easter week, towards

the Dublin citizens, and to their reputation for discipline and valor, that Edward Bruce failed in his attempt at making Ireland an appendage to the Scottish crown. He had engaged in his alliance all Ireland north of Dublin, and had marched (A. D. 1316) as far as Castleknock, within four miles of the city.—But the townsman, having set fire to the suburbs, demolished Thomas street, and even in the ardor of defence having pulled down part of a monastery of Dominican friars to strengthen the fortifications. Bruce saw that he had no chance, and under the mixed discouragement of his failure and want of provisions, he was forced to retreat to Ulster, where he was finally defeated. Thus this brief but dangerous attempt of the Scotch on Ireland was frustrated: and the good citizens of Dublin, in suing out their pardon from the king for demolishing part of their town, and making submission to the Church for dilapidating a holy house, doubtless mixed no little pride with their penance, as having made sacrifices in their country's cause.

But this was not the only occasion on which the Dublinians committed acts which compromised them with both Crown and Church. They unfortunately engaged in the long feud that was carried on in the fifteenth century, between the earls of Kildare and Ormonde, taking part with the Geraldine against the Butler. On a certain occasion they tore the earl of Ormonde from the sanctuary at Mary's Abbey, and breaking open the door, they not only did violence to him, but to the Abbott, carrying him forth from his own altar as they would a corpse. For this the mayor and sheriffs had to do public penance, walking barefoot through the streets of the city, from Patrick's Church to Christ's Church, and so on to Mary's Abbey. But this was not all. In a quarrel which took place between Ormonde and Kildare in St. Patrick's Church, the citizens who thought their favorite Geraldine in danger, actually discharged a flight of arrows into the sanctuary, at Ormonde's retinue, some of which having stuck in the sacred images that were kept in the roof loft, complaint was made to the Pope, and a *legate a latere* was sent to make inquiry into the matter. The citizens could only be absolved by their undertaking that their mayor should ever afterwards, in detestation of the enormity, walk barefoot through the city in open procession, on Corpus Christi day. Indeed in these primitive times the ecclesiastical discipline under which good people were kept, was by no means light; and perhaps the world is not much better since the Church's discipline has been relaxed. What, for instance, would the worthy people of Dublin in the nineteenth century say, if subjected to the penalties for sinning to which their forefathers of the thirteenth century were bound? The Black Book of Christ's Church records the following ordinance: 'If any citizen committed a public sin, he should for the said offence commute for a sum of money; if he continued in his sin, and that the same was enormous and public, that then ("justitetur") he should be cudgeled before the procession made to St. Patrick's or Christ's Church; and if after his penance he should persist in his sin, the Official of the Archbishop should give notice of it to the mayor, and bailiffs, who should either turn him out of the city, or cudgel him through it.

But Dublin fell into a worse scrape than any that have been mentioned. In the year 1486, the citizens, encouraged by the influence and example of the earl of Kildare and the Archbishop, received Lambert Simnel, and actually crowned him king of England and Ireland, in Christ's Church; and to make the solemnity more imposing, they carried the young impostor on the shoulders of a monstrous man, one Darcy, of Platten, in the county of Meath; and being in want of a

crown, they borrowed one for the occasion from the image of the blessed Virgin that stood in the church dedicated to her service at Dame's-gate.† But the townsmen soon finding out their error, and feeling that they had to do with a prince of the house of Tudor, who was both resolute and wise, (Henry the Seventh) tendered their humble apology and submission in the following words:—'We were daunted to see not only your chief governor, whom your highness made ruler over us, to bend the knee to this idol, but also our father of Dublin, and most of the clergy of the nation, except his Grace the Archbishop of Armagh. We therefore humbly crave your highness' clemency towards your poor subjects of Dublin.' The prayer of this petition his majesty was pleased to accede to, though the citizens were not entitled to pardon on the plea of benefit of clergy, for many who affixed their marks to the instrument could not write ‡

But we must conclude for this number, promising our readers a treat when we come to give the history of SILKEN THOMAS,—Thomas Fitzgerald, lord deputy of Ireland,—who was so called from the splendor of his military trappings and his gallant and noble bearing. His life and fate are highly interesting, and will adorn a page of our little Journal. In the meantime, hoping that our readers will not complain that we are either dry or tedious, we bid them good-bye—for a week.

NEVER FORGOTTEN.—A rich landlord of England once cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her son, a little boy of eight years, saw it. He afterwards became a painter and painted a life likeness of the scene. Years afterwards he placed it where the man saw it. He turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered any sum to purchase it, that he might put it out of sight. Thus there is an invisible painter drawing on the canvas of the soul a life-likeness, reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth. Eternity will reveal them to every man. We must meet our earth-life again.

A QUID PRO QUID.—Mason, Regent of Trinity College, had asked one of his friends to lend him a book, which he wished to consult, and received for answer—'That he never allowed his books to go out of his room, but that if he chose to come there, he was welcome to read as long as he pleased.' Some days afterwards this pedant applied to Mason for the loan of his bellows, who replied—'That he never allowed his bellows to go out of the room, but that if he chose to come there, he was welcome to blow as long as he pleased.'

MUSIC.—An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly happy and amiable. A friend enquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied: 'When any thing disturbs their temper, I say to them sing; and if I hear them speak against any person, I call them to sing to me, and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition of scandal.' Such a use of this accomplishment might serve to fit a family for the company of angels. Young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music at the hour of morning and evening devotion, are a sweet and touching accompaniment.

NOTICE FOR GENERAL USE.—The following notice is posted conspicuously in a publication office:—'Shut this door, and as soon as you have done talking on business, serve your mouth the same way.' Bores wouldn't do a bad thing to cut this out and paste it in their hats.'

sheriffs, with the citizens, repayre to the Woode of Cullen, in which place the mayore bestowed a costly dinner within a moure or roundell, and both the sheriffs within another, where they are so well guarded by the youth of the citie, as the mountain enemy durst not attempt to snatch as much as a pusty crout from thence.'

†This gate was so called from the church of St. Mary les Dame that adjoined it.

‡Our readers are aware that benefit of the clergy was extended to those only who could read and write.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

White soldier, wake! thy war-horse waits,
 Pushed thee to the battle back—
 Thou slumberest at a Roman's gates—
 The dog would break thy hyemum—
 The plumes are trailing in the dust,
 And the red fanchion gathering rust.

Steen soldier, sleep! thy warfare o'er,—
 Nor dare own a single slumber more,
 Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
 With summons to the battle plane;
 A trumpet-note more loud and deep
 Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep.

Thou need'st not helm nor enures now,
 —Beyond the Roman's hand's hand—
 Thou wilt not part thy naked brow,
 Nor shrink before a myriad host,—
 For head and feet alike are sound,
 A thousand arrows cannot wound.

The mother is not in thy dreams,
 With that wild widow's look she wore
 The day—how long to her it seems!
 She kiss'd thee at the cottage door,
 And sick'n'd at the sounds of joy
 That bore away her only boy.

Sleep, soldier!—let thy mother wait,
 To hear thy bugle on the blast;
 Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,
 And bid her come to thee at last;—
 He cannot tell a sadder tale
 Than did thy clarion on the gate,
 When last—and far away—she heard its lingering
 echoes fall.

The very consciousness of being beloved by the object of our attachment, will disarm of its terrors even death itself.

The petty sovereign of an insignificant tribe of North America every morning stalks out of his hovel, bids the sun good morrow, and points out to him with his finger the course he is to take for the day.

Love labor; if you do not want it for food, you may for physio.

Industry often prevents what lazy folly thinks inevitable. Industry argues an ingenious, great, and generous disposition of soul, by unweariedly pursuing things in the fairest light, and disdains to enjoy the fruit of other men's labors without deserving it.

He who lies under the dominion of any one vice must expect the common effects of it. If lazy, to be poor; if intemperate, to be diseased; if luxurious, to die betimes, &c.

With discretion the vicious preserve their honor, and without it the virtuous lose it.

A good conscience is the finest opiate.

If it were enacted that all persons of high rank should dine upon three dishes, the lower sort would desire to have three; but if commoners were permitted to have as many dishes as they pleased, whilst the nobility were limited to two, the inferior sort would not exceed that number. An order to abolish the wearing of jewels set a whole country in an uproar; but if the order had only prohibited earrings to ladies of the first quality, other women would not have desired to wear them.

HOME.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.

DECEIVERS.—We are born to deceive or to be deceived. In one of these classes we must be numbered; but our self-respect is dependent upon our selection. The practice of deception generally secures its own punishment; for callous indeed must be that mind which is insensible of its ignominy! But he who has been duped is conscious, even in the very moment that he detects the imposition, of his proud superiority to one who can stoop to the adoption of so foul and sorry a course. The really good and high-minded, therefore, are seldom provoked by the discovery of deception; though the cunning and artful resent it as a humiliating triumph obtained over them in their own vocations.

A VISIT TO THE GARDENS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF DUBLIN.

We trust those of our readers who live in or near Dublin have already paid a visit to this infant national institution, and that those of them who do not, will read with some little interest a visit to the Gardens of the Zoological Society. When we consider the immense yearly sum which the London Society nets (said to be about £18,000 last year) from casual visitors, it is not too much to suppose, that in proportion to the extent of Dublin and its population, our gardens will similarly flourish, and become one of the leading metropolitan attractions.

Well, then, suppose that on one of these lovely days of the month of June, when all nature is in growth and bloom, when the sun is not too sultry, nor the ground too hot with dust, we start for Phoenix Park. How thankful should the citizens of Dublin be, living, as they do, in a town from which the country is accessible on all sides, and the humblest mechanic can, in a few minutes, transport himself into all that is lovely in the combination of hill and dale, plain, river or ocean. There is no city in the British empire which can either boast such suburbs, or afford such cheap facility in getting conveyed to them.

Starting along the Liffey, by the military road leading to Kilmainham, we cross the beautiful metal bridge, erected in honor of the late king's visit to Ireland, and enter the park gates. Shall we proceed along the broad magnificent avenue, shaded by noble elms planted a century ago, in formal and characteristic fashion, by the great Earl of Chesterfield? No; we will take the less artificial and more Irish-like way, cut by the hand of nature, who knows how to dispose her ornaments in other forms than in clumps and quincunxes, through that sinuous ravine, where the hawthorne, yet in blossom, exhibits those roseate tints that pencil with peculiar beauty, the latter days of its bloom, just like the rich, brilliant, but alarming hues that lighten up the dying maiden's cheek. Taking the glen to the right, it will soon lead us to the piece of ground which the Irish government has so liberally bestowed for the purposes of science—and in truth it is a beautiful and befitting spot. A swell of a green lawn, rising from a broad piece of water that sweeps back amongst high grounds, and is lost in the upper woods of the park—here, a very pretty lodge, suitable to the scenery, while an extensive view of the mountains, with the broad valley of the Liffey intervening—let them talk as they will about views and prospects—but here is one which challenges comparison with many a boasted scene, and which the humblest citizen of Dublin can enjoy, for the trouble of walking thither.

Well, then, we pay our sixpence and enter the Gardens. To be sure the front is yet not unlike the scaffolding of a Donnybrook fair show—but give time—the institution is very young. Now, look at the ground, ye that have travelled to Paris and London, and say could a better spot be better selected for the Dublin Zoological Society? The place where living animals are kept at the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris is crowded to excess—in fact, the menagerie seems but an adjunct to other and more important objects of science; and considering the number of animals of all sorts, it is not only flat and uninteresting, but inconvenient. The very same is the case at the Regent's Park. The grounds are not very interesting—indeed, the Park itself is at best but an ugly, unmeaning place; and the portion allotted to the Zoological Society seems to have been carved off with a most niggardly hand—whoever granted it surely said, 'We can only give to science a corner.' But our collection is small, very small, and the best portion of it has been presented with a praiseworthy and honorable liberality, by the London Society; we must make the most of it, observing, by the way, that workmen are busily employed in preparing for the reception of additional tenants. Well, now, as we enter can we not fancy ourselves in Paradise, and removing the idea of cages and barriers, think we see Adam and Eve walking in innocence amongst the creatures, while they sported

and frisked about them? It would be rather difficult indeed to set down this whiskered exquisite, with a cigar in his mouth, who is throwing nuts to the monkey, for old Adam, or this decayed and venerable maiden, whose monstrous bonnet expands over her spare bust, for good mother Eve—but a truce to criticism—here are two grave, philosophic young men, whose remarks must be very instructive; and though we would not be guilty of the rudeness of intruding on any one, we may, without a breach of politeness, follow in rear, and listen to their observations.

'Look at these ostriches, and their adjoining equally foolish-looking companions, the emu's of Australia. The emu has three toes, while the ostrich has only two. Can you not fancy a comparison between them and some bipeds of the human race? Some overgrown *gimmiph* of a fellow, who just enjoys as much brains as enables him to count the miles and mark the hour of dinner, and who stalks through life, thrusting his long Paul Pry neck into everybody's business but his own!'

'A gentleman who loves a laugh himself, and has as fine a perception of the droll and witty as any man I ever knew, tells a good story about Turks laughing. He was at a village on the Dardanelles, with another English traveller; while loitering about, he all at once missed his English servant, a humorous creature, worthy of such a master. After some search, it was found in the bazaar, dancing a minuet with a tall, tame pelican; no ways disconcerted at their approach, he finished his dance, and then, with a ball-room bow, he took his partner by the wing, and, with a mincing gait, led her to take refreshments at a neighboring kiosk and shop. The solemn Turks almost died of laughter, and the roar that arose from the bazaar could be inferior only to that of the Dardanelles battery, when Baron de Tott fired his great gun

'Good!' And do you think that this scarlet macaw resembles old crook-nosed General Slowfoot, who owes his elevation to an improvement he suggested in officers' epaulettes, or this cockatoo to our cousin Ensign Johnny Newcome! But come round, look at this Nyligan—signifying *blue cone*—and though it is neither ass nor bull, it seems to partake of both. Its horns have been tipt with brass, to keep it from doing mischief, for at first it used to be restive, and would butt with a bang against the boards that made its whole wooden habitation shake. And yet what a fine eye the creature has! But these noble Wapiti



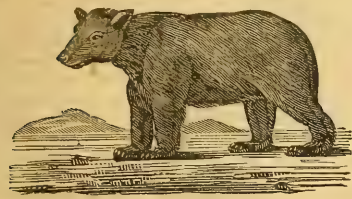
deer—they are shedding their horns, and they are quite tender and soft.

But here's a gull, stretching through the lawn; it was surely entrapped into this place by mistaking a painted board for a fresh herring.

Does it not remind you of our country friend Bob Greedy, who sold his farm in Connaught to buy shares in the Insurance Company? Or perhaps this buzzard hawk may remind you of Sam Slipperton, your family's pretended friend, who under pretence of procuring your brother a commission in the patriot service of Bolivar, got so large a sum and—commissioned himself! These creatures have a capital eye to business—while apparently soaring far above earthly concerns, they have a nice discernment in tracking the frogs, mice and such other small deer, as may be crawling on terra firma. But here is a fine young leopard. One would scarcely think that his velvet paw conceals talons that could give you a *feeling* illustration of their power, and—

'Stop, my dear friend, you are taking all the illustrations to yourself! You mean to say that the leopard reminds you of those who win your confidence that they may lacerate your heart—but what do you make of these owls? Demure, sober-looking articles, the fit type of the hypocrite, whom most of the world thought wise, and many good—whose public life was still and steady—who in the sight of the sun did no wrong thing, but amid the shades of night was abroad pursuing things vile and atrocious, making

victims of those who were poor and in misery, while his laugh over his prey was like the screech of that apparent concentration of wisdom, when he holds the little redbreast in his talons!" "Come, come, you must not usurp my province. Give me a piece of that bi-cuit in your hand, and let us pay a visit to Bruin. Here he is, opening his



jaws like a gulf. He seems a good natured sort of creature too—a great deal of *bonhomie* in his countenance. He is young to be sure, and his propensities are not developed, and there is no knowing man, woman, beast or bird, until the great passion of nature develops every other. There is a comparison starting up in my mind about killing with kindness—doubtless our friend Bruin there could give a friendly lug! Oh, I have a pet story which I must tell: Two emigrants, (Irishmen of course,) who had found bear-hunting to be more congenial to their spirits, or more profitable to their purses, than felling trees on some unlearned settlement of the great wilderness, were once induced to a rather low ebb in pocket, in consequence of having been too free with the dew. They therefore applied to an eminent purchaser of Bear skins to give them an advance, which he complied with, on liberal terms—to himself. But instead of purchasing powder shot, and other necessities, and setting off to fulfil their contract, they lingered till all was gone; and then, when the store-keeper would give them no more rum, they started with sorrowful hearts to catch a fresh supply of bears. They were so very fortunate as to rouse a couple of their shaggy friends, but in the heat of pursuit were far separated. One Paddy allowed his bear to catch quite close, intending to take sure aim before powder was scarce. Present! Fire! Oh murder! Flash in the pan! and in a moment, by a few of its graceful bounds, the bear held Paddy in its embrace. "What are you shaking at?" growled the grisly monster. "Arrah, bad luck to your impudence, you'd shake yourself, big as you are, you brute!" "None of your prate," rejoined this Balaam-ass sort of a bear; "just put your ear close to my muzzle, and I'll tell you a secret. *Never sell bear skins till you catch them!*" and so giving Paddy a kick, he bolted into the wood and disappeared."

"Not a bad one either—but I must tell another about Byron and his bear!—His lordship was suddenly called down to Nottinghamshire. He had taken places for 'two gentlemen' in a northern mail, in the names of Byron and Bruin. 'Twas a dark November night; the friends arrived in Lombard-street in a hackney coach a little before eight. The off-door of the mail at his lordship's demand, was opened, Byron placed his own travelling cap on Bruin's head & pushed him into the vehicle of letters; followed and immediately made him squat on the seat, looking as 'demure as a Quaker in a brown upper Benjamin.' They occupied the whole of the back; and it so happened that the two B's (Byron and Bruin) were the only passengers who started from the Post-Office. At Islington they took in a third, a retired Cit; he was a quidnunc! a Cockney! and a tailor! Not a sound was heard within till ascending Highgate-hill. Snip took advantage of the hill, heaved three times, and broke silence with, 'Vell, Sir; a bit of nice noise in this here mornin's paper, vor'd think of them goings on of that there cowardly rascal Bonepart?' A pretended snore, 'loud and deep' was his lordship's only reply to the attack on the 'great soldier!'

Snip was beat down by the snore, turned with disgust from his supposed sleeping opponent, cast a longing eye towards the quiet gentleman in the fur cap into their corner, and re-opened with 'Hem! a nice bit of road this here, Sir, just to Verstun (no answer). He's a deaf 'un, perhaps; and in a louder key, 'A very cold night this here, Sir!' Determined to have an answer, in defiance of Chesterfield, he sought to seize a breast-butto, but encountered nothing but fur. 'Ah! Sir,' bawled Snip, 'this here's a werry nice and warm travelling coat of your'n.' Receiving no reply, Snip in despair, gave his tongue a holiday, and then slept. He awoke to unthought of horrors; for the first object which caught his sight was Bruin's head, with muzzled mouth but glaring eyes.

"My God!" he exclaimed, 'the deaf gentleman in the nice warm travelling coat is a real live bear! Help! murder! coach! stop! Let me out!' shouted Snip, and out he went; and the post and the pet were left in full possession of the interior, while Snip measured the seat of the box for the rest of the journey."

"Pooh! Byron borrowed the whimsy of keeping a bear.

from an Irishman! You stare; do you think that the titled poet could not be plagiarist, even in keeping a bear? Why man, that very story you have told me is only another version of my uncle's adventure with the famous George Robert Fitzgerald. My uncle, who was by profession an attorney, a wit, and a specious plausible fellow, could sing a good song and drink a deep cup, but who, at the same time, was a very nervous little body, became acquainted with that strange bad man, whose life and death have been so singular.

If there was ever a tiger in human shape it was he! His elegance of exterior accomplishments, and gentleman-like address, his soft, effeminate manners, and insinuating polished blandishments, were combined with a ferocity of disposition which makes one almost shrink with horror from his very name. Here the courier, and there the bravo; now the gay drawing-room aspirant for noble ladies' smiles, and anon, the dark assassin, without pity, love or fear! And he had whimsical fancies, too! I cannot believe but that Byron stole from him. So my uncle took a fancy to George Robert, and George Robert took a fancy to my uncle, and offered to make him his law agent. My uncle was to go down with the great man to his estates in the county Mayo, and the time fixed for departure was several hours before daylight. A carriage and four drove up, uncle stepped in, the morning was dark as pitch, and the misty rain beat fitfully against the carriage-windows. By the dim light of the lamps, uncle discerned two individuals, one of whom he took to be George Robert, who, according to his mood, was asleep; the other, who appeared dressed in a shaggy great coat, he supposed to be a friend perhaps some Russian nobleman on a visit. But the Russian nobleman rolled about in rather a curious manner, and an occasional strange noise made uncle think that these outlandish people had rather an un-*Irish* mode of showing good nature. And then could his smell be Christian?

His pomatum was surely rancid bear's grease! As the carriage drew near the town of Killecock, and the morning began to send its feeble light through the moist windows, uncle was astonished by the Russian's tremendous nose; as day dawned, the nose became a snout, and as he eyed it steadily and then sternly, he burst out, 'By the big hill o' Howth, it's not a Russian boyar but a bear!' 'What's the matter, Harry,' said George Robert, pretending to awake, 'has Bruin been troublesome? He is in general the best of travelling companions; snug and warm, though sometimes cross, and apt to snap when you close on him too much. But here is what I always use,' handing a short thick wand, or rather cudgel, 'just, my good Harry, *welt* him a little, keep him quiet till we reach Kinnegad, where we breakfast.' 'Me *welt* a bear,' exclaimed my uncle, 'Mr. Fitzgerald, you may manage your bear in your own way, but excuse me, Sir, I—I—' 'Oh, you mean to say you feel *bashful* in such company, Harry?' 'Jeer away, Mr. Fitzgerald, but here we are in Killecock, and one foot more I will not budge with this monster!' 'Oh, then, the bear for my money,' said George Robert, 'a pleasant journey back to Dublin—good morning, Sir!' And so my uncle lost his agency, but perhaps saved himself; at least he was out of the way of being tempted to join in those practices which brought Fitzgerald and his miscreant associates to the gallows."

Three eagles in the gardens now suggested some splendid stories, which we must reserve till our next visit: but we trust the Zoological Society will have made additions to their collection before we pay it.

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.—Some persons are of so teasing and fidgety a turn of mind, that they do not give you a moment's rest. Everything goes wrong with them. They complain of a headache or the weather. They take up a book, and lay it down again—venture an opinion, and retract it before they have half done—offer to serve you, and prevent some one else from doing it. If you dine with them at a tavern, in order to be more at your ease, the fish is too little done—the sauce is not the right one; they ask for a sort of wine which they think is not to be had, or if it is, after some trouble, procured, do not touch it; they give the waiter fifty contradictory orders, and are restless and sit on thorns the whole of the dinner time. All this is owing to a want of robust health, and of a strong spirit of enjoyment; it is a fastidious habit of mind, produced by a valedictorian habit of body: they are out of sorts with everything, and of course their ill humor and captiousness communicates itself to you, who are as little delighted with them as they are with other things. Another sort of people, equally objectionable with this helpless class, who are disconnected by a shower of heaven's rain, or stopped by an insect's wing, are those who, in the opposite spirit, will have everything their own way, and carry all before them—who cannot brook the slightest shadow of opposition—who are always in the heat of an argument, unless where they disdain your understanding so much as not to condescend to argue with you—who knit their brows, and roll their eyes, and clench their teeth, in some speculative discussion, as if they were engaged in a personal quarrel—and who, though successful over almost every competitor, seemed still to resent the very offer of resistance to their supposed authority,

and are as angry as if they had sustained some personal injury. There is an impatience of temper and an intolerance of opinion in this that conciliates neither our affection nor esteem. To such persons nothing appears of any moment but the indulgence of a domineering intellectual superiority, to the disregard and discomfiture of their own and everybody else's comfort. Mounted on an abstract proposition, they trample on every courtesy and decency of behaviour; and though perhaps they do not intend the gross personalities they are guilty of, yet they cannot be acquitted of a want of due consideration for others, and of an intolerable egotism in the support of truth and justice. You may hear one of these impetuous declaimers pleading the cause of humanity in a voice of thunder, or expatiating on the beauty of a Guido, with features distorted with rage and scorn. This is not a very amiable or edifying spectacle.

← PRACTICAL ADVICE TO IRISHMEN. →

We are sure that our friends will not despise a little advice; and we therefore wish to call their attention to a few things not unworthy the observation of rational men.

One grand objection, until of late, to Irishmen, was their want of business habits. It is owing to this that the English have imbibed the idea that nothing good can come out of Ireland, and it is owing too to this that our shops and our warehouses are filled with Scotchmen. We do not mention this for the sake of invidious comparison; all we mean by it is, that Irishmen may be stimulated to rival them in what is assuredly merely an educational habit. To our young men we would say, never undervalue your situation. Whatever it may be, fulfil its duties well; and if you think it unworthy of your abilities, the surest way to get a better, is to deserve it. Never let a horse-race, a review, or a regatta, draw you from your business at unseasonable times. Value it more than any thing else; be assiduous, attentive, and pains-taking; and when you do take a day of pleasure (for who with a spark of feeling could bear to be shut up perpetually in town) let that day be such as will not interfere with more important duties.

Endeavor to acquire solid, useful, substantial knowledge. Unfortunately for poor Ireland, though her children are apt, inquisitive acute and intelligent, yet their faculties have never been rightly directed. There are three senses in which the people of the three Kingdoms may be termed knowing. The English are knowing, as far as regards their comfort, and the promotion of it; the Scotch are knowing, as far as regards that careful attention to interest which secures their situations, and the means of keeping them; but Paddy, poor Paddy, though he can give a wittier reply, a shrewder observation, a more humorous retort, and is therefore more intellectually knowing than either English or Scotch, fails in the grand points of knowings as to comfort and interest. It is a positive fact that the tone of an Irish Penny Journal must be more elevated than an English one, because the low classes of the Irish are more intelligent than the English. At the same time the Irish have not acquired that patient habit of reading which characterizes the Scotch. We say habit; for it is owing to education. Let our friends then endeavor to diffuse around them a taste for wholesome, manly reading. Let them endeavor to diffuse knowledge, and to guide the demand for it; let them encourage it in their children and relatives; and Ireland will soon present a cheering scene.

THE SABBATH.—Nature always seemed to me to 'keep Sabbath' in the wilderness. I used to fancy that the wild birds were more quiet on that day, sitting on the branches with their heads under their wings smoothing their plumage, or looking quietly about them, and sometimes venturing a faint warble, scarcely a whisper. And I have seen a large wolfish animal stand for hours upon a dry log, on the bank of the river, contemplating the stream, or gazing into the air; once or twice, perhaps starting suddenly a few paces, but then halting as if he had given up the idea; and his tail all the while hanging listlessly down, as if indicating that no enterprise could be undertaken on that day. Just like the merchant who may be seen in the city, on a bright Sunday morning, in clean shirt collar, and with hands thrust into his pockets, loitering slowly down the street, or standing in ruminating attitude at the corner, pondering carefully every step of the morrow's tangled path, or perhaps calculating the amount of time lost in Sundays, by the whole world, taken individually and collectively from Moses's day to the present time; but on the whole, enduring the Sabbath with Christian resignation.

WET.—A hardy seaman, who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks upon our coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves broke over him. He replied, 'Wet, ma'am—very wet.'

IRISH MINSTRELSY.

COULIN.

BY CAROL MALONE.

[In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an act was made respecting the habits and dress in general of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing glibbes, or coulines, long llocks on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called t ronnall. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired.—Walker, *acquaintance in Moore's Melodies*.

It so happens, however, on turning to the above statute, that no mention is to be found therein of the Coulin. But in the year 1236, a Parliament was held in Dublin; and then an act was passed which more than expressly names the Coulin, and minutely describes it for its more effectual prohibition. This, the only statute made in Ireland that names the Coulin, was passed two hundred and forty-two years before the act cited by Mr. Moore; and, in consequence of it, some of the Irish Chieftains who lived near the seat of English government, or wished to keep up intercourse with the English districts, did, in or soon after that year, 1236, cut off their Coulines, and a distinct memorial of the event was made in writing by the Officers of the Crown. It was on this occasion that the bard, ever adhesive to national habits, endeavored to fire the patriotism of a conforming chieftain; and, in the character of some favorite virgin, declares her preference for her lover with the Coulin, before him who complacently assumed the adornments of foreign fashion.—*Dublin Penny Journal*.]

The last time she looked in the face of her dear,
She breathed not a sigh, and she shed not a tear;
She took up his harp, and she kissed his cold cheek—
"Be the first, and the last, for thy Norah to seek."

For beauty and bravery Cathan was known,
And the long flowing coulin he wore in Tyrone;
The sweetest of singers and harpers was he,
All over the North, from the Banu to the sea.

O'er the marshes of Dublin he often would rove,
To the plains of O'Toole, where he met with his love;
And at gents they pledged that, next midsummer's day,
He would come for the last time, and bear her away.

The king had forbidden the men of O'Neal,
With the coulin adorned, to come o'er the pale;
But Norah was Irish, and said, in her pride,
"If he wear not his coulin, I'll ne'er be his bride."

The bride has grown pale as the robe that she wears,
For the Lammis is come, and no bridegroom appears;
And she hearkens and gazes, when all are at rest,
For the sound of his harp and the sheen of his vest.

Her palfrey is pillioned, and she has gone forth
On the long rugged road that leads down to the North;—
Where Eblann's strong castle frowns darkly and dark,
Is the head of her Cathan upraised on a spear.

The Lords of the Castle had murdered him there,
And all for the wearing that poor cloak of hair;
For the word she had spoken in mirth or in pride,
Her lover, too fond and too faithful, had died.

'Twas then that she looked in the face of her dear,
She breathed not a sigh, and she dropped not a tear;
She took up his harp, and she kissed his cold cheek:
"Farewell! 'tis the first for thy Norah to seek."

And afterward, oft would the wilderness ring,
As, at night, in sad strains, to that harp she would sing
Her heart-breaking tones,—we remember them well—
But the words of her wailing, no mortal can tell.

How to GUESS it.—How can I tell if a lady is single from choice or not?

This way: If she is always talking against 'the men,' and the ladies who are favorites with the gentlemen—she is single because she can't help it. If, on the contrary, she gives man his just dues, you may be pretty sure she has had good chances to marry, but would not.

NOT BAD FOR A NIGGER.—"Look here, Clem, can you tell tis nigger why dat woolly head ob yours and de moon am alike?"

"Well, Sambo, I guess it's kase dey am bof round."

"No, dat am not it; it's kase dey am bof sposed to be inhabited."

AGRICULTURE.

Beyond doubt, IRELAND is a fine country. Her climate and her soil have long been the boast of her children, and the remark of strangers; her favorite name, the EMERALD ISLE, implies that she is equally free from the blighting frosts and chilling winds of more northern regions, and from the burning heats of countries more exposed to the influence of the sun. And why is such a country, thus blessed by the showers of Heaven, poor and miserable? It is not for us to give the *why* and *wherefore*. It is enough for us to know that she might rival England in the excellence of her agriculture; it is enough for us to know that from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, from Dublin to Galway, she might be like a fertile garden, pouring forth her riches in exuberant abundance. But beautiful speeches and long sentences about what Ireland MIGHT be will not MAKE her so. We must buckle up our sleeves and fall to work. And fellow countrymen, believe the conductor of the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL, when he assures you, that though, like all men, he looks to his own interest, yet he has your good at heart, and would not, for all the paltry profits of his periodical, either flatter or slander you. It is intended to give occasionally information on the agriculture of Ireland; and we sincerely trust that none will take any offence when we find fault, or get proud when we praise; for until the Agriculture of Ireland is improved, she will never rise in the scale of nations.

Now the obstacles that lie in the way of the agricultural prosperity of Ireland seem to arise from want of capital, want of industry, want of system. Wherever we go, we see the illage of the country evidently suffering under a deficiency of the means that should be employed in an efficient system of husbandry. Poor cattle, wretched machinery, and insufficient manuring are visible even to the eye of the citizen, who scarcely knows wheat from oats. We see men becoming farmers without as much capital as might enable them properly to till a cabbage garden, and struggling from the beginning with difficulties which it is almost impossible to overcome. This great evil is perhaps more owing to the landlord than the tenant. It arose, and is still encouraged by that vile and wretched system of setting to the highest bidder and at the highest rackrent. This, in short, and without disguise, is the first great cause of the deterioration of Irish agriculture; for in a country where all desire to be farmers, there will naturally be extravagant competition.

The second cause is, the want of regular and steady industry. Irishmen, both farmers and laborers, can work like horses to effect a particular object. Where are the Scotch or English that can match them in a FULL out? But this is not steadily regulated. That's the point. 'Steady, boys, steady!' What a time is wasted at fairs, markets, weddings, wakes and funerals! True, the crop must be sold, our sons and our daughters must be married, and 'our dead buried out of sight.' But look at that knot of strong, stout fellows lounging about the smith's forge, or gostering at the corner where idlers, and worse than idlers, congregate! Let them go and mend up the broken fences over the way, or turn the cow, or the pigs, or the geese out of the corn! But that very corn is pestered with weeds! Look at the prasha boy flaunting unprofitably gay, and the thistle sending its bearded seeds upon the winds of heaven, to propagate the pestilence in every adjoining field! Fie, fie, ye lounging idle fellows! If the farmer does not go coolly, and regularly, and systematically to work, he may as well go beg.

The third great evil is the want of a regular rotation of crops. Irish farmers, the creatures of circumstances, and often put to their shifts, cannot bring themselves to pursue a regular system of husbandry. Now, farmers, listen to us, and for a penny a week we will put pounds a year into your pockets. Hello! you follow there, you need not go out of the room till we are done. Is the Dublin Penny Journal not worth being listened to? Now, my gay fellow, let us be better

acquainted—why do you not adopt a regular system in your farming? When you try to squeeze as much out of the land at the least expense possible—what is that conduct like? It is like shutting one eye and winking with the other, and then looking for a needle in a bundle of straw. Do you not know that if you and all your neighbors are cultivating the same kind of grain, merely because there happens to be a high price just now for it in the market, that by and by, a glut will be the consequence, down tumble the prices, you are disappointed, you cry out, 'How hard are the times!' and perhaps attempt to console your sorrow by tossing up your little finger oftener than your head or your purse can bear it. Do you not know that a succession of the same crop takes the very heart out of the earth, and exhausts it so that it must lie in bed, like an old dotard drunkard, to recover strength. When the same crop is successively raised on the same ground, the roots search for, and take away more of the same kind of nourishment from the ground than the manure can supply, and thus the land is deteriorated and the weeds get a holiday and playground, and do great damage. Now, this is a terrible evil, a crying mischief. Besides, the Irish sky farmer often goes five miles to rent, sow, and cut down a meadow for winter store to his cattle, when he might, if he choose to raise all sorts of green crops, clover, vetches, and turnips, and keep his "dumb brutes" full and hearty at little trouble and little expense.

But we do not intend to give a lecture in this, the second week of our existence. We only want to let you know that we have a corner reserved for our country friends, and that we have the opportunity and the disposition to communicate from time to time, valuable agricultural information. In the meantime, shoulder your spades—your every moment is precious—off to your work, but before you go, give three cheers for the Dublin Penny Journal.

THE AGE OF BRASS.

The whole world is undergoing a fearful change. In old times silver and gold were thought the only coins worth the having, but now nothing will do but brass. His majesty's mint had better lay in a prodigious stock of heavy metal—depend upon it copper will be worth more than its own weight ere long. No magazine may now hold up its head unless it be copper fastened and caulked with brass. PENNY JOURNALS are the only Journals now-a-days to sail with wind and tide in their favor—and the public are in the right of it. Some folks may think that this copper deluge will be the ruin of them—and we dare say many are enjoying a sly laugh at the fearful annoyance which we will have when the PENNIES are pouring in upon us, and all Dublin are clamorous for their numbers. 'Why,' say they, 'their cellars will be crammed with brass—they'll never get the pennies off their hands—see, see, all sacks in the house are in requisition, and pennies are trundling in every corner! Their profits will be absorbed in sacks and porters—and then the bank will shut their doors against them, for fear of the terrible deluge of brass. Their Penny Journal will go down, and it well deserves such a fate, for they have joined with the whole brazen crew of Journalists in breaking the prices of literature!'

Now what if we should attempt to prove to these people that the age of brass is the very age both for us and them? Instead of lowering the prices of literature—instead of degrading knowledge by selling it for a penny—instead of undermining other journals, and underselling other books, we are doing the very reverse. The great leading journals, as they are called, with 2s. 6d., or 3s. 6d., or 5s. neatly inscribed on their covers, are beyond all classes but those who have money to buy, and education to understand and time to read them. Perhaps now and then, some adventurous youth who has a yearning for something intellectual above the stretch of his station and pockets, may beg or borrow an occasional reading of one of them—but as far as regards the great masses, these magazines and reviews are sealed books. The same remarks are

applicable to all literary periodicals, down to the humble sixpenny. The most extensive circulation of any of them scarcely brings them out of their own particular circles, and there they run their rounds, and all the rest of the world are ignorant of them. But our *Irish Penny Journal* is adapted to be read by everybody. First, it is so cheap—who could not spare a penny? Second, it is so nice—who would not buy so fine a pennyworth? Third, it is short and pithy—who is it that has not time enough to read it? These are three substantial reasons for his! We think we see the artisan coming in to his busy breakfast, and when he would think it folly to open a book, he spreads the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL before him, and reads a little—then when he comes home at night, tired with labor, and his children climbing his knee, do you think that he would send them about their business, and sit down in silence to a book? We knew one fellow of that description—a sulky, surly man—whose children never dared to show their faces at night, or approach him while reading. To be sure, he read a great many books—but what then? His children hated him. But our Journal can be held in one hand, while the worthy man holds a child on his knee with the other, and then at every interval of domestic labor, he can read aloud a little paragraph to his wife or his daughter, who thus can enjoy their share of the penny without losing a moment of time. Then, his little son, just beginning to read, will be attracted by the wood-cuts, and by-and-by he will learn to read too; and as our Journal circulates from house to house of the working class, it will be raising up a new generation of readers, and be the means of creating a thirst for knowledge where it never existed before. Thus will it be the means of extending the blessings of civilization—it will increase the booksellers' sales and enlarge the field for the press. Should not our appearance, therefore, be hailed by every friend to man? Should not we be welcomed by the poor and favored by the rich? Yes, we see the schoolboy debating whether he will spend his penny on a cake or a number of the Journal. We see the working man hesitating whether he will spend his penny on tobacco or knowledge. We see the young lady opening her reticule, and with a smile buying a number, and old gentlemen and old ladies, whose eyes would be tired reading long articles, hail our appearance with joy. Thus the age of brass is a real blessing, and the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL a decided favorite with all, young and old, rich and poor. Then, success to our labors.

PESTILENCE IN IRELAND IN 1348.

BY JOHN CLYN, A FRANCISCAN MONK.

'This year, and chiefly in the months of September and October, great numbers of bishops and prelates, ecclesiastical and religious, peers and others, and in general people of both sexes, flocked together by troops, in pilgrimage to the water of Inchmooling, inasmuch that many thousands of souls might be seen there together for many days; some came on the score of devotion, but the greatest part for fear of the pestilence which raged at that time with great violence. It first broke out near Dublin at Howth and Dalkey; it almost destroyed, and laid waste the cities of Dublin and Drogheda, inasmuch that in Dublin alone, from the beginning of August to Christmas, fourteen thousand souls perished. The pestilence had its first beginning, as it is said, in the East, and passing through the Saracens and infidels, slew eight thousand legions of them. It seized the city of Avignon, where the Roman court then was, the January before it came among us, where the churches and cemeteries were not sufficient to receive the dead, and the pope ordered a new cemetery to be consecrated for depositing the bodies of those who died of the pestilence, inasmuch that from the month of May to the translation of St. Thomas, fifty thousand bodies and upwards were buried in the same cemetery. This distemper prevailed in full force in Lent, for on the 6th day of March, eight Dominican friars died. Scarce a single person died in one house,

but it commonly swept away husband, wife, children, and servants, all together.' The author seems to have had a foresight of his approaching fate; for he closes his annals in 1348, thus: 'But I,' says he, 'friar John Clyn of the Franciscan order of the convent of Kilkeny, have in this book written the memorable things happening in my time of which I was either an eye witness, or learned them from the relation of such as were worthy of credit, and that these notable actions might not perish by time and vanish out of the memory of our successors, seeing the many evils that encompass us, and every symptom placed as it were under a malevolent influence expecting death among the dead until it comes, such things as I have heard delivered with veracity, and have strictly examined, I have reduced into writing; and lest the writing should perish with the writer, and the work fail with the workman, I leave behind me parchment for continuing it, if any man should have the good fortune to survive this calamity, or any of the race of Adam should escape this pestilence, to continue what I have begun.'

NEWS FROM HOME.

THE REV. MR. CONWAY.—In the court of Queen's Bench, on the 18th, the attorney-general moved that the venue of this case be changed to the county of Dublin or elsewhere. He read several affidavits in support of his motion, and said that sooner than have a trial by a Mayo jury, he would prefer entering a *nolle prosequi*. Mr. O'Hara, Q. C., for the defendant, opposed the motion. The arguments were brought to a close on Wednesday. The court postponed judgment.

COLLISION IN THE BELFAST LOUGH.—On Sunday morning, as the Belfast Screw Steamship Company's fine screw-steamer, *Semaphore*, was coming up the Lough, from Liverpool, she came into collision with the brigantine *Erie*, from Ayr, coal laden, belonging to Mr. P. Quinn, of this town. The brigantine sank at once. Boats put off from the steamer and rescued the crew, who were conveyed to the quays. None of them sustained any injury, with the exception of one man, who received a knock on the head. The *Semaphore* has not been damaged in any way.—*Belfast Mercury*.

THE SCOTCH IN IRELAND.—The *Tipperary Free Press* mentions that a Scotch Protestant gentleman, (Mr. Paul Aitchison,) who has been a resident in that quarter for some five years past, has won golden opinions by his conduct as an employer:—'Having had a fifteen acre turnip field to plough for spring wheat, the farmers of the surrounding district sent their horses and ploughs on last Friday, and in six hours the entire ground was excellently turned up. Nothing could exceed the alacrity and good humor evinced by the farmer's sons in thus obliging Mr. Aitchison, and they vied with each other as to which would do his part best.'

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF A PRIEST.—The *Newry Examiner* contains the following:—'We regret to learn that yesterday (Friday) a most ferocious attack was made by a man named M'Ardle, who has recently returned from Australia, on the respected parish priest of Castleblayney, the Rev. Mr. M'Meel. It appears that while the reverend gentleman was superintending some improvements in the chapel yard he was attacked by M'Ardle, who was armed with a butcher's knife. The reverend gentleman, in warding off the blows with a stick, received severe injuries on the arm. M'Ardle was apparently in a maniacal state, arising in all probability, from excessive indulgence in ardent liquor.'

DISTURBED STATE OF DONEGAL.—We learn from the *Dublin Evening Post*, that a lamentable state of affairs has arisen in Donegal, which had been until recently, one of the most peaceable counties in the United Kingdom. There have been differences between the Earl of Leitrim and his tenants, and some of the latter have been removed from their holdings. A correspondent of the paper above named, states that

Lord Leitrim has arrived at Milford, with three or four servants or bailiffs, armed at all points. Secret societies, of which farmers of all creeds and grades are becoming members, are spreading throughout the country, and bodies of police are moving about in all directions.

HAPPINESS.—'I have lived,' said Dr. Adam Clarke, 'to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many—poker and all; keep them all a going.'

A LADY-KILLING COUNT.—A Polish count was recently before a court in London, when it came out that he had been living for some years by money which he raised from respectable ladies, who were under the promise of marriage, but who were happy to buy their release and letters at any sum. English ladies, like their American cousins, are very sweet on foreign counts; and these same counts, also, in all their operations, make love to bank account, which accounts for the whole.

DEATH OF ONE OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS OF 1782. A man named Arthur McCusker (alias Cosgrove), and of the patriarchal age of 104 years, died in Louisburgh on the 5th inst. He was a native of Tyrone, where he was enrolled among the 'Irish Volunteers' in 1782.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF IRELAND.

A large and enthusiastic audience listened to a truly eloquent address upon this subject, last Thursday evening, in the hall of the Stuyvesant Institute. The address was delivered by Colonel Doheny. Practised as our friend is in the higher order of public speaking, and inspiring as many for the occasions have been on which he has spoken to the people, he excelled himself this time, and soared to a height beyond his sunniest achievements in the great region of rhetoric and letters. True it is, we have often heard him utter more startling truths and appeal to the more active and impetuous emotions, and have heard him do this with a more resonant tone and in an attitude bolder than that he assumed on Thursday evening, but in propriety and gracefulness of language—in accuracy, vividness and unity of thought—in correct and impressive imagery—in pathos and subdued persuasiveness—in all the gentler and more subtle arts and influences of the scholar in the popular Tribune, Colonel Doheny, as we have said, surpassed himself the evening we allude to. The subject—a wide and varied one—one as wide and varied as the Irish landscape—grew into familiar light, and luminously disclosed its known as well as its more famous features, under his voice and hand. While there is a man so gifted to render justice to the works and memories of the Irish Poets, there need be no fear that the flippant and illiterate gossip of any ballad-peddler will detract from their fame, or turn one grateful and loving look of homage from them.

The object of the address—relief for the widow and orphans of an Irish emigrant—whose heart was ever in the cause of his native land, and who had diligently mastered, on the battle-field as well as in the drill-room, the soldier's art, so that he might be of efficient service to that cause when the day of its armed resurrection came—this pious object was in sweet harmony with the subject selected, and the manner in which it was treated. He justly we congratulate all who were present, upon the learned, touching and elevating discourse with which they were favored—heartyly congratulate the friends of the poor but brave emigrant upon so gratifying a fulfilment of their kindly wishes in regard to those whom his death has made desolate—and as heartily congratulate our friend, who generously volunteered this good service and high tribute, upon the success which establishes for him amongst his countrymen so useful, brilliant and indisputable a position.

—N. Y. Irish News.

WILL LAGER BEER INTOXICATE?—On the trial of some liquor dealers in Brooklyn, N. Y., the question of the intoxicating properties of lager beer was raised. Several witnesses swore that it was intoxicating. In the defence witnesses were equally positive that it was not. One witness swore that he drank on a wager, in the city of Brooklyn, seven and a half gallons of lager beer in two hours! Another one hundred and sixty quarts in one day! Another thirty pints within five minutes. Another took fifteen glasses to give him an appetite for breakfast. Enough said.

Transported for life—the man who marries haphazard.

Whiff hair is the chalk with which time keeps his scores two, three, or four score, as the case may be—on a man's head.

BRIEN BOIROIMHE.

Brian Boiroimhe, or the Brave, or Briceman, was one of the most illustrious kings of Ireland, and on many accounts the most successful ruler in the MISCELLANY. Not only was he remarkable for his love of religion, discipline and good laws, but also for his gifts of the mind, as well as his extraordinary military exploits. His indomitable will and bravery led him from being a provincial king to assume the sceptre of the nation, detaching Malachi, and uniting in himself other disaffected elements necessary, he entered upon the task of reforming and governing the kingdom. Having beaten the Danes at Glenmunn, where he left 6000 slain and rased their city, he received assurances that if he assumed the national crown the generosity of the princes would be in his favor, the progress the Danes were making in the country demanded a unity of the people, and the princes of Connaught and Munster decreed that Malachi should be de-

throned, and by ways of the land. He restored the church property, and rebuilt them and the monasteries, reestablished universities and public schools, encouraged the professors of all sciences, so that literature again flourished in the land, he is said to be the originator of the first laws to the end of propagating the Christian religion and placed a barrier to public safety; he caused good roads and bridges to be built and made, and in his reign the Irish people first adopted shrouds. Perhaps no king in ever flourished at a more rapid rate during any one reign than did Brian under Brian. Judicial peace, and improvement, spread of religion, love of order, mutual and national confidence, union of national purposes, and universal prosperity, were attributable to his ability and wisdom; but war was inevitable, and the growth of national prosperity demanded that it should not be avoided.

McMurchad visited his sister, at Brian's palace, where he was invited to Brian's eldest son, Morrough. He left the place in high displeasure without taking leave, entered into an alliance with Sitric, king of the Danes of Dublin, who, he expressed to Denmark, secured the king who had his hopes now awakened, and was determined to recover what he considered his own back again. He sent an army, which was joined by 4000 Norwegians, together with the Danes of Dublin and Leinster, formed a large army. Brian saw the gathering storm, and prepared with all due diligence to meet it. He assembled the Munster troops, his vassals of Connaught, and Malachi of Meath, with all their followers, about 30,000 men. He was now eighty-eight years of age, and although too old to take command (which devolved upon his son Morrough.) Yet he took an active part in the great struggle.

The army marched for Clontarf, two miles from Dublin, where the enemy awaited them. Order being given, the battle commenced at eight o'clock in the morning, and did not terminate till five in the evening. The battle took place on Good Friday, April 23d, 1014 though desperate and sanguinary, was given to the monarch, who gained a complete victory over the enemy. The loss was considerable on both sides, the Danes losing 12,000 killed; including Moelmordha King of Leinster, the two sons of the King of Denmark, and almost all the chiefs of their army. The loss of the Irish or royal army is estimated at 7000. Brian was killed by a band of runaway Danes, who fell upon the aged man while at prayer. They, however, were overtaken and cut to pieces.

Morrough O'Brien, son of the king, was slain, as was also his son Turlogh, and very many persons of distinction made themselves a noble sacrifice to love of country. Brian, Morrough and Turlogh are said to have been buried at Sworde, thence removed to Ardagh by order of the Bishop, but by others said to be buried at Kilmalham.

managed, the sales were on an average £70,000 per annum, and the silk manufacture of Dublin arrived at the highest state of prosperity. But this source of encouragement was done away by act of parliament, by which the Dublin Society was prohibited from disposing of any part of its funds for the support of any house in which Irish silk goods were sold by wholesale or retail. From that time the Irish silk warehouse declined.

It does not enter within our scope to point out what might be done for the revival of Irish manufactures; we merely mention facts, and indulge in the hope that Ireland will not always be miserable. A gleam of hope dawns upon our country—may that good Being who delights in the happiness of his creatures, unite all hearts, and "knit them together" in the bonds of a holy brotherhood.

CRITICISMS.—It is a little singular that the mass should attach much importance to the small opinions of every-

throned, and the sceptre transferred to Brian, a prince, king of Munster, who was capable of repeating the instances of those barbarians, upon which Brian marched an army to Tara and obliged Malachi to abdicate—he was declared monarch of the whole island in 1002 having received the acclamation of common King of Connaught, he then marched to Ulster, received high honor from Malahus, Archbishop of that See, and was acknowledged monarch by Hugh O'Neill, King of Ulster.

Having settled the affairs of the nation by an assembly of bishops and nobles, who solemnly crowned him, he enacted laws for the public welfare, which were so strictly enforced during his reign, that it became traditional, and handed down to posterity. Upon this fact, and the positive observance of the law, Moore wrote the well-known poem—



BRIEN BOIROIMHE.

day critics. Because a man happens to have the facilities of publishing his view and opinions to the world though he be the veriest blockhead on earth, his verdict is often of more than ordinary weight among men. Indeed, a Johnson could not influence some men by his verbal opinion, to the extent that an ignoramus can influence them through 'press and types.' The 'dignity of print' has a strange effect. Although it is but one man who speaks, and he may have one hundred opponents who may argue successfully against him, yet they will all fall with the public. But let either of them publish the same opinion, and the ore, which was rich and weighty, becomes refined. Common critics, moreover, are always ready to find imperfections, for thus will the public be made acquainted with their penetration. In fact, many of them

rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But O, her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white maid.

"Lady dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm;
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For though they love woman and golden store,
"Sir Knight they love honor and virtue more!"
On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blessed for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

Showing that beauty and gold were sacred even in the

Thus fell "Brian the Brave," on Good Friday; he wished to avoid the fight if possible on that holy day, but the harbarians took this for cowardice, they knew not the man, and having invoked the God of Battles, he fought for Ireland and for religion. He conquered and rid his country of Carliacus, who had trampled upon the people and desecrated the churches for 200 years. The Danes were never more able to rally in strength, but in England committed dreadful slaughter years afterwards.

IRISH MANUFACTURES.

The woollen manufacture of Ireland was very early celebrated. In the time of Edward III. in 1327, Irish friezes were freely imported into England from Dublin, duty free. Even in Italy, in the year 1357, at a time when the woollens of that country had attained an high degree of perfection, and sumptuary laws were enacted to restrain luxury in dress, Irish serges were in demand, and imported. In the year 1382, not only serges but other kinds of woollens, were so sought after, and the fashion of the country so approved, that the Pope's agent obtained from Richard II. a licence to export, duty free, mantles made of Irish cloth.

In the year 1603, Sir W. Temple, at the request of Lord Essex, then Viceroy of Ireland, published a formal overture for relinquishing the woollen trade, except in the lower branches, that it might not interfere with that of England, urging the superior fitness of this country for the linen trade.

Immediately after the cessation of the disturbances in Ireland, in 1688, the woollen manufacture was established to a considerable extent in the Liberties of Dublin. The security of property ensured after the capitulation of Limerick, induced a number of English manufacturers to avail themselves of its local advantages—the cheapness of labor, the excellence of wool, and the abundance of the necessities of life, and to settle here. The Coombs, Pimble, Spitalfields, and the Weaver's Sons were then built, and soon became the residence of all that was opulent and respectable in the city. What a contrast the Liberty now presents!

The silk manufacture is generally supposed to have been introduced by the French refugees, and established in the Liberty of Dublin shortly after their residence in this city. In the year 1764, an act was passed, placing it under the direction of the Dublin Society. To encourage the manufacture, the Society immediately established an Irish silk warehouse in Parliament street, and the management of it was placed, under the superintendence of persons annually returned by the Corporation of Weavers to examine the quality of the goods sent in by manufacturers, to whom the Dublin Society paid a premium of five per cent. on all sales made in the house. While the trade was thus

seem to think that to criticise is to find fault; else (they reason) where is the necessity of criticism? It is said that any fool can fire a house. So can any man criticise a book; but very few can build the one or write the other. Many of the vinegar-critics of the day who haunt the shores of literature, would utterly fail in penning even the preface to a respectable book. It is a recorded and well-known fact that many of our standard works were rejected for the want of a publisher, owing to the unfavourable opinion of stolid rule and figure critics; but when they came before the people, who, judging from the impulses of the heart, are never wrong, how soon was their verdict reversed! The people are the only true tribunal. They separate, with the hand of a refiner, the dross from the gold. By them genius is preserved, and pretension discarded

IRISH MISCELLANY.

EDITORIAL



BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The first No. of the MISCELLANY being entirely exhausted, the Publishers beg leave to announce that they will shortly issue a SECOND EDITION, and parties requiring copies of the same, are requested to forward their orders immediately.

JACKSON, FOYNES & CO.

PUBLISHERS—No. 2 Spring Lane—BOSTON.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The "Great and General Court of Massachusetts," is now in the second month of its existence, and in all candor, we must say that it has accomplished a fair, if not more than an average share, of public business. The various appropriation bills have become laws, having received the approval of His Excellency, and the wheels being well greased, thereby, it is of course natural to suppose, that the "wagon" will run smooth. It is expected by the dominant party, that their labors will be terminated by the 20th of March, certainly not later than the 25th, and taking into consideration the rapidity with which they have thus far dispatched business, no danger can be anticipated as to the result. The constitutional amendment of last year, limiting the length of the sessions to one hundred days, has not yet been acted on in this Legislature, but there is every reason to believe that it will speedily be adopted.

One great cause of a short session, will undoubtedly be found in the salary bill, which limits the pay of members to three hundred dollars for the entire session, be it longer or shorter. A natural sequence however, is that the sessions will be shortened, so much so that they will come within the scope of His Excellency's idea as set forth in his inaugural, that the business of the Legislature can be completed in sixty days. If such should be the case, it will afford members a *per diem* of five dollars, which is a very pretty penny in these times of monetary depression.

Among the most important matters which have passed the House, is the amendment to the Constitution, providing that foreigners shall not be allowed to vote until they have spent a two years residence after naturalization. During the debate on the question, able and masterly speeches were made in defence of Irish emigrants, by Messrs. Riley and Young, but as might be expected, without effect, for the Republican majority were determined on the measure in the outset.

Speeches by the opposition however eloquent, are thrown away where a party in power possessed of a large working majority, are pre-disposed to favor a measure on party grounds.

The proposed amendment to the Constitution, providing for the abolition of the Governor's Council, has already passed the Senate, and is to be acted upon in the House. If adopted by the Legislature, and confirmed next year, (as constitutional amendments have to be passed upon by two successive Legislatures) the measure will be of immense benefit to the State in a pecuniary point of view.—By this amendment, it is contemplated to make the Lieut. Governor president of the Senate, thus giving a dignity and prominence to an office which has, heretofore been rather ornamental than useful. The Senate like that of the General Government, is to have the confirmation of all appointments made by the Executive, and when the Legislature is not in session, the constitutional advisers of the Governor will be the heads of departments—thus virtually making them cabinet officers.

The joint special committee having the subject in charge, have, in accordance with the views expressed in the Governor's address, reported in favor of a consolidation of the Courts of Probate and Insolvency. If the measure passes both branches, which is rather doubtful, it will be an easy way of disposing of the vexed question of the removal of Judge Loring. If Judge Loring is to be removed, and we question the policy of the step to the Republican party, why not take the open and manly course of impeachment or by address of Legislature? Certainly such a course would be far preferable to the underhanded one of "stabbing men in the dark."

The bill to enable atheists to testify in courts of justice, which passed the House, when it reached the Senate, was, as Dogberry says, "damned to everlasting redemption," and "serve it right." No man who denies the existence of a God is fit to give evidence before any tribunal.

It is our intention to keep our readers informed of all matters of interest which transpire in the "house on the hill," and for that purpose shall furnish them with a weekly summary of passing events.

THE DRAMA.

Theatricals in Boston, are at the present time, in a most flourishing condition; and from present indications, the bad business of the early part of the season, will be fully compensated for, judging from the large audiences which nightly throng the various places of amusement.

At the Boston, the Ravel, have for the past three weeks, been delighting the juveniles, and 'children of a larger growth,' by their imitable performances.—The new pantomimes of 'Bianco,' and the 'Golden Eggs,' have been decided successes—the former, in its magic transformations and wonderfully executed tricks, by far exceeding anything of a like nature that we ever remember to have witnessed. Marzetti, with his increasing years, appears to have lost none of his pristine elasticity, and his performance of the ape is as fresh to us, as when we witnessed it years ago, when our hair was like the raven's wing, and not like that of the father of the late lamented Prince Hamlet, a gentleman concerning whom, one W. Shakspeare, has given us slight information, and whose capillary was a 'sable, silvered.' But why is it that these mountebanks—for delightful as their performances are to us, they are nothing more—have the faculty of monopolizing all the business—to draw crowded houses—to gladden the hearts of managers and box-office keepers, while the pure, the unadulterated, and legitimate drama, for the production of which, the 'loftier académie' was reared, is 'whistled down the wind'? Can the query be answered by a parody—not that the public love the drama less, but that they love the Ravel's more? We think not. The true solution of the question is that the legitimate drama 'has been sadly neglected.' 'Tis true that at this temple of the muses, whatever has been produced, has been put upon the stage in that unexceptionable manner for which this establishment has earned a wide spread reputation; but it is in the executive branch, the carrying out of the drama, the portrayal of characters by the stock company that, the drama in this, its chosen temple, has been suffered to die an ignominious death. It is useless to set up the cry of 'hard times,' and say that to that may be attributed the bad business of the early part of the season. Surely the times are as hard now, yet nightly is the Theatre thronged to its utmost capacity, and on many occasions hundreds have been turned away, being unable to gain even standing room, and the reason that the Theatre is so filled, is that the performances are the very best of their class—they can be depended upon; no one is imperfect, and every artist from the highest to the lowest is a thorough master of the branch of the profession he represents. Now such has not been the case with the stock company of the Boston Theatre this season. Where do we find people to supply the places of the Woods—and Mrs. Barrow? Instead of the manager keeping up to the standard of excellence as exhibited in former seasons, he has this season given us one of the weakest companies we ever remember to have seen—men and women totally unfitted for the positions they have assumed, and whose execrable performances have disgusted the audiences, and made them keep aloof from the Theatre, and the nightly show was, 'a beggarly account of empty boxes.' Even the succession of stars we were favored with, failed to make any impression, owing to the wretched support they received. We think that if the manager had given us the best company that could have been procured, instead of one of the worst, he would have had no reason to complain of bad business during any part of the season. We understand, that on the departure of the Ravel's, the season will be eked out by Ullman's opera company, Charlotte Cushman, Edwin

Booth, and others, and we sincerely trust, that so far as Miss Cushman is concerned, a leading man, or at least, respectable attainments, may be secured to support her. Manager Barry will have a formidable opponent in the Howard Athenæum, under the direction of Mrs. Barrow, and it behooves him to put his best foot foremost, and instead of, as at present, 'taking a back seat,' put himself on the front bench, and by so doing success will be a certainty.

PRINCESS ROYAL.

The papers tell us that the Princess Royal of England is married. England was incited with joy, and every Briton, from the 'Giant's Causeway to the land of Bruce, shared in the common joy with his Cockney brother, and drank the health of his Dutch mightiness and his mongrel spouse. Loud did the bells ring, and more people thronged the streets of London than when the linen draper, John Gilpin, ran his steeple-chase. Punch and Juries amused the 'bone and muscle,' (dirt and poverty,) while the 'show' at the castle amused and tickled the aristocracy, who roll in affluence, while their beer swilling slaves are dying from hunger.

The American press is teeming with the 'event,' and dishes up sweet *morceaux* for its republican readers. They evidently like the courtly grandeur of the surroundings, and seem to think this blending of the eminently Anglo-Saxon blood, to be hopeful for the world. Truly, it is an event for which Britons should feel proud—Britons, who 'never will be slaves.' An event which tells the stall-fed Briton that the blood of an Englishman—such as fought at Hastings and Agincourt—is not rich enough to commingle with the turgid stream of a cat throat Hessian. An event which throws another burden upon the worthy and suffering people—another link to the chain of their slavery. Let the free Briton sit down and count the cost of this happy event—the forshadower of a 'few more left,' for the monarch promises to realize the prophecy of O'Connell, 'to beat his grandmother, and she had twenty!' Verily, the summing up would add a pretty figure to the 'birth-right' of a Briton—the national debt. While he ruminates over it, we will say a word about another phase of the event. They were rejoicing over the event in Ireland—old Ireland—loyal Ireland—and bon-fires and illuminations gladdened the hearts of gallant militia officers and patriot shop keepers; and the new loyal Irish shouted, mad as March hares, and drank the health of our 'beloved queen.' Tight, neat lads, those Irish boys, particularly in a 'free fight.' God bless old Wexford, and more 'power' to the brave lads who refused to bow the knee and shout with joy for the Dutch spawn who lord it over them. Oh, there is some manhood left yet in old Ireland; the famine has not consumed it all—there is hope yet in old Ireland. *

We are pleased to see that the celebrated Hutchinson Family, have again commenced their pleasing concerts, and that the lovers of good music in Beverly and Danvers, will have an opportunity of hearing them in choice selections of their rarest gems during the ensuing week.

(In consequence of a press of matter, we are under the necessity of deferring the story of the "Landlord and Tenant," until next week.)

THE QUEEN VS. THE REV. MR. CONWAY.—The Court of Queen's Bench did not pronounce judgment yesterday on the motion to change the venue, in consequence, it is said, of a disagreement between the learned judges. How far this may be true or not, cannot be positively ascertained, until judgement is delivered. One or two important results, however, flow from the postponement, according to the practice of the court. No trial can now take place at the next after sittings, even though the crown succeed on the motion. Next result—that if the venue be changed, the trial cannot take place until the after-sittings of Easter Term. So here we have a necessary delay of five months before the great duel begins. These are accidents in time, and it is most probably that the House of Commons that ordered the prosecution of the Rev. Messrs. Conway and Ryan may cease to exist before the termination of the trial.

THE ODD CORNER.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

An old Scotch preacher said of a young opponent, that he had 'a great deal of the young man, not a little of the old man, very little of the new man.'

The difference between war and peace has been well defined by one of the ancients: 'In time of peace the sons bury their fathers; in time of war the fathers bury their sons.'

Leave your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them, by that time, will require answering.

Fall in Christian soul, with the design of thy Saviour, who by elevating thy desires above the world, would elevate thee above the catastrophes of it.

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

Generosity, wrong placed, becometh a vice; a princely mind will undervalue private family.

Harsh words are like hailstones, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

Many waste their mornings in anticipating their afternoons, in regretting their mornings.

'This is a net gain,' as the spider said when he caught the fly.

The road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.

The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal, is to believe all stories too false which ought not to be true.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time. Of all the portions of our life spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

The barren fig-tree was not cursed because it bore BITTER fruit, but because it bore NO fruit.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

A great curse of English society is the folly, or, in many instances, rather the crime, of appearance-making. How many a ruined family might be well doing and happily circumstanced but for this folly:—how many a crime would never have been committed if it had not been for this social curse!

The less a man does the more fuss he makes. A hen with one chicken does more scratching than if she had a family of fifteen.

Relieve misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg, the longer he is kept in hot water the harder he is when taken out.

Young ladies are like arrows—they are all in a quiver till the beaux come and can't go off without them.

No dust affects the eye like gold dust, and no glasses like brandy glasses.

Women have more power in their looks than men have in their laws, and more power in their tears than men have in judgments.

'Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be.' 'No she has left that off and turned ex-pensive.'

A lady passing down Broadway, N. Y., near Fourteenth street, a few days since, when opposite a butcher's stand, was startled by the excited appearance of an intelligent looking woman rushing toward her, with clasped hands and a look of despair, exclaiming, 'I am hungry, I am hungry! Stepping inside the store, the lady procured for her some potatoes and a piece of meat. The hungry woman quickly gathered the potatoes into her pocket, then seizing the bloody meat, put it to her lips and ate it to the bone? then saying, 'I must take this home to Eddie,' rushed wildly from the store, leaving the salesman and the lady astounded.

THE HONEYMOON.—A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon on the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text:—'And let there be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth.'

A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR.—Little Boy—When I get bigger, Mr Brown, you'll let me ride your horse, won't you? Mr Brown—Why Charlie, I haven't any horse; what made you think so? Charlie—Why, I heard mother say this morning that you'd been riding a high horse lately.

QUESTION IN METAPHYSICS.—If a man's goods and chattels are his effects, is that man the cause of his plate and furniture?

From the 'Irish Abroad and at Home.'

COSTELLOE AND OLD BAILY PRACTICE.

In the middle and towards the end of the last century there figured at the Irish bar another Mayo man, a passage in whose life will relieve the tragic tale I have just been telling. He was a descendant of the ancient and honorable Norman house of Costelloe—(your Nangle and your Nangle are varieties of the Costelloe, be it known.) He had received an excellent education, and possessed considerable legal knowledge. He was shrewd, of much seeming gravity; but was playful as a kitten, cunning as a fox, mischievous as a monkey; 'A fellow of infinite jest,—a living joke; witty himself, and the cause of wit in other men. He was, although his family had resided during six centuries in Ireland, a true Norman.

He had been in the year 1745, and subsequently, a student of the Middle Temple London, and had not denied himself any of the pleasures, or indeed any of the adventures of which the English metropolis afforded, that is to the utmost extent of the means supplied by his family. He thus acquired vast reputation of a particular kind among his contemporaries, and even became the hero of a tale in which he was made to appear a staunch Jacobite, guilty of high treason in short in harboring the Pretender in his chambers.

In justice to the cancellor's character for loyalty, it must be stated, however, that he was mildened in that respect. I had heard and laughed at the story myself, and had even told it once or twice with much success, I had occasion to refer one day, however, to some of the old chroniclers of France, and found in Brantome the adventure which had been ascribed to Costelloe, related of the Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI. Continuing my investigation, I hit upon it also in the 'Erais Historiques of St. Foix,' and in an English version of it by Dr. Gilbert, in his 'View of Society in Europe.'

This story was a specimen of a hundred anecdotes of 'The Councillor,' which I refrain from giving here, not, however, because there is any doubt of correctness. Fortunately there is one which is not liable to the objection that imposes silence on me respecting the others, and which will serve to portray my hero in his proper colors.

His terms served, Costelloe was called to the bar in Dublin, where he gave unquestionable proofs of talent; but whether through indolence or taste, eschewing equity or common law, he devoted himself to what is termed Old Baily practice, and in which he was unrivalled.

One morning, at the time when Costelloe was in the height of his reputation, the city of Dublin was frightened from its propriety by the announcement that Gladowe's bank had been plundered of a large sum of gold, by the chief cashier, to whom its charge had been intrusted. The alleged culprit was immediately taken into custody, brought before the sitting magistrate, interrogated, and the proofs of his guilt being held manifest, committed to Newgate. The whole process was terminated by eleven o'clock, A. M.

Before the prisoner had reached his destination, Costelloe was made aware of all the circumstances of the case by one of the committing magistrate's clerks, whom he kept constantly in pay. This man had hardly left Costelloe's house after acquainting himself of this duty, when the Councillor received a letter inviting him to repair forthwith to Newgate to see Mr.—, just brought in, who desired his advice.

Costelloe proceeded at once to Newgate, for such a course was not then interdicted to practitioners by private resolutions of the bar; but even had it been, he was not a man to be turned from his purpose by any rule that interfered, however slightly, with the indulgence of his humor. He was there introduced to the cashier of Gladowe's a man of serious, sanctimonious mien, and of some fifty years of age.—The usual salutation over, and the door carefully closed. Costelloe, with that wonderful *coup d'oeil* for which he was celebrated, saw at once the species of person he had

to deal with, and begged to be informed why his presence had been requested.

'You have heard, probably sir,' said the man, 'that I have been the cashier of Gladowe's bank, and that it is said a large deficit has been discovered in my accounts.'

'That you had been a clerk of old Gladowe, I was ignorant,' replied Costelloe; 'but I have just been informed that his cashier has appropriated to himself one of his money-bags, in fact that the bank has been robbed by the rascal of a whole heap of gold.'

'Rascal! That is a harsh word, sir.'

'Not if applicable.'

'Well, sir I shall not dispute terms, however painful to an honest, conscientious man to bear them. I am the party in question.'

'And you done the trick?'

'Sir!'

'You sacked the swag?'

'I don't understand you!'

'You've gotten the money?'

'Really, sir, I cannot comprehend you.'

'You robbed the bank?'

'Do you mean to insult me? I rob the bank! I cheat my employer! I plunder my benefactor, and preserve the fruits of it! No, sir, no? I have not a shilling in the world.'

'Then, by—, you'll be hanged.'

'What can you mean?'

'I'll make it as clear to you, as that those fetters are of iron. If you have robbed the bank, you must have at least some of the money, and can afford to pay me well for saving your life. If you are innocent, and consequently penniless, you will be weighed, as sure as was *Cahir na gappul*.

'Weighed!'

'In the City Justice scale. The case is spoken of everywhere, with this addition, that the proofs against you are irrefutable.'

'Then there is no hope?'

'None, if you be what you say yourself—guiltless? for you cannot afford to retain me, who, probably of all the bar, could alone give you a chance.'

Overwhelmed and horrified, the hypocrite, after some hesitation, admitted that he was in a condition to remunerate the Councillor for undertaking his defence. 'What is your fee, sir?' he asked.

'Ten per cent.'

'Ten per cent? Why that is a thousand pounds!'

'So much the better for both of us.'

After many futile attempts to beat down the Councillor's demand, the prisoner acceded to it, and gave an order upon his wife for the enormous sum of a thousand pounds, on an understanding, that if the Councillor's exertions should fail, he would return nine hundred and fifty pounds of it to—the widow!

Immediately upon receiving this draft, Costelloe left the prison, and without waiting to present it, proceeded to the Crown Office, situate in South Cope Street, on the site of the rear or court-yard of the present Commercial Buildings, which at that period resembled in its functions the head police office of modern times. The sitting magistrate had risen; but the chief clerk was at his desk when Costelloe entered. 'Good morning, Mr. Johnson,' said he. The clerk returned the salute. 'Anything in my way to-day Mr. Johnson?' he asked with the most perfect nonchalance.

'What, Councillor! Have you not heard of the robbery at Gladowe's?'

'Gladowe's? The bank? Not a word of it.'

'Yes; the cashier, who was deemed the most trustworthy of men, has plundered the chest.'

'Plundered the chest?'

'Extracted from it ten thousand guineas in gold made up in rouleaux, and has substituted for them as many farthings.'

'And got clear off?'

'No. He is safe in Newgate.'

'What a scoundrel!'

'A consummate one: but he will suffer for it. The evidence against him is conclusive; for part of the stol-

en property was found in a secret draw of his desk at home.'

'Did you not say that the money abstracted was in gold?'

'Yes; but those pieces have been identified.'

'How? One guinea is so like another!'

'True; but mark the finger of Providence! Along with the guineas the villain carried off ten foreign gold coins, Dutch ducats, which were also in the safe, and these have been sworn to by his deputy, and will hang him.—See here.'

The clerk opened his desk, and took from it a small box, committed to his custody for production at the trial of the accused, and poured its contents into the hands of the apparently wondering Counsellor.

Costelloe examined them piece by piece with the most intense interest; turned and re-turned them in his hand, and again regarded them with the concentrated attention of a Jew money-changer. The scrutiny lasted so long that the clerk manifested impatience. At length Costelloe restored them observing; 'The fellow has undone himself.'

'What a fortunate oversight! was it not Counsellor?'

'Providential, as you just now properly remarked. Never was proof more clear.'

After a few words further on general subjects, the Counsellor left the office with a mind seemingly disengaged. That evening his confidential clerk and secretary was seen to go on board a Liverpool packet, which lay at Sir John Rogerson's Quay, and sailed half an hour afterwards.

Some weeks later the prisoner was brought to trial at the Commission Court, Green Street; and in the presence of as numerous an auditory as had ever been congregated in it. As usual, the counsel for the accused sat immediately before him. On one side of Costelloe was placed his clerk, with whom in the course of the proceedings he frequently conversed, and whose hat was on the table before him; on the other hand of Costelloe was the attorney of the prisoner. When called upon to plead, the unfortunate man at the bar, with much feeling and deep emotion, exclaimed: 'Not guilty.' With a solemn asseveration, he added, that the rouleaux of coin (farthings) found in the safe were those which had existed there for years, and formed part of 'the rest,' as he had been given to understand; and he had received them from his predecessor at the value indicated by the ticket attached to each packet. He had never opened them.

Costelloe cross-examined but only slightly the witnesses who deposed to the preliminary facts. At length came the turn of the deputy cashier, who swore that he had frequently seen in the chest the identical ten Dutch pieces of gold which the Counsellor had so curiously examined at the Crown Office, and which the witness now again identified.

At this testimony Costelloe looked serious. The examination in chief of the deputy cashier being over, and no movement made by Costelloe, who seemed deeply absorbed in thought, the counsel for the Crown was led to believe that no cross examination was intended, and accordingly told the witness that he might go down.

'Stop a moment, young man,' said the Counsellor, rising, and with an abstracted and vacant gaze; 'stop a moment. I have a question or two to ask you on behalf of my unhappy client, who now, feeling the peril in which his life was placed, began to weep bitterly. The witness resented himself, and Costelloe went on: 'And so, sir, you accuse your friend of robbery?'

'I am sorry that my duty compels me to give criminatory evidence against him.'

'No doubt—no doubt. His conviction will gain you a step, eh?'

'Sir, do you think it was under such an impression, and with such a view that I gave my testimony?'

'Certainly I do.'

A murmur of disapprobation ran through the court at this insult to the witness. The counsel for the prosecution looked towards the Bench for protection. The Judge, however, did not interfere, nor did he re-

prove the warmth with which they exclaimed against the 'indecent insinuation of Costelloe towards a witness whose testimony, from all that appeared, could not be impugned;' but his Lordship evidently looked with interest to the development of Costelloe's motive knowing well that he would not have committed an indecorum so powerful without some powerful secret reason. The witness himself, disappointed at the failure of the counsel for the Crown to interest the Court in his feelings, became red with indignation. Of these circumstances Costelloe took no notice, but proceeded:

'And so you swear, sir, that those identical pieces of gold in your hand this moment—Where are they? he asked rudely of the solicitor for the prosecution. They were again handed to the witness, and Costelloe resumed: 'And so you swear, sir, that those identical pieces of gold in your hand were in the prisoner's keeping!—now mind, you are on your oath!'

'I do swear it.'

'Hand me those coins, sir,' said Costelloe in a tone that expressed rage and fury. The witness complied, and handed them to the Counsellor, who looked upon them with dismay. The witness was triumphant. The prisoner trembled. The court was hushed. Costelloe sighed.

'You have sworn positively, sir,' said he; 'and it will be well for you, if truly. Here, sir, take your blood-money.' He stretched out his hand, with a countenance half-averted, as if with disgust; and, missing that of the witness, let fall the mass into the hat before him, by the sheerest accident in the world. 'I beg your pardon, sir, for my awkwardness,' said Costelloe to the witness; the only approach to civility he had as yet manifested towards him. Then, putting his hand into the hat, and taking up a single piece, he said:

'You persist in swearing, sir, that this piece of money, the property of Mr. Gleadowe, was in the prisoner's custody? Now mind, sir,—none of your assumed contempt.'

'I mean nothing of the kind, sir.'

'Then why look it? Recollect that you are swearing away this poor man's life. Do you still say, fellow, that this piece of money was in the keeping of the prisoner?'

The witness, brow-beaten and bullied, became once more irritated. He took the ducat into his hand, and scarcely deigning to glance at it, said: 'I swear it!'

'And this also?' said Costelloe, taking up another, one presenting it to him.

'And that also.'

'And this?'

'Yes.'

'And this, and this, and this?' said the knave, producing from the hat, in succession, twenty other pieces of a similar kind.

The witness was horror-stricken, his hair stood on end. The counsel for the Crown looked blank; the Judge faintly smiled. The case was abandoned, and the robber saved.

The affair was quite simple. It will be recollected that immediately after his scrutiny of the ducats at the Crown Office, which enabled him to fix in his memory their dates and effigies, Costelloe, returned home; and that, in the evening of that day, his confidential clerk sailed for Liverpool, the least observable of routes. On arriving there, the man went by mail to London, and thence by a Dutch packet to Rotterdam, where he brought up a score of ducats of the dates indicated by his master; with what effect I have just shown.

'MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.'—We think this term, though cleverly invented, is wrongly applied. If religion hangs on a question of muscle, then the Muscisman must be the leading and most powerful member of the Church.

A BRIDAL BRIGADE.—On the arrival of the Princess of England at Berlin, she was escorted by a bridal brigade of two hundred young ladies in white muslin. Fifty thousand pretty girls volunteered for the service, but the number was limited.

NEWS FROM HOME.

Steps have just been taken to complete the Wellington testimonial in Phoenix Park, Dublin.

The police constables charged with producing part of the Belfast riots, in the autumn, have been tried and acquitted.

Mr. Deasy, M. P., has been appointed Sergeant-at-Law, in the room of Mr. Justice O'Brien, raised to the judicial bench.

A waxwork figure in an exhibition at Limerick was stripped the other day, by a dishonest visitor, of a valuable scarf worth three guineas.

WICKLOW ELECTION.—The writ will, of course, be issued after the re-assembling of Parliament. The Hon. Granville Levison Proby is so far the only candidate, nor is there any great likelihood of a contest. Mr. Proby is a supporter of the Palmerston Ministry.

A man from Carrigaline, county Cork, who drew £700 from the bank during the recent money panic, became so alarmed lest his house should be attacked that he got out of his mind, and had to be lodged in a private lunatic asylum in Cork.

The remains of the Duke of Devonshire will be interred on Tuesday, the 26th, and the Lord Lieutenant's levee at the Castle (which had been announced for that day) is postponed to Wednesday, the 27th, and the drawingroom to Thursday.

The judicial appointments have been definitively made as follows:—Mr. Sergeant O'Brien, fourth Judge of the Queen's Bench; Mr. Christian (Solicitor-General), fourth Judge of Common Pleas; Mr. Hughes, Q. C., the new Solicitor-General; Mr. Fitzgibbon, Q. C. the new Sergeant-at-Law.

A letter signed 'Captain Starlight,' has been received through the post-office by Mr. Dunne, of Castlefleming, Queen's County. It threatens him with a hostile visit if he should dare disturb a refractory tenant, named Michael Quigly, from the lands of Ballycleary, near Mountrath.

A few nights ago five hogget sheep, the property of Richard Martin, sen., of Malla, in the parish of Abbeygormican, barony of Longford, were maliciously killed on the above lands, their throats being cut across, and their bodies ripped up. The carcasses were left on the land.

There was exhibited last week in the Cattle market, Belfast, a splendid codfish, which reached the enormous weight of 41 1-2 pounds. This piscatory monster—the largest seen in Belfast for more than twenty years—was caught within 50 yards of Carrickfergus quay, with a small strand line.

The unemployed of Belfast have held a meeting 'to consider the best means of procuring work for those who do not wish to accept the present unsatisfactory mode of relief.' The placards convening the assembly were headed 'Work, not bread.' Although a disturbance was apprehended, none really occurred.

The contest for Limerick will, it is said, be a close one. Both candidates, (Mr. John Ball and Major Gavin) are Liberals, and both Roman Catholics.—There is a split among the priests, but the bishop and the majority are believed to be favorable to Mr. Ball, and thus far that gentleman is regarded as being tolerably safe for the seat.

The promotion of Mr. Sergeant O'Brien to the Irish bench will render vacant one of the seats for the city of Limerick. Major Gavin, a gentleman of considerable local influence, and Mr. John Ball, formerly member for Carlow, are the candidates, both on the liberal interest. Major Gavin will, in all probability, be the successful candidate.

SLOW.—A quaint old gentleman, of an active, stirring disposition, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse.

'Jones,' said he, 'did you ever see a snail?'

'Certainly,' said Jones.

'Then,' said the old boy, 'you must have met him, for you never could overtake him.'

NEWS FROM HOME.

On Thursday week we had the pleasure of witnessing the launch of an iron paddle steamer, which is named the *Gopsey*. She is intended to ply on this river, in conjunction with the *Shamrock* and the *Dunannon*. She was built at the Neptune Iron Works, under the superintendence of Mr. Horne, and her boilers and engines will be constructed here, in fact every thing belonging to her, except the iron plates, will be Waterford manufacture. Active preparations are being made at the works for laying down another large steamer.—*Waterford Mail*.

The *Derry Journal* says:—A correspondent informs us that some agents of my Lord Lietrim have been seeking for signatures to a paper warning the people against attending the Milford demonstration. The landlords of Donegal may well feel proud of the condition to which they have reduced this hitherto peaceable country, when they reflect upon the fact, that on Friday last, my Lord Lietrim thought it necessary to enter the town of Milford with three double-barrelled guns in his carriage, and two armed outriders following him!

It has been a subject of pretty general surprise and considerable wonder that, up to the present, the season has continued so unusually mild and agreeable. Bird's nests with eggs laid, showing an early growth of thirty inches—and trees blocking their branches with bud and blossom—are but a few of the rather unreasonable freaks which nature has been delighting us with, at a time when our father, in the 'good old times' were shivering under the inevitable blasts of the piercing frost king. At the house of Mr. Patrick Devlin, who resides about a mile from Derry, there is a stalk of oats in 'full ear,' a fact which could never have occurred had there been any frost, or severity in the weather during the season. Several stalks appeared about to shoot, and others had attained considerable growth, while, in the same field, we have witnessed potato tops six inches high. This second growth is surely very remarkable in the middle of January.

REPRESENTATION OF LIMERICK.—The *Monster News* says:—'The contest, the canvass, advances with great vigor in Limerick and the Liberties. In the latter, in Patrick's Well, Castle Corneli, &c., the agents of the candidates attended on Sunday last, and addressed the people with great force and eloquence. The election of either candidate will not fail, if vigor and influence command success. Never was principals better served, nor agents more zealous. The most extraordinary rumors are afloat on all sides. The gentle sex are said to afford their fair advocacy, and to prefer their requests, in person, in behalf of one candidate—and the powers of landlords is presumed to be active in the array of forces.'

Major Gavin and Mr. Ball have published their addresses. The former gentleman says: 'My political principles are before you. The sudden fall in the price of produce at the very moment that a tendency to raise the rents began to show itself, demonstrates more than ever the urgency of some legal enactment, to fix on an equitable basis the relations of landlord and tenant. I therefore will advocate such a measure. Vote by ballot I consider equally desirable. Without it any extension of the franchise would only aggravate existing evils. It is needless to add that any attempt to infringe the religious rights of the people will receive my most determined opposition. Full political equality for all creeds is the obvious right of all.'

Mr. Ball says:—'I do not ask you to judge my political principles by professions. I appeal to my past career in public life as affording the best guarantee for my future conduct. The simple rule which I have ever sought to enforce is that of extending equal justice to every class and every creed of my country-men. In and out of parliament I have long contended for such changes in the law of landlord and tenant as should secure to the tenant his just right to compensation for his own improvements. I wish to extend to the humblest voter the same security for the free exercise of his franchise that I claim for myself. I have, therefore, both in and out of office, supported the ballot, and I shall continue to do so. I am accustomed to pay respect to the feelings of those who differ from me in religion, and I have not allowed those differences to influence my conduct towards them in secular matters. I demand for myself and my fellow Catholics the same respect and the same right to civil equality. I have, therefore, been amongst the foremost to resist the attempts of those who have sought to insult the religion of the majority of the Irish people. It is needless to assure you that I shall continue to do the same for the future.'

DEATH OF JOHN ROWAN, ESQ.—We regret to announce the death, on Tuesday night, at 11 o'clock, at his residence York-street, Belfast, in his 71st year, of John Rowan, Esq., of the large, respectable, and extensive firm of John Rowan & sons, cotton spinners, founders, and engineers. Mr. Rowan, like George Stephenson and others eminent men of that

stamp, was the architect of his own fortune. He was a native of Drough, and born in 1787. From an early age he exhibited great powers of intellect, and a decided turn for mechanical pursuits. He was the first in Ireland to introduce in his business screw-cutting by machinery, for paper-making purposes. This was in 1822. In two years after—in 1824—he brought into application at his establishment at Drough a fine blast, being the earliest experiment of the kind on record in this country. Mr. Rowan was the first to make that discovery on an extensive scale. And it is within the remembrance of every one now living in Belfast whose recollection goes back to a period not more than twenty years past, that Mr. Rowan made strenuous endeavors to construct a machine for the purpose of locomotion by steam on ordinary roads; and he was so far successful in his effort to produce an engine of this description that it was worked through several of the streets of Belfast. His entire life was one series on endeavors to advance science.

EXCITEMENT IN DONEGAL. A lamentable state of affairs has arisen in Donegal. There have been differences between the Earl of Lietrim and his tenants, and some of the latter are to be removed from their holdings. We learn from our correspondent that a public meeting is to be held in Milford on Thursday to express sympathy with the tenants of Milford, Gweedore, Cloughanella, and the surrounding country; and that a petition, praying for a parliamentary inquiry into the state of Milford, Fannet, Rosguill, and Gweedore, will be laid before the meeting. Our correspondent adds:—'At this meeting some efforts will be made to obtain legal protection for the rights and property of the tenantry. Lord Lietrim has arrived at Milford with four servants or bailiffs, armed at all points. The tenantry ejected at the last Milford sessions are to be dispossessed. Bodies of police are moving about in all directions; and altogether the aspect of society is entirely changed. Those excellent landlords, Sir James Stuart, Bart, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Marquis of Conyngham, and several others, are exceedingly annoyed at the causes of this excitement, so unusual in Donegal.'—*Evening Post*.

☞ E. H. M'Evoy, M.P., for Meath, who had been, together with a large party, enjoying the hospitalities of G. H. Moore, Esq., at the Moorehall, during the past week, met with rather a serious accident whilst out shooting on Thursday week. It appears that in the discharge of the fowling piece of one of the party, some stray grains hit Mr. M'Evoy, and one grain was lodged in the eye, but fortunately it only grazed the eye-ball, so that, together with the prompt and skilful treatment of Dr. Turner, leave good grounds for hope that the sight will be preserved. Some others of the party narrowly escaped.—*Tuam Herald*.

☞ Roger Parke, Esq., of Dunally, has been appointed high sheriff for the county of Sligo for the present year.

☞ The Postmaster-General has, out of many candidates, appointed Mr. John Harkin, postmaster of Omagh, son of the late Mr. John Harkin, of Omagh, who was for more than forty years a respected inhabitant of that town.

☞ Mr. John Robert Sanders, son of John Sanders, late of Charleville, in the county of Cork, Esq., deceased, having taken the usual oath, was yesterday admitted a solicitor of her Majesty's High Court of Chancery in Ireland.

☞ An address and presentation of gold chalice, and cloth of gold vestments has been presented to the Rev. John White, C.C., Ardcarra, from the parishioners of Longhlin and his friends in the immediate neighborhood.

BANKRUPT.—Richard Matthew Pearce, of No. 20 and 21, College-green, in the city of Dublin, general merchant and commission agent, to surrender on Friday, the 29th day of January inst. and on Tuesday, the 16th day of Feb. next.

DEATH OF THOMAS JONES, ESQ.—It is our painful duty to announce the death of Thomas Jones, Esq., of Castletown.—The demise of this esteemed gentleman is deeply regretted by his numerous tenantry, to whom he was a kind and indulgent landlord, a benefactor, and a friend. Mr. Jones practised for many years as a solicitor, and, by his ability and great application to business, was enabled to realise an independent fortune, which he invested in landed property, principally in this county.

As a grand juror, chairman of Dromore West Un-

ion, and a Magistrate, Mr. Jones was highly respected. In those several capacities he invariably acted with the highest integrity, and evinced an earnest desire to advance the interests of the public. He is succeeded, in his estates by his eldest son, Capt. J. Jones.—*Sligo Chronicle*.

RESIGNATION OF JOSEPH GREENE, ESQ.—It is with deep regret, in which the public will largely participate, we have learned that this highly esteemed magistrate has been forced by prolonged illness to resign.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

CRIME IN WATERFORD COUNTY.—It shows the state of crime in this county when there are at present in the county jail, between those undergoing sentence and those awaiting trial, only 46 male prisoners and 6 females in its precincts. In 1850 there were nearly 500 prisoners in the county jail at one time—so that the number of our criminals is now only one tenth of what it was in 1850.

DEATH OF JOSEPH LYNCH, ESQ.—We sincerely regret to observe, by our obituary notices, the death of Joseph Lynch, Esq., a magistrate and resident landlord, which took place on Saturday last, at his residence, Robuck, county of Cavan, after a protracted illness. Mr. Lynch was a gentleman of the kindest heart and most benevolent disposition. He was a practical patriot, adhering with fidelity to sound and honest Irish principles.—*Dublin Post*.

BANKRUPTS.—Joseph Sheridan, of Westmoreland-street, Dublin, boot and shoe-maker, to surrender on Monday, the 15th of January inst., and on Friday, the 12th of February next. Michael Holster, of Parsonstown, King's County, shopkeeper, to surrender on Monday, the 25th day of January, and on Tuesday, the 16th day of February next.—Colon Hunter, of Buraside, county of Antrim, bleacher, to surrender on Tuesday, the 26th day of January inst. and on Tuesday, 9th day of Feb. next.

SALES OF LAND UNDER THE ENCUMBERED ESTATES COURT IN DERRY.—The sale of the following properties, which took place at Walter's Mart, in Derry, on the 2d inst, has been confirmed by the court:—

In the matter of McPherson, assignee of Calhoun, owner: A. Lindsey, petitioner. Lot 1. Lands at Carraghanelle, barony of Raphoe, 27 acres, 1 rood, 23 perches, statute measure—head rent, £1 19s; a fee-farm grant sold for £500, to A. Clarke, Esq. Lot 2. Carrickmulate, 15 acres, 2 rods, 18 per.—head rent, £3 17s 1d; sold for £386 to the same purchaser. Lot 3. Tenements in Lifford, and two fields in the Commons, Acres, 3 rods, 1 yd.—head rent, 5s; sold for £315 to Mr. Hugh McMenamin, Lifford.

MILDNESS OF THE WEATHER.—We have at present at our office for inspection, an ear of corn, fully shot out, and grown in a field of Mr. Patrick Devlin's, near this city.—Such a remarkable winter production we have never before had to record. In many fields intended for grass this summer, and where oats had been grown last year, from the fallen seed there is now a luxuriant crop, and should it not be cut off by frost, of which there is at present little prospect, a very early harvest may be anticipated.—*Derry Standard*.

The Kennaugh Farming Society held its annual ploughing match on Thursday last, in a field belonging to John Hemphill, Esq., Wheatfield Myroe. The 'McCunn Plate' was to be competed for. This plate, comprising two services, was lately presented by Colonel McCunn, of New York, for competition by the farmers of Myroe, his native place. The value of these prizes is about £60. At five in the evening a large dinner party assembled in Mercer's hotel, at Newtownlimavady. The chair was occupied by Marcus Gage, Esq., Strive, and the vice-chair by George Cather, Esq. Mr. Cheery and Mr. Church are thus the winners of Colonel McCunn's first and second prizes, which it appears, must be gained two years successively before becoming the permanent property of the winner.

WORKING OF THE CRIME AND OUTRAGE ACT IN BELFAST.—A rather amusing incident, in connection with the crime and outrage act in this neighborhood, occurred in the Police Court on Wednesday, when a man named R. Cunningham, of Whitehouse, was charged by Acting-Constable Burke with having been found carrying a large gun, of the description generally termed a 'punt gun,' on the shore near Ballymacarrett, and also with having a quantity of powder in his possession. The prisoner stated that he had been out on the lough shooting water-fowl—a line of life which he leads, and by which he makes a livelihood. The day had been rough, and he was driven to the Ballymacarrett shore, where he was met by Constable Burke. Some of the local police stated that they knew the prisoner, and that he lived by shooting waterfowl and disposing of them. Mr. Tracy, who presided on the occasion, said it appeared the poor man was driven in by stress of weather, and it would be very hard to enforce the act in such a case; therefore, he would dismiss the charge. The gun, the production of which caused much amusement in court, it being about ten feet long, with an old flint lock, was then given up to Cunningham, who left the court with it on his shoulder.—*Banner of Ulster*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HON. CALEB CUSHING'S LECTURE.

Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

As a listener to the lecture of Mr. Cushing, delivered before the 'Young Catholic Friend's Society,' I was much delighted, as who is not, on hearing the eloquent orator on any theme. What the lovers of *Anglo-Saxonism* will say, we much wonder; for he proved to a demonstration that the conquerors of the Anglo's and the Saxon's by William of Normandy, were Celts from New Britain, in France, as were the conquerors every where in Europe. The superiority of the Celtic race was never better proved, nor more truthfully announced. The description of Europe when a primeval forest, overgrown with the oak and the elm; when the elephant, the mastodon, and the reindeer were the undisputed owners of the soil.

Then Asia had her populated nations, her disputes, and her wars; then came emigrants westward; they were the enterprising, the brave of the east who turned to seek, and found new homes—they were Celts, and each successive exodus was, as it were, wave after wave of the ocean, forcing the first and more enterprising towards the west, or the setting sun; till now a last stand is made in Ireland—driven as it were, at bay on the verge of the Atlantic, they make the most desperate of all, an eight hundred years struggle: love of home, and love of liberty, are there seen at Limerick, as never seen before. Here the lecturer described Ireland, exhausted from the sanguinary wars with Cromwell, (that man of destiny.) Harris and Ireton, again she is called to fight England with all its chivalry—to fight against William's skill and bravery. Ireland struggling in the cause of an embello, a runaway king, unworthy such fidelity. Ireland, with new levies—waiting promised aid from France, with still the greatest drawback, the wrong general (a Frenchman,) in command. 'It was the most solemn, sublime, sorrowful, and grand spectacle the world ever saw—the day those brave men marched out of Limerick, and embarked on board those transports which was to convey them to a foreign country, leaving fathers, mothers, and friends—wives and children, and the home of their hearts, because they could be no longer of service to liberty—to freedom there; they had done all for Ireland, for Religion, that could be done, and while they abandoned it in honor, yet it was in despair. Ancient or modern history no where has a parallel.' It was while surrendering his sword, said the lecturer, that Sarsfield made use of those memorable words—'change kings and we fight you over again.' I think this a mistake, it must be during the negotiations—for I find on reference to Article twenty-fifth, they marched out—with arms, baggage, drums beating, matches lighted at both ends, bullet in mouth, colors flying, six brass guns as the besieged will choose, two mortar pieces, and half the ammunition that is now in the magazines of the said place.' The word besieged, nor the conditions does not seem to imply a surrender, nothing more than a capitulation, while the base violation of the treaty, evidently proves the necessity to which England was driven, and the material they had to contend with, every inducement being offered to them to remain and serve William of Orange, in vain. The glory of that brigade which those men founded in France, and the 400,000 which followed them, whose brilliant exploits for one hundred years dazzled Europe, was but slightly alluded to; and there was little or nothing said of Irishmen in America. The names of Higgins, Percival Smyth, Jefferson Davis, and our own Shields, were the only ones alluded to. We acknowledge that the Irish generals and staff of Simon Bolivar, in the South American revolutions alone would fill a volume. Devereaux, McKenna, O'Leary, O'Carroll, O'Connor, O'Reilly, and the O'Brien's, Ferguson, Esmond, and the father and son, Don Ambrosia, and Don Bernardo O'Higgins, are evidences of Irish chivalry in the south, while we think the lecturer who paid so much attention to Europe, did well not to enter the field of the services of Irishmen in the United States.

The lecturer's theory, that 'It is destiny,' and Ireland is only struggling 'against destiny,' is believed in by many, but it is decidedly an English view of the case. 'Ireland is no longer heard of as a nation, yet rules—hers the intellect that even now can rule England, and to rule England for Ireland's good, should be the object of her superior minds.

'America must be peopled by the same destiny, and Ireland is the place from whence it must come—there are free nations yet to be built up here. Our vast plains and prairies invite the Celt to found new homes in this free land—to fall in with destiny is or should be her policy.'

We reply that England has ever denied Ireland equality, or Ireland would long since have cast her destiny with England—such an union Ireland would accept—but England's union is the tyrant over the slave; the wolf with the lamb; as the penal laws, the commercial restrictions, the disarming acts, the religious inequalities positively prove of necessity, every degradation must be heaped upon Ireland, who, if on an equal footing, would soon eclipse the English.—Irish mind has to become English mind, even anti-Irish, ere it is taken into England's service, as Thomas Moore knew, and positively wrote—

'Unprised are her sons till they learn to betray,
Undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires,
And the lamp that would light them to dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.'

Add to this, the Irish Celt is met on his arrival here, by British prejudice which precedes him, and that liberty he loves, and fights for everywhere, is even here, where his countrymen took such a noble share in its struggles—denied him, we need not go to the know nothingism of time past. The learned lecturer has ably fought against that prejudice in the legislature of Massachusetts, within a few days, and all honor we accord him, although futile his efforts. Give the Celt Liberty—Equality—Freedom of conscience, and then you may possibly bring the fight to a close—never otherwise. Liberty, Chivalry, Honor, Conscience, are his; they alone are the standard of his idea of manhood.

PAUDEEN.

Extracts from Giles's Lectures and Essays.

CURRAN.

Among the mighty spirits which have been lights to Ireland, I will mention one who, in this sad period, was pre-eminent. I allude to Curran, the glory of the Irish bar.—Most exalted in his oratory, and most generous in his use of it, he was ever what the true man would wish to be—his power enabled him, the defender of liberty, the champion of the wronged. With a moral intellect of the widest grasp, he had an imagination of subtle delicacy and of gorgeous wealth; and this intellect, impulsive with a superhuman fervor, and this imagination, lyrical as the very soul of poetry, became, in their union, an enthusiasm that dared the loftiest heights and gained them. But though soaring, it was not solitary. If it mounted upwards to the skies, it was borne thither on the aspirations of all generous interests. It carried others to its own proud climbings; and they, for the moment, transported from the lower earth burned with its electric fire, and became godlike in its communicated lustre. How various is the eloquence in which that opulent spirit found expression. It is wit, ready and exhaustless; piercing as the pointed steel, or lancet as a ray of light; now playful as a gleeful child, and then mischievous as a merry fiend. It is humor, in all queer analogies, in all shades of oddity, in all lights and hues of fantasy. It is sarcasm, which lashes its victim to despair. It is pathos, which wrings the heart; which touches it in every nerve, where agony is borne; which searches it in every fold where the smallest drop of grief can lie concealed. It is denunciation. And, here he is greatest of all. How does he exhibit the wrong-doer! How does he show the transgressor his ways! How does he display the tortures of an accusing conscience, the sickness of a guilty soul, the upathy of habit, the damnation of remorse!

And no matter who the wrong-doer is, let him tremble, if Curran is to paint his deeds. Proud he may be in titles, boundless in wealth, hardened in the bronze of fashion; if he is human, the orator's words shall transfix him; wherever feeling has a sense, a barb shall rankle; and for the time, at least, he shall stand before the world, naked, bleeding, shivering, and despoised; to his species a thing of scorn, and to himself a thing of shame. Office shall no more protect him

than rank. Is he a judge, who sullies the purity of the bench with the malice of a partisan? His ermine shall not guard him from the advocate's indignation; and the tribunal which he disgraces, shall in its very loftiness, but make his ignominy the more conspicuous.—Neither shall a villain find a shield in the baseness of his work or the obscurity of his condition. Is he a spy, whom government pays for perjury, the hireling violator of human faith and human nature—a wretch that panders for the gallows, and steps his feet in widows' and orphans' tears? Cased and coated as his heart may be in adamant, callous as may be his brutish face, solid as may be his demon-soul, Curran could cleave the armor of his wickedness, and shake his miscreant spirit with fear, when it had lost even the memory of a virtue.

It is not, however, the power of Curran's eloquence, but the purpose of it, which has relation to this lecture. It was for the weak against the strong. Curran lived in times which tried men's souls, and many souls there were, which did not stand the trial. Some, with coward fear, sank before the storm of power; and others, with selfish pliancy, dissolved in the sunshine of patronage. But Curran was brave as he was incorruptible. In 1798, he labored with a martyr's patience, and with a hero's courage. He pleaded under the shadow of the scaffold. He defended one client over the dead body of another; and while the victim is expiring on the gallows, for whom yesterday he struggled, with no hope to cheer his labor, he struggles as manfully today for one who will be the victim of to-morrow. He was upright, when honor was rebellion; he was true, when integrity was treason; he stood by the accused and the doomed, when to pity was to participate; and he was loyal to liberty, when even to name her, was almost to die.

The year 1829 saw the Catholic emancipated, and now he stands with other British subjects, in equality of privilege and equality of grievance. The later history of Ireland has had three grand epochs, and in each has had a man fashioned for the time. In 1781, the Parliament of Ireland contended for independence; then there arose the majestic spirit of immortal Grattan; all that was claimed, he asserted, and all that he asserted, he achieved. In 1798, the liberty of the citizens was set at naught; the impetuous voice of Curran arose above the storm, and if it was not able to quell injustice, it bore witness to the right.

NECESSITY OF A THOROUGH EDUCATION.—Good Education being a preparation for social life, necessarily embraces the whole man—body, head and heart—for in social life the whole man is necessarily called into exertion in one way or another almost every hour. But this is not sufficient. There must be no preponderance, as well as no exclusion; a limited or biased education produces monsters. Some are satisfied with the cultivation of a single faculty, some with the partial cultivation of each. A child is trained up to working; he is hammered into a hardy laborer—a stout material for the physical bone and muscle of the state. This is good so far as it goes; but it is bad, because it goes no farther. He is not taught reading; he is not taught religion; above all, he is not taught thinking. He never looks into his other self; he soon forgets its existence; the man becomes all body. His intellectual and moral being lies fallow. The growth of such a system will be a sturdy race of machines—clerks and soldiers but not men; so much brute physical energy swinging loosely through society at the discretion of those more spiritual natures to whom their education, neglected or perverted in another way, gives wickedness with power, and teaches the secrets of mind only as instruments to crush or bend men for their own selfish purposes. Others educate the intellect, but neglect the physical; once the building is raised, like an idle scaffolding, is cast by. But the omission is injurious—often fatal; mainly is laid up, in all its thousands, forms, away into weakness and incompetency, clouds of sickness, pangs of pain, obscure, distort, weight to the chest. Health is not a thing of organization only, but of training; it is to be laid up by habit. We are to be made healthy—trained and educated into health. Our health in favor of the intellectual and moral faculties, and you provide instruments, it is true, for mind, but in instruments which, when wanted, cannot be used. Intellectual and moral education may rank before physical, but they are not more essential; the physical powers are the bearers of wood and the drawers of water for the spiritual. The base of the column is in the feet, not in the head; it is the feet which must stand firm above it, nor the capital ascend to the sky.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WOMAN BIGAMIST.

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLDIER. BY T. O'N.

Editor of the *Irish Freeman and Journal*.—

One of the finest women in appearance, of the most in-dustrious habits, irreproachable conduct and character, I ever knew in the army, was Mrs. Woodhouse. Her husband was a musician, and constantly employed in the tailor's shops; had the respect of every one in the corps—was called a good duty soldier (but using an army phrase) was now putting in the latter years of his service in an easy and respectable manner. The only military duties required of him being in connection with the band. Besides his soldiers' pay, he was in receipt of other monies, remunerations from the band fund, and regular wages from the tailor's shop, and to which, his wife was ever earning, having remarkable good hands, and being an economist, enabled them to save money and live in appearance above the soldiers' usual sphere.

Mrs. Woodhouse was in the habit of going to Coventry, each year to see her relatives, stopping about two months. This habit had continued long—everything moving as happily as a marriage bell—her husband corresponding and receiving letters constantly during her absence. Thus continued this unalloyed, at least the surface was without apparent ripple, nothing to disturb the peaceful voyage of life, but under what smooth surfaces run strange and adverse currents at least in this case, the old adage of "smooth waters run deep," was singularly verified.

The regiment lay in Newbridge, Ireland. The master tailor had occasion to visit Dublin on business, and while there called to see old friends at Portobello barracks. While there, he thought he recognized Mrs. Woodhouse whom he suspected was in Coventry, England, he made sure of the fact, and gleaned the following information; that she was the wife of one of the First Royal dragoons, then lying in that barracks, that her husband was a fine fellow, but one of the wildest in the regiment, that she usually came and stopped with him two months in the year. Further information established beyond a doubt all that the mind in its wide stretched capacity, could conceive within the range of possibility, this was none other than the lady whose husband worked for him only twenty-three miles away, and now under the impression his wife was in Coventry—yet here she was living, and carrying on such a game for years, deceiving in the most systematic manner two men, and that in the army.

The master tailor immediately returned to Newbridge, saw Woodhouse who could as soon believe the greatest impossibility. Both returned to Dublin, sent for the husband in the first royals, heard the story of his marriage,—that his wife remained a few months each year with him, but usually with her friends. The two men now agreed to send for the woman, who in due time came, encountered both husbands, hung her head abashed, but had nothing to say. The two men agreed to send her home instead of prosecuting her, which they did, allowing she was the most systematic bigamist they had ever heard of. But those two men looked upon this matter in the most opposite light—the husband of the first royals made quite a laugh of the matter, for to him it was a happy riddance of bad trumpetry—in fact, he called it the best performance he ever met with in his life—while my friend the hussar, took it quite at heart, became quite dejected, and unhappy, soon applied for his discharge, and went, whither we know not.

This woman must have had an accomplice in Coventry, as we thought, who aided her in the deception, as her letters bore the post mark of Coventry post office. Her conduct was the last to create suspicion, being the most moral, and exemplary, save the circumstance of the plurality of husbands, none thought evil of her. Some four years afterwards, we marched to Canterbury.

We had not been long in the city when one of our women received a note requesting her to call and see an old friend, (naming the street and house). Judge the woman's surprise, when in the comfortable matron of a beautiful house, she met the said Mrs. Woodhouse, now Mrs. Longstreet, wife of a retired quarter-master, who she said she was afraid she should bury. She acquainted her friend that her husband in the first royal dragoons was recently dead, but she was sorry poor Woodhouse took it so much at heart—she knew he lived in Somersetshire, and if she ever buried the old quarter-master, she would find "Old Jake, for she surely loved him."

Some years afterwards, we received orders to embark at Bristol for Ireland. We arrived a day ere the transports were ready. During our stay we were waited on, and welcomed by our old friend Jake Woodhouse, a select party of old troop-mates, and spent a pleasant evening at the house of the hussar ere we embarked. Judge of our surprise, when the honors of the table were handsomely done by our hostess, the late Mrs. Longstreet, whom as expected, she did bury some years before, and was now once again the loving wife of Jake, his first and early choice. We joked over circumstances well known to each of us, which none of the parties had any desire to deny. The lady said, "it was all in the army," (a common phrase in the service) while old

Jake said, "better have the rogue you know, than the rogue you don't know." This was the last of our celebrity that I have heard of, but it would not astonish me if in some of the shipments from England for the "Salt Lake Saints" our heroine should be an adventurer, as I knew her religious proclivities were towards patriarchy and polygamy.

TERESA ESMONDE.

Once again, in a week or so, our talented fair young countrywoman gives one of her delightful evenings with the poets of Ireland and America. Hundreds of sincere admirers will surround her, as she utters with clear and musical voice the hopes, the sympathies, the love or vengeance of these high Masters of the Lyre. The public, indeed, are eager for the opportunity of renewing their glowing intimacy with the nobler intellects of the old and new worlds. After such a rude turmoil as we have had in the political arena of late—after the wild confusion and resounding mischiefs that have occurred in the commercial world these last few months back—it will be a soothing and ennobling pleasure to hear of something that is bright and kind, chivalrous and holy. Especially so, when words of such a nature will be enunciated by one whose mind and heart are in sympathy with them, and who enriched with most of the cultivated graces of dawning womanhood, is qualified by study and acquisition to give effect to sentiments of imperishable worth and beauty.—*Bid.*

HEAPING UP WEALTH.—It is often ludicrous as well as pitiable to witness the miserable ends in which the heaping up of wealth not unusually terminates.—A life spent in the drudgery of the counting-house, warehouse, or factory, is exchanged for the dignified ease of a suburban villa; but what a joyless seclusion it mostly proves! Retirement has been postponed until all the faculties of enjoyment have become effete or paralysed. "Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans everything," scarcely any intellect or pulsation remains for old much less new pleasures and associations. Nature is not to be won by such superannuated suitors. She is not intelligible to them; and the language of fields and woods, of murmuring brooks, mountain tops and tumbling torrents, cannot be understood by men familiar only with the noise of crowded streets, loaded vans, bustling taverns, and postmen's knocks. The chief provincial towns are environed with luckless pyrites of this description, who dropped from their accustomed sphere, become lumps and dross in a new element. Happily their race is mostly short; death kindly comes to terminate their weariness, and like plants too late transplanted, they perish from the sudden change in long established habits, air and diet.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.—There is nothing more beneficial to the reflecting mind than an old newspaper. Though a silent preacher, it is one which conveys a moral more palpable and forcible than the most elaborate discourse. As the eye runs down its diminutive and old-fashioned columns, and peruses its quaint advertisements and bygone paragraphs, the question forces itself on the mind—where are now the busy multitudes whose names appear on these pages?—where is the puffing auctioneer, the pushing tradesman, the bustling merchant, the calculating lawyer, who each occupies a space in this chronicle of departed time? Alas! their names are now only to be read upon the sculptured marble which covers their ashes! They have passed away like their forefathers, and are no more seen!—From these considerations the mind naturally turns to the period when we, who now enjoy our little span of existence in this chequered scene, shall have gone down into the dust, and shall furnish the same moral to our children that our fathers do to us! The sun will then shine as bright, the flowers will bloom as fair, the face of nature will be as pleasing as ever, while we are reposing in our narrow cell, heedless of everything that once charmed and delighted us!

Solon enacted, that children who did not maintain their parents in old age, when in want, should be branded with infamy, and lose the privilege of citizens; he, however, excepted from the rule those children whom their parents had taught no trade, nor provided with other means of procuring a livelihood. It was a proverb of the Jews, that he who did not bring up his son to a trade, brought up as a thief.

If there be a lot on earth worthy of envy, it is that of a man, good and tender-hearted, who beholds his own creation in the happiness of all those who surround him. Let him who would be happy strive to encircle himself with happy beings. Let the happiness of his family be the incessant object of his thoughts. Let him divine the sorrows and anticipate the wishes of his friends.

A CHEERFUL HEART paints the world as it finds it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, palled with thick vapors, and dark as "the shadow of death." It is the mirror, in short, on which it is caught, which lends to the face of nature the aspect of its own turbulence or tranquillity.

AN EXCUSE.—Miravaux was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him. "How is this," inquired Miravaux, "that a lusty fellow like you is unemployed?" "Ah!" replied the beggar, looking very piteously at him, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" The reply was so ludicrous and unexpected, that Miravaux gave the varlet a piece of silver.

AN INCIDENT.—At the time Commodore Elliot commanded the navy at Norfolk (I think it was) happening to be conducting a number of ladies and gentlemen who were visiting the yard, he chanced to see a little boy who had a basket full of chips, which he had gathered in the yard, probably to show his importance he saluted him, and asked where he got the chips. "In the yard," replied the boy. "Then drop them," said the brave man. The little boy dropped the chips as he was ordered, and after gaining a safe distance, turning round with his thumb on his nose, said, "that is the first prize you ever took, any how!"

SOMETHING LIKE GENTILITY.—The Providence Transcript says, there is a lady so aristocratic that she refuses to take a newspaper because it is made of rags.

CARLETON'S BEST NOVEL. THE BLACK BARONET; Or, the Chronicles of Ballytrain. Mr. Donahoe, of Boston, will issue from his Steam Printing Presses on the 11th of February, a new and highly popular book. The following are a few of the opinions of the Irish press upon this very exciting and thrilling story.

"The public notice given for sometime on the lips of expectation for Carleton's new work. They have been promised 'Carleton's greatest work,' and in this, too, their anticipations have been fulfilled. The 'Black Baronet' is really Carleton's best dramatic, and it will undoubtedly take its place among the master-pieces of fiction. It is a production in which Carleton has surpassed himself."

"Of all Carleton's Novels, this in our judgment is by far the best. The 'Black Baronet' had been written no other work, would entitle Carleton to the foremost place among our Irish novelists, for in the whole range of their productions, they have not produced anything to equal this."

"Mr. Carleton holds in many respects, the highest place as a national novelist, and if undeniable proof of this were still wanting, the avidity with which his productions are sought after and read in Ireland, would as strongly establish his title to pre-eminence, as it would afford undeniable evidence of his popularity as an accurate and faithful delineator of the manners, customs, and sentiments of his countrymen. The work before us is replete with the author's excellencies, whilst his defects, as a writer of fiction, are fewer and more far between in this, than in any of his other works."

We might continue these extracts from the Irish press, but the above opinions of the leading journals of the Irish metropolis, will suffice to show what the work is that has been published in Dublin, and re-produced in London, in the style of Mr. Donahoe, of Boston. The book is embellished with two engravings, and is sold for the low price of seven shillings.

It will be sent to any part of the United States and British Possessions, postage paid, on the receipt of seventy-five cents in stamps.

* Clubs may be formed in cities or towns for the book. To clubs of six, the book will be sent for \$2.50. Clubs of twelve, \$6.00. In each case, the person ordering for the club must pay expense of transportation.

FATICK DONAHUE, 23 Franklin St., BOSTON.
[FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.]

TO LET.—In a small family. Half a House at No. 17 Wheeler's Court. Feb 3.

S. E. SANBORN. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, FANCY GOODS, &c. No. 24 Federal Street, BOSTON.

Particular attention given to Repairing Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. &c. Feb 3.

WILLIAMS & CO. Wholesale Agents, for the Irish Market, of the *Irish Freeman and Journal*, published by James Williams, at No. 100 Washington street. Boston. Feb 29.

PROSPECTUS.

* All advertisement payable in advance.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

Music composed expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

POETRY BY T. MOORE.

MUSIC BY J. W. TURNER.

ANDANTINO E MESTOSO.

1. She is far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, And lov - ers are round her,
 2. She sings the wild song of her dear na - tive plains, Ev'ry note which he loved un - -

sigh - - ing; But cold - - ly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his
 chang - - ing; Ah! lit - tle they think who de - light in her strains, How the heart of the

grave is ly - ing, For her heart in his grave is ly - ing.....
 Min - strel is breaking, How the heart of the Min - strel is break - ing.

3.
 He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwined him;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

4.
 Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
 When they promise a glorious morrow;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
 From her own loved island of sorrow.



VOLUME I.—NUMBER 3.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN

A few years ago, at a public meeting in the city of Glasgow, a worthy old man who had made a sort of tour throughout Ireland, dilated in a speech upon its miserable condition, painted it in dark and gloomy colors, and concluded with a warm and earnest appeal to those present, to 'take pity on that unhappy country.' This roused the blood of one of the audience—and he was an Irishman! He could not sit still and

hear the land of his birth caricatured, or permit any one to go away with false impressions; and so, in parliamentary phrase, he 'got on his legs,' and in glowing and energetic terms rebutted the charge of Ireland being a miserable and a degraded country. DUBLIN, he told them, was one of the finest cities of Europe; having a greater number of benevolent institutions than any one of a similar size throughout the world; while with genuine Irish eloquence he enlarged upon the politeness and hospitality of its inhabitants, the splendor of its public buildings, and the variety of its

literary and scientific associations. When he concluded, a dissenting and well-known clergyman of Glasgow, an intelligent and liberal man, started to his feet, and exclaimed,

'Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
'Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'

Thunders of applause followed, and the honest and out-spoken defender of his native metropolis sat down amid the approbation of a large audience.

Now look at the wood-cut, and say if, even in this



DUBLIN FROM THE PHOENIX PARK.

indistinct view, Dublin does not deserve the appellation of 'a fine city?' True, it wants something which London and Edinburgh have; we are told that our metropolis wants the business and the bustle of the English and the singular and romantic air of the Scottish metropolis. But in our miniature way, we are much more busy and bustling here than in the 'great city.' London is the elephant of cities, enormous but calm, performing its mighty efforts with such habits of regular and unostentatious strength that we only become conscious of what is doing, by reflection upon what

has been and must be done. It is true, that in the great thoroughfare from Charing Cross to Whitechapel there is a rushing sound of men and carriages and horses, travelling to and fro: but this is emphatically the great thoroughfare, and what are four or five miles of street, compared with the huge mass of London! In 'the city,' the calmness and utter absence of outside show, where we know there is such prodigious business, and prodigious wealth, seems very extraordinary to an Irishman. And again in Edinburgh, beautiful and romantic as it is, its old town huddled

upon the hill, and guarded by the fortress which, perched on high, flows upon all around, and fills the eye from whatever point you view the place, or its new town, swelling away round the base of the rock, built of 'rose stone,' and justifying in some degree the appellation which the modern Athenians have assumed, the 'city of pillars;' even it, can it boast of such a view as one may have, standing upon Carlisle Bridge, and looking eastwards, westwards, northwards, and southwards? First, the long continued line of quays extending right through the centre of the city, from Ringsend point to

the Military road a distance of nearly three miles. In the direction of the Bay, the Custom-house (see our last number) rising at a trifling distance in all the beauty of truly classical architecture, and surrounded by shape and other vessels of considerable size, which approach quite close to the bridge; to the west, the bridges crowded with busy mortals passing and repassing; in the distant perspective, the Four Courts, and different churches, whose domes and spires are seen towering above the intervening buildings; while still further off, the Wellington Testimonial (occupying the foreground in our woodcut) may be distinctly observed, rising above the trees in the Phoenix Park. To the north, Sackville-street, one of the most splendid streets in Europe, having in its centre the noble pillar erected in memory of the immortal Nelson; on the left of it, the Post Office, a specimen of elegant and chaste architecture, while southward is Trinity College and the Bank.

What associations does that noble building, with its handsome domes—the Four Courts—create in the mind? Every man in Dublin knows what a delightful place the hall of the Four Courts is; so diversified and apparently confused: exhibition of a motley group of barristers, bailiffs, attorneys, men and women, collected from all parts, divided into smaller circles, the component members of which are severally engaged in disputing, asseverating, and denying—in fighting over again in the hall, that which has been decided in the court; or in making fresh preparations for a renewal of legal strife. And what eloquence has echoed within it—what wit has made its walls to ring again—what feeling has roused every emotion of the heart! Passing onwards, let us walk along the quays, cross one of the bridges, and stand at the open iron gate that leads into Trinity College. We are moored, as it were at the confluence of sundry human tides, and hundreds and thousands are passing by. Before us is the equestrian statue of king William; and in the indistinct smoky distance, the Castle, and to our right, that majestic pile of building, THE BANK. What a change has passed upon the circumstances and associations of all these! Within that massive structure, were wont to be uttered, the splendid antitheses of Grattan, the caustic wit of Curran, the oily and glazing amplifications of Castlereagh the puns of John Toler, the wit of Bushe, the blunders and the bulls of the *Momus* of our Irish Olympus, Sir Boyle Roche. It is now three o'clock; some thirty-four or thirty-five years ago, we remember standing at the same place, and at the same hour, not to witness the rush of clerks and men of business, with thoughts intent upon drafts and checks, and paper and gold; but to see the array of lords and commons as they entered their legislative halls. See! there comes the duke's coach turning round from Nassau-street, you may see the strawberry-leaved coronet, and the baboon supporters. Boy's let us give a shout for the Duke of Liester! Methinks some one behind me cries out, Yes! and another for Lord Edward Fitzgerald! hurrah, boys, let us all cry, crom-a-boo! Whose carriage is this dashing down Dame-street, with six horses all hot and blown, as if coming from a distance, and the outriders in white? That's TOM CONNOLLY of Castletown, a man above a Castle price or pension. And whose is that splendid equipage with its running footman coming slowly along in proud parade, and its owner sitting so stiff and so lordly? Oh! that's the proud Earl of B——, a specimen of the French 'Vielles Courts,' very haughty, very profligate, and very brave. But who is this little man ascending the colonnade, whose recognition every one seems anxious to gain? The patriot of '82! —HENRY GRATTAN! His prominent Frenchified features; his little body and long stride; his port so particular; his bearing like his mind, so antithetical and ambitious; were you and he accidentally to meet under a shed, while avoiding a shower of rain, you would say, here is either a singular or a great man! But who is this other little man, smiling and smiling, with chin protruded, and keen black eye, cast up towards the skies, as if he was saying some witty or saucy thing to one above him? Oh! JAMES FINTLOR

CURRAN! If in figure and proportion he is far below a man, in wit and humor and force and eloquence he is as far above! What a pity that an angel's intellect should be given to preside over a will and affections so unceremonious and so unsound! But stay, the vision is vanishing—the Bank is ejecting nothing but clerks, and merchants, and messengers! Let us turn away, and look down Westmoreland-street, towards Carlisle Bridge. A gain we say, no city in Europe can match such a view! But let us pass onwards, up Sackville-street, and turn round till we reach Summerhill. This is the Clifton of Dublin, and from the windows of one of these houses, what a view may be obtained. The mountains in the back ground, reminding us of Wicklow and its thousand and one enchantments! the remarkable eminence aptly termed Sugar-loaf; the serrated back of Bray-head; the three topped promontory of Killybeg; the spangling villas of Kingstown, enclosing its fair harbor; and above all, the bay—the beautiful bay—basking in the clear sunshine and bearing on its broad bosom the numerous sail ships and steamers, entering or leaving the harbor.

Our wood-cut represents in its foreground the handsome bridge, called Sarah-bridge, sometimes termed the Irish RIALTO, and the span of which is, in fact, seven feet wider than the famous Venetian-bridge. The view does not admit the King's-bridge, erected by subscription in honor of the late king's visit to Ireland. That was a gay and a proud time, when Irish hearts evinced how they could feel at the thought of a monarch being on their soil, and residing in their metropolis. And proudly and noble did we bear himself amid the thousands who shouted around, in that spacious park, near the entrance of which the massive pillar, called the Wellington Testimonial, stands. This park is very improperly termed the Phoenix Park, that being a gross corruption from the old Irish name; but the use of the name is so universally established, that it would be folly to attempt to remove it.

In giving historical sketches of Dublin it may not be irrelevant to notice that branch of the Geraldine family so much connected with the City as being always their neighbors, often their champions, and very frequently their viceroys. The earls of Kildare commanding by their castles of Maynooth, Leixlip, Kilken, &c., the approaches to the valley of the Liffey, and having a fixed residence at Thomas's Court adjoining the town, always occupied an exceeding important position in the good opinions and affections of the citizens. And indeed the peculiar characteristics of the family, which were well defined as the well known lines of a Fitzgerald's mind, seemed best suited to rivet popular affection, and secure for them 'golden opinions.' In the government of their retainers, mild—to their enemies stern—easily dispensed—sooner appeased—warm friends and bitter foes—liberal, brave, merciful—the anecdote recorded of Gerald, the eighth Earl, might be told of any other of the race. In a rage with one of his followers, an English horseman seeing the chafed earl in his fearful mood, offered Master Boice, a gentleman of his household, an Irish Hobby (Poney) on condition that he would go up to his lord and pluck a hair out of his black beard. Boice, who knew his master, and felt how far he might venture on a Geraldine's nature, even while boiling in the heat of his choler, approached his lord and said, 'here, my master, is one who has promised me a choice horse, if I snip one hair out of your honor's chin.' 'One hair,' quoth the earl—'I agree thereto, but mark me Boice, thou malapert varlet, if thou pluckest more than one, I promise thee to bring my fist from thine ear.' But it is (pursuant to our promise) with Gerald the ninth earl, and his son Thomas, that at present we have to do, and we present them as subjects of historical entertainment to our readers, because not only connected in a very interesting manner with the City of Dublin, but also with a very stirring period of Ireland's history. The civil wars of England being brought to a close by the accession of the House of Tudor, and the politic Henry the Seventh having seen the great value of Ireland, a system of government was commenced in his reign, and adhered to during the long reign of Henry the Eighth, of keep-

ing up an English interest in Ireland, and managing the great Irish lords, whether Milesian or Anglo Irish, by creating and fostering jealousies amongst them, and alternately elevating or depressing the rival interests. In this way was Gerald, earl of Kildare, at one time favored, at another suspected; now lord deputy, now accused of treason; one while pursuing, as Chief Governor of the land, the rebel Irish; storming the strongholds of the king's enemies in Munster and Ulster, sending as the most acceptable of presents, the grim head of Shane O'Toole, from the glen of Imale, to John Rochford, mayor of Dublin, and returning from all his hostings, as the historians of his day has it, 'loaden with hostages, prey and glory'—again summoned to London to answer for his usurpations, and his correspondence with the enemies of the State, and finding Cardinal Wolsey his bitter as well as his able enemy. Wolsey, in order to conduct the English interest, had sent over a confidential person to Ireland, Dr. John Allen, who had been very active in England in the suppression of the monasteries—this clever and subtle man, appointed at the same time lord chancellor and archbishop of Dublin, acted as a counterpoise to the Geraldines, and reported all their conduct to his employer; therefore on the earl of Kildare's appearance before the Council Board of England, Wolsey, with that swelling hauteur that marked the purpled Churchman, and which gave occasion to the following couplet, not more remarkable for its alliteration than its bitterness—

'Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,
How high his honor holds his haughty head!—'

accused the earl before the king in a taunting style that wounded the fierce nobleman more than the matter of the allegation; conniving at the rebellious practices of the 'lewd earl of Desmond, his kinsman,' of acting 'more as king of Kildare than the earl, reigning more than ruling in the land.' To this the Geraldine most characteristically replies, 'What is Kildare to blame for Desmond more than my good brother Ossory (Butler), who, notwithstanding his high promises, having also the king's power, is yet content to bring him in at leisure? cannot the earl of Desmond shift, but I must be of his council—cannot he hide himself except I wink—if he be close, am I his mate—if he is befriended, am I a traitor? This is a doughty kind of accusation which they urge against me, wherein they are gravelled and moved at my first denial. You would not see him, say they. Who made them so familiar with mine eyesight—or where was the earl within my view—or who stood by, when I let him slip—or where are the tokens of my wifful hoodwink? But you sent him word to beware of you—who was the messenger—where are the letters—convince my negative—see how loose the idle gear hangeth together—Desmond is not taken—well—you are in fault—why—because you are—who proveth it—nobody—what conjectures—so it seemeth—to whom—to your enemies—who told it them—they will swear it—what other ground—none.' After for some time continuing in this strain to justify himself from this accusation, and others of the same nature, he in defending himself against the taunt of being king of Kildare, addresses himself to Wolsey and says, 'I marvel greatly, my Lord, that one of your Grace's wisdom should appropriate so sacred a name to so wicked a thing—but how-soever it be, my Lord, I would you and I had changed kingdoms but for one month, and I would trust to gather up more crumbs in that space than twice the revenues of my poor earldom.—But you are well and warm, and so hold you, and upbraid not me with such an odious term. I slumber in a hard cabin, when you sleep in a soft bed of down—I serve under the king's cope of heaven, when you are served under a canopy—I drink water out of my steel skull cap, when you drink wine out of golden cups—my horse is trauced to the field, when your jennet is taught to amble. When you are graced and my lord-led, and crouched, and knelt unto, then I find small grace with our Irish borderers, except I cut them off by his knees.'

It may well be supposed how the English arch-prelate wined under this indignant reply of the Liberator;

accordingly he adjourned the cause under pretence of waiting for further evidence, and had the earl remanded to the tower, from whence he was restored through interest made for him by the English nobility, but was again recommitment, and if Speed tells truth, a circumstance occurred, during his second detention in the tower, which, as giving another tint to the picture of a Geraldine, is worth the reader's perusal. The cardinal having got at length sure evidence, as he said, that Kildare had plotted with O'Neil and O'Connor, sent a mandate for his immediate execution. At the instant of the arrival of the fatal messenger, Fitzgerald was playing at pushgroat with the lieutenant of the tower, who on reading the paper changed countenance, and showed signs of great grief, whereupon Kildare swore by St. Bridget that there was some 'mad game in that villain scroll. But come, Master lieutenant, fall what will, this throw is for a buddle,' and accordingly throwing he gained his groats. The game over, with great composure he listened to the contents of the letter, and had little difficulty in persuading his keeper to go to the king, and know from him personally whether he was to die, which the officer went and had an interview with Henry, who, surprised at the mandate, which was surreptitiously obtained from him, and offended at the malice of the cardinal, and in order to control (as he said) the priest's sanctimony, gave the lieutenant his signet for a countermand of execution, at which the cardinal stormed; but soon after his day of disgrace came, and Kildare restored to royal favor, returned to Ireland to assume the sword as lord deputy, and to stand at the head of the party opposed to the English interest there. The changeful story of this nobleman is not yet told—clever, dauntless, and victorious, he shone brighter when breaking forth from the cloud of adversity than when basking in unobstructed beams of good fortune. Hating the Butlers, more perhaps, for enjoying the favor of Wolsey, than even from hereditary motive, he was not content with carrying his arms against the obstinate enemies of his king, the O'Neils and O'Connors; but with the royal forces he invaded Kilkenny, and destroyed all belonging to the Earl of Ossory and his party. Moreover, instead of devoting himself to restoring peace and prosperity to the distracted island, he made himself a mere partizan in the quarrels of the Milesian chieftains; and in order to support his son-in-law, the Tanist of Ely, O'Carroll, against the deceased chieftain of that district who being of age, and a competent man, had asserted his right to succeed his father, he besieged the castle of Birr, held by the young O'Carroll, where he received a shot from a falcon in the head, that caused him to raise the siege, and so deranged his intellect, that hot and fiery as he was before, he now became more unruly, and committed errors and extravagancies that nearly brought about the destruction of his noble family.

On the occasion of his wound, there is an anecdote recorded of him that does not redound much to the credit of his good nature. When recovering a little from the stun of the bullet, he sighed deeply, which when one of his followers observed, he, in order to raise his lord's spirits, said—'Good, my lord, be not discouraged; for I myself have been shot three times, and yet have recovered;' to which the angry lord replied—'Would to God thou hadst received also the fourth shot in my stead!'

The extravagant use which Kildare made subsequently of his power as deputy, raised a host of enemies against him which he could not resist. The Earl of Ossory, Sir William Skeffington, and Allen, Archbishop of Dublin, formed a cabal to put an end to his administration; and John Allen, Master of the Rolls, a creature of the Archbishop, was sent over the water to complain to the king of how matters were managed in Ireland. To the ear of an English monarch, the report which this official gave of the decay of Ireland, must have been in no small degree vexatious. He acquainted his majesty, that 'neither English order, tongue, or habit, nor the king's laws, were used about twenty miles in compass; that the decay was occasioned by the takers of *royne and liberty*, without or-

der, after men's own sensual appetites, and taking *culd-disparty*, and *cum* for felonies, and murder, *altways*, *saults*, *slauntings*, &c. &c., and that they want English inhabitants, who formerly had arms and servants to defend the country; but of late the English proprietors hath taken Irish tenants, that can live without bread or good victuals, and some for lucre, [it seems that the Irish landlord has been always pretty nearly of the same character,] to have *more rent*, and some for impositions and vassalages, which the English cannot bear—have expelled the English, and made the country all Irish, without order, society, or hospitality.

Formerly, English gentlemen kept a retinue of English yeoman, according to the custom of England, to the great security of the country; but now they keep horsemen, or hernes, who live by oppressing the people. The great jurisdiction of the nobility is another cause of destroying the king's subjects, and revenue, and the black rents which the Irish exact, enriches them and impoverishes the English.'

It is not to be wondered at that upon such a report being made, the Lord Deputy should be summoned to London, to account for his administration. This mandate he most unwillingly, and after much evasion, obeyed; and being permitted to name his successor, on an undertaking of being accountable for his conduct, he had the hardihood to nominate his eldest son Thomas, a young man of one-and-twenty, who possessed all the qualities peculiar to his house, together with an excessive rashness and sensitiveness of character that made him altogether unsuitable to govern Ireland. Perhaps, says the historian, this promising young Geraldine would have exceeded his ancestors, if by laying the too great burthen on his weak shoulders, they had not broken his back in the beginning. In our next sketch we shall give an account of the government, rebellion, and destruction of this tenth Earl of Kildare, who, as we have before reported, went by the name of SILKEN THOMAS.

THE BARDS OF IRELAND.

Ireland is doubtless preparing to rouse herself from the lethargy of ages, and to snap asunder the bonds which have hitherto bound her. A voice is issuing from within the neglected halls of her literature, which seems to say to her intellect and her genius, 'Sleep no more!' Ere long, we trust, she will hold up her head among the nations, and bear away the prize in the strife of generous emulation. May the blessed God grant that these hopes will be realized.

The ancient Irish possessed ample stores in their native language, capable of captivating the fancy, enlarging the understanding, and improving the heart. Our country, from an early period, was famous for the cultivation of the kindred arts of poetry and music. Lugaid, the son of Ith, is called in old writings, 'the first poet of Ireland,' and there still remains, after a lapse of three thousand years, fragments of his poetry. After him, but before the Christian era, flourished Roine Fife, or the poetic, and Ferceite, a bard and herald.

Lugaid and Congal lived about the time of our Redeemer, and many of their works are extant. The *Dinn Slaneachs*, or history of noted places in Ireland, compiled by Amergin Mac Amalgaid, in the year 44, relates that in the time of Goide, monarch of Ireland, 'the people deemed each other's voices sweeter than the warblings of a melodious harp, such peace and concord reigned among them, that no music could delight them more than the sound of each other's voice.' *T-mur* (Truth) was so called from its celebrity for melody, about the palaces of the world. *Te-ro*, or *Te*, signifying melody or sweet music, and *mur* a wall. *Te-mur*, the wall of music.

This extract contains the earliest allusion to the harp, which Mr. Hardiman has met with. There is an ancient Gaelic poem which used to be sung in the Highlands of Scotland in which the poet addresses a very old harp, and asks what has become of its former lustre. The harp replies, that it had belonged to a king of Ireland, and had been present at many a royal banquet; and had afterward been in the possession of Dargo, son of the druid of Baul—of Gaul—of Fflan, &c. &c. Such are a few facts regarding the Bards of Ireland before the inhabitants were converted to the profession of the Christian faith.

The introduction of Christianity gave a new and more-exalted direction to the powers of poetry. Among the numerous bards who dedicated their talents to the praises of the Deity, the most distinguished are Felich, the bishop; Amergin, Cinfeola, the learned, who revised the *Psalms*, or *Psalms* of the Bards, preserved in the book of Ballinmore, and in the library of Trinity College Dublin; and many others,

the mention of whose names might be tedious. Passing by many illustrious bards, whose poetic fragments are still preserved, we may mention Mae Liag, secretary and biographer of the famous monarch, Brian Boro, and whose poems on the death of his royal master are given in Mr. Hardiman's 'Irish Minstrelsy.'

For two centuries after the invasion of Henry II, the voice of the muse was but feebly heard in Ireland. The bards fell with their country, and like the captive Israelites hung their untuned harps on the willows. They might exclaim, with the royal psalmist,

'Now while our harps were hanged roe,
The men, whose captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs insulting goe,
And more to grieve us thus did say,
You that of music make such show,
Come sing us now a Sion lay;
Oh no, we have no voice nor hand,
For such a song, in such a land.'

But the spirit of patriotism at length aroused the bards from their slumbers, and many men of genius started up throughout Ireland. A splendid list of names could be given, but mere names would not interest the reader. In fact, the language itself is so adapted for poetry, that it may almost be said to make poets. Its pathetic powers have been long celebrated. 'If you plead for your life, plead in Irish,' is a well known adage. But we proceed to give a more detailed account of CAROLAN, a bard whose name is familiar to every Irishman, and the elegy upon whose death, by Mac Cabe, we gave in our last number.

Turlough O'Carolan was born about the year 1670, at a place called Newton, near Nobber, in the county of Meath. Though gifted with natural genius for music and poetry, he evinced no precocious disposition for either. He became a minstrel by accident, and continued it more through choice than necessity. Respectably descended, possessing no small share of Milesian pride, and entertaining a due sense of his additional claims as a man of genius, he was above playing for hire, and always expected, and invariably received, that attention which he deserved. His visits were regarded as favors conferred, and his departure never failed to occasion regret. In his eighteenth year he was deprived of sight by the small-pox; and this apparently severe calamity was the beginning of his career as one of the principal bards of Ireland.

Near his father's house was a mote or rath, in the interior of which one of the fairy queens, or 'good people,' was believed by the country folks to hold her court. This mote was the scene of many a boyish pastime with his youthful companions; and after he became blind, he used to prevail on some of his family or neighbors to lead him to it, where he would remain for hours together stretched listlessly before the sun.* He was often observed to start up suddenly, as if in a fit of ecstasy, occasioned, as it was firmly believed by the preternatural sights which he witnessed. In one of these raptures, he called hastily on his companions to lead him home, and when he reached it, he sat down immediately to his harp, and in a little time played and sang the air and words of a sweet song addressed to Bridget Cruise, the object of his earliest and tenderest attachment. So subdued and so captivating was it, that it was confidently attributed to fairy inspiration, and to this day the place is pointed out from which he desired to be led home. From that hour he became a poet and a musician.

Though Carolina passed a wandering and restless life, there is nothing on which we can lay our finger as very extraordinary or singular. He seldom stirred out of the province of Connaght, where he was such a universal favorite that messengers were continually after him, inviting him to one or other of the houses of the principal inhabitants, his presence being regarded as an honor and a compliment. The number of his musical pieces, to almost all of which he composed verses, is said to have exceeded two hundred. But though he was such a master of his native language, he was but indifferently acquainted with the English, of which we will give the reader a specimen, reminding him, however, that though it may appear ludicrous to him, it is the composition of a man not unworthy of ranking with some of the first poets of the past or present age. A young lady, of the name of Featherstone, who did not understand Irish, being anxious to have some verses to his own fine air, the 'Devotion,' he gave her the following:—

'On a fine Sunday morning devoted to be
Attentive to a sermon that was ordered for me,
I met a fresh rose on the road by deuce,
And though mass was my notion, my devotion was she
Welcome, fair lady, white and red,
Welcome was every word we said;
Welcome, bright angel of noble degree,
I wish you would love, and that I were with thee;
I pray don't frown at me with mouth full of glee,
So I told the fair maiden, with heart full of woe,
Thou' the mass was my notion, my devotion was she.'

Although Carolan delivered himself but indifferently in

* Moore in his life of Byron, remarks that the noble poet would lie for hours together on the sea-shore in a kind of ecstasy.

* Hereafter we shall give a particular explanation of these terms, which frequently occur in history. For the present, let it be understood to mean all the honours of the free-quartering of military men upon a wretched peasantry.

English he did not like to be corrected for his solecisms. A self-sufficient gentleman of the name of O'Dowd, Dudy, as it is sometimes pronounced, once asked him why he attempted a language of which he knew nothing. 'I know a little of it,' Carolan replied. 'If so,' says the other, 'what is the English for *bhannan*, an facetious Irish term for the seat of honor.' 'Oh,' said the bard, with an arch smile, 'I think the proper English for *bhannan* is *Billy Dudy*.' The gentleman was ever known by the name of *Bhannan Dudy*.

Carolan died in the year 1787, at Alderford, the house of his old and never-failing patroness, Mrs. Mc Dermott. Feeling his end approaching, he called for his harp, and played his well-known 'Farewell to Music,' in a strain of tenderness which drew tears from the eyes of his auditory. His last moments were spent in prayer, until he calmly breathed his last, at the age of about sixty-seven years. Upwards of sixty clergymen of different denominations, a number of gentlemen from the neighboring counties, and a vast concourse of country people, assembled to pay the last mark of respect to their favorite bard, one whose death caused a chasm in the bardic annals of Ireland. But he lives in his own deathless strains, and while the charms of melody hold their sway over the human heart, the name of CAROLAN will be remembered and revered.

In an early number we will give the life of THOMAS FUELOSB, the gifted translator of Carolan's remains, and of other ancient relics. We conclude our present article with the following translation of a humorous reply which Carolan made to a gentleman who was pressing him to prolong his stay at his house:

'Tis a friend's house thou shouldst repair,
Pause and take heed of ling'ring idly there;
Thou may'st be welcome, but 'tis past a doubt,
Long visits soon will wear the welcome out.'

CAROLAN AND BRIDGET CRUISE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

[It is related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that when deprived of sight, and after the lapse of twenty years, he recognized his first love by the touch of her hand. The lady's name was Bridget Cruise; and though not a pretty name, it deserves to be recorded, as belonging to the woman who could inspire such a passion.]

'True love can ne'er forget;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one!
Thus sung a minstrel gay
His sweet impassion'd lay,
Down by the ocean's spray
At set of sun;
But wither'd was the minstrel's sight,
Morn to him was dark as night,
Yet his heart was full of light;
As he thus his lay begun.

'True love can ne'er forget;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one!

'Long years are past and o'er,
Since from this fatal shore,
Cold hearts and cold winds bore
My love from me.'

Scarcely the minstrel spoke,
When quick, with flashing stroke,
A boat's light oar the silence broke
O'er the sea;

Soon upon her native strand
Doth a lovely lady land,
With the minstrel's love-taught hand
Did o'er his wild harp run;

'True love can ne'er forget;
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one!

Where the minstrel sat alone,
There, the lady fair hath gone,
Within his hand she placed her own,
The bard dropp'd on his knee!

From his lips soft blessings came,
He kissed her hand with truest flame,
In trembling tones he nam'd—her name,

Though he could not see;
But oh!—the touch the bard could tell
Of that dear hand, remember'd well,
Ah!—by many a secret spell

Can true love find her own!
For true love can ne'er forget;
Fondly as when they met;
He loved his lady yet,
His darling one.

At what period in the history of the Jews did they resemble Sitchonese? Ans. When they grew milder and milder under Mordecai.

THE IRISH.

Ahu Taleh, the Persian traveller, whose remarks on national characteristics are generally distinguished by no small degree of discrimination, is of opinion that in 'bravery and determination, hospitality and prodigality, freedom of speech and open-heartedness, the Irish surpass the English and Scotch, but are deficient in prudence and sound judgment, though nevertheless witty and quick of comprehension.' Their great national defect, he allows, is 'excess in drinking,' of which he furnishes us with the following amusing instance:

'One evening that I dined in a large company, we sat down to table at six o'clock. The master of the house immediately commenced asking us to drink wine, and under various pretences replenished our glasses; but perceiving that I was backward in emptying mine, he called for two water-glasses, and having filled them with claret, insisted upon my taking one of them. After the table-cloth was removed, he first drank the health of the king, then of the queen; after which he toasted a number of beautiful young ladies, with whom I was acquainted, none of which I dared to refuse. Thus the time passed till two o'clock in the morning; and we had been sitting for eight hours; he then called to the servants to bring a fresh supply of wine. Although I was so much intoxicated that I could scarcely walk, yet on hearing this order, I was so frightened, that I arose and requested permission to retire. He said he was sorry I should think of going away so soon: that he wished I would stay to supper, after which we might have a bottle or two more by ourselves! I have heard from Englishmen that the Irish, after they get drunk at table, quarrel and kill each other in duels; but I must declare that I never saw them guilty of any rudeness, or of the smallest impropriety.'

His present Majesty, when Duke of Clarence, being on active service in the navy, once put his ship into the Cove of Cork, and, as might be expected from a spirit of hospitality, which will not suffer even ordinary mortals to escape with impunity, his royal highness was in a few days put almost hors d' combat. The Irish wits were, nevertheless, pleased to say on the occasion, that where he landed, they had only given him the cork; but had he gone to Dublin, they had given him the bottle.

THE CLIMATE OF IRELAND

The moistness of the Irish climate, as compared with that of Britain, is the characteristic by which it is most strongly marked. In consequence of its situation between England and the Atlantic ocean, Ireland necessarily arrests in its progress the vast body of vapor collected from that wide expanse of waters. Yet the medium fall of rain in our country is less on the average than that in most parts of England. It is owing to aerial evaporation, rather than to the quantity of rain, that the climate is so humid: but though it is so damp and unstable, it is yet conducive to health and longevity, while its mildness is also conducive to the favorable cultivation of the soil.

THE IRISH HIGHLANDS

Cannemarra is a word which to English, and even to Irish ears, is expressive of nothing but the *ultima Thule* of barbarism. Yet its signification is most peculiar—'bays of the sea.' Towards the north-east extremity of the country of Galway there is a portion cut off as it were, by a natural barrier of lakes and mountains. If the map does justice to its subject, Cannemarra will appear black with mountains, dotted with lakes, and studded with bogs; its coast will be seen rugged and indented with fine harbors, while the inland country, though wild, mountainous, and ill cultivated, and so little known and visited, that its name is a proverb, is yet equal to the finest parts of Wales or of Scotland, and the traveller who ventures to enjoy its romantic picturesque scenery, and who, from natural or acquired taste, can relish the 'lone majesty of untamed nature,' may here have his feelings gratified to the full.

As a proof how little is known of this singular part of Ireland, it may be mentioned, that a magistrate in an adjoining county, when he heard that a criminal had been arrested who had long hid himself in the mountain fastnesses of these Irish highlands, declared that 'the poor fellow had suffered enough, in all conscience, for any crime he might have committed, by being banished seven years to Cannemarra.'

The inhabitants of this part of the country are, of course behind the rest of Ireland in knowledge and civilization. But if the reader understands by this, that they are barbarians, and destitute of the feelings of humanity, he commits a very great mistake. Our Irish highlanders are a warm-hearted generous people, attached to their wild mountains and romantic glens, and considering the few advantages which they enjoy, a lively intelligent race. In the old times, their 'mountain land' was the retreat of those daring spirits who scorned to submit to the yoke of an invader; and here, preferring poverty and freedom to restraint and submission, they found a shelter amid the deep valleys and craggy rocks, like the ancient Britons in Wales, and the highlanders in Scotland. This was the region of *Grana Weol*, or *Uille*, the proud queen of the west, who paid a visit to the court of Queen Elizabeth. This noble heroine ruled over the mountains of Cannemarra, and even the island on the coast owned her sway. Of her we will speak again, and give some anecdotes of her daring and courageous character: but in this article we merely wish to introduce our readers to the Irish highlands, assuring those of them who may be ignorant of the circumstance, that when in Cannemarra they are in the 'nearest parish to America.'

ALL SORTS.

A CLIMAX.—A Yankee, boasting of a visit which he had paid to the Queen, clinched his remarks by declaring, 'I should have been invited to stay to dinner, but it was washing day.'

An American woman recently appeared before a Justice to complain of the ill-usage she received from her husband. 'What pretext had he for beating you?' inquired the Justice. 'Please, sir, he didn't have no pretext; it was a thick stick.'

'What are you doing there, Jane?' 'Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore red.'

'But what have you to dye it with?' 'Beer, pa.' 'Beer! Who on earth told you that beer would dye red?'

'Why, ma told me yesterday that it was beer that made your nose so red, and I thought that—'

'Here, Jane, take this child to bed!'

A young American lady in Paris threatens to sue President Buchanan for breach of promise. She says that, dining at her father's table, years ago, he said to her, 'My dear miss, if ever I should be President, you shall be mistress of the White House.'

READY WIT.—The Hartford *Courant* says:—In our court room, a woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore 'that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born.' The lawyer who cross-examined her said 'You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?' 'I do.' 'What did he do the first year?' 'He milked.' The lawyer evaporated.

SAMBO'S DISPUTE.—'I tell you wat, Ceasar, I had a monstrous 'spute wid massa dis-morning, down in de cotton patch.' 'You don't see Ceasar, wat you 'spute wid massa?' 'Yes, I tell you for one hour' we 'spute togodder, down in de cotton patch.' 'Wa, wa, wat you 'spute about?' 'Why, you see Ceasar, massa come down dar whar I was hoein, and massa he 'spat squash grow best on sandy ground and I say so too; and dar we 'spute about it for mo'n one hour!'

EDWARD EVERETT'S SISTER A SISTER OF CHARITY.—The Richmond correspondent of the *Petersburg (Va.) Express* writes: 'It is not, perhaps, generally known that the Hon. Edward Everett has a sister now performing the sacred duties of a Sister of Charity; yet such is the fact, and she is about to take the position of the Lady Superior of St. Joseph's Seminary in this city. She will probably arrive nearly at the same time with Mr. Everett, who is coming to deliver his grand oration, on the character of Washington.'

TARA'S HALL.

In the library of Trinity College, Dublin, there is preserved the fragment of an ancient Irish MS. which contains a description of the Banqueting Hall of Tamar or Tara, which is very curious. It states, that 'The palace of Tamar, was formerly the seat of Con, of the hundred battles; it was the seat of Art, and of Cairbre Liffachar, and of Cathor Moir, and of every king who ruled in Tamar, to the time of Niall.

In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tamar was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding *rath*, seven *dia*, or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments, one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping rooms for guards, and sixty men in each; the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve porches, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science; engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers, and nobles.

The eating hall had twelve stalls, or divisions, in each wing, tables & passages round them; sixteen attendants each side eight to the astrologers, historians, and secretaries, in the rear of the hall, and two to each table at the door; one hundred guests in all; two oxen, two sheep, and two hogs, at each meal divided equally to each side.

The quantities of meat and butter that were daily consumed here, surpasses all description; there were twenty-seven kitchens, and nine cisterns for washing hands and feet, a ceremony not dispensed with from the highest to the lowest.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!
No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

Mourne's Irish Melodies.

GEORGE FAULKNER

When Foote was acting in Dublin, he introduced into one of his pieces, called the *Orators* the character of George Faulkner, the celebrated printer, whose manners and dress he so closely imitated, that the poor fellow could not appear in public, without meeting with the scoffs and jeers of the very boys in the streets. Enraged at the ridicule thus brought upon him, Faulkner one evening treated to the seat of the gods all the *devils* of the printing office, for the express purpose of their hissing and hooting Foote off the stage. Faulkner placed himself in the pit, to enjoy the actor's degradation; but when the objectionable scene came on, the unfortunate printer was excessively chagrined to find, that so far from a groan or a hiss being heard, his gallery friends partook of the comical laugh. The next morning he arranged his ink convale, inveighed against them for having neglected his injunctions, and on demanding some reason for their treachery, was lacerated ten times deeper by the simplicity of their answer: 'Arrah master,' said the spokesman, 'I do not be after tipping us your blarney; do you think we'd not be knowin' you? Sure 'twas your own sweat self that was on the stage, and shower light upon us, if we go to the playhouse to hiss our worthy master.'

Falling in this experiment, Faulkner commenced an action against Foote, and got a verdict of damages to the amount of three hundred pounds. This drove Foote back to England, where he resumed his mimicry, and humorously took off the lawyers on his trial, and the judges who had condemned him.

AN ENGLISH DIVORCE TRAGEDY.—Some years since, Lord Talbot was granted a divorce by the English House of Lords; his wife a modest and unassuming woman, having been charged with an amour with an illiterate groom. The principal witness against her was the family clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Sergeant, who swore he caught her in the act of crime. This clergyman has just given himself up to the authorities, confessing that he had perjured himself by conspiracy, and he had no reason to suspect the state of affairs which he had sworn to. He is now almost insane from remorse. The prosecution of Lady Talbot became a mania, and she died without recovering her reason. Lord Talbot married a woman who proved herself all he had charged his first wife, and soon deserted him. He died horribly, in the midst of his beastly orgies, with a company of degraded women. Thus vengeance has overtaken all the parties to this diabolical conspiracy.

A Printer's Toast.—Women—the fairest work of creation. The edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.

GEOLOGY.

The meaning of the word *geology*, or rather, the meaning of the *science*, as everybody knows, is an account of the earth, describing its properties, telling the nature of the various substances which are embosomed in it. There is a geological society formed in Dublin, but we are at present ignorant of what it is doing. Now, most plain kind of people, who make no pretensions to scientific knowledge are scared from the science of geology on account of the uncouth technicalities with which every thing relative to it is invested. But it is a very interesting science. It leads the mind into the deepest caverns of speculation, as we pause and ponder over the mysterious things which it brings to light. It is also a very young science. We, of the present day, are but beginning our researches into it, and generations must pass away before any certainty is attained upon the many theories which have been propounded by geologists. Some, for instance, have supposed that our world is of immense age—that one revolution after another swept away the various creatures which lived upon it—and that new and different races succeeded each other in the *leas* of this our 'mother earth.' Our readers will understand what is meant by a *revolution*, when we tell them that the *Deluge* is counted one—that the destruction by fire which revealed religion tells us awaits the end of the world, is another revolution—and that the chaos which preceded the creation was but the consequence of a revolution which tore up the surface of the earth, and destroyed the creatures which existed before man was created. Now all this is downright speculation, though it must be confessed that the number of strange animals, whose fossil remains have been dug up, and which have no analogy to any now existing, is very extraordinary indeed. We pass these speculations by in the meantime.

The city of Dublin is placed in a flat country, at the distance of about three miles from the sea, and about five miles to the north of a range of mountains, forming the verge of an elevated district which extends from thence for more than thirty miles to the south. This district presents a very instructive field for geological examination. It is varied and interesting in its characters, both in a scientific and commercial point of view. Nor should ordinary readers think that these matters do not concern them. Scotland and England have been vastly aided in their progress, and are kept in their present position, by the uses to which they convert the materials of the earth. What would Birmingham, Glasgow, Wolverhampton, Sheffield, or Newcastle be, but for the coal mines and iron ore in the surrounding country? The soul of British manufactures and commerce, and consequently, the prosperity of the empire, hangs upon the employment of these minerals—and Ireland might, from the richness of her soil, become a great manufacturing country.

EARL OF DESMOND.

The castle of Mogely, in Ireland, two miles from Tallow, was a principal seat of the Desmond family. At this castle resided Thomas, the great Earl of Desmond, who had a favorite steward that often took great liberties with his lord, and by his permission, tyrannized over the earl's tenants equally with his master. The steward, unknown to the earl, gave an invitation in his lord's name to a great number of the chiefs of Munster, with their followers, to come and spend a month at this castle. The invitation was accepted, and crowds of gentlemen flocked in, to the great surprise of Desmond, who began to be alarmed lest sufficient provisions should not be found for such a number of guests. They had not staid many days, when provisions in reality began to fail; and at last the earl's domestics informed him that they could not furnish out a dinner for the next day. The earl knew not what to do, for his pride could not brook to let his guests know any thing of the matter; besides, his favorite steward, who used to help him in such difficulties, was absent. At length he thought of a stratagem to save his credit; and inviting all his com-

pany to hunt next morning, ordered his servants to set fire to the castle as soon as they were gone, and pretend it was done by accident. The earl and his company hunted all the forenoon, and from the rising grounds, he every moment expected with a heavy heart to see Mogely in flames. At length, about dinner time, to his great surprise, his favorite steward arrived, mounted upon a fresh horse. The earl threatened him severely for being so long absent at such a juncture. The steward told him he had arrived just in time enough at the castle, to prevent his orders from being executed, and farther, that he had brought a large supply of corn and cattle, sufficient to subsist him and his company for some months. This news not a little rejoiced the earl, who returned with his guests to the castle, where they found sufficient plenty of every thing they wanted.

LIMERICK CATHEDRAL BELLS.

Those evening bells—those evening bells—
How many a tale their music tell
Of youth and home—and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime

The remarkable fine bells of Limerick cathedral were originally brought from Italy; they had been manufactured by a young native, (whose name tradition has not preserved,) and finished after the toil of many years, and he prided himself upon his work. They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent; and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bell from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This however was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all; and after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home.

The convent in which the bells, the *chef-d'œuvre* of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away to another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew grey, and his heart withered, before he again found a home and a friend. In this desolate of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne.

He sailed for Ireland, proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick; and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year—the death of the spring.

The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral, but his eyes were closed and when they landed—they found him cold!

Many passionate men are extremely good natured, and make amends for their extravagancies by their candor and their eagerness to please those whom they have injured during their fits of anger. It is said that the servants of Dean Swift used to throw themselves in his way whenever he was in a passion, because they knew that his generosity would recompense them for standing the trial fire of his anger.—*Edgeworth's Practical Education.*

THE LANDLORD AND TENANT.

AN AUTHENTIC STORY.

[CONTINUED.]

When an Irish peasant is reduced to pauperism, he seldom commences the melancholy task of solacing alms in his native place. The trial is always a severe one, and he is anxious to hide his shame and misery from the eyes of those who know him. This is one reason why some system of poor laws should be introduced into the country. Paupers of this description become a burden upon strangers, whilst those who are capable of entering with kindly sympathy into their misfortunes have no opportunity of assisting them. Indeed, this shame of seeking alms from those who have known the mendicant in better days, is a proof that the absence of poor laws takes away from the poor classes one of the strongest incentives to industry; for instance, if every pauper in Ireland were confined to his own parish, and compelled to beg from their own acquaintances, the sense of shame alone, by stirring them up to greater industry, would reduce the number of mendicants one half. There is a strong spirit of family pride in Ireland, which would be sufficient to make many poor, of both sexes, exert themselves to the utmost rather than cast a stain upon their name, or bring a blush to the face of their relations. But now it is not so; the mendicant sets out to beg, and in some instances commences his new mode of life in some distant part of the country, where his name and family are not known.

Indeed, it is astonishing how any man can, for a moment, hesitate to form his opinion upon the subject of poor laws. The English and Scotch gentry know something about the middle and lower classes of their respective countries, and of course they have a fixed system of provision for the poor in each. The ignorance of the Irish gentry, upon almost every subject connected with the real good of the people, is only in keeping with the ignorance of the people themselves. It is to be feared, however, that their disinclination to introduce poor laws arises less from actual ignorance, than from an illiberal selfishness. The facts of the case are these:—In Ireland the whole support of the inconceivable multitude of paupers, who swarm like locusts over the surface of the country, rests upon the middle and lower classes, or rather upon the latter, for there is scarcely such a thing in this unhappy country as a middle class. In not one out of a thousand instances do the gentry contribute to the mendicant poor. In the first place, a vast proportion of our landlords are absentees, who squander upon their own pleasures or vices, in the theatres, saloons, or gaming-houses of France, or in the softer profligacies of Italy, that which ought to return in some shape to stand in the place of duties so shamefully neglected. These persons contribute nothing to the poor, except the various evils which their absence entails on them.

On the other hand, the *resident* gentry never, in any case, assist a beggar, even in the remote parts of the country, where there are no Mendicity Institutions. Nor do the beggars ever think of applying to them. They know that his honor's dogs would be slipped at them; or that the whip might be laid, perhaps, to the shoulders of a broken-hearted father, with his brood of helpless children wanting food; perhaps, upon the emaciated person of a miserable widow, who begs for her orphans, only because the hands that supported, and would have defended both her and them, are mouldered into dust.

Upon the middle and lower classes, therefore, comes directly the heavy burden of supporting the great mass of pauperism that presses upon Ireland. It is certain that the Irish landlords know this, and that they are reluctant to see any law enacted which might make the performance of their duties to the poor compulsory. This, indeed, is natural in men who have so inhumanly neglected them.

But what must the state of a country be, where those who are on the way to pauperism themselves are exclusively burdened with the support of the vagrant poor? It is like putting additional weight on a man

already sinking under the burden he bears. The landlords suppose, that because the maintenance of the idle who are able, and of the aged and infirm who are not able to work, comes upon the renters of land, they themselves are exempted from their support. This, if true, is as bitter a stigma upon their humanity as upon their sense of justice; but it is not true. Though the cost of supporting such an incredible number of the idle and helpless does, in the first place fall upon the tenant yet by diminishing his means, and often compelling him to purchase, towards the end of the season a portion of food equal to that which he has given away in charity, it certainly becomes ultimately a clear deduction from that landlord's rent. In either case it is a deduction, but in the latter it is often doubly so; inasmuch as the poor tenants must frequently pay, at the close of the season, double, perhaps treble, the price which provision brought at the beginning of it.

Any person conversant with the Irish people must frequently have heard such dialogues as the following during the application of a beggar for alms:—

Mendicant.—'We're axin' your charity, for God's sake!'

Poor Tenant.—'Why, thin, for his sake you would get it, poor crathur, if we had it; but it's not for you widin the four corners of the house. It 'ud be well for us if we had now all we gave away in charity *durin' the whole year*, we wouldn't be buyin' for ourselves at three prices. Why dont you go up to the big house? They're rich and can afford it.'

Mendicant, with a shrug, which sets all his coats and bags in motion.—'Och! och! The big house, inagh! Mu-ha, do you want me an' the childhre here, to be torn to pieces wid the dogs? or lashed wid a whip by one o' the sarvants? No, no, avourneen!' (with a hopeless shake of the head.) 'That 'ud be a blue look-up, like a clear evenin'.'

Poor Tenant.—'Then, indeed, we haven't it to help you, now, poor man. We're buyin' ourselves.'

Mendicant.—'Thin, thruth, that's lucky, so it is! I've as purty a grain o' male here, as you'd wish to thicken wather wid, that I struv to get together, in hopes to be able to buy a quather o' tobacco, along wid a pair o' new bades an' a scapular for myself. I'm suspicious that there's about a stone o' it altogether. You can have it anunder the market price, for I'm fretting at not havin' the scapular an me. Sure the Lord will send me and' the childhre a bit an' sup some way else—glory to his name!—besides a lock o' pratics in the corner o' the bag here, that'll do us for this day, any way.'

The bargain is immediately struck, and the poor tenant is glad to purchase, even from a beggar, his stone of meal in consequence of getting it a few pence under market price. Such scenes as this, which are of frequent occurrence in the country parts of Ireland, need no comment.

This, certainly, is not a state of things which should be permitted to exist. Every man ought to be compelled to support the poor of his native parish according to his means. It is an indecible disgrace to the legislature so long to have neglected the paupers of Ireland. Is it to be thought of with common patience that a person rolling in wealth shall feed upon his turtle, his venison, and his costly luxuries of every description, for which he will not scruple to pay the highest price—that this heartless and selfish man, whether he reside at home or abroad, shall thus unconscionably pamper himself with viands purchased by the toil of the people, and yet not contribute to assist them, when poverty, sickness, or age, throws them upon the scanty support of casual charity!

Shall this man be permitted to batten in luxury in a foreign land or at home; to whip our paupers from his carriage; or hunt them, like beasts of prey, from his grounds, whilst the lower classes—the gradually decaying poor—are compelled to groan under the burden of their support in addition to their other burdens? Surely it is not a question which admits of argument. This subject has been darkened and made difficult by fine-spun and unintelligible theories, when

the only knowledge necessary to understand it, may be gained by spending a few weeks in some poor village in the interior of the country. As for Parliamentary Committees upon this or any other subject, they are, with reverence be it spoken, thoroughly contemptible. They will summon and examine witnesses who, for the most part, know little about the habits or distresses of the poor; public money will be wasted in defraying their expenses and in printing reports; resolutions will be passed; something will be said about it in the House of Commons; and, in a few weeks, after resolving and re-resolving, it is as little thought of, as if it had never been the subject of investigation. In the meantime the evil proceeds—becomes more inveterate—eats into the already declining prosperity of the country—whilst those who suffer under it have the consolation of knowing that a Parliamentary Committee sat longer upon it than so many geese upon their eggs, but hatched nothing. Two circumstances, connected with pauperism in Ireland, are worthy of notice. The first is this—the Roman Catholics, who certainly constitute the bulk of the population, feel themselves called upon, from the peculiar tenets of their religion, to exercise indiscriminate charity largely to the begging poor.

The second point, in connexion with pauperism, is the immoral influence that proceeds from the relation in which the begging poor in Ireland stand towards the class by whom they are supported. These, as we have already said, are the poorest, least educated, and consequently the most ignorant description of the people. They are, also, the most numerous. There have been for centuries, probably since the Reformation itself, certain opinions floating among the lower classes in Ireland, all tending to prepare them for some great change in their favor, arising from the discomfiture of heresy, the overthrow of their enemies, and the exaltation of themselves and their religion.

Scarcely had the public mind subsided after the Rebellion of Ninety-eight, when the success of Bonaparte directed the eyes and the hopes of the Irish people towards him, as the person designed to be their deliverer. Many a fine fiction has the author of this work heard about that great man's escapes, concerning the bullets that conveniently turned aside from his person, and the sabres that civilly declined to cut him down. Many prophecies, too, were related, in which the glory of this country under his reign was touched off in the happiest colors. Pastorini also gave such notions an impulse. Eighteen twenty-five was to be the year of their deliverance; George the Fourth was never to fill the British throne, and the mill of Louth was to be turned three times with human blood. 'The miller with the two thumbs was then living,' said the mendicants, for they were the principal propagators of these opinions, and the great expounders of their own prophecies, so that of course there could be no further doubt upon the subject. Several of them had seen him—a red-haired man, with broad shoulders, stout legs, exactly as a miller ought to have, and two thumbs on his right hand; all precisely as the prophecy had stated. Then there was *Beal-derg*, and several others of the fierce old Milesian chiefs, who along with their armies, lay in an enchanted sleep, all ready to awake and take a part in the delivery of the country. 'Such a man,' and they would name one in the time of the mendicant's grandfather, 'was once going to a fair to sell a horse—well and good; the time was the dawn of morning, a little before daylight; he met a man who undertook to purchase his horse; they agreed upon the price, and the seller of him followed the buyer into a Rath, where he found a range of horses, each with an armed soldier asleep by his side, ready to spring upon him if he awoke. The purchaser cautioned the owner of the horse as they were about to enter the subterranean dwelling, against touching either horse or man; but the countryman happening to stumble, inadvertently laid his hand upon a sleeping soldier, who immediately leaped up, drew his sword, and asked, 'Wail anam in?' 'Is the time in it? Is the time arrived?' To which the horse-dealer of the Rath replied, 'Ha níl. Gho dhe

callow areeshit. 'No; go to sleep again.' Upon this the soldier immediately sank down in his former position, and unbroken sleep reigned throughout the cave. The influence of the warm imaginations of an ignorant people, of such fictions concocted by vagrant mendicants, is very pernicious. They fill their minds with the most palpable absurdities, and, what is worse, with opinions, which beside being injurious to those who receive them, in every instance insure for those who propagate them a cordial and kind reception.

These mendicants consequently pander, for their now selfish ends, to the prejudices of the ignorant, which they nourish and draw out in a manner that has no slight degree been subversive of the peace of the country. Scarcely any political circumstance occurs which they do not immediately seize upon and twist to their own purposes, or in other words, to the opinions of those from whom they derive their support. When our present police first appeared in their uniforms and black belts, another prophecy, forsooth was fulfilled. Immediately before the downfall of heresy, a body of 'Black Militia,' was to appear; the police, then, are the black militia, and the people consider themselves another step nearer the consummation of their vague speculations.

In the year ninety-eight, the Irish mendicants were active agents, clever spies, and expert messengers on the part of the people; and to this day they carry falsehood, and the materials of outrage in its worst shape, into the bosom of peaceable families, who would otherwise, never become connected with a system which is calculated to being ruin and destruction upon those who permit themselves to join it.

This evil, and it is no trifling one, would, by the introduction of poor laws, be utterly abolished; the people would not only be more easily improved, but education, when received, would not be corrupted by the infusion into it of such ingredients as the above. In many other points of view, the confirmed and hackneyed mendicants of Ireland are a great evil to the morals of the people. We could easily detail them but such not being our object at present, we will now dismiss the subject of poor-laws, and resume our narrative.

Far—far different from this description of impostors, were Owen McCarthy and his family. Their misfortunes were not the consequences of negligence or misconduct on their part. They struggled long but unavailingly against high rents and low markets; against neglect on the part of the landlord and his agent; against sickness, famine, and death. They had no alternative but to beg or starve. Owen was willing to work, but he could not procure employment: and provided he could, the miserable sum of sixpence a day, when food was scarce and dear, would not support him, his wife, and six little ones. He became a pauper, therefore, only to avoid starvation.

Heavy and black was his heart, to use the strong expression of the people, on the bitter morning when he set out to encounter the dismal task of seeking alms, in order to keep life in himself and his family. The plan was devised on the preceding night, but to no mortal, except his wife, was it communicated. The honest pride of a man whose mind was above committing a mean action, would not permit him to reveal what he considered the first stain that ever was known to rest upon the name of McCarthy; he therefore sallied out under the beating of the storm, and proceeded, without caring much whither he went, until he got considerably beyond the bounds of his own parish.

In the meantime hunger pressed keenly upon him and them. The day had no appearance of clearing up; the heavy rain and sleet beat into their thin, worn garments, and the clamor of his children for food began to grow more and more importunate. They came to the shelter of a hedge, which inclosed on one side a remote and broken road, along which, in order to avoid the risk of being recognised, they had preferred travelling. Owen stood here for a few minutes to consult with his wife, as to where and when they should 'make a beginning'; but on looking round, he found her in tears.

'Kathleen, ashore, said he, "I can't bid you not to cry; bear up, acushla macree; bear up; sure, as I said when we came out this mornin', there's a good God above us, that can still turn over the good life for us, if we put our hopes in him."

'Owen,' said his sinking wife, 'it's not altogether because we're brought to this that I'm cryin'; no, indeed.'

'Thin what ails you, Kathleen, darlin'?'

The wife hesitated, and evaded the question for some time; but at length, upon his pressing her for an answer, with a fresh gush of sorrow, she replied, 'Owen, since you must know—oh, may God pity us!—since you must know, it's wid hunger—wid hunger! I kept unbeknownst, a little bit of bread to give the childhre this mornin', and that was part of it that I gave you yesterday early—I'm near two days fastin'.'

'Kathleen! Kathleen! Ochl! sure I know your worth avillish. You were too good a wife, and too good a mother, a'most! God forgive me, Kathleen! I fretted about beginnin', dear; but as my Heavenly Father's above me, I'm now happier to beg wid you by my side, nor if I war in the best house in the province wid-out you! Hould up, avourneen, for a while. Come on childhre, darlins, an' the first house we meet we'll ax their char—, their assistance. Come on, darlins, and all of ye. Why my heart's asier, so it is. Sure we have your mother, childhre, safe wid us, an' what signifies anything so long as she's left to us?'

He then raised his wife tenderly, for she had been compelled to sit from weakness, and they bent their steps to a decent farm-house that stood a few perches off the road, about a quarter of a mile before them.

As they approached the door, the husband hesitated a moment; his face got paler than usual, and his lip quivered as he said—'Kathleen—'

'I know what you're going to say, Owen. No, acushla, you won't: I'll ax it myself.'

'Do,' said Owen, with difficulty; 'I can't do it; but I'll overcome my pride afore long, I hope. It's thryin' to me, Kathleen, an' you know it is—for you know how little I ever expected to be brought to this.'

'Hush, avillish! We'll thry, then, in the name of God.'

As she spoke, the children, herself, and her husband entered, to beg for the first time in their lives, a morsel of food. Yes! timidly—with a blush of shame, red even to crimson, upon the pallid features of Kathleen—with grief acute and piercing—they entered the house together.

For some minutes they stood and spoke not. The unhappy woman, unaccustomed to the language of supplication, scarcely knew in what terms to crave assistance. Owen himself stood back, uncovered, his fine, but much changed features, overcast with an expression of deep affliction. Kathleen cast a single glance at him, as if for encouragement. Their eyes met; she saw the upright man—the last remnant of the McCarthy—himself once the friend of the poor, of the unhappy, of the afflicted—standing crushed and broken down by misfortunes which he had not deserved, waiting with patience for a morsel of charity.—Owen, too, had his remembrances. He recollected the days when he sought and gained the pure and fond affections of his Kathleen; when beauty, and youth, and innocence encircled her with their light and their grace, as she spoke or moved; he saw her a happy wife and mother in her own home, kind and benevolent to all who required her good word or her good office, and remembered the sweetness of her light-hearted song—but now she was homeless. He remembered, too, how she used to plead with himself for the afflicted. It was but a moment; yet when their eyes met, that moment was crowded by recollections that flashed across their minds with a keen sense of a lot so bitter and wretched as theirs. Kathleen could not speak, although she tried; her sobs denied her utterance, and Owen involuntarily sat upon a chair, and covered his face with his hand.

To an observing eye it is never difficult to detect the cant of imposture, or to perceive distress when it is

real. The good woman of the house, as is usual in Ireland, was in the act of approaching them, unsolicited, with a double handful of meal—that is what the Scotch and northern Irish call a gowpen, or as much as both hands lock'd together can contain—when, noticing their distress, she paused a momnt, eyed them more closely, and exclaimed—

'What's this? Why there's something wrong wid you, good people! But first and foremost take this, in the name an' honor of God.'

'May the blessin' of the same Man* rest upon yeess!' replied Kathleen. 'This is a sorrowful thrial to us; for it's our first day to be upon the world; an' this is the first help of the kind we ever axed for, or ever got; an' indeed now I find we haven't even a place to carry it in. I've no—b—b—cloth, or anything to hould it.'

'Your first, is it?' said the good woman. 'Your first! May the marcful queen of heaven look down upon yeess, but it's a bither day yeess war driven out in! Sit down, there, you poor crathur. God pity you, I pray, this day, for you have a heart-broken look! Sit down awhile, near the fire, you an' the childhre! Come over, darlins, an' warm yourselves. Ochl, oh! but it's a thousand pities to see sich fine childhre—handsome an' good lookin' even as they are, brought to this! Come over, good man; get near the fire, for you're wet and could all of ye. Brian, ludher them two lazy thieves o' dogs out o' that. *Eiree suas, a wadhie bradagh, agas go ma a shin!*—be off wid ye, ye lazy divils, that's not worth your feedin'! Come over, honest man.'

Owen and his family were placed near the fire; the poor man's heart was full, and he sighed heavily.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* God is sometimes thus termed in Ireland. By the 'Man' here is meant person or being. He is also called the 'Man above,' although this must have been intended for, and often is applied to, Christ only.

IRISH MINSTRELSY.

THE EAGLE.

O to be free, like the eagle of heaven.

That soars over valley and mountain all day,
Then flies to the rock which the thunder hath riven;

And nurses her young with the fresh bleeding prey!

No arrow can fly

To her eyrie on high,

No net of the fowler her wings can ensnare;

The merle and thrush

May live in the bush,

But the eagle's domain is as wide as the air!

O to be fleet, like the stag of the mountain,

That starts when the twilight has gilded the morn;

He feeds in the forest, and drinks from the fountain,

And hears from the thicket the sound of the horn;

Then forward he bounds,

While horses and hounds

Follow fast with their loud-sounding yell and halloo;

The goats and the sheep

Their pasture may keep,

But the stag bounds afar when the hunters pursue.

O to be strong like the oak of the forest,

That wave their green tops while the breezes blow high,

And never are felled till they're wounded the sorest—

Then they throw down their saplings, when falling to die,

The shrubs and flowers,

In gardens and bowers,

May sicken, when mildew has tainted the field;

But the oaks ever stand,

As the pride of our land,

And to none but the arm of the lightning will yield.

Then, free in the world as the far-soaring eagle,

And swift as the stag, when at morning awake,

Let us laugh at the chase of the hound and beagle,—

Be sturdy and strong as the wide-spreading oak;

And we'll quaff wine and ale

From goblet and pail.

And we'll drink to the health of our comrades so dear;

And, like merry, merry men,

We'll fill up again;

And thus live without sorrow, and die without fear.

Prentice says that the fault with the female Yankee teachers who go westward, is that instead of teaching other people's children, they soon get to teaching their own.



BLACK-ROCK CASTLE, NEAR CORK.

BLACK-ROCK CASTLE.

The Castle of the Black-Rock was first built by the Lord Mountjoy, in the beginning of King James First's reign, when the fort of Haulbowling was erected, for the defence of the harbor. In the year 1722, the city expended the sum of £296 upon this tower, and made a very handsome octagon room in it, from whence is a delightful prospect of the harbor from Passage to Cork. In it the mayors of Cork hold an admiralty court, being by several charters appointed admirals of the harbor, which in the year 1627 was contested with them, by one Edward Champion for the Lord Barry. On the 1st of August, it is usual for the mayor and corporation to have a public entertainment here at the charge of the city.

Nor ought we to forget a neat garden and improvement of Mr. Daniel Vorster, with fountains, statues, and canals, and a pretty house seated on a hill half a mile from the city, (on the north side, opposite Black-rock), having a prospect of Cork, the harbor and adjacent country. Mr. Vorster settled several years ago in Cork, being by birth a Dutchman; many of the merchants of the city have been educated by him in writing, arithmetic, and the most regular method of book-keeping, and several of them, formerly scholars to Mr. Vorster, were so sensible of his worth, that they gave him an annual public entertainment in the council-chamber of the city: a laudable practice, and anciently followed by the old Greeks and Romans to their greatest masters.

On the north side of the river the banks are high, and in some places inaccessible, composed of a mellow clay, over a slaty rock of various colors, some red, others of a deep purple and sky color, used for building.

SWIMMING.

'This is the purest exercise of health.
The kind refreshment of the summer heats;
Thus life sustains, and in its vigor breeds.
By the bold swimmer in the swift shape
Of accidents disastrous.'—*THEOPHRASTUS.*

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.

SIR—When I was a boy, I was enthusiastic on the subject of the necessity of being able to swim; and I remember forming a little club of boys of similar feelings, or who aimed at perfection in this most useful and de-

lightful art, if an art it can be fairly called, for my conviction is, that *all* can swim if they please, and all that is necessary is a little courage and some practice. It is a subject that challenges attention from the number of accidents which occur, and the many valuable lives that are lost, in consequence of the incapability to swim, which is too general. The idea of the necessity of being able to swim has never left me—

'For I have loved thee ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be.'

And it was with great pleasure I lately learned that swimming societies are now common on the Continent, and that at Paris there are commodious parts of the Seine filled in where regular professors attend to give instruction and encouraging example, at a trifling expense. It is surprising that this noble art, or effort, is in Ireland, either entirely neglected, or acquired only by chance.

Swimming is so salutary and delightful an exercise, so conducive to health and cleanliness, that it is astonishing it should meet so little regard, for according to the poet

'From the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.'

Few cities in Europe are so delightfully situated as Dublin—romantically beautiful on every side, and so contiguous to the sea—it offers local accommodations and advantages for the practice of this most desirable art and recreation.

It might be instructive, at least amusing to your juvenile readers to give some account of swimming generally. It is perhaps coeval with the creation, and practised in all nations, but certainly in greater perfection in barbarous, than in more civilized society—people in a savage state acquire it from imitating the brute creation, and their native boldness and intrepidity secure their success; for nothing retards the progress of the learner so much as fear; the dread of drowning, and the terror which naturally accompanies him in a strange and dangerous element: yet these fears which it should be a pleasurable duty to remove, are too often kept alive and augmented by the cruel or unthinking adept, with whom it is sport to alarm the tyro, to plunge him into horrors indescribable, and thus to make him for ever resign with disgust, the lau-

dable hope he had entertained of being able to master the billows—

'To beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs'

Such conduct to young adventurers is unmanly—let us hope it may be discontinued, that those who swim well, will no longer with churlish indifference neglect, or by brutal conduct repress, the ardor with which boys generally attempt to swim, but rather sooth them with hope, inspire them with confidence, and encourage them by example.

I submit these hints with the utmost humility to all, but especially to fathers, and those who have the care of youth: some perhaps may be induced to second my views, and favor society with further and more interesting observations on the subject. Swimming is surely as necessary an accomplishment as dancing. Is he the most worthy of our admiration and applause, the boy 'who highest lifts his heels,' or the dauntless spirit, who with cheerful confidence, leaps into the fathomless deep, and rescues from death his drowning brother!

W. K.

THE GAELIC AND IRISH DIALECTS.

These dialects are much more closely allied to each other than either the Welsh or the Manx. The words are almost the same, the structure every way similar, and the inhabitants in many instances, conduct their little shipping connexions through the medium of the language common to both parties. There is, in short much greater difference between the vernacular dialects of two counties in England, and they have greater difficulty in understanding each other, than an Irishman and a Highlander.

CURRAN.

Mr. Curran was once asked, what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. 'I suppose,' replied the wit, 'he's trying to catch the English accent.'

The lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful, should patiently see the active and cold pass by them in their course. They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble.—*Sharpe's Essays.*

IRISH MISCELLANY.

EDITORIAL



BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Since the first publication of the prospectus of the *Miscellany*, we have been almost deluged by letters of kind encouragement, promises of generous support, with *bona fide* help from friends, in the shape of good dollar bills. We cannot reply to each of these, but must content ourselves by thus assuring them that we feel deeply gratified with their kindness, and shall endeavor to make the *Miscellany* all they hope of it.

We cannot take notice of any communications intended for insertion which is written on both sides of the paper.—No correspondent thus writing can even expect to have his paper read.

No manuscript sent for publication will be returned—whether inserted or not.

‘REV. FRANCIS STROKER,’ Mineral Point, Wisconsin. We have done as you desired without any inquiry, and with pleasure.

‘JOHN SHERIDEN.’—We regret that you have wasted so much time on a manuscript which does not possess the merit you seem to think. For your kindness accept our thanks.

‘I. S.’—The ‘poem’ you send us addressed to ‘Mary,’ heaven bless her, beginning with the line—

‘I’m sitting all alone, Mary.’

is so evident an imitation, and such a poor one, too, that if we published it, you would wish you had continued to ‘sit alone,’ without calling upon the exquisite Mary to join you.

‘A SLIGHT TRIBUTE TO IRELAND.’—Does not come up to our poetic standard.

‘PATRICIUS,’ Montpelier, Vt.—We are much indebted to you. The tale is under consideration.

‘RED HUGO.’ Yes. If it be what you say it is, send it along and it shall have insertion.

‘SILKEN THOMAS’—We cannot insert your ‘Essay upon the Wrongs of Ireland.’ It is time such stuff was given up. These wrongs are too old, and too deeply engraven upon the Irish mind ever to be erased—ever to be forgiven. We want no school-boy orations upon them. We must here, and elsewhere, assume a more bold and manly tone, if we wish the respect of others.

‘PASSIM.’—We have received a communication over this signature, unaccompanied by the writer’s name. Now we beg to say, that in future, we shall take no notice of any communication intended for insertion, unless the writer places his name, in confidence, in our hands.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WE EMPLOY NO CANVASSING AGENTS, and caution our friends not to pay their subscriptions to any person representing himself as such. The best and safest way for those desirous of obtaining our paper regularly, is to forward their subscription direct to the publishers, or procure it weekly at any news-vendors store.

OUR TERMS, as are in our prospectus, payment in advance. From this we cannot vary.

WE HAVE SENT the first three numbers of our paper as specimens by mail, to many of our friends who sent us postage stamps. If they wish their papers continued they know our rule.

OUR PUBLISHERS.

Numbers of our private friends have informed us that they have received letters from distant places, inquiring who are Messrs Jackson & Foyne, the publishers of the ‘Irish Miscellany.’ To satisfy such persons, we inform them, *sub rosa*, that the gentlemen in question, are two practical printers, natives of the old land; who having, by industry and economy laid up a few dollars, agreed to become co-partners in business, and purchased a large job printing establishment, at No. 2 Spring Lane, in this city, late Potter & Co. In this concern, which cost them several thousand dollars, they have a most extensive assortment of job type of every kind, together with power presses of numerous sizes, and can, on the shortest notice, execute any job of printing from a neat

business card, to that of a poster big enough to cover the State House!

OUR FRIENDS WILL PLEASE NOTICE.

By the bye, this reminds us that we lately saw a bill announcing a lecture by an Irish gentleman, in aid of the fund for the ‘Sarsfield monument,’ which was printed at the office of the ‘*American Patriot*’; the most intense *Know Nothing* paper in the State!

It seems to us that Sarsfield would not wish any monument erected by such means—he always gave more kicks than coppers to the enemy.

POLITICAL PRINCIPLE!

By the politeness of the Hon. Francis DeWitt, Secretary of the State, we have received an ‘abstract of the census of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,’ from which we glean sundry statistical facts of great value, and to which we shall return for the purpose of showing the services rendered to the State, by what is contemptuously termed the ‘foreign population,’ and the great injustice done to them socially and politically in return.

From this valuable public document, we learn that the entire population of Massachusetts, on the first day of June, 1855, was 1,122,369 persons. Of this number, 244,685 were persons of foreign birth; proving that the latter are considerably more than one fifth of the entire population of the State. These numbers do not contain the number of children of foreign parentage, who, socially, are treated as ‘foreigners,’ otherwise the proportion of ‘foreigners,’ to ‘natives’ would have been much larger.

Did our time at present permit, we could go back thro’ the pages of this abstract, and prove not only that the increase which has taken place in the population of this State is mainly attributable to foreign immigration, but that a large, and, if ‘men constitute a State,’ destructive decrease in the population, must inevitably have occurred, but for the same cause. Why is it that the number of children born of native and foreign parents respectively, are not given in this abstract? Surely a statistician anxious to spread before the public a correct analysis of a census containing so much of vital importance to statesmen and to the State, ought not to have left out of sight, a feature so important as this? In taking the census was not this matter fully inquired into? If so, why was it omitted?

The answer is, that the children of foreign parentage, born in this State, are more numerous in proportion to the number of their parents, than the children of native parents. It would have made, what is called the ‘foreign element,’ appear much stronger than it was desirable for the public to know.

The best feature of this abstract is the ‘tables’ commencing at page 220, where, under the head of ‘Nativity,’ is arranged a vast amount of valuable information which will be no fault of ours, if it is not more generally known.—Thus, after giving, (pages 231–32,) the number of natives and foreigners in each county in the State, the compiler says,

‘The preceding table clearly demonstrates that the foreign population of Massachusetts is not very evenly distributed among the several counties; and that while there is a great proportion of this class in some counties, there are very few foreigners in others. For instance, in the County of Suffolk, of which Boston, the capital of the Commonwealth, composes the chief part, there are about sixty-seven foreign inhabitants to every one hundred native American citizens; and this, too, without including with the foreigners any portion of their children who were born in this country. In the counties of Norfolk and Middlesex, the foreigners comprise nearly one-quarter of the population.—On the contrary, in the counties of Dukes, Barnstable, Nantucket, Franklin and Plymouth, those of foreign birth are comparatively an inconsiderable portion of the population. Four counties only show a proportion of foreign population, exceeding the aggregate foreign proportion of the whole Commonwealth.’

For the present we leave the ‘abstract,’ and pursue a few reflections which its perusal has suggested.

It was a principle of the revolutionary fathers, that ‘taxation without representation is not tyranny.’ If this principle is true, why ought not that portion of the people called ‘foreigners,’ who compose one fifth of the population of the Commonwealth, be represented in every department of State?

If this principle is true, and who dare say ‘tis not? we ask, emphatically ask, our *Idiot* Mayor Lincoln, who ought not the 67 per cent. of the citizens of Boston—the ‘foreigners,’ Mayor Lincoln if you please, why ought they not to be represented in every department of the city government?—Yet in this city, there is not a single foreigner holding any office of emolument under the city government, and we are told, indignantly told, in effect by Mayor Lincoln, that because a gentleman is even ‘suspected’ of being a friend to Irishmen, he shall not be appointed Chief of Police! Enough for to day!

ERIBATA.—In the sketch of Brian Boiroimhe of last week, for ‘Carlerius,’ read ‘barbarians.’ In the article on the Hon. Caleb Cushing’s lecture, in speaking of Moore’s poem,

read ‘pointedly’ for ‘positively,’ with errors of punctuation which we will endeavor to avoid in future, we hope to keep pressing onward to perfection—at least we promise so.

AMUSEMENTS DURING THE PAST WEEK.

The ‘hard times’ seem to have made a visible impression during the past week, upon the places of popular resort, as in most instances but slim houses have rewarded the efforts of our managers.

THE BOSTON THEATRE, owing to the presence of the *Ravels*, has been generally well attended, indeed mostly crowded; and the performances have nightly excited great mirth.

THE MUSEUM, so well known as one of our most popular theatres, drives a good business, and nightly presents a bill of fare which shows its manager is determined not to be behind the spirit of the times in catering for public patronage.

ORDWAY drives ahead with his usual zeal and good taste. The respectable audiences nightly smiling upon our old friend, though not as large as we could wish—owing doubtless to the cold weather of the past week—serve to prove that his past efforts in administering to public pleasure, are not forgotten.

MORRIS BROS. PELL & HUNTLEY’S MINSTRELS, are the chief source of attraction in the Ethiopian line. Their new Opera Hall, in School St., is nightly crowded by highly respectable audiences. The efforts of the various artists are received with immense applause. ‘Bones’ is imitable; and his pleasing absurdities provoke the audience into bursts of uproarious laughter. The singing of the ‘Emigrant’s Farewell,’ (which we had the pleasure of listening to one evening last week,) by H. S. Thompson, was indeed fine. He possesses a rich musical voice, and great pathos, which he exercised with artistic skill and pleasing effect.—The ‘Anvil Chorus’ is, in our opinion, one of the most unique performances of the day. This alone, is worth the price of admission. Space will not permit us this week to refer to the other performers as they deserve, with the exception of ‘Dick Sliter, the Champion jig dancer.’ We say, in sober earnestness, many a fine fellow have we seen jig it at home, fair and green, but Dick beats Banagher, and Banagher beats the d—n—l. It is impossible to conceive his equal—Dick’s we mean.

We will only add, there is no place of amusement in the city where a family could spend a more pleasing night, than at the School St. Opera House. We wish the spirited managers every success.

OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not, yet, fully completed all the arrangements we have in view for the purpose of making the *Miscellany* a first-class, illustrated, weekly paper, in accordance with our prospectus. We, however, this week present the first communication of our New York Correspondent. He is, we can assure our readers, a gentleman of high literary attainments, whose name, were we at liberty to mention it, would be a sufficient guarantee in advance, of the excellence of his future contributions.

We have also completed arrangements with a gentleman resident in the city of Dublin, a true nationalist, in everything devoted to the best interests of our race on the old soil, to supply us with the latest and most accurate events transpiring in that ancient *insula sanctorum*. These letters we expect will be perused with interest by our readers. His first letter we hope to receive in season for our next publication.

We are also negotiating with a gentleman in a Western State, who possesses extensive means of information, to supply us with frequent intelligence relative to the condition of the Western States, the best localities for settlers, the spurious land schemes upon foot, and other matters which cannot fail to be of value to the thousands of ‘foreigners,’ who intend going West from these Eastern States when the season opens.

Our readers will thus see that we are determined not only to fulfil our engagements to the letter, but, in consequence of the patronage so generously bestowed upon our undertaking so far—generous indeed beyond our most sanguine anticipations—that we shall add to the *Miscellany* attractions of a high order not hitherto promised.

LECTURE BY T. F. MEAGHER.—It gives us much pleasure to see by our exchanges that this distinguished gentleman, and popular lecturer is delighting crowded audiences in the West, where he now is lecturing. On his return he lectures in New York city.

THE JULY RIOTS IN BELFAST.—THE NEW GOVERNMENT INQUIRY. We find that Messrs Fitzmaurice and Gould, the commissioners sent down by the government to investigate certain charges made against the constabulary, relative to their conduct during the July riots are doing their business with closed doors.—Banner.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for the Miscellany.

JEM TOONER'S SHOT.

BY T. O'S.

Well, comrades, since you wish it, I will relate how Jem got so many wounds. He held danger in as low an estimate as any man I ever knew. As you know, we were of the storming party on the morning of the 8th of September; we waited with impatience for the first streak of day, to rush, full of hope and enthusiasm, over the undug graves in which three-fourths of our numbers slept before that same sun went down.

When day broke, we arose from a cold and cheerless bivouac, wiped the heavy dew from our muskets and saw that our bayonets were properly locked.—Some slight skirmishing was already going on between the outposts. We now received the order to 'Advance, reserving our fire until we were within one hundred yards of the enemy, then to pour in our well-directed volley and charge,' but ere the last word of that order was heard, our ranks were sadly thinned. We made good the order, however, by the bayonet's point and captured the enemy's guns and turned them with effect upon their retreating columns. Here happened the mistake of the day; by some unaccountable means our advantage was not made good by timely support, and when the smoke arose above the field, the Mexican commander saw the miserable handful of men that routed him, and our unsupported position, he immediately rallied his men, retook his guns, and drove the remnant of our eight hundred back upon the reserve. Ere he accomplished this, however, he received a shot from Jem Tooner I shall never forget. It happened this way. The Mexicans were steadily advancing, with a flood of fire streaming from out their whole front, while three men under Jem's direction, were endeavoring to load a heavy field-piece—no easy matter for infantry not acquainted—besides we could not find ammunition to suit the piece.

I was about to follow my retreating comrades when Jem halloosed, 'Ram her home—don't run yet—we will give them pepper!' I turned and rammed, but could not tell what sort of a charge, or how many charges Jem had in. Jem fired, after deliberately sighting his piece, and with that one shot the whole column staggered, and being taken half-flank, made an opening large enough for a train of cars to go through. I left, for although not the first, I did not like to be the last, the Mexicans being now uncomfortably close.

After the fight was over, Jem was taken off the field in a blanket. He had been wounded early in the morning in the instep, and so intent was he upon seeing the effect of his shot, that the gun in its rebound knocked him down, breaking his leg. This of course spoiled his running qualities, and as he lay on his back, the first Mexican coming up drove his bayonet through him into the ground. They had soon to give way to American prowess, however, and though sad losers, we remained masters of the field of 'Molino del Rey.'

When last I saw him I helped him into a wagon, returning to the United States. He was on crutches; one leg was drawn up, having but very little use of it—the other he left in Mexico, (as he said, for 'a legacy,') and his body was nearly bent double. He was discharged, having eight wounds, and receiving eight dollars per month, or what is called a full pension.

For the Irish Miscellany.

THE IRISH.

Although I am an American, whose ancestors came from England, as early as the first settlement of the Provincial Colony of Massachusetts Bay, and hence can justly claim to be an American; yet I feel a lively interest in that large class of Irishman who help compose American society, who have expatriated themselves through causes which were honest and justifiable.

Go to what country you will, we meet some of that

warm and noble-hearted race—true exponents of the spirit which pervades their fatherland.

The Emerald Isle, the country which last meets the eye of its exile, when leaving the old world for the new, stretching into the Atlantic, like a diamond set in the border of continental Europe. A country which has ever been conscious of the great joy, the boon of liberty inevitably brings to a country when once permanently attained; and how often has this people been thwarted in this, their supreme desire; and are we not warranted in saying that this perpetual disappointment is one of the prime causes of driving so many of her sons elsewhere to seek liberty and a home?

What is a more melancholy sight than to witness a noble race of men and women, who can fully appreciate the blessing of liberty; struggling through successive generations to obtain their national freedom, and yet, baffled and disappointed in each and every attempt?

Ireland has never enjoyed that liberty which is comprehended in the broadest sense of the term. That liberty which extends so far as is necessary to the safety and interest of the society in which it is instituted is *civil liberty*. But *political liberty* is something broader than this; it is the freedom of a nation or state from all unjust abridgment of its rights and independence by any other nation. This is what Ireland has sighed and labored through a series of struggles in its long career of nationality, and has failed to attain it, not on account of inaction or a dereliction of their duty, for they have done what could have been done within their means.

Who wonders then, that they leave their mother country for one where they can breathe the pure air of liberty? Not that they despise their fatherland; on the contrary, they love it too well to remain and witness its oppression, but they hate the tyranny which holds and ever has held the rod of despotic power over their heads.

It is true she has a voice in the British Parliament, but it is the voice of an oppressed minority, which is little better than no voice at all. It is something like placing a person in a dangerous position, where he can move about a little, but not far enough to free himself from the peril which awaits him, and then cry out to him, '*Save yourself—you can move!*' This has been the case with Ireland, in the British Parliament, ever since she was represented there. She had a voice there, but one not potent enough to do any essential good to her oppressed people.

You can read Ireland's history in the hearts of her men; yes, in its 'nation's eyes.' It comes down to us, like the traditions of the North American Indians, from generation to generation, in the breasts of the living, they seem to *live* their history in their individual acts. The history of the whole nation is portrayed in the hearts of its individual citizens.

Who can mistake the true history of oppressed Ireland, when witnessing the lives and characters of its sons. They all tell the same story of oppression and wrong received. Neither is this a mere tradition or trite and cant complaint; but it is a real and not an imaginary fact. It is something which has sunk deep and heavy upon and into the heart of that country, and it is no wonder it has; it has had time to do it. The oppression has become national and individual in its influence, since the oppressor's arm has never yielded in its clemency towards them. This is no ephemeral sorrow or oppression, which has not lasted long enough to make an enduring impress upon its national character, but it has been perpetual. A momentary evil and its influences are likely to be immediately eradicated.

It is not my purpose to exaggerate, but would ask the candid reader of history, if he does not concur with me concerning the past and present condition of Ireland, and I would say to those who have not—read her history for yourselves and ponder. There is a great lesson at heart to be gained from it, which cannot fail to sink deep into the heart of the contemplative and sincere. Although Ireland has her faults,

yet it is equally true that these faults have been seized by the enemies of her liberty to bring her into subjection.

I will close this paper, hoping at the same time that at some future period I may be able to contribute something else on the subject, by giving you my 'God speed' to your Miscellany, trusting that it may be one of the efficient instruments in the hands of the countrymen which it represents, to disseminate those broad and liberal principles of government in which all men can have a voice—an efficient voice—in their own civil and political regulations, and where the expatriated of every country may be truly and impartially represented for the benefit of the whole. E. S. W.

HAD NO "O" TO HIS NAME.

We witnessed a scene at a railroad station a short time since which afforded much amusement to the bystanders. A very well and slowly dressed man, with a very prominent nose, alighted from the cars, and stood watching their departure, when he was bluntly accosted by an old son of Erin, (a recent importation), who still retained the frieze coat and corduroys, and was evidently but little Americanized, in the following manner—

'Arrah! an' be me soul, is this yourself, Mr. O'Nayle?'

The 'gentleman,' looking first surprised, and then shocked, and lastly indignant, replied: 'You're mistaken, sir, my name is not O'Nayle.'

'Which?'

'My name is 'nt O'Nayle.'

'Isn't it now? An' you're not an O'Nayle, an' ye didn't com from Skibbereen? An' yer not the son of the widder Bridget? An' may be Patrick, poor fellow, that's dead and gon, was not yer father, neither? An' ye didn't go to Baltimore wid a rich gentleman, an' git into the rag bizness, an' make a power o' money? An' yer not an O'Nayle? Well! well! well! be this and be that, this bates all out entirely—an' yees think that I woulnd't know yees, Patrick? well I wud with that nose to yer for I'd take the Bible oath to yees in open court, before the judge, an' joory, an' ivery soule that was in it.'

'An' so yer not an O'Nayle? Well! then, tis'n' aisy denyin't, yer the image of yer father, so you are.—Oh, sure an' I heard how grand ye wer, and what a fine gentleman ye wor, an' how ye didn't know poor men at all; an' sure tis an illegant coat yees have on, so tis, an' very perlitte yeare wid yee big looks an' dultherin' ways? Divil a one I ever seen yet was altered equal to yees? An' yer not an Irishman, nather! mebbe tis a Yankee ye are, all out? divil a won on 'em doubts it, an' ye're not an O'Nayle? I'll engage yer ain't an Irishman, nather—an' sure yer not O'Nayle. Might I make bould to ax ye yer name?'

All this was vociferated very rapidly, and in a tone of deep indignation, as the 'gentleman of the rag bizness' replied:

'My name is Neil, sir, but I have no O to the name.'

'An' is that it? Ye've niver an O to yer name.—Did yees loose it after ye came to Amerika?'

'No, sir, I did not. I never had an O to my name.'

'D'yees tell me that? Well, thin Mr. Nayle, I mind when there was an O to yer name, big enough to drive a horse and cart through, whasomiver ye've done wid it since.'

The 'gentleman' declining further controversy, left indignantly, denying the 'soft impeachment.'—*Ex.*

The above incident of itself is worthy of reading, but doubly worthy of making a few comments on.

Our people must not expect the Miscellany to pandor to their prejudices, nor fear to correct their wrong doings. It would appear as though many of them were ashamed of these additions, which at once characterize their noble extraction, and the antiquity of their names. We see some O'Neill's, O'Brien's, O'Connors, McCarthy's, Magenis's, and many others, suppress them, which can only arise from ignorance, littleness of mind, or a foolish desire of conforming to

English taste, as they must be introduced in the Irish pronunciation of these names. They may be accused of the same indifference with respect to their language, which bespeaks an ancient people, and of which they affect to be ignorant, to adopt a jargon introduced among them by foreigners. We know when the opportunities are equal, that Irish intellect will reach the summit of professional distinction, as under adverse circumstances it has made its mark in the world, and had a fair share in moulding the destiny of men and nations.

We know of nothing in Ireland's history of which a true man may be ashamed. It has been the first in literature and civilization; her scholars and soldiers have a world-wide reputation; and even now struggle (as some call it) against destiny. They prove themselves true to the distinctive greatness of the Celtic race and character. There is nothing then in the country, it must be in the men; and strange, while some have been pandering to the prejudices around them, and been led to modernize or Anglicise their names, to avoid being the butt for ignorance, intolerance and bigotry. Many of their descendants have reached the pinnacle of fame, proving, as it were, their Celtic origin, despite their father's infidelity to the glorious old land. James K. Polk, for instance, whose ancestry were old Irish Pollocks, and John C. Calhoun, of distinguished statesmanship and ability whose father was Patrick Callahan, one of the Irish settlers on the Wax-saw settlement as was Andrew Jackson's and Senator Thomas Rusk's father's. But there is another class who have ignored the Saxonizing system, and prefer the prefix of Monsieur, for instance, Monsieur Du-Crow, professor, &c., that meant Michael Crow, of the Dublin liberties, who after a few years astonishing the Parisians by his feats of equestrianism, thought he would take London by storm, and as Du-Crow the French professor, did astonish the cockneys in Astley's old theatre, foot of Westminster bridge, where as proprietor he went mad through being burnt out, and died some few years ago. A certain professor, Mahoni from Brussels whom we recognised as from Hammond's Marsh, in Cork's own city, tipped us the wink a short time since, and told us he was doing a smashing business, for one who so badly understood the American language (?)

We know a Major Dulany and several Delano's all Irish Delany's, and a certain Mr. McLeithan a good Galway McLaughlin. We know a Signor Juan Morandi—one John Moran from Sligo—but cases are too numerous to write of in extenso. Our women likewise from whom we certainly expect better things, draw out the yankee monosyllables, 'I,' 'be,' rather too soon, to prove an American nationality. We cannot countenance such weak and ignorant conduct. If Ireland was successful to-morrow in the restoration of her nationality, and her green flag proudly floated from every spire, hailed by the cheers of this free people, how many would be glad to acknowledge Irish birth, or Irish ancestry then? It was not thus with the men who founded the 'Brigade,' nor those who wrote their names high on the scroll of fame, in Spain, Austria, Russia or elsewhere—they knew and felt her fallen position, and although they became grandees and dukes, marshals, generals, governors, and ministers of State, yet the foreign titles did not alter the O'Farrells, the O'Donnells, O'Higgins, O'Neill's, the O'Dillons, O'Reilly or the McMahon's.

No, those men were proud of the old names, as they were of the old land, and its classic memories. No true son of Erin but must with Moore

'Remember thee? Yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all alone as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.
Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gen of the sea,
I might laid thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But O, could I love thee more deeply than now?
No, thy claims as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.'

And thus I sign myself,

PAUDEEN.

LETTER FROM JOHN MITCHELL.

The following letter, so characteristic of its able author, appeared in the last number of the Southern Citizen. It will, we are sure, be read with much pleasure by every class of our readers.

A TOUR IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

No. I.

LETTER TO JOHN MARTIN, ESQ., RUE DE LAPEDE, PARIS.

NAPOLÉON, ARKANSAS, Jan. 18th, 1868.

My Dear Martin—Instead of a formal reply to your last letter, take a journal of my first tour down the Mississippi, and through Louisiana and Alabama—with which latter respectable State, my name is so frequently connected, that I begin to owe a certain filial interest in her.

That a serious discordance of opinion exists between us, on the subject of the Southern States and their way of life; and that you can adduce vigorous arguments to prove (from a very distant point of view) that we are all in the wrong here, may be admitted, but is nothing to the present purpose. Without regard to the discordance, and without prejudice to the arguments, I mean to think aloud for you during my journey, and tell you simply what I see and what I hear. What you are to expect in these letters is not a disquisition but a Journal.

I had never before been on the lower Mississippi; and am shortly to see, for the first time, the famous city of New Orleans, and that pleasant seat of the cotton trade, Mobile.—Certain Literary Societies of those cities have invited me to lecture before them; I gladly avail myself of the invitation, hoping much more to instruct myself than to improve my auditory; and, inasmuch as any human being, with eyes and understanding moderately open, travelling for the first time, over so singular a country, must see much that will interest others as well as himself, I propose to carry you along with me, paying your fare all through, as Uhland did for his ghostly friends; and so without farther preface let us start off at once.

On the morning of the eleventh of January, we repair to the Railroad Depot of the East Tennessee and Georgia Road at Knoxville. The train arrives from Virginia, and it consists of one baggage car and two passenger cars; for the traffic by this road passing through East Tennessee is still but slender, and will so continue until the railroad connexion is made complete. There is yet an interval of staging, about thirty miles; and to avoid this, most travellers will go round five hundred miles by railway. Next Spring, however, the road will be complete; and thenceforward North and South will pour themselves through our valley; New York and New Orleans will shake hands at the Knoxville depot.

Two passenger cars, then, come in from the Virginia side—American passenger cars—none of your coupes—but long houses on wheels, large enough to carry fifty persons, with a wide space for a stove besides. A few minutes elapse; and then, you and I, committing ourselves to the charge of the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad Company, rush South Westward. This train also consists of but two cars, not half full.

Have a clear idea, first, of our starting point. The Depot is half a mile from the Holston river; but between lies a hill, on which the town is built; and as almost the whole of the town lies on the riverward slope of this hill, neither river nor town is visible. Only some scattered buildings connected with the two railroads—a large flour-mill, and an iron-foundry, a railroad-car factory, a hotel—give intimation that we are close to some centre of population. Beyond, to the North-west lie ranges of long low hills, all deeply clothed with forest.

For twenty-five miles our course lies parallel to the river but not in sight of it; through a broken and hilly country partially cleared and cultivated. Suddenly the railroad track in its windings round the hills comes out over the high and steep bank or the river, just at the point where the Holston and Tennessee unite their waters; and at the same moment we look upon a wider horizon, bounded by the blue Alleghenies. It has been a rainy winter; and the river (henceforth called the Tennessee) is almost at highest flood. From hence to London our track sweeps on a fine curve midway up the sides of the high hills which enclose the river, and then over a magnificent railroad bridge, half a mile long, into the little town of London. It is at this point a magnificent stream, though it has still the Clinch and Hiwassee to receive before it is swelled to its full volume.—At London we again leave the river to the right hand and see if no more for many miles; pass through the rich farming country called the Sweetwater valley, thick studded with plantations; pass by several small towns, Athens, Charleston, Cleveland, all very much alike, with a church steeple or two in each, and generally a county court-house with its cupola of tin gleaming in the sun; and as we approach the State line of Tennessee and Georgia, find ourselves again in the unbroken forests, wherein the oak, chestnut and walnut have almost disappeared, and dark pine woods indicate a poorer soil. About this State line there is a remarkable depression in the chain of the Alleghenies, which turns Westward and traverses the Northern part of Alabama. Soon we perceive that we have crossed the watershed and are on the other side of the mountains; the streams on one side running northward into the Tennessee, and on

the other flowing southward to swell the Coosa, which is the principal branch of the noble Alabama.

This region is rather hungry and ragged looking. The log-houses are small, rough and dingy, and the people meagre, pale and ill-favored. It brings us to the small town of Dalton, one of those abortive looking towns created by the railroad. Here the East Tennessee and Georgia road ends. The Western and Atlantic begins, and brings you, if such be your 'destined end and way' southward into Georgia, and the handsome cities of Augusta, Macon, Savannah, Charleston. On the present occasion, however, I shall request your company on the road to Chattanooga. Once more we must cross the watershed of the Alleghenies—this time through a tunnel—and descend to the banks of the Tennessee. We arrive at Chattanooga after dark; and proceed from thence along the bank of the river and round the base of the Look-out Mountain. I regret that it is dark, inasmuch as you are one of those who take delight in 'romantic scenery.' Below Chattanooga the river is contracted within narrow boundaries as it rushes through the Cumberland ridge, making those phenomena of eddying and whirling which the 'Anglo-Saxons,' so copious in an appropriate and euphonious nomenclature, think proper to call 'the Suck,' and the 'Boiling Pot.' You have probably little notion of the size of the river at this point. By the size of a river I do not mean its breadth alone, nor its depth alone, nor its rapidity alone, but depth, breadth and rapidity altogether; that is to say the quantity of water flowing under any given bridge in a given time. New Yorkers are in the habit of calling the Hudson a river; and also the narrow part of Long Island Sound a river. They are estuaries both. The tide flows up to Albany; and it is only above tidewater that you find the river proper, or the current of fresh water flowing always downwards and never upwards. Now the Hudson above tide-water, even if you add the Mohawk, would hardly add sensibly to the volume of the Tennessee at Chattanooga. You know how travelling Londoners, too, always measure the size of rivers by reference to 'Old Father Thames,' as they call that muddy old Mother of Dead Dogs. The Indus at Attock, they will tell you, is about as large as the Thames at Battersea; and the Danube at Buda Pesth they compare to the Thames at Greenwich. But what sort of 'river' is that, which as often floods its dead dogs and cats upwards through the bridges as downwards, and deposits the cabbage stalks of Hungerford Market away up at Chelsea? The Thames at Windsor, indeed, is a river, and a very small one—smaller than many affluent of the Tennessee which have hardly a name upon any map.

If you could take the Shannon, the Foyle, the Blackwater, the Bann, Barrow, Boyne, Nore and Suir, and pour them all into one channel, you would produce a river, as I estimate, equal to the Tennessee; yet the Tennessee is but one of the tributaries of the Ohio, which is one of the tributaries of the Mississippi. The Mississippi himself, then?—But have patience. We are going to him.

We rush along all night, through North Alabama at twenty miles an hour; and about the dawn of a gloomy morning, cross the Tennessee by a very long bridge to Decatur, where there is awaiting us one of the worst breakfasts which can be produced by the wit of man. I feel it necessary to apologise to you as a stranger for this kind of fare; but in the evening we shall sup sumptuously at Memphis. North Alabama is a portion of the great Tennessee valley, and is fertile in corn and cotton. It contains many large plantations; and the planters regard Huntsville as a kind of local metropolis. Many wealthy people have congregated there and made it their residence, for the sake of society and the education of their children. It is therefore a town of elegant villas and luxurious gardens; perfumed, they say, by roses and camellias, and illuminated by the soft beams of dark eyes, which these stately Southern women carry in their haughty heads—a light to lighten the world. We passed by Huntsville after midnight, but did you not feel breathing over your senses the calm of flowers? the atmosphere of beauty sleeping?

From Decatur, the railroad carries us to Tusculum, through a country of great fertility, slightly rolling—just enough to drain the risk alluvial of the river valley, but not cleared or cultivated to one fourth of its extent and capacity. As daylight brightens, you begin to perceive that you are in the region of cotton, and pass through hundreds of acres, where the raw material of civilization is yet but half picked. Long rows of negroes are working, not too assiduously, at this sacred work, unconscious of the high mission they are accomplishing, but all as jovial and merry, as if they felt their own importance in the scheme of Providence. A natural reflection occurs and recurs to my mind as I journey along on this forenoon. I see the teeming soil not half cultivated, the wilderness not half tamed, the assiduous overseers too evidently short-handed in the fields, the unpicked cotton haunting in the winter wind, the town of Tusculum ambitiously laid out; with rudiments of stately streets, which look as if they were destined to grow old before they are built up; and my natural reflection is, that millions of negro slaves are this moment for sale by the enterprising marauders of Dahomey, Ashantee and Yoruba, and are crying aloud to be bought by reasonable people, who know the use of a slave,—and so rescued from a too probable death, to ornament a mat-palace with their skulls

—to propitiate a divine monkey, or merely to furnish forth a solemn feast with her brains. Oh! my friend, does not Ethiopia stretch forth her hands to Alabama?

At Tusculum we are once more near the bank of the Tennessee; but here we leave it altogether; or rather it leaves us, turns northward, and flows perhaps four hundred miles further through Alabama, Tennessee and Kentucky. We hold on our course westward and north westward, thro' the northern part of Mississippi State, thence over the State line again into Western Tennessee, over vast tracts of actual and possible cotton lands. At last, towards evening, we enter, a decidedly rolling country, still mostly covered with its ancient forest. Pretty villas appear; then more and more frequent on our path, handsome residences; we are on the Chickasaw Bluffs. Far away stretch into blue distance the forests and cane brakes of Arkansas. Close before us, the smoke and haze of a large city; and rolling in deep eddies at its feet, broad, deep, brimfull, whirling, and boiling with silent and resistless impetuosity—lo! you, Mississippi!

It is my second visit to the Great River. Last year I stemmed up from Cairo to St. Louis, and from thence past the mouth of the Missouri to Alton in Illinois. Now, you know I despise "scenery," and in fact there is no scenery here as that word is usually understood. Nothing can well be conceived more dreary looking than endless low banks covered with different growth of cotton-wood. No green sloping banks; no frowning beetling cliffs, (at least on this part of the river); no castellated ruins, no richly improved farms, with orchards and orange groves, such as we are shortly to see on the Louisiana coast. What is it, then, that makes the Mississippi so impressive to the imagination? My friend, it is that this river is the aorta of the whole land; and when you approach its banks you feel the beating of America's great heart.

Old Nile was well enough in a small way; and I desire to speak with becoming respect of the Yang-tee-Kiang. The Amazon also, it may be confessed, makes a good appearance upon the map, and may eventually, if it get into the right hands, become one of the respectable rivers of the globe, intertropical as it is. But the whole Nile Delta would be lost in the single State of Arkansas; the whole Nile would not swell Mississippi by a foot. The great Chinese river flows almost in vain, for men who are weaker than women; and the mighty Maranon, running through vast countries whose products are too similar to one another, offers its waters to navigation as yet in vain; for who would exchange oranges for oranges? or cassava for cassava?—But I will not engage you just now in discussions of political economy.

We are in Memphis; an omnibus is ready to carry us to the Worsham House; and an expressman on hand to take charge of our baggage checks. We are still in the State of Tennessee, as we were at starting yesterday morning; but have traversed portions of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi in our journey. The greater part of it has been made upon the Memphis and Charleston Railroad; a great new line of traffic, lying altogether in the cotton countries, and connecting the Mississippi with Charleston and Savannah; of which line I will remark, in passing, that it is well constructed and that its cars glide along more smoothly than is usual upon our Southern roads.

It is evident that we are entering a busy populous and wealthy city; the lamps are lighted, the streets alive with horses, vehicles, wagons, pedestrians, the theatres, open (two in number) and the hotels swarming. We secure a good room in the Worsham House; and now for a sleep long and sound, to prepare for the tasks or pleasures of to-morrow; for I warn you that Memphis is a jovial and convivial city; albeit somewhat ferocious it is said, and sudden in quarrel—a city where one may have his throat as quickly and handsomely cut as in any corporate town in the Union; but on the other hand a city where, if your life be spared, you will have a good time!

Good night! Au revoir in the morning.

J. M.

SMITH O'BRIEN.

Our readers will peruse with pleasure the following letter from the greatest living Irishman.

CAHINMOYLE, Newcastle West, Feb. 1, 1859.

My dear Sir—Perceiving with much satisfaction that a fund is about to be raised in order to enable Rev. Mr. Conway to defray the expenses incidental to his trial in Dublin, I beg to offer a subscription of £2 in aid of that object.

Having no sufficient means of judging whether Rev. Mr. Conway did or did not exceed the limits of propriety in his eager support of Mr. George Moore at the Mayo election, I offer no opinion upon that question. But I have not any difficulty in forming an opinion as to the question whether he ought or ought not to be tried in the county of Mayo rather than in Dublin.

Even if it were admitted that a prima facie ground or a prosecution is to be found in the circumstance that the House of Commons has ordered this proceeding (an admission which I am by no means inclined to make), still it seems to me that the removal of the venue from Mayo to Dublin is an act of resection unworthy of any Government.

The jurors of Mayo are much more competent to determine the merits of the case than a jury unacquainted with the circumstances of the county in which the election took place. We know by the experiences of 1814 and 1848 how easy it is to pack juries in Dublin; but even if the jury were honestly selected, does any one who is acquainted with the temper of Irish society believe that the citizens of Dublin and its vicinity are more free from prejudice in regard to the proceedings of a Catholic clergyman at an election than the landholders of Mayo? It is manifest, therefore, that the Law Officers of the Crown have procured a change in the venue, not for the purpose of obtaining a fair trial, but in the hope of ensuring a conviction.

It is manifest also, that the expenses incidental to this preliminary proceeding, must be considerable; and that those which are to be incurred here after will be greatly augmented by the necessity of carrying witnesses to Dublin.

I trust therefore, that an adequate fund may be raised by contributions from all parts of Ireland to indemnify the Rev. Mr. Conway for the expense and vexation incidental to these harassing proceedings.

In such cases as the present, subscriptions of small amount, coming from a great number of persons, are preferable to large subscriptions offered by a few individuals, because it is easier in this way to raise a considerable fund, and because they serve to show what is the feeling of the country on the subject.

To me it seems that it is the duty of the people of Ireland to prove to the Government that, though supported by an army of subsidized LIBERALS, it cannot violate with impunity the first principles of justice.

Believe me, yours very faithfully;

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

The O'Donoghue, M. P.

'A GREAT DAY FOR IRELAND.'

With great flourish it has been announced that her most gracious Majesty has granted to the Irish people a special mark of her favor. 'What is it?' will be asked by every one. Has her Majesty set aside the ruinous act of Union?—well let us not expect so much from her, of her own free will. Perhaps her Majesty has directed the attention of her ministers to the unprotected state of the Irish tenantry? If that be not the kind act we can still think of others. Perhaps her Majesty, who is a woman, a wife, and a mother, and who has had her eldest daughter married only a few days ago, has, amid all the festivities, heard the groans of that poor soldier's wife, who, with one little child by her side and likely soon to give birth to another, was cruelly refused a temporary relief from the public charities of the country for which her husband was braving death and danger, and was shipped across to Ireland on the deck of a steamer, exposed to wet, cold and hunger. Perhaps, we say, the claims of common humanity asserted themselves—the heart of the royal lady was moved—the breasts which but lately given milk were heaved with a fine emotion, and the Queen spoke and said, 'Let this cruel law cease!' Or, perhaps her Majesty has heard the still louder complaint from Donegal, where the sufferers can be counted by hundreds, where a brave and virtuous people male and female, are perishing, are being legally stripped, naked and starved banished from their cabins, and left of all the world no place their own but the highways and the churchyard. Perhaps her Majesty shudders at this mass of suffering, and has ordered that never more shall landlord or landlord have it in his power thus to oppress the people. But we shall cease guessing—the fact is before us—here it is in a few words.

Her Most Gracious Majesty, as a particular mark of her favor, has given the Irish people permission to raise two additional regiments of Dragoons for her service.

And this is our rich present! This is the royal boon! Let us fill with gratitude. There is no heed for the sufferings of the Irish poor, but our people are afforded increased facilities for getting stabbed, shot, and cut to pieces in the service of England—there is no redress for the wrongs of the Irish tenantry, but two new outlets are opened for the blood of the Irish people! And this is Ireland's new years, gift from the English Government!—*Dublin Nation.*

OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, 1858.

Old winter, who has been so long lingering in the lap—not of spring, but of summer, as though he would fain nestle in those luxurious quarters until vigorous young spring arrived to dispossess him—has at length roused himself, shaken his hoary locks, and drowned this 'great emporium' in a snowy deluge. I suppose the old fellow, feeling his last hours approaching, has made a desperate effort to save his reputation, not wishing to depart from the world, leaving a bad name behind him. Even as I write, faintly comes upon the cloudy atmosphere the sweet tinkling of the sleigh bells; while in many a luxurious home, young merry hearts are tingling in joyous anticipation of a rare snow carnival at last. Up to this time buffalo robes and sleigh-bells were a drug in the market; but now, doubtless, they will be quoted high. But this pleasant variety in our city weather will, I fear, be productive of some sad disasters off the sea-board; for stiff gales have been blowing from the west for some time past, and the number of vessels beating about the coast in vain attempts to make some harbor, must be numerous. The danger, therefore, is imminent that in the blinding snow-storm of Saturday and Saturday night many of them may have gone ashore.

In the absence of the Italian Opera last week, we have been furnished with another class of entertainment in Gotham by that volatile itinerant, that bewitching *dansuse*, fascinating lecturer, and most astute diplomatist called Lola Montez. I do not allude to her lectures—for all lectures are flat and stale enough now, even those from the lips of a modern Aspasia—but to a kind of amusement which seems to follow, as naturally in the track of this bellicose syren as her attendant star pursues the course of the moon. I mean a row. You know Lola claims to be a Celt; and I suppose you know also (for have we not abundant Anglo-Saxon authority for the fact,) that all Celts are given to fighting. However, it so happens that wherever this lady takes up her abiding place there is certain to be a rumour about her, whether she is a principal in the melee, which often happens, or merely the Helen whose qualities of person bring woes as direful as the wrath of Achilles.

There was an important suit in progress here before a referee, Mr. J. N. Whiting in which a person going by the classic name of Jobson was plaintiff, and it appears that the defendant's counsel learned that Madame Lola Montez could give some information as to this person's antecedents in London, where he came from, which would not reflect very favorably on his character. In this, counsel had not miscalculated for Lola swore that the unhappy Jobson, who passes here for a 'doctor,' enjoyed while in London, the respectable title of a 'jail-bird.' This statement, you may suppose, gave rise to much bitter feeling on the plaintiff's side, and accordingly during the second day's proceedings, while Jobson's counsel was cross-examining the countess, with a view to ascertain whether she was *nee* Maria Rosanna Gilbert, or *nee* Betsy Watson, and whether she saw the light first in Limerick or in Montrose—on neither of which points would the countess enlighten him—a grand scrimmage commenced between Plaintiff Jobson and Lawyer Seely converting the referee's office at once into a fierce battle-field. Jobson made at his antagonist with a whip; but it turned out that he cut a twig to scourge

himself, for Seely wrenched it from him and belabored him soundly. At the beginning of the fracas a stove stood between the combatants; but the stove went down, and Jobson after it. The reporters' table also intervened; but that too was tilted over, scattering the notes of the *Herald* reporter—who, you may be sure was doing up the scene in a spicy fashion—and pitching a bottle of ink incontinently into his spotted shirt-bosom. The row ended in Jobson being seized by a posse of police and borne off ignominiously to the Tombs, to ponder on the uncertainty of all sublunary things in that cheerful looking Egyptian temple. This affair forms the subject of two actions for assault and battery, each of the belligerents having charged the other with being the aggressor. The best part of the scene was this, that while the melee was at its height, Lola was pouring out a tirade of abuse on the head of the luckless Jobson, and the referee, forgetting all his judicial dignity, ran here and there about the apartment in a wild manner, proclaiming the reference adjourned, and washing his hands of the whole affair.

The hard times this winter have interfered materially with the usual balls of our Irish military companies, many of them having decided not to impose any expense on themselves not absolutely necessary for the maintenance of discipline. You know how cheerfully the gallant men who compose these companies sacrifice both time and money in the service of their adopted country. Though for the most part obliged to labor hard for their living they spare neither when called upon to maintain the honor and dignity of the citizen soldiery. Only two or three of our Irish companies gave balls this season. The Guyon Cadets, commanded by Capt. Halpin, the crack company of the Ninth Regiment, had a most successful ball at the City Assembly Rooms—the finest ball-room in New York—on Monday evening the 15th inst. The 'Guyons' are an old company and were formerly commanded by the celebrated Michael Phelan, as perfect a gentleman and as good an officer as he is a renowned billiard player. The Engineer Corps of the 69th Regiment; the Emmett Life Guards, Captain Lynch commanding, had a splendid ball at old Tammany at an earlier period of the season.

Col. Doheny is to repeat his lecture on the 'Poets and Poetry of Ireland' in Brooklyn this week, by special request. The colonel's powers as a lecturer are too well known in Boston to require any description from me. Always brilliant in fancy, handling his subject with masterly care, diving into its intricacies and unravelling them with a skill, which I think has not been often equalled, and all this without that study and preparation which lecturers usually bestow upon their efforts, he certainly can lay claim to a reputation which is not as widely acknowledged as it ought to be. But in this particular lecture he excels himself. It is in my opinion the ablest vindication of the genius of Irish song (if indeed it needs any vindication,) and the truest portraiture of the national poets, their aims and their aspirations ever spoken or published, and I am certain that your discriminating friends in the American Athens would so pronounce it if they could prevail upon Col. Doheny to deliver it in your city.

Thomas Francis Meagher is now on a lecturing tour in the West. At present he is on the far borders of Indiana, after a visit to Cincinnati, where I learn he was received by a large audience, such as the Irish population of the Queen City of the West can always summon, when one of the gifted sons of the old land proposes to address them. He will lecture in New York on his return. The third of March is fixed for his lecture here. His subject will be an entirely new one; and I should judge more attractive than any on which he yet lectured. Though not publicly announced, I am able to inform you that it will relate to the incidents in his own brief but brilliant career in Ireland, from the time when first, almost a boy, he stood forth in the front rank of her defenders until he was banished from her shores with the honorable brand of rebel and traitor on his forehead.

Your Miscellany is winning golden opinions here. From every quarter I hear commendations, not only on the spirit which animates your enterprise, but on the mode in which it is conducted. Your second number exhibits such tokens of improvement upon the first that a further progress in the right direction is assured to your readers. With regard to the engravings especially is this true; for though those in the first number were good, those in the second are still better. If you will accept of the opinion of so humble a citizen as myself, just put it on record as regards your picture of Brian Boiroihme. It is the only portrait of the gallant hero of Clontarf and a thousand other fights, which comes up to my ideal of the illustrious Brian, 'the father of this country,' the exterminator of the foreign foe. If we had such a man in our day and such a spirit in the people under his rule, what small work we would make of the foe who are as foreign to Ireland as the foe of Brian.

"Oh! for the swords of former days,
Oh for the men who bore them."

Apropos of the former days of Ireland. We have been long in want of a popular edition of the beautiful melodies of our native land in this country; and I am glad to see that the *IRISH MISCELLANY* is re-producing Moore's melodies with the music. This is an excellent idea. They should be in every Irish household in the Union. The songs of a nation form a strong ligature to bind the hearts of its children not only to the land of their birth, but to each other scattered wide over a foreign soil.

I am happy to be able to inform you that Mr. P. M. Haverly of this city, who has already done much to circulate Irish literature throughout this country by his publication of some of the works of Ireland's best authors; by producing the life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; the lives of Thomas Addis, and Robert Emmett, and John O'Mahony's most able translation of Keating's history of Ireland—a work ten fold more valuable than the original work of old Geoffrey Keating—is about contributing still more to the progress of Irish literature. He is now about bringing out a volume entitled "A hundred Irish airs, arranged for the piano forte." Many of the airs to be comprised in this volume have never been published before. It will be got up in a popular and cheap form, and will be illustrated by a fine engraving from the celebrated picture of 'the Blind Piper,' by the famous Irish painter, Haverly. It is unhappily true that, in this country the 'fashionable' musical trash of the present day is to be found in abundance, but not one of the glorious old melodies which made a world-wide reputation for Ireland as the land of song; when her name was known in every country in Europe, as the fountain from which the purest harmony flowed. Of course this must be so, as long as there was no facility to procure Irish music; but henceforth I hope the latter will find a prominent place in the homes of our countrymen on this continent.

MUNSTER.

ATHLONE FEB. 3.—BURIAL OF A NUN—One of the most solemn ceremonies of the Catholic church was performed here this day. One of the holy community of the Sisters of Mercy departed this life in the convent of the order on Sunday last, after a protracted illness. Miss Lysaght, or, in religion, Sister Mary Vincent, died at the age of 28 years. Our venerable bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, assisted by the clergy of St. Peter's and St. Mary's, this day consecrated a beautiful Catholic cemetery, inclosed for the Sisters within the convent boundaries, according to the sublime ritual of the church. After solemn High Mass within the convent, at which were assembled, besides his lordship, his clergy, and the nuns, the members of St. Vincent de Paul of St. Peter's parish, the remains of the pious sister were borne to the cemetery by the latter, with the clergy and nuns in procession, repeating the Requiem and other sacred canticles, and deposited amidst the prayers of all in their lasting place. Requiescat in pace. Amen.

Written for the Miscellany.

OIL, FOR A SPELL!

BY DABBY M'KEON.

Oh! for a spell to transport me back

To my own dear native land;

To those fairy dells where the holy wells
Spring up through the golden sand.

To the blooming bowers where the sweetest flowers

That the human eye hath seen;

So blessed by Nature's bounteous powers,
Adorns the valleys green.

To the mountains high soaring to the sky,

Decked in their lordly pride;

To the sylvan streams, sweet as poet's dreams,
Flowing onward to the tide.

To the lakes and bowers, to the pillar towers,

So romantic and so grand;

To the rath and mound and holy ground
Where the olden Cross doth stand.

To the giant's caves, to our martyr's graves,

To the hunted friar's dell;

Where the truthful and brave God's faith did save,
Despite of earth and Hell!

Oh, would I could see in that storied land,

The green flag waving high;

And her children there united swear,

To drive out their foe or die.

To water the bowers and smiling flowers

With red hot *Saxon* gore;

And free my land from that plundering band,
As Brian did of yore.

NEWS FROM HOME.

KILKENNY. A man named John Walsh, aged 63 years, from Ballyhumuck, near Bigwood, county Kilkenny, was in the forge of a blacksmith named James Haberlin, at Catsrock, same neighborhood, on the night of Tuesday week, getting some horse shoes made by Haberlin's son, when old Haberlin entered the forge, nearly drunk, and some altercation arose between him and his son, whom he attempted to strike. John Walsh interfered to make peace between them, when old Haberlin pulled a bar of iron out of the fire and struck Walsh with it on the head which knocked him senseless. After he recovered a little he was carried home to his mother's house where he died about six o'clock next morning.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

WESTMEATH. THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. MARY'S ATHLONE—The erection of this temple of divine worship is advancing with great celerity. The walls are rising up rapidly, and will soon have reached their permanent height. On Sunday last subscriptions were received at St. Mary's Catholic church, in further aid of the funds for its completion, and a large sum was collected. The very liberal donations of many of the parishioners redound to their honor. Amongst the subscriptions were—J. Murtagh, Esq. 50s.; E. Kilduff, Esq. (father of the venerated Bishop of Ardagh) 50s.; P. Rourke, Esq. J. P. 20s.; P. Maxwell, Esq. 20s. &c. The building when completed will be a very handsome one, of great solidity, and with no small pretensions to architectural beauty.

DOWN.—Mr. Dennis Holland has become sole editor and proprietor of the *Ulsterman*, a journal hitherto conducted by him with marked ability.

We (*Belfast Mercury*) understand that George Fitzmaurice and George Gould, Esq's, R. M., have been ordered to Belfast by the government to investigate the conduct of the constabulary with respect to the September riots, but more particularly touching their not trying to prevent the burning of property in Albert crescent.

Our rivals across the Channel will not be incited to jealousy by learning that we are making progress in Belfast in this branch of industry. We have an eleven hundred ton clipper completed for launching—another of nine hundred tons ready to put into frame—and a fine steamer, the Troubadour, lately plying between Wexford and Bristol, and formerly between Liverpool and Bristol, about to be hauled on the patent slip, Queen's Island, for thorough repair, and, it is stated, to be lengthened, by Messrs. Hickson & Co. A contemporary, not quite an authority upon nautical matters, gives the longitudinal dimensions of the new clipper as 125 feet, in-stead of 175—as being aware that the former measurement would apply to a vessel of only 450 tons or thereabouts, instead of to a craft of 1,100 tons.—*Banner of Ulster*.

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

BY D. F. MCCARTHY.

Author of 'The Poets and Dramatists of Ireland,'

My countrymen, awake! arise!
Our work begins anew,
Your mingled voices rend the skies,
Your hearts are firm and true,
You've bravely marched, and nobly met,
Our life green lies through;
But, oh! my friends, there's something yet
For Irishmen to do!

As long as Erin hears the clink
Of base ignoble claims—
As long as one detested link
Of foreign rule remains—
As long as of our rightful debt
One smallest fraction's due,
So long, my friends, there's something yet
For Irishmen to do!

Ton long we've borne the servile yoke—
Too long the slavish chain—
Too long in feeble accents spoke,
And ever spoke in vain—
Our wealth has filled the spoiler's net,
And gorg'd the Saxon crew;
But, oh! my friends, we'll teach them yet
What Irishmen can do!

The olive branch is in our hands,
The white flag floats above;
Peace—peace pervades our myriad bands,
And proud forgiving love!
But, oh! let not our foes forget
We're men, as Christians, too,
Prepared to do for Ireland yet
What Irishmen should do!

There's not a man of all our land
Our country now can spare,
The strong man with his sinewy hand,
The weak man with his prayer—
No whining tone of mere regret,
No young Irish bards, for you;
But let your songs teach Ireland yet
What Irishmen should do!

And whoso'er that duty lead,
There—there your post should be;
The coward slave is never freed;
The brave alone are free—
Oh! Freedom, firmly fixed are set
Our longing eyes on you;
And though we die for Ireland yet,
So Irishmen should do!

* This Song first appeared in the NATION Newspaper.

ELEPHANTS IN A FOREST.—The elephants came nearer and nearer. We discharged our rifles in the air, the Bedouins, applying their bucklers to their lips, gave utterance to cries reverberating in the most terrific manner. There was a moment of silence, as though the monstrous herd had hesitated; soon it resumed its course, and overwhelmed the spot we had just quitted like a torrent whose every drop should be a gigantic block of basalt. The valley was too narrow for this huge procession of creatures pushing each other with terrific snorts, and violent blows of trunks resounding from each others' hides. Their tread shook the earth; the uproot forest bowed beneath their feet, and enormous branches split with a terrible crash. The air whistled with the oscillations of the summits of the trees, the roosting birds were hurled from their perches like bullets from a sling. The hyena and jackal fled with yells of terror. The reports of our rifles might have been taken for signal guns half drowned in a storm.

When we resumed our route next morning, our path was interrupted at each step by a fallen tree; enormous branches, hanging by strips of bark, threatened to fall upon us at every instant; wherever the gigantic herd has passed, the valley seemed devastated by the fury of a tempest.—*Travels in India.*

Prentice says that the fault with the female Yankee teachers who go westward, is that instead of teaching other people's children, they soon get to teaching their own.

If you desire to be wiser, think not yourself wise enough.

FOLLOWING SUIT.—It is said that there were in England a larger number of marriages on the bride day of the Princess Royal than were ever known to be celebrated in one day before.

P. M. Haverly, 110 Fulton street, is bringing out Carleton's last novel—'The Black Baronet; or, the Chronicles of Ballytrain,' which will be issued in a few days.

When Dr. H. and Sergeant A. were walking arm-in-arm, a wag observed to a friend, 'Those two are just equal to one highwayman.' 'Why so?' was the response. Because,' rejoined the wag, 'it a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life.'

A young lady in one of the leading circles at Washington, was complimented by a gentleman on the simplicity and good taste of her dress at an evening party. She replied, 'I am glad you like my dress; it cost just seven dollars, and I made every stitch of it myself.' When young ladies pride themselves upon the cheapness of their attire, instead of its expensiveness, we shall have fewer 'broken' fathers and husbands.

REVOLTING DISCLOSURE.—An advertisement in the Liverpool Daily Post states that an active servant is wanted, 'who must be a plain cook and able to dress a little boy five years old.' Are the advertisers cannibals? And (we ask only for information) with what sauce do they eat little boys five years old? So says Punch. We often see little boys in this country, with cigars in their mouths, 'ready to spit.'

The landlord of an artist in Clonmel called upon his tenant for his rent. The Tipperary painter excused himself, but said he had a job, which, when finished, would discharge his debt. The landlord asked him what the job was. The artist said it was a sign, ordered by a neighboring squire, *Frail and the Devil*, for a beer-shop in Clonmel adding, 'I will ask Father Mooney to stand for the friar, if you, sir, will be kind enough to stand for the other gentleman.'

CONSPIRACIES AGAINST FOREIGN SOVEREIGNS.—The London Post says:—We feel as certain as belief can make us, that the Government must and will propose on the opening of parliament a measure for the punishment of political assassins.' The Times points out that murder is a crime to the moral sense of all mankind,—not so, the attempt to change a form of government. So, while we need not make it equally a crime to plot a revolution at home or in some foreign country, there is much to be said for making it criminal to compass murder, whoever and wherever the intended victim.

A lady said to her friend, who was about going into the store of a very excellent merchant who has paid his notes, 'Don't go in to that store to buy anything; they haven't failed yet.'

Beau Brummel was reading the paper one day at Long's—a gentleman standing near him sneezed three times; after the third spasm, Mr. Brummel called out, 'Waiter, bring me an umbrella. I can bear this no longer.'

If you desire to be wiser, think not yourself wise enough.

A FEARFUL SITUATION WITH SNAKES.—What was the spiral thing that rolled and unrolled itself at the end of a branch, some inches from my face? A slender serpent some two feet in length, yellow as a dead leaf, with a black stripe on the spine. Let it bite the most robust man, and he is dead in a few hours. I bounded back. But how shall I describe my terror on seeing the ground at my feet, the branches over my head, the trunks at my side, alive with hundreds upon hundreds of these reptiles, some motionless as a corpse, others slowly wavering in the sunbeams that filtered through the leaves! I felt the fascination of Medusa; overcome with fear, I would have given the world for a free passage and power to fly. Yet I seemed rooted to this perilous ground, not daring to make a step for fear of contact with some of these horrible animals. My legs, feet, chest and arms were bare, which made my position yet more dangerous. Nevertheless, something must be done. Mak-

ing myself as small as possible, that the least twig might not be touched; gathering the folds of my mantle around me, and shuddering lest they might inclose a serpent; measuring every space with my eye; now on all fours, now striking down an erected head with the butt of my rifle; now bounding over a fallen trunk whose cavities seemed alive with snakes—I struggled on for some five minutes, which seemed an age. At length, the ground becoming clearer, I began running like a madman through the brakes in which I had just found it so difficult to walk. A few bounds brought me on the dry bed of the torrent, ten steps from my tent. I had had hunting enough for one day.

A very good story is told of Judge Henderson of Texas. He was a candidate for office and visited a frontier county, in which he was a stranger. Hearing that a trial for felony would take place in a few days, he determined to volunteer for the defence. The prisoner was charged with having stolen a pistol. The volunteer counsel conducted the case with great ability. He confused the witness, palavered the court, and made an able, eloquent and successful argument. The prisoner was acquitted. The counsel received the enthusiastic applause of the audience. His innocent client availed himself of the earliest interval of the hurricane of congratulations to take his counsel aside. 'My dear sir,' said he, 'you have saved me, and I am very grateful; I have no money, do not expect to have any, and do not expect ever to see you again! but, to show that I appreciate your services, you shall have the pistol!' So saying, he drew from his pocket and presented to the astounded attorney the very pistol which he had just shown he had never stolen or had in his possession.

A great many people never think when they are reading; they just run over the words and thus go over a volume without any impression being left on the mind. Yet some of these people would laugh at the man who borrowed a dictionary from a neighbor, believing it to be a novel or a romance, and after patiently reading it, said, 'this is the strangest author I ever met with; he never writes three lines on the same subject.'

CARLETON'S BEST NOVEL. THE BLACK BARONET. Or, the Chronicles of Ballytrain. Mr. Donahoe, of Boston, will issue from his Steam Printing Presses, on the 11th of February, the above highly popular book. The following are a few of the episodes of the Irish press upon this very exciting and thrilling story.

From the Dublin Freeman's Journal:—'The public have been for sometime on the tip of expectation for Carleton's new work. They have been promised "Carleton's greatest work," and in this, too, their anticipations have been fulfilled. The "Black Baronet" is really Carleton's chef d'œuvre; and it will undoubtedly take its place among the masterpieces of fiction. It is a production in which Carleton has surpassed himself.'

From the Dublin Telegraph:—'Of all Carleton's Novels, this in our judgment is by far the best. The "Black Baronet" had he written no other work, would entitle Carleton to the foremost place among our Irish novelists, for in the whole range of their productions, they have not produced anything to equal this.'

From the Dublin Telegraph:—'Mr. Carleton holds in many respects, the highest place as a national novelist, and if undeniable proof of this were still wanting, the avidity with which his productions are sought after and read in Ireland, would as strongly establish his title to pre-eminence, as it would afford undeniable evidence of his popularity as an accurate and faithful delineator of the manners, customs, and sentiments of his countrymen. The work before us is replete with the author's excellencies, whilst his defects, as a writer of fiction, are fewer and more far between in this, than in any of his previous works.'

We might continue to draw extracts from the Irish press, but the above opinions of the leading journals of the Irish metropolis, will suffice to show what the work is that has been published in Dublin, and re-produced, in beautiful style, by Mr. Donahoe, of Boston. The book is embellished with two engravings, and is sold for the low price of seventy-five cents.

It will be sent to any part of the United States and British Possessions, postage paid, on the receipt of seventy-five cents in stamps.

* Clubs may be formed in cities or towns for the book. To clubs of six, the book will be sent for \$3.00. Clubs of twelve, \$5.00. In each case, the person ordering for the club must pay expense of transportation.

PATRICK DONAHOE, 28 Franklin St., BOSTON.

TO LET.—To a small family. Half a House at No. 17 Wheeler's Court. feb13

S. E. SANBORN, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in GOLD and SILVER, TRAVELLER'S GEAR, SILVER WARE, FANCY GOODS, &c. No. 131 Federal Street, BOSTON.

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PROSPECTUS

KATE DONAHOE.

Music composed expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

POETRY AND MUSIC BY J. W. TURNER.

AFFETUOSO.

1. Dear to me was the mo - ment when first I did know A nate I - rish girl, named
 2. Her cheeks are as red as the ro - ses that grow; Her neck it is whit - - er than

Kate Don - a - hoe, Who lives in a cot by the sweet Shan-non side, That beau - ti - ful
 mar - ble or snow; Her eyes of pure bright - ness are black as a jet; Their spark - ling

Dim.

riv - er, Old Ire - - land's pride, That beau - ti - ful riv - er, Old Ire - - land's pride.
 glan - ces I ne'er shall for - get, Their spark - - ling glan - ces I ne'er shall for - get.

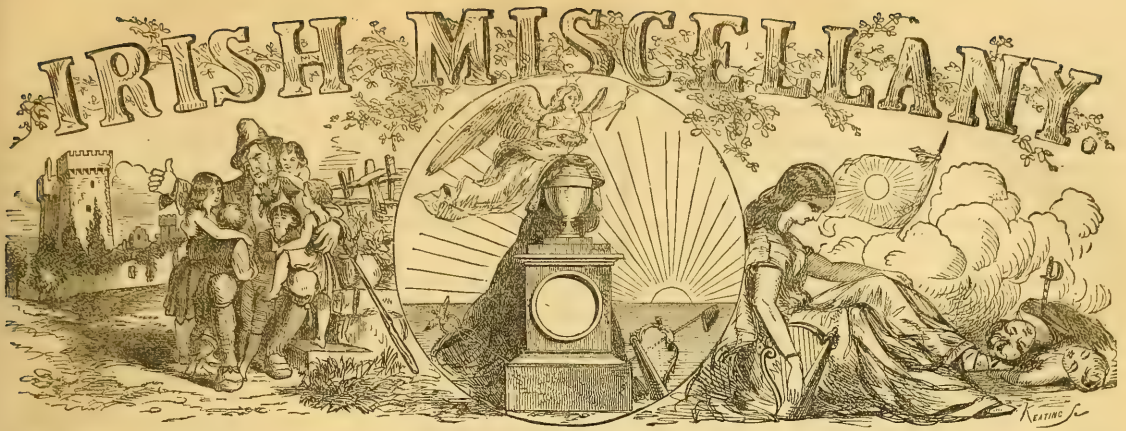
Cres. p

3.

O, she is the hope and the pride of my heart;
 From that charming girl I'd ne'er wish to depart;
 But I'd wish to be with her the rest of my life,
 To call her my honey, my nate little wife.

4.

There's not in all Ireland a creature more fair;
 Ye never could find her sweet like any where;
 Ye might search the whole world, but where'er ye might go.
 Ye'd ne'er find another like Kate Donahoe.



VOLUME I.—NUMBER 4.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

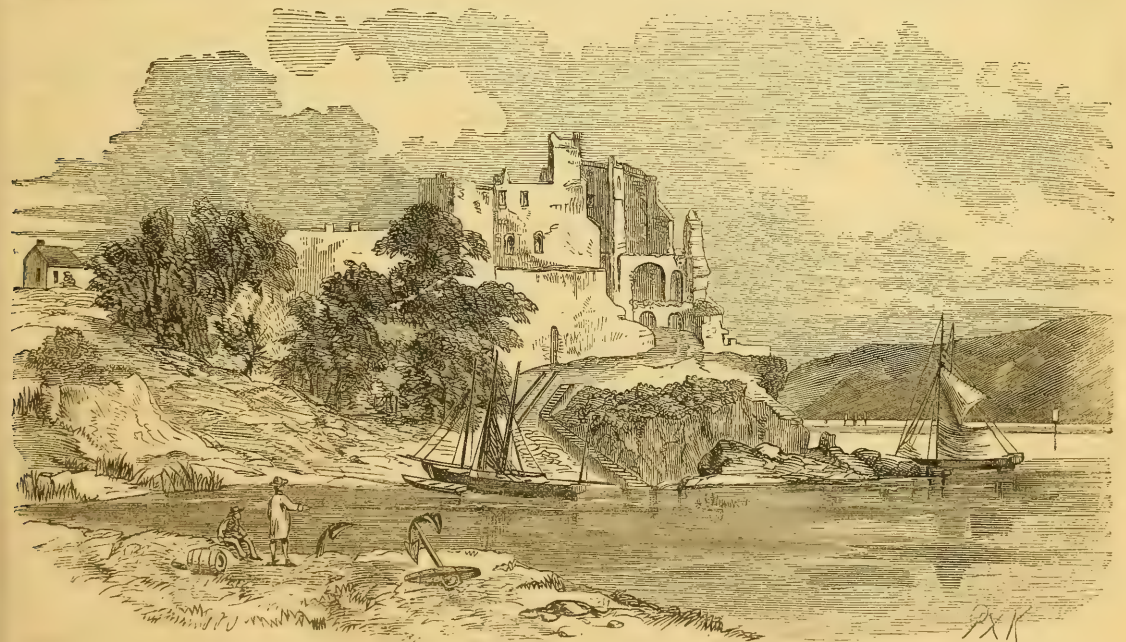
CARLINGFORD.

We think our wood cut well calculated to catch the eye of a Dublinian. For lives there man, woman, or child, in our good city, that has not heard of Carlingford, though but few have seen it. Carlingford—so renowned for its delicious oysters—oysters known as well to the poor mendicant who is tasked to crush their shells, as to the rich merchant who gobbles down their delicious insides—oysters as far superior to every other testaceous creature that opens its bivalve to the tide, as to an Englishman is plum-pudding when compared

with flummery—oysters, that give luxurious suppers to man, and open his heart as the knife opens the shell! In vain may the Parisian boast of his Carcale, the Londoners of his Colchester, or even our western shores of their green-finned Burrin, exquisite Poolbeggy, or delicious Lisadill—who dare compare them to a *rale* Carlingford? Ye Aldermen of Dublin, and all who have experienced night after night the indescribable delights of a feast of oysters, and a flow of punch, come and give us all due credit for persecuting you with a picture of that dear spot from whence your delights do

come, and for giving a 'local habitation and a name' to the birth-place of what your souls desire!

But Carlingford is not only worthy of regard as contributing to our creature comforts, and causing us to rejoice both at snack and supper, but it is also noted for its scenic beauties and recollections. In all Ireland there is not (oh! we beg pardon, there is, at Glengariff,) a bay as beautiful as Carlingford. Reader, if you were sitting on a fine, soft, sunny evening on one of the towers of that ancient castle built by King John, and looking westward and northward, you would en-



CARLINGFORD.

joy a prospect which, if you pretended to taste, would cause you to cry out, 'magnificent,' but if you really possessed it, would make you hold your tongue, and be all eyes. Under you, the noble land-locked bay—before you and a few miles across the water, a distance which, owing to the translucency of the atmosphere peculiar to the western wind, is only calculated to make objects more softly picturesque—yes—before you is the loveliest village in Ireland—Rostrevor. Its cottages embosomed in trees, its sun-lit villas, its pretty church, its obelisk, the honored cenotaph of a brave

soldier, who fell in his country's cause, leading Irishmen to victory. Then above the village, the wood-covered hills, swelling upwards, until the green slopes mingle in the dark gorges of the Mourne mountains, over which Slieve Donald rises as lord of the range in pyramidal majesty. The western sun is gilding its crest; a feathery cloud all on fire with the sun's rays has rested on its topmost peak, and turbaned it with glory. Eastward, the mountain masses of shade fling upon the sleeping sea! Oh! for such a splendid scene, happy sea-on, and felicitous atmosphere,—it

would almost be well to be a Carlingford fisherman or even a Carlingford oyster, provided that as an oyster one could see through the sea and be susceptible of the picturesque, without the consciousness of being liable to be dredged for and gobbled up by the voracious Dublinians.

But Carlingford is not alone remarkable for its oysters and its scenery, it is also worthy an Irishman's regard, as the retreat, and its mountain country the fastness, of the notorious Redmond O'Hanlon, the famous Rapparee, who, about 120 years ago, played

the part of Rob Roy in Ireland. The Irish gatherer of *Lad, out* was quite a match for the Scotch rogue; as valiant in fight, as expert in flight, as terrible to the oppressor, as generous to the oppressed, as the Caledonian Kiltlander. But poor Ireland has not got a Sir Walter Scott to cast a halo of renown about his name—'vate caret.' She wants a poet to immortalize a cow-stealer; and poor Redmond sleeps without his glory! Alas! that notable record of his exploits is out of print—the *History of the Irish Rogues and Rapparees*. Worthy Mr. Cross of Cook street, is now no more, a coffin maker occupies the shop where, in days gone by, we used to purchase these admirable effusions of the Irish press—'The Life of Captain James Freney, the Robber,' 'Laugh and be Fat,' 'The History of Moll Flanders,' but above all, the most spirit-stirring, the one best calculated to teach the young Hibernian idea *how to shoot in role* earnest, the 'Irish Rogues and Rapparees,' a book which has had as great an effect in Ireland as Schiller's play of the Robbers in Germany, namely, leading many a bold youth to take freedoms with others too often tending to the abridgment of his own—but we are rambling; we beg leave to drop our sportive strain, and introduce the 'Annals of Carlingford,' furnished by a gentleman to whom not only we, but Ireland, lies under many obligations.

This little town is situated in the barony of Dundalk and county of Louth, near the foot of an extensive range of mountains, and on the S. E. side of a spacious bay. It was a station of considerable importance during the early ages of the English ascendancy in Ireland, and its first formation was consequent to the erection of a castle, which tradition attributes to the policy of king John. The town was never regularly walled or fortified, but as it was exposed to continual dangers by being situated on the frontiers of the Pale, every principal domestic building was designed on the model of a fortress or castle. The remains of such structure were very numerous there not more than 'sixty years since,' and even at the present day three very interesting remains of that character invite the attention of the antiquarian. That pre-eminent termed king John's castle is an extensive and imposing ruin, 'moored on a rifted rock,' the sides of which are laved at the east by the sea, while to the inland is a narrow pass overhung by wild and lofty mountains.—To command this pass the building seems to have been erected, and its form was necessarily adapted to the natural circumstances of its site, enclosing various baronial halls and apartments, a court-yard surrounded with traces of galleries and recesses, &c. The walls are in some places eleven feet in thickness, while the prospect from its summit over the bay, the Cooley, the mountains of Mourne, &c., is grand beyond description.

On the southern side of the town are the ruins of the Dominican Monastery. This still extensive and picturesque ruin exhibits in the long aisle and central belfry, traces of the pointed architecture of the fourteenth century. About midway between it and king John's castle are the ruins of a square building, with windows of an ecclesiastical character, curiously ornamented with carvings of animals, human heads, and sundry fancy wreathings. Near this on an adjoining eminence is a church of ancient foundation, with a large burial ground, in which may be seen a curiously carved stone and several monuments to the families of Moore and Millar. There is a glebe of about three acres lying about a mile from this church. The benefice is a vicarage in the arch-diocese of Armagh, and patronage of the Primate. A small portion of the eastern part of the parish is all that has been preserved in the Down survey.

Carlingford formerly gave the title of Earl to the family of Taaffe, but the honor becoming, as it is supposed, extinct in the person of Theobald the fourth earl of that name without issue, in 1738, his late majesty George III. conferred the title of Viscount Carlingford on the family of Carpenter, together with the Earldom of Tyrconnel. The population of this ancient town is estimated at upwards of 1300. The bay is spacious, and the water deep; but unfortunately the

navigation is rendered dangerous by hidden rocks.—The scenery that surrounds it is of the most enchanting description, its shores being decorated with the most attractive villages, numerous bathing lodges and agreeable cottages, behind which some mountains rise infinitely varied through all their elevation, here waving with ornamental woods, there glowing with heath and verdure, on the one side battlemented with a grey expanse of rocks, on the other exhibiting the industrious extensions of cultivation.

The mountain already alluded to as overhanging king John's castle, rises in height about 1850 feet, and is for more than two-thirds of its elevation composed of a succession of stairs formed of trap, passing towards the summit from a homogeneous to a porphyritic texture. From the position and height of this eminence the inhabitants of Carlingford, during a great part of the summer season, lose sight of the sun several hours before he sets in the horizon.

The following are a few of the more interesting annals connected with this town.

A. D. 432. St Patrick's second landing in Ireland was according to some authorities effected here.

1184. John de Courcy granted the ferry of Carlingford to the Abbey of Downpatrick.

1210. The castle called king John's was erected.

1301. Matilda de Lacy widow of David, baron of Naas, granted the advowson of the church of Carlingford to the priory of Kilmainham.

1305. Richard de Burgh Earl of Ulster founded a monastery for Dominicans here, under the invocation of St. Malachy.

1326. The king committed the custody of the castle of Carlingford to Geoffrey le Blound, to hold during the royal pleasure. And in the same year the bailiffs, &c. of this town had letters patent, conferring certain privileges and allowances for six years as an aid towards walling and otherwise strengthening their town.

1332. William de Burgh was found seized, amongst other possessions of the castle of Drogheda, the town Cooley appertaining thereto, the manor of Rath, &c.

1346. The prior of Kilmainham was found seized, and his successors so continued, of the tithes of Carlingford.

1357. The king granted to his son Lionel, Earl of Ulster, licence to hold a weekly market, and one yearly fair in his town of Carlingford. From this Lionel the property descended to Edward de Mortimer.

1388. Edmund Loundres was appointed constable of the castle of Carlingford, with certain allowances for its repairs, as it was stated to be then much out of order and unsafe.

1400. The king granted to Stephen Gernon, constable of the castles of Green Castle and Carlingford, licence to take the corn and tithes within the lordship of Cooley for the vicualling of said castles.

1404. The manor of Carlingford, and town of Irish Grange, which had previously belonged to the abbey and convent of Newry, vested by forfeiture in the king, who thereupon granted it in fee to Richard Sedgrave.

1408. Lord Thomas of Lancaster, the king's son landed here as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

1425. By a record of this date it appears that certain rights in the fishery of the bay appertained to the castle of Carlingford.

1467. A mint was established here by act of Parliament.

1495. It was enacted that only able and sufficient persons of the realm of England should be henceforward constables of the castle of Carlingford.

1501. In consequence of this town having been repeatedly burned by the Scots and Irish, the king granted to its provost, bailiffs, and commonalty certain tolls and customs towards enclosing it with a stone wall.

1538. The inhabitants of Clontarf, near Dublin, had licence to fish, without charge or toll, within the bay of Carlingford.

1539. This vicarage was valued to the First Fruits at £3. 13s. 8d.

1548. The king granted to Sir Nicholas Bagnal,

Knight, the manors, of Omce and Carlingford, with the Lordship of Cooley, &c.

1560. Sir Henry Radcliffe and John Neill were members for the borough of Carlingford in this year.

1506. Henry Oge, the son-in-law of Tyrone, made incursions into the English pale, and endeavored to surprise the castle of Carlingford.

1642. Sir Henry Fishburn took possession of the town, not however till it had suffered considerable injury by fire from the adherents of Sir Phelim O'Neill.

1646. Perfect freedom of trade conferred on Carlingford.

1649. The castle surrendered to Lord Inchiquin.

1659. The castle was delivered to Sir Charles Coote and Colonel Venables.

1669. The tithes of this parish, which had been vested in the crown, were granted to the incumbent and his successors for ever.

1689. Some of the Duke of Berwick's party set fire to his town, soon after which the sick soldiers of Schomberg's army were removed thither. In king James's parliament of this year, Christopher Peppard and Bryan Dermot, Esq. were the sitting members for Carlingford.

1750. The celebrated Thurot passed this year here, and during that interval acquired his knowledge of the English language. D.

WANT OF POINT, A NICE POINT.

An ingenious expedient was devised to save a prisoner charged with robbery, in the Criminal Court at Dublin. The principal thing that appeared in evidence against him was a confession, alleged to have been made by him at the police-office. The document purporting to contain this self-terminating acknowledgment, was produced by the officer, and the following passage was read from it:

'Mangan said he never robbed but twice
Said it was Crawford.'

This it will be observed has no mark of the writer's having any notion of punctuation, but the meaning he attached to it was that

'Mangan said he never robbed but twice:
Said it was Crawford.'

Mr. G'Gorman, the counsel for the prisoner, begged to look at the paper. Perused it, and rather astonished the peace officer by asserting, that so far from its proving the man's guilt, it established his innocence. 'This,' said the learned gentlemen, 'is the fair and obvious reading of the sentence:

'Mangan said he never robbed;
But twice said it was Crawford.'

This interpretation had its effects on the jury, and the man was acquitted.

HEROISM.

A corporal of the 17th Dragoons, named O'Lavery, serving under Lord Rawdon in South Carolina during the American war, being appointed to escort an important despatch through a country possessed by the enemy, was a short time after their departure wounded in the side by a shot, which also laid his companion dead at his feet. Insensible to every thing but duty, he seized the despatch, and continued his route till he sunk from loss of blood. Unable to proceed farther, and yet anxious for his charge, to which he knew death would be no security against the enemy, he then

'Within his wound the fatal paper plac'd,
Which pruned his death, nor by that death disgrac'd
A smile, benignant, on his countenance shone,
Pleas'd that his secret had remain'd unknown:
So was he found.'

A British patrol discovered him on the following day, before life was quite extinct; he pointed out to his comrade the dreadful deposity he had chosen, and then satisfactorily breathed his last. The Earl of Moira has erected a monument to the hero in the church of his native parish.

'First class in music stand up. How many kinds of metre are there?' 'Three, sir—long metre, short metre, and meet her by moonlight alone.'

IRISH MINSTRELSY.

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Though lofty Scotia's mountains,
Where savage grandeur reigns;
Though bright be England's fountains,
And fertile be her plains:
When 'mid their charms I wander,
Of thee I think the while,
And seem of thee the fonder,
My own green isle!

While many who have left thee,
Seem to forget thy name,
Distance hath not bereft me
Of its enduring claim;
Afar from thee sojourning,
Whether I sigh or smile,
I call thee still, 'Ma vourneen'—
My own green isle!

Fair as the glittering waters
Thy emerald banks that lave,
To me thy graceful daughters,
Thy generous sons as brave.
Oh! there are hearts within thee
Which know not shame or guile,
And such proud homage win thee—
My own green isle!

For their dear sakes I love thee,
Ma vourneen, though unseen;
Bright be thy sky above thee,
Thy shamrock ever green;
May evil ne'er distress thee,
Nor darken nor defile,
But heaven for ever bless thee—
My own green isle!

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Dear Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long then,
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbowed thee,
And gave all thy cords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

THE LANDLORD AND TENANT.

AN AUTHENTIC STORY.

[CONTINUED.]

'May He that is pleased to thry us,' he exclaimed, 'reward you for this! We are,' he continued, 'a poor an' a sufferin' family; but it's the will of God that we should be so, an' sure we can't complain widout committin' sin. All we ax now, is, that it may be plasin' to him that brought us low, to enable us to bear up under our trials. We would take it to our choice to beg an' be honest sooner nor be wealthy and wicked. We have our failings an' our sins, God help us; but still there's nothing dark or heavy on our consciences. Glory be to the name o' God for it.'

'Throth, I believe you,' replied the farmer's wife; 'there's thruth an' honesty in your face; one may easily see the remains of decency about you all.—Musha, throw your little things aside, an' stay where ye are to-day; you can't bring out the childre under the team of rain and sleet that's in it. Wurrath dheelish, but it's the bither day all out! Faix, Paddy will get a dhrookin, so he will, at that weary fair wid the stirks, poor bouchal—a son of ours that's gone to Ballyhoulteen to sell some cattle, an' he'll not be worth three hapuns afore he comes back. I hope he'll have sine to go into some house, when he's done, an' dhry himself well, anyhow, besides takin' somethin' to keep out the cold. Put by your things, an, don't think of goin' out such a day.'

'We thank you,' replied Owen. 'Indeed, we're

glad to stay under your roof; for poor things, they're badly able to travel sich a day—these childre.'

'Musha, ye ate no breakfast, maybe?'

Owen and his family were silent. The children looked wistfully at their parents, anxious that they should confirm what the good woman surmised; the father looked again at his famished brood and his sinking wife, and nature overcame him.

'Food did not crass our lips this day,' replied Owen, 'an' I may say hardly anything yesterday.'

'Oh, blessed mother! Here, Katty, Murray, drop scrubbin' that dresser, an' put down the middlin' pot for stirabout. Be livin'! *mamin an dioual*, woman alive, handle yourself; you might a had it boilin' by this. God preserve us!—to be two days widout atin'. Be the crass, Katty, if you're not alive, I'll give you a douse o' the churnstaff that'll bring the fire to your eyes! Do you hear me?'

'I do hear you, an' did often feel you, too, for fraid hearin' wouldn't do. You think there's no places in the world but your own, I b'lieve. Faix, indeed! it's well come up wid us, to be randied about with no less a switch than a churnstaff!'

'Is it givin' back talk, you are? Bad end to me, if you look crucked, but I'll lave you a mark to remind me by. What woman ud' put up wid you but myself, you shkamin flipe? It wasn't to give me your bad tongue I hired you, but to do your business; an' be the crass above us, if you turn your tongue on me agin, I'll give you the weight o' the churnstaff. Is it becase they're poor people that it plessed God to bring to this, that you turn up your nose at doin' anything to sarve them? There's not wather enough there, I say—put in more. What signifies all the stirabout that 'ud make? Put plinty in; it's bether always to have too much than too little. Faix, I tell you, you'll want a male's meat an' a night's lodgin' afore you die, if you don't mend your manners.'

'Och, musha, the poor girl is doin' her best,' observed Kathleen; 'an' I'm sure she wouldn't be guilty of usin' pride to the likes of us, or to any one that the Lord has laid his hand upon.'

'She had better not, while I'm to the fore,' said her mistress. 'What is she herself? Sure if it was a sin to be poor, God help the world. No; it's neither sin nor a shame.'

'Thanks be to God, no,' said Owen, 'it's neither the one nor the other. So long as we keep a fair name, an' a clear conscience, we can't ever say that our case is hard.'

After some further conversation, a comfortable breakfast was prepared for them, of which they partook with an appetite sharpened by their long abstinence from food. Their stay here was particularly fortunate, for as they were certain of a cordial welcome, and an abundance of that which they much wanted—wholesome food—the pressure of immediate distress was removed. They had time to think more accurately upon the little preparations for misery which were necessary, and, as the day's leisure was at their disposal, Kathleen's needle and scissors were industriously plied in mending the tattered clothes of her husband and children, in order to meet the inclemency of the weather.

On the following morning, after another abundant breakfast, and substantial marks of kindness from their entertainers, they prepared to resume their new and melancholy mode of life. As they were about to depart, the farmer's wife addressed them in the following terms—the farmer himself, by the way, being but the shadow of his worthy partner in life.

Wife.—'Now, good people, you're takin' the world on your heads—'

Farmer.—'Ay, good people, you're takin' the world on your heads—'

Wife.—'Hould your tongue, Brian, an' suck your duddene. It's me that's spokin' to them, so none of you palaver, if you please, till I'm done, an' then you may preche till Tib's eve, an' that's neither before Christmas nor after it.'

Farmer.—'Sure I'm saying nothin', Elveen, barrin' houldin' my tongue, a *sluchai*.*

* My sugar.

Wife.—'You're takin' the world on yez, an' God knows 'tis a heavy load to carry poor crathurs.'

Farmer.—'A heavy load, poor crathurs! God he knows it's that.'

Wife.—'Brian! *Glantha ma?*—did you hear me? You'll be puttin' in your gab, an' me spakin'? How an iver, as I was sayin', our house was the first ye came to, an' they say there's a great blessin' to him that gives the first charity to a poor man or woman settin' out to look for their bit.'

Farmer.—'Throgs, ay! Whin they set out to look for their bit.'

Wife.—'By the crass, Brian, you'd vex a saint.—What have you to say in it, you *puttiogue*? Hould your whist now, an' suck your duddene, I say; sure I allow you a quarter o' tobacco a week, an' what right have you to be puttin' in your goster when other people's spakin'?''

Farmer.—'Go an.'

Wife.—'So you see, the long and the short of it is, that whenever you happen to be in this side of the country, always come to us. You know the ould sayin'—when the poor man comes he brings a blessin' an' when he goes he carries away a curse. You have as much meal as will last yez a day or two; an' God he sees you're heartily welcome to all ye got.'

Farmer.—'God he sees you're heartily welcome—'

Wife.—'Chorp an dioual, Brian, hould your tongue, or I'll turn you out of the kitchen. One can't hear their own ears for you, you poor squakin' dhronce. By the crass, I'll—eh? Will you whist, now?'

Farmer.—'Go an'. Amn't I dhrawin' my pipe?'

Wife.—'Well, dhraw it, but don't draw me down upon you, barrin—Do you hear me? an' the shranke people to the fore, too! Well, the Lord be wid yez, an' bless yez! But afore yez go, jist lave your blessin' wid us, for it's a good thing to have the blessin' of the poor.'

'The Lord bless you an' yours!' said Owen, fervently. 'May you an' them never—never suffer what we've suffered; nor know what it is to want a male's mate, or a night's lodgin'!'

'Amin!' exclaimed Kathleen; 'may the world flow upon you! for your good kind heart deserves it.'

Farmer.—'An' whisper; I wish you'd offer up a prayer for the rulin' o' the tongue. The Lord might hear you, but there's no great hopes that he'll ever hear me; though I've prayed for it amost ever since I was married, night an' day, wiather an' summer; but no use, she's as bad as ever.'

This was said in a tone of friendly, insinuating undertone to Owen, who, on hearing it, simply nodded his head but made no other reply.

They then recommenced their journey, after having once more blessed, and been invited by their charitable entertainers, who made them promise never to pass their house without stopping a night with them.

It is not our intention to trace Owen M'Carthy and his wife through all the variety which a wandering pauper's life affords. He never could reconcile himself to the habits of a mendicant. His honest pride and integrity of heart raised him above it; neither did he sink into the whine and cant of imposture nor the slang of knavery. No; there was a touch of manly sorrow about him, which neither time nor familiarity with his degraded mode of life, could take away from him. His usual observation to his wife, and he never made it without a pang of intense bitterness, was—'Kathleen, darlin' it's true we have enough to ate, an' to drink; but we *huce no home—no home!*' To a man like him it was a thought of surpassing bitterness indeed.

Ah! Kathleen, he would observe, 'if we had but the poorest shed that could be built, provided it was *our own*, wouldn't we be happy? The bread we ate, avourneen, doesn't do us good. We don't work for it; it's the bread of shame and illness, and yet it's Owen M'Carthy that ates it! But, avourneen, that's past, an' we'll never see our own home, or our own

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 54.]

+ Untranslatable—but means a womanly man—a poor effeminate creature.

From Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.

MAC CABE AND CAROLAN.

In our second number we gave Mac Cabe's elegy on the death of Carolan, which in the original is as fine an expression of unmitigated sorrow as may well be imagined. In this we wish to present 'Carolan's lament over the grave of Mac Cabe,' which may appear rather startling to the reader.

The cause of it was as follows: Mac Cabe and Carolan were warm and attached friends—but Mac Cabe, being somewhat of a humorist, used to exercise his wit occasionally in good humored sallies upon his sightless friend. One day, after a long absence, Mac Cabe meeting Carolan, disguised his voice, and accosted him as a stranger, insinuating that he came from Mac Cabe's neighborhood. Whereupon Carolan eagerly inquired if he knew one Charles Mac Cabe, to which the wag rather improperly replied that he had been at his funeral; the news of which so affected our bard, that he broke out into the following strain:—

CAROLAN'S LAMENT OVER THE GRAVE OF MAC CABE.

'Oh! what a baffled visit mine hath been,
How long my journey, and how dark my lot!
And have I toiled through each fatiguing scene,
To meet my friend—and yet to find him not.

Light of my eyes! lost solace of my mind!
To seek—to hear thee—eagerly I sped;
In vain I came—no trace of thee I find—
Save the cold flag that shades thy narrow bed.

My voice is low—my mood of mirth is o'er,
I droop in sadness like the widowed dove,
Talk' talk of tortures—talk of pain no more—
Nought strikes us like the death of those we love.'

Mac Cabe was so touched by this genuine proof of friendship, that he clasped him in his arms, and revealed himself.

CEAD MILLE FAILTE.

It is perhaps not generally known from whence the famous expression of Irish hospitality, *Cead Mille Failte*, was taken. It occurs in the concluding stanza of *Eileen a Rooin*, and is thus translated by Furlong:—

A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen a Rooin!
A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen a Rooin!

Oh! welcome ever more,
With welcomes yet in store,
Till love and life are o'er,
Eileen a Rooin!

There are two songs entitled *Eileen a Rooin*, *Ellen*, the secret treasure of my heart. The old version, from which the above stanza is taken, bears internal evidence of antiquity. The first line of the second stanza of it, 'I would spend a cow to entertain thee,' proves that it was composed before coined money was in general use. The following is esteemed the most probable account of the circumstances which gave rise to it.

'Carol O'Daly, commonly called *MacCaomh Insi Cneamha*, brother to Donogh More O'Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaught, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Ellen, the daughter of a chieftain named Kavangh, a lovely and amiable young lady, who returned his affection, but her friends disapproved of the connexion. O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for some time, and they availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded, of impressing on the mind of Ellen, a belief of his falsehood, and of his having gone to be married to another; after some time they prevailed on her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly. The day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening before. Under the first impression of his feelings, he sought a wild and sequestered spot on the sea shore, and inspired by love, composed the song of *Eileen a Rooin*, which remains to this time, an exquisite memorial of his skill and sensibility. Disguised as a harper, he gained access among the crowd that thronged to the wedding. It happened, that he was

called upon by Ellen herself to play. It was then, touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his 'softened strain,' the very soul of pensive melody.

In the first stanza he intimates, according to the Irish idiom, that, he would walk with her, that is, that he would be her partner, or only love for life. In the second, that he would entertain her, and afford her every delight. After this, he tenderly asks, will she depart with him, or, in the impressive manner of the original, 'Wilt thou stay, or wilt thou come with me, Eileen a Rooin.' She soon felt the force of this tender appeal, and replied in the affirmative; on which, in an ecstacy of delight, he bursts forth into his 'hundred thousand welcomes.' To reward his fidelity and affection, his fair one contrived to 'go with him that very night.'

The other version was composed by a Munster bard of the seventeenth century, who endeavored to excel, by a profusion of poetic embellishment, the original and sweetly simple song of Eileen a Rooin. The following is a specimen of the translation of it, by John D'Alton, Esq.

Blind to all else but thee,
Eileen a Rooin!
My eyes only ache to see
Eileen a Rooin!
My ears banquet on thy praise,
Pride and pleasure of my days!
Source of all my happiness!
Eileen a Rooin!

Handel is said to have declared that he would rather be the author of Eileen a Rooin, than of the most exquisite of his compositions. Yet it has been palmed upon the public, under the name of *Robin Adair*, as a Scotch melody. Burns asserted that it and *Molly Astor*, which he termed *Gramachree*, were both Scotch: he was in error: the circumstance is a proof of their merit, and his taste. Robin Adair himself was an Irishman; he was ancestor of Viscount Molesworth; lived at Hollypark, in the county of Wicklow; and early in the last century was a member of the Irish parliament.



THE JAUNTING CAR.

This is, properly, an Irish machine. The Jaunting Car is almost peculiar to our Island. A Scotchman or an Englishman on first landing at Dublin or at Kingstown is struck with this peculiarity; but they soon learn to relish so agreeable and handsome a conveyance. It is true, that the cars for hire do not present very great temptations: the miserable horses, and too often the squalid dirty drivers, clamoring for a fare, and under-bidding each other with fierce vociferation, while the furious driving, and incessant attempts to take advantage of ignorance and inexperience, render the Dublin carmen almost intolerable. (We speak generally) except to those who are content to endure these disadvantages for the pleasure and ease of being conveyed to any part of the city or country. But none who have enjoyed the comforts of that pleasant vehicle, a private car, will quarrel with our designating it *agreeable and handsome*. Almost every citizen who can afford it, (and we are sorry to add, many who can not,) keeps a car. In a future number we will give an excursion to Kingstown—but in the meantime conclude our notice with the following extract kindly furnished by a friend.

'Who has not enjoyed the advantages of the jaunting car: who that has even traversed the beautiful road to Kingstown on the various vehicles so properly denominated 'dislocators,' which pass and repass in unremitting whirl; or who that has watched the beautiful daughters of the 'green isle' borne through the streets of our extending metropolis

on this handsome and commodious vehicle, that will not feel curious to know from what humble principle, it has thus risen to perfection. And in good time, have I met with Master Bissie's *Hibernia Curiosa*: he was a careful and observant traveller, and I feel I cannot do better than amuse your readers with an extract on the above matter from his work:

'They have an odd kind of machine here, which they call the Noddy; it is nothing more than an old cast off one-horse chaise or chair; with a kind of stool fixed upon the shafts just before the seat, on which the driver sits, just over the horse, and drives you from one part of the town to another, at stated rates for a 'set-down,' and a good set-down it is sometimes for you are well off if you are not set down in a channel, by the breaking of the wheels, or an overset-down; nor can you see any thing before you but your nod, nod, nodding chariotier, whose situation on the shafts obliges his motion to be conformed to that of the horse, from whence I suppose they have obtained the name of the Noddy.'

I assure you the ease of the fare is not much consulted in the construction of these nodding vehicles. But the drollest and most diverting kind of conveyance for your genteel and ungenteel parties of pleasure is what they call here the Chaise-marine, which is nothing less or more than any common car with one horse. A simple kind of carriage constructed with a pair of wheels, or thin round blocks, of about twenty inches in diameter, an axle and two shafts, about where the axle are spread out a little wider than the sides of the horse, and framed together with cross pieces in such a manner as to be nearly in a level position for three or four feet across the axle.

These simple constructions are almost the only kind of carts in common use for the carrying or moving of goods, merchandise of every kind, hay, corn, &c. through the kingdom. These are however used for parties of pleasure, when on the level part a mat is laid for the commonality, and for the genteeler sort of people a bed is put on this, and half a dozen get on, two behind, and two on each side, and away they drive, with their feet not above six inches from the ground as they sit, on little jaunts of a few miles out of town; and they are the most sociable carriages in use, for ten or a dozen will take one of these Chaise-marines, and ride it by turns, the rate being seldom, in such cases, more than a foot pace. I assure you they are the drollest, merriest currioles you ever saw.

We were infinitely diverted at meeting many of these feather-bed chaise-marine parties on the Sunday that we landed coming out of town, as we went up to it from Dunleary. Such was the jaunting car of Ireland in 1764, and could the honest gentlemen to whom we are indebted for this description 'revisit the glimpses of the moon,' and see the vehicle of 1832, how great would be his praises and surprise. I shall take an early opportunity of returning to his pages, from whence I have no fear of being enabled to extract much that will be found agreeable, useful and entertaining.

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A witty Hibernian, just arrived in London, and wandering about, perceived a blanket at a shop door with this inscription on it, 'This superior blanket for half price.' Pat walked in, and demanded the price. 'Just five shillings, Sir,' replied the smooth and polished shopkeeper. 'By my sowl, and that's cheap enough!' and so folding the blanket up, and putting it under his arm, he laid down two shillings and sixpence, and was walking off. The shopkeeper intercepted him, and demanded the other two and sixpence. 'Didn't you say, you spalpeen, that the price of the blanket was five shillings, and sure hav'n't I given you the half of it? By this and that, I won't give up my bargain!' A scuffle ensued, and Pat was taken to Bow-street; but when there, he pleaded his cause so ably, that the magistrate dismissed the complaint, and advised the shopkeeper never again to ticket his goods with 'half-price.'

HAPPINESS OF CHILDREN.

Children may teach us one blessed, and enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances, which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's, free from artificial wants, unsatisfied by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures: he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins, whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster-shells, or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-choliced, half-washed fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.

NEWS FROM HOME.

DUBLIN.

REMARKABLE DECREASE OF CRIME IN IRELAND.

—The rapid strides Ireland has made in material prosperity, since 1851, are well known; it is not so commonly understood that decrease in crime, and increase in wealth have in this interval, exactly kept pace with each other. Such is the fact. During the years 1845-6-7-8 the per centage of the population in England averaged 1595. In Ireland, during the same years, it averaged 3274. Thus the tendency to crime in Ireland, ten years ago, was double what it was in England. In the year 1855, however, the proportion between crime and population in the two countries had become nearly equal, as in that year there were only eight criminals more to every 100,000 of population in Ireland than in the neighboring country.

Miss Hayes and Miss O'Brien two ladies of fortune in Dublin, have both joined the Sisters of Mercy at Belfast.

The 5th Dragoons, struck out of her Majesty's forces in 1799, has been restored to its place among the cavalry regiments of the line. The 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d, regiments of Dragoons have also been again called into existence for service in the E. Indies.

LIMERICK.

BISHOP OF KILLALOE.—It is stated that his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel and Emlly has received from Rome a Rescript authorising him to forward to the Holy See, the names of three Ecclesiastics; from whom the Coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese of Killaloe is to be chosen by the Propaganda.—*Recorder*.

Our distinguished countryman, Mr. Eugene Curry, is likely to carry the prize which some six or seven years since, was offered by the government of Copenhagen for records of the early history of the Danes, having discovered in Dublin some Irish manuscript written after the expulsion of the Danes by Brian Boru.—*Chronicle*.

CORK.

The Poor Law Commissioners have at length consented, on the urgent and repeated representations of the Guardians of Killyarney Union, that an apartment entirely separate from the dining hall should be appropriated exclusively for Roman Catholic worship.

The Cork distillers have recently reduced the price of whiskey to 10s 10d per gallon. This seems to be a move in anticipation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposed assimilation of duties of spirits. It is equal to a reduction of 4d per gallon, the last price being 11s 2d.—*Examiner*.

Nicholas Connolly, a baker, died on the 4th Feb. of inflammation of the lungs.

KING'S.

ABDUCTION IN THE KING'S COUNTY.—On Wednesday night the house of a man named Ryan, who resides at Coloranty, near Shinrone, was entered by a large party of men, who forcibly carried away his daughter, beating the members of the family who resisted. The alarm was given, and a hasty pursuit ensued, headed by the young woman's intended husband and being reinforced by a party of the Shinrone police, they proceeded to the house of a man named Patrick Kennedy, near Dunkerrin, and discovered the young woman. A warm contest ensued, and after many blows were exchanged, the prize was won, and carried back. The morning was advanced when they returned, and to prevent any further difference, it was considered advisable that the marriage ceremony should be performed without delay, and the abducted Miss Ryan was without further ado made Mrs. Walsh.—*Chron.*

On the 4th of February, while some laborers were employed in making a ditch on the lands of Ballyloulan near Frankford, the skeleton of a human being was discovered about eighteen inches below the surface

of the field. It was supposed to be that of a cattle dealer of the neighborhood who disappeared about seven years ago. A coroner's investigation is being carried on.

WATERFORD.

During the last forty-two years, fifty-six vessels have been shipwrecked, and four hundred and twenty-six souls perished in Tramore Bay. The greatest number of lives lost was by the shipwreck of the ship Sea Horse, in the year 1816, 363 men having perished in that catastrophe.

KILKENNY.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed William F. J. Hort, Esq. to be resident magistrate for the County of Kilkenny, to reside at Kilkenny, in the room of Joseph Greene, Esq. placed on the retired list.

The Very Rev. Dr. Fennelly, Vicar General of Madras, and brother to the Bishop of that diocese, is at present in Kilkenny. After a residence of more than twelve years in India, the Rev. gentleman has returned to his native country, for the purpose of raising funds to meet the necessities of religion in his mission. He has already appealed with success to the several parishes of Cashel and Emlly, his native diocese, as also to the Catholics of several other parts of Ireland.

TIPPERARY.

On the night of the 31st of January, a man, named John Ryan, committed a grievous assault on the person of a poor widow's daughter, named Mary Burke, about ten years of age. When the affair was made known to the Birdhill police, they went in pursuit and captured the offender, who has been committed to goal for the offence.—*Nenagh Guardian*.

On the 1st of February, Richard Charles Bradshaw, Esq., A.B. of Nelson street, was admitted an Attorney of her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, and a Member of the Hon. Society of Queen's Inn.

On the 30th of January, Miss Mary Butler, eldest daughter of the late John Butler, Esq. of Clonmel, and niece of the late Archbishop of Cashel, received the black veil at the Presentation Convent, Thurles.

Randall McDonnell, Esq. of Slevoir, was drowned on the 4th inst. In stepping from a yacht, which belonged to him, into a small skiff, the latter capsized, and the unfortunate gentleman fell into the water and was drowned. His body was recovered some time after the accident, but life was completely extinct.

A few weeks ago, a fine little boy about seven years old, son of a gentleman named Ryan, a mason, residing at Newport, got a small conch shell, not larger than a pea, usually picked up by visitors to Kilkenny in the summer season, and placing it to his ear to hear, as he imagined, the sea rolling, by some way, he accidentally slipped the shell into his ear, whereby it became closely embedded, and from which the child suffered very much, and was carried to the dispensary, where every surgical means was used to extract the shell, but without effect.

WESTMEATH.

About 5 o'clock on the evening of Feb. 6th, a very respectable farmer, named Reilley, was shot dead by two men, who are at present unknown, in the presence of his wife, son, and servant boy, while on his return home with them from Kilbeggan market. It appears the unfortunate man was also fired at in Dec. last.

The erection of the new Catholic church of St. Mary's, Athlone, is advancing with great celerity. The walls are rising up rapidly, and will soon have reached their permanent height. On Sunday, the 31st January subscriptions were received at St. Mary's, in further aid of the funds for its completion, and a large sum was collected. Amongst the subscriptions were—J. Murtagh, Esq. £50; E. Kilduff, Esq. (father of the venerable Bishop of Ardagh.) £50; P. Rouke, Esq., J. P., £20; P. Maxwell, Esq., £20, &c.

MONAGHAN.

The fair of Castleblaney, which was held on the 3rd inst, was one of the largest which took place for years. The supply of every description of stock was uncommonly large, but more particularly swine, which was sufficient to meet the very active demand made by dealers, and those who attended to purchase for exportation. Pork was fully 4s per cwt, over the prices obtained a month ago in the locality.

A man named John Kearney, a native of Castleblaney, but resident in Scotland for the last eighteen years, has, with an orphan child, lately shipped over to Belfast by the parochial authorities of Edinburgh, because from scarcity of work, he had become chargeable upon them.

TYRONE.

At the sessional examination of the Queen's College, Cork, Mr. G. Sigerson (son of W. Sigerson, Esq., Holyhill, Strabane), ex-scholar, obtained in practical chemistry the second place; in Celtic language, the first; and in Senior Physiology and Anatomy, the certificate of honor. At the Scholarship examination (Nov. 1857), in Senior Anatomy and Physiology, Materia Medica and practical chemistry, this young gentleman obtained the second place.

DONEGAL.

A correspondent informs us that, on Friday last, the 29th January, Lord Leitrim took his departure from the county Donegal, passing through Letterkenny on his journey. In Letterkenny he changed horses at the hotel, and, as it was market day, some of the country people recognised his lordship, and intelligence of his identity was quickly circulated. The result was, that an immense crowd collected almost on the instant and roars of groans, yells, and hisses, that might have been heard for miles around, greeted his lordship's departure from the north-western province of his paternal dominion.—*Derry Standard*.

MAYO.

An influential meeting was held in the Town Hall of Tuam on Sunday for the purpose of organising a subscription for the defence of the Rev. Messrs. Conway and Ryan, who are now being prosecuted by the Attorney General under the directions of the House of Commons. Over 50£ were subscribed.

Archbishop MacHale has subscribed £50 towards the fund for defence of the Rev. Messrs. Conway and Ryan.

GALWAY.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Edward J. Banon, Esq. to be resident magistrate for the county of Galway, to reside at Tuam, in the room of William F. J. Hort, Esq. removed to another county.

On Thursday, Feb. 4th, Andrew Banfield, Esq., swore informations before A. C. Montgomery, Esq., R. M., against Luke Beahon, for using threatening language towards him when leaving the meeting of the Ballinasloe Town Commissioners on the 29th ult. At the Petty Sessions, Beahon was bound to keep the peace.

The Rev. P. Curran, P. P., the old and worthy pastor of Athenry, breathed his last on Wednesday, the 20th ult. His remains were interred in the graveyard of the beautiful new church lately erected in that parish.

We regret to have to record the premature death of the Rev. T. Keavely, the zealous and estimable parish priest of Annadown. He was seized with scarlet fever in the discharge of his missionary duties, and was carried off in the prime of life, after an illness of four days. His remains were interred in the parish church of Annadown, on Tuesday, the 19th ult., amid the prayerful tears and lamentations of a grateful and devoted flock.

ROSCOMMON.

The following commissions in the Roscommon Militia have been signed by Edward King Tenison, Esq., Lieutenant of the County Roscommon, and approved of by the Earl of Carlisle.—Lieut. Henry Caulfield to be Captain, vice Owen Thos. Lloyd resigned; Ensign Owen E. Lynch to be Lieutenant, vice Henry Caulfield promoted.

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hearth again. 'That's what's cuttin' into my heart, Kathleen. Never—never!'

Many a trial, too, of another kind was his patience called upon to sustain, particularly from the wealthy and the more elevated in life, when his inexperience as a mendicant led him to solicit their assistance.

'Begone, sirrah, off my grounds!' one would say. 'Why don't you work, you sturdy impostor; another would exclaim, 'rather than stroll about so lazily, training your brats to the gallows?' 'You should be taken up, fellow, as a vagrant,' a third would observe, 'and if I ever catch you coming up my avenue again, depend upon it, I will slip my dogs at you and your idle spawn.'

Owen, on these occasions, turned away in silence; he did not curse them; but the pangs of his honest heart went before him who will, sooner or later, visit upon the heads of such men their cruel spurning and neglect of the poor.

'Kathleen,' he observed to his wife, one day, about a year or more after they had begun to beg; 'Kathleen, I have been turnin' it in my mind, that some of these childhre might thrive to earn their bit an' their little coverin' of clo'es, poor things. We might put them to herd cows in the summer, an' the *girlshas* to somethin' else in the farmers' houses. What do you think, asthore?'

'For God's sake do, Owen; sure my heart's crashed to see them—my own childhre, that I could lay down my life for, beggin' from door to door. Och, do something for them that way, Owen, an' you'll relieve the heart that loves them. It's a sore sight to a mother's eye, Owen, to see her childhre beggin' their morsel.'

'It is, darlin'—it is; we'll hire out the three eldest—Brian, an' Owen, an' Pether, to herd cows; and we may get Peggy into some farmer's house to do loose jobs an' run of messages. Then we'd have only little Kathleen an' poor Ned along wid us. I'll thrify any way, an' if I can get them places, who knows what may happen? I have a plan in my head that I'll tell you, thin.'

'Arrah, what is it, Owen, jewel? Sure if I know it, maybe when I'm scrowful, that thinkin' of it, an' lookin' forrid to it will make me happier. An' I'm sure acushla, you would like that.'

'But, maybe, Kathleen, if it wouldn't come to pass, that the disappointin' 'ud be heavy on you?'

'How could it, Owen? Sure we can't be worse nor we are, whatever happens?'

'Thrus enough, indeed, I forgot that; an' yet we might, Kathleen. Sure we'd be worse, if we or the childhre had bad health.'

'God forgive me then for what I said! We might be worse. Well, but what is the plan, Owen?'

'Why, when we get the childhre places, I'll thrive to take a little house, an' work as a cottier. Then, Kathleen, we'd have a home of our own. I'd work from light to light; I'd work before hours an' after hours, ay, nine days in the week, or we'd be comfortable in our own little home. We might be poor, Kathleen, I know that, an' hard pressed, too, but then, as I said, we'd have our own home, an' our own labor.'

'Now, Owen, do you think you could manage to get that?'

'Wait, acushla, till we get the childhre settled.—Then I'll thrify the other plan, for it's good to thrify anything that could take us out of this disgraceful life.'

This humble speculation was a source of great comfort to them. Many a time have they forgotten their sorrows in contemplating the simple picture of their happy little cottage. Kathleen, in particular, drew with all the vivid coloring of a tender mother and an affectionate wife, the various sources of comfort and contentment to be found even in a cabin, whose inmates are blessed with a love of independence, industry, and mutual affection.

Owen, in pursuance of his intention, did not neglect, when the proper season arrived, to place out his eldest children among the farmers. The reader need not be

told that there was that about him which gained respect. He had, therefore, little trouble in obtaining his wishes on this point, and to his great satisfaction, he saw three of them hired out to earn the own support.

It was now a matter of some difficulty for him to take a cabin and get employment. They had not a single article of furniture, and neither bed nor bedding with the exception of blankets almost worn past use. He was resolved, however, to give up at all risks, the life of a mendicant. For this purpose, he and the wife agreed to adopt a plan quite usual in Ireland, under circumstances somewhat different from his: this was, that Kathleen should continue to beg for their support, until the first half year of their children's service should expire; and in the meantime, that he, if possible, should secure employment for himself. By this means, his earnings, and that of his children, might remain untouched, so that in half a year, he calculated upon being able to furnish a cabin, and proceed, as a cottier, to work for, and support his young children and his wife, who determined, on her part, not to be idle any more than her husband.

As the plan was a likely one, and as Owen was bent on earning his bread, rather than be a burden to others, it is unnecessary to say that it succeeded. In less than a year he found himself once more in a home, and the force of what he felt on sitting, for the first time since his pauperism, at his hearth, may easily be conceived by the reader. For some years after this, Owen got on slowly enough; his wages as a daily laborer being so miserable, that it required him to exert every nerve to keep the house over their head.—What however, will not carelessness and a virtuous determination, joined to indefatigable industry, do?

After some time, backed as he was by his wife, and even his youngest children, he found himself beginning to improve. In the mornings and evenings he cultivated his garden and his rood of potatoe ground. He also collected with a wheelbarrow, which he borrowed from an acquaintance, compost from the neighboring rood; scoured an old drain before the door; dug rich earth, and tossed it into the pool of rotten water beside the house, and in fact, adopted several other modes of collecting manure. By this means, he had, each spring, a large portion of rich stuff on which to plant his potatoes. His landlord permitted him to spread this for planting upon his land; and Owen ere long, instead of a rood, was able to plant an half acre, and ultimately, an acre of potatoes. The produce of this, being more than sufficient for the consumption of his family, he sold the surplus, and with the money gained by the sale was enabled to sow half an acre of oats, of which, when made into meal, he disposed of the greater share.

Industry is capital; for even when unaided by capital it creates it; whereas, idleness with capital, produces only poverty and ruin. Owen, after selling his meal and as much potatoes as he could spare, found himself able to purchase a cow. Here was the means of making more manure; he had his cow, and he had also straw enough for her provender during the winter. The cow by affording milk to his family, enabled them to live more cheaply; by butter they sold, and this, in addition to his surplus meal and potatoes every year, soon made him feel that he had a few guineas to spare.

He now bethought him of another mode of helping himself forward in the world; after buying the best "slip" of a pig he could find, a sty was built for her, and ere long he saw a fine litter of young pigs within a snug shed. These he reared until they were about two months old, when he sold them, and found that he had gained considerably by the transaction. This department, however, was under the management of Kathleen, whose life was one of incessant activity and employment. Owen's children's, during the period of his struggles and improvements, were, by his advice, multiplying their little capital as fast as himself. The two boys who had now shot up into the stature of young men, were at work as laboring servants in the neighborhood. The daughters were also engaged as

servants with the adjoining farmers. The boys bought each a pair of two-year old heifers, and the daughter one. These they sent to graze up in the mountains at a trifling charge, for the first year or two; when they became springers, they put them to rich infield grass for a few months, until they got a marketable appearance, after which their father brought them to the neighboring fairs, where they usually sold to great advantage, in consequence of the small outlay required in rearing them.

In fact, the principle of industry ran through the family. There was none of them idle; none of them a burden or a check upon the profits made by the laborer. On the contrary, "they laid their shoulders together," as the phrase is, and proved to the world, that when the proper disposition is followed by suitable energy and perseverance, it must generally reward him who possesses it.

It is certainly true that Owen's situation in life now was essentially different from that which it had been during the latter years of his struggles as a farmer.—It was much more favorable, and far better calculated to develop successful exertion. If there be a class of men deserving public sympathy, it is that of the small farmers of Ireland.

Their circumstances are fraught with all that is calculated to depress and ruin them; rents far above their ability, increasing poverty, and bad markets. The land, which curing the last war might have enabled the renter to pay three pounds per acre, and yet still maintain himself with tolerable comfort, could not now pay more than one pound, or, at the most, one pound ten; and yet such is the infatuation of landlords, that in most instances, the terms of leases taken out then are rigorously exacted. Neither can the remission of yearly arrears be said to strike at the root of the evils under which they suffer. The fact of the disproportionate rent hanging over them is a disheartening circumstance, that paralyses their exertions, and sinks their spirits.

If a landlord remit the rent for one term he deals more harshly with the tenant at the next; whatever surplus, if any, his former indulgence leaves in the tenant's hands, instead of being expended upon his property as capital, and being permitted to lay the foundation of hope and prosperity, is drawn from him, at next term, and the poor struggling tenant is thrown back into as much distress, embarrassment, and despondency as ever. There are, I believe, few tenants in Ireland of the class I allude to, who are not from one gale to three in arrear. Now, how can it be expected, that such men will labor with spirit and earnestness to raise crops which they may never reap? Crops which the landlords may seize upon to secure as much of his rent as he can.

I have known a case in which the arrears were not only remitted, but the rent lowered to a reasonable standard, such as, considering the markets, could be paid. And what was the consequence? The tenant who was looked upon as a negligent man, from whom scarcely any rent could be got, took courage, worked his farm with a spirit and success which he had not evinced before; and ere long was in a capacity to pay his gales to the very day; so that the judicious and humane landlord was finally a gainer by his own excellent economy. This was an experiment, and it succeeded beyond expectation.

Owen McCarthy did not work with more zeal and ability as an humble cottier, than he did, when a farmer; but the tide was against him as a landholder, and instead of having advanced, he actually lost ground until he became a pauper. No doubt, the peculiarly unfavorable run of two hard seasons, darkened by sickness and famine, were formidable obstacles to him; but he must eventually have failed, even had they not occurred. They accelerated his downfall, but not cause it.

The Irish people, though poor, are exceedingly anxious to be independent. Their highest ambition is to hold a farm. So strong is this principle in them that they will, without a single penny of capital, or any visible means to rely on, without consideration or fore-

thought, come forward and offer a rent which, if they reflected only for a moment, they must feel to be unreasonably high. This, indeed, is a great evil in Ireland. But what, in the meantime, must we think of those imprudent landlords, and their more imprudent agents, who let their land to such persons, without proper inquiry into their means, knowledge of agriculture, and general character as moral and industrious men?

A farm of land is to be let; it is advertised through the parish; application is to be made before such a day, to so and so. The day arrives, the agent or the land-steward looks over the proposals, and after singling out the highest bidder, declares him tenant, as a matter of course. Now, perhaps this said tenant does not possess a shilling in the world, nor a shilling's worth. Most likely he is a new-married man, with nothing but his wife's bed and bedding, his wedding-suit, and his blackthorn cudgel, which we may suppose him to keep in reserve for the bailiff.

However, he commences his farm; and then follow the shiftings, the scramblings, and the fruitless struggles to success is impossible. His farm is not half-tilled; his crops are miserable! the gale-day has already passed; yet, he can pay nothing until he takes it out of the land. Perhaps, he runs away—makes a moonlight flitting—and, by the aid of his friends, succeeds in bringing the crops with him. The landlord or agent, declares he is a knave; forgetting that the man had no other alternative, and that they were the greater knaves and fools too, for encouraging him to undertake a task that was beyond his strength.

In calamity, we are anxious to derive support from the sympathy of our friends; in our success, we are eager to communicate to them the power of participating in our happiness. When Owen once more found himself independent and safe, he longed to realise two plans on which he had for some time before been seriously thinking.

The first was to visit his former neighbors, that they might at length know that Owen McCarthy's station in the world was such as became his character. The second was, if possible, to take a farm in his native parish, that he might close his days among his companions of his youth, and the friends of his maturer years. He had, also, another motive; there lay the burying-place of the McCarthys, in which slept the mouldering dust of his own 'golden-haired Alley.' With them—in his daughter's grave—he intended to sleep his long sleep. Affection for the dead is the memory or the heart.

In no other grave-yard could he reconcile it to himself to be buried; to it had all his forefathers been gathered; and though calamity had separated him from the scenes where they had passed through existence, yet he was resolved that death should not deprive him of its last melancholy consolation;—that of reposing with all that remained of the 'departed,' who had loved him, and whom he had loved. He believed, that to neglect this, would be to abandon a sacred duty, and felt sorrow at the thought of being like an absent guest from the assembly of his own dead—for there is a principle of undying hope in the heart, that carries, with bold and beautiful imagery, the realities of life into the silent recesses of death itself.

Having formed the resolution of visiting his old friends at Tubber Derg, he communicated it to Kathleen and his family; his wife received the intelligence with undisguised delight.

'Owen,' she replied, 'indeed I am glad you mentioned it. Many a time the thoughts of our place, an' the people about it, comes over me. I know, Owen, it'll go to your heart to see it; but still, avourneen, you'd like, too, to see the old faces an' the warm hearts of them that pitied us, and helped us, as well as they could, when we war broken down.'

'I would, Kathleen; but I'm not goin' merely to see them and the place. I intind, if I can, to take a bit of land somewhere near Tubber Derg. I'm unsay-

in my mind, for 'fraid I'd not sleep in the grave-yard where all belonging to me lie.'

A chord of the mother's heart was touched; and in a moment the memory of their beloved child brought the tears to her eyes.

'Owen, avourneen, I have one request to ax of you, an' I'm sure you won't refuse it to me; if I die afore you, let be buried wid Alley. Who has a right to sleep so near her as her own mother?'

'The child's in my heart still,' said Owen, suppressing his emotion; 'thinkin' of the unfortunate mornin' I went to Dublin, brings her back to me. I see her standin', wid her fair pale face—pale—oh, my God!—wid hunger an' sickness—her little thin clo'es, and her golden hair, tossed about by the dark blast—the tears in her eyes, and the smile, that she once had, on her face—houldin' up her mouth; and saying 'Kiss me agin, father,' as if she knew, somehow, that I'd never see her, nor her me any more. An' whin I looked back, as I was turning the corner, there she stood, strainin' her eyes after her father, that she was thin takin' the last sight of until the judgment-day.'

His voice here became broken, and he sat down for a few minutes.

'It's a thrange,' he added, with more firmness, 'how she's so often in my mind!'

'But, Owen dear,' replied Kathleen, 'sure it was the will of God that she should lave us. She's now a bright angel in heaven, an' I dunna if it's right—indeed, I doubt it's sinful for us to think so much about her.—Who knows but her innocent spirit is makin' intercession for us all, before the blessed Mother o' God! Who knows but it was her that got us the good fortune that flowed in upon us, an' that made our strugglin' an' our laborin' turn out so lucky.'

The idea of being *lucky* or *unlucky* is, in Ireland, an enemy to industry. It is certainly better that the people should believe success in life to be, as it is, the result of virtuous exertion, than of contingent circumstances, over which they have no control. Still there was something beautiful in the superstition of Kathleen's affections; something that touched the heart and its dearest associations.

'It's very true, Kathleen,' replied her husband; 'but God is ever ready to help them that keeps an honest heart, an' do every thing in their power to live creditably. They may fail for a time, or he may thry them for awhile, but sooner or later good intentions and honest labor will be rewarded. Look at ourselves—blessed be his name!'

'But whin do you mane to go to Tubber Derg, Owen?'

'In the beginnin' of the next week. An' Kathleen, ahagur, if you remember the bitter mornin' we came upon the world—but we'll not be spakin' of that now. I don't like to think of it. Some other time, maybe, when we are settled among ould friends, I'll mention it.'

'Well, the Lord bless your endeavors, any how! Och, Owen, do thry an' get us a snug farm somewhere near them. But you didn't answer me about Alley, Owen?'

'Why you must have your wish, Kathleen, although I intended to keep that place for myself. Still we can sleep one on each side of her; an' that may be asily done, for our buryin' ground is large: so set your mind at rest on that head. I hope God won't call us till we see our childre settled decently in the world. But sure, at all evints, let his blessed will be done!'

'Amin! amin! It's not right of any one to keep their hearts fixed too much upon the world; nor even, they say, upon one's own childre.'

'People may love their childre as much as they please, Kathleen, if they don't let their *grah* for them spoil the crathurs, by givin' them their own will, till they become headstrong an' overbearin'. Now let my linen be as white as a bone before Monday, please goodness; I hope by that time Jack Dogherty will have my new clo'es made; for I intind to go as decent as ever they seen me in my best days.'

'An' so you will, too, avillish. Throth, Owen, it's

you that'll be the proud man, steppin' in to them in all your grandeur! Ha, ha, ha! The spirit o' the M'Carthy's is in you still, Owen.'

'Ha, ha, ha! It is, darlin'; it is, indeed, an' I'd be sorry it wasn't. I long to see poor Widow Murray. I dunna is her son Jemmy married. Who knows, after all we suffered, but I might be able to help her yet?—that is, if she stands in need of it. But I suppose, her childre's grown up now, an' able to assist her. Now, Kathleen, mind Monday next; an' have everything ready. I'll stay away a week or so, at the most, an' afther that I'll have news for you about all o' them.'

When Monday morning arrived, Owen found himself ready to set out for Tubber Derg. The tailor had not disappointed him, and Kathleen, to do her justice, took care that the proofs of her good housewifery should be apparent in the whiteness of his linen.—After breakfast he dressed himself in all his finery; and it would be difficult to say whether the harmless vanity that peeped out occasionally from his simplicity of character or the open and undisguised triumph of his faithful wife, whose eye rested on him with pride and affection, was most calculated to produce a smile.

'Now, Kathleen,' said he, when preparing for his immediate departure, 'I'm thinkin' of what they'll say, when they see me so smooth an' warm-lookin'. I'll engage they'll be axin' one another, 'Musha, how did Owen McCarthy get an' at all, to be so well to do in the world, as he appears to be, after fallin' on his ould farm?'

'Well, but, Owen, you know how to manage them.'

'Throth, I do that. But there is one thing they'll never get out o' me, any way.'

'You won't tell that to any o' them, Owen?'

'Kathleen, if I thought they only suspected it, I'd never show my face in Tubber Derg again. I think I could bear to be—an' yet it'd be a hard struggle wid me too—but I think I could bear to be buried among black strangers, rather than it should be said, over my grave, among my own, 'there's where Owen McCarthy lies—who was the only man of his name, that ever begged his morsel on the king's highway. There he lies, the descendant of the great McCarthy Mores, an, yet he was a beggar.' I know, Kathleen, achora, it's neither a sin nor a shame to ax one's bit from our fellow-creatures, whin fairly brought to it, widout any fault of our own; but still I feel something in me, that I can't bear to think of it widout shame an' heaviness of heart.'

'Well, it's one comfort, that nobody knows it but ourselves. The poor childre, for their own sakes, won't ever breathe it; so that it's likely the secret I'll be berried wid us.'

'I hope so, acushla. Does this coat sit asy atween the shoulders? I feel it catch me a little.'

'The sorra nicer. There, it was only your waistcoat that was turned down in the collar. Here—here, hold your arm. There now—it wanted to be pulled down a little at the cuffs. Owen, it's a beauty, an I think I have good right to be proud of it, for it's every thread my own spinnin'.'

'How do I look in it, Kathleen? Tell me the thruth, now.'

'Throth, you're twenty years younger; the never a day less.'

'I think I needn't be ashamed to afore my old friends in it, any way. Now bring me my staff, from outhder the bed above, an' in the name o' God, I'll set out.'

'Which o' them, Owen? Is it the oak or the black-thorn?'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

'Did you know I was here?' said the bellows to the fire. 'O' yes, I always contrive to get wind of you was the reply.'

A tailor speaking of the winter fashions, says, very correctly, 'There is not much change in gentlemen's pants this month.'



GLENGARIFF.

GLENGARIFF.

Glengariff! who has not heard of this most enchanting spot? The author of 'Sketches in the North and South of Ireland,' has pointed out to us the following passages from his work, and we are sure our readers will easily excuse us for preferring it to any thing of our own. Travelling from Bantry to Glengariff, he says.

'And now, having coasted along the bay for four or five miles we ascended up a clear mountain stream, and entered, by a defile into a mountain valley. The stream here turned to the right, and we could see it writhing like a silver eel through a green valley that extended under the mountain of the Priest's Leap, and lost itself in the eastern hills, towards Muskerry. My friends excited my curiosity, and caused me to lament that press of time would not allow a visit to a lovely lake in this eastern direction, which lies there in all the retirement of sublime seclusion. But I had Glengariff before me. An ugly hill, an uninteresting view of Bantry Bay, a bad road over a dreary moor—a scene where charity companions may abstract themselves into talk of other places and other times. In the midst of our chat I became dumb—dispute argument all fled. 'There's Glengariff!' I believe my friends actually contrived to abstract me thus, and engage the mind in other trains of thought in order to produce effect. They certainly succeeded. I had heard much of this Glengariff—the Rough Glen—Vallis Aspera, as O'Sullivan in his Catholic History calls it. As I passed along from east to west of the county of Cork every one expressed the hope that I should not leave the county until I had seen Glengariff. I should not leave the county until I had seen Glengariff. And was I disappointed? Not in the least. Nothing in Ireland is equal to it, or can be brought into comparison; it is singular, it is unique. It is a scene that winter has less effect on than could be imagined. I may say it was winter when I saw it—at least winter lingered on the lap of spring—the 25th of March; yet all was grand, and at the same time beautiful, because verdant.

'A bay runs in at right angles from the east and west direction of Bantry Bay. This bay is sheltered entirely at its entrance by an island, on which a Martello tower is erected. Thus the landlocked estuary looks to be a lake. In no respect it differs from a lake—save that it is superior. Here no ugly strand, muddy and fetid, left bare by the receding tide: here no deposit of silt and ooze. No; the only thing that marks the ebb, is a line of dark demarcation that surrounds the bay, and gives a curious sort of relief, (somewhat like the black frame of a brilliant picture) to the green translucent waters of this gem of the ocean. No fresh water lake can be at all compared to it; not even the upper lake of Killarney can stand the competition. Here is the sea—the green, variable, ever changing sea—without any of its defects or deformities. I declare I do not know how to begin, or where to take up, or in what way to put forth the dioramic conception I have in my mind's recollection of this

delightful glen. Mountains—why you have them of all forms, elevations, and outlines: Hungry Mountain, with its cataract of eight hundred feet falling from its side; Sugar-loaf, so conical, so bare, so white in its quartzose formation; Slive Goul, the pathway of the fairies; and Esk Mountain, over which I was destined to climb my toilsome way: every hill had its peculiar interest, and each, according to the time of the day or the state of the atmosphere, presented a picture so mutable—or bright or gloomy, or near or distant—valleys laughing in sunshine, shrouded in dark and undefined masses of shade: and so deceptive; so variable were the distances and capabilities of prospect, that in the morning you could see a hare bounding along on the ranges of those hills, that, at noonday were lost in the grey indistinctness of distant vision. Then the glen itself, unlike other glens and valleys that interpose between ranges of mountains, was not flat, or soft, or smooth—no meadow, no morass, nor bog—but the most apparently tumultuous, yet actually regular, congeries of rocks that ever was seen. Suppose you the Bay of Biscay in a hurricane from the west—suppose you the tremendous swell when the top-gallant mast of a ship would be hid within the trough of its waves—and now suppose, that by some Almighty fiat, all this vexed ocean was arrested in an instant, and then fixed as a specimen of God's wonders in the deep. Such you may suppose Glengariff. It appears as if the stratifications of the rock were forced up by some uniform power from the central abyss, and there left to stand at a certain and defined angle, a solidified storm. And now suppose, that in every indentation, hole, crevice, and inflexion of those rocks, grew a yew or holly; there the yew, with its yellowy tinge; and here the arbutus with its red stem and leaf of brighter green, and at the same time disclosing the romantic singularity of the scene. I know not that ever I read of such a place, so wild and so beautiful—I think I recollect—Cervante's description of the Sierra Morena, in Don Quixotte, with all its flexes, and oaks, and cork trees. Could it be at all like this? or is it like the grand Chatterneau near Grenoble?

'I will fairly confess to you that I was never more at a loss than how to get on or get out of Glengariff. I know that my poor pen cannot do justice to this scenery, and if you were for half an hour there, you would accord that it must be a felicitous describer, indeed who could convey a suitable idea of this curious valley.—The draughtsman it is true, might catch the character and convey the idea of some insulated spot—the painter might arrest upon his canvases some of those combinations of light and shade that communicate a happy, but changeable glory to some selected scene; but the whole panorama—to convey a suitable representation of it—to impress upon the mind an adequate idea of this singular glen, the pencil, the pallet, as well as the pen, must fail. But, reader, take what I can give—and per-

haps the only thing I can give, will be a longing desire of inspecting this beautiful valley with your own eyes.

'I ascended a pathway, accompanied by one who had a painter's eye, a poet's mind, and a heart so harmonized as to be ever ready to rise from the contemplation of nature to look up to nature's God, and say

'These are THY glorious works, Parent of Good.'

We proceeded through woods of oak, birch, holly, arbutus—here ascending precipitous rocks, to gain a bird's-eye view of all around—again we sank into a deep dargle, through which, darkly and far beneath, a river forced its noisy and petulant channel;—again we advanced where the rocks and precipices receded from the stream, and a lovely meadow expanded itself, through which the waters glided, silently and slowly kissing the flowering banks; and all was still,—except that here a heron rose with broad and heavy wing, and shrieked as he ascended from his solitude—and there the water-hen gave forth its scolding note, as it splashed across the placid pool—and from under the fringing alder the sudden trout rising, and springing at the May fly, broke the translucent and glassy surface, with all its reflected images, into shivering and expanding undulations. Immediately around us were enclosing hills, in one place mantled with thick woods, and in another bare, grey and craggy, except that a yew spread its palmated arms out of this chasm, or an arbutus flung its red rough branches over that precipice, and again the ivy clinging close round that overhanging stratum of rock, seemed to be its only support, binding it up from tumbling in mighty ruin below. Then all around, in the distant, but well-defined circle, were the serrated mountains of every size, shape, and elevation: and to the right, where the mountain formed what is called a gorge, but which the Irish language expresses by a word signifying 'a lovely lap': extended a deep dark valley that seemed to cleave into the very heart of the mountain chain, and which, from where we stood, appeared to have no end to its extent, or bottom to its depth. The sun that had now passed its meridian, was casting its evening rays on the southeastern face of this immense chasm, which was as perpendicular as a wall formed by the line of an artist's plummet; and still this abyss, though two miles off, (as my conductor informed me,) from the clearness of the atmosphere, appeared so near and fine in its outline, that while the bottom was cast in the indistinct gloom of its own depth its upper parts, open to the evening light, sparkled in the sun, and presented the very ledge on which eagles for centuries had formed their nests, and reared their young unapproachable by the common arts or enterprise of man.'

WRITERS AND READERS.

None but those who have made the experiment can tell the difficulty of the task—viz: to please every one, yet it is attainable to a great extent, if attempted with honesty of purpose, and untiring perseverance.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'THE REV. F. S.', Wisconsin. Your favor is received and its contents duly noted. The words are from a popular ballad, called 'The Poor Irish Stranger.' We have not a perfect copy of the song but will procure one and publish it as soon as possible.

'CHICAGO.' Mr. P. Sherlock will furnish our friends in Chicago with the *Miscellany*.

MR. A. WINCH, 102 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, is our agent for the Quaker city.

'ROSEY O'MORE.' Your illustrations namesake says 'there's luck in odd numbers,' but your numbers are too odd for insertion in the *Miscellany*.

'S. R.', 14 Columbia St., Boston. The salary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is £20,000 a year. The Prime Minister of England receives £5,000 per year for his services. Lord Palmerston was born in Palmerston, Ireland.

'SHIN FANE.' Your communication is received and will be attended to as soon as we can give it the consideration it deserves.

'WILLIAM MURPHY,' Pittsburgh. Your verses are not suited to our publication. This answer will apply to several other 'poetic' contributors.

'MANY FRIENDS.' The celebrated speech of Robert Emmett is too long to be given in the *Miscellany*; but our publishers intend to print it, in a neat manner, suitable for framing. We will then present it as a 'supplement' to all our subscribers, gratis.

'EXILE,' from East Boston, is in type, and will appear in our next number. A crowd of other matter compels us to defer it this week.

'WE HAVE NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.' Our friends ought to send their subscriptions direct to the publishers, through the mail, or procure their papers at some periodical store.

OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS.

John J. Dyer & Co., 16 School St.,	Boston.
A. B. Williams & Co., 100 Washington St.,	"
Fedheren & Co., Court St.,	"
Redding & Co., 8 State St.,	"
Wm. Hickey, 123 Federal St.,	"
Dexter Brothers, 14 & 16 Ann St.,	New York.
Ross and Tousey, 121 Nassau St.,	"
A. Winch, 102 Chestnut St.,	Philadelphia.
M. H. Bird, Cincinnati	Ohio.
A. Sherlock, Chicago,	Illinois.
Auglin & Co., London,	Canada West.

The *Miscellany* may also be had retail of newspaper and periodical dealers throughout the country.

BOSTON, FEB. 27, 1858.

Messrs. Jackson & Foyne:—
Gentlemen—At a recent meeting of the Government of the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, I was instructed, as Cor. Sec., to tender to you the thanks of that body for the donation of your valuable paper. Trusting that this slight equivalent for your liberality will meet with your approval, I remain very gratefully yours,

GEORGE CBBREY,
Cor. Sec. of the M. A. L. A.

'WE cannot take any notice of communications intended for insertion, if written on both sides of the paper.'

'Correspondents must furnish us with their names, in confidence, or their favors cannot be published.'

OUR FRIENDS IN CINCINNATI will be supplied with our paper by M. H. Bird.

DUNNEGAN'S AMERICAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC and list of the Clergy for the year of our Lord 1858, has been received by us from the popular publishing house of P. Donahoe, Esq., of Franklin Street, where this useful article is for sale.

'ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT!' A grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert will be given by The Cecilia Choral Society, (one hundred singers), and Brass Band attached, assisted by the full German Orchestra, and Mendelssohn Glee Club, at Tremont Temple, Wednesday, March 17, 1858. Mr. John Falkenstein, Director, Organist of St. Mary's Church, Boston.

Tickets 25 cts., to be had at the Pilot Office, and the following gentlemen:

Boston—E. A. Palmer, E. A. Coggins, Patrick Donahoe, T. Meade, James O'Neil, M. Doherty, Martin Griffin, C. Doherty, E. S. Wright, Wm. S. McGowan, Dennis Bonner, M. A. Farren, Wm. Dorey, J. Cunningham, Dr. Walter Walsh, Wm. Coyle, J. N. McDevitt, T. Powers, J. W. Barron, Geo. E. Murphy, F. O'Dowd, Wm. Harley, Jas. Gallagher, M. Carney, John Flynn, John Doherty.

South Boston—Dr. Ferguson, Wm. McAvoy, Ambrose A. Thayer.

East Boston—M. Doherty, P. McDonough, H. Kingman, Dr. Taylor.

Roxbury—Joseph Walker, M. Mischler, J. Murphy, Martin Lynch, James Baxter.

Charlestown—M. Lennan, C. Grace, F. Holland, P. H. Neagle.

Cambridge and East Cambridge—Wm. Brine, John Conlan, John F. Brine, Jos. F. Scanlan, Jas. Cassidy, J. Kiernan.

LECTURE will be delivered in the basement of St. Vincent's Church, Purchase St., (for the benefit of the Sunday School), on Sunday Evening, March 14th, by Rev. J. T. Roddan, Subject—Joan of Arc. Lecture to commence at 7 o'clock.

Tickets 25 cts. Children half price. To be had at the usual places and at the door on that evening.

IRISH MISCELLANY.



BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1858

A MONUMENT TO SARSFIELD.

It has long been a reproach to Ireland, that while she has erected numerous monuments to the skill and bravery of English Kings, English Generals, English Admirals, she has not one monument of note to perpetuate the fame of her scholars, her statesmen, or her soldiers, whose name illumine the brightest pages of her history.

This reproach, it seems, Ireland is at last determined to blot out; and we trust she will make reparation for the neglect with which she has hitherto treated so many of her distinguished sons. Dublin has erected a monument to Ireland's poet, and Limerick is about doing justice to Sarsfield by erecting a monument to him who performed such prodigies of valor in defence of that city.

The name of Sarsfield is to this day beloved in Ireland, for the fidelity he displayed to his native soil, in her great struggle with a foreign usurper, as well as for his extraordinary bravery in the hour of peril and danger; while the name of Luttrell the traitor is remembered only to be execrated.

Immediately after the defeat at the Boyne, the cowardly James fled to Dublin, and from thence to France, where, to cover his own pusillanimity and cowardice, he charged his defeat upon the want of bravery in his Irish troops. The Irish army retired upon Limerick. Attempts were made to induce the Irish to capitulate with the English, but Sarsfield by his zeal and popularity, frustrated the base design. Dissensions arose in the Irish Councils, the native Irish wished to fight it out to the last and die if necessary, in their trenches in defence of their native land, and the faith of their fathers.

On the other hand, those of English descent wished to make terms with the enemy, and thus save their estates. The timid councils of the latter were overcome by the influence of Sarsfield, with the common soldiers, who had no idea of sacrificing their country and religion for the accommodation of the former.

Lausun, the French commander, desirous of returning to his own country, withdrew the French troops from Limerick, and retired to Galway, whither he was soon followed by Tyrconnell with his command. To force the Irish to surrender, they took with them large quantities of supplies and ammunition. The natives bore up against all disadvantages and resolved to defend the place to the last extremity. Officers, soldiers and civilians; women and children, worked night and day at the fortifications. Sarsfield who commanded the horse, intercepted supplies intended for the forces of William, and at Kellnamona, blew up the English artillery.

James not content with having ignominiously deserted his own army, sought to create further dissensions and desertions in the ranks, by absolving his officers from their allegiance, and called upon them to follow him to France. Sarsfield's popularity counteracting the design, succeeded in shaming both Lausun and Tyrconnell into some show of activity.

Dissensions and strife again appeared in the garrison, owing to personal animosity among its officers, which more than once placed its gallant defenders in the most critical position.

William, having repaired the loss of his artillery, commenced the siege on the 18th of August, 1690.

The garrison consisted of thirty thousand foot, one half of whom only were armed. The cavalry, thirty-five hundred strong, under the Duke of Berwick, were posted on the right bank of the Shannon, and prevented the English from investing that side. So weak were the fortifications, that the French general declared in derision, that 'his master could take the place with roasted apples.' It had no outworks, no glacis, no palisades, fosses, or any of the other works usually thrown up to retard the advance of an enemy. The old walls were assailed with the fire of thirty pieces of heavy artillery. After eight days continual firing, William summoned the garrison to surrender, but his summons was received with haughty defiance. On the 27th of August, ten thousand men were ordered for a general assault. The trenches being only a few feet from the palisade, the English were at the summit of the breach before the alarm was given, and descended into the city. The garrison, however, soon advanced on all sides and attacked the assailants with such vigor and bravery as to force them back to the breach.

Here one of the most terrible conflicts on record took place, and the valor of the native Irish soldiers shone out with such resplendent lustre as to shame their calumniators. The women of Limerick mingled in the contest with their husbands and brothers, and by their voices encouraged them in the deadly struggle. Not content with this, these heroic females assailed the besiegers with stones, and, as the historian from whom we compile, says, 'exhibited the valor of their Celtic ancestors in their wars with the Romans.' Brigadier Talbot sallying out of the horn work, took the assailants in the rear, and bore them down amid the shouts and triumph of the besieged.

Never was town better attacked or defended. Nothing was left undone which the skill of able generals or the science of war could bring to the aid of the besiegers, while the besieged had to defend chiefly upon their own constancy and courage. In this trying hour these did not desert them; and the Irish army was victorious in this the first siege of Limerick, and the Prince of Orange was utterly discomfited.

'Sarsfield was of noble family, possessed of £2000, a year, then a large sum; was well natured, affable, of a tall, and manly figure and highly accomplished. He had been an ensign in France, and a lieutenant of the Guards in England. The destruction of William's convoy raised him to the highest pitch of popularity. 'Arminius,' says the historian, 'was never more popular among the Germans, than Sarsfield among the Irish.' 'No man was ever more attached to his country, or more devoted to his king and religion.'

We trust the monument to this brave Irish soldier, in the city he so gallantly defended, will be worthy of him and an honor to Ireland. Cannot the exiles in America assist in this national work?

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

THE OLD IRISH CHARITABLE SOCIETY of Boston will celebrate the feast of Ireland's Patron Saint, on the 17th inst., by a dinner at the Parker House. This is the oldest charitable society in Boston and is, we are glad to hear, in a highly flourishing condition.

THE SHAMROCK SOCIETY celebrate the feast by a dinner at Dooley's Hotel. This society now numbers one hundred and twenty members, and was never more prosperous.

We shall publish reports of the various celebrations on the 17th, if furnished to us by the secretaries.

AN APOLOGY.—The dogrel set to music in our last number, was given to the musical composer by mistake, instead of a piece which we intended to publish. The whole edition was worked off before the mistake was discovered, and before the editor saw the words, or it should not have appeared. Such a thing shall not occur again.

This week we give Moore's beautiful melody 'As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,' and shall follow it with choice compositions by the best Irish authors, arranged for the piano-forte.

LITERATURE.

A STORY NEVER TOLD BEFORE.

Patrick Mullaly was a fine old man, who had for some political reason or another, emigrated from the county Tipperary in the days of his youth, and in the evening of his age was to be found working as a hedger in the neighborhood of Leixlip.

Patrick was a very clever hand at a story, and whenever 'a wake' was a going, he was not only sure of being invited, but also certain of getting the hottest and strongest glass of punch that was handed round to the mourners.

It was at the early hour of 2 in the morning, upon one of these melancholy and merry occasions, when the girls were tired of 'forfeits,' and the boys of redeeming them with kisses, that 'ould Pat,' was called upon for a story, and a noggin of whiskey made into the sweetest punch was promised him, if he would tell the company something which not one amongst them had ever heard before.

This was a request which puzzled Pat for some time; but after taking off his old flax wig, and rubbing his polished cotton two or three times with a blazing scarlet cotton handkerchief, he called for a sup by way of 'caront,' and then commenced his story in the following manner:

'Boys and girls, I wish yer very good health intirely; I wish yer good health all round, from wall to wall, and an inch in the wall besides, for fear I'd lave any of ye out.

I will now tell yez a shtory which I never told yez before, and the reason I don't mention it to yez is that it never occurred to meself, and I therefore couldn't answer for the thruth of it, but it happened to an ould grand uncle of mine, won Dennis Mullaly, who I heard tell it at a bonfire in Thurles, that was had won night, be rason of some dacent body being married a person put out of the way, a magistrate houghed, a proctor shot, or some other reasonable cause of rejicing.

Me grand-uncle was a bit paralytic in the right hand, yez see, an' he was not what yed call right in his head; but for all that he'd know a bad shilling from a silver tester, as well as the best of us. Somebody or another at the bonfire asked the ould man how he lost the use of his right hand, and this is what he told us:

'I was,' sez he, 'as foolish in me day as the best of ye, and amongst me other fooleries I fell in love wid won Judy McDermott, who lived within four fields of me cabin. Judy was a dacent, comely, handsome, mighty, well-looking girl but as poor as a church mouse an', to make the matter worse I was a dale poorer. I was up to me head an' ears in love with her, and I'd have given all the world to be able to marry her.

'At this prsint time, when I was in love, I was sittin' won day on 'e Fairy Fort, outside of the town, and thinkin' to meself, O, thin, if won of the good people that goes hoppin' about this fort, whin the moon shines, was to see me dissolute condition, an' that won animal amongst them had in his bit of a body a heart as big itself as a blackberry, I think he would be after lendin' me for two or three hours won of them purses that is as full of yaller goold as a bee hive is of swate honey.

I thought this, an' not a word in the world had I said when I heard a hammer rappin' at the sole of my shoe, as loud an' as hard as Lady Baker's coachman knocks at the docthor's door.

'What, in the world is this, sez I, 'that 'ud be troublein' me fut ?'

'It's I,' sez a voice as large as a giant's, coming from unther me shoe; 'an' if ye don't be after takin' yer nasty spandugge of a fut off the an-thole I's thyrin' to get out of, maybe it'll be worse for yez.'

'I beg yer honor's pardon,' answered I, removing me fut to another part of the field, an' takin' me hat off me head at the same time.

What do you think I should see comin' out of a hole in the grass that ye could hardly run yer finger into, put a little, weeny, deeny, dawny bit of a crathur of an idea of a small thaste of a gentleman, about the thickness an' length of a middle-sized radi-h, an' havin'

a three-cocked hat, a red coat an' goold epaulets on him, like an officer, red breeches, an' a pair of red boots like a jackdaw!

I had me spade stickin' fast in the ground before me an' the moment the little chap got out of the hole he climbed up the space as nimble as a sailor, and when he got to the handle he sat down straddle-legs on it as if it were a horse, an' takin' a little pipe out of his little pocket, he put it to his button hole of a mouth and began smokin' away; and ye would think that ever whiff that came from him was a big hayrick on fire.

After takin' two or three whiffs' an' nearly blinden' me wid smoke, he said, as he fixed his fiery little eyes on me, 'Good morrow, an' bethur luck to yez Dennis Mullaly!'

'Good morrow, an' God save ye kindly,' I answered.

'If ye be after sayin' sich a word to me agen, ye ill-lookin' 'thafe,' he roared out and jumped up on the spade handle, in a great rage intirely, 'if ye say that word agen to me, I'll knock yez into nonsense, shiver yez inter shavins, and smash yez inter smithereens.'

'Why, then I won't, sez I, 'if it plazes yer reverence.'

The erathur of an anthonny sat down agen on the spade-handle, from which his taste of legs were hangin' down like two little threads; and after takin' two or three whiffs more, he again fixed on me his two little eyes, which was sparklin' like the spot of burnin' tobaccy in his pipe.

'Yer wishin' for somethin', Dennis, sez he.

'It's I that is, yer reverence, an' if it's not displazin, to ye, I was wishin' for the loan of a fairy's purse for a few hours,' I answered.

'Bad luck to yer impudence,' he replied; 'will nothin' less than a fairy's purse answer sech a spalpeen? And sposin' now, Dennis, I was to lird yez it, what would ye give me in return for it?'

'Thin, to tell yer honor the truth,' sez I 'I'd give yez me hand and word I'd return it to yez.'

'I don't care a thradheen,' sez he 'for yer dirty word; but will ye give me yer hand?'

'I will, sir,' I exclaimed, 'I will give ye me hand that I'll return the purse to yez.'

'Why, then maybe,' said the cute little villian, 'you'd niver be able to return it to me; but will ye give me yer hand on it?'

I never see what the viper was drivin' at an' without thinkin' at all of what I was doing, I bawled out 'Be this an' be that, if ye lird me the purse for three hours, I do give yez me han'.

The bit of a thafe's eyes glimmered an' glistened like two stars in a frosty night. He jumped up, put his pipe in his pocket, an' clapped his hands to his ribs, which was no bigger nor the ribs of a small gudgeon, gave a 'ho! ho! ho!' of a laugh, so loud an' so long that I thought he'd split up like a straw that you'd touch wid yer nail.

His laughin' continued so long that he at last fell off the spade-handle. I was sure his neck wad cracked an' wor goin' to pick up his tridle of a carkis whin I see him float to the ground as soft, as aisy, as quiet, an' as gentle as a thistle-down!

'You've given me your hand,' sez he, 'an' here's the purse for yez? it's little, I think, ye'll have to brag about it.'

'Where's the purse, sir?' sez I.

'Here,' he answered, 'here, ye omadthain; pull the boot of me right leg; that's the purse for yez.'

'Be dad, yer reverence,' I replied, 'I often heard of makin' a purse of a sow's ear, but niver before was I told of a purse manufactured out of a leprechaun's leg.'

'None of yer impance, ye born natheral,' he cried out in a fury, 'none of yer impance: but pull away at me leg as if the dickens was standin' in ye.'

I got hould of the little chap's leg and maybe I din't make him schracho murder. I pulled, an' pulled, until I lifted him clane off the ground, and at last I raised him so high that I shook him out of his boot intirely, as clane as yed shake shot out of a bottle.

I looked to see was he hurt; but the instant the very

end of his toes was out of the boot, ye might as well expect to see a grasshopper in snow as to see the little gentleman in the field at all, at all!

There I'd the purse, however, an' a mighty small won it was: so to see was there any goold in it, I put down me finger in it, an' I found in the bottom a nayte, beautiful, sparklin', glistenin', goolden guinea. I took that out, an' put it in me waistcoat pocket.

'That's good,' sez I to myself. I put down me finger agen, an' I forked up another guinea, an' that I put in me waistcoat pocket. I put down me hand agen an' there was a third: an' I niver stopped puttin, me hand inter the purse and takin' out goolden guineas till me waistcoat pocket was as full of goold as an egg is of mate.

'Ob, Judy, Judy,' sez I 'in three hours we will be as rich as the Archbishop of Cashel intirely, an' to be sure we won't have lashings an' lavings at our weddin'. I'll jist go this minute into 'Tim Cassidy's and buy me weddin' shute.'

That very instant I let me work, and hurried into the town of Thurles, to Tim Cassidy's shop. Tim was behind the counter, and I ordered him to fit me out wid ten shutes of clothes, an' send home to Judy the makin' of twenty cloaks, besides gowns, petticoats, stockings and shoes galore.

'Ah, then, where's the money to come from?' says Tim, who was a hard, dhry crooked-nosed ould coddger, that would skin a flint if that same was possible.

'Where?' sez I; 'sure here is, an' more whin I wants it.' An' upon that I pulled out a fist full of guineas, an' spread them out on the counter before him, thinkin' he would be after wantin' me to take all that wor in his shop; but niver a bit of it. He looked as sharp as a needle at the goold, and thin axed me was I gone clane crazy?

'Niver a bit; says I, nor consated, nather, wid me riches; and I can tell yez that where I got that goold these's plinty more of it to be found.'

I don't doubt it, he drawled out an' grinnin' from ear to ear like a monkey; but mind me, Dennis Mullaly, ye'll get none of me goods for such goolden guineas as thim.'

'Of masher Tim,' sez I, pickin' up me goold an' puttin' it into me waistcoat pocket, 'if ye don't like to make yer fortune I can't help ye; but if yez was very civil now—an' I din't expect it—to tell the thruth, I intended to give ye twenty guineas to hurry wid the clothes' for now that I'm so rich intirely, I'm goin' to be married.'

'Ho! ho! ho!' roared out Tim, and I thought his voice was the echo of the small fellow that gave me his boot for a purse.

I hurried off to the next shop, and the man was goin' to kick me out when I showed him my goolden guineas. A third told me if ever I went into his place to humbug him agen he would set the dogs at thir me. A fourth said it was mad I was. A fifth swore I was a robber, watchin' to see what I could steal, an' in short there was niver a soul in the intire town at all, at all, who would have any dailings wid me anyway.

I lost, I'm sure a good hour an' a half, thyrin' to get the Thurles shopkeepers to traffic wid me, but not a man of them would have anything to say to me.

'Faith,' thought I, 'if they won't take me goold, from me I'm jish no richer nor I was before I got the fairy's purse, so I'll go at wonst, get all the guineas that iver I can out of the chap's little boot, tie them up in a sack, an' carry it off to Clodmel or some other dacent place, where the people is used to goold coin, an' make all I want for it.'

I ran back to the field, an' began pulling out guinea after guinea until me arm got mighty tired; an' at last I'd a hape of goold besides me that was altogether as nate and as smilin' lookin' as a small cock of fresh hay.

While I was gazin' at it wid as much pride and delight as a gossoun stares at his new freeze coat, I felt a desperate pain in me arm, an' that same instant the purse was snapped out of me hand, by the diminutive red spalpeen, that had given it to me three hours before,

an' the imp said, 'Ye gave me yer hand, and yez got me purse. Dinis Mullaly, it's aven we are now, an' take me word for it, ye're biggest fool intirely from this to yerself.'

Wid that he gave me a kick in the thumb of me right hand, the very pain of which knocked me into a trance.

Whin I wakened, I found beside me, where I had left the guineas, a hape of jackstones, the tops of daises, an' a parcel of dock-weeds! I thrived wid me right hand to raise the hape of stones, but I found the arm lie as useless by me side as if it didn't belong to me.

'To add to me misfortunes, Judy was married a month afterwards, and I niver could huddle a spade sience, at all, at all.'

'Boys, jewel, I was fairy struck!' said my uncle.

'Boys, and girls,' concluded Patrick, 'if it's the *rale* golden guineas ye'd have, don't be afther dhraming of FAIRY PURSES.'

A TOUR IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

NO. II.

LETTER TO JOHN MARTIN, ESQ.—PARIS.

NAPOLEON, ARKANSAS, Jan. 18, 1858.

We awake in Memphis. The morning is dry but gloomy; and certain courteous citizens having called, one is expected to sally forth and see the city. To be perfectly candid with you, I care little for the streets or buildings of towns. The insides of houses, and the sort of people who dwell there; the insides of the counting-rooms, and the sorts of business carried on therein; these are the city proper—the rest being merely the shell or case of a city. Besides American cities are in their shell marvellously alike—except some portions of Boston, which much resemble a first-class English provincial town, and the private streets of Charleston which resemble nothing I have elsewhere seen, but have all the individuality of South Carolina.

Straight and level streets, crossing at right angles, give a certain uniformity to the plan of Memphis; but, as in other American towns, uniformity is utterly disregarded in the elevation and façade of the buildings. Some of the business houses lately erected are on a noble scale and highly ornamental; many beautiful private residences, both in the city and on the hill behind it; a broad levee sloping to the river; a handsome square about the middle of the town, tastefully planted with shade-trees; some good churches and large hotels—particularly one vast establishment of the latter sort, not yet opened for guests, but intended to eclipse every thing else of the kind in the West, being indeed a highly imposing white edifice, with a colonnade of stately pillars,—of brick (alas!) and plaster, in the centre of the principal front; conceive all this and imagine houses enough to hold twenty thousand souls—counting a soul to every body—and you may say that you have an idea of th outside of Memphis.

You are aware that it is a great cotton port,—the number of bales shipped per annum, are they not written in the books of De Bow? Far enough South for cotton; far enough North for grain and provisions, with a railroad stretching eastward to the Atlantic,—the Mississippi penetrating northward to the far countries, flowing southward through the sugar canes and orange groves,—and Arkansas lying opposite with boundless cane brake fast getting cleared and settled,—Memphis flatters herself that she is happily placed for trade.

The rule and habit of American towns being 'progress,' particularly in the West, they are absurdly jealous of one another. Chicago, for example affects to rival St. Louis; and St. Louis disdainfully snubs Chicago. So Memphis is not yet so large as Nashville; but makes haste to be as large or larger; whereas Nashville, being the metropolitan city of our State, patronizingly encourages her young neighbor Memphis. I participate a little in this sort of jealousy, on behalf of Knoxville, the capital of East Tennessee as Memphis is of the West. Why will the human race so

eagerly pursue cotton? What do they see so fascinating in cane-brakes? Why do they rush along these levees, and disquiet their souls for one quarter of a penny per pound? Oh! if they would but leave these bustling streets and wharves, and suffer me to lead them by the still waters of Holston and the green pastures of Tuckaleechee Cove! In Tuckaleechee Cove no man is in haste to learn the Indian news; nor would give a 'shuck' to hear that Lucknow is relieved, or relieved.

On one point, I make an early remark in Memphis. It is, that the country must be on the whole very healthy. Absolutely, since I entered the alluvial Mississippi bottom, in the towns where we stopped, and on the cars as we travelled, the people are ruddier and more muscular than our mountaineers in East Tennessee. Another circumstance I shall state once for all—Memphis, like every other city and town in the United States, is pre-eminently distinguished for the beauty of its women.

Have you ever considered the use and capacity of Nicolaief, the Emperor Alexander's naval dock-yard on the Boug river? Its value was apparent during the late operations in the Black Sea. There, ship building and cannon-founding went peaceably on while the guns of the English and French fleets grinned with impotent malice into the river mouth. Such an establishment the American government had in Memphis, but abandoned it and presented the city with the buildings, including a wonderful ropewalk, fourteen hundred feet in length. Why? Has the Millennium come then? Is war to devastate the earth—to purify the air, no more? Or are the navy-yards of Norfolk, and Pensacola and Brooklyn absolutely impregnable? The last, I hope is nearly so, or will soon be: the batteries at the Narrows, and on the East River, would undoubtedly be hard to pass; yet on many parts of the shores of Long Island our Anglo-Saxon kinsmen might land as they lauded on the beach at Eupatoria.

No, the Millennium is not here; nor have the saints yet won Armageddon. The end of all peace is war; and I cannot but think it would be prudent to maintain an internal and inaccessible naval depot. But of this the Hon. Members of Congress are the best judges, so we shall leave it to them.

The counting house of a cotton-broker opens before us on the quay. The merchant himself, one of the most respected citizens of the place, is an Irishman of the North of Ireland, whose name I shall confide to you on another occasion. The floor of the office is spread with samples of the delicate white down; bales are being rolled before the door. Apparently our friend has been doing business and is going to make a shipment. The cotton, he tells us, long held back, begins to come in, attracted by a too-small rise in the market—charmed from the planters by the two 'reliefs' of Lucknow. But the third time will be the charm indeed. When Lucknow shall be a third time relieved, Manchester will advance one step more, one penny more; and Mississippi shall swell with bales. Now I am sorry the cotton begins to come in. One would wish to see the issue tried, whether the planters could wait longer for the money or mill-owners for the raw material—which would soonest go to the wall. It would be a valuable lesson for future use; in case of difficulty with our Anglo-Saxon brethren. It would be equivalent to a strategical reconnaissance; for such a war will be carried on mainly in warehouses, mills and banks.

But I gladly wash my hands of cotton and money, and accompany the worthy merchant to his home, an elegant house in a private street, where we are warmly welcomed (you and I) by his wife, a Virginian lady.—Now I love Virginia (next to Alabama) and always delight to talk about the Old Dominion—land where of old, grew tobacco and Presidents and where the former still grows; land where Edgar Poe's ear and heart conceived a dreary melody from the murmuring of Rivanna and the winds that swept over the Blue Mountains; land, too, that bred the fine and delicate wit of Porte Crayon. Know you Porte Crayon? If not I

will get his Virginia Illustrated, here in Memphis, and as we go down the Mississippi floating, I will introduce you to one who wields 'the pen of rigmarole,' in so graceful a fashion as almost to redeem our semi-barbarous tongue. What is strange about this Porte Crayon, however, is, that he is good and bright and genial, only in Virginia. Take him across the State-line in any direction; and behold! virtue has gone out of him. Wherefore I would urge it upon the excellent Democratic Legislature of that State to enact a law that Porte Crayon shall stay at home,—or at least to put a heavy tax upon his export; as Governor Wise suggests in the case of the oysters of Chesapeake Bay.

We are in Tennessee, however, not in Virginia—Memphis is beyond all doubts to be one of the capital cities of the great West. It has been a rough place in its early days; a great seat of Judge Lynch's Courts; a haunt of wild river-men with mighty beards, bowie-knives and cowhide boots. But it has changed all that. It grows civilized, nay refined. Judge Lynch has abdicated when his services were no longer required,—as he always does—in favor of the State and Federal Courts; and has retired from the Bench, full of years and honors. The wild river-men have given place to gentleman-like steamboat captains. The gamblers have their sumptuous and highly architectural Hells; and, save in an occasional 'difficulty,' men are rarely killed. You perceive that the Human Species is making progress; and after your first walk in the streets, observing that the people do not look sanguinary or ferocious, you retire to your room and hide your revolver in your portmanteau, not without a touch of shame. The city is full of churches; two or three extensive and handsome booksellers' stores are ready to furnish intellectual pabulum. Doctor Boynton lectures on Geology, and teaches us to fall in love (like Miss Murray) with the Old Red Sandstone; and an Irish Euxine entertains a numerous and intelligent audience with a malicious narrative (true, however,) of English rule in India. He finds the Cotton market sorely in his way; for as he very justly remarks, 'a community of planters is bound by tender ties to a people of spinners, and the heart of the cotton bale warms to the Power loom.'

The city has a well conducted and highly respectable Press; and on the whole, there is a certain air and tone of liberality and generosity here—which I am inclined to attribute to the Mississippi river. It is not for nothing that such a river rolls exulting and abounding by one's door; and although one may not desire to drink much water (as in truth they do not) still

*Magno hoc flumine malim,
Quam ex hoc fuculo tumentis sunc.'*

There is something grand in it. The air of the River of Rivers is favorable to full pulsation, rapid thought, devouring passion—a life both fast and high. They hate like demons; and neither, I warrant you, do they love with moderation. Love! Why I entertain no shadow of a doubt that lovers on the banks of this River do, in the appropriate language of Jean Paul, 'eat one another's lips and hearts and love away by kisses; as in Rome the statues of Christ (by Angelo) have lost their feet by the same process of kissing, and have got leaden ones instead.'

The source of all this lies in Itasca Lake; northern section of Minnesota.

The present writing is done on board the Herald steamboat. We have just left Napoleon behind us, where the huge Arkansas rolls in between gloomy forests of cotton-wood on the right hand and on the left. Memphis therefore lies two days behind me. I think you have my impressions of that city by this time, and are probably tired of it. The most agreeable part of my experiences, and to you the most interesting, is not to be found in this letter—namely the gentle courtesies of private families.

Dear! as I love my pensive Public, I cannot indulge his curiosity here; but if I were at liberty to introduce you, in this epistolary manner, to some of those houses both American and Irish, where I spent agreeable hours, you would perhaps leave Paris and take up your abode at Memphis, Tenn.

Jovial and hospitable Memphis! I must now wind up my Memphis chapter rapidly, yet am sorry to part. One evening we attended a semi-public supper party, at which the sentiments and the oysters are good; the wit and the Carabba sparkling. Next evening behold me at the theatre; with the party of my friend Doctor—a young physician lately returned from completing his studies in Paris. Many ardent glances are turned stealthily upon our box; for why—two lovely girls are with us; one being a beauty, of the striking and imposing style. A scion she of a tall Connaught clan who once held wide sway over Moylaurg and Coolavin; who sent their tribute to Cahill More of the Wine red Hand, and were among the last to yield to the strong Clan Sassenagh after a Spanish grave had closed over O'Donnell Roe. Yes, look at her, ye bearded Tennesseans, and fiery-eyed Mississippians! Such women are bred under the shadows of Corsliabh mountains.

The "Herald" was to start for New Orleans at three or four o'clock in the morning. Obviously it was not worth while to go to bed. Human nature revolted at the idea. We repair, you and I, in company with about a dozen Memphian gentlemen, to a restaurant kept by an Italian woman very cunning in oysters. Everybody is gone to rest; but one of our friends is a special patron of the establishment, and cannot be denied. Soon the waiters are all alive, the rooms lighted, and the lady herself, her great black eyes beaming with pleasure, comes in to be introduced to the great Irish Exile—she had never, I am sure, heard of the celebrated creature before—but it was all the same; he was the friend of her friends.

Four o'clock, A. M. On board. Tennessee, Good Night! I shall come round upon you again by the south-eastern corner. J. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CONDITION OF IRELAND.—"TENANT RIGHT."—"INDEPENDENT OPPOSITION."—"IRISH MIDDLE CLASS—IRISH "LOYALTY."—"THE WAR IN INDIA."—"SEPOY OUTRAGES."—"ENGLISH MANUFACTURE OF LIES."—"THE NATION AND THE TABLET."—"A 'PRIEST HUNT' IN IRELAND."—"THE DUBLIN JOURNAL, &c. &c."

DUBLIN, Feb. 6th, 1858.

MY DEAR —:

After considerable hesitation, I have at last made up my mind to accept your offer, and will, in future, furnish you with such matters of importance as may occur here.

Ireland is strangely altered since you last saw her—and truth requires me to say, that in a social point of view, she has altered for the better; but politically, she has fallen indeed! The Crimée war opened an extensive market for every kind of agricultural produce, and high prices ruled. Many of our young men joined the army, others the militia, and in the face of a large demand, labor became scarce; consequently, the price of agricultural labor was considerably enhanced, and in many districts in harvest time four shillings and five shillings per day were paid for the labor of a man who formerly considered ten pence a day, good wages. The condition of our peasantry has, therefore, very much improved. This is apparent in their good dress and general well-to-do appearance. Thus the old adage about an "ill-wind" has been verified, and the strife and bloodshed of England and Russia, have been the means of bringing much good to our unfortunate country.

The condition of politics or political parties in Ireland, was never lower. Not even in the days when O'Connell found the Catholics of Ireland rent asunder by intestine discord, and powerless as a rope of sand. We have no national party in existence. True, we have what is called "Independent opposition," but whatever noisy speeches and loud declarations of patriotism may be made by its members, as a party it is powerless for good, and its agitation only serves to distract the thoughts of the nation, and divert, for a time, the people from aspirations more befitting an enslaved race.

The "tenant right" agitation although based on true principles, and being the exponent of a great and enormous evil, makes no progress. The masses of the people keep aloof from these partial and paltry measures of temporary relief. To move the nation requires a spell more potent than "tenant right" more talismanic than independent opposition, and a mightier magician than Ireland has for the last seven years seen. The people are right, and will not barter their inheritance of "nationality" for a mess of pottage.

There is, perhaps, no nation which presents in her middle

class a more sickening spectacle to behold, than Ireland at the present moment. "Addresses" to the Lord Lieutenant, "congratulations" to royalty upon the marriage of its daughter, meetings in behalf of "the army in India" or its distressed widows and children, and such like, are now the order of the day among the *shameless*. The great teachings of '43 at Tara and Mullaghmast sleep in the grave with their lamented author; the burning lessons of love and liberty for which Meagher and Mitchell, and O'Brien suffered, are now but little heard. This middle class which ought to lead the people in patriotism, has become more English than the English themselves. Yet, thank God, the heart of the nation beats true to fatherland; and when the man, and the time arrives you will find the people as faithful and as firm as ever.

Meantime the war in India goes bravely on. The people here exult in every disaster which befalls the British army, and triumph in every victory of the Sepoys. Therefore, it is, that I wish to impress on the public mind in the United States the necessity of care in forming an estimate of public opinion here, from the middle class *shameless*, who are but the rind of society, and possess no power or influence with the great masses of my fellow countrymen. The *Dan-dalk Democrat* thus truthfully expresses the *loyalty* of Ireland to England:—

"There is not a vessel of her's which is wrecked, there is not a general of her's who is slain, there is not a battalion in her service which is routed and overthrown, that the people of Ireland do not gloat over with the greatest satisfaction and delight. From the deepest recesses of their heart they wish her defeat and misfortune in whatever enterprise she is engaged."

That is God's truth. We hate her as of yore, and will continue to do so until we can afford to forgive her.

Of course you have been horrified in the United States with tales of "Sepoy outrages;" "Sepoy barbarities;" "Sepoy mutilations;" &c. You will have seen that the *Nation*, *Dundalk Democrat*, and other exponents of Irish national sentiments, have persistently doubted these statements.—These journals, knowing that England always played this game with her enemy, (as in the cases of the struggle for American Independence, the "rebellion" of '98, and the memorable case of Napoleon, who was held up by the British press as the most cruel and heartless of monsters) doubted all the stories of outrage, and mutilation, and the result has shown they were right. It now turns out that a single case of violation or mutilation on the part of the gallant Sepoys is unknown—that the whole series of bloody tales were manufactured to order for the English market, and that the gallantry and humanity of Neneh Salib and his brave Sepoys stands out in broad, bright, and beautiful characters when contrasted with the beastly butcheries which have every where marked the track of the brutal army of bible reading England. May God nerve the arms of the gallant Sepoys, and enable them to smite their pale faced oppressors!

There is a very pretty quarrel going on between the *Nation* and *Tablet*. The supporters of government stigmatized the opponents of British atrocities in India, as the "Sepoy press." The *Tablet* seems to have taken the Indian war under its special protection, being conducted by Englishmen, as in duty bound, it supports the government of its country in all its infamy. The *Nation* seems of late to have gained some of its old fire, and handles the British *Tablet* without mercy.

It is a long time since we had a "priest hunt" in Ireland; but we have one now, or rather two, with the British blood hounds in full cry. In the State prosecutions of '43, two priests were dragged to the bar of British vengeance, that the government might renew its old appetite for the blood of our holy pastors. The Rev. Messrs. Conway and Ryan, are now to be offered up as victims to satisfy the rapacious lust of landlord despotism in Ireland. Trial by jury requires that every man charged with an indictable offence, should be tried by a jury of his peers, impartially selected from the vicinage or neighborhood where he resides. But what care the British government about trial by jury? It is something very fine in theory, something to hold forth about when we boast of the liberty and freedom of the Briton! But if an Irish rebel, or worse still, an Irish priest, is to be sacrificed, the venue can at once be changed from Mayo to Dublin, where a plant jury of castle tradesmen will speedily do the work of their masters. Thus, at the present time, two poor priests are being persecuted by "this thing called government, in Ireland" for having the temerity to call upon their poor people to vote for land and life, in preference to voting for an exterminator.

I am glad of the resolution you have come to of republishing the *Dublin Penny Journal*. It was one of the most national publications we had, and did good service in directing attention to our Irish antiquities, and preserved many of them from the destruction of modern vandals.

The *Dublin Journal* is just issued from the press containing numerous illustrations, but as a work of art it does not yet come up to our expectations. It is sold at one penny.

And now my dear *Miscellany* I must bid you adieu until next week, by which time I hope to have the first number of your illustrated paper in my hands, when I will freely give you my opinion of it. Rely upon receiving a weekly communication from me. Truly yours, AVONMORE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the *Miscellany*.
THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY T. R. GUINNEY.

Shadows hung o'er Calvary's height,
And pendent meteors flashed;
While howling winds in mad affright
Their furious currents lashed.

Tombs which long were sealed in gloom,
Threw back their rusted gates,
And death, for once, revoked his doom
Thro' out Judea's states.

Not more dreadful was that shock
Which laid Caracac low,
Than that which started every rock
From Tabor to Gelbo!

All earth, all heaven, the sea and air
Rang loud in Terror's tongue;
O! who could paint the fearful glare
Thro' ether's concave flung!

Has anger shook th' eternal throne
That thus the wrath of God
Should be poured out in every zone
On man too long unawed?

Ah, no! From out that troubl'd sky
There flew a bannered dove;
Her mission, not that man should die,
But live, and living, love!

And in the light which 'round her shone
The eye of Faith descried
Inscribed upon her gonfalon
'Jesus Crucified.'

BOSTON, FEB. 26, 1858.

MASSACHUSETTS TRUE TO HER OLD INSTINCTS—RE-ENACTMENT OF PENAL LAWS.

To the Editor of the *Irish Miscellany*.—

The base attempt of the political faction now legislating for Massachusetts, the sop they have thrown to the 'Know Nothings' by adding another disability to the adopted citizen, have made us look into her history, which we find the most intolerant in the union, while she is the most self-righteous of Pharisees.

Roger Williams is driven out, the Quakers are put to death, the Irish are forbidden to make settlements, while they proclaim themselves 'the saints of God.' This is Massachusetts' early toleration and modesty. Having fled from religious tyranny themselves, it might have been expected they would feel for the tender consciences of others; but no, the rule was an iron, and an universal one, and now, as then, here is an egotistical, pharisaical intolerance and tyranny.

Upon the (non-essential) of form in which baptism was to be administered,—they believing in sprinkling, he believing in immersion, Roger Williams was driven out of the colony, and being friendly received by the more kind Indians, he gave thanks to God, and founded the capital of a new colony, to which he gave the name of Providence, in memory of the happy deliverance from his former friends and the kind reception from savages.

The penal laws of England, enacted against the Irish Roman Catholics, were not more monstrous, criminal or ridiculous than the blue laws of New England. The ignorance, stupidity and superstitious infatuation which led the so-called Puritans to persecute people to death for the crime of dreaming or ghost-seeing, or more frequently, to satisfy the private spleen of some enemy, is strangely in contrast with the spiritual dreamers of the present day. Spiritual witchcraft is now openly preached from an hundred rostrums and pulpits in the State—while the founder of any absurdity finds followers to believe and support his wildest fancies.

The history of the persecutions against Quakers, surpassed those of the Inquisition, the Covenanters, or the valleys of Piedmont, and is, perhaps, without a parallel in religious bitterness and hate, yet centuries have not annihilated that denomination; they meet in Boston to-day—the same unassuming, harmless professors as ever.

We cannot as others, believe that religion was the cause of dislike to the early Irish settlers, as they were mostly Protestants; the national feeling existing between England and Ireland must have been transmitted here. We find the General Court, however, in 1720, resolving—'Whereas, it appears that certain families recently arrived from Ireland, and others from this province, have presumed to make a settlement; &c., &c.—that the said people be warned to move off within the space of seven months, and if they fail to do so, that they be prosecuted by the attorney general, by writs of trespass and ejectment.' The Irish settlers would not be moved off, and it does not appear that the attorney general ever tried his writs upon them. They are now in the city of Boston (capital of New England) as

sixty-seven to one hundred of the population. So much for persecution.

Massachusetts seems tolerably fond of extremes. 'In 1772 a white woman was publicly sold for four years'; now they denounce the southern states where negro slavery exists, and trample under foot the great charter of a nation's rights, (the Constitution,) because the national government will not abolish that institution, one, over which they have no control. The negro is exalted as a fitting object for adoration; at the same time laws are enacted against the white man, to whom they owe so much, for you hesitate not to say Massachusetts is indebted to the Irishman's labor, and who doubts to his intelligence, as co-workers in her present state of prosperity. Has the labor of the adopted citizen not been in a fair ratio in the boot, shoe and leather business, in the clothing business, and have they not transferred the granite quarries into the commercial palaces around us? Have they not, by their intellect, covered as many pages of the history of our state as others? Who individually has done more than the Sullivans for Massachusetts?

Not speaking of those of New Hampshire and Maine, 'Massachusetts, in 1778, sent John Sullivan to Congress; in 1790, he was made attorney general of the State, about which time he projected the Middlesex Canal, and aided in forming the state historical society; in 1794, the legislature ordered his 'History of the District of Maine' to be published. In 1807, he was elected governor and re-elected in 1808. He died in the latter year, after having assisted in the settlement of Maine and written its history; after governing Massachusetts, and defining its boundaries; after having studied under the British officials, and beat them with their own weapons.' 'The son of this eminent statesman was the Hon. William Sullivan, for many years a State senator and United States representative for Boston.' And we wish it remembered that a hatred of the foreigner did not constitute the sole qualifications to make governors, nor Congressmen in this day—talent was a requisite to obtain public place.

A naturalization law which conferred upon foreigners the right of suffrage in two years, was signed by Washington, in the year 1790. Jefferson's being raised to the Presidency, was through the opposition to the alien and sedition laws, which were quickly repealed; but what were those men in comparison with the magnates at our State House, who compare Washington or Jefferson with the leather Solomons of our legislature.

The present vile attempt of the Black Republican legislature, to insult and throw difficulties in the way of the Irish citizen and the franchise, is not to be wondered at by those who know the material of which our legislatures have been composed for years, of partisans of the most bitter class, elected without a question of competency or ability. The qualifications are and have been—Is he a partizan? They now endeavor to consolidate the American party with their own, by enactments against the adopted citizen. Congress has made five years the time of probation, which has given universal satisfaction to the other States; but what is Congress or the other States to the wisdom of Massachusetts, who enacts laws in opposition to the Federal government and acts the monitor to the union? The law makers of our State may have forgot, perhaps never knew that this people, or a portion of them, by demanding their wealth on deposit in our banks, could bring that State to bankruptcy in a day; such an act might open their eyes.

As to the language used in relation to the adopted citizen, 'tis but a reflection of the stupidity and ignorance of its authors, we will not reply. Irish intellect rules vaster empires, guides more intelligent senates; as to the criminality of the people, we will not draw a comparison, we refer the authors to the glass houses in which they live.

The founders of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, early in its settlement, passed the following resolves:—1st, 'Resolved that the earth is the Lord's and that he has given it to his saints.' 2d. Resolved, 'that we are his saints.' We know of no characteristic so purely handed down, for the men of our legislature talk the same insanity, and are like unto the early colonists in modesty.

Yours truly, PAUDEEN.

OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1858.

Washington's birthday ought to be at least the second public holiday of the republic. After the Fourth of July, 1776—a day which if it did not commemorate the work to which George Washington devoted his life, witnessed the ratification of an act which placed him and his compatriots beyond the possibility of retrogression from the position the colonies then assumed, but at the same time established the country's independence—the 22d of February, 1731, which gave birth to the hero, the sage, and the saviour of his country should be honored above all other days by the American people. In this city we had an equivalent kind of celebration of Washington's birthday—Three regiments of the militia, the 7th, 8th, and 9th,

turned out, not in one grand military parade, but each regiment for itself, and each, I fear, more anxious to obtain an individual reputation than to do honor to the day they intended to celebrate. With the exception of these military exhibitions, we had no public display here. It is true that 'the Order of United Americans' had a demonstration in the Academy of Music. This association, of course you are aware, was the nursery which originally cherished the detestable principles of 'Native Americanism,' not exactly in its political shape, for that was reserved for a political party—the 'Know Nothings,' but in its spirit of hostility to the exercise of the skill and labor of every mechanic not born on the soil of America.—'Ned Buntline,' the leader of the fatal Astor Place riots, and the author of a multitude of 'yellow cover' stories, a man of infamous character, was one of the shining lights of this patriotic order. Although doubtless many good and many enthusiastic men are members of it, the spirit which governs the order is narrow, bigoted and hostile to the genius of the Republic. Therefore, it is not surprising to find Erastus Brooks of the New York *Express*, the orator of the occasion at the Academy of Music; but it is certainly amusing to hear him—one of the most stupidly ferocious of the Know Nothing gang—declining about freedom of opinion, tolerance in religious matters, and more of like character. If Washington could have anticipated that his memory would be recalled under such circumstances, or his name ever used in connection with the (to him) hateful sentiments of this wretched anti-American faction—Washington, the author of the 'farewell address'—of the letter of thanks to the Catholics for their assistance in his day of trial, Washington, the friend of 'the foreigners'—Lafayette and Steuben, the admirer of Montgomery—how deeply would he have mourned over what the future of his beloved country was to bring forth! But, thank God, his spirit has not been afflicted with the sight of the predominance of that faction, but has beheld its repudiation by a large majority of the people, worthy to inherit the fruits of the sacrifices he made, and the doctrines he transmitted to them.

Following hard upon the anniversary of 'the father of his country,'—an anniversary which it is needless to say is as generously appreciated by the adopted as by the native born citizen, comes that festival which very properly is not forgotten by Irishmen, whosoever their lot is cast—whether under a hideous despotism or a beneficent republic—St. Patrick's Day, the national holiday of Ireland. Active preparations are in progress here for its due celebration, though I regret to say that there does not exist among the different societies that harmony that is so desirable on such an occasion. At present there are two separate bodies, each organizing for the celebration. One holds its meetings in Prince Street, under the chairmanship of Mr. Gaynor; the other in Tammany Hall, presided over by Mr. Keelan, both excellent men, but unhappily unable to agree as to their respective rights to hold the office of president of the consolidated Irish Societies of New York. The difference though nearly of an individual character and comparatively trifling, is to be regretted, inasmuch as it affords an opportunity for the enemies of the Irish race to repeat the oft told tale that Irishmen can never agree among themselves. The fact is that our people are too unbending, too proud, too little disposed to accord to others the merit of being right, which each one claims exclusively for himself. But despite the misunderstandings now existing among a few individuals here, I have no doubt that St. Patrick's Day will be celebrated in a proper fashion; that the good sense of the many will control the selfishness of the few, and that we shall witness a turn out highly creditable to the Irish population of New York.

After all what have we to cling to—we scattered children of a modern Israel—but this solitary festival? All other days commemorative of some glory for Ireland are unfortunately but sectional in their character; hailed with triumph by one portion of our countrymen as days to be remembered with national pride, and ex-

created by another portion as memories of disaster to that foreign power to which they are, with almost unparalleled madness legally devoted. St. Patrick's day, however, seems traditionally destined to provide a mental ground upon which men of all political opinions, creeds, and classes may meet, forgetting the miserable feuds which divided them and remembering only that they are sons of the same land, heirs to a common heritage of historic renown. To me, however, it seems inconsistent if not unnatural for those to celebrate our national festival who do not aspire to see Ireland an independent nation, enjoying a name which shall command honor wherever upon the civilized earth God's sunlight falls, who are willing to let her remain a miserable dependent, knocking at the door of her master for charity; a country with a flag, without a government, without any claim to recognition as one of the family of nations. With such it appears to me St. Patrick's day can be only honored as we honor the memory of one dead. For surely the national festival of a country which has long ago ceased to be a nation, and which the celebrants are content with in her present enslaved condition is an anomaly. But with those who believe in the regeneration of Irish nationality; who hope and pray for it, can readily understand why St. Patrick's day, can, and should be celebrated on every soil with veneration and enthusiasm. I know that in these views I differ from many, and in expressing them may cause regret to some excellent Irishmen; but they are my opinions, I think honestly arrived at, and I am sure shared in by all Irish nationalists, so with this rather lengthy allusion to Patrick's day, I will leave the subject with the hope that the festival may be well kept in every city of the union, and that all those who participate in its celebration may be inspired with a desire to see their native land exalted to such a position among the nations that her exiled children can boast, in whatever land they may wander, that they have a flag of their own whose shelter they can seek in the time of need, a country whose name is respected wherever on the face of the globe the light of civilization has spread.

If I have devoted so much of my correspondence this week to the subjects which have engrossed the preceding pages, you must not suppose that it is because New York is devoid of gossip. There is plenty of that kind of 'interesting matter' at hand. But it is not of a nature either so new or so piquant as to interest your readers.

The anniversary of the French Revolution of the 24th of February, 1848, was celebrated here by the disciples of the *Republique Democratique Sociale et Universelle*, by a banquet at a restaurant in Leonard St. This society is composed of the most violent of the Red Republican party. Many of their sentiments are odious to all men of well balanced minds. They are Socialists professing the most extreme principles of socialism. As I was present at their celebration, I can tell you what their sentiments are. In the first place they fraternized with the attempted assassination of the French Emperor. And again they proclaimed in the most violent language in favor of the principles that property is robbery, and all the other monstrous propositions of Socialisms. Whatever may be the opinions of many of the most intelligent of the French exiles here regarding the late attempt on the life of Louis Napoleon, whom they regard as an assassin himself, and worthy to be punished by the assassin's steel, they do not sympathize with the orators of the celebration of the 4th of February in this city. But there is no doubt from the feeling exhibited at that meeting, that the participants believed that a revolution in France was not far distant. And from all these indications we see in the late news from France and England, it is not too much to say that their conjectures may be right. If Louis Napoleon could come to the wise conclusion that nothing but a war with England can save him from a mutiny in his army, and a revolution in Paris, and shall act on that conclusion, nothing has occurred within the last quarter of a century which will afford more satisfaction to your correspondent,

MUNSTER.

III. DOWGAL RELIEF FUND.

[From the Londonderry Journal.]

The present condition of the peasantry of the wilds of Donegal, we believe, find no parallel in any other county throughout Ireland—in any city, town, county, shire, or district of country that has the least pretensions to the term civilized. With the exception of any information they may have received from the statements that have already appeared in the public press, people at a distance can have no conception of the horrible state of things in this most remote quarter of our island. The poor negro slave is provided by his master with food sufficient to preserve his health and strength, and with covering suitable to the climate in which he lives, and sufficient to satisfy the demands of decency. The Russian serf is well cared for. In idolatrous China, where England is now waging her unjustifiable war of aggression, the humblest of the people are, comparatively speaking, well clothed, housed and fed. In what quarter of the globe, then, are we to turn in order to find a parallel position of misery to that portrayed by the Roman Catholic clergymen of Donegal in the appeal which we print to-day in our advertising columns?

The *Journal* then quotes from the appeal, which will be found in another part of our paper.

It is on behalf of this oppressed and wretched population that the clergy of Donegal appeal to a generous public for assistance and support. We trust that their appeal will not be made in vain. This is no party movement; it is solely a solemn and charitable appeal to the sympathies of the humane and generous; and we trust that every creed and class will join in contributing something to alleviate the wretchedness and misery of these people. Nor should the misery of the poor peasants of Gweedore and Cloughanely be looked upon as merely of local interest. They should penetrate the hearts of Christians of every denomination throughout the land; and as the slightest pain inflicted on any part of the human frame is felt through every nerve and vein, so the outrages perpetrated on the least protected portion of our population should rouse the generous sympathy of every honest Irishman, from Arranmore to Skibbereen, who hates oppression and can feel for its suffering victims. With these earnest remarks, we leave the case of these unhappy creatures to the calm consideration of our readers, confident that a characteristic response will substantially and speedily come from all who denounce the tyranny from which they suffer.

The *Standard* on the same subject:—

Our advertising columns contain a document headed 'Gweedore and Cloughanely Relief Fund,' to which we direct the attention of the public of all classes. In this document is embodied an 'Appeal,' setting forth statistical facts relative to the condition of the unfortunate people in the localities mentioned, and these facts are officially authenticated by the names of NINE Roman Catholic clergymen, who vouch for the truth of the statements here published, and when thousands of human beings are in the wretched state described, all secondary matters are out of the question. It is either true or false, that the people have been treated by their landlords in the manner represented; and it is either true or false that their sufferings are such as the nine witnesses above alluded to have publicly testified before the world.

The statement, in brief, is, that eight hundred families are subsisting upon shell fish and sea weeds—that seven hundred families have neither bed nor bedclothes—that eight hundred families are without a second bed—that thousands of individuals have only one cotton shirt, and many others none at all, with much more to the same effect.

Here are startling facts, which can be tested by inquiry; and if it be true that the population of the district in question are really in the horrible destitution alleged, we can hardly conceive anything more disgraceful to the Christianity and civilization of the nineteenth century, so far as Ireland is concerned.

We may add, that, from various independent sources, we have had numerous accounts, for a considerable time past, all concurring in the general statement, that the condition of the peasantry in the far west of Donegal is nearly, if not altogether, as bad as it was during the famine years. The case now takes the form of an appeal to the public humanity, and this is an argument which admits neither of postponement or evasion. Whatever may happen to landlord economy, or to class interests, human beings cannot, and must not be left to starve by wholesale.

The very first thing to be done by a charitable public, without regard to political or sectarian considerations, is to provide the means of immediate relief. The next thing is to bring the entire case under the scrutiny of a Parliamentary Commission, with a view to future measures of a remedial character.

The Milford people ought not to lose a moment in having their petition as numerously signed as possible, and sent forward to the House of Commons immediately after its assembling. An inquiry into the transactions at Milford, cannot be reasonably denied, and the extension of this in-

quiry to other instances of injustice and oppression, especially in the same county, is necessary for the sake of incultured landlords, as well as of injured tenants.

The question is now, in such a position as to defy all attempts at equivocation or cushioning, since it is either true, or not true, that the peasantry have been reduced to the fearful misery described, and this fact, can be ascertained only by a rigid investigation before an independent and strictly impartial tribunal.

HISTORIC OF KILLALOE.—It is stated that his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel and Emly has received from Rome a rescript appointing him to forward to the Holy See the names of three ecclesiastics from whom the Coadjutor Bishop of the diocese of Killaloe is to be chosen by the Propaganda.—*Limerick Reporter.*

CORK. The late Miss E. Lily, of Cork, has bequeathed the following legacies—To the Trinitarian Bible Society, 300*l.*; to the Protestant Orphan Society, 1000*l.*; to the Society for the Conversion of Jews, 100*l.*. These sums are to be kept in perpetuity for the benefit of the above charities.

LIMERICK. THE SARGENT TESTIMONIAL. The Mayor has received from an excellent county Limerick man, Mr. William Coffey, of Tallisgreen, the subscription of One Pound for the Sarsfield Testimonial. To Mr. Coffey, the spot is familiar where Sarsfield's first battle was fought and won.—*Monster News.*

MISCELLANÆ.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—Dr. Dewees says that he has often seen infants when seeming to suffer exquisite agony, rendered perfectly quiet and easy by a draught of cold water.

SCOTCH CATECHISM.—Pedagogue: Who was Goliath? Boy: The muckle-giant whom David slew with a sling and a stand. Pedagogue: who was David? The son of Jesse. Pedagogue: who was Jesse? Boy: The flower 'o' Doubland.

If you would have an idea of the ocean in a storm, just imagine four thousand hills and four thousand mountains, all drunk, chasing one another over newly-plowed ground, with lots of caverns in it for them to step in now and then.

A sailor dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant. 'Wretch!' said the officer, after he had picked himself up, 'where the devil did you come from.'

'From the north of Ireland, yer honor.'

SCANDAL.—Edmund Burke said that the best way to deal with scandal was to 'live it down.' George Colman remarked of one who had slandered him that scandal and ill report from such might be likened to fuller's earth—it daubed the coat a little at first, but when it was rubbed off the coat was so much the cleaner.

A tenant, whose arrears had been hopelessly longed for, presented himself smilingly to the landlord to pay him. He thumped down the notes and got his receipt. The servant letting him out declared that 'it was a sign before death' to see him doing such a thing. 'Is it,' says Mike with a grin; 'there's my receipt, and t' bank is broke, and the best thing you can do is to advise the master to give what he has got to a charity before 'tis found out.'

Here is a word to boys, which let them take. You were made to be kind and generous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign to him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If a larger or a stronger boy has injured you, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances, how much better it is to have a great soul than a strong arm.

A LARGE WARDROBE.—A maiden lady of aristocratic connexions, recently deceased in the East Riding England, had in her possession at the time of her decease 350 dresses.

ANECDOTE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

After the battle of Ballynahinch, in the year 1798, the British never gave quarter, which accounts for the circumstance that few or no prisoners were made.—Amongst those who perished on this occasion was a young and interesting female. Many were the romantic occurrences of a similar nature at this unfortunate period, but none perhaps more deserving of our sympathy than the interesting subject of the present incident. The men of Ards were distinguished for their courage and discipline, and their division bore a full share in the disasters of the day. In this division were two young men remarkable for their early attachment and continued friendship. They were amongst the first to take up arms, and from that moment had never been separated. They fought side by side, cheering, defending, and encouraging each other, as if the success of the field solely depended on their exertions.—Monroe had assigned on the 12th a separate command to each, but they entreated to be permitted to conquer or perish together. One had an only sister; she was the pride of a widowed mother, the loved and admired of their village, where to this hour the perfection of female beauty is described as it approximates in resemblance to the fair Elizabeth Grey. She had seen her brother and his friend march to the field; she had bidden one adieu with the fond affection of a sister, but a feeling more tender watched for the safety of the other. Every hour's absence rendered separation more painful; every moment created additional suspense.—She resolved to follow her brother—her lover—to the field. This fatal morn of the 13th had not yet dawned when she reached Ednevydy heights. The troops of the Union were in motion. She joined the embattled ranks. The enthusiasm of love supported her through the perils of the fight; but borne down in the retreat, she fell in the indiscriminate slaughter, while her brother and her lover perished by her side. The town of Ballynahinch was pillaged and fired. So intent were the British troops on plunder, that many fugitives escaped the slaughter to which they must otherwise have fallen victims. Subsequent court-martials, however, afforded an ample scope for the indulgence of the sanguinary passions. The brave Monroe was one of their first victims. Two days after the battle his place of concealment was discovered; his person was soon identified; nothing further was wanting. He knew the fate that awaited him. With a quick but a firm step and undaunted composure he ascended the scaffold, evidently more desirous to meet death than to avoid it. He was executed in the 31st year of his age, at the front of his own house, where his wife, his mother, and sister, resided. His head was severed from his body, and exhibited upon the market-house on a pike, so situated as to be the first and last object daily before the eyes of his desolate family.

Sensible acts of violence have an epidemic force; they operate by sympathy; they possess the air, as it were, by certain tender influences, and spread the kindred passion through the whole community.

MEAGHER & CAMPBELL, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, No. 39 and 41 Ann street, near Nassau, New York.

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PROSPECTUS.

*.*All advertisements payable in advance.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE, &c.

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

POETRY BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

ACCOMPANIMENT BY SIR JOHN STEPHENSON, Mus. Doc.

AIR.—THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

1. As a beam o'er the

PENSIVELY.

face of the wa - ters may glow, While the tide runs in dark - ness and

cold - ness be - low, So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sun - ny

smile, Tho' the cold heart to ru - in runs cold - ly the while.

2.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting.

3.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain—
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!



VOLUME I.—NUMBER 5.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

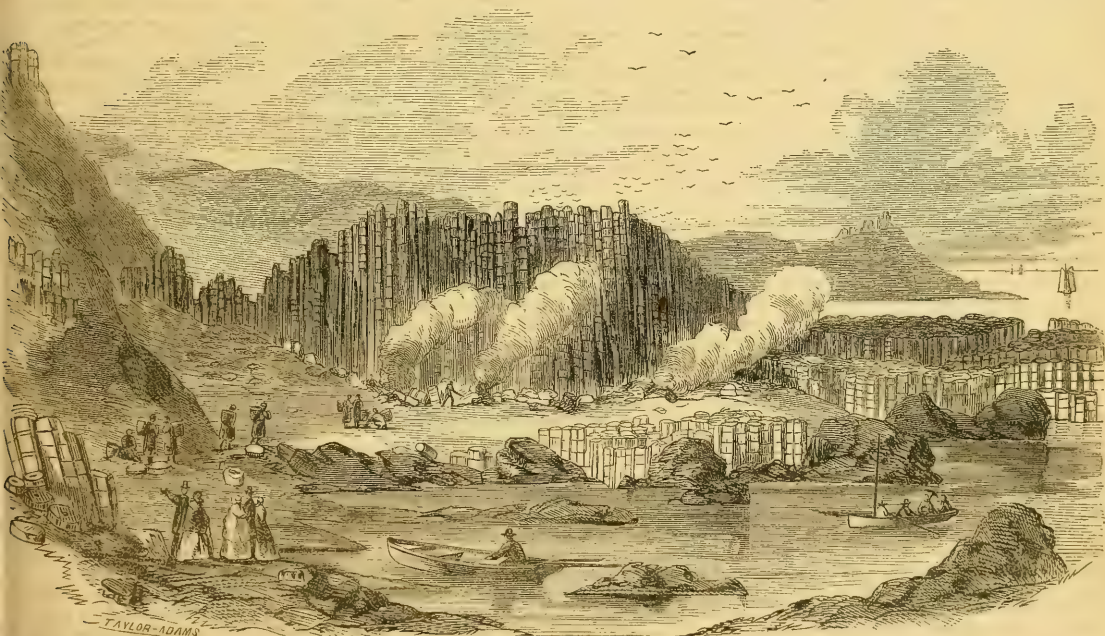
Our readers, perhaps, may be apt, in the words of an Irish tourist, to exclaim, when they see our wood-cut—this Causeway, that every tourist has trampled on, that has been sketched, etched, and lithographed, described by antiquarians, geologists, and poets, system-builders and book-makers, and what not—why show us and tell us what every body knows?

In lately travelling from Dublin to Belfast, we happened to enjoy, as companions, a 'traveller' for a Manchester firm, and a rough, ruddy-faced farmer from the black north. The conversation turned on the Causeway. 'Oh!' exclaimed

the 'Rider' for Messrs. Twist, Robbin, Bale, and Co. 'I was there last Spring. I just looked at it, on my way from Coleraine to Ballycastle—never was so disappointed in life, 'pon honor—terrible cold dreary coast—wind from the north-east enough to cut me in two—dreadful hungry place. I assure you, gentlemen—not a morsel to satisfy the cravings of nature—not being a geologist, saw nothing to gratify my curiosity, and can't for the life of me, conceive why people should go to stare at ugly promontories, jutting out into the sea, and that ere sea is troublesome enough, I daresay, when the wind is high—not even a tree to shelter the poor goats that were glad to hide themselves under basaltic rocks and

rowning precipices—Irishmen should come and see our Giant's Causeway the magnificent Railway—that's a stupendous work, gentlemen—it goes between Liverpool and Manchester, and facilitates prodigiously the transaction of business—but that useless stupid affair—ha! ha! ha!'

The wrath of the man of Antrim was aroused. 'You Englishmen,' said he to the dealer in soft goods, 'are all for business and the making of money. Why, man alive, if a decent place that I know about, is paved with gold, some of ye'es would be after getting a pickaxe to pocket the paving stones! Did'at ould Fin Mc Coul all as one as make the Causeway for the honor and glory of Ireland? And



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

what's the use o' talking about your dirty bit o' a Railway? sure, arn't they going to have one from Dublin to Duncerry? We'll bate the conceit out o' ye'es, by and bye!"

Mr. Truslebags adjusted his neckcloth, and with a knowing wink to me rejoined, 'And pray, my good fellow, for what purpose did this Fin Mc Coul make the Causeway? Perhaps you can tell us.'

'With all my heart. You see, Sir, a big Scotch giant, one Benandonner, used to brag that he would lick Fin Mc Coul any day. And he used to go over the Highlands, crowing like a cock on its own daughill, that all he wanted was a fair field and no favor. So, by my souks, Fin Mc Coul went to the King of Ireland—ould Cormac—maybe ye've

heard o' him—there was no grand jury pre-ntments in them days—and he says to his majesty, says he, I want to let Benandonner come over to Ireland widout wetting the sole o' his shoe, and I'll dont *latter* him as well as ever he was lathered in his life, its not myself that's in it.' So Fin Mc Coul got leave to build the Causeway, and sure he did, all the road, clauze and nate, to Scotland—and Benandonner came over wid his broad sword and his kilt, and right glad he was to get a decent excuse for leaving his own country. He was bated, of course, though he stuck up like a Trojan; and then he settled in the place, and became obedient to King Cormac, and got a purty decent girl to his wife; and they say that the great earls of Antrim are descended from them.'

'Well, now, but what became of this bridge? We just see an abutment, if I may so express myself, of it at Benagore, and I am told that at Staffa, a prodigious way across the sea, another abutment may be seen—but the bridge, what became of the bridge?'

'Is it the bridge you're after spaking about? Sure, that's neither your concern nor mine; but I'll tell you a lit o' a secret, Mr. Englishman—when you are travelling through Ireland, just keep your tongue in your cheek, and don't let after sneering at what you see, and it will be all the better for ye!'

Our readers will perhaps have no objection to drop the

Englishman, leaving him to chew the end with the last observation.

The vast collection of basaltic pillars termed the Giant's Causeway, is situated in the vicinity of Balmoney, County of Antrim. The principal, or grand causeway, there being several less considerable and scattered fragments of a similar nature, consists of an irregular arrangement of many hundred thousand of columns, formed of a dark rock, nearly as hard as marble. The greater part of them are of a pentagon figure, but so closely compacted together, that though the pillars are perfectly distinct, the very water which falls upon them will scarcely penetrate between. There are some of the pillars which have six, seven, and a few have eight sides; a few also have four, but only one has been found with three. Not one will be found to correspond exactly with the other, having sides and angles of the same dimensions; while at the same time, the sum of the angles of any one of them are found to be equal to four right angles—the sides of one corresponding exactly to those of the others which lie next to it, although otherwise differing completely in size and form. Each pillar is formed of several distinct joints, closely articulated into each other, the convex end of the one closely fitting into the concave of the next—sometimes the convexity, sometimes the concavity, being uppermost. This is a very singular circumstance. In the entire Causeway it is computed there are from 30,000 to 40,000 pillars, the tallest measuring about thirty-three feet. Among other wonders, there is also the Giant's Well, a spring of pure fresh water forcing its way up between the joints of two of the columns—the Giant's Chair, the Giant's Bagpipes, the Giant's Theatre, and the Giant's Organ, the latter a beautiful colonnade of pillars, 120 feet long, so called from the resemblance it seems to have to the pipes of an organ.

About two miles from the Causeway is Dunluce Castle, one of the finest ruins to be met with in Ireland. For a great many particulars connected with this remarkable place and remarkable coast, we must refer such of our readers as are anxious about it, and have more than a penny in their pockets, to the 'Northern Tourist,' a valuable work published by Messrs. Curry & Co., and conclude our sketch with a condensed extract from a visit to the Causeway by the author of 'Sketches in the North and South of Ireland.'

'It was as fine a morning as ever fell from heaven when we landed at Dunluce; not a cloud in the sky, not a wave on the water; the brown basaltic rock, with the towers of the ancient fortress that capped and covered it; all its grey bastions and pointed gables lay pictured on the incumbent mirror of the ocean; everything was repose—everything was still, and nothing was heard but the flash of our oars, and nothing but the song of Alick M'Mullen, our guide, to break the silence of the sea. We rowed round this peninsular fortress, and then entered the fine cavern that so curiously perforates the rock, and opens its dark arch to admit our boat. He must, indeed, have a mind cased up in all the common-places of dull existence, who would not, while within this cavern and under this fortress, enter into the associations connected with the scene; who could not hold communings with the 'genius loci.' Fancy, I know, called up for me the war-boats and the fœmen, who either issued from, or took shelter in this sea-cave—I imagined, as the tide was growling amidst the far recesses, that I heard the moanings of chained captives, and the huge rocks around must be bales of plunder landed and lodged here; and I took an interest, and supposed myself a sharer in the triumphs of the fortunate, and the helplessness of the captive, while suffering under the misery that bold bad men inflicted in troubled times. Landing in this cavern, we passed up through its land side entrance towards the ruin; the day had become exceedingly warm, and going forth from the coolness of the cave into the sultry atmosphere, we felt doubly the force of the sun's power; the sea birds had retreated to their distant rocks—the boats were panting under the shaded ledges of the cliffs—the rooks and crouches, with open beaks and drooping wings, were scattered over

the downs, from whose surface the air arose with a quivering, undulating motion; we were all glad, for a time, to retire to where, under the shade of the projecting cliff, a clear cold spring offered its refreshing waters.'

Passing by some capital legends and anecdotes, connected with Dunluce Castle, but which we may give again, we will take up our author at the Causeway.

'We had now arrived at the promontories of the Causeway. Port Conn, Port na Spania, Pleaskin, and Bengore, all stood out before us, arresting our admiration and attention. I have certainly seen caves much more capacious, and promontories much grander than Pleaskin or Bengore; but beyond a doubt, Pleaskin is the prettiest thing in nature in the way of a promontory; it looks as if it was painted for effect, its general form so beautiful—its storied pillars, tier over tier, so architecturally graceful—its curious and varied stratifications supporting the columnar ranges; here the dark brown amorphous basalt, there the red ochre, and below that again the slender but distinct black lines of the wood-coal, and all the ledges of its different stratifications tastefully variegated, by the hand of vegetable nature, with grasses, and ferns, and rock-plants. I certainly could form in my imagination some conception of what the platform, specially called the Giant's Causeway, was; and think a picture or print may convey a very fair representation of what it is; conceive a pavement of pillars set together, just like the comb of a bee-hive or rather that of a wasp's nest. But nothing I have ever seen, I think, so much exceeded my expectation for very beauty as the promontory of Pleaskin.

'Rowing along towards the Causeway, we noticed, as we slowly sailed along, whin-dykes, and pillars, and massive basalts. The whin-dykes, as geologists call those perpendicular walls that separate the stratifications on either side, protrude to form the respective promontories of this line of coast, and, where they meet the sea, present many curious forms—here resembling a battered castle, there a stack of chimneys, and here again the head and hat of a man, with a large hooked nose and wide mouth, the ochreous rock giving him withal a red face, very like the later busts of George the Third. As we passed along, it struck me that the kelp fires greatly added to the interest of the picture—the smoke wreathing up from a hundred places on this stilly day, and in pillared beauty endeavoring to rival the basaltic columns around. We were shown women ascending an almost perpendicular path, towards the top of the cliff, with large loads of kelp on their heads; they looked like mice creeping up the walls of a barn—the toil of the ascent must be enormous. Our guide told of a poor girl who was betrothed to one she loved, and who was likely to make her happy. In order to procure for themselves some little household stuff, and a few conveniences, where-withal to begin the world, they devoted themselves for a time to avarice, here consecrated by love, so as to be indeed *auri sacra fames*. Young William was out at sea in all weathers, and Peggy, though fair and delicate, carried the kelp along that terrible path. One day, just as she had got to the steepest point of the peak, her strength failed her, and down she came, the load to which she was tied hurrying her along—and before she came to the bottom, poor Peggy was a mangled and a lifeless corpse.'

WE'LL SEE ABOUT IT.

(FROM MRS. S. C. HALL'S SKETCHES.)

'We'll see about it!' From that simple sentence has arisen more evil to Ireland than any person, ignorant of the strange union of impetuosity and procrastination my countrymen exhibit, could well believe. They are sufficiently prompt and energetic where their feelings are concerned, but in matters of business, they almost invariably prefer *seeing about* to *doing*.

I shall not find it difficult to illustrate this observation—from the many examples of its truth in high and in low life, I select Philip Garraty.

Philip, and Philip's wife, and Philip's children, and

all the house of Garraty, are employed from morning till night in *seeing about* every thing, and, consequently in *doing* nothing. There is Philip—a tall, handsome good-humored fellow: of about five-and-thirty, with broad lazy-looking shoulders, and a smile perpetually lurking about his mouth, or in his bright hazel eyes, the picture of indolence and kindly feeling. There he is, leaning over what was once a five-barred gate, and leads to the hay-yard; his blue worsted stockings full of holes which the suggan, twisted half way up the well-formed leg, fails to conceal; while his brogues (to use his own words), if they do let in the water, let it out again. With what unstudied elegance does he roll that knotted towel and then unroll it; varying his occupation, at times, by kicking the stones that once formed a wall into the stagnant pool, scarcely large enough for full-grown ducks to sail in.

But let us first take a survey of the premises.

The dwelling-house is a long rambling abode, much larger than the generality of those that fall to the lot of small Irish farmers; but the fact is that Philip rents one of the most extensive farms in the neighborhood, and ought to be 'well to do in the world.' The dwelling looks very comfortable, notwithstanding: part of the thatch is much decayed, and the rank weeds and damp moss nearly cover it; the door-posts are only united to the wall by a few scattered portions of clay and stone, and the door itself is hanging but by one hinge; the window frames shake in the passing wind, and some of the compartments are stuffed with the crown of a hat, or a 'lock of straw,' very unsightly objects. At the opposite side of the swamp is the hay-yard gate, where a broken line of alternate palings and wall exhibits proof that it had formerly been fenced in; the commodious barn is almost roofless, and the other sheds pretty much in the same condition; the pig-stye is deserted by the grubbing lady and her grunting progeny, who are too fond of an occasional repast in the once-cultivated garden to remain in their proper abode; the listless turkeys, and contented, half-fatted geese, live at large and on the public; but the turkeys with all their shyness and modesty, have the best of it, for they mount the ill-built stacks, and select the grain, a *plaisir*.

'Give you good morning, Mr. Philip; we have had showery weather lately.'

'Och! all manner o' joy to ye, my lady!—and sure ye'll walk in, and sit down; my woman will be proud to see ye. I'm sartin we'll have the rain soon agin, for its every where, like bad luck; and my throat's sore wid hurishing thin pigs out o' the garden—sorra' a thing can I do all day for watching thin.'

'Why do you not mend the door of the sty?'

'True for ye, ma'am dear; so I would if I had the nails, and I've been threatning to step down to Mickey Bow, the smith, to ask him to see about it.'

'I hear you've had a fine crop of wheat, Philip.'

'Thank God for all things! You may say that; we had my lady, a fine crop; but I have always the high of ill luck somehow; upon my sowkins (and that's the hardest oath I swear) the turkeys have had the most of it; but I mean to see about setting it up safe to-morrow.'

'But Philip, I thought you sold the wheat, standing to the steward at the big house.'

'It was all as one as sould, only it's a bad world, madam dear, and I've no luck. Says the steward to me, says he, I like to do things like a man of business, so, Mister Garraty, just draw up a bit of an agreement that you deliver over the wheat-field to me, on such a day, standing as it is, for such a sum; and I'll sign it for ye, and then there can be no mistake—only let me have it by this day week. Well, to be sure, I came home full o' my good luck, and tould the wife; and, on the strength of it, she must have a new gown. And sure says she, Miss Hennessy, is just come from Dublin, wid a shop-full o' goods; and, on account that she's my brother's sister-in-law's first cousin, she'll let me have the first sight o' the things and I can take my pick, and we'll have plenty of time to see about the agreement to-morrow. 'We'll I don't know how it was, but the next day

we had no paper, nor ink, nor pens in the house; I meant to send the gossoon to Miss Hennessy's for all, but forgot the pens. So, when I was *seeing about* the 'greement, I bethought me of the ould gander; and while I was pulling as beautiful a pen as ever ye laid y'er two eyes upon, out of his wing, he tattered my hand with his bill in such a manner that sorra a pen I could hold for three days. Well, one thing or another put it off for ever so long, and at last I wrote it out like print, and takes it myself to the steward. Good evening to you, Mr. Garraty, says he. Good evening, kindly sir, says I, and I hope the woman that owns ye, and all y'er good family's well. All well, thank ye, Mr. Garraty, says he. I've got the 'greement here, sir, says I, pulling it out as I thought—but behold ye—I only catch the paper it was wrapt in, to keep it from the dirt of the tobacco, that was loose in my pocket, for want of a box, (saying y'er presence), so I turned what little things I had in it out, and there was a great hole that ye might drive all the parish rats through at the bottom, which the wife promised to see about mending, as good as six months before. Well, I saw the sneer on his ugly mouth (for he's an Englishman) and I turned it off with a laugh, and said air holes were comfortable in hot weather, and sick-like jokes, and that I'd go home and make another 'greement. 'Greement! for what? says he, laying down his great outlandish pipe. Whew! maybe you don't know, says I. Not I, says he. The wheat-field, says I. Why, says he, didn't I tell you then, that you must bring the 'greement to me by that day week!—and that was, by the same token, (pulling a red memorandum book out of his pocket), let me see—exactly this day three weeks. Do you think, Mr. Garraty, he goes on, that when ye didn't care to look after y'er own interests, and I offering so fair for the field, I was going to wait upon you? I don't lose my papers in the Irish fashion. Well, that last set me up, and so I axed him if it was the pattern of his English breeding, and one word brought on another, and all the blood in my body rushed into my fist, and I had the ill luck to knock him down, and the coward, what does he do but takes the law o' me, and I was cast, and lost the sale of the wheat, and was ordered to pay over so much money; well, I didn't care to pay it then, but gave an engagement, and I meant to see about it, but forgot, and all in a giffy, came a thing they call an execution, and to stop the cant, I was forced to borrow money from that tame nag, the exciseman, who'd sell the sowl out of his grandmother for sixpence, (if, indeed, there ever was a sowl in the family,) and it's a terrible case to be paying interest for it still.

'But, Philip, you might give up or dispose of part of your farm. I know you could get a good sum of money for that rich meadow by the river.'

'True for ye, ma'am dear, and I've been seeing about it for a long time, but somehow I have no luck. Just as ye came up, I was thinking to myself that the gale-day is passed, and all one as before, yarra a pin's worth have I for the rint, and the landlord wants it as bad as I do, though it's a shame to say that of a gentleman; for just as he was *seeing about* some ould custodium, or something of the sort, that had been hanging over the estate since he came to it, the sheriff's officers put *executions* in the house, and it is very sorrowful for both of us—if I may make bowld to say so—for I am sartin he'll be rakin' me for the money; and, indeed, the ould huntsman told me as much; but I must see about it, not, indeed, that it's much good, for I've no luck.'

'Let me beg of you, Philip, not to take such an idea into your head; do not lose a moment; you will be utterly ruined if you do. Why not apply to your father-in-law?—he is able to assist you, for at present you only suffer from temporary embarrassment.'

'True for ye, that's good advice, my lady, and, by the blessing of God, I'll see about it.'

'Then go directly, Philip.'

'Directly! I can't, ma'am dear, on account of the pigs; and sorra a one I have but myself to keep them out of the cabbages; for I let the woman and the

gawls go to the pattern at Killalun; it's little pleasure they see, the craturs.'

'But your wife did not hear the huntsman's story?'

'Och! ay did she, but unless she could give me a sheaf of bank notes, where would be the good of her staying? but I'll see about it.'

'Immediately, then, Philip; think upon the ruin that may come, nay, that *must* come, if you neglect this matter; your wife, too, your family reduced from comfort to starvation—your home desolate—'

'Asy, my lady! don't be after breaking my heart intirely; thank God, I have seven as fine fabulgh children as ever peeled pratie, and all under twelve years old, and sure I'd lay down my life ten times over for every one o' them, and to-morrow for sartin—no—to-morrow—the hurling; I can't to-morrow, but the day after, if I'm a living man, I'll see about it.'

Poor Philip! his kindly feelings were valueless because of his unfortunate habit. Would that this were the only example I could produce of the ill effects of that dangerous sentence—'*I'll see about it!*' Oh, that the sons and daughters of the fairest island that ever heaved its green bosom above the surface of the ocean would arise and *be doing* what is to be done, and never again rest contented with '*SEEING ABOUT IT!*'

GREAT PLAGUES.

The following very curious article is translated from an old French book, printed in 1621, entitled, '*Le Tableau de la Fortune*,' by Mr. Chevreux. We are not aware that it was ever, to use the old phrase, '*done into English*,' before, and though not exclusively Irish we give it as singular and interesting.

'There are very few persons who do not know that famine is occasioned by the dryness of the air, and that its corruption engenders the greatest pestilences. But as there are several species of these, there is one whose cause has not yet been discovered, and in pursuit of which philosophy has most often erred.

'There was a plague in Athens of such a nature that the birds of prey fled from those who had been seized with it, towards the sea; and from the bodies of such as were sick little snakes were seen to issue, which fed upon the arms and legs, and which entering again whenever an attempt was made to touch them, enveloped themselves among the muscles, and caused the patient to endure tortures more insupportable than any that ever were inflicted by the instruments of tyranny.

'Thales of Candia was obliged to go to Lacedaemon to deliver the citizens ('by the charms of his lyre') from a plague with which they had been severely afflicted; and we read in Homer that there also was one among the Greeks whose violence could not be mitigated except by the charms of music.

'The Phalerians, unable to find either remedy or consolation in a plague, consulted the Oracle in order to learn what would be its final result. The response was that their misery would not cease unless they immolated to Juno a young virgin every year. According to lot, Valeria Luperea was the destined victim.

In the midst of this mournful ceremony, of which they made a great mystery, an eagle alighted upon her and bore away the sword of the priest, and placed it upon a heifer, which afterwards served as the victim; and thus the Phalerians with Valeria were delivered from this calamity. In the country of Lacedaemon a like adventure was witnessed in favor of Helen, and this prodigy which astonished the people prevented them ever after from leading their daughters to the Altar, since they could satisfy the Oracle with beasts.

'When the soldiers of Avidius Crassus the Lieutenant of Marc Antony were in the city of Seleucia, they discovered a coffer in the temple of Apollo, on which they laid hands the moment they saw it. But never was avarice better punished and never was curiosity more fatal than theirs: for there issued from it an air so foul, that after it had infected the whole region of Babylon, it penetrated as far as Greece and passed by the same route to Italy, causing the third part of the world to perish.

'After the death of Pericles leader of the Athenians

at the close of the first year of the Peloponnesian war, Thucydides relates that there was a plague so dreadful that it baffled all the powers of medicine, and so general that it descended from Ethiopia into Egypt and Lybia, spread as far as Persia, and ceased not till it had desolated the whole of Greece. This author who was himself smitten with the disease, gives an astonishing description of it: he says the heat which was felt was so great that some precipitated themselves into wells to obtain relief, while others sought the nearest river where they extinguished this fire only with their lives.

In the days of Gallus a plague of this kind issued from the coast of Ethiopia, which consumed all the inhabitants to the south, and visited all other parts of the world.

'And although Cardan believed that it would not prevail more than two or three years at the most owing to the subtilty of the air which contained it, the winds changing it every hour by their continual agitation; yet it is certain that it lasted for nearly ten years.

'The author of the *Chronicles* of Great Britain says that in the reign of Calualadrus (?) there was one in that kingdom so protracted that it continued fully eleven years, and so fearful that the living could scarcely supply the demand for graves.

'Three hundred and thirty-one years ago, 30,000 perished by a plague at Cologne, 12,000 at Treves, 16,000 at Mayence, 6,000 at Wormes, 9,000 at Spire, 11,000 or 12,000 at Strasburgh, 14,000 at Balse, and a vast number besides in several villages. The calamity alarmed the Germans to such a degree that the majority were more solicitous to abandon than to cultivate their lands, on which account a great portion of the population that remained would have perished miserably with famine, while a similar fate awaited those that had fled, if Sicily had not now proved the granary of Germany, as she was formerly that of Rome.

'Guy de Choliae records that there occurred in his time a plague which afflicted all nature, and which having passed from the Euphrates to the Frozen Ocean, left only the fourth part of the world unvisited. It was then that love and charity disappeared from the earth. The son saw the father expiring without taking the slightest pains to comfort him; the brother and the sister shunned each other as two irreconcilable enemies; the mother abandoned her infant, lest she should carry her own death even in her bosom, and the wife far from regretting the absence of her husband, feared nothing so much as to meet him.

This pestilence was remarkable in this, that amid the great multitude of its victims were found very few of the rich. But two years after, according to the same author, appeared another plague which scarcely attacked the poor at all as if it were intended to show that even poverty is sometimes an advantage.

'Of all the plagues of which I have spoken there was none more cruel or more fatal than one which lasted a year in the chief town of Provence. While in the act of receiving nourishment they fell promiscuously dead. They dropped from the table and expired before they could be placed on a bed, and the number of deaths was so great that the cemeteries were not capable of containing the corpses. The effect of this malady was so instantaneous and so certain, that those who were smitten wrapped themselves hopelessly, in winding sheets, and often their life was cut short in the effort.

'I speak not here of the plague that prevailed in the time of the Emperor Maurice, changing men in such a manner that they resembled monsters, nor of many others that afflicted Rome, Paris and Constantinople.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself as well as others.

A Quack doctor, on his death-bed, willed all his property to a lunatic asylum, giving as a reason for doing so, that he wished all his property to return to the same liberal class who had patronised him.

IRISH MINSTRELSY.

LET US REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Let me remember the days of old,
 Ere his faithless sons betray'd her;
 When Maccus wore the collar of gold,
 Which he won from her proud insider;
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger—
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.
 On Lodon Naoimh's bank as the fisherman strays
 When the clear, cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days,
 In the wave beneath him shining;
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time,
 For the long-tailed glories they cover!

Moore's Irish Melodies.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
 In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
 Hail, king of the wild, whom nature hath borne
 O'er a hundred bill-topscapes the mists of the morn,
 The joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
 Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee!
 Yes! fierce looks thy nature, even hush'd in repose,
 In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes.
 Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
 With a haughty defiance to come to the war,
 Thou ship of the wilderness, pass on the wind,
 And leave the dark ocean of mountains behind!
 For, child of the desert, fit quarry art thou,
 See, the hunter is come, with a crown on his brow,
 By princes attended with arrow and spear,
 In their white-tented camp, for the warfare of deer,
 On the brink of the rock, lo! he standeth at bay,
 Like a victor that falls at the close of the day!
 Hark! his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
 And nature's fierce child in the wilderness dies!
 Wild mirth of the desert! fit pasture for kings!
 Which still the rude Bard in his solitude sings,
 Oh! reign of magnificence! vanished for ever,
 Like music dried up in the bed of the river!

THE STOLEN SHEEP.

Our readers are all familiar with Sir Walter Scott's 'Heart of Mid Lothian,' and will recollect the truly touching scene where Jeanie Deans cannot and will not utter what she knows to be false, to save the life of a sister whom she loves as her own soul. It is one of the most masterly of the descriptions of the great 'magician of the north,' and if a single individual can read it without having every sympathy of his heart aroused, he must be dull if not dead to the finer sensibilities of the soul. But at the same time, we think the 'Stolen Sheep,' which appeared in the annual for last year called 'Friendship's Offering,' not unworthy of being placed side by side with the scene in the 'Heart of Mid Lothian.' There is not an Irishman, at least, who will not feel a strong desire to give the preference to this story, of which we here present an abstract.

Michael Carroll was a poor and honest peasant, whose family were visited with famine and typhus fever at a time when the wide-spread misery of the country rendered assistance from the neighbors nearly hopeless. His wife and a young child died—he himself was attacked by the disease, and on recovering, his weak state and sallow look totally prevented even the possibility of him getting employment. His old father and infant son are starving at home, in his wretched cabin—Michael, desperate, and broken down steals a sheep, which he kills, and conceals in an out house. It was discovered—Michael was arrested—and his poor old father was taken as witness against his son!

The assizes soon came on. Michael was arraigned; and during his plea of 'not guilty,' his father appeared, unseen by him, in the gaoler's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury-box, and the crowd of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him.

'What will the old man do?' was the general question which ran through the assembly: and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarce hesitated to make for him a case of actual necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herd-man, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, on the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward 'down from the table. There was a pause, and a silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the judge, deliberately, 'Call Peery Carroll.'

'Here, Sir,' immediately answered Peery, as the gaoler led him by a side-door, out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the gaoler, and by many other commiserating hands, near him. Every glance was fixed on his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye, and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience, there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish, and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet, he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock.

'Sit down, sit down, poor man,' said the judge.

'Thanks to you, my lord, I will,' answered Peery 'only, first, I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a start,' and he accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up and said—'My Judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me in my duty, afore my earthly judge, this day;—amen:—and then repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humbly proceeded as follows—(the counsel or the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers)

'Do you know Michael, or Michael, Carroll, the prisoner at the bar?'

'Afore that night, Sir, I believe I knew him well; every thought of his mind, every bit of the he, of his body; afore that night, no living cratur could throw a word at Michael Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God;—an' sure the people are after telling you by this time, how it come about that night—an' you, my lord—an' ye gentlemen, an' all good Christians that hear me;—here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but, for all that, gentlemen, ye ought to think of it; twas for the weenock and the old father that he done it; indeed, an' deed, we had'n't a pyrattee in the place; an' the sickness was amongst us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, and another baby; an' 'id had himself down, a week or so beforehand; an' all that day he was looking for work, but could'n't get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an' more betoken, he grew serry for id, in the mornin' an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn,—ay, long afore the steward an' the peelers came on us,—but was willin' to go among the neighbors an, beg our breakfast, along wid myself, sooner than touch it.'

'It is my painful duty,' resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease,—to ask you for further information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn, that night?'

'Musha—The Lord pity him and me—I did, Sir.'

'Doing what?'

'The sheep between his hands,' answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking inaudibly.

'I must still give pain, I fear;—stand up, take the crier's rod; and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head.'

'Oh, musha, musha, Sir, don't ax me to do that!' pladed Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and, for the first time, weeping—'oh, don't my lord, don't, and may your own judgment be favorable, the last day.'

'I am sorry to command you to do it witness, but you must take the rod,' answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes, to hide his own tears; and at the same time, many a veteran barrister rested his head on the table. In the body of the court were

low sobs.
 'Micnaui, avica! Michael, a corra machree!' exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod and faced round to his son,—'is id your father they make to do it, ma-bowchal.'

'My father does what is right,' answered Michael, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated and when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction.

'We rest here, my lord,' said the counsel, with the air of a man free from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury-box.

'Gentlemen of the jury. That the prisoner at the bar steals the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father, and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you, and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe, that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigour of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, Gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The headsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with the result.'

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Michael's landlord who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud, that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michael Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in one breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

A veterinary surgeon in Ireland has made the discovery that horses are as liable to toothache as their masters. A valuable horse recently save by the extraction of a decayed tooth. Here is an idea that presents an opening for some enterprising Yankee.

A STRANGE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Lord Northington, remarkable for his profligate and brutal manner of expressing himself on all occasions, which had procured for him the nick-name of Surly Bob, being at the point of death, exclaimed, 'I'll be hanged if I am not dying!' During his sickness, his wife, daughter, and some female relations, coming to ask the state of his health, could not refrain from weeping, on which, in a passion, he roared out to his nurse 'turn out all these snivelling brats except Bridget!' the lady distinguished by this delicate preference was his daughter, Lady Bridget Lane.

During the same illness, he sent for the Duke of Chandos, then Marquis of Caernarvon, a man of great

piety, he though surprised at the message, waited upon him, and begged to be honored with his lordship's commands. 'I sent for you,' says Bob, 'to beg you to recommend to me some able parson, whose advice I might safely take in regard to the necessary settlements respecting the future welfare of my soul, which I fear will be shortly ejected from my body.' 'My lord,' replied the Marquis, 'I am surprised at the question; as chancellor, your lordship has had the disposal of much church preferment, which doubtless you always bestowed on pious and deserving persons. For example, what do you think of Dr. T—?' 'Oh! name him not,' loudly exclaimed the quondam chancellor, 'that is one of my crying sins; I shall

certainly be condemned were it only for making that fellow a dean!'

On his death-bed he ordered his gardener to cut down some clumps of trees, purely, as it is said, because they were agreeable to his son. The gardener willing to worship the rising sun, neglected to do it, expecting every moment the death of his old master. He, inquiring whether his commands had been obeyed, and being answered in the negative, easily conceived the gardener's motive for disobedience, and sending for him up into his chamber, thus addressed him: 'So, you brute, you have not done as I ordered you; you think I am going: so I am, you ugly monster; but you shall go first; strip him,' said he, to some of his attendants, 'and kick him out of the house.'

THE BOTANIC GARDENS.

If there be a single citizen of Dublin, who, during this delightful weather, can devote a morning to a visit to the Botanic Gardens at Glasnevin, and has not, or will not, do it, we hold him to be a craven philosopher or a walking polypus—one of those living things who vegetate like the cabbage, with scarcely the attraction, and nothing of the usefulness of that broad-leaved plant. This may be said to be severe—but really, at this particular time, when Flora has drawn across the earth her carpet of 'purple, green, and gold,' when nature is laughing in her merriest mood, and every bird of the air is sending its glad notes into the empyrean, will man be dull and dead to all that is great and glorious in the works and wonders of the blessed Creator!

Now the citizens of Dublin are a very intelligent people—and of



THE BOTANIC GARDENS.

be understood, from attending even an occasional lecture. Something may be gleaned even from an occasional attendance—something worth treasuring up—something which may open not merely the mind but the heart. Every one remembers the beautiful incident in the travels of Mungo Park—when weary of life, robbed, destitute, far in the interior of Africa, he laid himself down to die—but a small and beautiful moss in full fructification attracting his eye in that desert spot, surely, thought the forlorn man, that Being who has taken care of this little product of the earth will take care of me; and starting up at the thought, he pursued, with fresh vigour his way. So have we seen a lovely modest girl, in a remote village patiently attending to the wants and the wishes of a peevish and deceased parent, and apparently unnoticed and unknown, yet creating in the mind of the casual observer, so deep a feeling, so intense, as to awaken within the heart the sentiment of virtue, and kindle the flame of gratitude.

Botany made but a small progress in Ireland till within the last fifty years. It was the well known Doctor Wade, who may be said to be the founder of the Botanic Gardens at Glasnevin. He drew up a memorial, and presented it to the Irish parliament—and during the course of several years various sums have been granted for this national object. The choice of the ground is exceedingly happy. Glasnevin is one of the most romantic suburbs of Dublin, associated both with historic and classic recollections. In this delightful neighborhood, once resided, either permanently or transiently, Addison, Swift, Delany, Sheridan, Steele, and Parnell. The demesne itself formerly belonged to Tickell the poet, and was bought from his representatives for the sum of £2000, subject to a ground rent. The garden and its appendages occupy a space of thirty acres—the river Tolka forming a sweeping boundary to one side. The original proposition that the gardens

should be placed in the Phoenix Park, on a royal grant, was most happily set aside, for though the Park is a fit and proper place for the Zoological Gardens, the Botanic Gardens, could not be more appropriately situated than where they are. And what a privilege is it to the citizens of this metropolis, that three times every week, all free of charge, with no trouble but the trouble of going, if that be a trouble, can a course of lectures be attended, in a place where every facility exists for comprehending the subjects brought before the mind, and it would be unjust to say that many do not avail themselves of this invaluable privilege. The lecture room is small, not capable of containing much more than the number that do attend, which is generally about, on an average, from one hundred to a hundred and twenty. As a proof that there exists in the people of Dublin a thirst for botanical knowledge it may be stated, on the authority of the lecturer, that several who attend regularly, come a distance of four miles. When we consider what trivial creatures we are—how much more prone to fall in love with our breakfast, after a morning walk, than with the loveliest flower that Flora can produce, we may admit that there is here individual instances of zeal to profit by the advantages which our good city has—yet we must give it as our opinion, that in general, that interest is not taken in the science, which opportunities so very valuable afford. Now, the very peasantry of the country have long been famous for their passion for botany. And that the old Irish were well acquainted with it, is evident from the fact, that Keough and Threlkeld were able to obtain Irish names for almost every plant they collected. It also appears that considerable advances were made towards a systematic classification. Thus, they called by the genuine name of *Meacon*, such plants as had tap roots; *Bynsean*, such grasses as had creeping roots; *Trathinn*, such as had naked wing stems; *Raithloodh*, such as had imbricated heads, &c. But we are getting at once into the depths of botany.

course as Adam was the first botanist, and Eve his wife a lover of fruits and flowers, is it unreasonable to expect that our fellow-citizens should be fond of botany? No! so away we speed to *Glasnevin*, 'the pleasant little field,' or in corrupted phrase and common parlance, Glasnevin, where those splendid gardens are, of which our metropolis may well be proud. Here, three times a week, Dr. Litton is to be found, early in the morning—early! why, if eight o'clock be early, then the early risers of Dublin permit the sun to get the start of them prodigiously—our friend Doctor Litton is to be found, with good-natured, careful, and painstaking assiduity, instructing all who may choose to attend, and giving illustrations clear, practical, and attractive, to his audience, on the secrets of the vegetable kingdom. Let no one be deterred, by the idea that the science of botany is difficult to

Ireland, though abounding with a variety of plants, which the exuberance of the soil spontaneously produces, was yet, until a comparatively late period, but little explored. The first attempt of modern times to investigate its botanical productions was made by Doctor Threlkeld. In 1726, he published a short treatise on native plants, especially such as grow in the vicinity of Dublin. He was followed by Keough, and sometime after by Dr. Rutty, who in his 'Natural History of the County of Dublin,' has devoted some portion to the consideration of its plants. These, with a few incidental notes in Smith's History of Waterford, were all that had been attempted in Ireland, till Doctor Wade, in 1794, published his catalogue. From that period public attention seems to have been strongly excited. The Gardens at Glasnevin were established, a professor appointed, and the public crowded to hear a course of lectures to which they were so liberally invited. Groups of botanical students were now to be seen in all directions exploring the treasures of their native soil and picking up and inspecting, with curious eye, every little plant which caught their fancy. Now, the meaneast looking shrub became an instructive companion to the lover of nature—our young men and our young ladies became ashamed of their ignorance—the flowers that open their little petals, and the insects which disported among their silken folds, had each a story full of interest.

'The simplest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common air, the earth, the skies,
To them were opening Paradise!'

We are afraid this interest has abated—we hope not considerably.

In our next article on botany, we will give a walk through the gardens.

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND.

THE LANDLORD AND TENANT.

AN AUTHENTIC STORY.

[CONTINUED.]

'The oak, acushla. Oh, no; not the blackthorn. It's that I brought to Dublin wid me, the unlucky thief, an' that I had while we wor a *shanghran*. Divil a one of me but 'ud blush in the face, if I brought it even in my hand afore them. The oak, ahagur, the oak. You'll get it atween the foot o' the bed an' the wall.'

When Kathleen placed the staff in his hand, he took off his hat and blessed himself, then put it on, looked at his wife, and said,

'Now, darlin', in the name of God, I'll go. Hush, avilish machree, don't be crying'; sure I'll be back to you in a week.'

'Och! I can't help it, Owen. Sure this is the second time you war ever away from me more nor a day; an' I'm thinkin' of what happened both to you an' me, the first time you went. Owen, acushla, I feel that if anything happened you, I'd break my heart.'

'Arrah, what 'ud happen me, darlin', wid God to protect me! Now, God be wid you, Kathleen theelish, till I come back to you wid good news, I hope I'm not givin' in sickness an' misery, as I went afore, to see a man that wouldn't hear my appale to him; an' I'm lavin' you comfortable, agrah, an' wantin' for nothin'. Sure it's only about five-an'-twenty miles from this—a mere step. The good God bless an' take care of you, my darlin' wife, till I come home to you!'

He kissed the tears that streamed from her eyes, and, hemming several times, pressed her hand, his face rather averted, then grasped his staff and commenced his journey.

Scenes like this were important events to our humble couple. Life, when tainted by the crimes and artificial manners which destroy its purity, is a beautiful thing to contemplate among the virtuous poor; and, where the current of affection runs deep and smooth, the slightest incident will agitate it. So was it with Owen M'Carthy and his wife. Simplicity, truth, and affection constituted their character. In them there was no complication of incongruous elements. The order of their virtues was not broken, nor the purity of their affections violated, by the anomalous blending together of opposing principles, such as are to be found in those who are involuntarily contaminated by the corruption of human society.

Owen had not gone far, when Kathleen called to him:

'Owen, ahagur—stand, darlin'; but don't come back a step, for fraid o' bad luck.*'

'Did I forget anything, Kathleen?' he inquired.—'Let me see—no; sure I have my beads an' my tobacco box, an' my two clean shirts an' my hankerchers in the bundle. What is it, acushla?'

'I needn't be axin' you, for I know you wouldn't forget it; but for fraid you might—Owen, when you're at Tubber Derg, go to little Allen's grave, an' look at it, an' bring me back word how it appears. You might get it cleaned up, if there's weeds or anything growin' upon it; an' Owen, would you bring me a bit o' the clay, tied up in your pocket. When you're there, spake to her; tell her it was the lovin' mother that bid you, an' say anything that you'd think might keep her asy, an' give her pleasure. Tell her we're not now as we wor when she was wid us; that we don't feel hunger, nor cowl, nor want; an' that nothin' is a trouble to us, barrin' that we miss her—ay, even yet—a *suilish machree* that she was—that we miss her fair face an' golden hair from among us.—Tell her this, an' tell her that it was the lovin' mother that said it, an' that sint the message to her.'

'I'll do it all, Kathleen; I'll do it all—all. An' now go in, darlin', an' don't be frettin'. Maybe we'll

soon be near her, phase God, where we can see the place she sleeps in, often.'

They then separated again; and Owen, considerably affected by the maternal tenderness of his wife, proceeded on his journey. He had not, actually, even at the period of his leaving home, been able to determine on what particular tract he should first call. That his welcome would be hospitable, my, enthusiastically so, he was certain. In the meantime, he vigorously pursued his journey, and partook neither of refreshment nor rest, until he arrived, a little after dark, at a turn of the well-known road, which, had it been daylight, would have opened to him a view of Tubber Derg. He looked towards the beeches, however, under which it stood; but to gain a sight of it was impossible. His road now lying a little to the right, he turned to the house of his sterling friend, Frank Farrell, who had given him and his family shelter and support, when he was driven, without remorse from his own holding.

In a short time he reached Farrell's residence, and felt a glow of sincere satisfaction at finding the same air of comfort and warmth about it as formerly.—Through the kitchen window he saw the strong light of the blazing fire, and heard, ere he presented himself, the loud, hearty laugh of his friend's wife, precisely as light and animated as it had been fifteen years before.

Owen lifted the latch and entered, with that fluttering of the pulse which every man feels on meeting with a friend, after an interval of many years.

'Musha, good people, can ye tell me is Frank Farrell at home?'

'Why, then, he's not just widin now, but he'll be here in no time intircly,' replied one of his daughters. 'Won't you sit down, honest man, an' we'll send for him.'

'I'm thankful to you,' said Owen. 'I'll sit, sure enough, till he comes in.'

'Why thin!—oh! it must—it can be no other!' exclaimed Farrell's wife, bringing over a candle and looking Owen earnestly in the face; 'sure I'd know that voice all the world over! Why, thin, marciul Father—Owen M'Carthy—Owen M'Carthy, is it your four quarters that's livin' an' well? Queen o' heaven! Owen M'Carthy, darlin', you're welcome! The word was here interrupted by a hearty kiss from the kind housewife:—'welcome a thousand an' a thousand times! *Vick na hoiah!* Owen dear, an' are you livin' at all? An' Kathleen, Owen, an' the childre, an' all of yez—an' how are they?'

'Troth, we're livin' an' well, Bridget; never was better, thanks be to God an' you, in our lives.'

Owen was now surrounded by such of Farrell's children as were old enough to remember him; every one of whom he shook hands with and kissed.

'Why, thin, the Lord save my soul, Bridget,' said he, 'are these the little bauchalens an' colleens that were runnin' about my feet when I was here afore? Well, to be sure! How they do shoot up! An' this is Atty?'

'No; but *this* is Atty, Owen; faix, Brian outgrew him; an' here's Mary, an' this is Bridget Oge.'

'Well—well! But where did these two young shoots come from—this boy and the colleen here? They worn't to the fore, in my time, Bridget.'

'This is Owen, called afther yourself—an' this is Kathleen. I needn't tell you who she was called afore.'

'*Gutsho, alanna? thurn pugne!*—come here child and kiss me,' said Owen to his little namesake; 'an' sure I can't forget the little woman here; *gutsho*, a colleen, and kiss me too.'

Owen took her on his knee, and kissed her twice.

'Och, but poor Kathleen,' said he, 'will be the proud woman of this, when she hears it; in troth she will be that.'

'Arrah! what's comin' over me!' said Mrs. Farrell.

'Brian, run up to Micky Lowrie's, for your father.—An' see, Brian, don't say who's wantin' him, till we give him a start. Mary, come here, acushla,' she added, to her eldest daughter in a whisper, 'take these

two bottles, an' fly up to Peggy Finigin's for the full o' them o' whiskey. Now be back before you're there, or if you don't, that I mightn't, but you'll see what you'll get. Fly, aroon, an' don't let the grass grow under your feet. An' Owen, darlin'—but first sit over to the fire—here, get over to this side, it's the snugget;—arrah, Owen—an' sure I dunna what to ax you first. You're all well?—all to the fore?'

'All well, Bridget, an' thanks be to heaven, all to the fore.'

'Glory be to God! Troth, it warms my heart to it. An' the childre's all up finely, boys an' girls?'

'Troth, they are, Bridget, as good lookin' a family o' childre as you'd wish to see. An' what is better, they're as good as they are good lookin'.'

'Troth, they couldn't but be that, if they tuck at all afther their father an' mother. Bridget, aroon, rub the pan better—an' lay the knife down; I'll cut the bacon myself, but go an' get a dozen o' the freshest eggs;—an' Kathleen, Owen, how does poor Kathleen look? Does she stand it as well as yourself?'

'As young as ever you seen her. God help her!—a thousand degrees better nor when you seen her last.'

'An' well to do, Owen, now tell the thruth? Och, musha, I forget who I'm spakin' to, or I wouldn't disremember the ould sayin' that's abroad this many a year—who ever knew a M'Carthy of Tubber Derg to tell a lie, break his word, or refuse to help a friend in distress? But, Owen, you're well to do in the world?'

'We're as well, Bridget, or maybe better, nor you ever knew us, except, indeed, afore the ould lase was run out wid us.'

'God be praised agin! Musha, turn round a little, Owen, for fear Frank 'ud get too clear a sight of your face at first. Arrah, do you think he'll know you? Och, to be sure he will; I needn't ax. Your voice would tell upon you any day.'

'Know me! Indeed Frank 'ud know my shadow. He'll know me wid half a look.'

And Owen was right, for quickly did the eye of his old friend recognize him, despite the little plot that was laid to try his penetration. To describe their interview would be to repeat the scene we have already attempted to depict between Owen and Mrs. Farrell. No sooner were the rights of hospitality performed, than the tide of conversation began to flow with greater freedom. Owen ascertained one important fact, which we will here mention, because it produces in a great degree, the want of anything like an independent class of yeomanry in the country. On inquiring after his old acquaintances, he discovered that a great many of them, owing to high rents, had emigrated to America. They belonged to that class of independent farmers, who after the expiration of their old leases, finding the little capital they had saved beginning to diminish, in consequence of rents which they could not pay, deemed it more prudent, while any thing remained in their hands, to seek a country where capital and industry might be made available. Thus did the landlords, by their mismanagement and neglect, absolutely drive off their estates, the only men, who, if properly encouraged, were capable of becoming the strength and pride of the country. It is this system, joined to the curse of middlemen and subletting, which has left the country without any third grade of decent, substantial yeomen, who might stand as a bond of peace between the highest and the lowest classes. It is this which has split the kingdom into two divisions, constituting the extreme ends of society—the wealthy and the wretched. If this third class existed, Ireland would neither be so political nor discontented as she is; but on the contrary, more remarkable for peace and industry. At present, the lower classes, being too poor, are easily excited by those who promise them a better order of things than that which exists.

These theorists step into the exercise of that legitimate influence which the landed proprietors have lost by their neglect. There is no middle classes in the country, who can turn round to them and say,

* When an Irish peasant sets out on a journey, or to transact business in fair or market, he will, if possible, turn back. It is considered unlucky, as it is also to be crossed by a hare, or met by a red-haired woman.

† Light of my heart.

"Our circumstances are easy, we want nothing; carry your promises to the poor, for that which you hold forth to their hopes, we enjoy in reality." The poor poor soldier, who, because he was wretched, volunteered to go on the forlorn hope, made a fortune; but when asked if he would on a second enterprise of a similar kind, shrewdly replied; "General, I am now an independent man; send some poor devil on your forlorn hope who wants to make a fortune."

Owen now heard anecdotes and narratives of all occurrences, whether interesting or strange, that had taken place during his absence. Among others, was the death of his former landlord, and the removal of the agent who had driven him to beggary. Tubber Derg, he found, was then the property of a humane and considerate man, who employed a judicious and benevolent gentleman to manage it.

"One thing, I can tell you," said Frank; "it was but a short time in the new agent's hands, when the decent farmers stopped going to America."

"But Frank," said Owen, and he sighed on putting the question, "who is in Tubber Derg, now?"

"Why, thin, a son of ould Rousin' Red-head's of Tullyvernon—young Con Roe, or the Ace o' Hearts—for he was called both by the youngsters—if you remember him. His head's as red, an' double as big, even, as his father's was, an' you know that no hat would fit ould Con, until he sent his measure to Jimmy Lamb, the hatter. Dick Nugent put it out on him, that Jimmy always made Rousin' Red-head's hat, either upon the half bushel pot, or a five-gallon keg of whiskey. 'Talkin' of the keg,' says Dick, 'for the matter o' that,' says he, divil a much differ the hat will per-sarve; for the one'—meanin' ould Con's head, who was a hard thrinker—'the one,' says Con, 'is as much a keg as the other—ha! ha! ha!' Dick met Rousin' Red-head another day; 'arrah Con,' says he, 'why do you get your hats made upon a pot, man alive? Sure that's the reason that you're so foud o' poteen.' A quare mad crathur was Dick, an' would go forty miles for a fight. Poor f'low, he got his skull broke in a scrimmage betwixt the Redmond's and the O'Hanlon's an' his last words were, 'had luck to you, Redmond—O'Hanlon, I never thought you, above all men, dead an' gone, would be the death o' me.' Poor fellow! he was for pacifyin' them, for a wonder; but instead o' that, he got pacified himself.

"An' how is young Con doin', Frank?"

"Hut, divil a much time he has to do either well or ill, yit. There was four tenants on Tubber Derg since you left it, an' he's the fifth. It's hard to say how he'll do; but I believe he's the best o' them, for so far. That may be owing to the landlord. The rent's let down to him; an' I think he'll be able to take bread, an' good bread too, out of it."

"God send, poor man!"

"Now, Owen, would you like to go back to it?"

"I can't say that. I love the place, but I suffered too much in it. No; but I'll tell you, Frank, if there was e'er a snug farm near it that I could get reasonable, I'd take it."

Frank slapped his knee exultingly. "Ma chuirp! do you say so, Owen?"

"Indeed, I do."

"Thin, upon my song, that's the luckiest thing I ever knew. There's this blessed minute, a farm o' sixteen acres, that the Lacy's is lavin'—goin' to America—an' it's to be set. They'll go the week after next, an' the house needn't be cowed, for you can come to it the very day after they leave it."

"Well," said Owen, "I'm glad of that. Will you come wid me to-morrow, an' we'll see about it?"

"To be sure I will; an' what's better, too; the Agit is a son of ould Misher Rogerson's, a man that knows you an' the history o' them you come from, well. An' another thing, Owen! I tell you, when it's abroad that you want to take the farm, there's not a man in the parish would bid agia you. You may know that yourself."

"I think, indeed, they would rather sarve me than otherwise," replied Owen; "an', in the name o' God, we'll see what can be done. Misher Rogerson, him-

self, 'ud spake to his son for me; so that I'll be sure of his interest. Arrah, Frank, how is an ould friend o' mine, that I have a great regard for—poor Widow Murray?"

"Widow Murray. Poor woman, she's happy."

"You don't mane she's dead?"

"She's dead, Owen, and happy, I trust, in the Savoir. She died last spring was a two years."

"God be good to her soul! An' are the child're in her place still? It's she that was the decent woman."

"Throth, they are; an' sorrow a better doin' family in the parish than they are. It's they that'll be glad to see you, Owen. Many a time I seen their poor mother, heavens be her bed, lettin' down the tears, when she used to be spakin' of you, or mentionin' how often you sarved her; espeshially, about some day or other that you prevented her cows from bein' canted for the rint. She's dead now, an' God he knows, an honest hard-workin' woman she ever was."

"Dear me, Frank, isn't a wonder to think how the people drop off! There's Widow Murray, one o' my ouldst frinds, an' Pether M'Mahon, an' Barney Lorin—an't to forget pleasant Rousin' Red-head—all taken away! Well!—well! Sure it's the will o' God! We can't be here always."

After much conversation, enlivened by the bottle, though but sparingly used on the part of Owen, the hour of rest arrived, when the family separated for the night.

The grey dawn of a calm beautiful summer's morning found Owen up and abroad, long before the family of honest Frank had risen. When dressing himself, with an intention of taking an early walk, he was asked by his friend why he stirred so soon, or if he—his host—should accompany him.

"No," replied Owen; "lie still; jist let me look over the country while it's asleep. When I'm musin' this a-way I don't like any body to be along wid me. I have a place to go an' see, too—an' a message—a tender message, from poor Kathleen, to deliver, that I wouldn't wish a second person to hear. Sleep, Frank. I'll jist crush the head o' my pipe agin one o' the half burned turf that the fire was raked wid, an' walk out for an hour or two. After our breakfast we'll go an' look about this new farm."

He sallied out as he spoke, and closed the door after him in that quiet thoughtful way for which he was ever remarkable. The season was midsummer, and the morning wanted at least an hour of sun-rise. Owen ascended a little knoll, above Frank's house, on which he stood and surveyed the surrounding country with a pleasing but melancholy interest. As his eyes rested on Tubber Derg, he felt the difference strongly between the imperishable glories of nature's works, and those which are executed by man. His house he would not have known, except by its site. It was not, in fact, the same house, but another which had been built in its stead. This disappointed and vexed him. An object on which his affections had been placed was removed. A rude stone house stood before him, rough and unplastered; against each end of which was built a stable and a cow-house, sloping down from the gables to low doors at both sides; adjoining these rose two mounds of filth, large enough to be easily distinguished from the knoll on which he stood. He sighed as he contrasted it with the neat and beautiful farmhouse, which shone there in his happy days, white as a lily, beneath the covering of the lofty beeches.

There was no air of comfort, neatness, or independence, about it; on the contrary, everything betrayed the evidence of struggle and difficulty, joined, probably, to want both of skill and of capital. He was disappointed, and turned his gaze upon the general aspect of the country, and the houses in which either his old acquaintances or their children lived. The features of the landscape were, certainly, the same; but even here was a change for the worse. The warmth of coloring, which wealth and independence give to the appearance of a cultivated country, was gone. Decay and coldness seemed to brood upon everything he saw. The houses, the farm-yards, the ditches, and enclosures, were

all marked by the blasting proofs of national decline. Some exceptions there were to this disheartening prospect; but they were only sufficient to render the torn and ragged evidences of poverty, and its attendant—carelessness—more conspicuous. He left the knoll, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and putting it into his waistcoat pocket, ascended a larger hill, which led to the grave-yard where his child lay buried. On his way to this hill, which stood about half a mile distant, he passed a few houses of an humble description, with whose inhabitants he had been well acquainted. Some of these stood nearly as he remembered them; but others were roofless, with their dark gables either fallen in or partially broken down. He surveyed their smoke colored walls with sorrow; and look'd d, with a sense of the transient character of all man's works, upon the chickweed, docks, and nettles, which had shot up so rankly on the spot where many a chequered scene of joy and sorrow had fitted over the circumscribed circle of humble life, ere the annihilating wing of ruin swept away them and their habitations.

When he had ascended the hill, his eye took a wider range. The more distant and picturesque part of the country lay before him.

"Ay!" said he, in a soliloquy, "Lord bless us, how strange is this world!—an' what poor crathurs are men! There's the dark mountains, the hills, the rivers, an' the green glens, all the same; an' nothin' else amost but's changed! The very song of that black-bird, in thim thorn-bushes an' hazels below me, is like the voice of an ould friend to my ears. Och, indeed, hardly that, for even the voice of man changes; but that song is the same as I heard it for the best part o' my life. That mornin' star, too, is the same bright crathur up there that it ever was! God help us! Hardly anything changes but man, an' he seems to think that he can never change; if one is to judge by his thoughtlessness, folly, an' wickedness!"

A smaller hill, around the base of which went the same imperfect road that crossed the glen of Tubber Derg, prevented him from seeing the grave-yard to which he was about to extend his walk. To this road he directed his steps. On reaching it he looked, still with a strong memory of former times, to the glen in which his children, himself, and his ancestors had all, during their day, played in the happy thoughtlessness of childhood and youth. But the dark and ragged house jarred upon his feelings. He turned from it with pain, and his eyes rested upon the still green valley with evident relief. He thought of his 'buried flower'—his golden-haired darlin'; as he used to call her—and almost fancied that he saw her once more wandering waywardly through its tangled mazes, gathering berries, or strolling along the green meadow, with a garland of gowans about her neck. Imagination, indeed, cannot heighten the image of the dead whom we love; but even if it could, there was no standard of ideal beauty in her father's mind beyond that of her own. She had been beautiful; but her beauty was pensive; a fair yet melancholy child; for the charm that ever encompassed her was one of sorrow and tenderness. Had she been volatile and mischievous, as children usually are, he would not have carried so far into his future life the love of her which he cherished. Another reason why he still loved her strongly, was a consciousness that her death had been occasioned by distress and misery; for, as he said, when looking upon the scenes of her brief but melancholy existence—

"Avourneen machree, I remember to see you pickin' the berries; but ashore—ashore—it wasn't for play you did it. It was to keep away the cattin' of hunger from your heart! Of all our child're every one said that you wor the M'Carthy—never sayin' much, but the heart in you ever full of goodness an' affection. God help me, I'm glad—an', now, that I'm comin' near it—loth to see her grave."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

POLITE CHILDREN.—Everybody likes polite children. Worthy persons will pay attention to such, speak well of their good manners, and entertain a high opinion of their parents. Children make a note of this.

THE INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

Gen. Washington never attempted to conceal that he owed his principles of virtue and honor to the counsels of his mother. In his manhood he treated her with as much respect and affection as he did in his youth. When she was informed that he was elected President of the United States, she said, in substance, that she was not surprised, for 'George was always a good boy.' She believed that 'good boys make good men.'

When Joseph Ritner was Governor of Pennsylvania, he was present at a Fourth of July celebration in company with Jacob Myers, to whom he was once a bound boy. The latter gentlemen gave the following sentiment: 'Joseph Ritner—he was always a good boy, he has still grown better; everything he did he

always did well; he made a good farmer, and a good legislator, and makes a very good Governor.'

John Quincy Adams once said, 'It is due to gratitude and a sense that I should, as knowledge and own that, such as I have been, what it was, such as I am, whatever it is, and such as I hope to be in all futurity, must be ascribed, under Providence to the precepts and example of my mother.'

Lord Bacon, Jonathan Edwards, Richard Cecil, John Wesley, Sir Isaac Newton, Augustine, Timothy Dwight, and many other distinguished men, who have lived, speak in similar terms of the influence of their early homes.

Even when sons have spent the years of early manhood in prodigality, they have felt constrained to ascribe their reformation, in numerous instances, to parental fidelity.

Thus, Augustine was the son of a devoted, godly mother, who instructed him in those truths and principles essential to purity and success; and yet he became a vicious wanderer. For years he plunged into sin, without any regard to the wishes of a kind parent or the commandments of God. But finally he reformed and became a good man, as he confessed, through the remembered lessons of the fireside. So it was with John Newton. He was blessed with an excellent mother. She early instilled the most useful and important truths into his mind; and still, at fifteen years of age, he excelled all vicious youths around him in wickedness. He was a sailor, and no sailor was more abandoned than he. At length, however, he was converted to God, as he said through the lessons of his childhood.

BENBURB CASTLE.

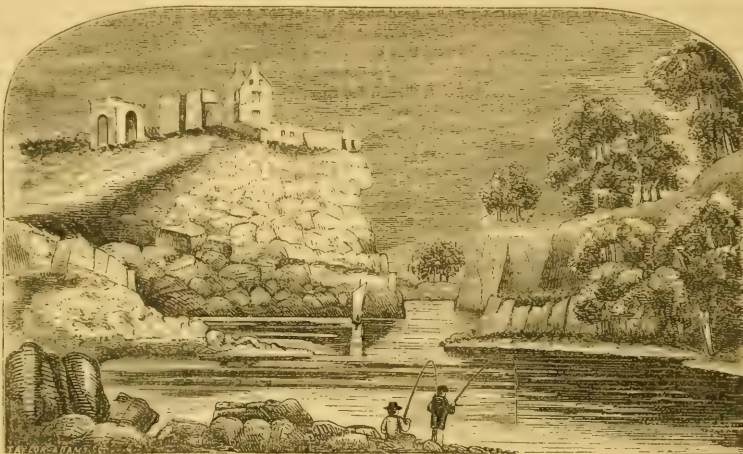
The suljoined engraving of Benburb Castle, is from a sketch taken on the spot by Mr. Michael O'Boyle of New York, and by him furnished to us for publication in the *Miscellany*.

Benburb Castle is erected on the Blackwater, on the borders of Tyrone, Armagh. It was long a strong hold of the Tyrone O'Neills, on the borders of the English Pale, and no Queen's sheriff dare venture by its frowning walls. The celebrated battle which took place here in 1597, is thus described by Mitchell in his life of Hugh O'Neill:

'O'Neill knew that Lord De Burgh would direct his efforts to recover the fortress of Portmore, and therefore had entrenched a part of his army in a pass of the woods near the southern bank of the Blackwater, a mile beyond Benburb, when they found themselves in front of the chosen troops of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, led by their chieftains in person, and supported by the Antrim Scots under James Mac Donnell of the Glynn; and it was now plain that O'Neill had purposely decoyed them across the river that he might engage them according to his wont, on his own chosen battle-ground. The Lord Deputy, however, attacked them gallantly, and was mortally wounded in the beginning of the conflict, and carried off the field. Kildare took the command, but he also was struck down from his horse, and his two foster-brothers in rescuing him from the press of battle were slain by his side. The English were routed with terrible slaughter, great numbers were drowned or cut to pieces in their flight; and amongst the slain, besides Lord De Burgh, were several officers of distinction, Sir Francis Vaughn, brother-in-law to the Lord Deputy, Thomas Waller and Robert Turner. Kildare also died in a few days of his wounds, or, as English historians will have it, of grief for the death of his foster-brother. That battle-field is called Drumbligh; it lies about two miles westward from blackwater-town, (Portmore) and Battleford-bridge marks the spot where the English reddened the river in their flight.

* *Brinn-Baird*, the 'Hill-brow.'—*Stuart's History of Armagh*.

THE BOY AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.—A boy got his grandfather's gun and loaded it, but was afraid to fire; he, however, liked the fun of loading, and so put in another charge, but was still afraid to fire. He kept on charging, but without firing, until he had got six charges in the old piece. His grandmother, learning his temerity, smartly reproved him, and grasping the old continental, discharged it. The recoil was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back; she struggled to regain her feet, but the boy cried out—'Lay still, granny, there are five more charges to go off yet.'



BENBURB CASTLE.

DR CAHILL IN STRANORLAR.

It having been announced that the Rev. Dr. Cahill was to preach a charity sermon, on Sunday, January the 24th, in aid of the funds for the erection of the new church now in process of building, in Stranorlar, Co. Donegal, the inhabitants of that and the surrounding parishes became desirous of seeing and hearing, for the third time, the gifted and eloquent divine, whose zeal and untiring exertions in the cause of Catholicity and his country, have become as 'household words,' familiar in the mouths of all. As was anticipated, a vast concourse of persons from twelve and twenty miles distance, purposely came to take advantage of the opportunity afforded them. On Sunday morning, from an early hour, the neighborhood of the old chapel presented a most enlivening appearance, and hundreds of expectants eagerly crowded round the walls and gate, awaiting with deep anxiety the moment when admittance would be given. Shortly after ten o'clock the committee assembled, and the gate being thrown open, in a very short space of time the galleries were densely crowded, and there was hardly standing room in the aisle for the vast multitude.—The altar and statue of the Blessed Virgin were beautifully ornamented with artificial flowers, lace, &c., &c., procured at their own expense, by the Misses Toner, who dressed both with their own hands in the most exquisite manner. At twelve o'clock the most Rev. Mr. Cullen, C. C., of Mevagh, offered up the Mass, at which the congregation devoutly assisted. After the post Communion, the Rev. Doctor, robed in surplice, soutan, and stole, proceeded to the altar and received the blessing of the Right Rev. Dr. McGettigar, (coadjutor Bishop of Raphoe), after which he remained for a few moments in prayer. The congregation at this time presented a most imposing spectacle, exhibiting every demonstration of delight and respect at his appearance. The Rev. preacher selected

water, and right in the path of the English army, where, 'to the natural strength of the place,' says Monson, 'was added the art of interlacing the low boughs, and casting the bodies of trees across the way.' De Burgh instantly attacked and forced this pass, drove the Irish northward across the river, took possession of Portmore fort and garrisoned it. Their prayers and thanksgivings for this success were interrupted by calling to arms; and on the left bank of the river they saw the Irish issuing from their woods, and taking up a position between Portmore and Benburb, as if bent to renew the battle. The Earl of Kildare was sent forward to attack them; and was shortly after supported by De Burgh, with his whole army. They pressed forward, and after some severe skirmishes, had ad-

for his subject 'the casting out of the dumb devil, and the return of seven other devils worse than the first.' St. Luke, xi., chap. 15, 26 verse. His discourse on the above subject was one redolent of the most sincere piety, and abounding in the most beautiful imagery and choice language. For two hours the congregation listened with the most breathless attention, fearful of losing one word of what he uttered, whilst the sublimely gifted preacher, in a continual flow of the most soul stirring and burning eloquence, introduced into his brilliant discourse illustrations drawn from nature. So strikingly grand and conclusive were his arguments that they carried conviction without the least shadow of doubt to the most illiterate intellect. At the close of the discourse the Rev. Doctor appealed to the congregation to aid their venerated pastor in carrying out the good work. He then spoke in the most glowing terms of the indefatigable exertions of the Parish Priest, the Rev. D. E. Coyle, and of the parish generally, and congratulated the congregation in the most cordial manner with regard to their health, and the apparent comfort which was about them. He also passed a glowing eulogium on his old and venerated fellow student, the Rev. Edward Boyle, the much beloved Parish Priest of Donnoughmore, whose purse, he said, was always open to aid in every good cause, besides encouraging others to give their mite cheerfully, as God would reward them for it in his heavenly kingdom. The Rev. Doctor wound up his appeal by giving his blessing to the multitude and left the altar. A subscription was then entered into.

The Rev. Doctor gave a brilliant course of controversial lectures on the dogmas of religion, which were numerously attended. He left for Dublin amidst the prayers and good wishes of all who had heard him. The amount collected on this occasion was £113, exclusive of all expenses.

☞ WE HAVE NO TRAVELLING AGENTS. Our friends ought to send their subscriptions directed to the Editors, through the mail, or procure their papers at some periodical store.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We cannot take any notice of communications intended for insertion, if written on both sides of the paper.

☞ Correspondents must furnish us with their names, in confidence, or their favors cannot be published.

☞ We cannot return any manuscript sent us for publication.

☞ 'Charles F. O' Hanlon.' Your poems are not suited to the columns of the *Miscellany*.

☞ 'NICHOLAS LEONARD.'—If we were to publish your charade we should be inundated with such matter. We must, therefore, decline inserting your favor.

☞ 'ST. PATRICK'S DAY.'—The poem thus entitled shall appear in our next.

☞ 'MICHAEL GROGAN,' Waltham.—The passage occurs in the original from which we copied. The illustration you allude to, is not conceived in the best taste. The old man points to Blarney Castle, and is supposed to be reciting to the little children around his knee, the legends and traditions of his race, and the means by which his ancestors and himself were plundered of their estates by the Saxon enemy.

☞ 'ANTQUIARIAN,'—wishes to know if there are any leaning round towers in Ireland, &c. Yes, the round tower of Kilmacduagh, county Galway, leans seventeen and a half feet from the perpendicular. We know of no other tower which leans so much. The celebrated tower of Pisa, in Italy, leans only thirteen feet.

☞ 'JAMES O'REGAN,' Boston.—The martyr, Archbishop Oliver Plunkett, was advanced to the Primacy of Ireland in the year 1699. He was sent to Newgate on the 6th December, 1679, and removed to London the following October. He was charged with holding a treasonable correspondence with the French court, and finally convicted by the most diabolical perjury.

☞ He was executed at Tyburn on the 1st of July, 1681, in the presence of a large multitude, and with his last breath called on Heaven to witness his innocence. His head, yet adorned with silvery locks, is still preserved at Drogheda, in the Monastery of the Dominican Nuns.

☞ 'J. O'D,' Bangor, Me.—John Mitchell's paper is called the *Southern Citizen*, and published in Knoxville, Tennessee. Any periodical dealer will procure it for you.

☞ 'TYRONE,' Cincinnati.—There are five rivers in Ireland called the 'Blackwater,' and one in England. The five in Ireland take their rise in Armagh, Cork, Meath, Longford, and Wexford. The 'Blackwater' in England is the principal river in the county of Essex.

☞ 'HIBERNICUS,' N. Y.—Macaulay says the author of the letters of 'Junius,' was Sir Philip Francis, an Irishman.

☞ Our New York correspondent's letter came too late for insertion this week.

SALEM, March 6th, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—

GENTS: The *Irish Miscellany* has been received here in the city of wishes, with a thousand welcomes, and with many hearty wishes for its future success. Should it keep up to the standard the few numbers already published promise it will be a work of which Irishmen will feel justly proud.

The various Irish societies are preparing to celebrate 'Old Ireland's Anniversary' in a becoming manner. First we are to have a concert and Lecture combined—the vocal part will be by some of our best amateur singers, Messrs. Harding, Stevens, Foley, Garrison, &c. The Lecture will be delivered by Doctor Fitzgerald of this city, formerly of Springfield, Mass. The subject is 'British Rule in India.' From the Doctor's popularity and well known ability as a Lecturer, we anticipate a crowded house.

The Irish Reading Room Association winds up the festivities of the day, by a public supper at their Rooms in the Franklin Building.

With the sincere wishes that the *Miscellany* ere the recurrence of the approaching festival day may number a hundred thousand subscribers among its readers,

I remain, yours truly, ULFADA.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

In our article in last week's paper entitled 'A Monument to Sarsfield,' we gave a condensed account of the first siege of Limerick, in which the prowess of the brave Earl of Lucan was signally displayed—thinking a continuation of the subject may be interesting to our readers, we purpose in our present article to give an account of the recorded siege, which after many vicissitudes, ended in the surrender of the town to the English.

Tyrconnel, who by his retreat to Galway, had lost the confidence of the Irish, and was represented to the French ministers as a coward, finding his popularity waning, and dreading the loss of his power, finally determined to have a personal interview with Louis and James, trusting by the plausible arguments he might adduce to conceal the true state of affairs in Ireland, and throw the removal of the stores from his own shoulders, on those of Lausun; he appointed the Duke of Berwick, Commander-in-Chief, during his absence, and nominated twelve of his own creatures to administer the government.

Meeting with success in his journey to France, Tyrconnel returned to his own government on the 6th of January, bringing with him clothing and ammunition and £11,000 in money. He found the army in the extreme of misery. Baldearg O'Donnell, with eight thousand men, had set up an independent command, and made demonstrations of maintaining the cause of the native Irish district from that of James.

During the absence of Tyrconnel, in France, a deputation waited on Berwick to represent to him that his power was illegal. They also stated that Tyrconnel would misrepresent their wants, and begged the Duke to make the necessary representations himself. After a slight delay, Berwick assented to the wishes of the deputation, and sent a commission to France to make the necessary explanations. They proceeded to St. Germain, and represented to James that the appointment of Tyrconnel, as Commander-in-chief was ruinous to the cause; he was unfit for directing military movements, and a scientific general must be found to oppose the experience and tactics of the enemy. The Irish only wanted a general and supplies. These and other representations had their effect on Louis. Sarsfield was appointed general, with the patent of an Earldom; and on the 8th of June, forty French transports, escorted by twelve ships of war reached Limerick, having on board Lieut. Gen. St. Ruth as Commander-in-chief, together with numbers of men, ammunition and supplies. *Te Deum* was sung in the churches, and all ranks exerted themselves to put the Irish army in a condition to take the field.

On the same day, (June 8th,) the English opened the campaign. The fort of Ballymore was captured, and on the 18th of June, the English approached Athlone, which was captured after a hardly contested siege, during which, prodigies of valor were enacted by the Irish troops and their allies. The disaster at Aughrim, where St. Ruth fell, followed. The troops of James then returned to Limerick, where, on the 14th of August, Tyrconnel, who had been attacked with apoplexy, died. At his death, D'Usson, the senior officer, assumed the command at Limerick; but all the details were superintended by Sarsfield, whose vigilance and activity knew no relaxation. De Ginkle, the commander of William's army, reached Limerick on the 15th of August, where he calculated on effecting, by the treachery and desertion of the Irish officers, what William failed to accomplish by force and skill, and with a better appointed army. From the 15th to the 25th, was wasted in encouraging desertion, and procuring information, when De Ginkle found he must venture on a siege. On the 30th, the English opened fire from their batteries, which was returned by the

Irish, with fewer guns, but with steadiness and resolution.

At the same time eighteen English ships came up the river, and the united fire of the fleet and batteries soon reduced both the English and Irish towns to ruins. Although the breach was practicable, the assault was delayed, owing to the dissensions and divisions which were known to prevail among the principal officers in the town. On the 7th, 8th and 9th of Sept, the English plied their guns and mortars incessantly, but the efforts of the garrison were not relaxed—the soldiery were constantly employed in extinguishing the fires, raising breastworks, and making sallies to destroy the trenches. On the 13th De Ginkle was constrained to dispatch a message to King William, apprizing him of the difficulties of the siege, and the probability of being compelled to raise it.

Brigadier Clifford, an officer of Dragoons, was suspected of treachery, but owing to the disunion among the principal officers, was continued in command of 1500 horse. To guard the passes of the Shannon; for Lieutenant General D'Usson, the governor, had ordered the Irish cavalry out of the town to the Clare side of the river, on which side it was open for reinforcements and provisions; calculating justly that as long as the enemy remained on the opposite bank, they could have no chance of succeeding in fact of a garrison so resolute and provided. De Ginkle, seeing the difficulty in the same point of view, resolved on posting a portion of his army on the opposite bank, in which attempt he was favored by the negligence or treachery of Clifford. During the night of the 15th of September the English threw a bridge of boats across the river, two miles above the town, and about the same distance from the camp of the Irish horse, commanded by Lieutenant-General Sheldon. At daylight the English were passing over.—Clifford was not very forward in the matter: he brought down his dragoons on foot, made some show of opposition, and then fell back without giving Sheldon the slightest notice of the passage, intending, probably, that he should be surprised and cut to pieces; but Sheldon, by great address, and by stopping the enemy at the bridge, effected his escape to Six Mile Cross. But a fair and impartial court martial could scarce be formed amidst the existing heats and contentions. It was proved that Clifford had had notice of the enemy being at work at the bridge; he admitted negligence, pleaded innocence, and was honorably acquitted.

But though the besiegers had crossed the river, and erected a fort to secure their new position, this division of their army into two bodies, connected by a temporary bridge, made their situation extremely perilous. The portion on the right bank of the river might be overwhelmed before it could receive succor from the left, and vice versa. A council of war, on the 17th, decided that the siege should be turned into a blockade—that the resources of the garrison should be cut off, and a surrender expected on famine.—With this view the heavy cannon were removed on board ship from the trenches, and the crews of the ships of war directed to destroy the harvest on the Clare side. The removal and embarkation of the great guns occupied the 19th and 20th, and for the purpose of destroying the harvest, a large body of horse and foot were ordered to the right bank of the river on the 22d. On their approaching the works opposite Thomond Gate, a Sally of the picked men, under Colonel Lacy, was ordered to check their approach. This was effected with great valor and good success for a time, till, overpowered by a continued supply of both horse and foot, Lacy was forced to give way. He and his men, routed and repulsed, and themselves of the ground he had lost; but the enemy—still bringing up fresh troops—forced him to retire towards the gate, which the mayor of the town, as he said (apprehending that the English might come in, pell-mell with them), imprudently shut against his own people, whereby the greatest part of them were cut to pieces.

A capitulation was now openly discussed, which was vehemently opposed by Sarsfield; but a formal resolution to surrender was put and carried in the council of the French, and Sarsfield gave way. On the 28th of August, the articles of surrender were negotiated, and pursuant to its provisions, the English took possession of the town. Ten days after the treaty was executed, the French Squadron, commanded by Chateau Renaud, hove in sight. This fleet consisted of five men-of-war, and eighteen ships of burden, laden with stores, and ammunition, and when too late, showed what might have been effected, but for the fatal precipitancy of resolves, prompted by personal interests and animosities. The arrival of this squadron a few days sooner would have saved the town, prolonged the war another year, called forth all the energies of the nation, and disciplined the valor of the natives.

Notwithstanding the defeat of the Irish, Sarsfield negotiated one of the most liberal treaties ever conceded to a defeated army. The garrison was allowed to evacuate the town with all the honors of war, and freedom of conscience was guaranteed to the Catholics of the land. The troops had, however, scarcely left their native shores to take service in France, when the treaty was most shamefully violated, and the penal laws enacted against the Catholics, enforced with all the rigor and blood thirstiness of their early authors.

LITERATURE.

From the *Month* a Record of our History and Literature
a Record of our History and Literature

THE WEXFORD CAMPAIGN.

"The last, brief, brilliant and bloody struggle, that the national monuments of whose glory and glory, I feel now vander with you, was as remarkable and unexpected in '98, as it is fraught with a thrilling interest and manifold admonitions for us today.

If the issue was not successful, neither was it dishonorable; and we can afford to let that ghastly, blood-spattered past speak to us without shame. Though it may accuse our race from its Wexford graves and seafolds of many excesses and errors, they were the excesses of excess, the errors of revenge. It may accuse us of wilfulness and bigotry; they were, if not the natural, the expedient weapons to meet wilfulness and bigotry. They were the resources of the day—the dreadful weapons alone within grasp when the insurgents considered every Protestant a tyrant; when Protestants proclaimed every Catholic a rebel; when reason was banished, mercy denounced, and the reciprocal thirst for blood insatiable.* These it may accuse that struggle with, but it cannot accuse it of cowardice.

Looming as the spectre does from Mount Leinster to Duncannon, it still hears mournfully impassioned tales of Oulart and Ross, of Enniscorthy and Vinegar Hill, of Gorey and Tubberneering. The Barrow, the Slaney, and the Nore have paid unceasingly their tribute to the ocean, but they have not washed away the heroic memories so impetuously written on their banks. Half a century of summers brought fruit and flowers and wealthy vegetation there; and half a century of winters, like the ghostly bridegroom of the German tale, disrobed the trustful, loving earth of all her flowery garments, and wrapped her in the icy folds of death.

Summer and winter—the fruits and flowers of the one, and the snows and the storms of the other, are alike transitory. They came and have gone; but that which comes and goes not, the memory of the brave and just is richer than the luxuriance of June and stronger than the winds of December. The spectre of that year still rears its war-worn front, its chivalric though haggard, rushed and bleeding above those hills and plains, above those old towns and towers.

The cause which produced it may be questioned by some; but the courage which supported it never by any.

If the end of the Wexford struggle was not attained, the means then taken still live glorious with examples of devotion, courage, and fortitude, from which the Irish nationalist of to-day may profitably take hope and warning.

The rising of Wexford was unexpected in '98. It was not included in the programme of organization formed in Dublin. There was no preconcerted arrangement with any other county. On the arrest of the delegates of United Irishmen, at Oliver Bond's on the 12th March, 1798, it was neither represented by a delegate, nor by letter. The celebrated William Putnam McCabe, made an attempt to organize the County Wexford, and though he considered it among the boldest of his many bold efforts, he had but little success, and from the apathy of the people, a systematic organization, under the auspices of the United Irishmen, was thought fruitless.

The people of Wexford, descended in part from the English adventurers furnished to Dorned McMurrough by Henry the Second, with an admixture of the Cromwellian plunderers of a later period, and a more remote sprinkling of the blood of Dane and Gael, were ever considered a brave race, but lived within themselves, took little notice of outside agitation, and had for many years attained a character for peace and probity, which was held out for the example and emulation of other parts of Ireland.

From the industry of the inhabitants, their peaceable nature, the absence of rioting, and the good reputation of the county in all respects, Hay states that "landed property was considered of higher value in it than in many other parts of the Island. An execution for a capital crime rarely took place there; and in the calendar of its criminals, it has as few on record as any part of either Great Britain or Ireland."† Yet with all its ambition to show an example of industry and peace to the country, Wexford was also ambitious to be the most intolerant. And while throughout the land, the ranks of the Volunteers were sander those bigoted feelings and antipathies springing from the fears of Catholic or Protestant ascendancy—while in those ranks Catholic and Protestant soldiers felt each other a necessity for the preservation of both; the Volunteers of Wexford willfully abused the privileges and purposes of the organization—created a fiction of the intended nationality, and sowed that seed from which sprang the inhuman fruit at Carnev and Scullabogue—in a word, the Wexford Volunteers excluded all Catholics from their ranks, and it was the only county in Ireland where intolerance completely usurped the garb and functions of religion in a manner so narrow-minded and unmanly.

For some time peace and industry continued to hold the Wexford peasant; but from the year 1792 when the Catholics held meetings, and by private document and public petition, agitated the question of their rights—from this year to that in which the rebellion broke out, various portions of the County Wexford were prominent in this agitation, and in that referring to the title-paying, occasionally a disturbance occurred between the people and militia or soldiery, on a few occasions being attended with loss of life.

On the 30th of March, 1798, all Ireland was put under martial law and officially proclaimed in a state of rebellion, by Lord Camden.

To this proclamation and the appearance of the North Cork Militia, commanded by Lord Kingsborough in Wexford, may justly be attributed the insurrection in that county. Up to this period the society of United Irishmen had made but little progress in Wexford; neither had Orangeism on the other hand any ostensible being, until the North Cork, among whom were many indefatigable propagandists of the Orange system, set about proselytizing and swearing in the Protestants whose minds were easily inflamed, and who, being backed by the military soon openly endorsed and aided the persecutions perpetrated in the name of faith and justice against the peasantry.

The proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant incited the military to suppress in the most summary manner all attempts at riot or disturbance. Thus empowered, these lawless ruffians faced the country inciting and swearing one portion of it into utter hostility to the other, creating feuds for the sake of punishing individuals; and involving individuals that whole districts might be plundered.

Their enemies thus banded together as Orangemen, yeomen, militiamen, the peasantry had no resource but in the organization of the United Irishmen; and although the persecution and intimidation under which the Catholic peasant and liberal Protestant then suffered, gave some slight impetus to the United Irish system in Wexford, still it never was as extensive as it should have been, nor at all in comparison with the development attained in other counties. It is no doubt but that when hostilities commenced the self-protective necessities of the people drove them under the banner of the republican Union, but who may not imagine a glorious and successful issue had the organization been perfected before the people were crushed and tortured into self-defence. Who, on reading the history of the time, and beholding what was accomplished under such adverse circumstances, might not reasonably feel the deep loss which the want of earlier concert upon a divine principle of liberty entailed.

There was no preconcert no arrangement, no organization.

The inhuman tortures instituted by the yeomen, the barbarities inflicted without regard to age or sex, the scourings, pitch-caps, house-burnings, and murders, then drew a distinct and bloody line between those who acted for, and under the protection of the government and the people. No man was safe, no woman inviolable, private pique found vent in public vengeance; and the magistracy falling into the hands of Orange factionists, was at once witness, judge, jury, and executioner.

On the twenty-fifth of April, twenty-seven magistrates met at Gorey, and two days after, Wexford was proclaimed, the more fully to legalize their onslaughts on the people. Under the pretext of putting down rebellion, and with fresh powers voted to themselves all persons suspected of being United Irishmen and all houses supposed to shelter pikes were submitted to the rack and the flame.

In this foray against life and property every Catholic was suspected, his house plundered, and his family hunted to the ditches and woods for shelter, which fact was in turn pointed against the man, family and house as conclusive evidence that all together were in conspiracy against the state. Men were hanged at their own doors until nearly dead, and were then resuscitated only to be hanged up again. Wet gunpowder was rubbed into the heads of some, and ignited when dry; the heads of others were smeared and saturated with boiling pitch; ears, noses, and other limbs were cut off or maimed, and under such tortures numbers of innocent and harmless men were forced during the weakness and insanity thus induced, to make confessions of what they did not know, and acquiesce in all that the violence or invention of their torturers dictated.

Thus was the whole county in a state of disruption, and especially in the districts of Ross, Enniscorthy and Gorey. The most innocent people were fearful of presenting themselves in public, not knowing where a private enemy might step forward, armed with his badge of Orangeism, or in a militia uniform, to denounce, arraign, torture or murder him. Consequently business was at a stand still; the markets were unprovided with food, provisions rose in price, the people suffered and the military seeking supplies for themselves, only found another medium to carry out the design of Pitt and Castlereagh—to drive the country into rebellion that a pretext might be made for their completely accomplishing the ruin of the remains of the so-called Irish Legislative Independence, and the union of Ireland to England. What with free quarters, slow tortures and all their attendant horrors, the people were driven to madness.

General Abercrombie, who was sent to Ireland as commander-in-chief, after a tour of observation, severely reprobated the military, and failing to impress on the ministers the necessity of a mild government in Ireland, as well as being unwilling to be a party to their infamous plans, resigned his command in the close of April. All the historians of the period, Protestant as well as Catholic, with only one exception, sustain the opinion of Abercrombie, and trace all the hellish barbarities of that unfortunate year to the administration.

That exception was Sir Richard Musgrave, who, in his history, gives us a defence of torture, and who, on one occasion, when, being high sheriff of the county Waterford, he failed to procure an executioner to whip a white-boy, performed the office himself, as Dr. Madden adds, "with all the zeal of an amateur performer."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

A worthy clergyman, upon being asked why he did not venture to an election, at which the proceedings were very riotously conducted, and give his vote, replied—I do not see why I should endanger my own poll to benefit another man's.

'Mother,' said a little-built urchin, about five years old, 'why don't the teacher make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one.'

*Barrington's Rise and Fall, page 347.

†History of the Irish Insurrection. By Ed. Hay. P. 61.

A TOUR IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

NO. II.

LETTER TO JOHN MARTIN, ESQ.—PARIS.

VICKSBURG, JAN. 21, 1858.

I waited at Memphis one day longer than my intention for the arrival of the 'Eclipse,' grandest and most luxurious of Mississippi steamboats; for when you are travelling on the river you may as well see all its institutions at their best. And it is a floating palace, this Eclipse, a palace radiant with gilding, crystal, Turkey carpets and stained glass, but holding in its bowels a monstrous, high-pressure steam-demon. The Eclipse, however, did not come: the financial crisis has elapsed here; monetary pressure has oppressed her; and she lies somewhere under seizure. Her steam-whistle bellows no more; the roaring lungs of her high-pressure steam-familiar have collapsed; her gilded coracles grow dim; the spider hath wove his web in the imperial palace; and the owl hath sung her watch song on the towers of Af-rasiah—that is on the smoke pipes of the Eclipse.

English travellers are sometimes in the habit of condemning or ridiculing the splendor and luxury of these Mississippi steamboats. It is because there is not in England, or in all Europe, so delightful a mode of locomotion; and as for the expense, so long as they carry you eight hundred miles for fifteen or sixteen dollars what is your grievance? Do gilded mouldings in themselves offend the purity of your taste? or is ice-d Sauteuse at dinner disgusting? Under a crystal chandelier, at a marble table, on velvet-cushioned chairs, behold! men with their hats on, playing *echec*. Is this a stumbling-block to you? would it be better if they played, as in old times of the River in a dingy cabin, on a dent table, and seated on the heads of barrels—let a discerning Public Judge.

By the non-appearance of the calculated Eclipse I am forced to set sail in another vessel, much smaller and less pretentious, but still handsome and comfortable. The 'Keller troupe' are on board, with all the living and dead stock and material of their *tableaux*, bound for New Orleans. Keller is a Pole, an artist, and a diligent provider of public amusement; wherefore is he dearly prized both up and down the Mississippi. His *tableaux* are presentations in real flesh and blood of certain celebrated pictures; the Ascent to Calvary, the Descent from the Cross, and the like. It seems they were condemned and tabooed in New York, as irreverent; but in Boston most liberally patronized and warmly admired; which causes Mr. Keller to say that Boston is the most truly intellectual city.

The day after we leave Memphis, we see nothing on either side but thick forests of cottonwood, in its various stages of growth, making immense trees in some places, in others a young bushy copsewood, where the river in its continual changes of channel has lately left a new bank high and dry cutting away a few hundred acres from the opposite side, which 'sinks with all its pines,' and goes to form an island somewhere lower down. In this way, and by the continual descent of sand and clay which the river has in suspension, one may conjecture, and lose himself in conjecturing, what quantity of solid earth must yearly be deposited in the Gulf of Mexico, forming that long muzzle, nozzle or snout which you may find on the map. Whether Cuba has truly been made up of Mississippi washings, and is therefore United States Territory already—as some South Western natural philosophers contend, I do not on the present occasion venture to decide. There is much to be said on this side of the question, though Captain General Coucha urges on behalf of the opposite theory arguments not to be despised.

Second morning from Memphis. A grey mist over the river: and looming through it here and there, the tall black cotton-trees. After breakfast, when the sun has dispersed the mist, we see ahead of us on the Arkansas side, a cluster of white houses, and several steamboats at the levee. It is the village of Napoleon, just on the point formed by the confluence of the Arkansas with the Mississippi. A large Arkansas steamboat comes sweeping out on the full swollen stream just as we approach. We have a glimpse up the river for a moment, extending not more than half a mile. Eye hath not seen a sight more dreary; the river dark and swollen, rolls sullenly between high walls of black leafless forest; and on the point, defended from inundation by a little dyke or levee three or four feet high, cluster the handful of crude and dingy shanties called Napoleon. Here travellers coming up or down, drink and gamble as they wait for a boat up the Arkansas; and the intercourse of society is much varied by pistol-shots. As we are to delay a while at Napoleon, taking in wood, putting out freight, &c., we go ashore with a couple of fellow-travellers to see the nature and conditions of the place. Fever and chill seem to keep watch upon the shore; cholera, and all theagues quarant and tertian, and all the fevers, from slowest typhoid to galloping yellow, hover in the air. It is now, indeed, the depth of winter; but as I go ashore I entertain no doubt that in summer, all the people either fly or die.

Now this is all a mistake. Instead of shaking and quaking patients of greenish hue, we meet with bronzed and burly men. Colonel Ebenezer Cowhide keeps a public-house. The Colonel's pantaloons are thrust inside his boots;

he swings about without his coat, for the day is hot though in January; and he politely details to us all the advantages of making a settlement in his 'section of country.' As for health, he says, there is not a more wholesome spot in all creation; and refers us to a large building—the only thing deserving the name of building in the village, which he says is the Marine Hospital. We proceed to the Marine Hospital; are politely shown over it by the resident surgeon; and he assures us that Napoleon is the most healthy spot on the river; his patients being mostly men wounded by gunshot wounds in the numerous 'difficulties which unlappily occur. Twenty-five such cases he treated successfully last year; and when to this we add the persons shot dead on the spot (and so past hospital treatment) and the trifling wounds and mixed shots, we can form some conjecture of the amount of quarrelling in that little town of two hundred people, and on the boats which stop there. But all this detracts in no way from the general healthiness of the region.

Gloomy and impenetrable as the wilderness seems through which the Arkansas makes its way to the Mississippi, we learn that a few miles back its banks are covered with large and valuable plantations, and are highly improved. In fact wild and untamed as the banks of the Mississippi are between Memphis and this point, there seems no doubt that it is all capable of being made to blossom like the rose. The black alluvial soil, wherever cleared, is most productive in cotton; and as clearing and cultivation proceed on the upper waters of the river, high floods grow less frequent and formidable. The rapid growth and rapid decay of these vast forests of cottonwood also must be gradually consolidating the soil; so that the swamp must in time become drier, and be encroached upon by firm land. In short, this Mississippi valley is but in its infancy, both physically and morally—but what a giant infant!

Hitherto we have passed but few settlements on the banks, some of them wide and well-cultivated plantations, where we stop to take in cotton-bales. Other stoppages are made for wood to supply our fires—mostly pine where it can be had, but in its absence cotton-wood, which, though very light and soon consumed, burns very well.

On the whole, from all these conversations, I conceived the impression that these prudent and intelligent planters were all, at bottom, of my mind; but that they maintained a show of argument or objection for the purpose of drawing out all I had to say. You may wonder at my zeal, not to call it presumption, in lecturing Southern planters upon what is so emphatically their own affair. But they are very liberal and affable; and have conceived, moreover, that Icherish, for some reason or other, a most unfeigned preference for Southern life. They are right; though possibly, they do not fully appreciate all my reasons and secret motives. I will confide them to you.

In the first place, that Northern sentiment which pretends to be scandalized at the South, is British sentiment.

Next; sentiment apart, the antagonistic interests of the two sections are substantially the same as the opposing interests of England and Ireland. The North is England; the South is Ireland. The one is the commercial, manufacturing, maritime and money-broking power—the other represents mainly, agriculture. England has striven long and hard to make the industry of Ireland subservient to herself—that she may have the use of Irish produce, the turning and the spending of Irish money, and she has fully (I trust not finally) succeeded. So the Northern States have been laboring to reduce the Southern States from States to provinces—with what success it is already frightful to contemplate. New York is our factor, our bank, our shipping agent, our fac-totum. Differential duties compel us to take Massachusetts manufactures, and there is even a great and increasing *absentee-drain* from the South to the North. Northern 'literature,' being cheap and vile, is forced into all our houses: and men of enterprise and of genius at the South go North for their career and their reward. You perceive that I am narrating in part, the history of Ireland.

But moreover, I recognise a corresponding difference in the national character of the two sections. The North is more English; the South more Irish. The actual descent and affinity of the Southern population is in far the greater part Irish, French, Welsh, Spanish—in any case Celtic. Perhaps Southerners would be but little obliged to me (seeing they are crammed with Anglo-Saxon 'literature,') for this avowment. Nevertheless it is a compliment. The Celtic is the superior breed; of finer organization, more fiery brain, more passionate heart—less greedy, grabbing, griping and grovelling. The greatest nations that modern Europe has yet seen—greatest in every sense—have been France and Spain; Celtic both. Yet, the Celt has in one instance, one only, yielded and sunk before another race. What then? Did not Greece submit to Rome? And which of those two bred the finest specimens of our genus?

You have seen a country usurper—one of those creatures who possess a single talent and no other—the talent of making money. He has no religion, but is a church-member; no taste for reading, but he buys into his interest the newspaper of the neighborhood. All men hate and scorn him,

but speak well of him. He has no appetite for pleasure, but can speculate on the pleasures of others, and turn all folly to profit. You have seen him gain power, substantial power over many of his neighbors, each of whom is greatly his superior in all human qualities, save one. Each of them despises him, but fears him—for why, their crops as they grow, their herds and flocks on the pastures, are more his than theirs. They all owe him money; yet strange to say, they all feel that he has drawn more from them than they from him—that he lives upon them, but that they are dying of him. This yoke they never will shake off. Some of them go into the work-house; some emigrate and become *navvies*; their children are beggared, their hearth-stones are desolate; but he—he goes along the even tenor of his way in peace and honor, and his praise is in all the churches.

This is the species of power and predominance that England has established over Ireland—and that the North is hastening to establish over the South. You are to observe that the acquisition of such power does not argue superior force, nor superior genius or courage, but only greater cunning and more remorseless and unsleeping greediness. In force and courage there is something respectable; but in fraud and cunning, nothing.

In race then, being Celtic; in pursuits, agricultural; in temperament, pleasure-loving, hospitable and indolent; in position, defensive against the commercial spirit of the age—the South is a new Ireland; her rival another England.—Can you wonder that I am a Southerner?

All this I ponder as I float along the Mississippi; until at last the vast eddying River, with its fringe of cotton-wood, melts away from my sight. I am sitting on the edge of the cliffs at Horn Head. There, far below heaves the green sea rolling in with an unbroken swing from Ireland. Behind me stretches old Ireland, lying in a painful unrest, and moaning in her dreams; for a moaning wind sweeps down upon us from Aragal, through the glens of Gortahork; and the two eagles are wheeling high aloft, following the crimson sunset—with a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation.

There's the bluff of Vicksburg; says an acquaintance at my side. You see the steeps. We shall be in time for dinner at the Prentiss House: and in the meantime what say you to a cocktail? J. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EAST BOSTON, FEB. 25th, 1858.

Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

Pre-supposing it but right to reach the hand of encouragement to a new aspirant for public favor, especially one which comes to us full of promises of such a feast from history and legend of the olden land of our nativity, enriching again our memories with the joys and sorrows of the past, (what a thing is memory!) carried back to the green hill-side of boyhood's early day, methinks I am climbing the old dry clad towers of other and remoter times, or down at evening amongst the ruins of our old monastery, watching the sun setting in a golden west, hallowing the spot which speaks to us of holy and devoted men, and the time when kings laid down the crown and sceptre, and by lives devoted to God, prepared to enter an Eternity in heaven. When from the centre all round to the sea was heard the matin and the vesper bell; when kings from foreign lands came to learn wisdom and religion in the 'emerald gem of ocean,' when Ireland knew nothing of the Dane or the Norman, but peace and prosperity reigned within; when yet the Saxon had not sown dissension, bigotry and hate; when the Irish lived for Ireland, and Erin's light and wisdom and sanctity went forth to the nations yet in darkness around them; but this love for home with its fond associations, enchantments, and retrospections—appendants of every Irish heart—must not lead me from the few topics upon which I intend to write.

I hope you will not be afraid to give us a little political matter, and I may as well tell you how we feel in this Island ward. Politics being absorbed, swallowed up in Kansas, come right to that question, and I say by all means admit it, as per Lecompton Constitution. Some will say this is forcing a thing down the people's throats, the majority of whom could not pass upon it, and that they will have slavery in the state. Now allow me to ask, are not those people in a majority? If so, why did they not vote against the slavery clause? or, 'Constitution without slavery?' They are in the majority, and did not vote, therefore, slavery is there because they did not perform their duty to freedom. If admitted by Congress,

cannot the majority immediately change the slavery clause in that instrument? We say, decidedly, Yes, there must be no clause to prevent this. Senator Wilson allows the people can do so, and Congress will have done with the whole affair; thus, then, there is nothing to agitate about, and if there is, 'tis the fault of those who did not vote. No one will deny that it was the black republican parties' intention to agitate and quarrel upon every clause in this constitution, although angels had made it, such being their only political capital or stock in trade for 1860; this the members of the convention knew and thought better to send to Congress than have two more years of 'Kansas bleeding,' and now the constitution of Kansas is presented for congressional acceptance, by the president of the constitutional convention of Kansas—the executive has nothing left him but to present it; it is his duty. 'As in the call for this convention, and in its election, everything was legal—what then, we ask, can interfere in its action. Nor has Congress the power to remand Kansas to a Territorial condition, she being an independent sovereign state, by consent of Congress outside the Union.'

For our part we believe in the most sterling principles of Democracy, and we see no principle violated—no expediency resorted to in its admission. It has been a vexed question; too much has been said about it by the President, by Walker, and others, it ought not have occupied public mind, nor the exclusive time of Congress; much less is it right, that it should loosen the bond of harmony in the Democratic party—upon whose unity of action, and the success of whose principles, we believe the prosperity of the country depends. Keep up the Kansas turmoil, and elect through that means a black Republican President in 1860, and you who aid in the movement will have time to repent at leisure. Not indeed that we have any fear that the African or Indian races would outstrip the white man in the higher walks, or attainments of life, or fill the public offices to the exclusion of white men; nor yet that Fremont, Seward or Banks, (if the successful aspirants) would be impeached for a violation of the constitution. No, we look for no such trouble; there would be enough in the want of confidence in one government that must inevitably follow—the South would be more and more estranged from the North, our country would present a decided front to the jealous aristocratic governments of Europe, and such is the position sought for by them: it would be in the direction in which lies all the hopes of the enemies of free government, of democratic principles, of our countries prosperity and progress. We, the adopted citizen portion of the Democracy have no small account to settle with the Democratic party, which we promise we will attend to at a future time, not now; we have no intention of introducing self at a time when every friend of the Administration, and of the party should pull harmoniously together. Admit Kansas then, let not our enemies have any thing to rejoice over; Congress has other and important business to attend to. The Democracy are aware that their division gives the enemy the only hope or chance of success; let them remember the President's patriotic words:—

'I have thus performed my duty in this important question under a deep sense of my responsibility to God and my country.'

'My public life will terminate in a brief period, and I have no other object of earthly ambition, than to leave my country in a prosperous condition, and to live in the affections and respect of my countrymen.'

This is not the language of an enemy. Leave then the task of denouncing our patriotic chief magistrate to the disunionist, the factionist, the traitor; close up the ranks of the Democratic party; principles founded in truth, upon which depend the hopes and proud destiny of our nation—of other nations, devolve upon you. Freedom is only preserved by eternal vigilance, and that the vigilance of the Democratic party.

I had not thought to have said so much upon Kansas; allow me now to allude to a lecture delivered by the Hon. Caleb Cushing, before the young Democracy Feb. 12th. Subject—The Mexican Republic. This lecture was a splendid effort, and another of the

Hon. gentleman's reproofs to the fanaticism of Massachusetts of the present day. Those who attribute the misfortunes of Mexico to the Catholic clergy, must feel all ground taken from them. I cannot resist a passage or two—the first one a benediction of the Catholic clergy, the second on mixed races.

'A most erroneous idea exists in the United States that the troubles in Mexico are attributable to the efforts of the clergy to preserve their property from confiscation. It is true they do struggle for this. What clergy of any country, Catholic or Protestant, would not? Would the Protestants of the United States be content that all their funds of education, religion, and charity should be seized upon by desperate factions, and that their churches and hospitals should be turned into barracks and stables for the occupation of the soldiery of the contending armies of chronic civil or servile war? Let any of the great religious establishments of the Protestant church in the United States, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Methodist, Baptist, consider how they would feel, and what they would say, if we had in the United States a new half-breed President, or any other sort of a President, every twelve or six months, and sometimes two or three in a month, put in the White House by insurgent bands of troops, without pretence of constitutional right, and beheading himself at once, as the means of satisfying his rapacious cohorts to the confiscation and plunder of all the numerous pious funds for the support of colleges and churches which we ourselves have in every State in the Union? I suppose that would not be very agreeable to Protestants. I cannot conceive how it could be imagined that the same thing can be just or reasonable in the estimation of Catholics. But it is not for the defence of the property of the church alone that the clergy in Mexico contend. It is for the defence of *all property*, whether clerical or lay, against the reckless rapacity of the successive military factions which, one after another, waste and tear in pieces that once rich and prosperous country of New Spain.'

This from a descendant of the Puritans ought to be evidence—one who saw and studied the country and eminently capable of passing judgment.

Again,
'On the day—if that day should ever come in these United States, which exhibits the spectacle of Indians and Africans being admitted to an impossible equality with white men,—on that day we not only commence that series of disorders, revolutions, civil wars and devastations which have made of Spanish America, of Mexico, and the islands of the West Indies,—which have not only made of them a spectacle of desolation and misery, but which must make of us a similar spectacle of desolation and misery, involving the governors and the governed alike in the same destruction,—a destruction, which, when looked upon in connection with other matters, might well seem to be the vengeance of God upon the perverted passions of miserable men.'

It certainly must be severe upon the sympathizers—those who legislate for the African, and against the Celt, to receive the lash from the statesman, the scholar and the soldier.

But, friend *Miscellany*, I have strayed beyond proper limits. I merely started with two dollars, wishing to be placed upon the list of subscribers. I hope to see the paper prosper, as I believe it will if care and attention are given to it; 'tis by no means perfect, although very good for the commencement of such a new and interesting undertaking. We have a very numerous population in this ward, and if properly canvassed, you ought to have five hundred subscribers here alone. I would make allusion to the Know Nothing legislation at the State House, but having trespassed already, I hope sincerely to hear of your established prosperity, that our people will warmly support such a national memorial, and feel a true interest in a matter which comes so directly from home.

I am yours sincerely,
EXILE.

☞ It must not be presumed that the insertion of our esteemed correspondent's communication is an indorsement by us of his views on the Kansas difficulty. He has a right to his opinions, and we shall express our own in due time, if necessary. We intend, however, to avoid these vexed questions of party politics, except in such cases as involve the interests of our own people. We have little faith in any mere political party. They all hate us with a cordial hatred, and we fear the Democrats are as bad in this respect as any other.—ED. MRS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the *Miscellany*.

MY LADY LOVE.

BY DARRY MCKEON.

Her skin, than the snow-drop, is fairer and whiter,
Her clear, sparkling eye than the diamond is brighter;
Her lips like rose-buds, with honey o'er laden,
Her breath like the sweet-scented ephraim of Eden.

Her heart, true and pure, as the crystalline fountain—
Her step light and free as the deer of the mountain—
Her brow calm and high—worldly vanity scorning;
Her smile drops like dew, from the wings of the morning.

We met by yon brook-side, at close of the even,
She looked like an angel—her soft bosom heaving;
The sweet blooming flowers, gay robes did appear in,
But queen of them all was that daughter of Erin.

Like a fay or some peri from ether descended,
Round her, innocence, virtue and beauty were blended,
And her raven locks flow so bewitchingly o'er her,
That angels might hover around and adore her.

No saint ever kneeling knew purer devotion
Than I when first feeling love's fondest emotion;
No suppliant plead more sincerely, ah! never,
Than I when imploring to bless me forever.

She granted my suit, and we shall be united,
When the 'sunburst' waves o'er our land long benighted,
When the faith and the shrines so long ban'd by the stranger,
Shall triumphantly flourish, defiant of danger.

Then up from each valley, from each mountain and highland,
And rush on the Saxon who plunders our Island;
Let the cry sweep afar o'er the hills loud as thunder,
The green up for aye! and the red trampled under!

[We publish the above, from a desire to encourage the writer. The lines though imitative in many respects, are not without merit, and though evidently from a young beginner, evince a degree of talent which if rightly cultivated, may in time give the writer a 'place among men.' We would, however, advise our contributor to thoroughly digest some good work on prosody, which will be of immense advantage to him. A good classical dictionary—Smith's, for instance—would also give him an insight into various classical terms of which at present he seems to have rather a meagre information. We should be pleased to hear from 'Darby' again.—ED. OF MISCELLANY.]

AN O'NEIL WITHOUT AN O.

We have before us the Cork Herald and Southern Counties General Advertiser, for Saturday, Jan. 23d, 1858. 'Tis a new feature in newspaper literature in the old country, and has an American appearance;—light literary matter, and general, as well as local information, and all for two pence. We trust those efforts for furnishing good reading for the people may be very successful, and that the editors will be thoroughly national. We cut the following from this number, as we know the individual referred to; he is no less than a younger brother of our well known patriotic friend, The Sergeant, although the republican soldier is not ashamed of the O, but rather glories in being a descendant of those who troubled England by their love of country, and the hard knocks they gave the enemy of fatherland:

'RESCUE FROM DROWNING.—We feel pleasure in recording an act of manly and true philanthropy which occurred on last Saturday evening, the 16th inst. A boy of about ten years old fell into the river near the statue, and struggled hard before sinking. Mr. Wood, of Thomas street, who had leaped in, laid hold of him, but becoming doubtful of his own safety, he abandoned the task. At this moment, a hundred voices cried out, they will both be lost; when Mr. James Neill, of the Parade, came up, and seeing both struggling, without waiting to undress, save his coat and hat, leaped from the quay and succeeded in saving the boy. Mr. Wood, with difficulty reached the slip.—What makes Mr. Neill's act truly praiseworthy is, that we have since learned that he has seven children of his own; and we heard him assure a friend that he had not been in the water for some twelve years previous. Such is the art of swimming, and such the persons we need in cases of emergency. We heartily congratulate Mr. Neill on his success, and were glad to learn he has not suffered from the effects of a January immersion.'

BOSTON.

EDWARD YOUNG and PATRICK RILEY, Esqrs., members of the Legislature from Boston, have been commissioned by Gov. Banks as Justices of the Peace for the County of Suffolk.

JOHN C. CROWLEY, Esq., has also received a commission of the Peace for the same County, from his Excellency.

CITY COUNCIL.—This body met at the City Hall on Thursday evening, the 4th inst., for the transaction of its weekly business. The question of a free City Hospital in ward 11, was brought up and discussed. Mr. John C. Tucker, moved the appointment of a committee to consider the expediency of leasing the Hospital on the lands recently purchased by the city from Father McElroy, commonly called the 'jail lands.' Mr. Tucker supported his resolution in a speech of more than half an hour's duration, characterised by that good common sense and vigorous thought for which he is so remarkable. The jail lands, he said had been sold to Father McElroy for \$49,000. No sooner was it discovered that a Catholic Church was to be erected thereon, than the bigots of ward five got up a hue and cry against it, and petitioned the city government to prevent its erection. The city government had quailed before this intolerance and insisted upon conditions which rendered the land of no use for the purpose for which it was bought.

The citizens of ward 5, had no objection to a jail—no objection to an asylum for thieves and vagabonds, and murderers in their ward, but they had every objection to a Catholic being permitted to worship his God in a respectable church in that ward. Now the mere suggestion of building a splendid Catholic church had made all the bigots sick, one man who stood at their head and led them in the ways of intolerance, had since become insane. Now, surely, a hospital was wanted there; and as the citizens of ward 11 were opposed to the location of the hospital in their ward, he had no doubt the residents of ward 5 would be glad to have it. The city had, in obedience to the bigotry of ward 5 given Father McElroy \$80,000, for the jail lands, which were sold to him for \$49,000. Now as a matter of economy it was important to build the hospital on these lands, as the city had paid \$31,000, in order to appease the bigotry of this intolerant ward. The situation was central, airy and well adapted for the purpose, and he hoped the unsightly buildings of the old jail would be converted into a free hospital for the poor.

Mr. Tucker then commented upon the conduct of the city authorities in purchasing the Lying-in Hospital at a cost of \$45,000, and said it was done to prevent the Sisters of Charity from becoming its owners, as they intended to convert it into a hospital for the poor of all denominations without taxing the citizens for its support. The church which ward 5 refused to have, would now be erected in ward 11, the most wealthy and respectable ward in the city. It would be built of white marble, and be more than two hundred feet long by eighty-eight feet wide, and be an ornament to the city. Ward 11 preferred the church and the college to be connected with it; let ward 5 by all means have the hospital.

Mr. Tucker finally withdrew his motion, but the matter comes up again at the next meeting.

CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICIALS ORDERING THE SUSPENSION OF A NEWSPAPER.—The Boston Daily Ledger having refused to endorse the Lecompton Constitution, twenty-one Custom House officials have ordered it stopped. The paper will of course continue.

There is a volume in that last line. As if the deprivation of their influence, or the withdrawal of their assistance would stop the *Ledger*. No indeed; that paper is in the hands of the public—is appreciated, cherished and admired by them, and the loss of the paltry subscription by twenty-one Custom House officials is enthusiasm in the cause it has espoused less, or its brilliancy dim.

It is a low, grovelling, despicable trait of character, which leads otherwise sensible men, to withdraw their patronage and smiles from an organ because it does not represent their ideas. Let the prejudice that this course would establish be followed daily in all matters, and the public press would soon expire amid the diversity of opinion.—*Fall River Star*

The *Ledger*'s still lives; despite this petty act of tyranny on the part of these twenty-one noodle heads. Which of them wants promotion? The fool that got the matter up supposed the *Ledger* would publish his name, and thus give him the notoriety he desired, that he might have a claim upon the administration for promotion. He has, however, been disappointed in his cunning calculation, and must remain where he is until kicked out for incompetency. What dirty trick will these creatures next perform? We promise them the *Ledger* will keep their account duly posted.

LARGE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN BOSTON.—The carpenter work for the new church of the 'Immaculate Conception' and college, to be erected at the corner of Harrison avenue and Concord street, Boston, has been taken by Messrs. Morrill and Wigglesworth, of this city. The church is to be 201 feet by 88, and 66 feet in height to top of cornice. The college building is 99 by 60, four stories in height, and the library 40 by 23, three stories high. Another building, 90 by 60, to be used as a dwelling, will be connected with the college by the library. The contract includes only

that portion of the work belonging to the walls of the building, roof, floors, cornices and frames. It amounts to about \$25,000, and is to be completed by December, 1858. The stone work has been taken by a party from Nashua. The entire buildings occupy a square containing upwards of 70,000 feet of land, and are to be costly and highly ornamented. We are pleased to learn that part of the work is to be performed by Newburyport mechanics, and particularly as it has fallen to such experienced builders as Messrs. Morrill and Wigglesworth, who have executed several large contracts to general satisfaction. This job will give employment to twenty-five or thirty hands during the summer. Some dozen or more are now engaged in this city in getting out window frames, &c. To give some idea of the extent of the buildings, there is upwards of 500,000 feet of timber in the flooring and roofing.—*Newburyport Herald*.

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT.

We would call the attention of our friends and the public, to the Concert announced by the *St. Cecilia Choral Society*, on the night of the 17th inst.

This Society has for its aim the encouragement of a love and taste for beautiful and classic music; and to produce the works of the great composers in a manner inferior to none of the musical societies now in existence.

The Society numbers about one hundred and twenty-five members, connected with the different Catholic choirs of the city, most of whom are endowed with great musical ability; and whose improvement, under the care of a skillful teacher, has been all that the most sanguine could wish.

We have attended some of their rehearsals, and have been pleased and highly gratified to notice the evident improvement at each successive meeting. We would urge one and all, to attend the Concert at the Tremont Temple, on the seventeenth, and by their presence encourage so laudable an undertaking.—success attend the Choral Society.

IOWA CITY, FEB. 22d, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS.

GENTLEMEN—I am gratified to learn that such a work as the Irish Miscellany is in progress, and I have no doubt that it will meet with the success it merits. Our people want something that applies to the feelings, and such a want I think is now supplied.

I should be glad to learn the conditions on which you can supply it to clubs, as I am of opinion that we could raise a good one here. I hope you will send me a few copies (if you want a club raised) for distribution.

Enclosed you will find \$2.00, for which you will please send me a copy, beginning with the first number, as I would not willingly lose one. Address, David Lyons, Iowa City, Iowa.

I am aware gentlemen, that the undertaking is immense; but with sound heads and Irish hearts, I have no fears for your success. Your humble servant,

DAVID LYONS.

OUR ST. PATRICK'S DAY NUMBER.

The next number of the *Miscellany* will be the richest number which has yet appeared. It will contain several additional illustrations of Irish subjects, among which will be beautiful engravings of the 'Cove of Cork'; 'Drowning the Shamrock'; 'The Hedge School'; 'The Rural Dancing Academy'; and other beautiful engravings, which we intend as a commemoration of St. Patrick's Day.

In order to accomplish this, we have employed additional artists at a largely increased outlay, and we must trust to our patrons for a return. We shall go to press on Monday, the 15th, so that our paper can be in the hands of our readers in most places by the 17th. Let our agents send in their orders as soon as possible.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN NEW YORK.

Will be celebrated with unusual *clat*. The civic and military procession will be on a scale of great splendor. The Irish Benevolent Society, with all the Irish military companies will form a grand display well worth seeing. The sight, however, shall not be lost to our readers, as we have made arrangements for taking a photograph of the procession, in some convenient part of the city, when brought to a halt. We shall transfer this photograph to our pages, and present our readers the week after St. Patrick's day, with an accurate engraving of the procession, together with faithful portraits of the chief marshals, and the various military officers in command. A gentleman from this office will report himself at head quarters, the evening before the procession, and make such arrangements as will facilitate our design.

We trust the chief marshals and military commandants will co-operate with our representative, and give him all the assistance they can. The photograph will be taken on the

spot, and the engraving of it executed in the most perfect manner. We shall print a large, extra edition of the number containing this engraving. Send in your orders forthwith, if you wish to secure this beautiful number.

HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.—We have received the 'Third Annual Report' of this very excellent institution, by the Rev. George F. Haskins, the Rector; from which we make the following extract:—

'The whole number of boys that have been admitted to the Institution, since June 13, 1851, the day of its opening, to January 1, 1858, is

Whole number of re-admissions, 1,036

Of these, there have been discharged, or

apprenticed, 896

Leaving in the House now, 140

Of the nine hundred and nine boys that have been received, six hundred and thirty-four were orphans, having lost one or both parents, and a large number of the remaining two hundred and seventy-five were worse off, by far, and more to be commiserated, than if they had been orphans. Nine-tenths of these boys were sent as stubborn, and unmanageable, or as truants; nearly one-half, as incorrigible. One-fifth were without a home, and ate and lodged as they could. Nine hundred have been sent forth again into the world, to battle with its temptations and vices, and, in most cases, to pursue a career of victories.

The policy hitherto pursued by this institution has been, and is, not to retain the boys any longer than is absolutely necessary to provide them with the armor that they need. Accordingly, as soon as they have been instructed in the catechism, and received the sacraments of penance, confirmation, and communion, they are either provided with some useful occupation or trade under Catholic masters, or are recommended to their parents or guardians as capable of self-control, or else, if old enough, are allowed to go forth and seek employment for themselves.

We regret to find by other passages in the report, that the laudable exertions of Father Haskins in behalf of the unfortunate class of boys for whose welfare he is doing so much, are retarded for want of the necessary funds. We hope to see this remedied early in summer, that this good priest may have full scope in his pious undertaking. He has already been an instrument in the Almighty's hands, in saving hundreds of youth from destruction, and in keeping the grey hairs of their parents from going down with sorrow to the grave. We wish him God speed in his humane and holy labors.

HADLEY PHILANTHROPY!

Philanthropy is beautifully illustrated in the case of a poor Irish girl who was recently found in one of the streets of New Haven, Connecticut, with a dead infant in her arms. The case, as ascertained by the girl's testimony before a coroner's jury, and recorded by the New Haven Register, is briefly as follows:—

'The girl, Catherine Hickey, had been made a mother by a young man of North Hadley, who had been compelled to a legal settlement, and she was sent to the almshouse with her child. When it was four weeks old, she was taken from the almshouse to Northampton, and forced into the cars against her will, in charge of two men—during which, it is probable the child (which was wrapped to her bosom in an old shawl), was severely injured—as it did not nurse afterwards. On reaching New Haven, she got out of the cars, with her child, and having but a penny in her pocket, bought with it an apple, and crawling into some nook, spent the night, and was found with her dead infant in her arms, in the morning.'

We cut the above from the 'Lawrence Sentinel.' What an exemplification of true Benevolence! of that charity which should entertain strangers—whose the founder of the Christian Religion approved, when he said—'I was a stranger and ye took me in.' But is there no injustice in this transaction, is there not a violation of laws? and who are the guilty parties in this tragic affair? hold them up to public condemnation,—let them be whipped by public opinion; let not the land be cursed for such diabolical villainy; let not the smile of any true man's face rest upon them; let the good of woman disown them.

LECTURE BY FATHER RODDAN.—It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that a lecture will be delivered in Sunday evening next, in the basement of St. Vincent's Church, Purchase street, by the Rev. J. T. Roddan. The proceeds of the lecture are to be appropriated for the benefit of the Sunday School connected with the above church, and the subject chosen for the occasion is the very interesting one of 'Joan of Arc.' The ability of the reverend Lecturer—the charitable object in view, and the interesting subject of the Lecture, should insure a large attendance.

IRISH MINSTRELSY.

SERENADE.

ORIGINAL IN THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

The sun has set,
 Day's fingers act,
 I heard moss-toss is weeping;
 And here and still
 Over the distant hill
 The yellow moon is peeping,
 'Tis calm as death,
 Save the balmy breath
 Of the breeze or night flowers stealing;
 While the star of love
 Is seen above
 Three doves white clouds sailing.
 List! Marian, dear,
 Thy lovers' near,
 'Tis his guitar that's sounding;
 To mark thine eye,
 To hear the sigh,
 His heart with hope is bounding!
 But if in dreams
 Thy lover seems
 In raptures to fondle thee,
 Sleep, Marian, sleep,
 Whilst I shall keep
 My silent vigils o'er thee!
 On thy pure breast,
 May balmy rest
 Fall, sweet as fairy numbers;
 Marian, good night,
 'Till morning's light
 May angels guard thy slumbers!

MISCELLANÆ.

Work if you would prosper.

It is not generous to blame youth for the follies of young men.

He who stabs you with a pen would do the same with a penknife, were he as safe from detection and the law.

Never use harsh words toward either friend or foe; for, as the Arabian proverb says, 'Curses, like young chickens, come home to roost.'

A venerable old gentleman was found a few nights since by the New York police busily engaged in trying to fit his night-key in a knot-hole of a board fence.

'I like you,' said a girl to her suitor, 'but I cannot leave home; I am a widow's only darling; no husband can equal my parent in kindness.' 'She is kind,' replied the wooer; 'but be my wife; we will all live together, and see if I don't beat your mother.'

A PAIR OF HUSBANDS.—A country editor perpetrated the following pun upon the marriage of a Mr. Husband to the lady of his choice:

This case is the strangest we've known in our life, The husband's a Husband, and so is the wife.

The first newspaper printed in America was published in Boston, under date of September 22, 1690. A copy of this paper is preserved in the Colonial State Paper Office, London. It is about the size of a sheet of letter paper, and one of the pages is blank.

Night running is ruinous to the morals of boys. They acquire under the cover of night an unhealthy state of mind, bad, vulgar, and profane language, a lawless and riotous bearing. Indeed, it is in the street after nightfall that boys principally acquire the education of the bad, and capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute men.

The discipline of the American army is peculiar. During the Mexican war, a great jealousy existed between the 'Regulars' and the 'Militia,' the rank of whose respective officers occasionally clashed. General 'Downy,' of the militia, in passing a volunteer sentry, who was lounging on the trail of a gun, called out, 'Stand up, sir, and salute, or I'll take you off your post,' whereupon the sentry applying his thumb to his nose, said, 'That won't do, gen'ril, I tell ye; I was posted here by a regular lieutenant.'

GOOD FOR THE EYES.—To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of benevolent feelings. 'This will scarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

LOVE OF WATER.—Some persons shrink from bathing' but when they once get used to it, it is indispensable. A medical writer says, 'Let a child wash himself all over every morning for sixteen years, and he will as soon go without his breakfast as his bath.'

THE DARK AGES.—'The boy at the head of the class will state what were the dark ages of the world.'

Boy hesitates.

'Next—Master Jones, can you tell me what the dark ages were?'

'I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented.'

'Go to your seats.'

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

It has been said that Cupid's rod is arrow root.

A Frenchman, who was exhibiting some relics, and other curiosities, produced, among other things, a sword, which, he assured his visitors, was 'de sword Balaam had when he would kill de ass.' A spectator remarked that Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. Ver well, dis is de one he wished for.'

REDEMPTION.—A would-be prophet, down South, said lately, in one of his sermons, that he 'was sent to redeem the world and all things therein.' Whereupon a native pulled out two five-dollar bills on a broken bank, and asked him to fork over the specie for them.

A BROAD HINT.—A Scotch comedian was performing at one of the Dublin theatres in an extremely dirty pair of duck trousers. The audience observed the state he was in, and a lad in the gallery cried out, 'Och! mister, wouldn't your ducks be the better of a swim?'

An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage was amused by a constant fire of words between two ladies. One of them kindly inquired if the conversation did not make his head ache? He replied: 'No, madam; I have been married upwards of twenty-eight years!'

At one of the customary school examinations, an urchin was asked—'What is the chief use of bread?' To which he replied, with an archness that implied what a simper you must be to ask such a question—'To spread butter upon.'

'I admire your beautiful 'crops' this year,' as the fox said to the poultry, in the hearing of the farmer. Fools learn to live at their own cost, the wise at other men's.

LITTLE GRAVES.

We find the following beautiful little gem floating about, uncredited, in our exchanges;

'There's many an empty cradle,
 There's many a vacant bed,
 There's many a lonely bosom,
 Whose joy and light has fled;
 For thick in every graveyard
 The little hillocks lie—
 And every hillock represents
 An angel in the sky.'

DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE.—At the recent examination of about eighty lads, between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, for admission as apprentices into her Majesty's dockyard at Devonport, more than half were unable to say the Lord's Prayer, and as many, or more, were unable to say perfectly almost any of the Ten Commandments.

'Miss, will you take my arm?' 'Yes, sir, and you too.' 'Can't spare but the arm, miss,' replied the bachelor. 'Then I can't take it,' said she, 'as my motto is, 'Go the whole hog or nothing.'

ANECDOTE OF MOORE.—A few collegians met together on a moonlight evening to enjoy each other's society; time passed so pleasantly that it was morning before they separated.—Moore, who was one of the party, on opening the window-shutters, observed the daylight, and wrote at the moment the following lines:

'Tis Aurora! who comes here to give us a look,
 As Luna has gone for the night,
 And she wickedly casts on our dear little nook
 The unwelcome intrusive day-light.
 'Duce take it! I fancy the jealous one said,
 As she glanced over my gay visages o'er,
 'If I cannot dispatch the assembly to bed,
 I will light them, at least to the door.'

WINTER THOUGHTS—SNOW ON THE GROUND.

BY JOHN SAVAGE.

I.

Like a corpse the stark Earth lieth,
 Free from toiling life's deceits.
 And the Air, grown pale from watching,
 Swathes her round with snowy sheets.

II.

Fold on fold wraps mutely round her,
 Her calm breast no life-hope rears.
 And she seems, from Heaven's weeping,
 To be tomed in frozen tears.

III.

But though rigid cold her bosom—
 Gone her music—fled her bloom—
 Still the shrouded earth, like Juliet,
 Is but tranced within the tomb!

SEELINE.—We have never seen the truth of the maxim—'But one step from the sublime to the ridiculous,' better exemplified than in the following lines:

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
 Wearing out life's evening gray,
 Strike thy bosom, sage and tell,
 What is bliss, and which the way.
 Thus I spake and speaking, sigh'd,
 Scarce repressed the starting tear,
 When the hoary sage replied—
 'Come, and drink some lager beer!

THE MINER AND HIS HAT.—A miner, who had crossed the plains from California to Missouri, two years ago, and returned some six months since, was seen recently at Sonora sitting on the crown of his old hat, singing a parody on the 'Irish Emigrant's Lament.' At the time we refer to he was using the hat as a seat, and sang as follows:

'I'm sitting on this 'tile,' Mary,
 'Twas once my greatest pride;
 One fine May morning long ago
 I bought it—going to ride
 Across the dreary 'plains,' Mary—
 To shade my burning brow:
 'Twas a splendid hat two years ago,
 And it's mighty useful now.'

We need not follow the hardy 'miner' to the end of his hat-erogeneous parody.—*California paper.*

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ON DRUNKENNESS.—Bishop Bayley, the Catholic Bishop of New Jersey, has issued a manifesto, bringing the machinery of the church to bear against the vice of drunkenness. His letter on the subject has been read in all the churches, in which he calls attention to two classes—the drunkards themselves and the dealers in liquor. Leaving to the pastors the choice of the particular means to be used, he suggests that each should keep a list of the drunkards and liquor dealers in his church. He says: 'I am determined to make use of the most severe measures against all who are addicted to this scandalous and destructive vice; and if they continue in the practice of it, they must do it as outcasts from the Catholic church, who have no right to the name of Catholic while they live nor to Christian burial when they die.'

The highest premium for meanness has been awarded to the anonymous letter.

PROSPECTUS.

• при недостаточности ружья и выстреле;

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

POETRY BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

ACCOMPANIMENT BY SIR JOHN STEPHENSON, Mus. Doc.

AIR.—UNKNOWN.*

1. Oh! weep for the hour, When to

PLAINTIVE.

Ev - e - leen's bower The Lord of the Valley with false vows came; The moon hid her light, From the heavens that night, And

wept behind the clouds o'er the maid - en's shame! The clouds pass'd soon From the chaste cold moon, And heaven smiled a-gain with her

ves - tal flame; But none will see the day When the clouds shall pass a-way, Which that dark hour left up-on Ev - eelen's fame.

2.

The white snow lay, on the narrow pathway,
Where the Lord of the valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print on the white snow's tint,
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray soon melted away.
Ev'ry trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above, which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

*Our claim to this Air has been disputed; but they who are best acquainted with national melodies pronounce it to be Irish. It is generally known by the name of "The pretty girl of Derby, O."



VOLUME I.—NUMBER 6.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

THE COVE OF CORK.

Not very many years ago, Cove was merely a fishing village, and residence of Custom-house officers. Its natural advantages have now rendered it an important place; for its harbor is undoubtedly the noblest asylum for shipping in Europe. Nothing can be conceived more enchanting than to proceed either by land or water from Cork to Cove; more especially when there is a king's fleet in the harbor. It is worth taking a journey from Dublin to Cork to see it; and it may be made a question, whether even Killarney,

with all its lakes, mountains, woods, and waterfalls, is calculated to fill the mind with nobler or sublimer thoughts, or lovelier images than the scenery of land and river, as you proceed to the harbor from the city. When the tide is in the Lee, it looks a fine river: as indeed it is, for it almost rivals the Blackwater in the romantic beauties of its course, from its source in the sublime and sacred lake of Gougane Barra, until it mingles its waters with the sea, in Cork harbor.

Suppose you depart from Cork for Cove, by water—on the left, as you proceed down the river, are the

wooded heights of Glanmire, crowned with numerous villas and mansions. On the right, the almost equally rich grounds leading to Blackrock Castle and Monkstown. The great interest of the passage by water to Cove, arises from the sinuous winding of the estuary of the Lee, by which rapid changes of scenery are presented to your view, embellished by a succession of woods, ships, castles, and villages. Blackrock Castle is fine—the reach at Passage, where merchant vessels usually ride at anchor, is beautiful; but when you turn Battery Point, and see the noble harbor of



THE COVE OF CORK.

Cork spreading its broad bosom before you, with its fortified istes, and a large fleet riding securely under their shelter, you feel that it is at once lovely and magnificent.

Cove certainly is a delightful sea-shore residence.—The town is situated on the steep side of the hill, with a southern exposure; beneath it, and around it extends the noble landlocked harbor, surrounded by fine desmesnes; it is clean, from the steepness of the hill on which it is built; and dry, from its southern exposure. It is deservedly considered a place favorable

to invalids; and we believe no situation in Ireland enjoys so mild and genial a climate;—perhaps the air may be rather moist for some constitutions; but if that is found to be no objection, let those in search of a milder climate, try Cove; in the spring of the year more especially it is not subjected to those keen withering easterly winds, that are so detrimental to weakly frames, and under which many still suffer who seek for health in the south of France, and the shores of the Mediterranean. Let any one read *Stark's travels in France and Italy*, and they will find that Montpellier, Nice, Ge-

noa, and Naples, all suffer under distressing winds in the spring season—that the *Vent de Bize*, or the *Sirocco* winds blowing from the parched shores of Africa are intolerable to any delicate constitution, and many only proceed to those boasted southern shores to live with less comfort and die the sooner—far from friends, and all those accommodations and associations that smooth the pillow and alleviate the sufferings of the invalid. We have seen a residence in Cove restore many to health; and even to those who need no physician, Cove, for a great part of the year, must be a

bors, as he had been the first day of his appearance in the street.

It was more than five years after his coming to Irish-town, that, one morning, the Roman Merchant's shop appeared shut at an unusually late hour. People wondered, but supposed he had overslept himself.—Hours wore away, and still he was not seen engaged, as usual, in taking down his shutters. They knocked loudly at his door—they thundered at it; no one stirred within. A little alarmed, they began to surmise that he might have gone to purchase goods before daybreak, for it was winter-time.

To ascertain this point, some went to the cabin of an old woman who took care of his ass and cart. The ass and cart were under their shed, in her yard; of course he had not left the town, as had been supposed, as he never did so without them. Consternation as to his fate took possession of the minds of his neighbors.

Noon came; night was drawing on; the authorities of the borough caused his house to be forcibly entered; he was not in it; he had not slept in his bed the previous night, for it was undisturbed after having been made up. In his little back parlor a humble supper was found laid out, a bottle of water to one hand, his single chair placed to the table, and the ashes of a turf fire on the hearth. All his property seemed untouched. Everything was sealed up, the house again secured, and inquiries set on foot in all directions.

At about the end of a week, spent in vain searches and conjectures, some youths of the suburbs were amusing themselves, vaulting over the tomb-stones in the churchyard of the cathedral. It was evening, and the winter's moon began to rise, shining ghastly over a light sheet of snow which for some days had covered the ground. They recollected what description of place they were so merry in, and half serious, half in jest, began to banter each others' superstitious misgivings. One, stepping back in mock terror upon his companions, pointed to a far corner, among the stems of two rows of trees, and said that 'the spirit of the Roman Merchant was watching them.' All took to flight, in laughing confusion, along the narrow pathway, pushing and jostling each other. Two of them slipped on the snow, and fell to one side among the graves. Their kicking and struggling displaced a loose and carelessly heaped mound, and the hand and arm of a man, gloved and clothed, started up between them, cold and stiff, from the earth. They were the hand and arm of the Roman Merchant. The fact was established when, by the light of lanterns and torches, a crowd, whom their cries had summoned, disinterred the body.

It was fully dressed. Even the poor man's hat was found in his ill-made grave. Closer investigation showed that, along with the key of his shop, his purse had been left in his pocket, his old-fashioned but valuable watch in his fob, and a mourning ring, of value too, upon his finger. They touched something hard at his breast; it was the handle of a dagger, which they could not at first pull out, the blade traversed the middle of his heart, and its point appeared at his back. The death-blow had been unerring and vehement, and must have killed him before he could have felt it.

The Roman Merchant's little abode was again entered by competent authority. A more careful and minute search took place in it, after any documents likely to tell who he really was, and who might have been his early friends and connections in a distant land. In the drawer of his desk was found a sealed packet, with a superscription in a foreign language, which none of the persons then present could translate. An old friar, half hiding in the suburbs, from the enactments of the time, was summoned to their councils; he had been a Salamanca student; he declared the direction on the back of the packet, as well as the writing in the body of it, to be Spanish; and he supplied the following translation: first convincing all, that the writing was dated only some days before, from the residence of the murdered man.

'To my ruthless and terrible enemy:—

'You are upon my track again! After more than five years of quiet, gained by successfully eluding you, you are upon my track again! After escaping you seven times, in the four quarters of the globe, you have hunted me into this little nook of earth!—I know it—I am sure of it! Your blood-hound has crossed my path—the subtle devil whom you always sent forth to coarse after me through deserts and cities, over the most silent places, and into the thickest abodes of men, to mark me, and to fix me for your blow. I have once more seen him! This very day, though, he does not think it—ay, beneath all his consummate disguises of feature and of person, I knew his eye!—this very day, among a crowd of humble peasants in my little shop, and at the very moment he bargained with me for one of the paltry articles, by the sale of which to them I gain the only bread which you have left me—this very day he and I stood face to face. And now he has gone to tell you he has found me, and you will surely come, for the last time! Yes! my relentless enemy!—my fate! my destruction!—already you have cast forward your thick shadow upon me!

'You will come for the last time, I say. Ay, for the last time; because I will not try to baffle you now. Heretofore, I exerted the utmost skill and energy of man to save your soul from future fire (yes—you will die without regretting it!) and my own life from your hand, because I had injured you! because you were *her* blood—because she prayed for you to her God in Heaven, and forgave me—and because, penetrated with a Christian's sorrow for the past, it was my duty as well as my heart's great yearning, to preserve my wretched existence from one who had well forewarned me of his thirst to end it. But now, if after five years' time for thought, you come—after sending me out, a Cain upon the earth—after taking from me name and rank, fortune, friends, a country, human kind—after using your power and your sway to disgrace and beggar me—after trampling me, treading me with your heel, down, down into the dust—if now once more you come, let it be for the last time! I cannot save you—it is doomed! Or, perhaps, notwithstanding my uncharitable fear of the stoniness of your fierce heart, perhaps my life alone stands between you and the capability of feeling forgiveness and remorse: perhaps, when you can see me stretched stiff at your feet—perhaps then, and then alone, it is decreed that you may relent—that out of the last of my earthly punishment will grow the first of your earthly repentance. Come, then!

'And yet, have I not already been punished enough? Oh, very hard has been my life since I injured you! That you have sent me out to earn my bread in the sweat of my brow—me, nursed on the very knee of luxury and honor—I count as nothing. So much, at least, I can thank you for. Humility, in all things, became my quick, and full sense of my sin, and it has been my only solace. But remember!—your hand has, before now, struck sharp steel into my body; and when you thought I fell to rise no more, whose foot spurned me?

'Yet why remonstrate with you on this paper?—you can never read the words I write, nor hear them read, till you have shed my blood; and I do write them, only to hint to the Christian people who shall find my lifeless body, some shadowy explanation of the cause of my coming death. Give me no praise for suppressing your name, and all allusions that might lead to a discovery of it. An angel—and your child!—your only, only child (alas! alas!—strikes home when you strike next! I merit it!)—she now watches my heart and its workings, and she can feel, if you cannot, why at more than the hazard of a thousand lives, I refrain from bringing to disgrace a name that I have already tarnished, through my treacherous love of the brightest creature that ever bore it. If they who shall find this paper ever publish it, then you may further reflect that, with a good omen of your coming, I called not on the arm of justice to shield me from you: but still thank me not, nor on this account alone indulge remorse. Oh,

may the expressions of sincere sorrow and misery I now give vent to, move you to a more lively regret! and that is a cheering hope. You have never before allowed my voice to reach you; you have stopped short my words with execrations boisterous as the raging sea; you have interrupted them by outrage on my person; you have sent back my letters unopened; you would have struck down my messenger from me. It is probable, then, that all along, you have believed me a hard-minded villain, untouched by the result of my own fearful crime. If so, let these, my last protestations, undeceive you. I am penitent; humbly, crawlingly penitent. Come!—you will not find me raise a hand, an eye, against *your* hand, *your* eye.

'I am certain you will be minutely informed of my usual haunts abroad, in this little place, that so you may surprise me upon a secret spot. Knowing this, it is my resolve to tempt you to a haunt of mine, the most favorable for your purpose. Every night, henceforward, till the last—my last—I will loiter in a lonely corner of the burial-ground of the cathedral, already, or soon to be, well described to you; for thither, I am assured, your spy must have watched me repair during my accustomed evening walk; and there, among the graves, and perhaps standing upon my own, there, in the dark, I will expect you. Not a cry, not a loud word, shall expose you to detection. Come!—could I avoid you still, I would do it—no matter what words may have here escaped me; but is there the slightest hope that I can? After all that has passed, what corner of the wide earth is able to hide me from *his* eye, and *your* hand? And by walking out in the nights, as is my wont, and in the places I am accustomed to—particularly when you know not that I know—how shall I be accessory to my own death? True, I might await you, trebly armed—but against whom? *Her* father!—unutterable horror is in the thought. Ay, come!—and let the last words I shall hear on earth be even *her* name! *Hers* growled forth as you will!

Thus ended the document. Of that anticipated meeting in the silent churchyard nothing but the result is known. The paper was published, and that it produced some of the effects hoped for by the writer is thought by the good and Christian; for some six months afterwards, a large wooden case came, directed to the mayor of the city, from Dublin, where it had been imported; and upon opening it was found a marble urn, with a pedestal, inscribed to 'The Roman Merchant.'—*Amulet.*

It is a curious fact that the Dutchesse of Tyrconnell, the lady of Richard Talbot, lord deputy of Ireland in the reign of James II., after that monarch's abdication, was driven by distress to seek one of the stands in Exeter-chance, in the Strand, at that time a fashionable place of resort, at which she sold millinery, the labor of her hours by night, in an obscure apartment in which she slept. It was then the custom of women in public to wear masks, and the duchess in her little shop, uniformly appeared in a white mask and dress, and was called by the loungers of that day, 'The white widow.' Her rank was accidentally discovered, and she had afterwards a pension granted her from the Crown during her life.

In Clew bay, on the western coast of Ireland, there was formerly an island, called Minish, the surface of which, in the reign of Charles I., was twelve acres in extent, as is proved by several public documents of that period. On being measured in the year 1814, it was found to be only 420 feet long, and 30 broad. In 1816, it entirely disappeared. The island of Clare, in the immediate neighborhood, furnishes another example of the destructive action of the sea on those coasts. Bounded every where by cliffs of immense height, it is continually corroded by the ocean, which has worn deep caverns, into which, when agitated, it throws immense blocks of stone, detached from the cliffs, with a noise that is quite appalling.

Man was made to be active, and he is never so happy as when he is so; it is the idle man that is the miserable man.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY M. J. BARRY.

AIR.—*St. Patrick's Day.*

I

Oh, blest be the days when the green banner floated
 sublime o'er the mountains of free Innisfall;
 When her sons to her glory and freedom devoted,
 Denied the invader to tread her soil.
 When back o'er the main
 They chased the Dane,
 And gave to religion and learning their spoil,
 When valour and mind
 Together combined—
 But wherefore lament o'er those glories departed,
 Her star shall yet shine with as vivid a ray;
 For ne'er had she children more brave or true-hearted,
 Than those she now sees on St. Patrick's day.

II.

Her sceptre, alas! passed away to the stranger,
 And treason surrendered what valour had held,
 But true hearts remained amid darkness and danger,
 Which spite of her tyrants would not be quelled.
 Oft, oft, through the night
 Flashed gleams of light,
 Which almost the darkness of bondage dispelled;
 But a star now is near,
 Her heaven to cheer,

Not like the wild gleams which so fitfully darted,
 But long to shine down with its hallowing ray,
 On daughters of earth, and on sons as true-hearted,
 As I am beholds on St. Patrick's Day.

III.

Oh! blest be the hour, when begirt by her cannon,
 And hail'd as it rose by a nation's applause,
 That flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dungannon,
 Asserting for Irishmen Irish laws.
 Once more shall it wave
 O'er hearts as brave,
 Despite of the dastards who mock at her cause;
 And like brothers agreed,
 Whatever their creed,
 Her children, inspired by those glories departed,
 No longer in darkness desponding will stay,
 But join in her cause, like the brave and true-hearted,
 Who rise for their rights on St. Patrick's day.

WHAT DOES IRELAND WANT?

She wants to 'mend her ways.' Do not start, reader; she wants to be cut up; she wants to be bisected, and trisected, by roads; she wants to have the means of intercourse established; she wants employment for her poor, and making roads would give it them; she wants canals; she wants bridges, in short, she wants her resources properly developed.

But increasing the roads and navigations in Ireland will not at once ensure employment and happiness. Very true; but to heal a wound, it is sometimes necessary to probe—improvement has a *beginning*, as well as a middle and—we were going to say an *end*—but improvement, either physically or morally, has *no end*—and without roads, bridges, and canals, or, if you please, railroads, Ireland never can have her resources developed.

What does Ireland want?

She wants the proper investment of Capital. Mind reader, she does not want money; no—but she wants her money properly employed. Where are the numerous little villages, with their mills and their manufactories, employing the population all round about, and sending, by means of the opened up roads and facilities of intercourse, their workmanship down to seaports, and filling and sending off the ships in the harbors? What makes Liverpool a great sea-port? Because Manchester, and Bolton, and Wigan, and Ormskirk, &c. &c. are at her back, and pour down upon her their goods to be shipped off, and keep her in an everlasting bustle. And why should the quays of Dublin, and Cork, and Waterford, aye, and Belfast, proud as it is, exhibit little else but live cattle and



THE HEDGE SCHOOL.

coals, butter and pork? Why may not Ireland send of her fine spun and woven manufactures, (the English reader need not sneer,) her linen and her woollen, as in the days of old, and her harbors be filled with ships from all climes, carrying off her produce to all parts, her sailing vessels skipping before the wind when the wind pleases, and her steamboats flying off, fair weather or foul, and peace and plenty in the room of poverty and disturbance, walking over the land!

Such are two of the wants of Ireland, which we trust will soon be supplied.

THE BEAUTIES OF LOUGHINE, CARBERRY, COUNTY OF CORK.

The beauties of Loughine have been so frequently sung by bards and minstrels that we should not again visit it, only attracted by the remnant of antiquity which it possesses. The Castle, which stands on the eastern end of the island, which is situated in this fine salt water lake was built by the O'Driscolls.

The last possessor being nicknamed Lavour O' Lynch, he always wore a turban, and was shaved only once in the year. His retainers were selected one after another for this duty; but he that performed the op-

eration was never seen again. At last, the duty devolved upon the only son of a widow, and she knowing the fate that awaited her son, by tears and entreaties, prevailed on O'Lynch to spare her son's life, which he promised to do, binding him (the son) to the strictest secrecy. He performed the duty, and the retainers were astonished to see him next day, but the secret being heavy on him, he lost his peace of mind. On the peninsula of Gloumfire, nearly opposite the Castle, stands the ruin of a chapel, known as the *toumpaleir*, or the little temple. There is nothing remarkable about it, save its sweet situation and a few tombstones, as it was formerly encompassed by a cemetery. A holy hermit inhabited this place, and to him the young man went for advice, he desired him to go into the wood of *Coomacouna*, and tell the secret to a tree, which happened to be a fine straight ash. A bard wanting a harp selected this tree for the purpose, but when the harp was finished, the only tune he could play on it was, *Though dhó claushe copal O Lavour O' Lynch*, which translated is, 'Lavour O' Lynch has two horses ears.' So the spell was broken, and no more of the unfortunate retainers were the victims of his secrecy. To this day the tune is preserved in this locality, and if you meet a rosy milk-maid, balancing a pail of milk

on her head, she is humming the tune, or if a rustic be at the Loughine Regatta hands out his fair belle to the dance, that is the tune she selects, and for which he pays the piper. There is nothing remarkable in the portion of the Castle standing at present, one quoin and two side walls only remaining, and are fast smouldering to decay; should it be allowed to tumble, it will deprive Loughine of one of its most marked features. The eastern end of the island is separated from the main by a strait, in which are two rocks dividing the space into nearly three equal parts, and look like the abutments of a bridge. Lord Carberry, Sir Henry W. Beecher, Bart., and Robert Atkins, Esq., are the proprietors of the soil round the lake. A little care, some energy, and a moderate outlay, judiciously applied would render this sweet spot the miniature rival of Killarney. Ascending the steep road to Baltimore, we come to the castle of Ardagh, built by the O'Driscolls, situated on a conical hill, which forms one of the tails of *Coomacouna*, but commanding all the country to Baltimore. There is one quoin and two side walls standing, and its principal attraction is the view which it commands, which might be equalled, but cannot be surpassed. Before you, in a direct line, stands Cape Clear, rising like a stupendous monster from the ocean,

and Carberry's hundred isles, which the immortal Davis rendered famous in song. The coast to the Mizend-head with its many indentions, &c. : and, on the headlands, stand the Milesian Castle, like the Moorish watch towers on the coast of Spain, Mount Gabriel's lofty summit towering over, and looking down contemptuously on the adjoining hills, like a tyrant on his serfs. The telegraphic towers along the coast, of recent date, the village of Baltimore and the estuary of the Ilan, form as fine a subject as imaginable for a panorama. The O'Driscolls, who were the founders of those castles, were once a powerful race in this locality but are now all but extinct.—*Cork Herald.*

OUR FIRST NUMBER.

Previous to publishing the first number of this paper, we received such warm assurances of support, that we were induced to print, what we, then thought, was a large extra edition. Since then such has been the demand for the *Miscellany* all over the country that we find ourselves left without a single copy of that number, and we are daily inundated with letters from our agents, and new subscribers calling for No. 1. For instance, one agent writes, send one thousand copies of the first number and I will guarantee you two thousand additional subscribers.' Another writes 'let me have one thousand copies of number one,' and another, insists upon having at least five hundred copies, in order to satisfy the demands made upon him.

We beg that our agents and subscribers will have patience for a few days, and their wants shall all be supplied. We next week republish twenty thousand copies of our first number. We shall also have to reprint some of our subsequent papers, to be able to supply our new subscribers with full sets of the back numbers. The second edition of number one will be ready for delivery with No. 7. Our agents will oblige us by sending in their orders as early as possible.

NEW HAVEN CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

I send you the following items of events passing in our city, and if worthy of an insertion, they are at your disposal. To begin, your excellent little *Miscellany*, takes better than any other Irish paper published heretofore! this I have from the gentleman who has it for sale; every one speaks in its praise, and were it more widely known, that such a paper is published, there is not the least doubt that where a hundred copies are sold now, there would be five hundred. Now a few words on our own affairs. The two Irish Benevolent Societies (the Hibernian Provident and Montgomery Association) together with a new military or mountaineering, called the Emmet Guards, numbering sixty-one men, (Whitney muskets) with a new uniform similar to their namesakes of New York, and the Cartermen's Protective Society, have procured new and splendid banners, a full description of which I shall forward to you at a future date. The artist who painted them, is E. Paul Barnes, a sufficient guarantee that they are well executed. The Emmet Guards have been presented with a beautiful silk American flag, by the ladies of New Haven; may Heaven bless them. You may have a slight idea from the foregoing imperfect sketch that the Irishmen of this city, do not intend to be behind their fellow-countrymen of other cities, in a proper celebration of the festival day of Ireland's Patron Saint.

NEW HAVEN, March 6, 1859.

KILVA.

PENNY MAGAZINES.

Sagacious people say that the present extraordinary demand for penny publications will die away; that it is a fever just approaching its crisis—a mania which will soon reach its grand climacteric. The love of tulips, and the anxiety to possess those that were rare, raged to such an extent in Holland, from the year 1634 to 1637, that the Dutch of all ranks, from the greatest to the meanest, neglected their occupations, and even mechanics sold their tools, to engage in the tulip trade. Now, every body almost is engaging in the penny trade. The tulip madness had to be checked by the Dutch government; but no government could rule Great Britain, that would attempt to check the sale of Penny Magazines for the diffusion of useful or entertaining knowledge, and in the columns of which no attempt is made to infringe upon the existing stamp duty regulations. So far from thinking that the demand for these publications will subside, we think it will increase, and that a change will be produced by them upon the state of public feeling as extraordinary as it will be beneficial. Setting totally aside the great moral influence, and the great mental power which they will exercise, let us just see what good effect they in the way of creating a new trade in the country. Say there are forty thousand penny magazines sold in all Ireland weekly; (perhaps there are more) this brings in up

wards of one hundred and sixty pounds per week, and the profits resulting from this sum give employment not merely to paper makers, to printers and to booksellers, but to a great many honest poor people, who not having a trade, or unable to exercise it, through various causes, are finding a means of subsistence by hawking the cheap publication. Now, if every gentleman in Ireland were to encourage all his friends, servants, and dependants to buy each, say one a week, there would soon be upwards of an hundred and fifty thousand of the cheap publications, treble the number of poor people would be employed in selling them, a vast mass of information would be diffused, *thought* would be awakened, the public mind would receive a prodigious impulse, and the very face of society would be changed.—*Dublin Penny Journal.*

THE HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.

Last week we drew attention to the report of this very excellent reformatory and protective institution for boys. On reading over the account of the cash received for the support of 'The House,' it will be seen, that it is to a certain extent self-supporting. That is, the boys placed under the charge of the Rev. Father Haskins are instructed in choice selections from classic authors, and taught to perform upon various musical instruments, which enables them to give concerts, recitations, and dramatic representations of a high moral character, for admission to which a small charge is made. The profits thus realised are applied to the support of the institution, and, thus, it becomes to a certain extent self-supporting.

On Wednesday the 17th, the boys belonging to this institution give one of their pleasing and unique entertainments in the Music Hall, consisting of a *Tableaux* of graphic and spirited illustrations of various episodes in Irish History. The trial of the gallant and devoted young patriot, Robert Emmet, will be performed on the above occasion. Those who wish to see this celebrated trial represented to the life, should not fail in being present. The cruel and bloody minded Judge Norbury will appear in all his infamy of character. We trust to see a crowded house and would advise all to secure their tickets without delay.

'THE HEDGE SCHOOL.'

The engraving on the 84th page represents a period in Irish history, which calls to mind the dark and cruel days when the penal laws were enforced against the professors of the ancient faith in Ireland, with all the ferocity of a Caligula or a Nero. Ireland had long been the school to which those in search of education resorted, for that instruction which was denied them in their own country. The penal laws forbid the education of the Irish people under the most terrible penalties. A more bloody code never disgraced the statute book of the most barbarous nation, than that which England enacted and enforced against the Catholics of Ireland.

'By 7th, William III.—No protestant was allowed to instruct any papist.

'By 8th Anne.—No papist was allowed to instruct any other papist.

'By 7th William III.—No papist was allowed to be sent out of Ireland to be educated.

'By 12th George I.—Any Catholic priest marrying a protestant and papist was to be hanged.

'By 2nd Anne.—Any papist priest coming into Ireland and officiating, to be hanged.'

In these times it was that a class of devoted men, known as 'Hedge School Masters,' sprung up, who imparted behind a hedge, or in some other place where scouts were sent out to watch the approach of the informer, and give notice of his advance, that education which they were forbidden by the cruel code, to impart. The term 'hedge school,' has now become one of reproach, and is often used with a sneer by the thoughtless. It should never be forgotten, that the 'hedge schools' kept the lamp of knowledge burning and diffused its light throughout the country, at a time when the impetuous rudiments of education could not be imparted to the children of Catholics by other means. These schools should never be spoken of but with respect and reverence. They attest beyond dispute, that innate love of learning, which characterises the humbleness of our countrymen to this day.

COBBETT'S COURTSHIP.

Our readers need not be afraid that when we mention Mr. Cobbett's name, we are going to touch upon politics. No; if nothing else would prevent us, self-preservation would, and that preserves many a man from doing rash, foolish, or improper things, when every motive else has failed.

Mr. Cobbett has written a little volume entitled,— 'Advice to young men and women,' in which there is a great deal of good sense and sound reasoning, mingled, of course, with much *rigmarole*. In that part of it which gives directions to a lover, he introduces the history of his courtship, which it would be presumptuous to attempt to give in any other but his own words.

'When I first saw my wife, she was thirteen years old, and I was within a month of twenty-one. She was the daughter of a Serjeant of artillery, and I was the Serjeant-Major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts, near the city of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her, for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay.—In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow, scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I were the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise, when I told him that those tall young men, whom he saw around me, were the sons of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow to New Brunswick at daybreak in the morning!

'From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers, and I formed my resolution at once, to marry her as soon as we could get permission and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was at once, settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to FREDERICKTON, a distance of a hundred miles, up the river of St. JOHN; and, which was worse, the artillery were expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment! The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware, that, when she got to that gay place, WOOLWICH, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I also did not like besides, that she should continue to work hard. I had saved a hundred and fifty guineas, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her *all my money*, before she sailed; and I wrote to her to bid her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people, and at any rate, not to spare the money, by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

'As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time. Mr. PITT (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound, Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt, too, I am afraid! At the end of four years, however, home I came; landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD, who was then the Major of my regiment. I found my little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was), at five pounds a year in the house of a CAPTAIN BIRAC, and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!'

IRISH MINSTRELSY.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

The last breeze from Erin
Has passed o'er my brow,
The gale of the ocean
Is over me now.
I leave thee my country!
Farewell! though thou art
The life-pulse that stirs me,
The veins of my heart.

Erin mavourneen, farewell!

I gaze where the bright scene
Falls back to the west,
And tinges the blue clouds
That hang o'er thy breast:
The bark bears me from thee
To sail o'er the deep,
While on thy green bosom
I gaze,—and I weep;

Erin mavourneen, farewell!

I weep, for thy spring-time
Of beauty is o'er;
And feel, while my dimm'd eye
Is on thy loved shore,
Like the mourner, when fixing
His gaze on the dead,
He bends o'er the cold earth
Whose spirit is fled;

Erin mavourneen, farewell!

The tear-drooping willow
Hangs over thy lyer,
The chill-blast hath broken
Each soul-stirring wire:
Through the gloom of thy darkness
No day-beam appears:
And thy sweet type 'Erne,
Is gemm'd by thy tears;

Erin mavourneen, farewell!

Farewell! for no longer
I gaze on thy shore;
The mists are between us,
I view thee no more!
Perhaps to my country
I breathe the last strain;
Perhaps I may never
Behold thee again;

Erin mavourneen, farewell!

Though in darkness, Erne,
Thy sun may have set;
Thy emerald bosom
I ne'er can forget;
And while o'er the deep ocean
The breeze bears my barque,
My heart like its billow,
Heaves deeply and dark;

Erin mavourneen, farewell!

CURRAN AND THE MILLER'S DOG.

Curran told me, with infinite humor, of an adventure between him and a mastiff, when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say, that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms, and creeping along backward, might frighten the fiercest dog, and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's animal in the neighborhood, who would never let the boys rob the orchard; but found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with who did not care which end of a boy went foremost, so as he could get a bite out of it. 'I pursued the instructions,' said Curran;—'and as I had no eye save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat; but I was confoundedly mistaken; for at the very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and having got a reasonably good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued.'—*Barrington's Sketches.*

PACK YOUR THOUGHTS.—Do not assume that, because you have something important to communicate, it is necessary to write a long article. A tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass—made as solid as a cannon-ball and like the projectile, cut all down before it. 'Ye who write for this busy age,' says a late writer, 'speak quick; use short sentences never stop the reader with a long or ambiguous word; but let the stream of thought flow right on, and men will drink it like water.'

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND.

THE LANDLORD AND TENANT.

AN AUTHENTIC STORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

He had now reached the verge of the grave-yard. Its fine old ruin stood there as usual, but not altogether without the symptoms of change. Some persons had, for the purposes of building, thrown down one of the most picturesque walls. Still its ruins clothed with ivy, its millions moss-covered, its gothic arches and tracery, grey with age, were the same in appearance as he had ever seen them.

On entering this silent palace of Death, he reverently uncovered his head, blessed himself, and, with feelings deeply agitated, sought the grave of his beloved child. He approached it; but a sudden transition from sorrow to indignation took place in his mind, even before he reached the spot on which she lay. 'Sacred Mother!' he exclaimed, 'who has dared to bury in our ground? Who has—what villain has attempted to come in upon the M'Carthys—upon the M'Carthy Mores, of Tubber Derg? Who could—had I no friend to prevent—eh? Sacred Mother, what's this? Father of heaven forgive me! Forgive me, sweet Saviour, for this dead feeling, I got into! Who—who—could raise a head-stone over the darlin' o' my heart, widout one of us knowin' it! Who—who could do it? But let me see if I can make it out. Oh, who could do this blessed thing, for the poor an' the sorrowful?' He began, and with difficulty read as follows:—

HERE LIES THE BODY OF

ALICE M'CARTHY,

The beloved daughter of Owen and Kathleen M'Carthy, aged nine years. She was descended from the M'Carthy Mores.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

This head-stone was raised over her by widow Murray, and her son, James Murray, out of grateful respect for Owen and Kathleen M'Carthy, who never suffered the widow and orphan, or a distressed neighbor, to crave assistance from them in vain, until it pleased God to visit them with affliction.

'Thanks to you, my Saviour!' said Owen, dropping on his knees over the grave. 'Thanks an' praise be to your holy name, that in the middle of all my poverty—I was not forgotten! nor my darlin' child left to lie widout honor in the grave of her family! Make me worthy, blessed Heaven, of what is written down upon me here! An' if the departed spirit of her that honored the dust of my buried daughter is unhappy, oh, let her be relieved, an' let this act be remembered to her! Bless her son, too, gracious Father, an' all belongin' to her on this earth! an', if it be your holy will, let them never know distress, or poverty, or wickedness!'

He then offered up a Pater Noster for the repose of his child's soul, and another for the kind-hearted and grateful widow Murray, after which he stood to examine the grave with greater accuracy.

There was, in fact, no grave visible. The little mound, under which lay what was once such a touching image of innocence, beauty, and feeling, had sunk down to the level of the earth about it. He regretted this inasmuch as it took away, he thought, part of her individuality. Still he knew it was the spot wherein she had been buried, and with much of that vivid feeling, and strong figurative language, inseparable from the habits of thought and language of the old Irish families, he delivered the mother's message to the inanimate dust of her once beautiful and heart-loved child. He spoke in a broken voice, for even the mention of her name aloud, over the clay that contained her, struck with a fresh burst of sorrow upon his heart.

'Alley,' he exclaimed in Irish, 'Alley, *nhién machree*, your father that loved you more nor he loved any other human craythur, brings a message to you from the mother of your heart, avournen! She bid me call to see the spot where you're lyin', my buried flower, an' to tell you that we're not now, thanks be to God,

as we wor whin you lived wid us. We are well to do now, *neashla aige machree*, an' not in hunger, an' sickness, an' misery, as we wor whin you suffered them all! You will love to hear this, pulse of our hearts, an' to know that, through all we suffered—an' bitherly we did suffer since you departed—we never let you out of our memory. No, *asthore villish*, we thought of you, an' cried afther our poor dead flower, many an' many's the time. An' she bid me tell you, darlin' of my heart, that we feel nothin' now so much as that you are not wid us to share our comfort an' our happiness. Oh, what wouldn't the mother give to have you back wid her; but it can't be—an' what wouldn't I give to have you before my eyes agin, in health an' in life—but it can't be. The lovin' mother sent this message to you, Alley. Take it from her; she bid me tell you that we are well an' happy; our name is pure, and like yourself, widout spot or stain. Won't you pray for us before God, an' get him an' his blessed Mother to look on us wid favor an' compassion?' Farewell, Alley asthore! May you sleep in peace, an' rest on the breast of your great Father in Heaven, until we all meet in happiness together. It's your father that's spakin' to you, our lost flower; an' the hand that often smoothed your golden head is now upon your grave.'

He wiped his eyes as he concluded, and, after lifting a little of the clay from her grave, he tied it carefully up, and put it into his pocket.

Having left the grave-yard, he retraced his steps towards Frank Farrell's house. The sun had risen, and as Owen ascended the larger of the two hills which we have mentioned, he stood again to view the scene that stretched beneath him. About an hour before all was still; the whole country lay motionless, as if the land had been the land of the dead. The mountains, in the distance, were covered with the thin mists of morning; the milder and richer parts of the landscape had appeared in that dim grey distinctness which gives to distant objects such a clear outline. With the exception of the blackbird's song, everything seemed as if stricken into silence; there was not a breeze stirring; both animate and inanimate nature reposed as if in a trance; the very trees appeared asleep, and their leaves motionless, as if they had been of marble. But now the scene was changed. The sun had flung its splendor upon the mountain-tops, from which the mists were tumbling in broken fragments to the valleys between them. A thousand birds poured their songs upon the ear; the breeze was up, and the columns of smoke from the farm-houses and cottages played, as if in frolic, in the air. A white haze was beginning to rise from the meadows; early teams were afoot; and laborers going abroad to their employment. The lakes in the distance shone like mirrors; and the clear springs on the mountain sides glittered in the sun, like gems on which the eye could scarcely rest. Life, and light, and motion, appear to be inseparable. The dew of morning lay upon nature like a brilliant veil, realising the beautiful image of Horace, as applied to woman:

Vultus nimium lubricus aspicit.

By-and-by the songs of the early workmen were heard; Nature had awoke; and Owen, whose heart was strongly, though unconsciously, alive to the influence of natural religion, participated in the general elevation of the hour, and sought with freshened spirits the house of his entertainer.

As he entered this hospitable roof, the early industry of his friend's wife presented him with a well swept hearth and a pleasant fire, before which had been placed the identical chair that they had appropriated to his own use. Frank was enjoying 'a blast o' the pipe,' after having risen; to which luxury the return of Owen gave additional zest and placidity. In fact, Owen's presence communicated a holiday spirit to the family; a spirit, too, which declined not for a moment during the period of his visit.

'Frank,' said Owen, 'to tell the thruth, I'm not half pleased wid you this mornin'. I think you didn't thrute me as I ought to expect to be thrated.'

'Musha, Owen M'Carthy, how is that?'

'Why, you said nothin' about widow Murray raisin'

a head-stone over our child. You kep me in the dark there, Frank, an' sich a start I never got as I did this mornin' in the grave-yard beyant.'

'Upon my sowl, Owen, it wasn't my fau't, nor any of our fau'ts; for, to tell you the thruth, we had so much to think and discorse of last night, that it never struck me, good or bad. Indeed it was Bridget that put it first in my head, after you went out, an' thin it was too late. Ay, poor woman, the dacent strain was ever in her, the heavens be her bed!'

'Frank, if any one of her family was to abuse me till the dogs wouldn't lick my blood, I'd only give them back good for evil afther that. Oh, Frank, that goes to my heart! To put a head-stone over my weeny golden-haired darlin', for the sake of the little thrifles I sarked thin in! Well!—may none belong to her ever know poverty or hardship! but if they do, an' that I have it—! How-an-iver, no matter. God bless thin! Wait till Kathleen hears it!'

'An' the best of it was, Owen, that she never expected to see one of your faces. But, Owen, you think too much about that child. Let us talk of something else. You've seen Tubber Derg want more?'

'I did; an' I love it still, in spite of the state it's in.'

'Ah! it's different from what it was in your happy days. I was spakin' to Bridget about the farm, an' she advises us to go, widout losin' a minute, an' take it if we can.'

'It's near this place I'll die, Frank. I'd not rest in my grave if I wasn't berrid among my own; so we'll take the farm if possible.'

'Well, then, Bridget, hurry the breakfast, avourneen; an' in the name o' goodness, we'll set out, an' clinch the business this very day.'

Owen, as we said, was prompt in following up his determinations. After breakfast they saw the agent and his father, for both lived together. Old Rogerson had been intimately acquainted with the M'Carthy's, and, as Frank had anticipated, used his influence with the agent in procuring for the son of his old friend and acquaintance the farm which he sought.

'Jack,' said the old gentleman, 'you don't probably know the history and character of the Tubber Derg M'Carthy's, so well as I do. No man ever required the written bond of a M'Carthy; and it was said of them, and is said still, that the widow and orphan, the poor man or the stranger, never sought their assistance in vain. I myself, will go security, if necessary, for Owen M'Carthy.'

'Sir,' replied Owen, 'I'm thankful to you; I'm grateful to you. But I wouldn't take the farm or bid for it at all, unless I could bring forth enough to stock it as I wish, an' to lay in all that's wantin' to work it well. It'd be useless for me to take it—to struggle a year or two—impoverish the land—an' thin run away out of it. No, no; I have what'll put me upon it wid decency an' comfort.'

'Then, since my father has taken such an interest in you, M'Carthy, you must have the farm. We shall let leases prepared, and the business completed in a few days, for I go to Dublin on this day week.—Eh, I now remember the character of this family; all I remember, too, the sympathy which was felt for one of them who was harshly ejected, about seventeen or eighteen years ago, out of the lands on which his fofathers had lived, I understand, for centuries.'

'am that man, sir,' returned Owen. 'It's too long a story to tell now; but it was only out o' part of the lan, sir, that I was put. What I held was but a poopatch compared to what the family held in my grafather's time. A great part of it went out of our han at his death.'

'I was very kind of you, Mister Rogerson, to offer go security for him, said Frank; 'but if security was wantin', sir, I'd not be willin' to let anybody but rself back him. I'd go all I'm worth in the world-an' by my sowl, double as much—for the same man.'

'I low that, Frank, an' I thank you; but I could put serity in Mr. Rogerson's hands, here, if it was wante. Good mornin' an' thank you both, gentle-

men. To tell yez the thruth,' he added, with a smile, 'I long to be among my old friends—manin' the people and the hills, an' the green fields of Tubber Derg—an' thanks be to Goodness, sure I will soon.'

In fact, wherever Owen went, within the bounds of his native parish, his name, to use a significant phrase of the people, was before him. His arrival at Frank Farrell's was now generally known by all his acquaintances, and the numbers who came to see him were almost beyond belief. During the two or three successive days, he went amongst his old 'cronies,' and no sooner was his arrival at any particular house intimated, than the neighbors all flocked to him. Scythes were left idle, spades were stuck in the earth, and work neglected for the time being; all crowded about him with a warm and friendly interest, not proceeding from idle curiosity, but from affection and respect for the man.

The interview between him and widow Murray's children was affecting. Owen felt deeply the delicate and touching manner in which they had evinced their gratitude for the services he had rendered them; and young Murray remembered, with a strong gush of feeling, the distresses under which they lay when Owen had assisted them. Their circumstances, owing to the strenuous exertions of the widow's eldest son, soon afterwards improved; and, in accordance with the sentiment of hearts naturally grateful, they had taken that method of testifying what they felt. Indeed, so well had Owen's unparalleled affection for his favorite child been known, that it was the general opinion about Tubber Derg that her death had broken his heart.

'Poor Owen! he's dead,' they used to say; 'the death of his weeny one, while he was away in Dublin, gave him the finishin' blow. It broke his heart.'

Before the week had expired, Owen had the satisfaction of depositing the lease of his new farm, held at a moderate rent, in the hands of Frank Farrell; who, tying it up along with his own, secured it in the 'black chest.' Nothing remained now but to return home forthwith, and communicate the intelligence to Kathleen. Frank had promised, as soon as the Laveys should vacate the house, to come with a long train of cars, and a number of his neighbors, in order to transfer Owen's family and furniture to his new dwelling. Everything, therefore, had been arranged, and Owen had nothing to do but hold himself in readiness for the welcome arrival of Frank and his friends.

Owen, however, had no sense of enjoyment when not participated in by his beloved Kathleen. If he felt sorrow, it was less as a personal feeling than as a calamity to her. If he experienced happiness, it was doubly sweet to him as reflected from his Kathleen.—All this was mutual between them. Kathleen loved Owen precisely as he loved Kathleen. Nor let our readers suppose that such characters are not in humble life. It is in humble life, where the springs of feeling are not corrupted by dissimulation and evil knowledge, that the purest, and tenderest, and strongest virtues are to be found.

As Owen approached his home, he could not avoid contrasting the circumstances of his return now with those under which, almost broken-hearted after his journey to Dublin, he presented himself to his sorrowing and bereaved wife about eighteen years before.—He raised his hat and thanked God for the success, which, had since that period, attended him, and immediately after his silent thanksgiving, entered the house.

His welcome, our readers may be assured, was tender and affectionate. The whole family gathered about him, and, on his informing them that they were once more about to reside on a farm adjoining to their beloved Tubber Derg, Kathleen's countenance brightened, and the tear of delight gushed to her eyes.

'God be praised, Owen,' she exclaimed; 'we will have the ould place afore our eyes, an' what is better, we will be near where Allice is lyin'. But that's true, Owen,' she added, 'did you give the light of our hearts the mother's message?'

Owen paused, and his features were slightly overshadowed, but only by the solemnity of the feeling.

'Kathleen,' said he, 'I gave her your message; but, avourneen, I have strangle news for you, about Allice.'

'What, Owen? What is it, acushla? Tell me quick!'

'The blessed child was not neglected; no, but she was honored in our absence. A headstone was put over her, an' stands there purtly this minute.'

'Mother of Glory! Owen.'

'It's thruth. Widow Murray an' her son Jemmy put it up, wid words upon it that brought tears to my eyes. Widow Murray is dead, but her child's doin' well. May God bless and prosper them, an' make her happy!'

The delighted mother's heart was not proof against the widow's gratitude, expressed, as it had been, in a manner so affecting. She rocked herself to and fro in silence, whilst the tears fell in showers down her cheeks. The grief, however, which this affectionate couple felt for their child, was not always such as the reader has perceived it to be. It was rather a revival of emotions that had long slumbered, but never died; and the associations arising from the journey to Tubber Derg, had thrown them back, by the force of memory, almost to the period of her death. At times, indeed, their imagination had conjured her up strongly, but the present was an epoch in the history of their sorrow.

There is little more to be said. Sorrow soon succeeded by cheerfulness and the glow of expected pleasure, which is ever the more delightful as the pleasure is pure. In about a week their old neighbors, with their carts and cars, arrived; and before the day was closed on which Owen removed to his new residence, he found himself once more sitting at his own hearth, among the friends of his youth, and the companions of his maturer years. Ere the twelvemonth elapsed, he had his house perfectly white, and as nearly resembling that of Tubber Derg in its better days as possible. About two years* ago we saw him one evening in the month of June, as he sat on a bench beside the door, singing with a happy heart, his favorite song of '*Colleen dhao croitha na mo*.' It was about an hour before sunset. The house stood on a gentle eminence, beneath which a sweep of green meadow stretched away to the skirts of Tubber Derg. Around him was a country naturally fertile, and in spite of the national depression, still beautiful to contemplate.

Kathleen and the two servant-maids were milking, and the whole family were assembled about the door.

'Well, childer,' said the father, 'didn't I tell yez the better mornin' we left Tubber Derg, not to cry or be disheartened—that there was a good God above, who might do somethin' for us yet.' I never did give up my trust in Him, an' I never will. You see, afther all our little troubles, he has want more brought us together an' made us happy. Praise an' glory to his name!'

I looked at him as he spoke. He had raised his eyes to heaven, and a gleam of elevated devotion, perhaps worthy of being called sublime, irradiated his features. The sun, too, in setting, fell upon his broad temples and iron-grey locks, with a light solemn and religious. The effect to me, who knew his noble character, and all that he had suffered, was as if the eye of God then rested upon the decline of a virtuous man's life with approbation;—as if he had lifted up the glory of his countenance upon him. Would that many of his thoughtless countrymen had been present! They might have blushed for their crimes, and been content to learn wisdom at the feet of Owen M'Carthy.

* It is unnecessary to add, that years have passed since this date was given.

A burial society has been recently commenced in a Northern county, the first printed article of which runs thus. 'That, whereas many persons find it difficult to bury THEMSELVES.'

ANECDOTE OF JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

The following anecdote we heard related many years ago: but as it has been brought forward in 'Roger's Table Talk,' and as it may be new to the majority of our readers, we give it here:

A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in

the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to him for payment. But the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered at what he meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been deposited in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection,

and finally to the honor of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

'Have patience, my friend,' said the counsel. 'Speak to the landlord civilly; tell him you have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and come to me.'



DROWNING THE SHAMROCK.

'He did so, and returned to his legal friend.
'And now I can't see how I am to be the better off for this, if I get my second hundred back again; but how is that to be done?'
'Go ask him for it when he is alone,' said the counsel.

'Ay, sir, asking won't do, I'm afraid.'

'Never mind—take my advice,' said the counsel; 'do as I bid you, and return to me.'

'The farmer returned with his hundred, glad to find that safely in his possession.

'Now, sir, I must be content, but I don't see as I am better off.'

'Well, then,' said the counsel, 'now take your

friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him.

'We need not add that the wily landlord, finding he had been taken off his guard while our honest friar returned to thank his counsel, exultingly, with the hundreds in his pocket.'

N. B. Strangers visiting Boston, can always find this
house a HOME.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

FROM THE HON. CHARLES GORE, 'NORTHERN IOWA, AS A FURNACE, CONTAINING INFORMATION FOR LEM-ORE-ORE.'

We shall give some extracts from this publication in a future number.

CATHOLIC LIBRARY MAGAZINE, AN ORIGINAL MISCELLANY OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE. Published monthly, by the Newburg, (N. Y.) Catholic Library Association.

This publication is conducted with much talent, and contains interesting papers on 'The Policy of Blood,' 'Lent,' 'British Checkings,' 'Private Judgment and its Consequences,' 'Organ on the Catacombs,' 'Helen Phillips, a Tale,' 'Signs of the Times,' &c.

'UNITED STATES DEMOCRATIC REVIEW,' for March, new series.

THE METROPOLITAN. New Series, No. II. Edited by M. J. Kenney, A. M. March 1858. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. Boston: W. Keating.

This serial contains sketches of rare ability, among which are Biographical Sketches of Pius IX. Our 'Convents,' Poetry, Sketches from Irish History, No. II., Athlone in 1691—Its Defence and Fall, Common Schools, Christian Festivals, Death Scenes of Distinguished Personages, Illustrated Books for the Young, Their Importance, (from which we shall give some extracts in a future number of the *Miscellany*) Father Angel, The Redemptionist, &c. The following extract is very instructive.

DEATH SCENES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

'The natural death of Queen Elizabeth was more morally appalling than the tragical end of her hated rival, Mary Stuart.' 'Days and nights were passed by her in sighs and tears. Her imagination conjured up the most frightful phantoms. At length she refused to go to bed, sitting day and night on a stool, bolstered up by cushions, seldom opening her lips, and declining all sustenance. For the Bishops and Lords of her council, with the exception of the Lord Admiral, she expressed the most profound contempt. He was of her own blood; from him, she consented to accept a basin of broth, but when he urged her to return to her bed, she replied that if he had seen what she saw there, he would never make the request.* To Cecil, who asked if she had seen spirits, she answered, that it was an idle question, beneath her notice. He insisted that she must go to bed, if it were only to satisfy her people. "Must!" she exclaimed, "is must a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man, thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word, but thou art grown presumptuous because thou knowest that I shall die." Ordering the others to depart, she called the Lord Admiral to her, saying in a piteous tone, "My lord, I am tied with an iron collar about my neck." He sought to console her, but she replied, "No, I am tied, and the case is altered with me." Her very last words, in reply to the applications made to her respecting the choice of a successor to her throne, were, "I will have no rascal's son in my seat; I allude to Lord Beaulieu, the son of Lord Hertford and Lady Catharine Grey."

'Charles the First, addressing himself immediately before his execution, to Dr. Juxon, thus expressed himself: "I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father: I have on my side a good cause, and a gracious God." The monarch's last words were, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown!"

'Oliver Cromwell appears to have departed this life under the pleasing conviction of assured salvation. "Tell me," he said to Sterry, one of his chaplains, "it is possible to fall from grace?" "It is not possible," replied the obsequious divine. "Then," said the dying man, "I am safe; for I know that I was once in grace." He then uttered a long prayer for the people, and expired in the course of a night rendered memorable in the superstitious imaginations of that epoch by the violence of the storm which raged throughout its lapse. The Puritans discovered that nature herself had been convulsed at the death of their great protector; the Royalists believed, on the other hand, that on the wings of the whirlwind, demons had come to fetch his soul away!"

'The death-bed of Charles the Second, whose ominous reign had been fraught with such calamity to the Catholics, was rendered remarkable by the return of the dying monarch to that very religion which he had so bitterly persecuted. Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Wells had pertinaciously proffered his ministrations, and proposed administering the sacraments, of which the elements were actually brought into the royal chamber. Charles, however, doubtingly said he would think about it. Availing himself of an opportunity to address his brother, the Duke of York, who knelt by the bed-side, asked if he might send for a Catholic priest. "For God's sake do," replied the king; "but will it expose you to danger?" The duke answered that he cared not for that; and ordering all the attendants to leave the room, introduced Father Huddleston. To this reserved confessor, Charles expressed his desire

* Was it the blood-stained form of Mary Stuart?

to die in the communion of the Church of Rome; proffered griefs sorrow for his past sins, and in particular for having deferred his reconciliation to that late hour; expressed his hope of salvation through the merits of our Savior; and participated in the sacraments of penance, holy Eucharist, and extreme unction. A night of great suffering ensued. The queen sent to crave pardon of her expiring lord: "Alas!" he exclaimed, "poor woman, she beg my pardon! I beg here, with all my heart; take back to her that answer."

'The last moments of the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth were marked by circumstances of unusual horror. "He had warned the headsman not to mangle him, as he had mangled Lord Russell; and the very admonition seems to have unnerved the man for the execution of his task. He took his aim so unskillfully or struck so feebly, that he inflicted but a slight gash, and the sufferer raising his body from the block turned his head to the left side, as if he meant to complain. After two more strokes, life seemed to be extinct, and the executioner, alarmed at his own bloody work, threw down the axe, asserting with an oath that his heart failed him, and he would do no more!"

'Lord Lovatt, at the age of eighty-four, demeaned himself on the scaffold with stoical heroism; jested with the executioner, and when he laid his head on the block, exclaimed, with all the ardor of a Roman patriot: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!"

'The satirist Rabelais preserved to the last moment of his life the character he had always maintained for snar and sarcasm. Although he had received all the rites of the Church, it was impossible for those who surrounded his death-bed to ascertain what he died a believer or an infidel. He dictated his will in these terms:—"I am nothing worth, owe a great deal, and give the residue to the poor."

Will the publishers oblige us with No. I of the new series?

NEWS FROM HOME.

DUBLIN.

Mr. J. F. Nugent, of Cook street, printer and publisher of Dr. Cahill's letters and other kindred productions, appeared on a summons issued in the name of Daniel Ryan, special inspector, charging him with publishing a seditious print, under the title of 'Moore's Propheetic Almanac.' Mr. Porter read the summons, which, he said, was issued at the instance of Daniel Ryan, inspector of police, against J. F. Nugent, of 35 Cook street, charging him with publishing a certain paper entitled 'Nugent's Correct and Genuine Moore's Mercantile, Weather, and Propheetic Sheet Almanac for the Year 1858,' a paper of a seditious and libellous nature intended to create alarm, discontent, and disaffection in the minds of her Majesty's subjects, and to bring the laws and the government of the country into hatred and contempt. The object of the Commissionsers is suppression; they have no anxiety to press for extreme measures. After some few unimportant observations, it was ultimately agreed to bind the defendant in his own recognizances for £300. Several bundles of the almanacs were seized during the week, and the police have orders to take all they can find.—*Nation*.

The Messrs. Martin, of the North Wall, to whose enterprise and energy we are indebted for the establishment of a direct line of communication with Australia, have, we perceive, another first class vessel—the *Rienzi*—chartered from Dublin to Melbourne direct. The advantages that must result to the direct trade of the port from this spirited undertaking are too obvious to need special reference to them; but, while the benefit to Dublin must be considerable in fact, and as an element of repute, the advantages to the country at large are still more considerable.—*Ibid*.

LOUTH.

The annual plowing match of the Louth Farming Society came off on the grounds of Mr. Thomas Bradford, within a mile or so of Dundalk on the Newry side. The weather was most favorable, and the field appeared in good order. A large grouping of frize coats from all sides of the scene, several country gentlemen, magistrates, merchants, and a fair sprinkling of the fair sex, witnessed the contest; 25 ploughs and 50 horses started in this beautiful race of industry; and in three hours a large field was thrown on its green back, looking with its brown face to heaven as if to implore a drink of dew, and inhale the fresh air. And such is literally the philosophy of plowing. The field was divided into two sections for the two classes of ploughs; 10 having been first class ploughs, and 15 second class. The work looked beautiful at two o'clock; not a green spot to be seen in the field, save the strip which partitioned the two divisions, the lines so straight, the furrows so clean, the breadth so uniform, the ridges so fat, and the whole presenting the appearance of a level, attained by instrumental measurement, instead of having, as it had, no other chain or bevel than the unpretentious eye of a ploughman.

WEXFORD.

The bark *Ellerslie*, Captain Cowley, lately stranded in the South Bay, on her voyage from Liverpool to Barbadoes, was towed into our harbor by the *Liffey*, steam-tug. She now lies alongside the Patent Slip, and the remainder of her cargo is being discharged in a damaged state, under the superintendence of Francis Harper, Esq., J. P., Agent for Lloyd's. With the exception of a hole in her bottom, caused by the ship fouling her anchor, which was let go when she first struck, her damage is inconsiderable.—*Independent*.

A cotman named Kenschall fell from the schooner *Huntress*, now lying at our quay, while attempting to go on board his cot; fortunately Capt. Bermingham of the *Huntress* heard the splash in the water, and immediately jumped overboard and rescued the poor man from a watery grave.—*Ibid*.

At Wexford sessions, William Widdup, son of Dr. Widdup, was charged with the publishing of seditious placards, 'tending to create disaffection in the country, and to wean the subjects of the crown from their allegiance.' After an investigation before a full bench, Charles A. Walker, Esq., the Chairman, delivered their decision, which was that the accused should enter into recognizances, himself in a sum of £100 and to sureties in £50 each, to stand his trial at the next assizes, should the crown think well to send up bills of indictment to the grand jury.

CARLOW.

The extensive improvement now in progress on the estates of Captain D. W. Pack Baresford, the High Sheriff elect of this county, has contributed materially to the advantage of the laboring population of the districts of Neunagh and Slogguff—ample employment being provided for numerous families. About two hundred persons earn weekly at an average £100. The drainage is carried on under the superintendence of Mr. Brennan, and the wages are punctually paid weekly by the paymaster Mr. James Stewart, of Carrigpark.—*Sentinel*.

KILDARE.

The streets of Athy were lighted with gas for the first time on the 28th of January.—Mr. Redfern has been appointed manager of the local gas works at a salary of £105 per annum.

Two fat sheep, the property of Mr. Dennis Lawler, were lately stolen from the lands of Newtown.

A farmer who had been ejected from his holding on the estate of Mr. Conway R. Dobbs, has been committed from Donadea petty sessions on a charge of being concerned in sending a threatening notice lately to Mr. Christopher Rynd, the agent.

TIPPERARY.

An inquest was held by John Ryan, Esq., M. D., Coroner for Tipperary District, on the body of Bridget Moan, who, as appeared from the evidence adduced on the inquiry, came by her death by coming in contact with the train on the Great Southern and Western Railway. The coroner having sworn a jury, and heard evidence, the following verdict was come to after a few minutes' consultation: 'The deceased came by her death by incautiously crossing the railway after nightfall, thereby coming into contact with the train, and said accident was purely accidentally, no blame can be attached to the engine driver or guard—and further, we cannot separate without recommending to the railway authorities to have their officials and officers connected with the line strictly to enforce the law against persons walking along the line, to prevent accidents occurring in future.'

The additional police force of 20 men, located in the district where the late Mr. Ellis was murdered since that occurrence, having been withdrawn they left their station for headquarters, Phoenix Park, Dublin. The tax for their support is being collected without much difficulty, notwithstanding the opposition at first offered, as the people see it is better to obey the law than fruitlessly attempt to resist its demand.

WATERFORD.

The truly gifted and most accomplished lecturer, the Rev. Dr. Anderson, Professor in the Catholic University, Dublin, gave the first of two lectures on behalf of the Waterford Young Men's Society, the subject being that most interesting one to all Catholics—'Rome,—the fountain head of our holy church.' The lecture was delivered in the large room, Town Hall, which was crowded from one end to the other, by an attentive and highly delighted audience. The gallery and that portion of this fine room underneath were allotted to the members of the Society. The

LITERATURE.

From the Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland, by John Savage.

THE WEXFORD CAMPAIGN.

In this unconscionable scoundrel Lord Castlereagh, and his troupe of scounders and assassins, the Beresfords, Hemenstalls, Sandys, Gowan, Reynoldses, and Armstrongs, found a voluminous and filthy apologist; and he was of course, faithfully rewarded with the office of Receiver of Customs, and a salary of 1200 pounds (\$6,000) per year.*

While Wexford was thus excited, the appearance on the public roads of cart-loads of prisoners from other counties, on their way to Duncannon fort, at once paralyzed the weak, and told the more hopeful that the distractions under which they suffered, were not wholly confined to them. Hay records that from twelve to fifteen cart-loads went through Ross at the one time. Soon, under the jurisdiction of the Orange magistrates, who, with yeomen cavalry, attended by a regular executioner in case of necessity, scoured the country, great numbers were arrested and condemned to transportation, a law being enacted to give such power to these marauders.

Emboldened by these depredations, the 'authorities' at Ross, Enniscorthy, Gorey, and other places, carried their loyalty to the extremest lengths; but the wholesale massacres at Dunlavin and Carnew, if less torturous (because more deadly) put all previous loyalty to the blush. Having lashed and imprisoned, mostly on suspicion, twenty-eight farmers in a dungeon under an old castle at Carnew, on the 25th of May, the Orangemen got drunk and held a council as to the most expert mode of getting rid of them. It was proposed to suffocate them, by means of lighted straw; but the hoary villain who made the proposition—through economy to save powder and ball, was scouted for his miserable spirit; and the majority desirous of seeing the 'papists' die (and cursing the expense), brought out the poor fellows into the ball-alley, and there they were deliberately shot by the yeomen and a party of the Antrim militia, their officers sanctioning the deed. At Dunlavin, three days previous, thirty-four men were shot without a trial.

Retribution is at hand; we are on the eve of the Wexford Campaign.

On the next night, Saturday, the 26th May, the chapel of Boolavogue, the house of the curate, John Murphy, and the dwellings of about twenty farmers in the neighborhood, were burnt by the yeomen. Ah! It was not alone walls and rafters they set in flames. It was the fire of revolution they kindled; and such a flame, too, as is not yet extinguished in the rebellious Irish heart. The chapel house of Boolavogue is still

*In a few lines, the narrow-mindedness, intolerance, and general character of Musgrave, as well as his qualifications for an impartial historian, are admirably struck off in *Barriugton's* *Personal Sketches*, where he states that 'except on the abstract topics of politics, religion, martial-law, his wife, the Pope, the Pretender, the Jesuits, Napper-Tandy, and the whipping-post, Sir Richard was "generally in his senses."'

His work, to which I have occasion to refer, is entitled, 'Memoirs of the Different Rebellions in Ireland, from the Arrival of the English,' &c., and is what Francis Plowden calls 'the most curious Hist. of Ireland, since the Union, Vol. I. p. 107,' 'an undigested heap of acrimonious falsehood and obliquity.' It was compiled immediately on the suppression of the insurrection, and dedicated by permission to the Marquis Cornwallis, who, however, preventing the publication until after the 'Union' was effected, lest, from its irritable and irritating nature, it might raise fresh discussion on the Catholic side, while opposition could be made available. When the work did appear, Cornwallis, who had permitted the dedication, and delayed the publication to defeat the Catholics, but was also anxious to make the late rebels believe their friend, wrote a letter disclaiming Sir Richard's inscription and history. For the cure of a tendency to revive the dreadful animosities, which it was the duty of every good subject to endeavor to compass.

Cornwallis was a wary, unscrupulous, pliant, and plausible tool of Pitt. He at once managed directly himself, or indirectly through his aid, Castlereagh, to establish Orange lodges, flatter the Protestants, and generally favor to all appearance, the Catholics. 'After his return to England,' says Plowden (*Vol. I. p. 93*), 'he was never known, either in public or private, to have attempted to forward the emancipation of the Irish Catholics, to which, however, he ever affected to have sacrificed his situation.' For the curious in such matters, I will observe that in the 3rd edition of Musgrave's work, 2 vols. Dublin, 182, now before me, the dedication to Cornwallis is omitted.

flaming—still cracking and flinging up its bright embers on the dark pages of that year's history.

On this night the people along the road from Carnew to Oulart turned out. The dreadful tidings of devastation and murder hunted them like criminals from their hearths. The news, too, that Kildare was in arms roused them; and to the west of Gorey, on Kilthomas Hill, one of the ridges of the Slieve Bwee mountain, and farther south on Oulart, the insurgents might be seen gathering like sullen thunder-clouds—undecided, gloomy, threatening, and portentous. On the morning of the twenty-seventh, Whit Sunday, those on Kilthomas Hill were dislodged from their position by a body of yeomen. The indecision in the ranks of the insurgents created a panic—they fled and were pursued with great slaughter, the death of their commanding officer, so exasperating the loyalists that they spared no man they met, and, as Gordon admits 'burned two Romish chapels, and about one hundred cabins and farm-houses of Romanists in the course of seven miles' march.*

How fares it at Oulart?

The insurgents had increased in considerable numbers, but they were unarmed, and, as Gordon states, a 'confused multitude of both sexes and all ages.' On that morning of Whit Sunday, the churchless minister of religion, surrounded by his hunted flock, unsheathed the sword as the only symbol of deliverance.

In the American Revolution a scene took place which is peculiarly apposite. An eloquent pastor on the frontiers of Virginia gave notice that on a certain Sabbath he would preach his farewell sermon. The day came. The homely temple was thronged with hardy mountaineers. They over-filled the church and crowded the little burial-place. Every one was breathless. That intuitive knowledge of coming events, which at times agitates the most sluggish intellects, guided by peculiar circumstances, excited the assemblage to a marvellous anxiety. The theme of the day was the subject of the sermon. Peace or war—Liberty or death? He was a plain vigorous speaker was this pastor. Every word fell on the audience like a mallet knocking off their chains. He portrayed their sufferings, their wrongs, and dwelt on the sacred character of the War of Independence. 'Aye,' said he in conclusion, 'in the language of Holy Writ, there is a time for all things, a time to preach and a time to pray, but those times have passed away'—and then in a voice of thunder, 'there is also a time to fight. And that time has now come!' Pronouncing the benediction, he deliberately removed his gown, and an armed warrior stood before them. This soldier-priest was the Rev. Peter Muhlenberg, afterwards a Major General in the Revolutionary Army.

Father John Murphy's last sermon was preached in Boolavogue; the time for preaching and praying was told out by the Orange incendiaries; and the time for fighting had come. 'Better,' said he, 'die courageously in the field, than be butchered in the houses.' Early on this morning, Hawtree White with two troops left Gorey in search of the insurgents; and on the south side one hundred and ten picked men of the North Cork regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Foote and six officers, marched from Wexford.—From opposite directions the royalists were advancing on the people. The rapid movements of the North Cork, now joined by sixteen mounted yeomen, who made a diversion on the side of the hill, for a moment

*History of the Rebellion in Ireland, &c., with an Impartial Account of the proceedings of the Irish Revolutionists, &c. By the Rev. James Gordon. The author was a Protestant clergyman having rectories both in the counties of Wexford and Cork. He professed to write impartially. Musgrave accuses him of having written with more regard to policy than accuracy 'for the obvious purpose of conciliating the priests and the popish multitude, and to secure the punctual payment of his tithes.' Musgrave's course of nature did not understand how a man might, could, would, or should write history under any inspiration save that of a party, a purse, or a poor-box. Gordon replying to him in a preface to a second edition, and in defence of the middle course he adopted, states, that he expected to be reproached by the 'Irrational zealots of two opposite and mutually hostile parties.' Considering the fury of sectional strife, and the white heats into which Protestant and Catholic writers and disputants of the period blew themselves, Mr. Gordon's work is remarkably, though not altogether, free from polemical asperity.

front portion of the room was set apart for the general public, who paid for admission, every inch of which was availed of by a highly respectable and influential Catholic auditory, comprising the Catholic wealth and standing in the city several from Tramore, and very many from Kilkenny. On Thursday evening, the Rev. Dr. Anderson gave his second and concluding lecture, the subject of which was 'Poetry and the Poet's.' The chair was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Kent, P. P., and the audience was equally crowded and respectable as on the night before. Having illustrated the qualifications and duties of poets, the reverend, and gifted gentleman concluded his brilliant lecture by expressing a fervent hope that a Catholic poet would rise up at no distant day to the glory of the Catholic Church, who would devote his energies to the writing of sacred poetry. The rev. gentleman resumed his seat amid loud applause. The Rev. Mr. Commins proposed a vote of thanks to the rev. lecturer, and in doing so, said he should call to mind that they were all indebted to the Young Men's Society for the very entertaining and instructive lectures they had heard. The Rev. Chairman, in putting the motion, said—My object, ladies and gentlemen, was to keep Dr. Anderson humble in the way of salvation. In order to effect that object, I stated to him, what we must all acknowledge, that we owe a great debt to Oxford and to Oxford men. I will repeat to you an old ballad which I heard from an old priest some twenty-six years ago. It was something as follows:

'Who first ruled at Oxford College?
Strict impartiality must acknowledge
It was a son of Erin.

King Alfred was educated at Lismore, and therefore I say we owe a deep debt to Oxford. The vote of thanks passed when the Rev. Dr. Anderson rose to respond; after which the rev. gentlemen and the Rev. Mr. Kent left the platform, and the interesting proceedings terminated.—*News*.

CORK.

The most brilliant and successful course of lectures which the young Men's Society has enjoyed for some time was delivered recently by the Rev. W. H. Anderson, of Oxford, now of Dublin. It was attended not only by a dense assembly of the members of the institution, but by a large array of the rank and fashion of the city. The first lecture was on 'Rome.' The second on 'Poets and Poetry.' The third lecture was on 'Church Music.' At the conclusion of the course a vote of thanks was eloquently proposed by Mr. Charles Sugre, sen., J. P., seconded by the Rev. John Browne, put by the President, and passed with enthusiastic acclamation.—*Examiner*.

PAINFUL RETRIBUTION, IF TRUE.—The *Newport Spectator* says there is a young man in a town of Vermont, who cannot speak to his father. Previous to his birth some difference arose between the mother and the husband, and for a considerable time she refused to speak to him. The difficulty was subsequently healed—the child was born, and in due time began to talk, but when sitting with his father, was invariably silent. It continued until it was five years old, when the father, having exhausted his powers of persuasion, threatened it with punishment for its stubbornness. When the punishment was inflicted, it elicited nothing but sighs and groans which told too plainly that the little sufferer was vainly endeavoring to speak. All who were present united in this opinion that it was impossible for the child to speak to his father, and time proved their opinion to be correct. At a maturer age its efforts to converse with its parent could only produce more bitter sighs and groans.

Error is a hardy plant; it flourishes in every soil; in the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked and foolish; for there is no error so crooked but it hath some lines of truth.

Friendship is a silent gentleman that makes no parade; the true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue.

flung indecision amongst the insurgents. A volley from the royalists drove them up the hill, whither they were followed by the North Cork. A rapid movement on the part of the insurgents—an ambush—up came the North Cork met by Fother; the rebels have opened to receive them, and out sprang the pikemen from their ambush, while the great mass of the people, men, women, and children, stood looking on the top of the hill.

'We must conquer or perish,' cried Murphy. A deadly vengeance steadied every pike. Dying groans were in the men's ears, blazing homes had driven them to battle; one wild charge, and the royalist bandits rolled over, as if one monstrous corpse. Musgrave, who is blind to the massacre at Carnew, and but half sees at Dunlavin, is forced to admit that 'the entire party was cut to pieces, except the lieutenant-colonel, a sergeant and three privates.' In this fight the insurgents lost five men and had two wounded.

Thus it was that Oulart Hill became the Lexington of the Wexford insurrection.

A TOUR IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

NO. IV.

LETTER TO JOHN MARTIN, ESQ.—PARIS.

Vicksburg, Jan. 23d, 1863.

At this place, halfway between Memphis and New Orleans, I left the *'Herald'* steambot, and came on shore, being bound for Jackson, the capital of the State. Between Vicksburg and Jackson runs a railroad; the distance about forty miles. You will expect some account of Vicksburg; but I do not possess, as you are aware, an inquiring mind, and have no great ardor for statistics. Nevertheless it is safe enough to aver that the exports of Vicksburg consist mainly of cotton bales. It is built along the side and on the summit of a hill, or bluff; the first hill I have seen for many a league, breaking the monotony of the cottonwood swamps. Its population exceeds three thousand certainly; and falls short, I am very sure, of forty thousand; it has not a few daguerreotype galleries, and several Christian churches. Of these latter the most conspicuous, if not largest, is a handsome new Catholic church, crowning the summit of the hill, and shooting aloft a tall Gothic spire, visible far up and down the river. You are aware that this 'degrading superstition' as Protestants are taught to call it, is strong on the Mississippi. All the way down, from St. Louis to New Orleans, the most sumptuous religious edifices are Catholic; and while at Memphis, I visited a large new church of that religion, which was to have been consecrated on the same day I left the city.

I greatly admire the fearless and liberal spirit of the great founders of the American republic in boldly leaving this formidable church free. It was a noble, and I think wise, suavity to trust civil liberty in the hands of the people, and at the same time suffer a foreign ecclesiastic to exercise absolute spiritual sway in such sort as no State in Europe at that period ventured to permit. No ultramontanist could ask for a more free church than American Catholics have got; and what evil has come of it? The liberality of Beranger's ideal republic is here fully realized—

A son gre que chacun professe
Le culte de sa Deité—
Qu'on puisse aller même à la messe,
Ainsi le veut la Liberté.

We want no Concordats here, nor statutes of *persecution*, nor 'liberties of the Gallican church.' Here is recognized and established, once for all, that rapid distinction between the spiritual and the civil order, and so long as a man obeys the mere temporal laws, he is at liberty to obey also a Pope in Italy, a Grand Lama in Tartary, and everybody else he pleases. You are indebted to the conspicuous spire of the Vicksburg Catholic church for this slight disquisition on churches and government.

I remained a whole day in Vicksburg, at the Prentiss House, so named in honor of an eminent lawyer and politician of this State. Mississippi people have more anecdotes to tell you about this Prentiss than about all other people put together; and in fact he was a notable character in his day. An eastern man by origin, he had come to the South at first as a teacher or tutor, then had studied law, and moreover studied Southern character and adapted himself to it thoroughly. He was a true orator and genius, with vehement and profound passion, rich and potent imagination, and the most reckless personal audacity. No man was ever more deeply stung by the *astrium* of the South West—the Mississippi madness; compared with which the *perfidium* of our own Scott was cold and tame. The case of Prentiss, however, is singular; not one of his great speeches is reported. He never wrote a speech beforehand; never could recollect it afterwards and no shorthand writer could keep pace with his torrent talk. In fact they dropped their pencils, opened their mouths, and forgot that they were re-

porters until he sat down. How I envy this royal *faucundia*! It is power more than royal—yet, Prentiss was slightly insane, as most men of genius are, and, dying in early life, saved the State of Mississippi the maintenance of one lunatic in the excellent asylum at Jackson.

At Vicksburg I made haste to find out, and renew my acquaintance with, a good friend of mine, a County Court man, now an old and respected citizen of Vicksburg. He has been President of the Vicksburg and Jackson railroad company, and is in fact the father and grandfather of that road. He is now a banker. I spent a pleasant evening in a hotel, and found him an enthusiast about the River—a Cork man must be an enthusiast about something; and for his part he declares that he could not live unless the Mississippi flowed past his door. The sun, he believes, cannot anywhere else set so magnificently as over the Louisiana woods, there opposite.

The bluff of Vicksburg is the river-escarpment of a long ridge of slight elevation, which divides the Yazoo river ('river of death') from the 'Big Black'; both these rivers fall into the Mississippi, one above the town and below. Leaving Vicksburg for Jackson, in company with Mr. Roy editor of one of the newspapers of the former town, we passed at first through a broken country, the bluff being deeply trenched and furrowed by small water-courses; the small hills are clothed with a beautiful timber, mostly white-oak and beech; and wherever there is enough of level ground clearings and cotton-fields. At three or four miles distance from the town we have passed through all the broken ground, and thence to Big Black it is tolerably level or slightly rolling. 'Big Black,' like all the rivers in this State, has been at highest flood a few days ago, and though the waters have greatly subsided, the valley makes a dismal appearance, with huge trees standing black and naked in the muddy water.

As we approach Jackson, the land, though not level, is sufficiently so for cultivation; and very much of it is cleared. About sunset on a most lovely evening we enter the town, conspicuous from far off by the lofty dome which crowns the State House of Mississippi. A friend awaits us at the depot; and we repair to a hotel of stupendous size, yet crowded to its utmost capacity; for not only is the Legislature of the State in session, but the Order of Free Masons are holding a great Convention. Masonry (whatever it may be) is very strong in these Southern States; and I imagine counts among its members some of the best of the people.

We had supper in the vast dining-hall of the new Hotel; three long tables extended from end to end; and certainly three or four hundred guests sat down. We were very tentatively waited on by a highly gentlemanlike head steward the gallant General—I mention this circumstance purposely to startle you. Nothing is so miserable a stumbling block to European visitors here, especially English, as to find hotel keepers addressed as Colonels and Generals. No matter how long Englishmen live here, they never become reconciled to this atrocious solecism; yet it is not new in the world. You may remember that in Montaigne's tour in Switzerland, he came to a town where 'he had infinite pleasure in observing the freedom and good government of this nation; and in remarking that his host of the *Grapes*, on his return from the town councils, held in a magnificent richly gilded palace, where he acted as president, waited upon his guests in person at dinners. There was another man, without any train or authority in the place, and who filled the guests' glasses as they needed it, who yet had led four companies of foot into France, under Casimir against the King.'

What disgusts the English, however, most of all, is, that these same American 'Colonels' and 'Generals' (even Volunteers and Militia) can actually lead troops, storm batteries, take cities and do other things, of which their own Woolwich cadets have usually a very slender notion indeed. The English have got something of Republicanism to learn yet—I greatly desire to aid in promoting their education.

Speaking of Montaigne's travels, I find another example of American institutions appearing in Europe in his day—the 'hospitalities of the city.' The municipality of Basle, 'did Messrs. D'Etissac and De Montaigne the honor of sending them some wine by one of their officers, who made them a long harangue while they were at table, to which M. De Montaigne replied at considerable length.' And again, at Augsburg, in Germany, 'The authorities of the town did Messrs. D'Etissac and De Montaigne the honor of sending them as a present, when they were at supper, fourteen large vessels full of their wine which were brought to Messieurs by seven servants dressed in the civic uniform, under the direction of a superior officer, whom Messieurs invited to supper, as is the custom in those cases; and they gave the porters a crown.' At Augsburg, however, I must confess, the parallel breaks down, for, says M. D'Etissac, 'we did not see one pretty woman here.'

But I fear that you will observe some slight tendency in my letters to a certain digressiveness.

Jackson is on the bank of Pearl river, a very considerable stream which does not fall into the Mississippi, but goes into the Gulf through its own mouth. It is navigable for

barks up to Jackson, and like all the other rivers, carries down much cotton. The State House is a handsome stone building in the Italian style. Other State establishments are here; and a gentleman kindly offers to conduct us through the madhouse.—This is a sort of proposal which I uniformly decline. One can endure a Deaf and Dumb Asylum, for once, out of politeness,—or even a hospital or penitentiary; but I bitterly hate lunatics; and cannot bear the glare of a mad eye.

There are gay times at Jackson at present, and much pleasant company. I had the honor of an introduction to the Governor of the State, Colonel McWille, a South Carolinian by birth, but of Irish extraction (as the majority of the people here are)—was present at a very handsome entertainment in the Executive Mansion, and had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the Governor's splendid family. For once I indulge myself in speaking of a family, because the Governor of a State is a public character, during his term of office; and his Executive Mansion no more private than the White House itself. This Executive Mansion is a beautiful one; and is highly honored and adorned by its present inmates.

Jackson stands at the head of steamboat navigation on Pearl river. It has also a railroad extending northward to join the Memphis and Charleston road, and southward nearly to New Orleans. Shortly this vast line of communications will be complete; and thereforeforward it will be the main line of travel from Louisiana and all the Southwest Northward, bringing its contribution to swell the vast traffic which will pour through our East Tennessee valley. There will then roll past my door at Knoxville the Mississippi of Railroads. J. M.

OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, March 8th.

As Patrick's Day approaches, the prospects for a fine celebration improve. If the weather is moderate, I think the outdoor display will be imposing. At all events the evening celebrations will be as genial as usual. I will furnish you with a detailed description of the whole affair.

You have doubtless heard of the great calico ball which came off some weeks ago, at the Academy of Music, for the cause of charity. I am not going to describe it at this late day. But I have to record a fact in connexion with it that deteriorates from its merits considerably; and that is that not a cent of the receipts—although they were large, unusually large—was bestowed upon a Catholic charity. The hospitals, schools for poor children, and other charitable institutions in New York, under the management of the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, and other religious orders extend their benign influence to thousands of the poor, yet none of them, as far as I can learn, have been entrusted with the disposal of a dollar, out of the fund realized from a ball in the success of which no one class of Christians rejoice more than another. If this was the result of forgetfulness (a thing hardly to be thought of) on the part of the managers, it was unpardonable; but if it was the result of any bigoted or exclusive feelings, it was contemptible, and deserving of all opprobrium. For the honor of New York, it must be said that this is not the spirit which usually pervades charitable movements here. The sweet cause of charity rebels against the foul spirit of bigotry; and whenever that demon gains ascendancy in enterprise for a charitable purpose, Charity, folding her robes about her head, withdraws from all communion therewith.

However, the friends of the Catholic charities are about getting up a ball in the Academy of Music, on a grand scale, which will be sure to realize a splendid sum in aid of the destitute multitude, which continually claims aid at their hands.

One of the shining lights of the American Navy, Commodore Matthew C. Perry, has just been withdrawn from active service in the world. He died at his residence, in this city, on the morning of the 5th. The Commodore was one of four brothers, all of whom were in the Navy, and the oldest of whom was Oliver H. Perry, who whipped the British so magnificently on Lake Erie, in the war of 1812, for the same old honor be to his memory. The late Commodore was the commander of the Japan Expedition, in 1852, and previous to that date had served gallantly in the Mexican war as commander of the naval squadron, at Vera Cruz. His funeral was conducted on Saturday, in a manner befitting a gallant seaman, who had served his country well. The marines from the navy yard, a portion of the 7th Regiment, the members of the Common Council, and quite a large number of naval and militia officers in full uniform attended his remains to the grave.

The weather here is more intensely winterish than it has been at any time during the period of real winter. The East River is clogged with ice, and the cutting wind which sweeps the highways of the city, renders locomotion to pedestrians most agonizing. The buds, which a few weeks ago gave hopeful promise of a genial though premature Spring, have been tipped in their infant verdure, and like the hapless children of the poor, look pinched, withered, and significant of decay. MUNSTER.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Miscellany.
ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Saint Patrick's Day has come again,
To cheer the hearts of Irishmen,
Though far from home in countries strange,
Where'er they dwell, where'er they range,
This day they think of home.

Those homes, which oft they see in dreams—
The fields so green, the silver streams
That down the grassy mountains side
Run tribute to that restless tide,
They cross'd when leaving home.

Those homes to which they fondly clung—
The aged sire, the children young,
Where youths and maidens joined in mirth
With friends and neighbors round the hearth
Of their once happy home.

Those homes that stood beside the hill—
The ruined castle and the mill,
The little wood, the earthen mound
Where Faïres danced at night around
In sight of happy homes.

Those homes were pleasant in those days,
The little birds sang out their lays,
The lamkins skip'd across the green,

Such days since then, were never seen
By Exiles far from home.

Those homes, alas! are crumbling stone,
The night-winds round their gables moan,
Oppression blasted with its breath
The inmates—banishment or death
It brought to those loved homes.

Those homes, to-day in fancy's light,
They glad the heart, they cheer the sight.
May each succeeding Patrick's day
Find Irishmen prepared to pray
For Erin once their home.

OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRIAL OF FATHER CONWAY—THE CATHOLIC ATTORNEY GENERAL—WEAKNESS OF THE GOVERNMENT CASE—A DUBLIN SPECIAL JURY—CASTLE TRADESMEN—LANDLORD PERSECUTION IN DONEGAL—THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND—THE PROTESTANT OATH AGAINST THE POPE—THE ALIEN BILL, &c.

I have just returned from the Court of Queen's Bench, where I have spent most of three days in listening to the trial of Father Conway upon a charge of 'spiritual intimidation.' I told you in my last that a 'priest hunt' in Ireland had been in these latter days comparatively unknown. Lord Palmerston has however revived the 'sport' in order to the bigotry of the class which upholds his government,

and thus brought us back to the penal days, in obedience to the behests of the Saxon Parliament which curses our land with its intolerant legislation I can assure you that a more lame and impotent case was never presented to a court of justice.

The Attorney General, one Fitzgerald, belonging to Clare, who professes to be a *Catholic*, conducted the prosecution, assisted by able counsel. Thomas O'Hagan, Q. C. with a host of other legal talent defended the reverend traverser. The Attorney General in his opening address conducted himself infamously. He made use of assertions concerning Father Conway, which the evidence adduced, proved he had no grounds for making, and which must have emanated from the venom and rancor of his malignant brain. I assure you that the most bigoted Orange Attorney General that ever disgraced the name of justice, could not have displayed more zeal and anxiety for a conviction than this Catholic (?) Fitzgerald did for the conviction of the priest of Mayo.

The witnesses, most of them, were a sorry pack of knaves. They contradicted themselves upon material points and contradicted each other. One ruffian, who had doubtless been tutored to speak a few words of Irish, answered the questions of the government counsel satisfactorily, and swore he could repeat every word the priest spoke in Irish. This was very well, until Father Conway's counsel took hold of him; when the ruffian admitted he could not speak a word of the *Gaelic*, and did not understand what Father Conway said to the people in that tongue! It is admitted on all hands in this city, that a lamer case was never brought before a



THE RURAL DANCING ACADEMY.

Court, and that the good priest ought to be at once acquitted.

You my dear — know well what a Dublin special jury is; and what little justice is to be expected from it. The castle is omnipotent in the jury box. It is generally composed of the 'lion and the unicorn' tradesmen. That is, of nincompoops who have been permitted to make a trowers or a night-cap for 'His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant,' and forthwith for the Royal Arms, or the 'lion and unicorn fighting for a crown, appears in their windows or over their shop doors, and they become tradesmen to the castle, and ready to betray their country and their God at the bidding of 'His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.'

It is of this class mostly, the special jury which tries Father Conway is composed. I can only recognise one Catholic name on the jury panel, and much is not to be expected from such a jury, and I am satisfied that even this packed jury dare not convict him upon the flimsy testimony adduced at the trial.

I grieve to say that the people in the mountains of Donegal are perishing of hunger and starvation. Oh, God! how long will a people who produce food sufficient to maintain three times their numbers, be permitted to perish for the want of that which Thou hast showered upon them with such a bounteous hand?

The nature of the case in Donegal is this. From time immemorial, the people in the mountainous districts of Gweedore and Cloughineely have been permitted to pasture their sheep and cattle on the sides of the mountains, living principally by stock they were thus enabled to raise. From

the increase of their stock they paid their rent, and were remarkable for their quiet, orderly deportment, and their love and attachment to their faith.

The landlords of these places, with but one exception, combined together last year, and deprived the people of their mountains, brought in English and Scotch graziers, and converted the lands, which had previously been the support of so many human beings, into sheepwalks for English and Scotch sheep, leaving our own people, made in the image of God, to die and perish of want.

But this is not all. The sheep brought to the Donegal Mountains by these strangers were not accustomed to the climate, nor to the bogs which lie between the hills. Consequently numbers of them perished in bog-holes and from the rigors of the climate. A cry was got up that they had been destroyed by the people, and the Grand Jury, composed of the very men who had robbed the people of their lands, returned a large assessment against the district—no less than the sum of three thousand pounds. Now we are assured that this is the most wretched district on God's earth, and yet three hundred policemen have collected this enormous tax from these wretched people and have, in most cases, seized upon the little store of potatoes &c., which they had laid up for winter and sold it to satisfy this infamous tax—this nefarious robbery. Such is English law in Ireland.

Now what are our exiles in America doing? For the love of God and our fine old Celtic race, to which our perishing countrymen belong, come to the assistance of these plundered, persecuted, and perishing souls in Donegal.

Fellow countrymen in America, a little from each of you will be the means of saving thousands from death by starvation. Will you not give us that little, and give it soon, or the poor Celts of Donegal will be swept from the face of the earth, victims to landlord tyranny, and 'the place that once knew them will know them no more forever.'

Mr. Roebuck threatens to bring forward his motion for abolishing the mock Court of Ireland. This has set our political hucksters in a flutter. They fear lest the mart wherein they sell themselves and their country, should be removed to a place more difficult of access. The Castle and the Court in Dublin are sinks of corruption. The sooner both are abolished the better for Ireland. I wish Mr. Roebuck would abolish English 'law' in Ireland, along with the English Lord Lieutenant; he would then become our best benefactor.

There has been considerable 'talk' in Parliament concerning the oath which every Protestant member has to take against the Pope. This fact has been elicited, and indeed, almost admitted, that for 200 years past every Protestant member of parliament has been swearing to that which he knew to be a lie!

It is rumored here that Palmerston will be defeated on the 'alien bill.' If so, old Pam will have to go out, and some other minister will be called in. The change cannot affect this country much; but such a result will seriously affect the alliance existing between John Bull and his Celtic cousin of France. Perhaps Napoleon may yet send his gallant troops to clear out that 'den of assassins.'

AVONMORE.

DUBLIN, Feb. 18th, 1853.

NEWS FROM HOME.

DONEGAL.

Mr. Davis and his crew, sailed, during the last two months at two stils, two mill heads, one copper worn, 800 gallons of potato, 15 gallons of singings, 9 stone of malt, and 16 vases, on the island of Gola and Innishow, during the late gales.

On the 15th of January, Constable John O'Connor, and party of the Rossinakil station, discovered an extensive private distillery (which, from all appearance, had been long in use) in a cave at the foot of a precipice, with the tide flowing in to the entrance in the townland of Bunilton, on the west of Lough Swilly, and south of Knockalla mountain. Nearest to the entrance of the cave distillation was going on, farther in was a pool for steeping malt; and considerably beyond that was a nicely prepared malting floor, so arranged that people could remain all night in it. The only entrance was from the sea side or down a dangerous precipice. The seizure consisted of two stils, two copper worms, three still heads, two vats, seven large hogs-heads containing upwards of three hundred gallons of wort and wash, and several vessels, five kegs with about fifteen gallons of singings, five bags, containing about sixty stone of grain. Two prisoners were arrested, who were tried at Rathmullan Petty Sessions, and sentenced to three months imprisonment.

DOWN.

It is with extreme regret that we have to record another instance of fire-raising, whereby a stack of oats and another of wheat straw, the property of Mr. John Mackelvie, Ballylough, have been completely destroyed. Mr. Mackelvie observed the fire—his attention having been attracted by a light shining into his bed-room window, and gave an alarm to his neighbors, who speedily repaired to the spot, and by their exertions prevented the flames from catching a stack of hay, although unfortunately, they could do nothing to save the two stacks already mentioned. Fortunately the wind was from the south, otherwise the dwelling house would in all likelihood have shared the fate of the stacks. The property was not insured.—*Newsy Herald.*

Thomas Drought, a private of the Tower Hamlets Militia, now stationed in Newry, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, with hard labor, by the Magistrates at the Petty Sessions, for attempted robbery of the till of Dr. Johnson, and an assault on that gentleman.

MONAGHAN.

Monaghan winter fair was but indifferently attended, the supply of beasts on the whole being of a middling description. The prices of stock of every kind were lower. The sales, notwithstanding, were slow.

Some ten or twelve months since the Most Rev. Dr. MacNally, Lord Bishop of Clogher, purchased eight acres of land, situate a short distance from the town of Monaghan, on the Castletyberly road. The price was £800. A week or two since a meeting of the leading Catholics of the parish was held, when more than £1,000 was at once subscribed to pay for the land, his lordship, we understand, giving £200 as his own subscription. On this ground it is, we believe intended to erect a new Church, a Convent, and schools and a parochial residence. The undertaking is a heavy one; but with such a prelate as the Bishop of Clogher to guide the good work, and such liberal people as the Catholics of Monaghan to supply the funds, we hope in a few years to see their laud desires accomplished.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

CAVAN.

With feelings of deep regret we have to record the premature death of Edward Plunkett, Esq., of Donowme, in the county Cavan, who died of apoplexy.

The lands of Ferrugh, in this county, held in fee, containing 99a. 1l. 6p., statute measure, yearly profit rent £68 3s. 6d., were set up for sale, by order of the Commissioners of Incumbered Estates, before George Graham, auctioneer, at Argus Hotel, in the town of Cavan, recently. There was a very numerous attendance, chiefly of tenant farmers. After a brisk and spirited competition, chiefly between Mr. Clarke of Laragh, Mr. Jennings and Mr. James Morrow of Ballyjamesduff, Mr. Morrow was declared the highest bidder for £11,500.

GALWAY.

An influential meeting was held in the town of Tuam for the purpose of organizing a subscription for the defence of the Rev. Messrs. Conway and Ryan, who are now being prosecuted by the Attorney-General under the direction of the House of Commons. Over fifty pounds were subscribed at once.

The *Ballinacloe Western Star* says:—'On Tuesday last (Jan. 25,) we had a fall of snow for the first time this season, but as the day advanced the fields again assumed their garb of green, the snow rapidly disappearing. The season has, up to the present, continued peculiarly mild, and out-door work has been prosecuted with vigor. The wheat crop looks well, and land for green crops is already undergoing the preparatory operations.'

The Archbishop of Tuam has appointed the Rev. T. M.

Donagh, C.C., from Ballinacloe to the Island of Boilin, and the Rev. Patrick Ryan to be C.C. of Ballinacloe.

The new church of St. Augustine, Galway, is rapidly progressing towards completion. The walls of the clerestory are at the full height; and the triplet window now presents a bold and majestic idea of the Gothic architecture of the 16th century. The building, it is expected, will be ready for solemn consecration early in the present year. The design and plans are by M. B. Moran, Esq., architect, Dublin.

MISCELLANEA.

If you would know the worth of a dollar, go and borrow one.

The best way to silence a talkative person is never to interrupt him. Do not snuff the candle and it will go out of itself.

The Rev. Evan Baillie has placed his resignation of the living of Lawshall, Norfolk, (Eng.) in the hands of the bishop of the diocese, preparatory to his being admitted into the Church of Rome, in which step he had been preceded by his late curate, the Rev. H. De Burgh.

'Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?' 'Yes, to the bone.' 'What is his character?' 'Didn't know he had any.' 'Does he live near you?' 'So near that he has spent only five shillings for fire-wood in eight years.'

A little girl, five years of age, came home from school the other day, and being asked by a member of the family if she was at the head of the class, replied: 'No, I am at the foot.' Being asked the reason for her being there, she very naively replied; 'Father says the know nothings are the best.'

SCARCITY OF MEN FOR THE BRITISH ARMY.—Upwards of 60,000 men, says the *United Service Gazette*, are required to complete the several regiments of the line to the full establishment. It seems evident that some more active measures must be adopted to obtain recruits. Volunteering from the militia to the line appears, says the *Globe*, to be almost a failure. Recruiting parties were sent to Aldershot to enlist 3,000 men, but only 600 were obtained.

The most agreeable companion is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it, obliging alike at all hours; above all of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we would gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, and profoundest thinker.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—At a late ball in Baltimore, a gentleman—probably one of the codfish aristocracy—having danced with a young lady whose attractions, both personal and conversational, seemed to have made an impression on his sensibilities, asked to have the pleasure of seeing her on the following evening.

'Why, no sir,' replied the fair one, 'I shall be engaged to-morrow evening; but I'll tell you when you can see me.' 'I shall be most happy,' exclaimed the stricken swain. 'Well, on Saturday,' resumed the lady, 'you can see me at the foot of Marsh's Market selling cabbages!'

DARN THE EXPENSE.—A good story is told, in illustration of the strange things that men will say during moments of excitement, of a fervent member of a prayer meeting, who, while praying, was incited to greater zeal by the sympathizing ejaculation of other members of the meeting. Growing more animated he cried out: 'Come down here, Lord—come right down among us—come right here to-night—come right through the roof!' And another, equally enthusiastic and excited, and who, it seems, was carried away by the shouting brother, and had the tantrums about as bad, here joined in and said: 'Yes, come, Lord, right down through the roof, and I'll pay for the shingles.'

EARLY RISING.—Rubens rose regularly at four, and made it a law of his life to begin the day by prayer; after which he went to work, and before breakfast made those beautiful sketches known by the name of his breakfast sketches—always having in the

house an educated person, who read to him Livy Plutarch, or Virgil. As work was his great happiness, he was very abstemious, that he might not be prevented painting all day. He worked on till five, when he mounted his favorite horse, and rode round the ramparts at Antwerp; at his return, he found his friends assembled to supper. His chief relaxation was riding, or studying his fine collection of gems, or reading; and as he painted everything from nature and painted horses often, he had some of the finest breed in his stables. He rarely visited, except when requested to do so by artists in whose works he always found something to praise.

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.—How is it that some men, thought to be so old, still look so young, while others though young, look old? The cause lies very frequently in themselves. Mr. Rant once, on being asked the reason, said—

'I never ride when I can walk; I never eat but one dish at dinner; I never get drunk. My walking keeps my blood in circulation, my simple diet prevents indigestion, and never touching ardent spirits, my liver never fears being eaten up alive. But he forgot to add one of the greatest causes of lasting youth—a kind, unenvious heart.' Envy can dig as deeply in the human face as time itself.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper, he is more excellent, who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it a part of the temper.

IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE.—At one time Daniel Webster had a difficult case to plead, and a verdict was rendered against his client. One of the witnesses came to him and said—

'Mr. Webster, if I had thought we should have lost the case, I might have testified a great deal more than I did.'

It's of no consequence,' replied the lawyer, the jury did not believe a word you said.'

A FOOL'S QUESTION.—As the late professor H. was walking near Edinburgh, he met one of those beings usually called fools.'

'Pray,' says the Professor, accosting him, 'how long can a person live without brains?'

'I dinna ken,' replied the fellow, scratching his head—'how long have you lived yourself, sir?'

FOREBODINGS.—Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm the traveller upon their road: they both appear at a great distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had imagined.

Ambition is not always the mark of a great mind; on the contrary it is frequently the sign of the weakest; as the highest eminences are only accessible to eagles and reptiles.

Wisdom is the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

HINT TO WIVES.—Wives who do not try to keep their husbands will lose them. A man does the 'courting,' before marriage, and the wife must do it afterwards, or some other women will.

Don't be affrighted if misfortune stalks into your humble habitation. She sometimes takes the liberty of walking into the presence chamber of kings.

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT. A Series of Tableaux, illustrating Irish History and the Trial of Robert Emmet, will be given by the Boys of the House of the Angel Guardian, in the Boston Music Hall, on the evening of the 17th of March, 1858.

MR. ANTHONY WEBSTER—Conductor.

PART I.—Tableaux of Irish History, and Trial of Robert Emmet.

1. St. Patrick in Tara's Hall, preaching to the King of Tara.
2. Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faithless sons betrayed her; When Malachi wore the collar of gold, Which he won from the proud invader.
3. Siege of Limerick.
4. Robert Emmet and the Patriots assembled.
5. Treason discovered.
6. The Traitor punished.
7. Emmet has been arrested.
8. Trial Scene.
9. Emmet's Last Speech.

PART II.

1. Exile of Erin.
 2. The Last Rose of Summer.
 3. Law.
 4. Kathleen Macavonree.
 5. Erin is My Home, (Quick Step)
 6. Kitty Clyde, (by request)
 7. The Hap that once—
 8. Rory O'Moore and Garyone.
 9. Leather Breeches.
 10. Glorious Apostle.
- Tickets 25 cents. To be had of the Ticket Committee, at the Catholic Bookstore, and at the door.
Doors open at 6-1-2. Concert to commence at 7-1-2 o'clock.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AMUSEMENTS.

PROSPECTUS.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & HUNTLEY'S MINSTRELS! OPERA HOUSE—School Street, opposite Franklin Monument.

The above Company commenced their Series of Unique Baroque Ethiopian Melanges on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 4th, 1885, and will continue every evening and Saturday afternoon during the season. The hall has been beautifully fitted up, and the Managers pledge themselves that no pains shall be wanting on their part to render this the place of amusement for the play-going public.

Cards of admission, 25 cents: Children under ten years, 15 cents.

Doors open at 6:34 o'clock: performance commencing at 7:12. **LON MORRIS & J. T. HUNTLEY,** feb13
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ARITY, 110 Fulton street, New York, will be sent free by mail, on receipt of the amount in money or postage stamps.

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HIBERNIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS: By Samuel Ferguson, LL.D., Editor of the Dublin University Magazine, 12 mo., cloth, 504 pages. Price \$1.25.

WILD IRISH GIRL: By Lady Morgan. 15mo., cloth, 2 vols. Price 30 cents. Feb 13.

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Owing to the great increase in their business, they have been obliged to add horses and wagons to their heretofore ample accommodations, to which they give their personal attention.

This faithful for past favors they would respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage. feb13

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HENRY TANNER, JR. THOMAS M. HALPIN, ALLAN COOPER. feb13

Chicago, Feb. 13

IRISH MISCELLANY. Prospectus. On Saturday the 13th day of February 1885, was published the first number of a new weekly periodical, with the above title, dedicated to the diffusion of a more intimate knowledge of the literary and political history of Ireland, and to the mental, moral and political elevation of the Celtic race on this continent.

The "Irish Miscellany" will contain 16 pages of closely printed matter, on fine paper, of a size similar to this prospectus. Price 4 cents a copy, by the advance, or \$2 a year to mail subscribers—invariably in advance.

In asking for public support for the *Irish Miscellany*, it is proper to say, that it is not our intention to trespass upon the ground already occupied by any of our contemporaries. We have marked out for ourselves a course entirely new and original—one not occupied by any other publication in this country. We propose to cultivate a field which, although naturally rich and fertile, and capable of producing the choicest flowers and fruits of literature, has hitherto lain comparatively barren and unproductive. Into this field we shall enter with a full confidence of its capabilities, but with a modest diffidence of the skill which we shall bring to its culture.

It has long been a reproach to our race here, that while the publications of the day, with few exceptions, teem with vile caricatures of us and of our country—while we are continually held up to public gaze as everything that is foolish, absurd and vicious—but little effort is made to place the true character of our country before the eyes of the world, or vindicate our name and race from the calumnies with which English hate everywhere pursues us.

To correct, in some measure, this crying evil, it was at first intended to gather together a number of Irishmen distinguished in the walks of literature, and publish monthly a review, which, for sterling talent, should be second to none published here or in Europe. The great expense consequent upon an undertaking of this magnitude, however, from the attempt, compelled us to relinquish our design, and to substitute instead thereof, our more unpretending "Miscellany."

We propose to re-produce in our weekly periodical the writings of many of the great minds who have gone before us. While we shall also call from the current Irish literature of the day, such productions of merit cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers, and we shall endeavor to give the legends and the legends of the old land, while they amuse, serve to instruct and to elevate.

We shall therefore publish such instructive tales and legends of a high moral tone, that will remind us of the happy times when we—

"Sat by the fire of a cold Winter's night,

Along with our friends, under a canopy of delight." We shall give faithful reproductions and illustrations of Irish antiquities—of our ruin monasteries, our plundered abbeys and churches; and our pictorial illustrations of Irish life, its antiquities, its customs, its legends, its many familiar scenes of early childhood. We have secured the services of talented artists, and each number of the *Miscellany* will contain numerous pictorial illustrations executed in the best style of the art.

We shall keep constantly before our readers the ancient glory of our country, and while we ponder with pride upon the moral and intellectual superiority of Ireland, when compared with the rest of Europe was sunk in ignorance and barbarism; we shall point to the past as an incentive to the future.

The biographies of distinguished Irishmen will be an important feature in the *Irish Miscellany*, as we shall give biographical notices of Irishmen, distinguished in every department of literature, science and art—of men distinguished on the sea and on land; in the church, the senate, and at the bar.

It is our intention to republish the works of Irish writers now out of print, in such a manner that they may be preserved to future time as a memorial of the old land, and serve to incite, in the minds of the rising generation, a high regard for the land of their fathers.

We propose commencing with the *Dublin Penny Journal*, a work which in its day enjoyed unbounded popularity.

We shall devote one issue of *Miscellany* to each number of that national publication. To do this we have ordered a font of type in Irish characters, so that the poems printed in that Journal in the Irish language can be reprinted in Irish characters with English translation in ours. This department of the *Miscellany* will be in the hands of an Irish gentleman every way competent to the task.

The remaining eight pages of the *Miscellany* will be devoted to the current news of the day, to original articles, tales, essays, poetry, &c. In politics we shall endeavor to avoid those questions which have divided our countrymen, or discuss them in a manner void of offence.

The *Irish Miscellany* will be thoroughly independent of all political parties—the slave of none. Such questions as affect our countrymen here, we shall discuss with freedom, and exert every labor for their moral, intellectual and political elevation.

The editorial labors will be divided among several gentlemen of ability, and we trust to make the *Miscellany* a welcome guest at the fireside of the Irishman. With these remarks we commend our sheet to the support of every well wisher of our race. We feel there is room for such a publication, and promise that we will be wanting on our part to make it worthy of public support.

JACKSON & CO., PUBLISHERS, 2 Spring Lane, Boston.

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TAKER** of the Dorchester Catholic Cemetery, would inform friends and the public, that he keeps constantly on hand and manufactures to order, coffins of all sizes and kinds, at his coffin warehouse, No. 1 Davis St., Roxbury.

Grave clothes of various qualities for sale, and coffin plates engraved at short notice. Price of Graves, \$3.50.

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT! A grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert will be given by the St. Cecilia Choral Society, (one hundred singers), and Brass Band attached, assisted by the full Germania Orchestra, and Mendelssohn Glee Club, at Tremont Temple, Wednesday, March 17, 1885. Mr. John Falkenstein, Director, Organist of St. Mary's Church, Boston.

Tickets 25 cts. to be had at the Pilot Office, and the following gentlemen:

Boston—E. A. Palmer, E. A. Gogarty, Patrick Donahoe, T. Mooney, James O'Neil, M. Doherty, Martin Griffin, C. Doherty, E. S. Wright, Wm. S. McGowan, Dennis Bonner, M. A. Farren, Wm. Dorey, J. Cunningham, Dr. Walter Walsh, Wm. Coyne, J. N. McDevitt, T. Powers, J. W. Bar-
ton, Geo. E. Murphy, F. O'Dowd, Wm. Harley, Jas. Gallagher, M. Carney, John Flynn, John Doherty.

South Boston—Dr. Ferguson, Wm. McAvoy, Ambrose A. Thayer.

East Boston—M. Doherty, P. McDonough, H. Kingman, Dr. Taylor.

Roxbury—Joseph Walker, M. Mischler, J. Murphy, Martin Lynch, James Baxter.

Charlestown—M. Lennan, C. Grace, F. Holland, P. H. Neagle.

Cambridge and East Cambridge—Wm. Brine, John Con-
nally, John Haegney, John F. Brine, Jos. F. Scallan, Jas. Cassidy, J. Kiernan. feb13

A LECTURE will be delivered in the basement of St. Vincent's Church, Purchase St., (for the benefit of the Sunday School, on Sunday Evening, March 14th, by Rev. J. F. Roudan, Subject—Joan of Arc. Lecture to commence at 7:12 o'clock.

Tickets 25 cts. Children half price. To be had at the usual places and at the door on that evening. feb13

TO LET—To a small family. Half a House at No. 17 Wheeler's Court.

S. E. SANBORN, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in GOLD, SILVER, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, FANCY GOODS, &c. No. 134 Federal Street, Boston.

Particular attention given to repairing Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. &c. feb13



WOLF TONE.

COUNSELLOR THEOBALD WOLF TONE—HIS RESEMBLANCE TO MR. CROKER—HE IS ORDERED TO BE HANGED BY A MILITARY COURT—GENERAL CRAIG ATTACHED IN COURT OF COMMON PLEAS—TONE'S ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE—CRUEL SUGGESTION RESPECTING HIM.

THEOBALD WOLF TONE was one of the most remarkable of the persons who lost their lives in consequence of that wild democratic mania, which, at the period treated of in the former sketch, had seized upon the reason of so many otherwise sensible individuals. His catastrophe can not fail to be interesting.

This gentleman's enthusiastic mind was eternally surrounded by the mist of visionary speculation: it was a fine sailer but wanted ballast. He had distinguished himself somewhat in the University as a desultory declaimer, but in my judgment, that was the full extent of his powers. He was neither high born, nor wealthy; in fact, I fear even a steady competency was not at his command: and hence his spirit, naturally restless, was additionally goaded and inflamed.

It is a curious circumstance that Mr. Tone, a decided revolutionist, and rebel, married improbably enough, one sister, while Mr. Thomas Reynolds, who betrayed the friends of Tone and himself, espoused another.

Tone was called to the Irish bar; but had been previously overrated, and did not succeed. I thought it a pity (as he was really a good-hearted person) that he should not be fairly tried, and, if possible, pushed forward; and being myself high on the circuit, I took him round in my carriage three times, and then thought well of him; but he was too light and visionary; and as for law, was quite incapable of imbibing that species of science. His person was unfavorable—his countenance thin and sallow; and he had in his speech a harsh, guttural pronunciation of the letter R—a defect shared by him in common with Mr. Croker, of the admiralty, who indeed resembled him in personal appearance greatly, but was somewhat Tone's inferior in elocution.

It is my belief, that Tone could not have succeeded in any steady civil profession. He was not worldly enough, nor had he sufficient common sense for his guidance. His biography has been repeatedly published, and I only intend here to allude to the extraordinary circumstances of his death; an event upon which I confess I had many painful feelings

and not the less so from its being connecting with my own judicial functions.

He had been taken in arms by Sir John Borlase Warren at sea, in a French frigate, proceeding to land troops in Ireland. He wore the uniform of a French officer, but being recognised, brought prisoner to Dublin, and delivered over for trial to the provost-marshal and military authorities, he was of course condemned to be hanged. I did not see him under these distressing circumstances, nor in truth was it my wish to do so; for although there existed between us no actual friendship, still I had a strong feeling for a gentleman with whom I had been so well acquainted.

It occurred to his counsel that the jurisdiction of martial law could not extend to him, as it only operated on land, and he had been taken at sea. An application was therefore made to the common pleas, to have him brought up by *habeas corpus*, in order (the point being ascertained) to be regularly tried before the competent tribunal—the court of admiralty. The *habeas corpus* being granted, was served on General Craig, who then commanded in Dublin, but who refused to obey it, and was attached for his disobedience; an order being consequently made for the general and

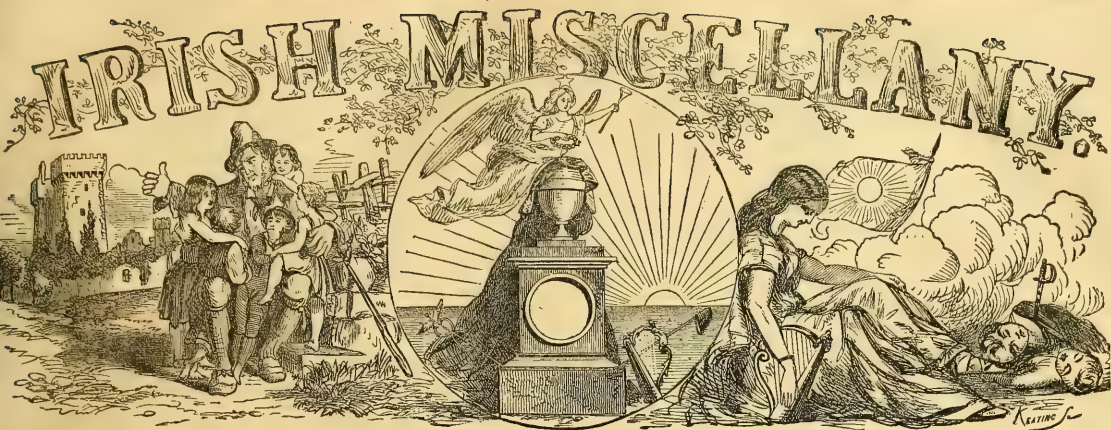
some of his staff to be taken into custody by the officers of the court.

To me (as judge of the admiralty) this appeal was most distressing. Had Tone the least chance of escape in any court, or upon any trial, it might have been otherwise; but he could not be defended; and to have him brought before me only to witness his conviction, and to pronounce his sentence, shocked me extremely. His friends thought this course might prolong his fate a considerable time, and it was supposed that something might intermediately occur calculated to effect a commutation of the capital punishment. I knew better! I was convinced that his execution was determined on; it was unavoidable, and I felt great uneasiness.

The court having ordered General Craig, and Major Sandys (provost-marshal) to be arrested for disobedience, both these gentlemen submitted, and the *pursuivant* was directed to bring up the body of Theobald Wolfe Tone, on the writ of *habeas corpus*. The judges sat patiently awaiting the officer's return: and the decision being of great importance, the court was crowded to suffocation.

A considerable time elapsed, and still the *pursuivant* returned not. At length he appeared, with horror in

his looks, and scarcely able to speak. He informed the court, that Mr. Tone feeling certain of execution by order of the military, and being ignorant of the motion which his friends thought might give him some chance for his life, had cut his throat from ear to ear, and he believed, was dying! A surgeon now attended, who reported that the prisoner had certainly cut his throat, but that recovery was possible: the incision was long and deep, but had missed the artery, and he still lived. Of course, the trial was postponed; every friend he had (and I think he had many among the bar), rejoicing that poor Tone had escaped a public execution. He lingered a while; and will it be believed, that when the wound had been connected, and while life still seemed precarious, owing to the extreme inflammation—I say, will it be believed that there existed cruelty sufficient in the breast of any human creature to advise his execution—though it would have been impossible to put the sentence in force without inserting the rope within the wound, and nearly tearing away the unfortunate gentleman's head from his body! Yet such advice was given, 'for the sake of example; and rejected, I am happy to say, with horror. I will spare the man who gave it the ignominy which would thence attach to his name were it mentioned. 4



VOLUME I.—NUMBER 7.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1858.

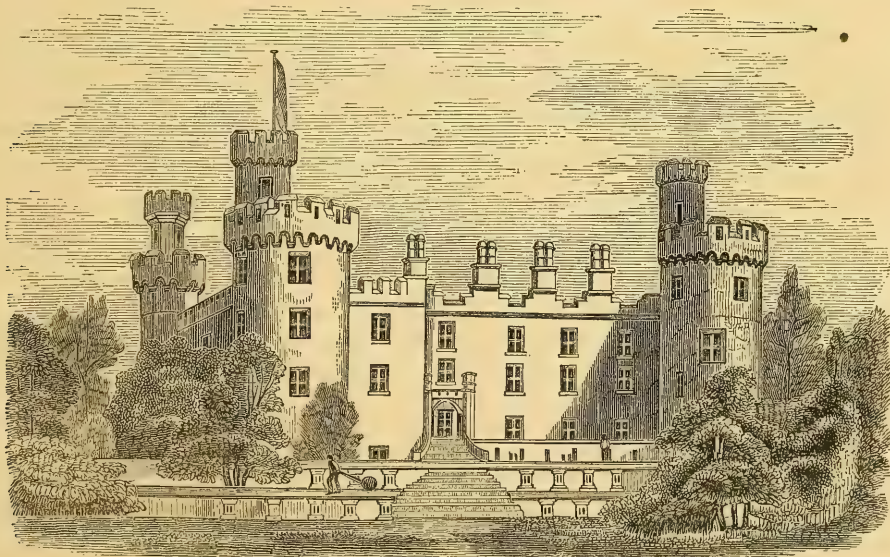
[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

KILKENNY CASTLE.

There is perhaps no Baronial residence in Ireland that can boast at the same time of a foundation so ancient, a situation so magnificent, and so many historical associations, as the princely residence of 'The chief Butler of Ireland'—Kilkenny Castle. It appears to have been originally erected by Richard de Clare (Strongbow) as early as 1172, but this structure having been destroyed by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, it was rebuilt in 1195. William Lord Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, in the possession of whose descend-

ants it remained till the year 1391, when it was purchased by James Butler, the third Earl of Ormond, from Thomas le Spencer, lord of Glamorgan and Kilkenny, whose grandfather. Hugh, acquired it and the earldom of Gloucester in marriage with Eleanor de Clare, third sister and co-heir of Gilbert, ninth earl of Clare and Gloucester. From this period to the present it has been the chief residence of the illustrious House of Ormond; and we trust shall long continue so. Here in 1399, the earl had the honor of receiving King Richard II. and of entertaining that sov-

ereign for fourteen days. In March 1650, when the city was invested by Oliver Cromwell, and its defence entrusted to Sir Walter Butler, the cannon of the former were opened on the castle, and a breach was effected on the 25th, about mid-day, but the besiegers were twice gallantly repulsed and the breach was quickly repaired. On this occasion, it is said that Cromwell, apprehending a longer resistance than suited the expedition necessary in his military operations at the time, was on the point of quitting the place, when he received overtures from the mayor and townsmen, of-



KILKENNY CASTLE.

ering to admit him into the city. He accordingly took possession of Irish town, and being soon after joined by Ireton with 1500 fresh men, 'Sir Walter Butler, considering the weakness of the garrison, few in number, and those worn out for want of rest by continued watching, and hopeless of relief, determined to execute Lord Castlehaven's orders, which were that if they were not relieved by seven o'clock the day before, he should not, for any punctilio of honor, expose the townsmen to be massacred, but make as good conditions as he could by a timely surrender. A parley was beaten

and a cessation agreed on at twelve o'clock the next day, when the town and castle were delivered up.' The articles of capitulation were highly creditable to the garrison, and it is recorded, that Sir Walter Butler and his officers, when they marched out, were complimented by Cromwell, who said, 'that they were gallant fellows; that he had lost more men in storming that place than he had in taking Drogheda, and that he should have gone without it, had it not been for the treachery of the townsmen!'

Of the original castle, as rebuilt by the earl of Pem-

broke, but little now remains. It was an oblong square of magnificent proportions, with four lofty round towers at its angles. This castle was re-edified by the first Duke of Ormond towards the close of the seventeenth century, in the bad style of architecture then prevailing on the Continent, a taste for which had probably been imbibed by the Duke in his repeated visits to France. It retained, however, three of the ancient towers, but changed in character and disfigured by fantastic decorations to make them harmonize in style with the newer portions of the building. That

structure has again been removed by the present Marquis, and one of better taste, the subject of our present engraving, erected on its site, preserving, however, the ancient towers, and restoring them to something like their original character. The architect is Mr. Robertson of Kilkenny.

The interior of the castle will shortly be adorned with its original collection of ancient tapestries and pictures, valuable as works of art, but still more as memorials of some of the most distinguished historical personages of the two last centuries.

Nothing, as we have already observed, can be finer than the situation of Kilkenny Castle—placed on a lofty eminence immediately overhanging that charming river—

—the stubborn Newre, whose waters grey
By fair Kilkenny and Rosse-ponte board.'—

In a future number we shall give some account of the beautiful cathedral and abbey churches for which Kilkenny is so justly celebrated.

ON THE PROFITS OF FARMING.

Every man about to embark in farming, should make it a fixed rule, not to extend himself more than his capital will admit of; and, above all, he must be cautious that it is not infringed upon towards the payment of his rents; which may, even where the greatest activity and intelligence is brought into play, be sometimes the case, when produce is depreciated. Losses may be compensated for in succeeding seasons; but it seems, I think, pretty generally allowed that great profits are not now to be made, more particularly in the tillage way.

If the agriculturist deducts all his expenses, keeping an account for five years, to enable him to have an average, (which is the only fair way,) it is more than probable he will find that his profits will not return sufficient compensation. Some few, under advantageous circumstances, such as good markets, and a few successive good years, may think otherwise; but experience will show that reverses may come about and reduce their profits.

Trade and commerce are much more likely methods of attaining wealth than agriculture; and Great Britain, if solely an agricultural country, could not have attained the rank she now holds among nations. However, as agriculture and commerce generally go hand in hand, if she had not attained the first rank as to one, she probably never would have attained it as to the other.

Grazing, however, has many advantages over tillage, being attended with less expense, and money is often made by trading in cattle and quick transfers. Many of those farmers or graziers, who are now wealthy, having laid the foundation of their wealth in this way.—Buying and selling of stock with judicious speculation has often added considerably to a small capital.

It may however be asserted, with little risk of contradiction, that no embarkment of capital, generally speaking, affords less profit than farming. The man who follows the plough is he who can live best by tillage; and, in Ireland, where from want of sufficient employment, agricultural labor is at the lowest value, the peasant and small landholder may follow it to advantage comparatively, at least so far as regards labor.

Tillage may be combined with grazing, to a certain extent, advantageously, but extensive tillage will not in this country, at least, afford adequate remuneration. The farmer who is embarked in both branches, if he means, to manage matters well, and with even tolerable success, must give his time almost wholly and perseveringly up to it. He must be experienced and reflective, and, if he is endowed with a little foresight, so much the better. There is no business in which it is more necessary to regulate matters so that one operation shall not delay or interfere with another, so as that none may be neglected, but all perfected in detail. To men of well regulated minds this will come easy, and rural pursuits of all kinds will prove agreeable to those disposed to the study of nature, nor is there any employment better calculated to afford a

reasonable degree of human happiness, or more of health to the body, and agreeable occupation to the mind. The strictest attention and economy must be unremittently kept up; and the prudent man will calculate well before he makes an improvement, whether it will pay him or not, which must in a great measure, depend upon circumstances; such as his term or lease, &c. This will be the more necessary, as they are few who have made any thing like a handsome independence by farming, the most hard-working men often closing a long life in the same, or probably little better circumstances, than those in which they began. In short, a livelihood is all that a reasonable man can look to; as to making a fortune, that is now almost entirely out of the question. And if too much in theory or speculation is attempted, he who makes the trial will find his mistake, probably, when too late.

Improvement, nevertheless, in all its branches must be followed up with strict attention to economy; but unless a man has a fortune at his back sufficient to bear him through, (when he may be at liberty to please himself) let him not be led into whimsical or extravagant expenses: neither should the young man of fortune, on coming to his property, if his mind should turn to agricultural pursuits, deceive himself, by visionary profits, prematurely estimated or anticipated, and which are not to be realized. It is not the wish of the writer, to damp the sanguine expectations of such young men; but there are sedate and reflecting minds even among such, who will profit as they go along, by experience, and take caution from the mistakes of their neighbors; rural pursuits will also become agreeable to such, and a strong inducement to reside in the country, and at the same time afford employment and a livelihood to those about them. Besides, to such persons, there is a constant variety in looking after the trees, shrubs, fruits, crops, &c. which they plant, and see grow and thrive under their care; and which are presenting themselves, always, under some renewed form, rendering agriculture, planting, and gardening, the most agreeable, and least tiresome, of human pursuits.—*Lambert.*

FINE ARTS.

Historic sketch of the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland.

[A portion of the following essay, has been already published in the Dublin Literary Gazette, but owing to various causes it was never completed. We now by the permission of the Author, present it to the public in a new and corrected form—illustrated with characteristic embellishments, from ancient remains.]

The Fine Arts properly so called, or the arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, have never hitherto, in Ireland, had their chronicle, or indeed, received the slightest aid from the literature of their country. It would be easy to assign probable and sufficient causes for such neglect, but in this place it is enough to state the fact, coupled as it is with its melancholy consequence, that whenever genius of a higher order has appeared among us, and such instances have not been uncommon, we have rarely discovered how it should have been appreciated, till it had fled forever from our shores.

But brighter prospects appear to be at length opening; great changes have at length taken place in the political world, and if the expected results be realized, as we trust they will, the Fine Arts must participate in the blessing, and their amiable professors see better days. Our minds, no longer engaged in the harrowing broils of political and religious strife, will seek the soft and humanizing enjoyments which the cultivation of the taste can alone impart, and we shall find our reward in the acquisition of a new sense more ennobling to our nature, and more closely allied to the Divinity, than those already enjoyed in common with the lower animals. A green field 'and nothing more' to us, for we shall have acquired the power of seeing the unspeakable beauty as well as wisdom exhibited in all the works of the Creator; and that beauty cannot fail of entering deep into our souls, and of aiding our ex-

ertions to become worthy of a higher state of existence.

The early civilization of Ireland has been a favorite theme with the Irish writers of Milesian origin, for nearly two centuries, while all claims to any removal from utter barbarism previous to the arrival of the English, have generally been denied with equal warmth by Anglo-Irish and other writers. Prejudices, springing chiefly from political feelings, have equally blinded both sides, and an able and impartial work on the ancient state of Ireland is still a desideratum. We may smile at the description of the 'Architectonical magnificence' of the Palace of Eamonia, erected 354 years before our era, given on the authority of a Bardic writer in the magniloquent pages of O'Connor, or laugh outright at the visionary O'Halloran's account of the sculptured effigies on the tombs of the Pagan Kings at the Royal Cemetery of Crnachan, derived from the poem of Torna Egeas, a bard of the fourth century. The very passages cited, so far from being evidence for the circumstances they relate, are only stubborn proofs of the comparatively modern manufacture of the poems in which they occur. Yet we are not rashly to infer that the ancient Irish must necessarily have been savage, because enthusiastic writers have endeavored to prove them civilized on insufficient data. Let us look at the other side, and we shall find the charges of ignorance and barbarism resting on no better foundation. One or two examples will suffice. 'There is at this day,' says Sir William Petty, 'no monument or real argument, that when the Irish were first invaded, they had any stone housing at all, any money, any foreign trade, nor any learning but the legend of the Saints, Psalter, Missals, Rituals, &c., viz., no Geometry, Astronomy, Anatomy, Architecture, Engineering, Painting, Carving, nor any kind of Manufacture, nor the least use of Navigation or the Art military.' We cannot laugh at this tirade, for we confess we have some drops of Milesian blood in our veins, but in Sir William's own style, we shall for the present observe, that we have abundant monuments and real arguments, to prove that the above remarks, as applied by him to the period immediately preceding the arrival of the English, are a tissue of falsehoods, without any the least admixture of truth. Yet his moderate language compared with that of the learned but dogmatic John Pinkerton. 'The contest,' he observes, 'between those Irish writers and the literati of Europe, is the most risible in the world. The former say, their country was highly civilized, had letters and academies as the Greeks and Romans. The latter say, the Greeks we know, and the Romans we know, but who are ye? Those Greeks and Romans pronounce you not only barbarous, but utterly savage. Where are your authorities against this? In the name of science, of argument, of common sense, where are the slightest marks of ancient civilization among you? Where are ruins of cities? Where inscriptions? Where ancient coins? Where is the least trace of ancient art or science in your whole island? The old inhabitants of your country, the wild Irish, the true Milesian breed, untainted with Go he blood, we know to be rude clans to this day. Can a nation once civilized become savage? Impossible. Such a nation may be lost in effeminacy, as the modern Italians and Greeks, but will ever bear marks of the excess, not the want of civilization.' Milesian reader, what say you to all this? You are struck dumb. Well, we shall take up the shillelagh in your defence for a few moments. You, John Pinkerton, say, that 'the Greeks and Romans pronounce us not only barbarous but utterly savage.' We answer—it is perfectly certain that the Greeks and Romans knew hardly any thing about us. Tacitus, the only early writer who had any authentic information, says, that our harbors were better known to merchants than those of Britain. You ask, 'In the name of science, of argument, of common sense, where are the slightest marks of ancient civilization amongst us?' We answer, in our ancient monarchy, which, you yourself acknowledge, has higher claims to the antiquity than any other in Europe. In our ancient institutions, our Brehon laws, our music, our poetry, and our monu-

mental remains. 'Where are ruins of cities?' Ptolemy, a Greek geographer of the second century, marks nine cities of note in his map of Ireland, and considerable remains of some of these are yet to be seen. 'Where inscriptions?' Many have been discovered, not including the impudent forgery on Callan mountain. 'Where ancient coins?' We acknowledge we have none. But you yourself tell us, that it was perhaps a thousand years before our era, that the Phœnicians traded to Britain and Ireland, (agreeing pretty nearly with the calculations of our native writers,) and you elsewhere say, that the Phœnicians did not coin money till six hundred years later. Do you expect our Phœnician ancestors should have had coins 600 years before they had learned to make them? You also say elsewhere, that 'had the Phœnicians settled in any part of Britain or Ireland, their usual splendor would have attended them, a few Phœnician coins,' you add, 'may perhaps be found in Britain and Ireland, a circumstance naturally to be expected from their trading there, but had there been any settlements, there would have been ruins and numerous coins struck at the settlement, as at all those in Spain.' To all this, it is only necessary to reply, that there are no remains of Phœnician cities now to be found in Spain, and that the Punic coins and inscriptions found there, are clearly of Carthagæan origin, and consequently cannot claim a very remote antiquity. Had the Irish asserted a descent from the Carthagænians, the want of such inscriptions and coins would be conclusive against them; but as the learned Lord Ross, (then Sir L. Parsons,) observes, no writer of note has ever said so, and we refer the reader to that distinguished nobleman's 'Defence of the Ancient History of Ireland,' for conclusive arguments on that point. Mr. Pinkerton finally shouts, 'Where is the least trace of ancient art or science in your whole island?' We respond, they are exhibited abundantly in the numerous antiquities of gold, silver, and bronze dug up every day in all parts of Ireland, and similar to the most ancient remains of the Greeks, Egyptians and Phœnicians. Our gold crowns, collars, bracelets, anklets, our broken swords, spears, and domestic vessels—our cinerary urns, our cinars with sepulchral chambers, which are not to be paralleled in the British isles—and lastly, in those Cyclopean works, agreeing identically with those in the islands, and on the shores of the Mediterranean, universally attributed to the Phœnicians. These are the evidences of the early colonization of Ireland, by a civilized people, which her antiquaries should rely on, and not the dreams of visionary etymologists, or the traditions preserved, and perhaps distorted, by monkish chroniclers, and ignorant bards. If a judicious selection of the antique monuments and other remains found in Ireland, were carefully drawn by some competent artist, and published, our claims to an early civilization would be instantly conceded by the unprejudiced and learned.

But while we thus support the theories of Milesian writers, we are far from asserting that a knowledge of the Fine Arts was introduced into the country in those remote times. It would be folly to ground such a supposition upon idle conjecture; and there is little else on which to found it. Infant colonies do not often carry a knowledge of the Fine Arts along with them; they are only to be found where wealth, luxury and peace have fixed their abode. The domestic arts, the traditions, the religion, the poetry, and the music of a people, will accompany them every where, because these are fixed in their minds, and transferred from generation to generation. The Irish colonists, we are told, brought with them their priest, their artificer, their bard, and their musician: but we hear nothing of their painter, their sculptor, or their architect. What remains of the Fine Arts have the Romans left in Britain? Their relics are only monuments of barbarism. Yet, unquestionably, they colonized that island at the period of their greatest refinement. What knowledge of the Fine Arts have the British colonies of America, at the present day? Besides, we are in great ignorance as to the length the Phœnicians had proceeded at this early time, in the cultivation of those arts. Idolatry, or image worship, which may be called the parent of

sculpture, was as yet unknown to them, and the column and the arch were not introduced into architecture for ages after. The existing remains of ancient edifices in Europe, attributed to the Phœnicians, are remarkable only for a rude and simple grandeur. The only indications of taste in the arts of design, previous to the introduction of Christianity, discoverable in Ireland, are those which our antiquities exhibit. Our gold and silver ornaments, bronze weapons, and domestic vessels, are often elegant in design and workmanship; and some of our sepulchral urns, ornamented with mouldings in bas-relief, shew, at least, an acquaintance with the forms in use among a refined people. A few small bronze figures have been found in our bogs, and ignorantly called idols, but most of them are evidently Christian; and the one or two which are not so—figures of victory on a globe, the ornament of a standard—look like imitations of Roman-British work, or were, perhaps, actual spoils of the Scots in Britain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INDIVIDUAL EXERTION.—MR. BIANCONI.

Individual exertion is often far more beneficial in contributing to the welfare of a country than either national expense or legislative bounty. If inquiry be made into the causes of England's prosperity, it will be found that single-handed and individual activity has had a prodigious share in promoting it; and the ingenuity of a Watt and an Arkwright has discovered new sources of wealth, and cut a channel for that current of enterprise which, swelling into a mighty torrent, has enabled Britain to rise far above the nations of the earth. Really, when we hear people complain of the want of national support, we are apt to think that the fable of the Waggoner might be quoted not inappropriately, and 'put your shoulder to the wheel,' might be whispered in many a murmurer's ear. Now, as we are in a prodigious egotistical mood, we will exemplify this by an example. Our little Journal is unblest by committee patronage, and unheralded by great names; it has nothing but its own penny trumpet to sound its praises; yet, like Pouc't with his seven-leagued boots, it has measured the length and breadth of the land. It is in the hands of the shepherd on the rocks of Magilligan; it is perused by the Kerry man, as he drives home his 'tiny cattle,' along the sea where frowns Mac Gillicuddy's Reeks; Cork and Belfast, Londonderry and Limerick, Waterford, and Wicklow, Westport and Wexford, and every town and village in Ireland, are receiving the Dublin Penny Journal; and Edinburgh, the 'modern Athens,' the region of Reviews and Magazines, the seat of the Muses, and the very home of fancy and philosophy, in whose nostrils a Dublin production was naught, and who would fain write it down that Dublin is 'without the pale' of literary enterprise, the very Irish Boetia, is absolutely astonished by the 'face of brass' which we have presented! But enough of this for the present.

There is an individual in Ireland, who, though a foreigner, has 'done the state some service,' and exemplifies in his person what an individual by persevering exertion may do. This gentleman is MR. CHARLES BIANCONI, a native of Italy. He came into this country as a *print-seller*, and in travelling from village to village, and from town to town, exercising his vocation, he felt, as many a man has felt before him, and may after, how toilsome it is to trudge on foot under a burning sun or amid the storms of winter: so he shrewdly bethought him, that if he had a *jaunting car*, and, of course, an animal to draw it, he might not only save his own body corporate some fatigue; and carry his wares with speed and ease, but by occasionally picking up pedestrians at a small charge, contribute not a little to defray the expenses of his vehicle. For three months his speculation did not display itself as a peculiarly happy one; but by-and-by he became known, his car became in request, he started a *second* one, then a third, and so on, until he has covered all the roads in the south of Ireland with his

cars, which radiating from CLONMEL as a centre, connect the following towns:—

Ballinasloe,	Eyrecourt,	Parsonstown,
Ballyhale,	Fermoy,	Rathcormack,
Banagher,	Fethard,	Roscrea,
Burrosaleigh,	Freshford,	Ross,
Burrosakane,	Foulk's-mill,	Shirronea,
Caher,	Kilkenny,	Strangford,
Cashel,	Knocktopher,	Stonepound,
Carlow,	Kilmacthomas,	Taghmon,
Carrick,	Killdorrery,	Thurles,
Clogheen,	Limerick,	Tipperary,
Cork,	Littleton,	Templemore,
Dungarvan,	Mallow,	Uringford,
Doneraile,	Michelstown,	Watergrass-hill,
Ennisicorthy,	Nenagh,	Wexford.

In travelling to these towns Mr. Bianconi has upwards of three hundred horses, gives employment to upwards of one hundred and twenty families, causes a consumption of above nine hundred tons of hay, and twelve hundred barrels of oats, annually, and his cars travel above eighteen hundred miles daily. He is now principal contractor in the South of Ireland for conveying His Majesty's mails on cross roads by cars.

Before Mr. Bianconi established his cars, the travelling vehicles in use were only four-horse coaches, confined to what are termed the mail-coach roads, and the fares were too high for the humbler class of farmers and tradesmen, whose business often calls them from home. Now this enterprising and spirited foreigner has laid open the entire south, and done more good than a host of half-resident landlords. A few years ago, to travel in the south of Ireland was an adventure not to be rashly made, now, there is free, and easy, and rapid intercourse, and the numerous cross roads are all rendered available, and turned to good account.

Not long ago, in entering Mr. Bianconi's office at Clonmel, in order to procure a seat in one of his cars for Cashel, we were surprised to see the walls covered not with glaring advertisements, notices of auctions and sheriff's sales, but with some of the very best prints taken from the works of the great masters.—'Why,' we muttered to ourselves, 'this *carman* must be a man of taste!' By-and-bye a very comely, dark-eyed person came in, and seemed to take an active interest in the affairs of the establishment. This was Mr. Bianconi; and having occasion to address him, we found him polite and affable, and could have wagered a guinea to a *groat*, that he was born to be a gentleman.

Many stories are told of Mr. Bianconi, which reflect great credit on his head and his heart. For instance, it is said that his drivers have a general order to pick up, free of charge, all pedestrians who evidently cannot pay for a whiff, and who seem to be travelling with pain to themselves. In giving this order, he has shown the gallantry of his country, by specially directing that any female travelling with a child in her arms, should be accommodated with a seat. Moreover, the slightest hint of misconduct on the part of a driver—the least whisper of an accusation, if well-founded—subjects the delinquent to instant dismissal; and so aware are they of this, that the drivers of Bianconi's cars are as civil a set of fellows as you would wish to see handle a whip.

Again, all his horses have names, and these names are regularly inserted in his way bills. In fact, his 'dumb brutes' are his pet children; he knows each of them familiarly, and it would not, perhaps, be going too far, to say, *that they know him!* He can tell where they are, whether they are well or sick, how they are behaving themselves, and every thing relative to these 'dear children' which the father of so numerous and so well-regulated a family ought to know.

Bravo, Mr. Bianconi, thou art an enterprising, sensible, discreet, and proper person; and if Ireland had many more such, foreigner as thou art, she would bless the day they landed on her shores. He has lately obtained letters of naturalization from the government.—*CEAD MILLE FAILTE.*

BLARNEY CASTLE.

There is not one of our readers who has not heard of

'The groves of Blarney,
They are so charming.'

and the subject of our wood-cut might naturally tempt us to be mirthful and extravagant. But despite of Milliken's excellent song—we are not in the vein, and feel more disposed to melancholy than gaiety at sight of a noble castle, the seat of one of the most ancient, and most unfortunate princely families of Ireland—the Mac Cartys of Desmond.

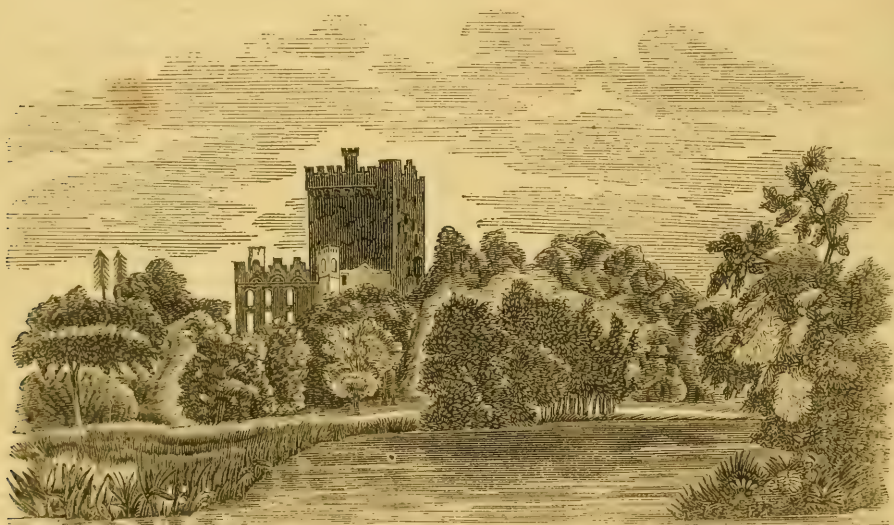
The castle of Blarney was founded about the middle of the fifteenth century by Cormac Mac Carty, or Carthy, surnamed Laider, or the strong, descended from the hereditary kings of South-Munster. He was also founder of the beautiful abbey and castle of Kilcrea, the nunnery of Ballyvacadie, and many other religious houses, in the former of which he was buried, and in which his tomb was till within a few years to be seen, bearing the following inscription:—

'Hic. Jacet. Cormacus. fil. Thail. fil. Cormac. fil. Dermoti. magni. Mc Carthy, Dnus. de. Muscraigh. Flayn. ac. istius. conventus. Primus. Fundator. An. Dom. 1494.

The castle remained in possession of his descendants till forfeited with the extensive estates belonging to the lord Muskery and Clancarthy, in the war of 1689, after which it came into the possession of the Jeffrey's family, to whom it still belongs. A pension of three hundred a year was however allowed to this unfortunate nobleman, on condition of his leaving the kingdom. 'With this,' says Smith, 'he retired to Hamburg on the Elbe, and purchased a little island in the mouth of that river, from the citizens of Altona, which went by his name.' He died here October 22, 1734, aged 64, leaving two sons, Robert, a captain in the English navy, commonly called Lord Muskery, and Justin Mac Carthy, Esq. Lord Muskery, having fallen under suspicions of being attached to the house of Stewart, 'which had on a former occasion,' remarks Charnock, in his *Biographia Navalis*, 'proved the ruin of his father, was ordered to be struck off the list of naval officers, on the 16th July, 1749. He afterwards entered into foreign services.'

'Such,' says Mr. Crofton Croker, in his excellent 'Researches in the South of Ireland,' is the history of the once powerful Mac Cartys of Muskery; that of the other branches of the same family, as well as of most Irish clans, closely resemble it; attainder, for-

feiture of property and exile from the melancholy termination of each, and the circumstances and situations which have arisen and still arise out of such violent events are numerous and deeply affecting. Instances have occurred where the lineal descendants of the most distinguished houses have labored from day to day for precarious support on the lands over which their ancestors exercised unlimited sovereignty. A pathetic incident connected with the Mac Cartys has such claims on the feelings that I will not conclude this narrative of their fortunes without the mention of it. A considerable part of the forfeited estates of that family, in the county Cork, was held by Mr. S—— about the middle of the last century. Walking one evening in his demesne, he observed a figure, apparently asleep, at the foot of an aged tree, and, on approaching the spot, found an old man extended on the ground, whose audible sobs proclaimed the severest affliction. Mr. S—— inquired the cause, and was answered—'Forgive me, sir; my grief is idle, but to mourn is a relief to the desolate heart and humbled spirit. I am a Mac Carty, once the possessor of that castle, now in ruins and of this ground;—this tree was planted by my own hands, and I have returned to water its roots with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have



BLARNEY CASTLE.

long been an exile and an outlaw since the Revolution. I am an old man, and to-night, probably for the last time bid farewell to the place of my birth and the home of my forefathers.'

The military and historic recollections connected with Blarney are doubtless of sufficient importance to give an interest to the place: but to a curious superstition it is perhaps more indebted for celebrity. A stone in the highest part of the castle wall is pointed out to visitors, which is supposed to give to whoever kisses it the peculiar privilege of deviating from veracity with unblushing countenance whenever it may be convenient—hence the well known phrase of 'Blarney.'

The grounds attached to the castle, as I before observed, though so little attended to, are still beautiful. Walks, which a few years since were neat and trim, are now so overrun with brambles and wild flowers as to be passed with difficulty. Much wood has also been cut down, and the statues, so ridiculously enumerated in a popular song, removed. A picturesque bridge too, which led to the castle, has been swept away by the wintry floods, and, with the exception of a small dell called the Rock Close, every thing seems changed for the worse. In this romantic spot nature

and art (a combination rather uncommon in pleasure grounds) have gone hand in hand. Advantage has been taken of accidental circumstances to form tasteful and characteristic combinations; and it is really a matter of difficulty at first to determine what is primitive, and what the produce of design. The delusion is even heightened by the present total neglect. You come most unexpectedly into this little shaded nook, and stand upon a natural terrace above the river, which glides as calmly as possible beneath. Here, if you feel inclined for contemplation, a rustic couch of rock, all festooned with moss and ivy, is at your service; but if adventurous feelings urge you to explore farther, a discovery is made of an almost concealed, irregularly excavated passage through the solid rock, which is descended by a rude flight of stone steps, called the 'Witches' Stairs,' and you emerge *sul margine d'un rio*, over which depend some light and graceful trees. It is indeed a fairy scene, and I know of no place where I could sooner imagine these little elves holding their moon-light revelry.

MANAGEMENT OF LAND.

The attention of every farmer should now be given to get his stubble lands ploughed, destroying the root

weeds, and laying it into such sized ridges, as will keep it dry during the winter. Where the quantity of land is small, and any of the family able to work, this will be more advantageously done with the spade. Land that lies on the slope of a hill, should not be ploughed directly up and down, as that exposes the best of the soil and manure to be washed away by heavy rain. The man who ploughs and cleans his land before Christmas, will have leisure the following spring and summer to sow all his crops in the early part of their several seasons, by which he will not only have the best chance for a good crop, but he will gain time to attend to his fences, and ditches, and many other things now, so much to their own loss, neglected by small farmers. Root weeds should not be suffered to remain; wherever they are met, they should be raised and carried off, to bottom the dung heap; turning up the land at this season and before winter, is very destructive of worms and grubs, by their exposure to frost; in short the advantages of winter ploughing are so many, that if all the farmers, large and small, would reflect on them, they would make every exertion to have their land ploughed before Christmas.—*Cottage's Friend*.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 103.]

people used to descend by the roof into some of the apartments that were not filled up, but now nothing is to be seen. The Spirit of the Western Ocean has risen in his wrath, and realized here the description Bruce gives of the moving pillars of sand in the deserts of Senuaer; gives of the destruction of the army of Canybes in the Nubian desert. The reader may pardon me for quoting it,

'Gnomes, o'er the waste, you led your myriad powers,
Climb'd on the whirls, and aim'd the flinty showers;
Onward resistless rolls the infuriate surge,
Clouds follow clouds, and mountains mountains urge;
Wave over wave the driving desert swins,
Burst o'er their heads, inhumes their struggling limbs;
Man mounts on man, on camels camels rush.
Hosts march o'er hosts, and nations nations crush:
Wheeling in air, the winged lions fall—
And one great sandy ocean covers all!'

THE RIVER SHANNON.

We extract the following facts relative to this river from a pamphlet published by C. W. Williams, Esq. It demonstrates what might be done by *improvements* in Ireland.

The river Shannon, unequalled in the British empire, embraces 234 miles of continuous navigation; and from the circumstances of its running through the centre of the kingdom, may be compared, for the purposes of intercourse, to *double that length of coast*. The advantages of water conveyance are thus presented to an extent of country equal to the whole line of coast between Belfast and Cork; or to more than the entire eastern coast of England.

The great feature of this extraordinary river is its diversified character. For a distance of 60 miles from the sea to the city of Limerick, it presents a magnificent estuary and tide way, without bar or other impediment whatever, and with a flood equal to a height of 20 feet at the city quays. This part of the river possesses several deep bays or inlets, and receives the waters of several rivers, some of which enjoy the tide-way for a considerable distance up their channels, and all susceptible of great improvement. By these, the benefit of water conveyance may be extended to many rising towns, and to extensive, rich, populous, and, we may add, *disturbed* districts.

The great estuary of the Fergus, extending 10 miles to the town of Clare, with the means of extension to Ennis, the capital of the county of Clare, here pushes the benefit of navigation into the centre of a district unrivalled, perhaps, in Britain, for depth and fertility of soil.

Above Limerick to Killaloe the navigation is varied, being part still water and part river.

From Killaloe in the county of Clare, to its source in the county of Limerick, the river assumes a great variety of character. In some places it stretches out into seas, or lakes, two of which, Lough Derg and Lough Rea, are above 20 British miles long each. In other parts the river assimilates itself more to that of the river navigations of England, with the combined advantages of sailing and tracking, as seen in the Thames, the Mersey, and the Severn. In other parts, forms a succession of small lakes, peculiarly in want of artificial helps, which, however, the use of steam navigation would completely overcome; and, lastly, in many situations, it approaches almost to still-water navigation. The falls and rapids, which on the whole river amount to an elevation of 146 feet 10 inches, are overcome by lateral canals and locks. Throughout its course, however, it possesses the rare quality of having a sufficient depth of water for all the purposes of internal intercourse. From this diversity of character, it is manifest how much its navigation is open to improvements by the removal of difficulties and obstructions—the adding trackways; constructing small harbors, quays and landing places, and making approaches to the same; widening and raising arches of bridges; establishing beacons and other guides to aid the navigator through the intricacy and windings of its channels, and in seasons when the water extends beyond its natural course—the cutting the banks and deepening many

parts, and, on the whole, affording abundant opportunities for the application of human skill and judgment.

In all these respects, notwithstanding the sums which have been expended on it during the last century, the Shannon, with such unquestionable latent resources, presents a lamentable picture of great neglect—great misapplication of power—great ignorance of its resources—great want of enterprise, and even worldly wisdom on the part of its natural protectors and patrons, the owners of the towns and villages and the soil, in its vicinity, and throughout its entire course.

The Shannon washes the shores of 10 counties out of 32, *viz.* Limerick, Roscommon, Longford, Westmeath, King's County, Galway, Tipperary, Clare, Limerick and Kerry. All of these are abundant in population, and susceptible of receiving great extension and improvement in their agriculture; and although many of them are periodically exposed to the greatest distress, and even famine, yet are without the power of mutual relief or co-operation.

Taken then the double length of coast which the ten counties present to the navigation, at 500 miles; and which, considering the extent of the bays, inlets and rivers, is under the fact; it leaves an average of 50 miles of coast to each county. This fact alone is sufficiently indicative of what may be done through the instrumentality of this one river.

Running from North to South, the several counties on the Shannon naturally present great diversity of soil and even climate. Some of the counties are mountainous, with deep productive valleys, on which may be cheaply fed vast quantities of sheep and cattle. Other counties are flat and humid, yet susceptible of great amelioration from the labor of their population, under the guidance of skill and capital. Several with soils on a substratum of limestone, are in all seasons warm and dry, and peculiarly adapted to the production of the finest qualities of grain and other produce; while some to the southward, possess deep and tenacious soils, requiring strong manures and much laboring.

Under such circumstances it is evident that the several parts of this great territory must be variously affected by the seasons. Wet seasons are beneficial to some, and almost ruinous to others. Some are abundant in seasons of drought, which bring scarcity and even famine to others. Some divisions of counties on the Shannon are well adapted for descriptions of produce which are unattainable in others. Some excel in wheat and potatoes; others in barley, oats and rape; while their neighbors, are better adapted to pasturage.

Natural manures also, those essentials in agricultural districts, are not only excellent, but equal to any demand throughout a great portion of the river, yet unknown in the rest. The black and white marls of the Shannon, which are easily raised, and accessible and free to all, are among the most bountiful gifts of Nature to this extraordinary country.

Again, *turf*, that prime necessary of life in Ireland, is abundant in the greater number of districts on the Shannon, yet deficient or inferior in quality in many. Building materials, as stone, sand, lime, flags, bricks, slates, and marble, are cheap and abundant in many, while frequently the adjoining counties are wholly without them.

The bogs on both sides of the Shannon contiguous to the line of the grand canals between Balinastoe and Tullamore, may be noticed as illustrative of their improvable value. There, bog-land, originally of no value, now lets freely at 30s. an acre. In many parts of the Shannon and over district of from five to ten miles long, the deep rich callows, annually submerged by the rising waters of the Shannon, produce abundant crops of *hay*, yet in other and easily approached parts, and in many towns on its banks, hay is extremely scarce and dear.

Of the *reclaimable bogs*, callows, and marsh lands, it is unnecessary to say more than that in no part of Ireland are they more extensive, or more within the reach of human means for improvement. The evi-

dence of Mr. Mullins before the committee, and the report of Mr. Grantham in his survey of the Shannon, are conclusive on this head.

In a country then so extensive; so variable in soil and climate; so various in produce and natural products; can there be a question of the importance of interchange particularly for bulky commodities? It is not an unnatural state of things that in such a country, and with such a river flowing through its centre, some districts should be in want, not merely of comforts and conveniences, but of the common necessities of *life, food, and fuel*, and almost approaching to famine; while adjoining districts on the same river have them in abundance and to spare?

How then can we convey to English eyes the picture of the Shannon through its great course. Let us suppose a navigable river taking its rise in some distant county in England as far from Liverpool as Essex or Middlesex. Suppose it occasionally spreading itself into noble and picturesque sheets of water, of more than 20 miles in length, with numerous islands, receiving the waters of many rivers, and stretching its bays into the adjacent counties, as it were to increase the measure of its utility and beauty. See it winding its way through Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, and Warwickshire, and the rich soil of Leicestershire, and after passing by Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire, falling into the estuary of the Mersey, in Lancashire. See it presenting to each of these counties the benefit of 50 miles of navigation, and we shall have a correct view of the extent and capabilities of this river.

But how shall we describe the state in which it has remained for ages as to trading intercourse, and in which one half of it remains to this very hour, absolutely wanting in all the incidents of navigation. For nearly 100 miles of its length, not a sail or boat is to be met with on its waters. No appearance of utility: no indications of industry or capital; even its beauties unknown. Deficient to an extent scarcely credible in roads and approaches to it, and consequently having but little connexion with the interior, where Nature designed its influence should extend. Without any employment of its waters, it flows unheeded by, and unproductive of any good. Over many of its districts of great extent, from the absence of that control which human skill and means could have effected, its waters have become a source of wide-spreading waste.

THE WICKLOW GOLD MINES.

In Ireland, county of Wicklow, seven miles west of Arklow, about the year 1770, there was an old schoolmaster, who used frequently to entertain his neighbors with accounts of the richness of their valley in gold; and his practice was to go out in the night to search for the treasure. For this he was generally accounted insane. But in some years after, bits of gold were found in a mountain stream, by various persons; and in 1796, a piece weighing about half an ounce. The news of this having circulated amongst the peasantry, such an infatuation took possession of the minds of the people, that every sort of employment, save that of acquiring wealth by the short process of picking it up out of the streams, was abandoned; and hundreds of human figures were to be seen bending over the waters, and scrutinizing every object there to be seen. In this way, during six weeks, no less than 800 ounces of gold were found, which sold for £3 15s. per ounce, or £3,000. Most of the gold was found in grains; many pieces weighed between two and three ounces; there was one of five ounces, and one of twenty-two. It contained about 6 per cent. of silver. Government soon undertook the works; but the amount of gold found, while superintended by the appointed directors, was only £3,671. It then appeared that there was no regular vein in the mountain, and that these fragments had probably existed in a part of the mountain which time had mouldered away, and left its more permanent treasure as the only monument of its ancient existence. The works were at length discontinued.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia*.

THE UNBURIED LEGS.

AN IRISH TRADITION.

In the cool grey of a fine Sunday morning in the month of June, Shoresha Hewer, (George Howard,) dressed out in a *shoot* of clothes, with a pair of runner leather brogues that had never been on man before, set out from his father's little cabin, romantically situated amidst a little group of elder and ash trees, on the banks of the river Flesk, to overtake an early mass in the village of Abbeydorney. Such at least, to the old couple, was represented as the ostensible object of Shoresha's long walk, though they did not fail to hint to one another, with half-suppressed smiles, as he closed the door after him, that his views were not altogether limited to the sacred ceremony. What was really uppermost in his thoughts on that auspicious morning, as he brushed along with a light and springing step over heather and tussock—whether the chapel, where he was to kneel by the side of a little blue-eyed, fair haired devotee, during the service, and the long and digressive exhortation; or the barn of Abbeydorney cross where he was to commence the evening dance with her, it would be invidious to scrutinize, and was especially of little consequence on this occasion, as both his love and his devotion fell prostrate before a master-feeling which suddenly usurped an absolute command over the events of the day.

As he was trudging along the low, monotonous, heath-covered country, whistling the old air of *Thau me ena hulla agus dhusig me*,* he came to a high double ditch, covered with blackthorn bushes, with here and there the decaying trunk of an old oak or beech, throwing forth a few weakly shoots, which still waved their slender boughs in the wind, as if almost in mimicry of the mighty arms it once stretched forth over the fields. He looked along the bank, and observing a spot where the ascent was likely to prove easy, caught hold of a branch to assist him in mounting, when he heard a noise at the other side, and a rustling among the bushes, as if some one was making his way through; he got his foot on a tuft of rushes in the ditch-side to proceed, when suddenly, with a loud exclamation, he tumbled backward into the field; for what should he see walking upon the top of the ditch, and just preparing to jump down, but two well-shap'd middle-size legs, without either hip, body, or head.—It was just as if they had been cut off a little above the knee, and though there was nothing to connect or regulate their movements, they climbed, jumped, and progressed along the moor, in as well adjusted steps, as if the first dancing-master of the county of Kerry had been superintending their movements. They evidently belonged to a man, as appeared not only from their figure and size, but from the portion of the white kersyceme garment which buckled at the knee, over a neat silk stocking. The shoes were square-toed, of Spanish leather, and were ornamented with old-fashioned silver buckles, such as had not been used in that part of the country for some generations. They had slowly passed by Shoresha, and already left him staring behind, at the distance of a good stone-throw, before he recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to think of rising, which he accomplished slowly, and almost involuntarily, never taking his eyes off the legs, but ejaculating to himself,—‘Blessed mother in heaven! is it awake or dreaming I am?’ They had now got on so far, that he perceived they would be soon out of sight, if he did not move in pursuit; so abandoning Abbeydorney and its inducements, he without hesitation adopted that resolution.

It would be vain to detail all the obs! the Dhar a diens! the monoms! that escaped from Shoresha, time after time, as the legs hopped over a trench, picked their steps through a patch or bog, or pushed through a thicket. He was before long joined by a neighbor who was on his way to Listowel, for the priest to christen his child, but who could not resist the temptation of following and ascertaining how this extraordinary phenomenon should end. A smith

* I am asleep and don't wake me.

and a little boy who had been dispatched to fetch him from the cross-road by a traveller to get a few nails driven into a loosened shoe, soon after fell in, with him. A milk-maid laid down her can and spinnell, and some ragged gorseons gave over their early game of goal, as they came up, and so great were the numbers collected when they approached Listowel, even at that dewy hour of the morning, that it seemed like the congregation of some little village chapel moving along at prayer time.

It was amusing enough when they arrived at the waters of the Flesk, to observe with what delicacy and elegance the legs tripped over it, from stepping-stone to stepping-stone, without getting spot or speck on the beautiful silk stockings. They now cut across the country at a nimble gait, the procession behind lengthening every hour, and increasing in clamorous exclamations of wonder as it proceeded.

After some hard walking, they descended into a wooded glen, where the tangled underwood, and wild briar, and close and stopping branches of the alder timber, rendered it no pleasant travelling to such as were under the heavy disadvantage of a superincumbent body. To the subjects of our narrative which were annoyed by no such lumber, of course no difficulties presented themselves; they hopped over the dense brushwood, or ducked under the branchy arms of oak or elm stretched across the path, with equal activity, while the most eager of the crowd behind were eternally knocking their foreheads and noses against some unobserved bough, or dragging their tattered clothes through blackthorn and briar; several wearied and fretted with the chase, soon fell behind, while others, seeing no probability of any intermediate termination to it, and although ignorant to what it might lead, gave up in apprehension. A thousand surmises about it were already afloat; some saying, they saw them going to stop once or twice, and that they certainly would not go much farther; others swearing out, that ‘twas faster and faster they were walking every moment, and that the dickens a one of ‘em would stop or stay until they got to the banks of the Shannon.’ Many suggested that it wasn’t they at all that were there, but only, as it were, the shapes of ‘em; and that they’d keep going, going, ever, until it was night, and lead ‘em all into some wood or desert place; and then maybe, the ground to open beneath ‘em or a gush of wind to come by and sweep ‘em away in one *quall*, so that they’d never be heard of after. The legs had, meantime, crossed a shallow part of the river Gale, that stole noiselessly through the bottom of the glen, and pressed on with renewed vigor at the opposite side. A flat, moorish, uninteresting looking country, fell fast behind them; and as they invariably pursued the most direct route to Tarbert, the tired followers, which now consisted chiefly of boys and young men, began in good earnest to suspect that town to be their real destination.—They were, however, soon relieved from these disagreeable anticipations, when the legs arrived opposite a place called Newtown-Sands, made a sudden stop, wheeled the toes round to the right, and almost instantly sprang across a little trench; they then advanced towards the remains of an old church, which are still to be seen there, within one or two fields of the road. There are but three roofless walls now standing; and close to where the west gable formerly stood, is one solitary tree, which in that unwooded and almost uninhabited region, only adds to the universal loneliness. There are a few graves about, but even these are only observable on a very close approach, so buried are they in the long, rank grass and weeds, and in the fallen rubbish of the building. To one of these which lay close to the south wall, our heroes moved on, but at a more measured, and it would seem, reverent pace than before; and kneeling slowly down beside it, remained in that position before the wondering eyes of the few who had persevered in the pursuit, and had now, one after another, come up. As their courage grew bolder in contemplating the pacific and holy attitude of the legs, they began gradually to contract their circle, and creep

nearer and nearer; but the closer they approach, the more shadowy did the objects become, until the resemblance was only to be distinguished by a fleecy, almost transparent outline, which moment after moment was less defined, and at last melted away into thin air.

Such was the story that occupied the thoughts and tongues of all the gossips from Newtown-Sands to Abbeydorney, for months and years after. As the occurrence was in itself quite unique in its kind, even those who pretended to the most intimate communication with the spiritual world, as well as the confessed and best accredited agents of the *gentlemen*, were wholly unable to offer any thing like a probable explanation of it. One old blind woman, who was, indeed, the Lord knows how old, and was wrinkled and grey in the memory of the baldest inhabitants of Abbeydorney, called to mind a tale that had been told her when a child, which perhaps may be said to give some clue to it.

‘There lived,’ she said, ‘in former times, a lady of immense wealth, who had a strong castle not far from Abbeydorney, though no one could now tell where; and two great lords came to propose for her; one a fair-haired, blue-eyed youth of delicate make and graceful manner, the other a dark, stout, athletic figure, but proud and uncourtly. The lady liked the fair lad best, which made the other so jealous of him, that he was determined, one way or another, to compass his death. So he engaged a fellow, by a large sum of money, to get access to his bed-room at night, and cut off his head with a hatchet. On the night the murder was to be committed, he made the lad, who never suspected him, drink more wine than usual after dinner, that he might be wholly incapable of resistance. In this state he retired to his room, where he threw himself on the bed without undressing, and, as it awkwardly enough happened, with his head towards the bed’s feet. In a few minutes in came the fellow with the hatchet, and struck a blow that he thought must have severed the head from the body, but it was the two legs he had cut off. Upon this the young lord groaned, and immediately after received another blow, which killed him. The corpse was put into a sack, and carried that night to Newtown-Sands, where it got Christian burial; but the legs were thrown into a hole in the castle garden, and covered up with earth. The lord who had procured the murder, the next day pretended to the lady that the blue-eyed lad had returned home; upon which, not knowing the deceit, she became quite offended, and in a few weeks after agreed to marry his rival. But in the midst of the joy and feasting on the bridal night, there was a horn blown outside the castle, and soon after, steps were heard ascending the grand stair-case, and the door of the bridal-hall flew open, and in walked two bodiless legs. Then there was screaming, and running, and the bride fainted; but the legs followed the bridegroom about everywhere, until he quitted the castle; and it was said, that wherever he looked or turned to, from that hour, he saw them stalking before, or beside, or behind him, until he wasted and fell into a decay. And when he was dying he confessed the whole, and desired the assassin might be searched for every where, to ascertain from him where the legs were thrown, that they might be dug up, and get Christian burial, but the villain was never found from that day to this, and maybe,’ continued the old woman, ‘the legs are in punishment this way, and get leave to walk the country of an odd time to show what’s happening to them, and make some good soul search them out, and have them removed to Newtown-Sands.’—*Tales of the Munster Festivals.*

One day, at dinner, a scientific lady asked the late George Stephenson, ‘What do you consider the most powerful force in nature?’ ‘Oh!’ said he ‘in a gallant spirit, ‘I will soon answer that question; it is the eye of a woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back. There is no other force in nature that could do that.’

FITZGERALD'S ODE TO HIS SHIP.

TRANSLATED BY MISS BROOKE.

Miss Brooke tells us that this Ode was written by a gentleman of the name of Fitzgerald, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as appears from some passages in other pieces composed by the same author. The subject of it is a voyage to Spain. Let the classic reader compare it with the third ode of Horace, and say how far short the Irish poet falls of the majesty of the Roman one.

Bless my good ship, protecting pow'r of grace!
And o'er the winds, the waves, the destin'd coast,
Breathe benign spirit!—Let thy radiant host
Spread their angelic shields!
Before us the bright bulwark let them place,
And fly beside us, through their azure fields!

O calm the voice of winter's storm!
Rule the wrath of angry seas!
The fury of the rending blast appease,
Nor let its rage fair ocean's face deform!
O check the biting wind of spring,
And, from before our course,
Arrest the fury of its wing,
And terrors of its force!
So may we safely pass the dang'rous cape,
And from the perils of the deep escape!

I grieve to leave the splendid seats
Of Teamor's ancient fame!
Mansion of heroes, now farewell!
Adieu ye sweet retreats,
Where the fam'd hunters of your ancestral vale,
Who swell'd the high heroic tale,
Where wont of old to dwell!
And you, bright tribes of sunny streams, adieu!
While my sad feet their mournful path pursue,
Ah, well their lingering steps my grieving soul proclaim!

Receive me now my ship!—hoist now thy sails,
To catch the favoring gales.
O Heaven! before thine awful throne I bend!
O let thy power thy servants now protect!
Increase of knowledge and of wisdom lend,
Our course, through ev'ry peril to direct;
To steer us safe through ocean's rage,
Where angry storms their dreadful strife maintain;
O may thy power their wrath assuage!
May smiling suns, and gentle breezes reign!

Stout is my well-built ship, the storm to brave,
Majestic in its might,
Her bulk, tremendous on the wave,
Ereets its stately height!
From her strong bottom, tall in air
Her branching masts aspiring rise,
Aloft their cords, and curling heads they bear,
And give their sheeted ensigns to the skies;
While her proud bulk frowns awful on the main,
And seems the fortress of the liquid plain!

Dreadful in the shock of fight,
She goes—she cleaves the storm!
Where ruin wears its most tremendous form
She sails exulting in her might:
On the fierce necks of foaming billows rides,
And through the roar
Of angry ocean to the destined shore
Her course triumphant guides;
As though beneath her frown the winds were dead,
And each blue valley was their silent bed!

Through all the perils of the main
She knows her dauntless progress to maintain!
Through quicksands, flats, and breaking waves,
Her dangerous path she dares explore;
Wrecks, storms and calms, alike she braves,
And gains with scarce a breeze, the wish'd-for shore!
Or in the hour of war,
Fierce on she bounds in conscious might,
To meet the promisd' fight!
While, distant far,
The fleets of wondering nations gaze,
And view her course with envious amazement,
As like some champion'd son of flame,
She rushes to the shock of arms,
And joys to mingle in the loud alarms,
Impell'd by rage, and fir'd with glory's flame.

Sailing with pomp upon the watery plain,
Like some huge monster of the main,
My ship her speckled bosom laves,
And hies in air her curling ensign waves;
Her stately sides, with polish'd beauty gay,
And gunnel, bright with gold's effulgent ray.
As the fierce griffin's dreadful flight
Her monstrous bulk appears,

While o'er the seas her towering height,
And her wide wings, tremendous shade! she rears.
Or, as a champion, thirsting after fame
The strife of swords,—the deathless name,—
So does she seem, and such her rapid course!
Such is the rendering of her force;

When her sharp keel, where dreadful splendors play,
Cuts through the foaming main its liquid way.
Like the red bolt of heaven, she shoots along,
Dire as its flight, and as its fury strong!

God of the winds! O hear my pray'r!
Safe passage now bestow!
Soft, o'er the slumbering deep, may fair
And prosperous breezes flow!
O'er the rough rock, and swelling wave,
Do thou our progress guide!
Do thou from angry ocean save,
And o'er its rage preside.

Speed my good ship, along the rolling sea,
O Heaven! and smiling skies, and favoring gales decree!
Speed the high-masted ship of dauntless force,
Swift in her glittering flight, and sounding course!

Stately moving on the main,
Forest of the azure plain!
Faithful to confided trust,
To her promis'd glory just;
Swift from afar,
In perils fearful hour,
Mighty in force, and bounteous in her power,
She comes, kind aid she lends,
She frees her supplicating friends,
And fear before her flies, and dangers cease!

Hear, blest Heaven! my ardent pray'r!
My ship—my crew—O take us to thy care!
O may no peril bar our way!
Fair blow the gales of each propitious day!
Soft swell the floods, and gently roll the tides,
While from Dunboy, along the smiling main
We sail, until the destined coast we gain,
And safe in port our gallant vessel rides!

THE SEA REED OR BENT.

The sea bent, or sea reed, (*arundo arenaria*, of English botany, *anemophila arundinacea* of Hooker's British Flora), though but little esteemed in a general point of view, is yet for particular purposes, highly valuable, and affords another instance of the wonderful adaptations of nature. Along many parts of our sea coast, the sand, by the continual action of wind and tide, have been drifted into amazing heaps, particularly on the south-west and north-west of Ireland. In many places, these heaps present at a distance the appearance of a hilly country; and in stormy weather, when the wind blows strong from the lee-ward, the loose sand is drifted in great quantity over the adjacent lands, ruining thousands of acres.

The sea reed is found plentifully on the sea shores, not only of England, Ireland and Scotland, but extending from the coast of Barbary, in the north of Africa, all along the continent of Europe. It is met with in Iceland, and on the west coast of Greenland, between latitude 70° and 71°. In America it is found, according to Prush, reaching from Canada to New England; every where displaying the wisdom of the Creator in adapting certain vegetables for useful and important ends. This is one among the few gramineous and cyperaceous plants, whose long creeping roots binding as it were the sands together, prevent their being removed by the wind, and thus form a barrier to the encroachments of the sea. The industrious Hollanders have profited by their knowledge of this fact, and by planting it on the loose soil of their coast, have been a means of preserving much fertile land, and saving their very country from inundation.

In England at a later period, we apprehend, it has been employed, especially in Norfolk; and planted on the sand banks, or the seed of it sown along with *Elymus Arenarius*. Its utility was acknowledged so early as Queen Elizabeth's time, and Acts of Parliament passed which prevented its exportation. Nor are its services confined to the purposes just mentioned. We learn from Withering, that the town of Newborough, in Anglesea, is almost entirely supported by manufacturing this plant into mats and ropes, for which the long tough leaves rolled at the margin in such a manner as to be almost exactly cylindrical, seem admirably adapted.

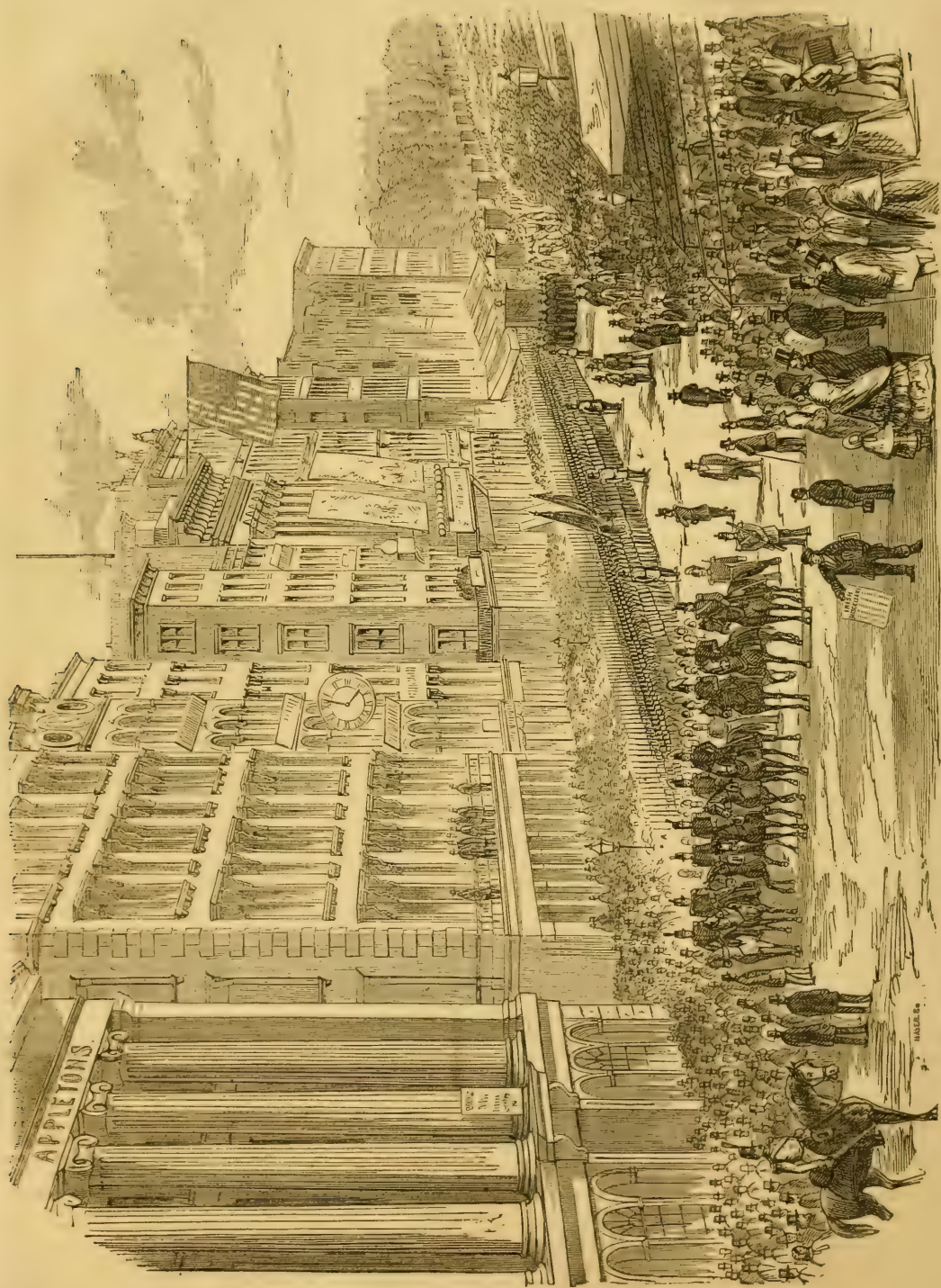
In Gaelic the plant is called Murran, and the banks of sand on which it grows are in Norfolk called Marran Banks.

It grows plentifully in conjunction with *Carex Arenaria* on the sands at Portmarnock and Malahide.

Now this simple grass, the sea bent, is capable even when unassisted by human skill, of fastening the sand, and presenting an impediment to the encroachments of the ocean, as may be witnessed in the numberless instances on the shores of Holland and of Britain. A most successful experiment of this nature is going on at Liffoney, one of Lord Palmerston's estates, in the county of Sligo, situated on the Donegal Bay, and midway between Sligo and Ballyshannon. Along the coast the sea sets in very heavily, and not a single headland presents itself to break the fury of the storm, as it blows across the vast Atlantic. The sand was rapidly covering great portions of valuable land, and Lord Palmerston, to check the progress of the invasion, commenced about ten years ago, to plant the sea bent on a small promontory adjoining the harbor of Mullahmore. The planting commenced on the more level sand fields adjoining the shore; but in consequence of not keeping sufficiently to windward, in the first instance, the agitation was not properly checked, and the planted spaces were repeatedly covered. Yet such is the wonderful tenacity of the grass, that its roots extend in every possible direction, and push up through many feet of the sand. The error of not fastening the sand to windward has been corrected; another improvement suggested itself—that it was better to plant the young offsets promiscuously, at about fifteen inches apart, than in rows; as in the latter way the sand accumulated greatly between the drills. About two hundred acres have been planted with this grass, and thus so much surface not only prevented from injuring the adjoining land, but converted from a pathless waste to a verdant pasture. On the earliest planted parts, cattle are already grazed during the summer months; and it is worthy of observation that when bent has fulfilled the great purpose for which it seems so admirably adapted, namely, binding the loose sand, it gradually yields place to the more delicate but nutritious grasses.

Such is the communication of a friend; and as he has exhibited the good effects resulting from the cultivation of bent grass, we will now contrast it with a contrary scene, taken from that interesting work, 'Sketches in the North and South of Ireland,' from which, with the free permission of author and publishers, we have already largely borrowed and doubtless may again. The scene of desolation here described, was caused by permitting rabbits to burrow under the bent grass, loosening the sand, and thus exposing it to be drifted before the wind, when it formerly used to be firmly held down by the matted and net work roots of this humble but in its place valuable grass, of which we have been treating.

'Northward of Dow Castle lay the Sands of Rosapenna, a scene that almost realised in Ireland the sandy desert of Arabia; a line of coast and country extending from the sea, deep into the land, until it almost meets the mountain on which we stood, and exhibiting one wide waste of red sand; for miles not a blade of grass, not a particle of verdure, hills and dales and undulating swells, smooth, solitary, desolate, reflecting the sun from their polished surface of one uniform and flesh-like hue. Fifty years ago this line of coast was as highly improved in its way, as Ards on the opposite side of the bay now is—it was the much ornamented demesne and contained the comfortable mansion of Lord Boyle, an old fashioned manorial house and gardens, planted and laid out in the taste of that time, with avenues, terraces, hedges and statues, surrounded with walled parks, and altogether the first residence of a nobleman—the country around a great sheep walk. Now not a vestige of all this is to be seen; one common waste of sand, one undistinguished ruin, covers all! Where is the house? under the sand—where the trees, the walks, the terraces, the green parks and sheep walks? all under the sand—lately the top of the house was visible, and the country



ST. PATRICK'S DAY PROCESSION IN NEW YORK CITY, March 17, 1858. From a Photograph by Brady, taken expressly for the *Irish Miscellany*.

LITERATURE.

DEATH OF LORD ROSSMORE.

STRUCTURES ON DR. JOHNSON—HIS BIOGRAPHER: BOSWELL—FALSE DEFINITIONS AND ERRONEOUS EVIDENCES—SUPERSTITION—SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES—THEOLOGICAL ARGUMENT OF THE AUTHOR IN FAVOR OF HIS PECULIAR FAITH—ORIGINAL POETRY BY MISS T.—THE AUTHOR PURCHASES LADY MAYO'S DESMESNE, COUNTY WICKLOW—TERRIFIC AND CULTIVATED SCENERY CONTRASTED—DESCRIPTION OF THE GOLDEN BELT OF IRELAND, AND THE BEAUTIES OF THE ABOVE-MENTIONED COUNTY—LORD ROSSMORE—HIS CHARACTER—SUPERNATURAL INCIDENT OF A MOST EXTRAORDINARY NATURE, VOUCHERED BY LIVING WITNESSES, AND ATTENDANT ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HIS LORDSHIP.

It is not pleasant to differ essentially from the general opinions of the world, and nothing but a firm belief that we are right can bear us up in so doing. I feel my own fallibility poignantly, when I venture to remark upon the celebrated personage 'ye clept' the great moralist of England.*

To criticise the labors of that giant of literature I am unequal; to detract from his ethics is not my object. But it surely savors not of treason to avow that parts of his lexicon I condemn, and much of his philosophy I dissent from.

It is fortunate for the sake of truth that Boswell became Johnson's biographer: for, as the idolaters of China devoutly attach a full proportion of bad qualities to the object of their adoration, so in like manner, he has shown no want of candor as to the doctor's failings; and it might have been still wiser in him to have reflected on the unkind propensities of this wicked world, by which reflection his eulogiums would probably have been rendered less fulsome, and his biography yet more correct.

The English language had been advancing gradually in its own jog-trot way from the days of Bayle to those of Johnson; it travelled over a plain, smooth surface, and a gentle ascent. Everybody formerly appear to understand each other tolerably well; words were then very intelligible, and women, in general, found no difficulty in pronouncing them. But the great lexicographer soon convinced the British people (the Irish are out of the question) that they had been reading, writing, and spouting in a starved, contracted tongue, and that the magnificent *dassimilbonimus* of the Grecian language were ready in polysyllables to relieve that wretched poverty under which ours had so long languished.

This noble revolution in letters has made a progress so rapid, that I found in one essay of a magazine, two or three months ago, no fewer than twenty-four words which required me to make as many references to our great lexicon.

Nobody can deny the miraculous labor which that work must have required. Yet now, when enthusiasm has somewhat abated, and no danger exists of being clapper-clawed by the doctor himself, some ungrateful English grammarians have presumed to assert that, under the gaberdine of so great an authority, anybody is lawfully entitled to coin any *English* word he chooses out of any foreign language he thinks proper; and that we may thus tune up our vocabulary to the key of a *lingua franca*, an assemblage of all tongues, sounds, and idioms, dead or living. It has also been asserted, since his decease, that the doctor's logic is frequently false in both premises and conclusion, his ethics erroneous, his philosophy often unintelligible, and his diction generally bombastic. However, there are so many able and idle gentlemen of law, physic, and divinity, amply educated, with pens stuck behind their ears ready for action, and who are much better skilled in the art and practice of criticism than I am, that I shall content myself with commenting on one solitary word out of forty thousand—which word not only bears strongly on my own tenets and faith, but also

affects one of the most extraordinary occurrences of my life.

This comprehensive and important word (which has upon occasion puzzled me more than any other in the English language) is 'superstition,'—whereof one of the definitions given by the doctor, in his lexicon, appears to be rather inconsiderate, namely, 'religion without morality.' Now, I freely and fully admit that I am *superstitious*: yet I think it is rather severe and somewhat singular in the doctor to admit my religion and extinguish my morality, which I always considered as marching hand in hand.

When Doctor Johnson began to learn his own morality, does not appear, I suppose not until he got an honorary degree from the pedants of Oxford. Collegiate degrees in general, however, work no great reformation, I am inclined to believe, in morality; at least I am certain that when I became a doctor of laws I did not feel my morals in the least improved by my diploma. I wish the candid Boswell had mentioned the precise epocha of the doctor's reformation, (for he admits him to have been a *little wild* in his youth,) and then we might have judged under what state of mind he adopted the definition.

For my-self, I consider faith, grounded on the phenomena of nature, (not the faith of sectarianism or fanaticism,) as the true source and foundation of morality, and morality as the true source and foundation of religion.

No human demonstration can cope with that presented by the face of nature. What proof so infallible as that the sun produces light, and heat, and vegetation?—that the tides ebb and flow—that the thunder rolls—that the lightning flashes—that the planets shine?† Who can gaze on the vast orb of day without feeling that it is the visible demonstration of a superior Being, convincing our reason and our senses, and even the scanty reason of illiterate savages?

It is foreign from the intention of this work to dilate on theoretical subjects of any kind; suffice it to say that the following are simply my own sentiments, which I must be permitted to retain, and which, indeed, nothing on this side the grave can shake.

The omnipotence of the Deity in our creation and destruction—in the union and separation of our bodies and souls—and in rendering the latter responsible for the acts of the former—no Christian denies: and if the Deity be thus omnipotent in forming, destroying, uniting, separating, and judging, he must be equally omnipotent in *reproducing* that spirit and that form which he created, and which remain subject to his will, and always in his power.

* The following lines are by the young poetess whom I have before mentioned, and shall again allude to more fully:—

'The sun is in the empire of his light,
Throned in the mighty solitude of heaven:
He seems the visible Omnipotent
Dwelling in glory: his high sanctuary
Do the eyes worship, and thence, as if
Impiety to gaze, the senses reel,
Drunk with the spirit of his deep refulgence.
Circle of glory!—Diadem of heaven!
Cast in the mould of bright eternity,
And boding forth the attributes of Him
Who made thee of this visible world supreme,
And thou becamest a wonder and a praise—
A worship—yea, a pure idol—
The image of the glories of God.'

† The reader may deem it curious to compare the two following paraphrases: the first, framed with the great name, as author, of Mr. Addison; the second the performance of my accomplished young friend, and extracted from her commonplace-book, without any opportunity given for revision:—

ON THE PLANETS.

'The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens in a shining frame!—
Their great Original proclaim.
In Reason's car they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine!'

'Ye living fires in yon eternal dome—
Ye lamps, whose light is immortality—
Hung forth in mercy from our Father's house,
As beacon-lights to guide us to our God:
Ye are ordained such faithful monitors,
Gazing like heavenly eyes upon our deeds,
Till guilt is awed and shrinks beneath your glance.
Ye bright and visible rewards, held forth
From God's high sanctuary, to work in us
A pure ambition to eternal things,
And glories which our spirit leaves to grasp!'

It follows, therefore, that the omnipotent Creator may at will reproduce that spirit which he reserves for future judgment, or the semblance of that body which once contained the undecaying soul. The smallest atom which floats in the sunbeam can not, (as everybody knows,) from the nature of matter, be actually annihilated; death consequently only decomposes the materials whereof our bodies are formed, which materials are obviously susceptible of being recombined. The Christian tenets maintain that the soul and body must appear for judgment, and why not before judgment—if so willed by the Almighty? The main argument which I have heard against such appearances tends nearly as much to mislead as a general disbelief or denial of omnipotence, that though this power may exist in the Deity, he never would permit such spectacles on the earth, to terrify the timorous, and give occasion to paltering with the credulity of his creatures.

It is truly surprising how rational men can resort to these methods of reasoning. When we admit the omnipotence, we are bound likewise to admit the omniscience, of the Deity; and presumptuous indeed must that man be who overlooks the contractedness of his own intellectual vision, or asserts that, because he cannot see a reason for a supernatural interference, none therefore can exist in the eye of the Supreme.

The objects of God are inscrutable; an appearance of the departed upon the earth may have consequences which none—not even those who are affected by it—can either discover or suppose.* Can any human wisdom presume to divine why man was originally created at all? why one man is cut short in high, blooming health and youth, and another lingers long in age and decrepitude? why the best of men are frequently the most unfortunate, and the greatest villains the most prosperous? why the heinous criminal escapes in triumph, and the innocent being is destroyed by torture? And is the production of a supernatural appearance, for the inscrutable purposes of God, more extraordinary, or less credible, than these other ordinations of the Deity, or than all those unaccountable phenomena of nature, which are only—as the rising and setting sun—disregarded by common minds, from the frequency of their occurrence?

This is a subject whereon I feel strongly and seriously, and hence it is that I have been led into so long exordium. I regard the belief in supernatural apparitions as inseparable from my Christian faith and my view of Divine Omnipotence; and however good and learned individuals may possibly impugn my reasoning I have the consolation of knowing that the very best and wisest doctors in divinity and masters of arts in the British empire can have no better or *true* information upon the subject than myself; that I am as much in my senses as many of them; and that the Deity has made no sort of distinction between the intellectual capacity of a bishop and a judge: the secrets of heaven are not divulged to either of them. The judge does justice to other people, and the bishop does justice to himself: both are equally ignorant of the mysteries of futurity, and must alike wait until they pass the dim boundary of the grave, to gain any *practical* information. When a military captain is ordained a clergyman, as is somewhat the fashion during the peace establishment, does he become one atom wiser or more knowing as to the next world than when he was in the army? Probably, on the other hand,

* Nothing in print places my theory in so distinct, clear, and pleasing a point of view, as Parnell's 'Hermit'—a strong, moral, and impressive tale—beautiful in poetry; and abounding in instruction. There the omniscience of God is exemplified by human incidents, and the mysterious causes of his actions brought home to the commonest capacity. The moral of that short and simple tale says more than a hundred volumes of dogmatic controversy! The following couplets appear to me extremely impressive:—

'The Maker justly claims that world he made:
In this the right of Providence is laid:
Its sacred majesty, through all, depends
On using second means to work its ends.

'What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck the wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just;
And where you can't *unriddle*, learn to *trust*.'

he thinks much less about the matter than when standing upon the field of battle.*

I would not have the reader imagine that I should be found ready to receive any idle ghost-story which might be told me. So far contrary, I have always been of opinion that no incident or appearance (and I have expressed as much before in this work), however strange, should be considered as supernatural which could *any how* be otherwise accounted for, or referred to natural or human agency.

I will proceed at once to the little narrative thus importantly prefaced. The circumstances will, I think, be admitted as of an extraordinary nature: they were not connected with the workings of imagination; depended not on the fancy of a single individual: the occurrence was, altogether, both in its character and in its possible application, far beyond the speculations of man. But let me endeavor to soften and prepare my mind for the strange recital by some more pleasing recollections connected with the principle subject of it.

Immediately after the rebellion of 1798, the countess dowager of Mayo discovered a man concealed under her bed, and was so terrified that she instantly fled from her country residence in the most beautiful part of County Wicklow: she departed for Dublin, whence she immediately sailed for England, and never after returned. Her ladyship directed her agent (Mr. Davis) immediately to dispose of her residence, demesne and everything within the house and on the grounds, for whatever they might bring. All property in the disturbed districts being then of small comparative value, and there having been a battle fought at Mount Kennedy, near her house, a short time previous, I purchased the whole estate, as it stood, at a very moderate price, and on the ensuing day was put into possession of my new mansion. I found a house not large, but very neat and in good order, with a considerable quantity of furniture, some excellent wines, &c. and the lands in full produce. The demesne was not extensive, but delightfully situated in a district which, I believe, for the union of rural beauties and mild uniformity of climate, few spots can excel.

I have already disclaimed all pretensions, as a writer, to the power of scenic description or imaginary landscape; though no person existing is more gratified than myself with the contemplation of splendid scenery; in saying this, however, I do not mean that savage sublimity of landscape—that majestic assemblage of stupendous mountain and roaring cataract—of colossal rocks and innumerable precipices—where Nature appears to designate to the bear and the eagle, to the boar or chamois, those tracts, which she originally created for their peculiar accommodation: to the enthusiastic sketcher and the high wrought tourist I yield an exclusive right to those interesting regions, which are far too sublime for my ordinary pencil. I own that I prefer that luxurious scenery where the art and industry of man go hand in hand with the embellishments of nature, and where Providence smiling, combines her blessings with her beauties.

Were I asked to exemplify my ideas of rural, animated, cheering landscape, I should say—'My friend, travel!—visit that narrow region which we call the *golden belt of Ireland**—explore every league from the metropolis to the meeting of the waters: journey which way you please, you will find the native myrtle and indigenous arbutus, glowing throughout the severest winter, and forming the ordinary cottage fence.

The scenery of Wicklow is doubtless on a very minor scale, quite unable to compete with the grandeur and immensity of continental landscape: even to our own Killarney it is not comparable; but it possesses a genial glowing luxury, whereof more elevated scenery is often destitute. It is, besides, in the world: its beauties seem alive. It blooms: it blossoms: the

*That lovely district extends about thirty miles in length and from four to seven in breadth; it commences near Dublin, and ends at a short distance beyond Avondale: the soil is generally a warm gravel, with verdant valleys, bounded by mountains arable to their summits on one side, and by the sea upon the other. The gold mine is on a frontier of this district: and it is perhaps the most congenial to the growth of trees and shrubs, of any spot in the British dominions.

mellow climate extracts from every shrub a tribute of fragrance wherewith the atmosphere is saturated, and through such a medium does the refreshing rain descend to brighten the hues of the evergreens!

I frankly admit myself an enthusiast as to that lovely district. In truth, I fear I should have been enthusiastic on many points, had not law, the most powerful antidote to that feeling interposed to check its growth.

The site of my sylvan residence, Dunran, was nearly in the centre of the golden belt, about fifteen miles from the capital; but owing to the varied nature of the country, it appeared far more distant. Bounded by the beautiful glen of the dows, at the foot of the magnificent Bellevue, and the more distant sugar-loaf mountain called the Dangle, together with Tynnehinch (less celebrated for its unrivalled scenery than as the residence of Ireland's first patriot) the dark deep glen, the black lake and mystic vale of Lugelough, contrasted quite magically with the highly-cultivated beauties of Dunran: (the parks, and wilds, and sublime cascade of Powerscourt, and the newly-created magnificence of Mount Kennedy, abundantly prove that perfection itself may exist in contrasts). In fine I found myself enveloped by the hundred beauties of that enchanting district, which, though of one family, were rendered yet more attractive by the variety of their features: and had I not been tied to laborious duties, I should infallibly have sought refuge there altogether from the cares of the world.

One of the greatest pleasures I enjoyed while a resident at Dunran, was the near abode of the late Lord Rossmore, at that time commander-in-chief in Ireland. His lordship knew my father, and from my commencement in public life, had been my friend, and a sincere one. He was a Scotsman born, but had come to Ireland when very young, as page to the lord-lieutenant. He had married an heiress: had purchased the estate of Mount Kennedy; built a noble mansion; laid out some of the finest gardens in Ireland; and in fact, improved the demesne, as far as taste, skill, and money, could accomplish. He was what may be called a remarkably fine old man, quite the gentleman, and when at Mount Kennedy quite the country gentleman. He lived in a style few people can attain to: his table, supplied by his own farms, were adapted to the vicery himself yet was ever spread for his neighbors: in a word, no man ever kept a more even hand in society, than Lord Rossmore, and no man was ever better repaid by universal esteem. Had his connections possessed his understanding, and practised his habits, they would probably have found more friends when they wanted them.

This intimacy at Mount Kennedy gave rise to an occurrence the most extraordinary and inexplicable of my whole existence—an occurrence which for many years occupied my thoughts, and wrought on my imagination. Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having had a single day's indisposition. He bore, in his green old age, the appearance of robust health. During the vice-royalty of Earl Hardwick, Lady Barrington, at a drawing-room at Dublin castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties for Mount Kennedy, to commence the next day, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. The lord-lieutenant was to be of the company.

'My little farmer,' said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, 'when you go home, tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow. I will have no ifs in the matter—so tell him that come he must!' She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve; and toward two in the morning, I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature. I listened; it occurred first at short intervals; it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice, and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly; the sound became still more plaintive, till it al-

most died away in the air; when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone: it seemed descending. I felt every nerve tremble; it was not a natural sound, nor could I make out the point whence it came.

At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself; she suggested that it might be an Eolian harp—but to that instrument it bore no similitude: it was altogether a different character of sound. My wife at first appeared less affected than I; but subsequently she was more so.

We now went to a large window in our bed-room which looked directly upon a small garden underneath: the sound seemed then obviously to ascend from a grass-plot immediately below our window. It continued; Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for more than half an hour. At last a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of 'Rossmore—Rossmore—Rossmore!' I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I cannot. The maid fled in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to bed; in about a minute after, the sound died gradually away, until all was silent.

Lady Barrington, who is not so superstitious as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should be thereby rendered laughing-stocks. At length, wearied with speculations, we fell into a sound slumber.

About seven the ensuing morning a strong rap at my chamber door awakened me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly upon my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddenly on any subject. It was light; I went to the door, when my faithful servant, Lawler, exclaimed on the other side, 'Oh Lord, sir!'—'What is the matter?' said I, hurriedly: 'Oh, sir!' ejaculated he, 'Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me in passing that my lord, after coming round the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half after two this morning, his own man hearing a noise in his master's bed (he slept in the same room), went to him, and found him in the agonies of death; and before he could alarm the other servants, all was over!'

I conjecture nothing. I only relate the incident as unequivocally matter of fact; Lord Rossmore was absolutely dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced. Let skeptics draw their own conclusions; perhaps natural causes may be assigned; but I am totally unequal to the task.

Atheism may ridicule me:—Orthodoxy may despise me; Bigotry may lecture me; Fanaticism might burn me; yet in my very faith I would seek consolation.—It is in my mind better to believe too much than too little, and that is the only theological crime of which I can be fairly accused.—Barrington's Sketches.

A French seller of sausages infuses the lottery principle into his business, by putting a gold coin in one of every fifty sausages.

A knavish attorney asked a very worthy gentleman what was honesty? 'What is that to you?' said he; 'meddle with those things that concern you most.'

In the county of Norfolk, a lady has six sons, each of whom is six feet four inches high. She says the way she drew them out was by feeding them on legs of Shanghai chickens. A hint for our short friends.

A little friend of ours, a few days ago, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. The question which followed was a puzzler:—'Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go to?'

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.—Your seniors have in all cases a right to deference from you and even if ignorant are entitled further to respectful expostulation, and not sarcastic exposure.

A TOUR IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

NO. V.

LETTER TO JOHN MARTIN, ESQ.—PARIS.

NEW ORLEANS, JAN. 25th, 1858.

The 'Princess' was already laden with cotton-bales at Vicksburg as I thought, but it seems she was to call for more at Natchez and several other points—being one of the fastest and most sumptuous boats on the river, she was filled with passengers, a quiet, well-timed and agreeable company. The after-part of the great saloon (nearly one-third of the whole length) was divided by sliding doors from the rest, and reserved for ladies, in the same manner as the 'Ladies' Parlor' in our hotels. This was very handsomely fitted up, and outside of it all around, a portion of the outer gallery was also cut off by partition; so that they might have as much privacy as they desired. Any woman may thus travel, even unaccompanied, up or down the whole Mississippi without apprehension or chance of annoyance even should there happen to be on board men who are brutes. This is worth mentioning in a letter to the comparatively uncivilized continent of Europe; though, here, the thing is too long established to excite remark or surprise. Further, I have to record that the male passengers on board, being mostly Southern gentlemen, were, of all them, so far as I observed, men of refined and courteous of demeanor which are characteristic of the South, and which I attribute in great part to the institution of Slavery. A theory possesses me upon this subject, which before my tour is over, I shall propound to your consideration. In the meantime I am keeping my eyes open, and recording in my mind isolated phenomena, from which, by strict induction (as Lord Bacon directs) I hope to gather a variety of generalizations.

My friend Major Roelke, of Vicksburg, came on board with me, and introduced us to many Mississippian gentlemen, who were to be my fellow-passengers. This not only secured me a more agreeable passage, but afforded me that opportunity,—so dear to philosophers like you and me—of observing men and manners; and of eliciting various opinions (at the same time modestly insinuating my own) on Cuba, on the position of the South, on the Administration,—on women, Africa, horses, currency, India, Central America, and all the other continents and isles.

The day after we left Vicksburg was warm and bright. The clearings and plantations grew more frequent on both banks of the river; and we stopped several times to roll in and build up on the quays, numerous cotton-bales; also to replenish our wood; which at certain stations is piled up on the edge of the bank cut to the size wanted for our fires. At these woodyard stations is usually a cluster of wooden cottages, which, I will not deny it, look dreary enough, with the dark leafless forest behind them, and a tract of cane-brake stretching away on either side. This 'cane' of the West is admirable pasture, however, for cattle; and when it is thick and close, makes both pasture and cover for innumerable bears. We saw many good horses, both at plantations and woodyard depots. I came to the conclusion that Louisiana and Mississippi have a favorable climate and soil for horse-breeding and where the horse thrives, there will thrive the horse-famer.

As we proceed southward, the river seems higher, and more perilously close to the level of the land. Often, from the middle of the river, the two feet of perpendicular clay bank are visible altogether; and you wonder what contains this wayward monster on whose back we ride. There is, however, on each bank, at twenty or thirty yards from the river, a mound or levee, (from three to eight feet high apparently) kept up by the planters, to fence their own plantations; and, when there are no planters, maintained by the several States under 'Levee Commissioners.'

All along here, from Vicksburg to Natchez, there occur I think, no bluffs or hills; but at last, about the second day, we find the land rising on the Mississippi side, and the eye is relieved from the dead and dismal level. We see but little of the town as we approach; for Natchez is built on the summit of a steep bank, about 150 feet in height; and huddled at the foot of it, close to the river, lies 'Natchez under the Hill,'—once metropolis of murderers, stronghold of gamblers, and unsuitable retreat for women of uneasy virtue; but now a quiet shipping-place for cotton.—Cotton, you observe, is an agent of civilization; and as it became an important staple, Natchez over the Hill was forced to give Natchez under the Hill, notice to quit. The Genius of Cotton fluttered the Voleinsians in their dove cots; alone he did it.

What has become of the gang that once made this ground classic, I have not learned with any accuracy. Some perhaps embarked in the cotton-trade, kissing the hand that smote them; some died in penitentiaries, regretting to the last the high and palmy days of villainy, the enchire and the poker, sports of their youth when every sport could please provided that it paid. One became virtuous, and rose, it is said, to be Mayor of New York; and one fell gloriously in the Mexican war, as he led his brave volunteer company to the charge on the Plaza of Monterey, while Santa Anna's column reeled before the very flash of the fixed bayonets and the well-known thunder words, 'come on, boys—give 'em Hell!'

It is not to our friends 'Under-the-Hill,' that Natchez owes all its classic associations either. For here we are on the scene of Atala; and one's memory is bound to be thronged by the creations of the poetic Viconte. There, on the bluff, stand the remains of Fort Rosalie, where two hundred of the French colonists were slain by the Natchez Indians; a stern and fierce tribe in their generation; but they too have passed away, like the gambler, and the *poteau*, and the superstitions of the Dark Ages.

Amongst our fellow-passengers from Vicksburg to Natchez, is Col. Hilliard, an agreeable companion, a very handsome man, and editor of the Natchez Courier. He has been attending the Masonic Convention at Jackson; and is now on his return. He very courteously invites me (in order to make the most of the three or four hours we remain here) to put myself under his charge. I gladly avail myself of his kindness. A carriage is provided; and accompanied by two other gentlemen, we presently ascend the bluff by a gradual sideling road, well made and gravelled. We find ourselves in town; a quiet, steady-looking town with respectable streets of substantial houses; and in every vacant lot, or yard, a drove of mules, all loose, and seeming much addicted to kicking one another. Observing me looking somewhat curiously at the congregations of mules, my friends inform me that Natchez is a considerable emporium for the supply and sale of that unclean animal.

Near the middle of the town, Col. Hilliard leaves us for a time to visit his family, after many days absence; but gives directions to have me carried to such points of interest as strangers in Natchez usually wish to see, and appoints to meet again at a certain hour at the 'Rosalie Club House.' Accordingly we proceed to visit the grounds of the most beautiful cottage, situated under the bluff a little above the town, and having lovely gardens, with artificial mounds, arbours, hedges of rose-trees in full bloom, and a magnificent camelia japonica, occupying a small greenhouse by itself and loaded with snowy flowers. Beneath, on one side, sweeps the Mississippi; and on the other the high bluff makes a curve inward, leaving between bluff and river a most enchanting nook, so cunningly turned to good account by the hand of taste. The face of the bluff itself all around this sweeping curve, is clothed with cypress-wood, varied by a few large trees. Ornamental shade-trees, especially the noble magnolias, are disposed without formality, yet precisely where they ought to be. One of our friends—'I withhold his name lest it should come to the ears of the worthy proprietor—steals a few flowers to make a bouquet for a lady on board the Princess; and so we take leave of this beautiful spot, wishing health and longevity to the good owner, Mr. Brown, a Scotchman, who is owner also of a lumber-yard close by, and is prepared to supply planters and other patrons with seasoned lumber, sawn at the most esteemed mill,—either for fences or frame houses, with punctuality and dispatch, and on terms as favorable as any other yard on the River.

Thence we proceed to a new house, not yet inhabited, but having the last touch put on it, lately built by an Irishman of the city. It is one of the lions of Natchez; and is certainly a remarkably fine and splendid residence, for this country; having cost, they say, fully one hundred thousand dollars. It stands to Drumbanagher in Armagh, or Florencourt in Fermanagh, perhaps, in the proportion of one to six. This is the best approximation I can make. But it is a town residence, having no demesne round it, but only a square field of two or three acres. They cannot pretend here, and I trust they will never be able to pretend, no not the most 'aristocratic' of them, to vie with the desperately criminal magnificence of English or Irish residences of the 'upper classes; but they do their best.

Many other fine houses appear on the outskirts of the town, or glimmering through the woods behind; and at many points, as we drive around, we come full upon an open view of the giant River; the sight whereof never fails to make your correspondent's heart leap up.

Three o'clock. Rosalie Club. Our friend, the Colonel, is awaiting us, and we are formally inducted; our names are on the book, and we have the *entree* of the club-house while we stay. Slight refreshment; a glance over the newspapers—just to see whether Lucknow has been relieved again as it were; and then Adieu to Natchez! I return to the steamboat 'Princess,' feeling that this time at least I have enjoyed 'the hospitalities of a city' after my own taste—that is to say, not formal addresses and vociferations, from mayors and municipalities; but the genial courtesies of private gentlemen; some pleasant talk, an oyster, a glass of champagne, a cigar, and adieu! Col. Hilliard, as I hear, edits a paper of the Know Nothing school, and propounds the gross and ludicrous heresy that 'Americans must rule America'—a thing, you know, which can be done, and is not to be thought of. But I protest that while I was with him, it never occurred to me to investigate his politics; and this perhaps is the highest compliment one can pay to an Editor.

I could not help contrasting this quiet enjoyment of the true hospitalities of Natchez with our friend O'Shaughnessy's experiences of the civic hospitalities of the city of Cincinnati three or four years ago. Did you ever hear how O'Shaughnessy enjoyed the hospitalities of Cincinnati?

O'Shaughnessy was expected in that 'Queen city' on a certain day. Now the 'city' is an island, and for so large a place rather secluded town, or rather village of about 120,000 persons. It buys and sends down the river much Ohio flour; it makes chairs; above all it packs pot. They are generally 'hard up' for amusement, and seize upon any occasion of a row; for after all man needs some excitement, and the slaughtering and selling of hogs alone suffices not immortal souls. Especially they love distinguished strangers.

On this occasion, it was thought that O'Shaughnessy might be made into a distinguished stranger for one day—he had never been there before; many of them had heard his name;—It was enough; while he, unsuspecting traveller, was coming down the Ohio from Pittsburg, the Municipal Councils of the city convened, and decreed him a public reception, and hospitalities of the city,—that is to say addresses of welcome and so forth. All unconscious, he arrived about the dawn of a winter's morning,—welcomed himself to the Burnett House, and unanimously voted himself the hospitalities of that fine hotel.

In the meantime the Queen city was getting herself into a most capital excitement and confusion, the very thing desired. A vehement and indignant agitation arose against the Mayor and councillors. For Cincinnati was both a stronghold of Know Nothingism, and a fortress of what they call 'Human Freedom' in those parts—and here was a foreign man, an Irish adventurer, and a friend of slavery, going to be welcomed by her civic authorities! Of course rumors were blown abroad to aggravate the popular rage, that he was an outrageous criminal—that he was well known to have a plantation somewhere South, and to take special delight in flogging his negro-vanishes with an ingenious whip of raw-hide. Besides, were Americans no longer to rule America? that was the question—and was the Queen city to prove recreant to the great principle of Human Freedom? Whereby, you observe, issue was joined.

A friend visited O'Shaughnessy at once—told him he was to be a distinguished stranger for that day; but that in the evening there was to be a vast 'indignation meeting' at the greatest building in the city; and that such was the exasperation of the people that the very Councillors who had voted the addresses, &c., would be afraid to present them; that there would, however, be probably no riot, but in any case the Irish residents, with two militia companies would defend their visitor against the hospitalities of the city. Here was a consolatory reflection. O'Shaughnessy was requested to look out of the window; he saw, even at that early hour parties of loud citizens hurrying along, and huge placards with 'Indignation Meeting.' He thought it too hard to be made a distinguished stranger upon these terms; and had some thoughts of flying by the next train in any direction, or crossing the river into Kentucky;—

'To turn the rein were sin and shame;

To fight were wondrous peril.'

On the whole he breakfasts with what appetite he may; swallows a glass of brandy and water, and awaits the Mayor and city Councillors. The Mayor comes by himself; reads his address in the public room before a great crowd; and is responded to by O'Shaughnessy in that graceful and felicitous strain which, you know, is 'incidental to his nation and peculiar to himself.'

The day wears on; at last, four city Councillors, out of about thirty, resolve to brave the outcries of a people *præter jubentium*; and they actually come to read their document. O'Shaughnessy, this time, receives them coldly, and replies grimly and curtly; for his admirable temper begins to give way. In fact, when one of the polite Councillors attempts to add some remarks of his own, which the distinguished guest of the city deems irrelevant, he cuts the gentleman short rather rudely, saying he has had enough of their hospitalities. Retreat, covered by general laugh.

All this while some worthy gentlemen of the city, thinking probably that Cincinnati was not cutting a handsome figure this day, decided on giving O'Shaughnessy a social entertainment the same evening at the Burnett House, in order to make him 'feel good' after the civic hospitalities, and so crown the day, or rather drown it, in sparkling Catawba. Next, then, imagine a splendid saloon with three lofty windows of stained glass at one side, at the other three doors, opening on a corridor. Supper is just despatched, by about a hundred and fifty persons. A fine band has just finished the Star-spangled Banner; O'Shaughnessy begins to forget that he is a distinguished stranger; and the chairman is on his feet, proposing that individual's health; when a large crowd pours along the street; Indignation meeting just broken up (a perfect triumph)—they see the lights and hear the music, and knowing what is taking place inside, in regard to the Constitution and for Human Freedom, impels them to break in the windows with paving-stones. Many persons, in such circumstances, start up, and put chairs over their heads; for a half a minute, stones come flying in; and the negro waiters tumble out through the opposite doors, making a hideous noise with the dish-covers. The tumult was soon suppressed however; a few of the vagabonds were arrested (and fined in a nominal sum next morning; for the city was in such a temper that it would not have endured their real punishment)—and the entertain-

ment proceeded as if nothing had happened. The most characteristic portion of the proceedings remains to be told—the very city Councillors who had voted these famous hospitalities went to the Indignation meeting, almost every one of them, and publicly apologized to their constituents for welcoming this foreign adventurer and negro-trader, promising never to do the like again.

So the Queen city felt relieved in her conscience and soothed in her nervous system; and O'Shaughnessy was gratified at having been instrumental in procuring her a little wholesome excitement.

They manage these things differently at the South. If you come into any city, and have letters of introduction, or are otherwise favorably known, you are visited, invited, dealt with as a reasonable being, and not forced upon a platform—bidden to stand and deliver—expected to give buncombe for buncombe—to exchange unmeaning and common-places trash with eloquent official persons (which may 'make capital' for the said official persons.) In short, you are not *bored*, and made weary of your life. Mind that, if you should ever come to America. Slip quietly through New York, avoid the Queen city, and cleave unto the Crescent.

Vogue la gale! We are gliding down from Natchez; and the day sinks gorgeously to rest amidst his rose-leaves. Bands of negroes, on either bank are wending home from their work; and their rows of neat hats are smoking with the preparation for their supper—

Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the black-handed Phyllis dresses—

And hark! as evening darkens, the banjo! And from a row of whitewashed negro-quarters near the water's edge rises the strain: *Oh! Susannah! don't you cry for me!* an exhortation to which I would respectfully call the attention of the dear kind Spirit of the Age.

About nine o'clock on Sunday night we pass a forest of masts, very little short of the East river wharves; and the lights of New Orleans gleams through them. Steam-boat *leaves*; bawling of hackmen—"St. Louis!" "St. Charles!" "City Hotel, Sir!" the usual rush and confusion for a little while; and then after a short journey through some handsome streets, behold us at the portals of a temple white and massive, far-gleaming through the lighted streets with its Corinthian columns and capitals. In the *pronaos* we inscribe our names in the book of the recording priest; and are then inducted into the *adyta* by a courteous minister of the altar, whose tongue has the musical intonations of Garrovan.

We are in the St. Charles Hotel—Good night!

J. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENCE.

DISAGREEMENT OF THE JURY IN FATHER CONWAY'S CASE—FATHER LUKE RYAN'S TRIAL—PALMERSTON'S DEFEAT—PROBABLE DISCONTINUANCE OF THE 'PRIEST HUNT'—MISERY IN DONEGAL—THE IRISH MISCELLANY IN DUBLIN, &c

The Jury in the case of Father Conway have disagreed, the papers taken from them, and they are discharged. I told you in my last that I could only recognise one Catholic name on the special jury; it is now said that the jury was composed of six Catholics and six Protestants. How this may be I have no means of determining. It is also stated that eight of the jury were for convicting the Rev. Mr. Conway and four for his acquittal.

This is probably true, but then you know, that some of the greatest enemies of Ireland are Catholics; and there are always potrooms enough, even among Irish Catholics, to do the dirty work of their masters. Several of the witnesses are Catholics; Col. Higgins whose election Mr. Conway opposed, was a Catholic; Attorney General Fitzgerald is a Catholic, and has procured his present promotion by his base betrayal of the best interests of his Catholic fellow-countrymen. Need we then wonder, that two Catholics out of six were for sending the Reverend Traverser to jail?—To me the wonder is, after the great pains taken by the government, that the whole six did not vote to punish the poor priest for having the temerity to oppose the election of a 'castle back' like the renegade Higgins.

The trial of Father Luke Ryan is the next in order. The bloodhounds of England are already pulling at the leash and anxious for the hunt. One right royal prey has escaped from their fangs, and the disappointment of the beast has made their appetite for blood keener. There is, however, a slight prospect of the 'priest hunt' being put a stop to by the change of government. Palmerston has been kicked out, and the Earl of Derby has tumbled in. This may prevent Father Ryan from being brought to trial, as the pious Fitzgerald follows his leader, and the potroom Catholic will be succeeded by a good, honest, open enemy, from whom we expect no quarter. The Orange Attorney General will not like to be burdened with the dirty work of his Catholic predecessor; but yet the pleasure of hunting a priest to the death, may be stronger than these considerations.

The wail of sorrow and lamentation comes rushing upon

our ears, with every wind from the mountains of Donegal. Thousands of God's creatures are perishing in the north, that English and Scotch sheep may thrive. We are doing all we can in the south and west to alleviate the sufferings of our fellow-countrymen; but, alas! we can do but little. The winter is just passing away, and although it has been unusually mild, there has not been much work for our people. Is there any other people on God's domain, who would submit in peace and patience to the odious tyranny of infamous landlords, as we do? Would not the people of Donegal be justified, if they had the power, in exterminating from the earth the murderers who thus doom them to starvation? The people of Donegal are Celts of the purest cast: the Celtic love of justice is a prominent feature in their character. They also hate oppression, and you need not be surprised in the United States if you hear, that some of the stalwart mountaineers have resorted to the 'wild justice of revenge,' for that redress which English law in Ireland denies to them.

Do, I implore you, do all you can to induce our countrymen in the Republic to assist the poor perishing people of Donegal! In particular, I ask the people from that part of Ireland, now in the United States, not to forget their own kind and kin.

There is a week's later news from India. More 'assaults,' more 'victories,' for the English, but still more troops are required to subjugate the rebellious Sepoys!—The war in India is not yet over. England must spend more blood and treasure to restore her hated rule over the Hindoos than she did in her long struggle with Napoleon.

The first number of the MISCELLANY is at hand. I like the appearance of it very much. Many persons to whom I showed it are much in love with it. You must appoint an agent in Dublin, and you will sell many thousand copies a week.

DUBLIN, March 1, 1858.

AVONMORE.

[It gives us much pleasure to find our efforts appreciated by gentlemen like the one who forwards us this flattering testimonial.]

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,)
St. Joseph County, (Ind.))
March 8th, 1858.

MESSES, EDITORS:—

DEAR SIRS—A few days ago I was in receipt of a copy of your 'Irish Miscellany,' and permit me to congratulate you on your noble and very worthy undertaking; and to wish you that success which so excellent a work merits.

I regret that I cannot individually participate in the advantage of being one of your subscribers. I will not however, be entirely deprived of the advantages of your Miscellany, as a Literary Society, that is under my immediate direction, has agreed to subscribe for it,—enclosed be pleased to find \$2.00 for their subscription. The name of the Society is 'The St. Aloysius Literary Society,' to whose address you will send it. Please send all the back numbers.

And be pleased, gentlemen, to accept my assurance of being a most sincere advocate for your Irish Miscellany, wherever my humble influence may extend.

Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES WILLEY, S. S. C.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE IRISH IN IRELAND.

BY DABBY MCKEON.

Arise! unite! with gallant mein,
And as swelling tide or rolling thunder
Sweep o'er your hills and valleys green,
And burst the tyrants' chains asunder.

See! yonder 'neath the eastern skies,
The glorious rays of freedom gleaming;
There haughty Albion's powers die
Where the gallant Hindoo blood is streaming.

See! warlike Gaul in armor bright,
With long pent vengeance is preparing;
With our hatred foe to renew the fight,
Up! brothers! for, our mother Erin.

Remember how your martyrs died!
Whose noble deeds do shine in story;
Whose blood that green land sanctified,
Will you not emulate their glory?

For centuries of fraud and crime,
The hour is nigh for retribution;
In God's name seize the golden time
To pay the Saxon restitution.

Swear to it by your sainted dead,
No more the tyrant shall enslave you—
Hoist up the Green, pull down the Red—
And free the dear land God has given you.

From our Special Reporter. ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN NEW YORK.

The 17th of March 1858, will not soon be forgotten by the thousands who participated in the celebration of the festival of Ireland's patron saint in the metropolis of the United States. The morning's sun burst upon the sight of anxious thousands with a face beaming with joy, and positive assurance that he had driven far into the regions of the north, the dark and lowering clouds which mar the pleasure of our four celebrations. The early rail-road trains and steamboats brought into the city crowds of Erin's stalwart sons and daughters, with pleasure beaming from their healthful countenances. The volunteer soldiers were seen at an early hour hurrying to and from the various rendezvous: and the members of the different benevolent societies were repairing with joyous hearts and classic step to their respective quarters. Martial strains were heard in every direction, as the different bands of music proceeded to meet the various civic or military organizations. 'Tis indeed a gala-day, and the unmistakable Celtic features which crowd the streets, the windows and the balconies, show that something of importance is expected. The Shamrock—"the green immortal shamrock" is displayed on innumerable hats; the hearty shake of the hand with which friend greets friend, and the never to be forgotten 'my Patrick's pot on you,' tells that it is Ireland's natal day—the festival of her glorious Apostle Patrick, whose memory still lives in the hearts and memories of his faithful children, as green as the grass in his hundred and ninety-three years ago, when he departed this life in the county of Down.

His now eleven o'clock. The various organizations have taken up the line and are assigned their places. The marshes and dais are hurrying on noble steeds, with the orders of the officer in command—the gallant and soldier-like gentleman, and able acting officer Brigadier Gen. Col. James K. Ryan. The military under his command formed in Canal street, and from there marched to East Broadway, preceded by Shelton's American Brass Band with a full corps of drummers. The time announced for taking up the line of march has passed. The word is given—the procession moves forward in the following order:—

Acting Brigadier General, Col. James K. Ryan. Staff Band. Ninth Regiment. The command of Lieut. Col. F. D. Kelly. Band. Sixty-ninth Regiment under command of Lieut. Col. E. Butler. Civic Societies. Grand Marshal, Patrick McCarty, assisted by his Aids, Joseph Boyd and Roger McGrath. 1st Division. Marshals, Peter K. Gaynor and John Tucker. Aids, Michael Gillen, J. Kelly, M. Gorman and Hugh McManus. Band. Montgomery Volunteers, Capt. Owen Daley. 2d Division. Band. Emerald Guard, Capt. John C. Ryan. 3d Division. Band. Ancient Order of Hibernians, mustering several thousands, with their beautiful silk flags and banners, made a noble appearance. 3d Division. Marshal, Edward McLoughlin.—Band. Independent Guard. 4th Division. Band. 4th Division. Marshal, Hugh O'Keilly. Aid, John Keane. Band. Old Guard, Capt. James F. Markey. Longshoremen's Union Benevolent Society. 5th Division. Marshal, John Dwyer. Band. St. James Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Society. 6th Division. Marshal, Ross McGuinness. Aids, Jeremiah Perry and Thomas Cummings. Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society, proceeded down East Broadway and Chatham street, passing in front of the City Hall, was reviewed by his Honor the Mayor and Board of Common Council. Passing out through the west gate of the Park, proceeded up Broadway. On arriving opposite Brady's, a photograph of the magnificent take for the Irish Miscellany, a photograph of the magnificent demonstration. This being accomplished, but not so clear and distinct as Mr. Brady and his efficient operators could desire, owing to the immense crowds which hemmed in the procession, it proceeded forward to 14th Street to 7th Avenue, up 7th Avenue to Twenty-third Street, through Twenty-third Street to Broadway, down Broadway, to Fourteenth Street, around the Statute of Washington, where it was dismissed.

Our reporter cannot close his report of this magnificent display without expressing his thanks to acting Brigadier General Col. Ryan of the 9th Regiment. Capt. Lynch of the Emmett Guards; Messrs. Evans and Dugan at Brady's Photographic Saloon, and to our friends who received us so kindly at the offices of the *Fremont's Journal*, the *Irish News*, and *Irish Wanderer*. Their kind and our special thanks are due for his laudable endeavors to carry out our wishes, and for the very faithful manner in which he performed his task under many great difficulties.

Written for the Irish Miscellany.
TO KATE.

Although by every outward token,
The tie would seem forever broken,
Yet lives within my heart as bright
As in the spring time of its life,
As in the noonday of its light,
The hope that thou wilt be my wife.

That hope, wild storms in vain have tossed,
Its light, dark clouds in vain have crossed,
Still, at my breast, the fondling nursed,
Still, on my soul its sunlight smiled—
Still, still, thro' every storm that burst
Clung to my heart loves darling child.

Child of my love begotten and bred,
Till live, twill live, till love is dead;
Still from my breast its food will spring—
Still in my soul its sunlight dwell—
Still to my heart its fond dreams cling—
Till thou shalt meet or break the spell.
That love, this hope, our hearts forever
One word from thee can bind or sever;
Then let me hear thy gentle voice,
Thy words, thine own, for thine, thine only
Can make this heart again rejoice,
Or beat thro' life in sorrow lonely.

MUSKERRY.

MISCELLANAE.

'Pa, ain't I growing tall?' 'Why, what's your height, sonny?' 'Why, I'm seven feet, lacking a yard.'

Happiness, it has been wisely observed, is the proportion of the number of things which we love, and the number of things that love us.

Nothing casts a denser cloud over the mind than discontent, rendering it more occupied about the evil that disquiets it than the means of removing it.

Court the company of the learned and the conversation of the aged? their discourse is often more useful than any book you can read.

There is a young lady in Leo who carries a parasol because sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances.

Did you ever hear of the wife that wrote to her husband in California, and commenced the letter thus—'Oh, tell me not that absence conquers love; the longer you stay away the better I like you!'

MISS ELLEN CONRAN.—Our talented young countrywoman—'La Conrani, as she is styled in the Italian papers—continues to win the praises of the Italian critics, and to earn a rapidly rising reputation. After singing during the past year at the great opera house of San Carlo, at Naples, she has now commenced an engagement at Catania, in Sicily, the birth-place of Bellini.—

SINGULAR INCIDENT.—The Albany Journal says a singular incident connected with death of Ashley, of Troy, is related by those who sat up with him the night previous to his death. About 4 o'clock in the morning, to the consternation of the whole family, the clock in the room, which had been out of order, and which had not been running over three months, suddenly struck ten times! No one appeared near it; neither had anybody touched it in any manner. Ten hours after that Ashley was a corpse!

Hogarth and Swift were very absent minded in company. Milton was unsociable, and even irritable when pressed into conversation. Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved. Fox in conversation never flattered; his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bently was loquacious. Grotius was talkative. Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll.

EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.—It is the opinion of parties engaged in the transportation of emigrants, that the exodus from Germany to this country will be very large this year. The class that will be attracted are the well to do farmers, who have been notified that now would be a good time to invest in Western lands, as prices rule lower than they have for years back owing to the necessities of the land speculators, who are compelled to sell largely and at reduced rates to meet their obligations. This emigration it is supposed, will be one-third larger than usual.

A pleasant wife is a rainbow in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

Thistles, though noxious things in themselves, are usually signs of an excellent ground whereon they grow: so bashfulness, though it be a weakness and betrayer of mind, is yet generally an argument of a soul ingeniously and virtuously inclined.

Never trust the man whom you have seen able and willing to deceive another; he will deceive you also, should opportunity serve, or interest require it.

Never mistrust without cause; but if you have good reason, give up your doubts to neither argument nor appearance; it is your watchfare, and will let you see the approach of the enemy.

A question has been raised in one of our courts whether a blind can be liable for a bill at sight. The lawyers are puzzled.

HIGHLAND THIEVES.—Dugald M'Caul was a professed thief in the Highlands, and sometimes took young lads into his service as apprentices to the same business. With one of these hopeful youths, who had recently engaged with him, he agreed one night to proceed upon an excursion; the apprentice to steal a wether, and Dugald himself to steal kale. It was also agreed that they should, after being in possession of their booty, meet in the kirk-yard, where they were pretty sure of not being molested, as it got the name of being haunted by a ghost. Dugald, as may well be supposed, arrived first at the place of rendezvous, and sitting on a gravestone, amused himself until the apprentice should arrive with the wether. In a neighboring farm-house, a crippled tailor happened to be at work, and the conversation having turned upon the story of the kirk-yard being haunted, the tailor boldly censured some young men present, for not having courage to go and speak to the supposed apparition, adding, that if he had the use of his limbs, he would have no hesitation in doing so himself. One of the young men, nettled at the tailor's remarks, proposed taking the tailor on his back to the kirk-yard; and, as the tailor could not well recede from what he had said off they went. The moment they entered the kirk-yard, Dugald M'Caul saw them, and thinking it was the apprentice with a wether on his back, he said in a low tone of voice, as they approached, 'Is he fat?' 'Whether he be fat or lean,' cried the young man, 'there he is to ye;' and throwing down the tailor, ran off as hard as he could. On entering the farm-house, to his utter astonishment, he found the tailor close at his heels; intense fear having supplied him with the long lost use of his limbs, which, it is said, he retained for ever after.

A PROFITABLE USE OF TIME.—Make the most of time. Some have little leisure, but there are sundry expedients, any one of which, if fairly tried, would make that little leisure longer. Most of the men who have died enormously rich acquired their wealth, not in huge windfalls, but by minute and careful accumulations. It was not one vast sum bequeathed to them after another, which overwhelmed them with inevitable opulence; but it was the loose money which most men would lavish away, the little sums which many would not deem worth looking after, the pennies of which you would keep no reckoning—these are the items which, year by year piled up, have reared their pyramid of fortune. From these money-makers let us learn the nobler 'avarice of time.' One of the longest and most elaborate poems of recent times was composed in the streets by a physician in busy practice, during the brief snatches of time when passing from one patient's door to another. And in order to achieve some good work which you have much at heart, you may not be able to secure an entire week, or even an uninterrupted day. But try what you can make of the broken fragments of time. Glean up its golden dust—those raspings and parings of precious duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out into the waste of existence. And thus, if you be a miser of moments, if you be a miser of moments, if you be frugal and hoard up odd minutes and half-hours and unexpected holidays, your careful gleanings may eke out a long and useful life, and you may die at last richer in existence than multitudes whose time is all their own. The time which some men waste in superfluous slumber, and idle visits, and desultory application, were it all redeemed, would give them wealth of leisure, and enable them to execute undertakings for which they deem a less worried life than theirs essential. When a person says, 'I have no time to improve my mind or do a kind turn to a neighbor,' he may be saying what he thinks, but he should not think what he says, for if he has not got the time already, he may get it by redeeming it.

IDLENESS in woman is cured either by vanity or love, though in the sprightly it is the symptoms of love.

LORD BROUGHAM, in his address the other day before the Mechanics' Institute at Manchester, Eng., used the following language:—

'The first duty of man is to provide for his own independence by his own work, and not either to amuse himself or indulge in any gratification—not even in that more than innocent, most sacred gratification, of assuaging his thirst for knowledge—until he has done his day's work, and done that which it is his bounden duty as well as highest interest to do, work with his own hands for the provision of himself and family. And when I talk of working men, I am myself, and have been all my life a working man—and as long as I am blessed with health enough to continue, even at my advanced time of life, I shall continue to labor; and I shall never henceforth any more than I have hitherto done, partake of any relaxation, not even in gratifying my thirst for knowledge, until I have earned the right to do it by having done my day's work.'

There are other rules as to which I would allow no compromise, no middle course whatever, and they are maxims which ought to preside over a man's whole employment of his time. The one is, to do one thing at a time only; the next is, never to put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day; and the third, always to finish one thing before you begin another.—A very great and most celebrated man in Holland—De Witt—was once asked how it happened that he got through so much business and of such varied kind, for he was not only a great statesman and a minister, but also a most eminent mathematician and a literary man; and his answer was that it was by two rules which he always observed—to do one thing only at a time, and never put off till to-morrow what he could do to-day.

When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV., his majesty was astonished to find one Sunday, instead of a numerous congregation, only himself and the priest.

'What is the reason of this?' asked the king.
'I caused it to be given out, sire,' returned Fenelon, 'that your majesty did not attend chapel to-day, that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the king.'

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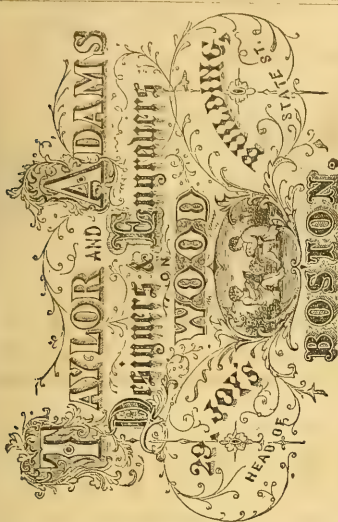
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New York, March 27

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March 23

ADVERTISEMENTS.



T. & A. would inform Publishers, Authors and Printers, that they are prepared to undertake all orders for Designing, Drawing and Engraving, from a single illustration to a series of any extent, for Books and Newspapers, with a strict regard to superior workmanship and moderate charges.

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DOOLEY'S MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE HOTEL, State Street, Boston, conducted upon the European plan.

Rooms, per day—50 cents. Lodging—25 cents. P. S. After the 1st of April next, Mr. Dooley will move to his new Hotel, No. 25 Portland street. feb13

WILLIAM MANNING, SEXTON & FUNERAL UNDERTAKER of the Dorchester Catholic Cemetery, would inform his friends and the public, that he keeps constantly on hand and manufactures to order, coffins of all sizes and kinds, at his coffin warehouse, No. 1 Davis St., Roxbury. Grave clothes of various qualities for sale, and coffin plates engraved at short notice. Price of Graves, \$3.50.

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT! A grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert will be given by the St. Cecilia Musical Society, (one hundred singers), and Brass Band attached, assisted by the full Germania Orchestra, and Mendelssohn Glee Club, at Tremont Temple, Wednesday, March 17, 1858. Mr. John Falkenstein, Director, Organist of St. Mary's Church, Boston.

Tickets 25 cents, to be had at the Pilot Office, and the following gentlemen:

Boston—E. A. Palmer, E. A. Coggins, Patrick Donohoe, T. Moore, James O'Neil, M. Doherty, Martin Griffin, C. Doherty, E. S. Wright, Wm. S. McGowan, Dennis Bonner, M. Parsons, Wm. Dwyer, J. Cunningham, Dr. Walter Walsh, Wm. Coyle, J. X. McDermott, J. Powers, J. W. Farrington, Geo. E. Murphy, F. O'Dowd, Wm. Harley, Jas. Gallagher, M. Carney, John Flynn, John Doherty.

South Boston—Dr. Ferguson, Wm. McAvoy, Ambrose A. Thayer.

East Boston—M. Doherty, P. McDonough, H. Kingman, Dr. Taylor.

Roxbury—Joseph Walker, M. Mischler, J. Murphy, Martha Lynch, James Baxter.

Charlestown—M. Lennan, C. Grace, F. Holland, P. H. Newman.

Cambridge and East Cambridge—Wm. Brine, John Conlan, John Hagney, John F. Brine, Jos. F. Scanlan, Jas. Cassidy, J. Kiernan. m6

POSTPONEMENT. THE CONCEIT announced by the ST. CECILIA MUSICAL SOCIETY on St. Patrick's Night, is POSTPONED on account of the Religious Services in the different Catholic Churches, and will take place on **EASTER MONDAY NIGHT**.

N. B. The Tickets will remain good for that Night. march 20

TO LET— To a small family. Half a House at No. 17 Wheeler's Court. feb13

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MORRIS BROTHERS, FELL & HUNTLEY'S MINSTRELS, OPERA HOUSE—School Street, opposite Franklin Monument.

The above Company commenced their Series of Unique Baroque Ethiopian Melanges on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 4th, 1858, and will continue every evening and Saturday afternoon during the season. The hall has been beautifully fitted up, and the Managers pledge themselves that no pains shall be wanting on their part to render this the place of amusement for the play-going public.

Cards of admission, 25 cents; Children under ten years, 15 cents.

Doors open at 6:30 o'clock; performance commencing at 7-12. **LON MORRIS & J. T. HUNTLEY,** feb13 Business Managers.

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ANY of the following works, published by P. M. HAYBERRY, 110 Fulton Street, New York, will be sent free by mail, on receipt of the amount in money or postage stamps.

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* Thankful for past favors they would respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage.

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Chicago, Feb. 13

PROSPECTUS.

IRISH MISCELLANY. Prospectus. On Saturday the 13th day of February, 1858, was published the first number of a new weekly periodical, with the title of *Irish Miscellany*, dedicated to the diffusion of a more intimate knowledge of the literary and political history of Ireland, and to the moral, moral and political elevation of the Celtic race in this country.

The "*Irish Miscellany*" will contain 16 pages of closely printed matter, on fine paper, of a size similar to this prospectus. Price 5 cents a copy, in advance, or 82 a year to mail subscribers—invariably in advance.

In asking for public support for the *Irish Miscellany*, it is not to be supposed that it is not our intention to trespass upon the ground already occupied by any of our contemporaries. We have marked out for ourselves a course entirely new and original—one not occupied by any other publication in this country. We propose to cultivate a field which, although naturally rich and fertile, and capable of producing the choicest flowers and fruits of literature, has hitherto lain comparatively barren and unproductive. Into this field we shall enter with a full confidence of its capabilities, but with a modest diffidence of the skill which we shall bring to its culture.

It has long been a reproach to our race here, that while the publications of the Irish, with but few exceptions, teem with vile caricatures of our race, and of our country—while we are continually held up to public gaze as everything that is foolish, absurd and vicious—little effort is made to place the true character of our people before the public eye, or vindicate our name and race from the calumnies with which English hate everywhere pursues us.

To correct, in some measure, this crying evil, it was at first intended to gather together a number of Irishmen distinguished in the walks of literature, and publish a monthly review, which, for sterling talent, should be second to none published here or in Europe. The great expense consequent upon an undertaking of this magnitude, deterred us from the attempt, compelled us to relinquish our design, and to substitute instead thereof, our more unpretending "*Miscellany*."

We propose to re-produce in our weekly periodical the writings of many of the great minds who have gone before us. While we shall also call from the current Irish literature of the day, such productions of merit cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers. Our design is rich in legendry lore, and the legends of the old land, while they amuse, serve to instruct and to elevate.

We shall therefore publish such instructive tales and legends as have a high moral tone, that will remind us of the happy times when—

"Sat by the fire of a cold Winter's night,
Along with our friends telling tales of delight."

We shall give faithful descriptions and illustrations of Irish antiquities—of our ruin'd monasteries, our plundered abbeys and churches; and our pictorial illustrations of Irish scenery and antiquities will present to loving minds many familiar scenes of early childhood, and have the effect of the services of talented artists, and each number of the *Miscellany* will contain numerous pictorial illustrations executed in the best style of the art.

We shall keep constantly before our readers the ancient glory of our country, and while we ponder with pride upon the moral and intellectual superiority of Ireland, when England and the rest of Europe was sunk in ignorance and barbarism; we shall point to the past as an incentive to the future.

The biographies of distinguished Irishmen will be an important feature in the *Miscellany*, as we shall give biographical notices of Irishmen, distinguished in every department of literature, science and art—men distinguished on the sea and on land; in the church, the senate, and at the bar.

It is our intention to republish the works of Irish writers now out of print, in such a manner that they may be preserved to future time as a memento of the old land, and serve to incalculable, in the history of the rising generation, a filial regard for the land of their fathers.

We propose commencing with the *Dublin Penny Journal*, a work which in its day enjoyed unbounded popularity. We shall devote one half of every number to the number of that national publication. To do this we have ordered a font of type in Irish characters, so that the poems printed in that journal in the Irish language can be reprinted in Irish characters with the *Miscellany*. In this department of the *Miscellany* will be in the hands of an Irish gentleman every way competent to the task.

The remaining eight pages of the *Miscellany* will be devoted to the current news of the day to original articles, tales, essays, poetry, &c. In politics we shall endeavor to avoid those questions which have divided our countrymen, or engaged them in a manner unworthy of their position.

The *Irish Miscellany* will be thoroughly independent of all political parties—the slave of none. Such questions as affect our countrymen here, we shall discuss with freedom, and zealously labor for their moral, intellectual and political elevation.

The editorial labors will be divided among several gentlemen of ability, and we trust to make the *Miscellany* a well-conducted and a creditable one. Monthly, with these remarks we commend our sheet to the support of every well-wisher of our race. We feel there is room for such a publication and promise that nothing shall be wanting on our part to make it worthy of public patronage.

JACKSON & CO., PUBLISHERS, 2 Spring Lane, Boston.

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WILLIAMS & CO., Wholesale Agents, for the Irish Periodicals and Newspapers. Special Agents for Harper & Brothers Publications. No. 100 Washington Street. feb20

Boston.

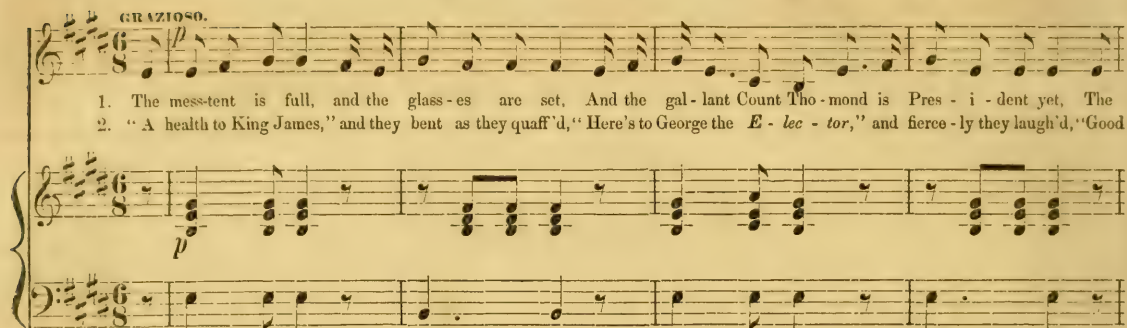
THE BATTLE-EVE OF THE BRIGADE.

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

POETRY BY THOMAS DAVIS.

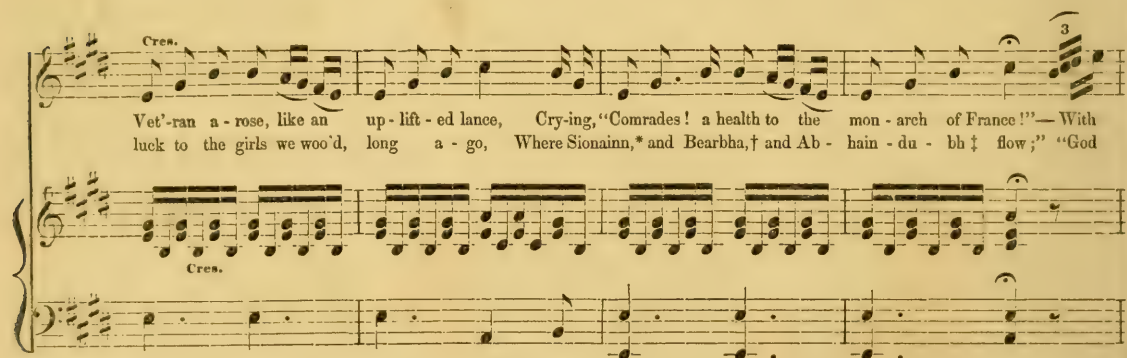
ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

GRAZIOSO.



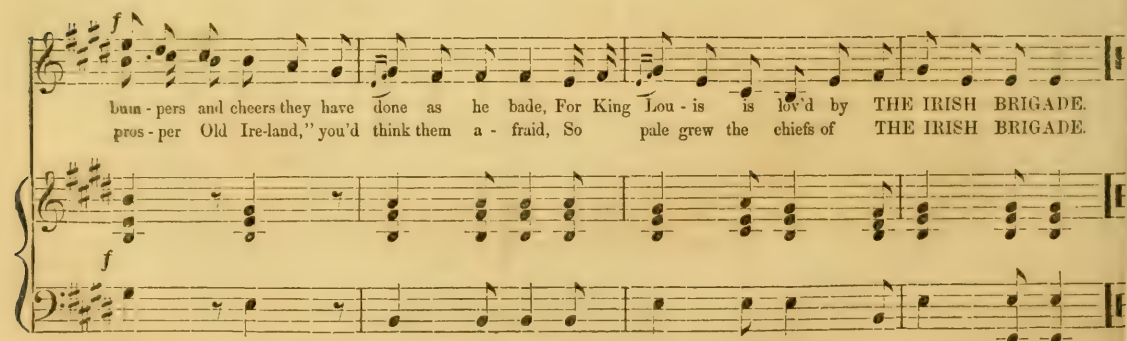
1. The mess-tent is full, and the glass-es are set, And the gal-lant Count Tho-mond is Pres-i-dent yet, The
2. "A health to King James," and they bent as they quaff'd, "Here's to George the E-lec-tor," and fierce-ly they laugh'd, "Good

Cres.



Vet'-ran a-rose, like an up-lift-ed lance, Cry-ing, "Comrades! a health to the mon-arch of France!"—With
luck to the girls we woo'd, long a-go, Where Sionainn,* and Bearbha,† and Ab-hain-du-bh‡ flow;" "God

Cres.



bun-pers and cheers they have done as he bade, For King Lou-is is lov'd by THE IRISH BRIGADE.
pros-per Old Ire-land," you'd think them a-fraid, So pale grew the chiefs of THE IRISH BRIGADE.

f

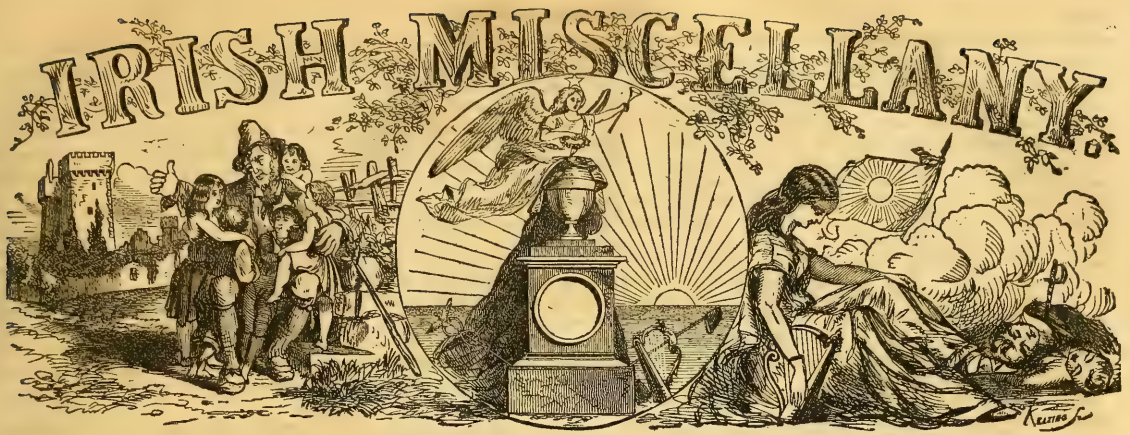
3.
"But, surely, that light cannot come from our lamp?
And that noise—are they *all* getting drunk in the camp?"
"Hurrah! boys, the morning of battle is come,
And the *generale's* beating on many a drum."
So they rush from the revel to join the parade;
For the van is the right of The Irish Brigade.

4.
They fought as they revell'd, fast, fiery, and true,
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few;
And they, who surviv'd, fought and drank as of yore,
But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more,
For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of The Irish Brigade.

* Shannon.

† Barrow.

‡ Avondu or Black-water.



VOLUME I.—NUMBER 8.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

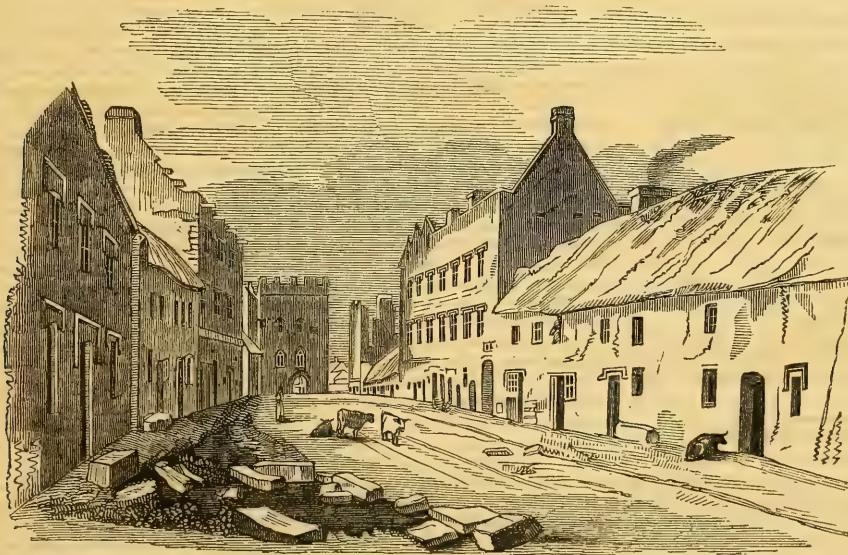
KILMALLOCK.

A few years since, Kilmallock presented to a reflecting and imaginative mind, a scene of singular and intensely romantic interest—that of a noble town, walled, turreted and filled with stately monasteries, castles and houses of cut stone, all ruined, silent and deserted; some wretched peasants had indeed here and there taken up their residence in the corner of a tower or mansion, which, like a solitary figure in a mountain scene, only added to the effect of sadness and des-

olation. It was at this period that the accompanying sketch was made. Kilmallock has since assumed a different aspect: it has become again a scene of life and animation, and though it has lost much of its poetic and pictorial interest, it will give greater pleasure to the eye of the philanthropist.

Kilmallock has been a place of some distinction from a very remote period, and like most of our ancient towns, is of ecclesiastic origin, a monastery having been founded here by St. Maloch in the 6th

century, of which the original round tower still remains. It is said to have been a walled town even before the arrival of the Anglo Normans, but at all events it became a place of great strength and celebrity under the Desmond branch of the Geraldines, and ranked as their chief town. Much, however, of its present ruined magnificence is of a period subsequent to the fall of that great family, as the majority of the houses are of the reign of the 1st James, and none of them earlier than that of Elizabeth, when stone mansions first came into use



KILMALLOCK.

in the chief towns in Ireland. Many of the castles and the gates, and the surrounding walls, are however connected with the Geraldine power.

Kilmallock has been designated 'the Irish Balbec' by Dr. Campbell, a writer of considerable learning and some imagination; and this high sounding epithet is not undeserved, if properly understood as applying only to a great assemblage of Irish ruins, as their magnificence will of course bear but little comparison with those of the Eastern city. These consist at present, chiefly of a street of stone built houses, frequently of three

stories in height, and having windows and doorways of cut stone; the former have stone sashes called by architects mullions, and label mouldings, and the latter are usually arched. These houses have also, curious and grotesque spouts, and above the first story, frequently an ornamented architrave, in this style:



There were anciently four great entrance gateways

of lofty and imposing character, of which two still remain; and there are also some smaller towers remaining in the surrounding town walls. Outside the town, and on the banks of the beautiful stream called the Cammouge, stand the ruins of two truly splendid monasteries, in which there are several curious and interesting sepulchral monuments: of these we shall give our readers a view and description in a future number, together with an account of the last chiefs of the Desmonds, the ancient lords of the place, with whose history Kilmallock is so intimately connected.

Kilmallock has been in a state of desolation and decay since the time of the usurper Cromwell, when it was dismantled and otherwise greatly injured by the parliamentary army. The recent return of population is fast hastening the devastations of time, and, excepting its ecclesiastical remains, in a few years it will have but little vestiges of its former splendor. Antiquarians as we are, however, we shall regret this change but little, if it bring industry, wealth, and peace to a spot that has been for a long period the dreary abode of wretchedness and want. Of its sufferings during the year 1817, when typhus fever raged so frightfully in the South of Ireland, take the following anecdote from the interesting tour of the unfortunate J. B. Trotter—the truth of the circumstances here detailed may be relied on:—

'In one part of the ruins, where a fine arched side-aisle was still very perfect, my guide showed some terror; I soon learned from him the cause. A person ill of fever, had been left there the day before, lest he should communicate the infection to the family where he lodged. He was left to expire! His hollow voice plaintively implored some drink I assured him he should have it, and be taken care of, and hope revived at the moment life was ebbing fast away. In another part of this monastery I saw a hat of a departed victim of fever exposed some time ago, and at our inn I heard the following story:—An American gentleman, totally a stranger, well clad and of pleasing appearance, came a few months ago to Kilmallock. He went to no inn, but wandered about the ruins, till at last entering them he was observed no more, and perhaps forgotten! He was ill, and fever burned in his veins; but where can a penniless and forlorn wanderer turn in a country where he is without friends and money? It happened that a gentleman was ill in the inn, and required the attendance of a person to sit up every night. The inn-keeper's son performed this humane office frequently; and very early one morning, as the stars were fading at the approach of twilight, he walked out to the monastery to refresh himself with the morning air; he heard a murmuring noise as of some human being. It was two or three days after the American gentleman's disappearance. He recollected this, and advanced, but can I go on? Extended on his back in a recess of a ruined aisle, the unfortunate stranger lay speechless and expiring! one hand clenched the mouldering wall, the other his hat. The young man terrified and shocked, ran for assistance. On his return this victim of misfortune was no more! Fever had arrested his steps.'

We shall only add a hope that no future traveler may ever have it in his power to record such instances of wretchedness and inhumanity of Kilmallock.

A PEASANT GIRL'S LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE O'HARA TALES.

The county assizes had commenced in my native town, when a new batch of Irish tithe arrangers were brought in prisoners by a strong party of police. They had attacked only the previous evening a gentleman's house, for the purpose of rifling it of arms—had been repulsed by the police, who, aware of their intentions, lay in ambush for them, and lives were lost on both sides. I was idling on one of the bridges, when they passed by to jail, bound with ropes and with buckles to the common cars of the country—some of them were wounded too, a brow, or hand, or clothing giving vivid evidence of the fact.

But although the general impression made by the whole of the wretched groups was painful, one face among them strongly interested me. It was that of a young man, not more than nineteen or twenty; his features were comely, and I would have it, full of goodness and gentleness. His clear blue eye too

was neither sulky, nor savage, nor reckless, but seemed to express only great awe of his situation, unless when, from some sudden mental recurrence to home—perhaps it quailed or became suffused with tears. I involuntarily followed the melancholy procession towards the jail, thinking of that young man. After all the prisoners had been ushered into their new abode, a popular anti-tithe attorney, whom I knew, accosted me. He was always ready to conduct, gratis, the defence of poor wretches similarly situated, and he told me his intention of going into the jail that moment, to try and collect materials for saving the lives, at least, of some of the new comers. I expressed a wish to assist him in his task: he readily consented, observing that as the unfortunate men would certainly be put on their trial the next day, no offer of aid in their favor, was to be disregarded; so we entered the jail together.

It fell to my lot to visit the cell among others, of the lad who had so much interested me. His assertions, supported, or not contradicted by most of his band, seemed to argue that I had not formed a wrong opinion of his character—nay, better still, that there was a good chance of snatching from the gallows, even though he must leave his native land for ever. He had been forced, he said, to accompany the others upon their fatal sortie—had never been 'out' before—and had not pulled a trigger or raised a hand against the police; his more guilty associates supported, or else did not contravene his statement. So, confident that the police would also bear him out at the really critical moment, I took notes of his defence for my friend the attorney, and passed on to other cells, but of the results of my continued investigation, I will not now speak.

The sagacious attorney was right. By twelve o'clock next day, four of the men, including my favorite citizen, were placed at the bar of their country: three others were too ill of their wounds to be at present produced. All was soon over—and over to my affliction and almost consternation. Instead of swearing that the young man had been comparatively forbearing during the battle outside the gentleman's house, the police, one and all, from some strange mistake—for surely they thought they were in the right, distinctly deposed that his was the hand which slew one of their force, and badly wounded another. In vain did he protest with the energy of a young man pleading for dear life, and all its array of happy promise, against their evidence; in vain did his fellow prisoners support him; he and they were found guilty in common: but his fate was the terrific one—of him the example was to be made; and while the other men were only sentenced to transportation for life, he was doomed to be hanged by the neck within forty-eight hours, and his body given for dissection.

As the Judge ushered in the last words of his sentence, a shriek, I shall never forget it—a woman's shriek—and a young woman's too, pierced up to the roof of the silent court-house, and then I heard a heavy fall. The young culprit had been trembling and swaying from side to side, during his sentence; at the soul thrilling sound he started into upright and perfect energy; his hands which had grasped the dock, were clapped together with a loud noise; the blood mounted to his very forehead; his lips parted widely, and, having almost shouted out—'Moya! its she! I knew she'd be here!' he suddenly made a spring to clear the back of the dock—obviously no impulse to escape dictated the action; he wanted to raise Moya—his betrothed Moya—from the floor of the court-house, and clasp her in his arms—and that was all. And, doubtless, in his vigorous and thrice-nerved strength he must have succeeded in his wild attempt, but that the sleeve of one arm, and the hand of the other became impaled on the sharp iron spikes

which surmounted the formidable barrier before him. Thus cruelly impeded, however, he was easily secured, and instantly led down through a trap door in the bottom of the dock, to his 'condemned cell,' continuing till his voice was lost in the depths beneath us, to call out, 'Moya, cuishla-ma-chree, Moya!'

I hastened, with many others, into the body of the court, and there learned from her father and mother, and other friends, the connection between her and the sentenced lad. They were to have been married at Easter. This did not lessen my interest in him—my attorney joined me, and we spoke of all possible efforts to obtain a commutation of his sentence, after Moya's parents had forced her out of the court-house, on the way to their home, rejecting all her entreaties to be led into the jail and—married.

We thought of hearing what the wounded policeman might say. But he was fourteen miles distant, where the affray had occurred, and, even though his evidence might be favorable, we knew we must be prepared to forward it to Dublin, as the Judge would leave our town that day. We set to work, however, mounted two good horses, and within three hours learned from the lips of the wounded man that the Rockite who had fired at him was an elderly and ill-favored fellow. It was our next business to convey our new evidence into the town; we did so, in a carriage borrowed from the person whose house had been attacked. He was confronted with all the prisoners; we cautioned him to say nothing that might give a false hope to the object of our interest—but, after leaving the cell, he persisted in exculpating him from having either killed his comrade or wounded himself, and, moreover, pointed out the real culprit among those who had not yet been put on their trial.

This was a good beginning. An affidavit was soon prepared, which the policeman signed. A few minutes afterwards the attorney, helped in his expenses for the road by some friends, myself among the number, started for Dublin, as fast as four horses could gallop. Ten hours, out of the forty-eight allowed to the condemned to prepare for death, had already elapsed. Our good attorney must now do the best he could within thirty-seven hours—it was fearful not to leave an hour to spare—to calculate time when it would just be merging into eternity. But we had good hopes. If horses did not fail on the road, going and returning, and if the Judge, and after him, the Lord Lieutenant, could be rapidly approached, it was a thing to be done. That 'if however!—I scarce slept a wink through the night. Next morning early I called on the clergyman whose sad duty it was to visit the poor lad in his condemned cell; he and I had been school fellows; and he was a young man of most amiable character. He told me his 'poor penitent' was not unfit to die, nor did he dread the fate before him, notwithstanding his utter anguish of heart at so terrible a parting from his young mistress. I communicated the hopes we had, and asked the clergyman's opinion as to the propriety of alleviating the lad's agony by a slight imputation of them. My reverend young friend would not hear of such a thing; his conscience did not permit him. It was his duty, he said, his sacred duty, to allow nothing to distract the mind and heart of his penitent from resignation to his lot; and should he give him a hope of life, and then see that hope dashed, he would have helped to kill a human soul, not to save one. I gave up the point, and endeavored to seek occupations and amusements to turn my thoughts from the one subject which absorbed and fevered them. But in vain, and when night came, I had less sleep than on the first.

Early on the second morning I took a walk into the country, along the Dublin road, vaguely hoping to meet, even so early, our zealous attorney

returning to us, with a white handkerchief streaming from the window of his post-chaise; that idea had got into my head, like a picture and would recur every moment. I met him not. I lingered on the road. I heard our town clock pealing twelve—the boy had but an hour to live. I looked towards the county jail, whither he had been removed for execution—the black flag was waving over its drop-door. Glancing once more along the Dublin road, I ran as fast as I could towards the jail. Arrived at the iron gate of its outer yard, I was scarce conscious of the multitude who sat on a height, confronting it, all hushed and silent, or of the strong guard of soldiers at the gate, till one of them refused me way. I bribed the sergeant to convey my name to the governor of the prison, and was admitted, first, into the outer yard, then by the guard-room door, and along a colonnade of pillars, connected with iron work at either hand, into the inner room, and both formed a building in themselves, separated from the main pile; the colonnade of which I have spoken, leading from one to the other. What had sent me where I now found myself, was an impulse to beseech the sheriff, (whom I knew, and who was necessarily in the jail to accompany the condemned to the door of the execution room,) for some short postponement of the fatal moment. He came out to me, in one of the courts at either side of the colonnade; I spoke in whispers, as the good and kind-hearted governor had done—though there was not a creature to overhear us, in the deserted and sunny spaces all around. I knew the sheriff would at his peril make any change in the hour; but I told him our case, and his eyes brightened with zeal and benevolence, while he put back his watch three quarters of an hour, and asseverated with my uncle Toby's oath, I believe, that he would swear it was right, and that all their clocks were wrong, and 'let them hang himself for his mistake.' Our point arranged, we sunk into silence. It was impossible to go on talking, even in our conscious whispers, one o'clock soon struck! The governor, pale and agitated, appeared, making a sad signal to the sheriff. We beckoned him over to us, and he was shown the infallible watch, and retired again, without a word. My friend and I continued standing side by side in resumed silence. And all was silence around us too, save some few most melancholy, most appalling sounds: one caused by the step of a sentinel under the window of the condemned cell, at an unseen side of the prison; another by the audible murmurings of the condemned and his priest, heard through that window—both growing more fervent in prayer since the jail clock had pealed one; and a third was made by some person, also unseen, striking a single stroke with a wooden mallet, about every half minute, upon a large muffled bell at the top of the prison. Yes,—I can recall two other sounds which irritated me greatly: the chirping of sparrows in the sun—and I thought that their usual pert note was now strangely sad—and the tick, tick of the sheriff's watch, which I heard distinctly in his fob. The minutes flew. I felt pained in the throat—burning with thirst—and losing my presence of mind. The governor appeared again. My friend entered the prison with him. I remained alone, confused and agonized. In a few minutes the governor came out, bareheaded, and tears on his cheeks. The clergyman and his penitent followed; the former had passed an arm through one of the manacled ones of the latter, and the hands of both were clasped, and both were praying audibly. My old school-fellow went like a child. My poor client had passed the threshold into the colonnade, with a firm step, his knees kept peculiarly stiff, as he paced along, and his cheeks and forehead were scarlet, while his eye widened and beamed, and was fixed on the steps going up to the execution-room, straight on before him. He did not see me gazing

at him. As the sheriff appeared behind him and his priest, also bare-headed, I rapidly snatched my hat from my head. The action attracted his attention, our glances met—and oh! how the flush instantly forsook his forehead and cheeks—and how his eyes closed—while cold perspiration burst out on his brow, and he started, stopped, and faltered! Did he recognise me as the person who had spoken kindly to him in his cell, before his trial, and perhaps with all my precaution, given him a vague hope? or was it that the unexpected appearance of a human creature, staring at him in utter commiseration, in that otherwise lonely court-yard, had touched the chord of human associations, and called him back to earth, out of his enthusiastic vision of heaven? I know not. I cannot even guess; who can? As he faltered, the young priest passed his arm round his body, and gently urged him to his knees, and knelt with him, kissing his cheeks, his lips, pressing his hands, and in tender whispers manning him again for facing shame, and death, and eternity. The governor, the sheriff, and I, instinctively assumed the attitude of prayer at the same moment. But I hate to give a character of clap-trap to a real though wonderful occurrence, by continuing too circumstantially. Moya's 'own boy' never even mounted the steps of the execution-room. We were first startled, while we all knelt,—by, as it afterwards proved—her shrieks at the outer gates: she had escaped from the restraint of her family, and had come to the jail, insisting on being married to him 'wid the rope itself round his neck, to live a widow for him forever'—and next there was a glorious shout from the multitude on the rural heights before the prison and my one ceaseless idea of our attorney, with a white handkerchief streaming through the window of his post-chaise was realized, though every one saw it but I. And Moya, self-transported for life, went out to Van Dieman's land, some weeks afterwards, a happy and contented wife, her family having yielded to her wishes at the instance of more advocates than herself, and put some money in her purse.—[Athenæum.

IRISH IMPROVEMENTS.

The following account of Lord Headly's estate and improvements, is extracted from a pamphlet by his agent, Mr. J. Wiggins, an English gentleman, entitled 'Hints to Irish Landlords, &c. &c., published in 1822. 'The estate of Glenbegh, or Glen of the Begh, or Bichen river, is situated at the entrance of the Ivera mountains, an extremely wild district on the shores of the bay of Castlemain, and on the extreme south-western coast of Ireland. It consists of about 15,000 acres, much of which is rocky, boggy, and mountain ground. Steep and rugged mountains surround the estate in the form of an amphitheatre, except towards the sea; along the shores of which a line of hills extends. Thus a sheltered vale is formed, through which the little river Begh takes the whole of its rapid course from its sources in the mountain lakes to the sea.

This situation is romantic and picturesque, but its general aspect is wild and savage, and certainly, in the year 1807, presented as unpromising a subject for improvement as could well be imagined: and such was the character of the inhabitants for ferocity, that every character dreading attack, and assumed a posture of defence as he made his way between the river and a frowning cliff, which overhangs it, then the only pass into the extensive districts to the west.

The Glen was, at that time, supposed to be a safe retreat to every offender who fled from justice—for there all pursuit terminated. The inhabitants allowed no person to be conducted through it as a prisoner, and it was their boast that none were ever punished who had taken refuge in its fastnesses.

They were looked upon by the rest of the country as savage, and treated as people amongst whom there was no security but in superior force. This feeling was far from being softened on those melancholy occasions when shipwrecks occurred on the coast, dur-

ing which, nothing but an armed force could prevent every vestige of the property being plundered by those and the neighboring people. As to taxes, cesses, and other public dues, it may be imagined, that the people lived nearly free from these imposts, for the king's hearth money was abandoned, because of the difficulty attending its collection, although the officers appointed to that duty were supported by troops.

The habitation of these mountaineers were the lowest order of huts, scarcely affording room to the inmates, and quite inadequate to the purpose of shelter. The people were miserably clothed and badly fed; the scanty potato-crop was often from necessity shared with the cows, who must have otherwise starved for want of other provisions. Muderous quarrels were not unfrequent, often arising out of partnership of tenancy, and that none of the usual evils might be wanted, letting by the customary mode of canting had created enormous disproportion between the rents and the value of the lands, some of these rents being absurdly high and others ridiculously low. To these people the bare idea of labor was offensive, and work was considered as slavery. They were, however, a remarkably robust, active, and enterprising race of men, hospitable and obliging to those who asked their assistance or courtesy. Many of them possessed almost chivalrous ideas of courage, of ancestry, and of adventure, and exhibited symptoms of acuteness and intelligence, and a remarkable fondness for legal subtleties and historical tradition. Such were the people of that country, when Lord Headly, having recently come of age, for the first time visited this portion of the extensive family estate in Ireland. His lordship at once saw the deplorable state of those people, which was chiefly owing to a long course of neglect, he resolved, therefore, to cultivate their good qualities without being at first very eager to punish their bad ones; these he wished to subdue by the progress of improvement, so that the culture of the people might keep pace with that of the soil; and he has succeeded in establishing within eighteen years, a degree of improvement and civilization, which, without those efforts must have required a century.'

POPULATION OF IRELAND.

The following statement is taken from 'A Practical View of Ireland,' by James Butler Bryan, Esq., Barrister at Law:

'I presume the population of Ireland to be about eight millions, and from the annexed table it will be inferred, that on an average hitherto, Ireland has doubled her population in about sixty-three years. According to Mr. McCulloch, the population of Scotland in 1700, amounted to 1,050,000; in 1820 to 2,135,000, thus taking 120 years to double. He likewise asserts that the population in England in 1700, was 5,475,000, in 1811, it was 10,488,000, requiring about 107 years to double. According to Mr. Malchus, the population of France would take 111 years to double at its present rate. The King of Sweden says that Sweden has added more than a sixth to her population in twenty years, thus doubling in less than 120 years.

'We may perceive from Von Malchus's account of the population of Europe, that Ireland has only seven European States her superiors, and eighteen her inferiors in this respect, and in point of superficial extent of territory, she has but ten states her superiors, and fifteen inferior to her. The seven united provinces of Holland, which have so frequently struck the scale in the balance of power in Europe, do not exceed in extent or population, Ulster, the fourth province of Ireland.

A Table of the progress of the population in Ireland:

1652, Sir W. Petty,	1,100,000
1700, The same corrected,	1,320,000
1695, Captain South,	1,034,702
1712, Thomas Dobbs,	2,469,064
1718, The same,	2,163,048
1725, The same,	2,317,374
1726, The same,	2,369,106
1731, Established Clergy,	2,010,221
1754, Hearth money collectors,	2,372,434
1761, The same,	2,644,275
1777, The same,	2,690,565
1785, The same,	2,845,593
1788, G. P. Bush,	2,909,091
1791, Hearth money collectors,	2,936,612
1792, Rev. Dr. Beaufort,	2,986,226
1805, Thomas Newenham,	3,395,465
1814, Incomplete census,	3,597,826
1821, Census, 55 Geo. III, c. 120,	6,801,827
1831,	7,767,401
1841,	8,175,124
1851,	6,551,970

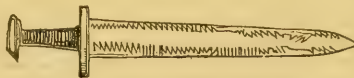


ANCIENT MONUMENT,
IN THE HOSPITAL FIELDS, DUBLIN.

Our metropolitan readers need hardly be informed that the burial ground adjoining the Royal Hospital, vulgarly known by the name of 'Bully's Acre,' is probably the most extensive cemetery in the British empire. It has been for some ages the last home of the poor inhabitants of Dublin, and will long be remembered in our future annals, in connection with the frightful pestilence, which we humbly trust is now about to cease its devastations, for the awful number of its victims which were deposited here within the last few months.

It may not be, however, so generally known, that this cemetery, though now exclusively allotted to those whose fate in life has been unhappy, as if even in death the rich disdained to come mingling, was once the chief burial place of the proudest class of men that perhaps ever figured in the great drama of human existence—the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Their establishment or hospital at Kilmalmainham, which was their chief seat in Ireland, was considered to be the oldest pile of architecture in the kingdom, and their possessions were as vast as their ambition was boundless. Of the former there are no remains; in an age but little remarkable for good taste, it was destroyed to erect on its site that less beautiful but perhaps more useful structure, the Royal Hospital for invalids! and of the latter the citizens of Dublin are allowed to enjoy a considerable portion—the Phoenix Park—as a place of pleasant and healthful recreation—and a nobler and more beautiful spot for this purpose is not possessed by any city in Europe. It is our intention in future numbers to make both of those places the subjects of descriptive sketches—but our present object lies with the ancient cemetery. Before even the establishment of the Knights at Kilmalmainham, this burial place belonged to a monastery founded in the sixth or seventh century by St. Magnen, from whom it received its name. In a place so ancient therefore, and so appropriated to the noble dead, we might naturally expect to find many interesting ancient monumental remains, but in this we are disappointed—one tomb alone, that of which we have prefixed a sketch, has survived the destroying hand of time, preserved as it would appear, by some traditional veneration that was attached to it. In fact it has been, and is still popularly supposed to be the tomb of the great and favorite hero of our early history—that warrior Prince who died for his country in the arms of victory at the battle of Clontarf. Tradition has however, in this, partly erred, for according to all our ancient historic authorities, the body of Brian was conveyed with great honor and ceremony to the Cathedral Church of Armagh, and there interred

But it appears from the same sources that others of the Irish princes slain in that great battle were really buried at Kilmalmainham, and that this monument was erected to mark the place of their interment. The chief of these was the Prince Murrough, the son of Brian, who, according to the Munster book of battles, by MacLaig, was buried at the west end of the Chapel with a long stone standing on one end of his tomb, on which his name was written. Of this inscription there are now no legible traces; the stone being a coarse grained granite, and unfavorable to its preservation; and even the true lover's knot, represented in our sketch, is only to be traced when thrown into a favorable light by the noon day sun; at other times, it would not attract attention. This knot was in those times, a symbol of eternity, and it does not occur, at least in this form, at an earlier age than the eleventh century, nor does the style of its sculpture indicate a later one. There can be little doubt therefore, that this cross, for such it was in its perfect state, was either the monument of Murrough, or of his son Turlough, who was slain in the same battle; and other circumstances corroborate this conclusion. About forty years ago, having fallen from its pedestal, it was again set up, on which occasion a number of coins of the Danish kings—the only minted money then generally in use—were found at its base; and with them a fine sword of the same period, which perhaps we are justified in calling the sword of Murrough O'Brian—it belonged at all events, to one of his compatriots:



This sword was deposited with the then commander of the forces, who had it placed in the hall belonging to his apartments, where it still remains, a highly interesting though hitherto unnoticed memorial.

The monument at Kilmalmainham has, at least with the multitude, acquired an additional interest and celebrity, as the sepulchral monument of another hero, who equally fought for the honor and renown of his country, and who perhaps deserved his glory as well as any of his more illustrious predecessors, for man is the same at all times, and a hero is but a hero still. After a lapse of more than eight hundred years, the tomb of Murrough received the mortal remains of Dan Danneully! and the victor of Clontarf and the victor of Kildare; the Pride of the Aristocracy and Idol of the People, sleep in the same grave. We shall not easily forget the enthusiastic admiration which we saw expressed for Sir Daniel by his numerous admirers on the occasion of his victories—those who love popularity might well envy it. We remember well his triumphal entry into Dublin after his great battle on the Curragh. That indeed was an ovation. He was borne on the shoulders of the people, his mother like a Roman matron, leading the van in the procession, and with all the pride of a second Agrippina, she frequently slapped her naked bosom, exposed for the occasion and exultingly exclaimed, 'there's the breast that suck'd him—there's the breast that suck'd him!!' Was the pride of a mother ever more admirably expressed!

Nor shall we soon forget the simple and pathetic lament of his friend Dr. Brennan on his death—or its superiority in terseness and effect to that amplification of the same sentiment by our own poet Moore, on the death of Pitt and Fox:—

'We are fallen on gloomy days—
Star after star decays,' &c.

The words of Brennan, uttered with a sigh, were:—

'Oh blood and —— what has the world come to; Napoleon is dead—and they have buried Dan Danneully!'

THE VAULTS OF ST. MICHAEL'S, DUBLIN.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.—Sir. It is not easy after all for an idle man—a perfectly idle man—to kill his time, and rid himself of a long summer's day comfortably in Dublin. Curiosity itself, even though it pass that of women, and be greedily enough to feed on anything, and everything, finds out at length there is a famine in the land, and feels itself woefully in want. In this state I was some time ago—all the 'lions' of Dublin had been visited—its places of amusements all enjoyed—its museums all admired—its promenades all strolled—moreover the libraries were all closed—the courts of law all vacated—and what was I to do? Go to the country!—that I could not do, for reasons best known to those whom it may immediately concern. 'It's a shocking thing to be an idler,' says I to myself, 'what shall I do, or where shall I go? I wish I was a tailor, or a nailor, or a juiior, or something that would keep me employed! I can't endure this lazy life.' 'Plase yer honor,' said the newsman who was waiting in the hall until I had conned over the last line of the advertisement, in the last page of the Saunders Newsletter, and who doubtless took a benevolent interest in my condition, 'maybe amongst all the 'quare' things in Dublin, ye have never seen the vaults under St. Michan's Church, where the dead bodies lie as sound and as sweet as a nut, and where them that were buried hundreds o' years ago, are laid out as clean and purty and decent as the night they were waked.' 'And can I get into these vaults?' 'To be sure, you can, your honor, there's nothing easier than to go to the sexton, a mighty civil fellow, and he'll get you a candle and shew you the place, with a thousand welcomes.' I believe I could have kissed the newsman—he had given me a piece of news that was as a balm to my idle spirit; and so starting off for a friend who knows not a little about the antiquities of Ireland, and something about Dublin too, I luckily found him at home, and we proceeded together to St. Michan's Church.

Suppose us then on our way down Parliament street, and my friend proposes that, in order to prepare our noses for what might assail them under ground, we should call in at LUNDY FOOT'S and procure some of his high toast—antiquarians are always snuff-takers—and while awaiting the measurement of our two penny worth, he observed, 'This shop is about the spot where formerly stood Isod's tower—where dwelt La Bella Isoude, the favorite of a Danish King of Dublin. It was a curious situation for the tower of a fair Rosamond, just on the shores of a muddy tide water. Come, by way of short cut, let us proceed by Essex gate and lower Exchange street, now so redolent of snuff, but once named Blind quay; I do not know but that it might be so called, from being full of those who were mostly blind drunk. I remember when the shipping came up to Essex bridge, and then this quiet lane now inhabited by cork cutters, and working jewellers, was a sort of Dublin Wapping—as Horace says, it was

'differtum nautis cauponibus atque maligiis.'

Or to do the same into English,

'This was the filthy purlicue of a port,
Where cheating chop-sellers and saucy chop-sellers
And trulls and tars resort!

The place calls to my mind the old song which in my early days, used to be in the mouths of all the profligates of Dublin, and which began thus:—

'Where have you been all the day,
Watty Peters, Watty Peters,
Up and down the Blind-quay,
Sipping bitters, sipping bitters.'

Passing by the end of Fishamble street, we came upon Wood-quay. Here my friend showed where once stood, as one of the bulwarks of the city, Proute-foot's castle; and while passing along Merchant's quay, and admiring the two beautiful bridges that flank that, to me, most admirable of all our Dublin buildings, the Four Courts, he took occasion to enter into a learned disquisition as to whether the old bridge which is now superseded by Whitworth bridge, was built in the reign of King John, or by the Dominican friars in the year 1423.

Here my impatience got the better of my desire for

antiquarian information, and I exclaimed, 'we shall never get to Michan's Church if you stop and make every lane, quay and bridge, a matter of disquisition'; so without further delay we passed over the bridge, up Church street, and arrived at the object of our expedition.

We found the sexton very civil, and very well inclined to accommodate us with lights, and to accompany us into 'the vaults, which are secured now by newly repaired doors from the intrusion of mischievous violators. As we descended, we certainly felt no disagreeable smell—nothing that warned you that you were approaching the decomposing remnants of mortality. Underneath this ample church, extend long narrow galleries, on either side of which are the vaults, not much larger than common coal vaults, in which the coffins are placed. Some which are the private property of individuals, are fastened up with wooden or iron doors—others are open, and into one of them the sexton led us, candle in hand. I confess that on inspecting the contents, I was greatly disappointed. I had read Brydson's description of a subterranean catacomb in Sicily, which has the property of drying up the bodies of those enclosed in it, and in which those dead centuries ago are still standing in their niches, the same in form and feature as when alive, and clothed in the attire and ornaments belonging to their sex. If I did not anticipate exactly the same here, I at least expected, from report, to see dried and preserved specimens of the human form, but if even there was a shocking, revolting, melancholy representation of what 'man that is mortal,' may come to, it is here. In a common tomb or vault, after a few years have gone by, nothing remains but the remnants of the coffin and the bones—everything belonging to the child of dust has returned to its dust, except what may mark the place as a Golgotha—a place of skeletons and skulls. But here death is, as it were, making mockery of mortality, leaving flesh in rags and tatters, and allowing skin, muscle, and cartilage to remain, so as in the most appalling way to humble human pride, and show what man's gallantry and woman's beauty may become, when it is preserved, as is the case here, half skeleton, half mummy. This transition state between preservation and decay was most horrible to look on—there lay a large man, whose head was on one side, either so placed in order to fit into his coffin, or else (the idea is fearful,) he had come to life in his narrow cell, and after horrible contortion, had died for want of air. The skin on the head, the cartilages of the nose, the cellular substance of the legs, the capsular ligaments of the joints and fingers were all preserved—but oh, the torn, worn, tattered skin!—just like decaying, discolored parchment, exhibiting all colors belonging to the slowest possible decay—blue, green and yellow—the mildew and mouldiness of a century. Never will the image of that ghastly specimen of decay be effaced from my memory!

It is remarkable how capriciously dissolution has gone on in this awful place. Some have nearly gone the way of all flesh—others have decomposed more slowly! and others again have resisted with great pertinacity the effects of 'decay's' effacing fingers. But all exhibit painfully and powerfully, how the great conqueror of man can riot over those he has subdued. Some have fondly supposed that the soul's sanctity and the body's purity while living was the cause of the comparative preservation of some of these remains—and the body of a man is shown who died in 1783, at the advanced age of one hundred and eleven; and also that of a Jesuit, whose spare body, chastened, as it was by his remarkable temperate habits and ascetic life, seems to entitle him to the distinction of decaying slowly and gradually until the great and final day of departing time. Here also is the body of a man who was executed for murder about one hundred and twenty years ago; and a mother who, actuated by maternal affection, 'strong in death,' had directed that her baby should rest in her bosom, the innocent infant has long since mouldered away from its mother's cold embrace, and the parent lies without a record or a name.

There seems to be a dry, limy, absorbing atmosphere pervading some, and only some, of these vaults, which checks, without absolutely preventing decomposition. I saw only some, for one of the vaults, which seemed damper than the rest, was like any other church vault—a depository merely of dust and bones. We looked into one vault which was enclosed by an iron door, and carefully locked. The coffin ornaments were bright, and the tin absurdities which proclaim that the poor sinner there reposing was once a lord, glittered back the rays of our candle. Immense cobwebs hung over, as if foostooning with mock drapery the slow process of decay, and big and bloated spiders seemed sitting and watching in grim repose the tomb flies that buzzed about. Oh, poor mortal man, the most wretched of reptiles can parody thy actions, and turn thy deepest designs into burlesque, even over the withered and wasting fragments of humanity!

I confess I was in as great haste to leave this horrid place as I had been to enter it. My friend called me back to see the spot where the two ill-fated Sheares rest. The common jail shells in which they repose sufficiently identified them—the headless trunks! I could stay no longer, but rushed into the open air, having first thanked, as I should have thanked, the sexton, for his ready civilities. On our return we tried to settle why it was that these vaults, above any in Dublin, have this unusual power of retarding decomposition. It is idle to talk of the soil being impregnated with carbonate of lime, for it is not more so than any other of the Dublin churches. Strange to say, St. Michan's Church lies lower and nearer to the level of the bed of the Liffey, than any other church perhaps in our city. 'Were you ever at Knockmoy Abbey in the county of Galway?' inquired my friend, 'for bodies are there preserved in vaults much more perfectly than here.' 'I wish,' said I, 'you would give the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL a description of that place.' 'Perhaps I will,' he replied, 'and that shortly, together with a drawing of its very interesting ruin.' 'Were you ever in the Island of Arran, that lies out to sea, off the bay of Galway?' 'Never,' replied I. 'Well, here also you have a great pleasure in store; for, independent of some of the most ancient buildings perhaps in Europe, and some of the most interesting remains and memorials, it has also, in a peculiar degree the property of preserving bodies committed to the grave. Of this property, Giraldus Cambrensis took notice five hundred years ago—the following are his words as translated by Stannihurst—'There is in the west of Connaught, an Island placed in the sea, called Aren, to which St. Brendon had often recourse. The dead bodies need not be graved, for the ayre is so pure that the contagion of any carion may not infect it, there may the son see his father, his grand-father and his great grand-father, &c., &c. This Island is enemy to mice, for none is brought thither, for either it leapt into the sea, or else being stayed, it dyeth presently.' 'Well, then, good sir,' urged I, 'for you must know I am very importunate when soliciting for a friend; 'Will you, when you write about Knockmoy, give the Penny Journal something also about Arran?' 'I will think about it,' said he. 'A penny for your thought,' said

TERENCE O'TOOLE.

[Many instances of the artificial preservation of bodies might be mentioned, still more remarkable, though perhaps less interesting than the above. The tomb of Edward the First, who died on the 7th of July, 1307 was opened on the 2d January, 1770, and after the lapse of 463 years, the body was found not decayed; the flesh on the face was a little wasted, but not putrid. The body of Canute the Dane, who got possession of England in the year 1017, was found very fresh in the year 1766, by the workmen repairing Winchester Cathedral. In the year 1522, the body of William the Conqueror was found as entire as when first buried, in the Abbey Church of St. Stephen at Caen; and the body of Matilda, his wife, was found entire in 1502, in the Abbey Church of the Holy Trinity, in the same city.

No device of art, however, for the preservation of the remains of the dead appears equal to the simple process of plunging them over head and ears in peat moss. In a manuscript by one Abraham Grey, who lived about the middle of the 16th century, now in the possession of his representative Mr. Goodhehere Grey, of old Mills near Aberdeen, it is stated, that in 1559, three Roman soldiers in the dress of their country, fully equipped with warlike instruments, were dug out of a moss of great extent, called Kazey Moss. When found after a lapse of probably about fifteen hundred years, they 'were quite fresh and plump!']



REAPING.

The provident husbandman will reap his corn three or four days before any two or three persons will agree on it being ripe. I have more than once had occasion to congratulate myself on having done so, when looking at the corn of those who were less fortunate, shed by an equinoctial gale. Bear in mind also that you will not have that loss of seed in reaping, stacking, carting, &c., that you would otherwise, and that by so doing you may not only escape the effects of the wind, which the farmer knows he may expect about this time, but also of the rain; as by being two or three days early in the field, it may probably enable you to have it out of danger's way, stacked, or carried; whereas, by contrary management, if a week of wet or showery weather should come on, your corn may be tossing about with every wind, and beginning to sprout or malt by the time the weather becomes dry. This matter should be looked closely after in our moist and (at this season particularly) uncertain climate.

For the furtherance of this object I would strongly recommend to gentlemen, and extensive tillage farmers, to manage so as to have their crops ripe a week or fortnight earlier than those of the cottiers or peasantry about them, by which means they will not only have the advantage most probably of good weather at reaping time, but they will also have the still further advantage of being able to command and procure a sufficiency of hands, which could not be so easily effected if their own crops came in at the same time; this can be easily accomplished by sowing some weeks earlier than they are accustomed to do; which will also give you the same advantage in Spring time. I have found a strict adherence to this practice most advantageous; and to those even moderately extensive in tillage it ought to be a strong argument, if there was no other, in favor of early sowing.

Mr. Coke, who is probably the first practical agriculturist in the world, cuts his wheat very early: even when the ear and stem are greenish, and the grain not hard. He says the wheat thus early reaped, is always his best sample; and that he always gets two shillings a quarter for it more than for wheat cut in a more mature state. He perhaps loses somewhat in the weight of measure, the skin being thinner, and the grain probably not quite so round; but he is more than compensated in having no loss by shedding, which is often great when the ear becomes fully ripe, and the weather windy. Now, if this plan is found advantageous in Norfolkshire, (which is about the driest part of England) how much more advantageous should it be in our climate? at all events, when the great portion of

the crop is ripe, wait not a moment, especially in an exposed situation, as what is green may never ripen, and the ripe may be lost by delay.

The best time is probably when the straw below is so dry that no juice can be extracted, it matters not if the stalk below is green; every hour the crop remains uncut after this stage is attended with loss. When the ear of wheat also bends at the joining of the straw and ear, so that the latter droops or lies at an angle to the stalk, your crop is then decidedly ripe.

Barley ought also be cut before too ripe, as the straw will get brittle, and there will be much loss by the ears breaking off. Oats should be cut when two or three persons, experienced in such matters, cannot well agree whether it is fit or not, when one says, yes, and another, no, that is your precise moment; as, although a hardy crop, it is at a certain stage often seriously shook by high winds, particularly the early and better sorts; but by management many risks may be avoided, to which a crop might otherwise be exposed.

Reap your corn close, in order to augment the dung-heap; and let it be sufficiently seasoned before carried to the barn-yard, lest it should heat or ferment, and become comparatively of little value. In England, Irish reapers are much in request with those who prefer close cutting. It is the poorest, and those most distressed at home, that go over for the purpose of earning during the harvest there, and the price of labor would often be much higher during that period, if it were not for their annual migration.—[Lambert's Rural Affairs of Ireland.]

O'KELLY AND KILDARE.

Having in our previous numbers given something respecting the Kildare family, we here present a story which is extracted from Mr. Hardiman's 'Irish Minstrelsy,' and which is probably not well known to the great body of our readers.

In the year 1579, Fergus O'Kelly of Leix, married the daughter of O'Byrne of Glenmalur, in the county of Wicklow. The young lady remained at her father's until a suitable 'stone-wall house' should be built by her husband for her reception, there being but few stone buildings at that time in the Queen's County. For this purpose O'Kelly set a number of his tenants to work. The building was commenced on a Monday morning in spring, it was completed on the Saturday following, and the bride was soon after brought home with great rejoicings. This house was then called the week house, and its ruins are now known by the name of the old stone.

It happened on the following Michaelmas eve, O'Kelly's lackey, Mac Leod, was from home. On his return he found that 'none of the goose' had been reserved for him. Of this he complained to his master, who desired him to settle the matter with the cook, or go to the yard and kill a goose for himself, but not to trouble him with such trifles. Mac Leod, disappointed and dissatisfied with this answer, departed, resolving to seek revenge. He immediately repaired to the Earl of Kildare's castle of Kilkea, where he remained until Christmas-eve, and then he told the earl that his master O'Kelly, had sent to invite his lordship to spend the Christmas with him. The invitation was accepted, and the earl set out with a numerous retinue for O'Kelly's residence. When they came to the top of Tullyhill, near the house, Mac Leod gave three loud calls or signals, as was customary in those times. His master hearing them said, that wherever Mac Leod had been since Michaelmas, that was his voice, if he was alive. He soon after arrived and announced the earl's coming, who was received with due honor and attention. His lordship about Twelfth day began to prepare for his departure, and expressed the greatest satisfaction at his kind reception, and the friendship of O'Kelly, whose hospitality, and particularly the profusion of his table, he highly praised. O'Kelly observed that it should be more plentiful had he been aware of his lordship's intention to visit him. The earl, surprised, asked if he had not sent to invite him. O'Kelly replied not, but that notwithstanding his lordship was welcome; and added that, as he had been pleased to re-

main until Twelfth day on his lackey's invitation, he hoped he would honor him by remaining until Candlemas on his own. To this the earl assented, but requested that, as he had so many attendants, he might be at liberty to send occasionally to Kilkea for provisions. O'Kelly answered, that as soon as his lordship should find the supplies beginning to fail, he might do so, but not before. Accordingly the fire increased, and the banquets became more sumptuous than ever. When Candlemas arrived, his lordship departed with many professions of gratitude, having particularly requested that he might have the honor of standing sponsor for O'Kelly's first child, in order to cement the friendship that subsisted between them. Mrs. O'Kelly was soon after delivered of a son, and his lordship attended the christening, which was celebrated with great pomp and rejoicings. The house was filled with guests, and resounded with music and merriment; but the morning after the earl's arrival, the poor young lady and infant were both found dead. This melancholy catastrophe was attributed to the boisterous revelry and noise with which they were surrounded. O'Kelly's joy was turned into sorrow, but even this was only a prelude to still greater misfortunes.

Kildare remained for some time to console his friend, whom he invited to Kilkea until he should recover from the effects of his grief, offering him, at the same time, his sister in marriage, and proffering his service in any other way which might be most agreeable or acceptable. Unfortunately for O'Kelly, he accepted the invitation, and fell, an unsuspecting victim, into the snare which had been insidiously laid for him. A few days after his arrival at Kilkea, the earl took him to the top of the castle under pretence of viewing the surrounding scenery; and with the assistance of a few followers, whom he had placed there for the purpose, he cut off O'Kelly's head. This atrocious and treacherous murder was soon communicated to queen Elizabeth, as a meritorious proof of Kildare's loyalty in beheading an Irish rebel; and her majesty was so well pleased, that she directed a grant to be forthwith passed to the earl, of all O'Kelly's estates.

SWINE.

A good stock and valuable breed of swine, are of great benefit and importance to the farmer, as they consume offal and other matters, which would otherwise go to loss; even from the refuse of a good garden a number of pigs may be fed. Brewers, distillers, millers, dairy-deepers, may keep them to great advantage. In Ireland the pig is an invaluable animal to the peasant, where potatoes are grown in such abundance; and the small land holders look to them as a great assistance towards the payment of their rents.

Some breeds are highly valuable compared with others, as being easily fed and fattened, and in respect to the quantity of meat they will return for a given quantity of food. Some breeds would fatten where others would remain starvings. The Berkshire breed is one of those most approved of (although not large) for the before named qualities. The old Irish breeds are hard to be fed, particularly those with long legs, and ears hanging over their eyes, so as to prevent them from seeing, or their eyes from being seen. Where they have been crossed with the Berkshire, they have been much improved, but breeders should not follow crossing beyond one generation. Two Berkshires will fatten on the keep required for one of our large Irish breed, there being none that will thrive on less food than the former. They are easily known by the color, which is a tawny white, spotted with black; their legs are short and their bones are small; they are very hardy and will live well all the summer on grass, by turning them out well rung, or with the two strong tendons of the snout cut with a sharp knife to keep them from doing mischief, and they will come in well conditioned, so you need do little more than harden the flesh that is upon them, as soft pork or bacon is not only bad for eating but the worst economy.

Cobbett, who is excellent authority on rural affairs, says that a pig cannot be fattened too highly; in this he is certainly right, where the bacon is required for hard-working laborers; but over-fat bacon is not generally approved of at the tables of the affluent; firm, clear and moderately fat, being more esteemed by such. Oats, pease, or barley meal, must be given at least for three weeks before killing, to harden the flesh. Boiled or steamed potatoes, bran, oilfish, &c., will answer previously.—[Lambert's Rural Affairs of Ireland.]



ANCIENT IRISH CROWN.

Among the innumerable antiquities hitherto discovered in Ireland, there is nothing perhaps of greater interest, or which more curiously illustrates the antiquity of our monarchic institutions, than the Golden Crown represented above. In its style and workmanship it is perfectly eastern, and unlike every thing of the kind used in Europe within historic times. It was found ten feet under the ground at a place called 'Barn an cli,' in the county of Tipperary in the year 1662, and was purchased by Joseph Comerford, Esq., a gentleman descended from a younger brother of Comerford, in the county of Stafford, who attended King John in his expedition into Ireland. It is said still to be preserved by the family of that gentleman, in the Castle of Anglure, in Champagne, to which he retired after the war of 1689. Its weight was only about five ounces. Similar crowns have been found in other parts of Ireland of somewhat greater weight, but none of them have been preserved.

MR. CURRAN.

This celebrated advocate of the Irish bar went one day to hear the pleadings at the Old Bailey; but was refused admittance by the gallery door-keeper, until he submitted to the scandalous imposition of paying two shillings for it. 'Pay for admission to a court of justice!' says this eloquent barrister, 'why man, I am come from a country where they give money to such a simple man as me for going into a court!' 'More fools they,' was the reply.

[End of No. 9 of the Dublin Penny Journal.]

THE MOTHER.—Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses and estate; but her relation as mother is as the sun when it goes forth in his might, for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be grey-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, yea, winter, with a woman, but with the mother it is always spring.

Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone—when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts—when we experience how hard it is to find sympathy—how few love us for ourselves—how few will befriend us in misfortune—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

When Lord Erskine made his debut at the bar, his agitation so nearly overcame him that he was just going to sit down. 'At that moment,' he said, 'I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion which I did not think capable.'

Women cannot reason, but they feel so keenly as to be often led to the right conclusions without knowing why. Their only philosophy is that of the heart.

GATHERING THE SHAMROCK.

BY RICHARD OULAHAN.

From the chilly shore of Autrim,
To Macgillacuddy's Reeks;
From Roscommon's rushy pastures,
To Ben Heder's fairy creeks;
In the valley at the dawning,
As the milk-maid seeks her cow,
On the hills, and raths, and ditches,
They are gathering Shamrock now.

God be with this holy morning,
As we knew it years ago,
When the drowning of the Shamrock
Made the whiskey overflow!
Happy days! ye're gone forever,
Like the primrose blooming then,
As we tripp'd along the pathway
To our chapel in the glen.

Are the hurlers still as active,
Are the foot-ball men as swift
Do they bound, like pikemen, to the goal,
To win a sweet-heart's gift?
Do the maidens line the hedges
Near the play ground as of yore?
Play they leap frog yet, and wrestle,
By the Liffey and the Nore?

In this land, where Freedom revels
From the Hudson to Salt Lake,
Where the exiles' blood is ready,
As an offering for her sake;
We may wear a sprig of clover,
And to heaven bend the knee,
But our hearts are in thy bosom,
Eriu, *cúisla gáí machre!*

Up thy mountain, Mullagbearn,
'Mid the flax fields of Tyrone;
By the shepherds of the Curragh,
On thy battle ground, Athlone—
Young and old give rein to pleasure
'Monget our kindred far away,
But our yearning eyes may never
See an Irish Patriots day!

Irish News.

ADVENTURE WITH A MADMAN.

I was called upon in my senior year to watch with an insane student. He was a man who had attracted a great deal of attention in college; he appeared in an extraordinary costume at the beginning of our Freshman Term, and wrote himself down as Washington Greyling, of —, an unheard-of settlement somewhere beyond the Mississippi. His coat and other gear might have been the work of a Chickasaw tailor, aided by the superintending taste of some white huntsman, who remembered faintly the outline of habiliments he had not seen for half a century; it would have been ridiculous if it had not encased one of the finest models of a manly frame that ever trod the earth. With close-curling black hair, a fine weather-browned complexion, Spanish features (from his mother—a frequent physiognomy in the countries bordering on Spanish America,) and the port and lithe motion of a lion, he was a figure to look upon in any disguise with warm admiration. He was soon put into the hands of a tailor-proper, and with the facility which belongs to his countrymen, became in a month the best dressed man in college. His manners were of a gentlemanlike mildness, energetic, but courteous, and chivalric, and unlike most savages and all coins, he polished without 'losing his mark.' At the end of his first term, he would have been called a high-bred gentleman at any court in Europe. The opening of his mind was almost as rapid and extraordinary. He seized everything with an ardor and freshness that habit and difficulty never deadened. He was like a man who had tumbled into a new star, and was collecting knowledge for a world to which he was to return. The first in all games, the wildest in all adventure, the most distinguished, even in the elegant society for which the town is remarkable, and unfailingly brilliant in his recitations and college performances, he was looked up to as a sort of admirable phenomenon, and neither envied nor opposed in any thing. I have often thought, in looking on him, that his sensations at coming fresh from a wild western prairie, and at the first measure of his capacities with

men of better advantages, finding himself so uniformly superior, must have been stirringly delightful. It is a wonder he never became arrogant; but it was the last foible of which he could have been accused.

We were reading hard for the honors in the senior year, when Greyling suddenly lost his reason. He had not been otherwise ill, and had apparently in the midst of high health gone mad at a moment's warning. The physician scarce knew how to treat him. The confinement to which he was at first subjected, however, was thought inexpedient, and he seemed to justify their lenity by the gentlest behavior when at liberty. He seemed oppressed by a heart-breaking melancholy. We took our turns in guarding and watching with him, and it was upon the first night of duty that the incident happened which I have thus endeavored to introduce. It was scarce like a vigil with a sick man, for our patient went regularly to bed, and usually slept well. I took my 'Lucretius,' and the 'Book of the Martyrs,' which were just then my favorite reading, and with hot punch, a cold chicken, books and a fire, I looked forward to it as merely a studious night; and as the wintry wind of January rattled in at the old college windows, I thrust my feet into slippers, drew my dressing-gown about me, and congratulated myself on the excessive comfortableness of my position.

It had snowed all day, but the sun had set with a red rift in the clouds, and the face of the sky was swept in an hour to the clearness of—I want a comparison—your own blue eye, dear Mary! The all-glorious arch of heaven was a mass of sparkling stars. Greyling slept, and I, wearied of the cold philosophy of the Latin poet, took to my 'Book of Martyrs.' I read on, and read on. The college clock struck; it seemed to me, the quarters rather than the hours. Time flew; it was three. 'Horrible! most horrible!' I started from my chair with the exclamation, and felt as if my scalp were self-lifted from my head. It was a description in the harrowing faithfulness of the language of old time, painting almost the articulate groans of an impaled Christian. I clasped the old iron-bound book and rushed to the window as if my heart was stifling for fresh air.

Again at the fire. The large walnut fagots had burned to a bed of bright coals, and I sat gazing into it, totally unable to shake off the fearful incubus from my breast. The martyr was there—on the very hearth—with the stakes scornfully crossed in his body; and as the large coals cracked asunder and revealed the brightness within, I seemed to follow the nerve-rendering instrument from hip to shoulder, and suffer with him pang for pang, as if the burning redness were the pools of his fevered blood. 'Aha!' It struck on my ear like the cry of an exulting fiend. 'Aha!' I sprang into the chair as the awful cry was repeated, and looked slowly and with difficult courage over my shoulder. A single fierce eye was fixed upon me from the mass of bed-clothes, and, for a moment, the relief from the fear of some supernatural presence was like water to a parched tongue. I sank back relieved into the chair. There was a rustling immediately in the bed, and, starting again, I found the wild eyes of my patient fixed still steadfastly upon me. He was creeping stealthily out of bed. His bare foot touched the floor, and his toes worked upon it as if he was feeling its strength, and in a moment he stood upright on his feet, and, with his head forward and his pale face livid with rage, stepped towards me. I looked to the door. He observed the glance, and in the next instant he sprang clear over the bed, turned the key, and dashed it furiously through the window. 'Now,' said he, 'Greyling!' I said, 'I had heard that a calm and fixed gaze would control a madman, and with the most difficult exertion of nerve I met his lowering eye, and we stood looking at each other for a full minute, like men of marble. 'Why have you left your bed?' I mildly asked. 'To kill you!' was the appalling answer; and in another moment the light-stand was swept from between us, and he struck me down with a blow that would have felled a giant. Naked as he was, I had no hold upon him, even if in muscular strength I had

been his match; and with a minute's struggle I yielded, for resistance was vain. His knee was now upon my breast, and his left hand in my hair, and he seemed, by the tremulousness of his clutch, to be hesitating whether he should dash my brains out on the hearth. I could scarce breathe with his weight upon my chest, but I tried, with the broken words I could command, to move his pity. He laughed, as only maniacs can, and placed his hand upon my throat. 'Shall I ever forget the fiendish deliberation with which he closed those feverish fingers? 'Greyling!—for God's sake! Greyling!' 'Die!' said he. In the agonies of suffocation I struck out my arm, and almost buried it in the fire upon the hearth. With an expiring thought, I grasped a handful of the red-hot coals, and had just strength sufficient to press them hard against his side. 'Thank God!' I exclaimed with my first breath, as my eyes recovered from their sickness, and I looked upon the familiar objects of my chamber once more. The madman sat crouched like a whipped dog in the farthest corner of the room, gibbering and moaning, with his hands upon his burnt side. I felt that I had escaped death by a miracle. The door was locked, and, in dread of another attack, I threw up the window, and to my unutterable joy the figure of a man was visible upon the snow near the outbuildings of the college. It was a charity student, risen before day to labor in the wood yard. I shouted to him, and Greyling leapt to his feet. 'There is time yet!' said the madman; but as he came towards me again, with the same panther-like caution as before, I seized a heavy stone pitcher standing in the window-seat, and hurling it at him with a fortunate force and aim, he fell stunned and bleeding on the floor. The door was burst open at the next moment, and calling for assistance, we tied the wild Missourian into his bed, bound up his head and side, and committed him to fresh watchers. We have killed bears together at a Missouri Salt Lick since then; but I never see Greyling with the smile off his face, without a disposition to look around for the door.

CHILDREN'S TEMPER.—Bad temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs, than a dull, passive child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand, as much as possible, all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, the mind's green and yellow sickness—ill-temper.

Content is the tranquility of the heart; prayer is its aliment. It is satisfied under every dispensation of Providence, and takes thankfully its allotted portion; never inquiring whether a little more would not be a little better; knowing that if God had so judged, it would have been as easy for him to have given the more as the less. That is not true content which does not enjoy, as the gift of Infinite Wisdom, what it has; nor is that true patience which does not suffer meekly the loss of what it had, because it is not His will that it should have it longer.—[Hannah More.

'Sam,' said a lady to a milk-boy, 'I guess, from the looks of your milk, that y ur mother put dirty water in it.'

'No, she didn't nother,' replied the boy; 'for I seed her draw it clean out of the well fore she put it in.'

The accompanying engraving is a representation of the Regimental Flag of the stand of colors presented by the Common Council of New York City, to the 69th regiment of N. Y. S. M., Col. James R. Ryan, commanding. The flag is of rich blue silk, with a heavy fringe of deep yellow. In the centre is the design, so exquisitely wrought in needle work, that at a short distance it cannot be distinguished from the most elaborate enamel painting. The emblazonry is a highly ornate shield, supported by two Irish wolf-dogs, and quartered with the emblems of the United States and Ireland, the superior quarterings bearing the 'stars and stripes' of America and the 'sunburst' of Erin; under these are the round tower and Irish harp; on a miniature shield in the centre, and appropriately uniting the quarterings is the regimental number, '69.' Beneath is the rhythmic motto, 'Gentle when stroked, Fierce when provoked,' divided equally on two scrolls, with a cluster of shamrocks in the middle. Surmounting the shield is the American eagle, with extended wings, carrying, pendant from his beak a medallion wreathed with shamrocks and



REGIMENTAL FLAG OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.

THE 'FATH OF KATHLEEN.'—We find the following in Mrs. Wellington Boates's 'Recollections of Ireland':—

'Kathleen Dhu was the pride of a pretty village, in the county Antrim. Part of my childhood was spent in that beautiful and classic county. Kathleen often guided me over the dangerous rocks around Fair-Head, and through the verdant glen of Murlock, which borders Tor-Point. On one summer's morning, Kathleen came to invite me to her wedding, which she stated was to take place on the following Sunday, in the village church. That Sunday came, and a brighter summer morn never beamed. I was up with the lark, and my heart beat quick as I prepared for my journey. Breathless I reached the abode of Kathleen; but, lo! no sound of joy was there. On the cottage-floor lay a coffin, and in the corner of the apartment, on a bedstead draped with white sheets, and festooned with snowy ribbons, and garlands of wild flowers, lay the poor Kathleen Dhu, cold, motionless, dead! A lace border, with a wreath of white daises, encircled the pale forehead and cheeks, and was fastened under the chin with a pink gauze knot. The eyes were closed, but a sweet smile played upon the features, giving the expression of an inward looking up. She seemed like a sleeping sylph, whose dreaming spirit was wandering in a brighter land. Poor Kathleen's tale of woe ran thus:—Cormack, to whom she had been affianced, and was to have been married on that day, had proved false to her. At the solicitation of his mother, he had deserted her, and consented to wed Nannie, the only daughter of a wealthy farmer. The news reached Kathleen; she clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, 'Oh, God, my heart will burst!' Shortly after, she leant down on her mother's bed, and fell asleep, but she never awoke. What bright dream haunted that last deep sleep no mortal can know; but the sweet smile that played upon her placid face seemed to say that a hovering angel had borne her spirit to a realm of bliss. I followed the funeral procession in the distance. As it neared the church gate by one road, Cormack and his bridal party approached slowly by another road. The friends of Kathleen slackened their pace, and consequently the two parties met in the portal. In a few days after, I went to plant some wild primroses on the grave of poor Kathleen, and a peasant informed me that the intended bride had been carried home in a swoon, and that the faithless Cormack had fled to America.'

'THEY SAY.'—Of all the words in the several hundreds of languages that are spoken in the world, with which we are acquainted, there are no other that cause so much trouble as those two little monosyllables—'They Say.' If a person has a particularly mischievous bent, and is desirous of setting afloat a story that will blacken character and destroy peace, it is always begun with 'they say' thus, and so. 'They say' begins it, and when the 'scam. mag.' is in everybody's mouth, then 'they say,' becomes the fact. If an adroit person is desirous of drawing out another who is not off soundings, 'they say' is the insidious step that leads the dupe to committal, and he is at the mercy of the pumper. Whenever you hear the words 'they say,' stop right short and ask the question, 'who say?' Demand boldly who 'they' are, and nine times out of ten you will find the 'they' to be but a mere man or woman of straw. Fearful contingencies may depend upon the use of the words, and 'they say' should never be used by well meaning people at all in connection with anything that may have a tendency to injure any one. Leave the fabulous 'they says' to the scandal monger, and when you quote authorities, let them be something more tangible than these people in buckram, who serve in the train of malignant cowardice.

TO BECOME UNHAPPY.—In the first place, if you want to be miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself, and of your own things. Don't care about anybody else. Have no feeling for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but the rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off in any respect than yourself; think unkindly towards them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and if any one comes near your things, snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin; for your 'rights' are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they should not think enough of you. And if any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct you can.

bearing the inscription, 'Jackson, Montgomery, Sullivan, Barry, Fitzgerald.' Projecting on either side of the medallion, are the emblems of peace and war; and forming a crescent over all, the 'old thirteen' stars of the Union. The combination and blending of the various colors in the work is excellent, and produces a spirited and pleasing effect. Besides the color represented, there is a State flag also, which completes the stand, wrought with like skill and taste, and which bears in addition to the arms and motto of New York, the inscription, 'Presented to the Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York State Militia, by the Common Council of New York, 1867.' Both of the colors were borne in the ranks of the gallant 69th, (which regiment acted as escort for the civic procession on St. Patrick's day) and attracted universal attention. Through the courtesy of Colonel Ryan, the popular, gentlemanly and efficient commander of the regiment, we have been enabled to present to our readers the accompanying sketch. Should the 69th ever be called upon to defend their adopted country, we know of no more gallant spirit to lead them to victory than Col. R.

REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOR.—Nineveh was 15 miles long, 8 wide, and 40 round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 300 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, was 429 feet to the support of the room. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 653 on the sides; its base covers 11 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and 100 gates. Carthage was 23 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 359,000 citizens and 100,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was plundered of \$600,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.—There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author, that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise, or his farm, fly over lands, sail over seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger—if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he has not half provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for months of darkness and distress, no sympathizing partner is prepared.

PREVENTION OF SEA SICKNESS.—Dr. Lander, a medical man at Athens, announces that he has discovered a sovereign specific against sea sickness. His remedy is to give from ten to twelve drops of chloroform, in water. The chloroform, in most cases, removes nausea, and persons who have taken the remedy soon become able to stand up, and get accustomed to the movement of the vessel. Should the sickness return a fresh dose is to be taken. It was tried on twenty passengers on a very rough voyage from Zea to Athens, and all, with the exception of two, were cured by one dose. The minority, two ladies, were able to resist the feeling of illness on taking a second dose.

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'D. W.' Your poetic favor does not come up to our standard, and is respectfully declined.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858

If looked into, it will generally be found that professional politicians among us are to blame for this state of things. In New York it was so; and it is doubtless so in too many other places. In years past we were in the habit of inviting our favorite American politicians to our feasts, and show-

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS,

SHEET MUSIC.—We have been favored with various copies of sheet music, which we will take occasion to notice more fully next week.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATIONS.

THE SCOTLAND.

A correspondent who accepts the suggestive nomadism of 'Red Whisker,' sends us the following:

The weather was all that could be wished. The sun shone brightly in the morning, but toward noon withdrew his silvery rays, leaving behind a soft, hazy atmosphere, which forcibly reminded one of the mellow noons, to be found hanging over and around the golden-tinted valleys and holy hills of dear old Ireland.

At precisely one o'clock P. M., four companies attached to the 2d Regiment of Infantry, 2d brigade, 1st division of P. V., formed in line on the west side of Franklin Square, right resting on Vine St., in the following order:—Col. commanding, P. W. Conroy and Staff; Band; Irish Volunteers, Capt. D. O. Kane; Hibernian Greens, Capt. P. O. Kane; Montgomery Guards, Act. Capt. Jas. Harvey, and last, though not least, that splendid corps of citizen soldiers, the Emmett Guards, commanded by Lieut. B. T. Clair. After being inspected by the Col. and Staff, the line broke into column of sections, by wheeling to the right, and took up their line of march, visiting nearly every portion of the city, eliciting the admiration of all along the route, for their manly and soldierly bearing. As they passed St. Patrick's Church in 20th St., they were saluted by the clergy and students waving their handkerchiefs. Although the turnout was small, in comparison to what it might have been, there being six other companies located in this city of Philadelphia whose names are unmistakably Irish, yet nobly did these four companies uphold the names they bear, and the honor and credit of the Irish American soldier.

On arriving at Independence Square, the companies, by a flank movement, formed line of battle, halted, faced to the front, and after receiving the well merited thanks of Colonel for the soldierly bearing and gentlemanly conduct, were dismissed; the companies marching off the ground to the soul-stirring strains of 'Patrick's Day,' 'Garryowen,' etc. Scarce had the Emmett's deposited their arms in the rack, when they were invited to partake of refreshments by that whole-souled Irishman, Peter Monaghan, Esq., the gentlemanly proprietor of the Globe Hotel, in Sixth Street, an invitation which the company gladly accepted. Whilst doing justice to the good things set before them, the corps was waited on by a committee of the Catholic Philopatrian Literary Institute, and requested to act as guard of honor to Col. Michael Doherty, of New York, who was to lecture before the Institute that evening in the Musical Fund Hall; subject, 'The Rock of Cashel—its Memories, Sages, Saints, and Warriors.' The corps cheerfully acceded to the request of the committee, and marched to the hall, where they were drawn up in open inverted order to receive the Colonel, who on making his appearance, was met at the door by Father Stroebel of St. Mary's, and Mr. Robert Tyler, and escorted through the lines. The Colonel then passed in rear of the lines and inspected the company thoroughly; he then entered the lecture-room, followed by the Emmett's, who were posted on the stage. The appearance of the company on the stage was hailed with loud and long continued cheering. The scene at this moment viewed from the front was grand indeed. The Guards with their handsome uniform, and tall, black shakos, ornamented in front by a burnished sun-plate, which reflected back the brilliant light of the chandeliers, presented an imposing background. Immediately in front stood the Colonel, whilst the whole assembly rose up, waving handkerchiefs, hats, and cheering most heartily. Quiet being at length restored, the Colonel commenced one of the most instructive lectures it was ever our good fortune to hear, which was frequent-

ly interrupted by hearty applause. At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Robert Tyler being loudly called for, came forward and addressed the assembly in a brief but happy manner. After which the audience retired, cheering loudly for Messrs. Doherty, Tyler, and the Emmett Guards. The Colonel then retired from the stage to the hall, where the Guards re-formed, and being joined by the members of the Institute, escorted the Colonel to his quarters at the Girard House. Thus ended the day in Philadelphia—a day that will long be remembered by those gallant hearts who had the soul and manliness to honor it. All honor to the four companies who did turn out and were not deterred by threats from doing so!

NEW YORK.

It is the fashion of the Young Friends of Ireland to celebrate St. Patrick's Day by a ball and supper. And the festivity of this year made no exception to that of former times, either in the splendid manner in which it was got up, or the delightfully sound spirit which pervaded. The 'Young Friends' are a set of good patriotic Irishmen who never forget the associations of the old land. They form quite a numerous society of a semi religious character. The ball on St. Patrick's night came off at the Apollo Rooms, Bowery, and was attended by a brilliant, fashionable, and joyous company. The supper preceded the ball. The President of the society, Hugh O'Donnell Esq., presided, and prepared the toasts with some excellent remarks. Among the speakers of the evening was Dr. Shelton MacKenzie, now literary editor of Forney's 'Press,' at Philadelphia. The orator has just got married; a fact which he took care to inform his audience in right jocular style, for which MacKenzie is famous. Wm. L. Cole, Esq., of the 'Irish American,' spoke to the first toast in a style characterised by good taste, purity of diction, and that brevity which is the soul of oratory as well as wit, especially at the supper table, when the altars of Terpsichore are awaiting the votive offerings of so many fair worshippers. Mr. McMaster of the 'Freeman's Journal,' also made an elaborate and finished speech; but the orator of the evening was the Rev. Hugh T. Brady, of St. Joseph's Church, 6th Avenue, the chaplain of the Society. His address was teeming with patriotism and good sense. His language was beautiful; not too ornate, but glowing with fervor. His speech was indeed in all respects worthy of the occasion; and that is saying everything in its favor. These numerous guests besides those above commented. Among them, Dr. Conway the corner, Rev. Mr. Hale, of St. Joseph's, Rev. Mr. Fagan of Williamsburgh, Capt. W. F. Lyons, and many other gentlemen. The array of beautiful women was (as it always is at the Young Friends' celebrations) perfectly dazzling. The music was unexceptionable, and on the whole, it is very doubtful if a more delightful or appropriate celebration of St. Patrick's Day took place throughout the entire continent. The dancing was kept up until 'daylight did appear.'

NEW HAVEN.

The following description of the splendid banners borne in the procession at New Haven, on the 17th inst., was omitted last week, for want of room:—

The Hibernian Provident Society's banner was of pure white silk, (imported expressly for such purposes) seven feet by six feet six inches. Design—St. Patrick in the act of proving to the incredulous mind of King Laogaire and the Royal Household, the Mystery of the Blessed Trinity, before the Halls of Tara; Reverse—Washington and Montgomery, Genius of Erin, and Goddess of Liberty, spread eagle bearing in its beak the mottoes—'E Pluribus Unum' and 'Erin go bragh.' The sides were richly gilt with Shamrocks in the corners.

The 'Montgomery Benevolent Society's' banner was seven feet by six feet. Design—A copy of Jon-

athan Trumbull's celebrated picture of the 'Storming of Quebec.' This painting is a perfect copy of the original. The principal figures represented were Major Gen. Montgomery, upheld in his last moments by Col. Donald Campbell; Quarter Major General and second in command, lying dead at the feet of Montgomery are Lieut. Aids-de-camp, Majors Chessman and Macpherson, of Philadelphia. On the right is seen, advancing at the head of his column, Colonel Thompson, of Pennsylvania. In the centre stands an Indian Chief, known by the name of Col. Lewis. The other figures represented in the foreground, are Major Meigs, of Conn., Captain Hendericks, the Virginia Riflemen, Captain Ward, Lieut. Humphries, Cooper and Ogden. The citadel makes up the background. Cherubs, representing Faith and Hope, on the corners of a chaste scroll, hold up the folds of the American and Irish flags; an American eagle surmounts the whole. Reverse side—St. Patrick, with cornucopia in his left hand, and in his right, a cross, with rays of light diverging therefrom. A daughter of Erin, in flowing robes of white and green, is kneeling, with hands uplifted towards the Saint as if supplicating his intercession to dispel the dark clouds of Paganism, in which she is enshrouded. The artist who executed the banners, deserves great praise for the masterly manner in which he performed his task. The 'Emmett Guards,' led by the 'Westville Cornet Band,' added much to the display by their fine military bearing. This was their first appearance in public. Their uniform is dark-blue dress coat, turned up, with buff on the lapels, buff collar and slashed cuffs, blue pants, with buff stripes; belts, cartridge boxes, and bayonet sheaths of white enameled leather, hats of U. S. regulation pattern, with white and blue fountain plumes. The Guards numbered forty men, under command of Capt. Thos. W. Cahill, and is composed of members of the two companies, who were disbanded by his 'Hindoo Excellency Governor Barebones Minor. Altogether, it was the finest and largest display ever made by the Irishmen of the City of Elms. The streets were crowded with sons and daughters of old Ireland, from the time the procession moved, in the morning, until the delivery of the Oration, which finished the proceedings for the day. The local press have been lavish in their praise of our display. There was nothing to mar the joyous celebration.

WORCESTER.

The exiles, resident in the heart of Massachusetts, were not allowed to avow their nativity, and do honor to the memory of Ireland's patron. The Temperance societies paraded with full ranks, the neat and respectable appearance of the members attested the good which temperance and industry had conferred upon them. The day was beautiful, and a glorious sun enlivened the hearts of our fellow countrymen with its mild and genial rays. Old times and old scenes were dwelt upon by old friends, and the recollection of days that are gone to return no more, brought sorrow to many an Irish heart. However, the day was spent in a pleasant and agreeable manner; and it is admitted by many a sneering enemy, that the Irishmen of Worcester never spent the day better.

NEWBURYPORT.

In Newburyport, we attended church in the morning, and having assisted at the adorable sacrifice, and asked the intercession of our Great Apostle, for the land of our birth and for ourselves, returned to our respective homes, to think—with pleasure mingled with sadness—of other days and other times. In the evening we attended at the hall in Hale's Court, where the 'Newburyport Young Men's Temperance Society,' were to perform the trial of the noble but unfortunate Robert Emmet. The time appointed for the trial to commence was 7 o'clock,

but long before that hour every seat in the Hall was occupied, the slides were crowded, and a great many could not get admittance.

At ten minutes to eight the trial commenced. Some twenty-five persons took part as Judges, Jurors, Counselors, &c., and so complete was their success, that they were requested to reproduce the piece the following evening, which they did with like results.

The young men who performed the parts of Counsel, Attorney General and the Prisoner, acted their parts well, and especially deserve notice. The Prisoner, in delivering his speech, turned round to the audience and said, with emphasis—"for you for whom I am proud to perish."

This produced a thrill of sorrow through the audience for the glorious patriot so truthfully represented, and many an eye was moistened at thought of him whose epitaph is unwritten. But his epitaph is written in the heart of every Irishman, and his memory will exist forever.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the young men of the Temperance Society, for their noble endeavors. May their Society flourish.

RODERICK.

SALEM.

After the lecture by Dr. Fitzgerald, the members of the 'Irish Reading Room,' had a supper in their hall. It was beautifully and tastefully decorated. Plates were laid for fifty members and their guests. The cloth being removed, the President called upon the toast master to give the regular toasts. The principal ones were:

- 1.—The day we celebrate.
- 2.—The land of our fathers.
- 3.—Our adopted country.
- 4.—The President of the United States.
- 5.—The Army and Navy of the United States.
- 6.—The memory of Washington.
- 7.—The memory of O'Connell.
- 8.—The memory of Washburn.
- 9.—Civil and Religious Liberty.
- 10.—Our Clergy.
- 11.—The Press.

The first was responded to by Dr. E. Fitzgerald; the second by Mr. John Sheridan; the third by Mr. John Conway, Jr. In response to the fourth, Mr. James Harding sang the 'Star Spangled Banner'; Mr. Stephens responded to the fifth; and Mr. Foley sang the 'Red White and Blue.' Mr. Burns of Danvers, responded to the seventh; and Mr. Laurence Deane, to the memory of Sumner. Mr. Thomas Quinn responded to 'Our Clergy.' 'The Press' was responded to by J. J. Donahoe. Mr. W. A. Powers, formerly, I believe, of Charlestown, but now of Salem, responded to the toast of 'Our Sister Societies.'

Speeches were made, and songs sung by several other gentlemen; all was harmony and good cheer. So happy were the company in the interchange of sentiments and recollections of the old land, that at three o'clock in the morning when the Vice President moved the chair bevacated. Mr. Foley was then called to the scene, and a vote of thanks passed to the President; all joined hands, sang 'Auld Lang Syne,' and went home; showing by their excellent manner and deportment, that they were worthy sons of their Patron Saint.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.—Let the business of everybody else alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want. Use every hour to advantage, and study to make every leisure hour useful. Think twice before you throw away a shilling—remember you will have another to make for it. Find recreation in looking over your business. Buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits. Look over your books regularly, and if you find an error, trace it out. Should a stroke of misfortune come on you in trade, retrench, work harder, but never fly the trade; content yourself with undisturbed perseverance, and they will disappear as they thought you should fall in the struggle; you will be honored; but shrink from the task, and you will be despised.

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

On the evening of March 17th the Lyceum Hall, Salem, was crowded to hear a lecture from Edward Fitzgerald, Esq., M. D., of that city, on the above interesting theme. James Lutz, Esq., presided.

The lecturer commenced by saying:—

'There is a peninsula south of Asia so remarkably fertile and so liberally endowed by God with all that is requisite to enable it to maintain its primitive grandeur, that it seems absurd for men of any race or nation to think of becoming a successful intruder. Clashed within the grasp of her sacred Ganges and Indus, guarded by her Eastern and Western Ghats; on the north her snow-capped Himalayas, rising in majestic grandeur, to which lordly man with all his attributes, has never yet touched. It is a peninsula whose northern boundary is secured by that natural superstructure, having the earth for its foundation and the heavens for its cupola; while at its southern extremity, the Indian Ocean receives the waters of its great arteries and feeds it with the commerce of the nations.'

'A country, having all the varieties of every clime, every season, and every temperature, from the frozen regions of its northern elevation to the more genial clime of its centre and the tropical rays of its southern shore; a soil capable of producing all the necessities and luxuries consumed by man, its surface intersected by large navigable rivers and canals, adorned with the most beautiful lakes and costly reservoirs, interspersed with mountains that seem to guard its conservation with inviolable tenacity and form barricades that bid defiance to the combined artillery of the world. It is India or Hindostan. It is India, with her architectural monuments, her inexhaustible revenues. The Hindoos were among the first to calculate eclipses. They understood the laws relating to the planetary system long before we did. They at a very early period excelled in astronomical science, and many of our mathematical calculations and rules in mensuration are borrowed from the Hindoos. They were proficient in Oriental literature.'

The doctor then referred to the discoveries by Vasco De Gama—the early colonization of India by Portugal, Holland and France. He stated that it was a Frenchman named Duplex that first established European authority in India. He paid due attention to the craving spirit of the first English traders, showed how French arms and French policy triumphed—under Duplex and La Bourdieu, from the River Krishna to Cape Comorin. The lecturer next gave Clive's history from the day he left Shropshire in England, as the rejected of the neighborhood and the dunce of every school, until he put an end to his life on the 22d November, 1744. He described his intrigues with Meer Jaffer, his treachery and forgery when dealing with Omichund; how he gained the battle of Plassey; made Michael his victim, by forging Admiral Watson's name, and put Surajah Dowlah to death in a secret chamber. Ever since the fatal day that the monarch, Surajah Dowlah, was assassinated, England's policy had been one connected chain of deceit, oppression, forgery, plunder, desolation and murder.' The lecturer challenged the world to produce one man that could justify 'British Rule in India.' In referring to this point he said 'he had for twenty years searched for an Act of British Rule that could be justified in India. Not as much as a decent pretence could be found for the policy since the day England first gave her aid to Surajah, a prince of Tanjore on the banks of the Coleroon, until the day she blew the bodies of the Sepoys in fragments from the cannon's mouth. British rule in India is denuded with the blood of millions, and the waters of the Ganges and Indus could not clear her from its guilt.'

Warren Hastings, as Governor General of India, came next. Here the Doctor paid a just tribute to the honest and industrious artisans of England. After describing the charges on which Hastings was impeached and giving a description of Westminster Hall and London, on the forenoon of Feb. 13, 1772, he said—"In the midst of all this pomp, all this maj-

esty, were two men who dared to stand up, and confront the Representative of 'British Rule in India.' They were the centre of all attraction—brilliant stars of the first magnitude, that were to shed the lustre of their unrivalled genius and inspired eloquence on that vast assembly of kings, princes, nobles, clergy, judges, ambassadors and commoners of England. Their name was world-wide—they were the constitutional orators of monarchy; yet they were the advocates of the plundered, dejected victims of British Rule in India. The accusers of Hastings—the defenders of justice—the enemies of tyranny—the avengers of India's woes, were two Irishmen—Edmund Burke and Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

'When Edmund Burke spent several days relating the cruelties in India, the recital of England's massacres almost stopped the pulsation of his heart—he fell exhausted in his seat; but by his side was Richard Sheridan. He stood up and spoke—now look at the governor of British India: as Sheridan burst forth the pent up indignation that Hastings' cruelties stirred within him! See, how the words from India's advocate makes him tremble! His robberies, treacheries, forgeries, massacres, violated treaties—the murder of the people of Benares, the desecration of the Holy City of the Ganges, the stifled moans of wretches writhing with pain in dungeons are recited by the advocate. He reiterates the wild cries of those whom Hastings scourged with the poisoned branches of the Bale tree and Bechutta—the pitiful groans, famished cravings, clanking of fetters, imploring appeal of virgins dragged from their homes, the heart-rending cries of innocent children. Amid these dense mountain clouds of guilt, the culprit is consumed!'

After referring to the principal points of the present war in India and refuting the invented atrocities ascribed to the Sepoys, the Doctor concluded in the following words:—'The struggling Hindoos have all my sympathy. I say, success attend them; they are fighting for their homes and their country. Sepoys! courage and perseverance will gain your cause. God strengthen your arms to strike down your oppressors. Hindoos, re-echo the rallying words of your murdered Rajahs: give no quarter to British rule! and oh, what glad tidings, what good news to every Irish heart, to hear of the downfall and overthrow of British rule in India.'

The worthy doctor was, at the conclusion of his lecture, of which the above is a mere outline, most enthusiastically applauded.

FLUTTER HARP.—This elegant little musical instrument is very easily constructed. Provide a long, narrow box of thin deal, about thirty inches long five broad, and one and three fourths deep, with a circle in the middle of the upper side, or belly, about one inch and a half in diameter, pierced with small holes. Along the upper side of the box are seven, ten or more strings of very fine gut, stretched over bridges at each end, like the bridge of a fiddle, and screwed up or relaxed with screw-pins. If this instrument is placed in a current of air where the wind can brush over its strings with freedom—as at a window, with the sash just raised to give the air admission—there will be produced a kind of wild, melancholy music, extremely charming to hear; the blast sometimes bringing out all the tones in full chorus, and at others sinking them to the softest murmurs.

'GREAT ORIGINAL STORY.'—A dark frown overspread the handsome and courtly features of Fernando the Rover. 'Why, why,' he asked, brandishing his silver handled sword furiously around, 'wilt not believe me, my beautiful Marm de Aragon? By this good sword I swear I love thee—truly, wildly, passionately love thee! Then why stand so coldly aloof from this bosom which is bursting for thee? The beautiful girl essayed to speak but could not. 'Ha,' exclaimed Fernando the Rover, and a sobbing smile lit up his face, 'thou lovest another?' 'No,' the trembling girl replied, 'I repeat the Rover. "Bless me, sir," she replied, drawing herself up to her full height, 'I'M AFRAID YEE A BLOWING!'

Written for the Miscellany.
A FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

BY CHARLES P. O'HANLON.

My own, my native land, good night,
 I'm going far from thee—
 No other land can seem as bright
 Or have such charms for me;
 Though doomed in other climes to roam,
 For fortune and for fame,
 I'll ne'er forget my Island home,
 But love thee still the same.

Upon the gallant ship I stand
 As she plows the ocean blue,
 And sadly gaze on the distant land,
 Receding fast from view.
 And oh! how oft I vainly long
 To be cheerful and resigned;
 My bosom still will heave a sigh
 For the loved ones left behind.

Farewell! farewell! fore'er I fear
 An exile doom'd to be,
 Yet fondly through each changing year
 My heart will cling to thee.
 When by oppression forced to roam
 From the land I fain would save;
 I go to seek a peaceful home
 In the land of the free and brave.

Farewell! farewell! and may the gifts
 Of heaven on thee descend;
 And from thy valleys and mountain rifts,
 The hyms of peace ascend.
 May tyranny's relentless grasp
 Enslave thy sons no more,
 And freedom, with her blessing clasp
 Thy sea-girt, shamrock shore.

THE CLOSING SCENES OF THE KANSAS DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

The debate just closed in the Senate was one of most exciting and important in the history of American politics. In the lives of many of the Senators it will be a point to which the future canvassers of their fame will look back. The crowds that attended, during the closing days will fondly connect their memories with this great struggle in the parliamentary history of their common country. The morning and night scenes of the 22d March are drawn by a brilliant hand in the Washington States. The graphic description will find its way into many a ladies' scrap-book, not less than into the common-place-book of the politician. The biographer of Senator Douglass will make a note of it.

The scene presented in the Senate was one of the most brilliant and exciting we have ever witnessed. No sooner were the galleries cleared, when the recess was taken, than the crowds who expected Douglas would speak, all the morning patiently awaited a chance to get in, filled up the seats. At five minutes after five, the galleries were empty; in five minutes more they were filled with a brilliant, fashionable, and intelligent array. In the gentleman's gallery the people were literally walking on each other. They formed a human pyramid reaching up to the windows; on the inside sills of which some persons were fortunate enough to be lifted.

The reporters' gallery was captured by gentlemen who made a press, though they did not belong to it, and rendered it utterly impossible for our friends of the quill, save with one or two exceptions, to more than preserve themselves from furnishing a local item of 'crushed to death' to their neighbor. For two hours the throng of people were wedged together in expectancy of the great speech. Some ladies brought books, others their knitting; and thus, having early secured seats, industriously killed the time between 5 and 7 p. m.

When the chamber was called to order, Gwin and Seward simultaneously arose with the same purpose—to move the admission of the ladies to the floor of the Senate. It was agreed to. The doors were thrown open, and a perfect flood of beauty, bearing on the tide all manner of broken hoops and draggled crinoline, poured into the chamber. In a

few moments every spot was occupied; while in all the lobbies such discontent arose from the unaccommodated crowds of gentlemen and ladies there, that several times the Chair was called on to despatch officers to allay the disorder.

The appearance of Senator Douglas was the token for a round of applause. The sight must have been deeply gratifying to him, as it was entrancing to that mother and daughter,* who, from the reporters' gallery, looked upon the scene with that anxious pleasure which might tell the physiognomist that they, of all the great and brilliant crowd, had the deepest and most exalted interest in it.

For three hours Senator Douglass spoke. Commencing calmly with an expression of doubt of his own physical strength to carry him through the duty before him, he warmed up by degrees, lifting the head and heart of the multitude with him, until one almost felt as if he were in Europe during the revolutions, listening to some powerful tribune of the people expounding their rights and inspiring them to such action as made America a republic. He went through his public course. The period embraced some of the most prominent and vital acts in the history of American politics. He showed, not as a defence, but in a proud, manly, and almost defiant spirit, what his acts had been; he echoed his own words; he was proud of his deeds;—deeds and words which were recognized portions of the policy of the Democratic party.

As he proceeded with emphatic and measured dignity to define his position in the present crisis—what the duty of a Senator from a sovereign State was, and the responsibility he owed to the people whose voices culminated in him—he held the multitude chained with that peculiar eloquence which, based on common sense and the rights of man, reaches its destination without the aid of winged rhetoric. Such eloquence does not dazzle, it convinces; it does not hold the breath, but makes one breathe freer, for it cheers the heart.

The great burst of applause which broke from the galleries and rolled over the chamber, was a nobler testimony to the principles enunciated by the eloquent Senator than might be written. He was there the defender of the people, the Representative of a State, and not the vassal of the Executive, nor the valet of the Administration, to do its bidding without consulting his own judgment, or the interests of his people. He stood forth as the champion of State sovereignty. This Union was not an empire or absolute monarchy, in which the States were but provinces, without individual and distinct and different rights. It was a confederacy of nations, each one of which was equally represented in the Senate.

As he exposed the fallacy of making Lecomptonism a test question with the Democracy, and claimed the right to vote against it, the expression of the faces around gave a verdict in his favor. With admirable adroitness and force, he asked if Brown of Mississippi, was read out of the party for differing with the neutrality policy of the Administration; if Toombs was read out for opposing the Army Bill; if Mason would be expelled for not swallowing the Pacific railroad? Why, then, should he be expelled, read out, denounced as a traitor, because he, like those senators, thought for himself on an Administration measure? The effect was electric, and was greatly indebted to the manner of the Senator from Illinois. He grew in enthusiasm with the progress of his subject, and up to the last sentence in which he gracefully prayed the indulgence of the Senate to overlook the style of his argument, as his recent illness prevented it being more perfect and satisfactory to himself—up to the last word the mass of people who heard him were not only patient, but delighted.

* Evidently Mrs. Douglas and her mother.—(Ed. I. M.)

There is a rule in a debating society that we have heard of, which is, 'that any gentleman wishing to speak more than half an hour, shall have a room to himself.'

CASTLE ROCHE.

A LEGEND OF LOUTH.

Of all countries, Ireland abounds the most in traditional lore. Other nations may preserve from generation to generation details (too insignificant for the pen of the historian) of those persons or places connected with their national history, but with us, there is scarcely a spot without its own peculiar legend. It is very rare to find mountain or river, glen or rock, or plain, that has not its own individual tale of unfortunate love, daring adventure, or singular murder, and still more often, witchcraft, or supernatural appearances. The natural effect of this is that the scenery of Ireland (diversified as it is) receives added charms from those wild traditions. Wherever we journey 'throughout the length and breadth of the land,' the same spirit of romance pervades the legendary stories of the peasantry, imparting rich and varied associations to the mind of the beholder.

Though many of our legends have been presented to the public, still there are innumerable others of extreme beauty, which are yet shedding 'their sweetness on the desert air,' the fact being that there are stories told around the hearth-stone of an Irish cabin, which for rich and racy humor, thrilling pathos, and vivid imagination, can find no equal in the sumptuous drawing-rooms of the great. Years have gone by since the following was related to me; but there are some things which, once heard, can never be forgotten, and the Legend of Castle Roche is one of those.

Several centuries have now elapsed since a foreign vessel landed on the coast of Louth, a stranger lady of surpassing beauty, accompanied by one female attendant.

The mariners waited only to disembark the various boxes and cases which belonged to the lady, and put to sea again, without holding the slightest communication with any of the loungers on the beach, who, of course, regarded these mysterious proceedings with even more than usual curiosity. The two strangers stood motionless on the beach for some time, watching the progress of the receding vessel, and then, after a moment's conference in an unknown language, the servant approached one who appeared to be the most respectable amongst the bystanders, and with much difficulty made him understand that her lady was desirous to procure a lodging for the night, and to have her luggage removed thereto, adding that whoever performed this service should be well rewarded.

The man thus addressed stepped forward, and with all the courtesy of an Irish peasant, (even of those days,) offered to have the lady's effects removed to his own house, which was the best to be had in the vicinity, and where herself and her attendant should receive every accommodation in the power of himself or his family to bestow. The lady willingly consented, (as the man's appearance was highly prepossessing,) and the peasant, assisted by some of his neighbors, removed the luggage to his own dwelling, while the strangers followed in silence.

Having taken up her abode in the house of the worthy Cormac, the lady employed her time in examining the surrounding country. She daily walked forth, attended by her maid, with Cormac acting as guide, in order to make herself thoroughly acquainted with every portion of the district.

Such an arrival could not fail to excite the curiosity of the people in the neighborhood, and, consequently, nothing was talked of for many days, but the unknown, her beauty, her supposed wealth, and above all, the mystery by which she was surrounded. It became known (through the medium of Cormac and his family) that she was called the Lady Christina; that the name of the maid was Erica, and that they were total strangers in the country. But as to whence they came, or for what purpose, no one could gain the slightest information.

At length the Lady Christina had it spread abroad that it was her purpose to build a castle on a certain waste common in the neighborhood, and that she would take proposals for the work for one month to come. Architects flocked in accordingly from far and

near, with plans; and no marvel that they should, for the deed to be awarded to the successful candidate was none other than the hand of the fair Christina. It was strange to see the noble lady seated each day in judgment, before her a table strewn with architectural sketches, and standing around in respectful silence, and entranced admiration, their various authors—while she herself looked a queen, as well in her stern and commanding beauty, as in the calm, collected dignity of her mien.

Day after day were the plans rejected, and the aspirants dismissed in bitter disappointment; the month was almost expired, and still nothing decisive had been done, when a young man arrived from a great distance, and, on presenting his design, had the superlative happiness of having it accepted.

The Lady Christina congratulated the youth upon his good fortune, and expressed a desire that the work should proceed, with as little delay as might be convenient, reminding him that his reward, was her own hand, at the same time holding it out to him. The young architect took that beautiful hand, and respectfully touching it to his lips, vowed that no exertion should be wanting on his part. If the good people around were before surprised, they were now perfectly bewildered. What could induce one so lovely, so rich, and evidently so high-born, to promise herself in marriage to an humble mechanic, who was, moreover, entirely destitute of personal attractions? They could not penetrate the secret, so they were obliged (as the curious most generally are) to leave it for time to unravel.

All went on well, during the time occupied in the erection of the castle. Christina and her attendant visited the spot at least once a day, and, by conversing with the young man (whose name was O'Brien) and alluding frequently to her promise, she so excited at once his love and his most sanguine hopes, that the work sped onward with almost supernatural swiftness, as the poor youth thought no labor too great, nor no exertion too arduous, when it gratified his adored mistress. But though the Lady Christina used every art in order to induce O'Brien to hasten the completion of his task, yet her personal demeanor as regarded him was never familiar; she at all times preserved towards him an air of condescension (even in her kindest moods) that prevented either himself or others from forgetting her superiority. Such conduct towards one whom she had promised to marry, added another link to the mysterious chain of inexplicabilities which surrounded this extraordinary woman, but as people could not even guess her actuating motives, why they were fain 'to hear, and see, and say nothing.'

As for O'Brien, what was so visible to others was quite unnoticed by him. He saw the reserve maintained towards him by the Lady Christina, but in it he only beheld the natural pride of rank, and, shutting his eyes to the truth, went on most perseveringly in his endeavors to gain the favor of his mistress by expediting the building of her castle; imagining, with all the wonted hopefulness of true love, that he was the real and true possessor of her secret affection.

At length the work was finished, and, as the Lady Christina had not visited the castle as usual on that day, O'Brien sent a respectful message, requesting the honor of a visit from her, in order that he might have her opinion, now that all was completed.

'Come hither, Erica!' said Christina to her maid, 'I wish thee to bear my answer to O'Brien, as I have unwittingly dismissed his messenger! Greet him well from me, and say that I will meet him on the battlements of the castle at the hour of eleven this night, as I would fain have no listeners astir, who might become undesired witnesses of our interview, which must be a private one. As for my inspecting the work, it is quite superfluous, since I have marked almost stone by stone its progress, and am well pleased with its conclusion! Haste thee, good Erica! for I have need of thee, on thy return!'

The maiden set forth on her errand, and, having reached the castle, took O'Brien a little apart, and de-

livered her lady's message, which rejoiced the architect beyond measure. The secrecy with which the interview was to be accompanied proved to him beyond all doubt, that the beautiful stranger was about to ratify her promise. In the fullness of his joy, he snatched Erica's hand, and kissing it with passionate fervour, vowed she was the sweetest of all waiting-maids—that she was the angel of promise, and so forth,—and wound up by saying that she might rely on his friendship, and consequent good offices with the Lady Christina, when he should have the felicity of becoming her husband.

Erica protested her faith in O'Brien's sincerity, and having reminded him of the appointed hour, took her leave.

'Aye, thou dost well, and wisely, to make interest with me, master architect!' she said within herself, as she retraced her steps homeward—I have no doubt but thou would'st perform thy promise, but methinks thou art somewhat premature, with regard to that same promise, seeing that thou hast only my lady's word for the realizing thy ambitious hopes—i' faith, good youth, thou leanest on a broken staff! Thou knowest but little of the Lady Christina! It has been said of old—'Beware ye of wolves in sheeps' clothing'—but thou, fond fool! heed'st not that precept—thou could'st not dream of thine idol being such as that ravenous animal! But no matter—it concerns not Erica! So missed Christina's confidant, and such was the sum total of her reflections on the subject.

Selfish people generally conclude every cogitation in the same manner. It may be of the last importance to another!—they may have it in their power (as was the case with Erica) to benefit that other, and save him, it may be, from some great calamity—but no matter—it is not their own business—let each one provide for himself!

On reaching Cormac's cottage, Erica found her mistress alone, pacing the small apartment with firm and measured step. She turned quickly, as the maid entered—

'Ha, Erica! why did'st thou tarry so long?'

'In truth, madam, I could not break away from master O'Brien, until he had thanked me a thousand times—for what I cannot tell, unless it were for being the bearer of that consoling message! It was, moreover, my own interest to remain, an' it please your ladyship, for I have received the worthy architect's promise, that, when he is your ladyship's lord and master, I shall never be dismissed thy service, unless it be at my own request.'

'Well! I hope thou did'st not fail to thank the generous maker of those fine promises. Say, damsel! art thou fully sensible of their real value?'

As Christina spoke thus, she fixed her piercing dark eyes on Erica's face, with a look of earnest inquiry.

'Yes, lady!' replied the damsel; 'Erica knows well the probability that exists of the noble Christina giving her hand and troth to yonder man of plans and parchments!'

This was said with a most significant air, and the lady was satisfied that her crafty tire-woman understood her.

A conference of about half an hour followed, (carried on, however, in so low a tone as to be inaudible, even at the distance of a few feet,) at the conclusion of which, the damsel proceeded to her usual avocations, with an air of careless indifference on her features, which completely baffled those who had listened without the door during the consultation, in hopes of hearing some words spoken incautiously loud,—forgetting, as they did so, that the strangers used a foreign tongue, in their intercourse with each other—in truth, they spoke but very little at any time of the language of the country.

In the dead of the night it was, that Christina and her faithful attendant stole cautiously from the cottage, in order to meet O'Brien. They reached the castle in safety, and found the architect (punctual to the moment) awaiting their arrival at the gate of the court-yard. Christina herself led the

way to the battlements, her companions following in silence.

The dawn was close at hand when Lady Christina returned with her maiden to the cottage, which they entered with as much caution as they had before used in their departure, and immediately retired to seek repose.

The architect was never seen again! Erica told some of the neighbors in confidence that her mistress and he had quarrelled, and that he had departed, a disappointed man, for his far-distant home. He could not bear, she said, to remain an object of ridicule in the scene of his high-raised hopes, and subsequent failure.

People listened to the story—some were inclined to doubt its truth, but the greater part believed it, and the matter was soon forgotten. There was no one sufficiently interested about O'Brien to make any strict inquiry; thus, no one ever suspected (the real truth) that the unfortunate dupe of blind infatuation had been hurled from the height of the castle walls by the hand of the woman he adored, and that she had subsequently assisted her worthy associate to lay the senseless remains in a grave which they themselves hollowed out, with much labor, by the aid of sharp stones found near the building!

Such was the fate of O'Brien! such the reward of his ingenious architectural design, and of his clever and expert execution thereof! And yet, the extraordinary woman who cut short his thread of life, would have been astonished if any one had called her a murderess; since she considered her crime as being perfectly authorized by the ambition of the youth, in aspiring to her hand. She believed herself fully justified, therefore, in taking the most summary vengeance on the audacious offender, forgetting (or at least choosing to forget) that she had herself given rise to, and encouraged those wild hopes, the entertaining of which had become fatal—followed, as they were, by a penalty so fearful.

The next step was to have the castle fitted up, and for this purpose Christina commissioned Cormac to procure the necessary furniture, a list of which she gave him, as he could not be supposed to be well acquainted with the various appendages of rank and fortune.

At length all the preparations being completed (the engaging of servants included,) the Lady Christina and her maid, Erica, took up their abode in the castle. The fame of the Unknown (as she was called) soon spread throughout the country. Her wondrous beauty, together with the impenetrable mystery which accompanied all her actions, excited such amazing interest that many of the surrounding gentry (more especially the unmarried amongst them) would have given half their estates to discover her origin, or (even in their present ignorance regarding her) to be enabled to form her acquaintance.

Their desires on this head, had, however, no prospect of being gratified, for the Lady Christina saw no company at home, and very rarely quitted the confines of her own dwelling. Notwithstanding her apparent aversion to society, there were not wanting some of the neighboring chiefs, who went so far as to send presents to the Lady of the Castle, (by which title she was universally distinguished,) by way of propitiatory offerings. Christina returned the most polite answers that her imperfect acquaintance with the language would allow, to each of these persevering suitors, but she took good care never to extend her gratitude so far as an invitation to her castle, the gates of which not all their alluring bribes had power to open.

[To be Continued.]

Beauy, devoid of grace, is a mere hook without the bait.

MISCELLANEA.

Beware of the three D's—Dirt, Debt and the Devil.

'Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be.'

'No, she left that off, and is now expensive.'

Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web of it; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

'Do you like novels?' asked Miss Fitzgerald of her backwoods lover. 'I can't say,' he replied; 'I never ate any, but I tell you I am dead on old 'possum.'

When we are in a condition to overthrow falsehood and error, we ought not to do it with vehemence or exultation, but lay open the truth with mildness, and so overcome evil with good.

An old miser, who had a footman that had a good appetite, and ate fast, but was slow when sent on a message, used to wish that his servant would eat with his feet, and walk with his teeth.

'There is a secret belief amongst some men that God is displeased with man's happiness; and in consequence they slink about creation, ashamed and afraid to enjoy anything.'

In the streets of Leicester one day, Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who, staggering against his reverence, said, 'I have been spinning it out.' 'Oh, yes,' said the Dean, 'I see you have; and now you are reeling it home.'

A Quaker having sold a fine looking, but blind horse, asked the purchaser:

'Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault in him?'

'No,' was the answer.

'Neither will he ever see any in thee,' said old Broadbrim.

'If I am not at home from the party to-night at ten o'clock,' said a husband to his better and bigger half, 'don't wait for me.' 'That I won't,' said the lady significantly, 'I won't wait; but I'll come for you.' He returned at ten precisely.

'What are you going to give me for a Christmas present?' asked a gay damsel of her lover.

'I have nothing to give but my humble self,' was the reply.

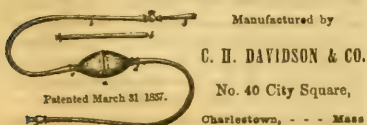
'The smallest favors gratefully received,' was the merry response of the lady.

A French nobleman, who had been satirized by Voltaire, meeting the poet soon after, gave him a hearty drubbing. Voltaire immediately flew to the Duke of Orleans, told him how he had been used, and begged he would do him justice. 'Sir,' replied the duke, with a significant smile, 'it has been done you already.'

Men of the firmest nerves and of the most established principle, says an exchange, have need of occasional repose, in order to recruit their forces, and to recover their due tone of both body and mind. The stoutest frame is impaired, and the heartiest virtues grow sickly and languid by unremitting exertion—and what Lord Bacon says of silence, that it is the rest of soul, and refreshed attention, is here more generally applicable; and it is in the silence and calm of retreat that all our powers, natural and moral, are invigorated, and made prompt for further service.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE DAVIDSON SYRINGE.



This instrument received the highest premium at the Fair of the American Institute, Crystal Palace, New York, 1857. The judges were D. Meredith Reese, M. D., L. L. D.; J. M. Carnochan, M. D.; and Henry G. Cox, M. D.

Persons subject to HÆMORRHOIDAL CONSTIPATION, will derive great benefit from the daily use of this instrument, and frequently effect a radical cure of the difficulty, as well as avoid the constant use of cathartics, which afford only temporary relief, and debilitate, while the injection acts as an invigorant.

For Sale by all Wholesale Druggists, Surgical Instrument Makers, and India Rubber Dealers, throughout the United States, and by Retail Druggists and Apothecaries everywhere.

FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—In the flash and brilliancy of early married love, the first faint impressions of the future husband and wife commence. As lovers, their separate dispositions were in a state of constant antagonism; as a wedded pair, they are presumed to be amalgamated, and form a new society, which recognizes mutual pleasures, mutual interests, advantages and concessions, as the basis of their mutual happiness. The husband, even in the dawn of his marital bliss, should begin to create in his wife's mind those favorable sensations which are the precursors of those more solid ideas which bind woman to man—by that strong, invisible intercommunion of soul which only death can interrupt. The obligation is equally imperative on the wife.

In the hey-day of her husband's love, while his heart beats responsive to her every wish, and his mind is a fair tablet on which none but Summer thoughts are engraved, she should begin the study of his character, so that when the necessity arises she may be able to accommodate her own more plastic one to it, without effort or inconvenience. Indeed, with both of them, this should early be an object of anxiety, so that gradually there should grow up between them a conciliatory predisposition of tone and manner which, when brought into requisition, would appear more a habit than a duty. Both husband and wife object to anything that looks like compulsion; they each turn away from even duty, when clothed in repelling garments; and from this it will be apparent how necessary it is that the soil of their tempers, and peculiar mental and moral idiosyncracies, should as early as practicable be sown only with those seeds which in after years will yield the sweet smelling flowers that shed such a delicious perfume over hallowed and long tried wedded love.

THE DEATH OF MOZART.—There was something touching in the death of Mozart, the great composer. His sweetest song was the last he sung—the Requiem. He had been employed upon the exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspiration of richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its touch and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his 'cygnean strain,' he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him.

'Come hither,' said he, 'my Emilie—my task is done—the Requiem—my Requiem is finished.'

'Say not so, dear father,' said the gentle girl, interrupting him as tears stood in her eyes. 'You must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it—I am sure we will nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing.'

'Do not deceive yourself, my love,' said the dying father, 'this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid in this my dying hour.'

You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie—take these my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solacement and delight.'

Emilie obeyed, and with a voice enriched with tender emotion sang the following stanzas:—

Spirit! thy labor is o'er!

Thy turn of probation is run.

Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,

And the races of immortals begin.

Spirit! look not on the strife,

Or the pleasures of earth with regret—

Raise not on the threshold of limitless life,

To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind.

No wicked have power to molest;

There the weary, like thee, the wretched shall find

A haven, a mission of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road

For which thou art now on the wing.

Thy home it will be, with thy saviour and God,

Their loud hallelujah to sing.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the melancholy notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit felt—with the seal of death upon those features.

THE HARP.—Of all the musical instruments that have touched the ear and the heart of mankind, since Mercury gave his shell to Apollo, the harp stands foremost. Exquisitely beautiful as is the spirit of its chords, when struck by the hand of a master, the glory of its renown lies in associations and memories, tender and sacred, connecting it with the earliest history of our race, and with the most romantic and poetic ages of the past. When the oppressors of Israel asked for a song from the dark-eyed daughters of their captives, as they sat weeping by the waters of Babylon, they pointed to their harps, 'hung upon the willows,' and their souls refused a song of joy. The national instrument might wail a psalm of sorrow to lighten the weariness of captivity, and to recall memories of home, but it had no jubilant strain to gladden the heart of a conqueror, while the chosen people sat in bondage.

But there were exultant strains in the harp when David touched its strings and danced before the ark, or when the feet of Miriam moved obedient to its harmonies. The harp, too, was exultant in the hands of the Northern Skald, as he celebrated the triumphs of his Jarl, or sounded the praise and majesty of his gods in the halls of Wodin, or on the mountain tops consecrated to Thor. There the white-haired and white-robed bard sang to the music of the harp the history of heroes and races, the glory of religion, and the splendors of the immortal state. The wandering Romans, approaching the shores of Britain, thus beheld the priests and poets of a religion anterior to Christ, piling sacrificial fires, and invoking the aid of their deities against the offending Caesar. In all Northern Europe the harp sounded in banquet hall and camp, at the Druid's altar, and at the head of the embattled host. The harper was historian, eulogist, priest, and seer.

Kings were harpists of old. The Psalmist monarch uttered his rejoicing and sorrow to the music of the harp. The great Alfred, of Britain, found in his harp a ready key to the camp and tent of the conquer of his country, and while he charmed the ear of the Dane as he quaffed his mead, he also espied the weakness of a foe, who, ere another dawn, felt the fair hand of the royal harper victoriously grasping the battle axe and the sword. And the great conqueror, Brian Borohme, a king by might and right—not heavier were his death-dealing blows on the 'Field of the Green Banner,' Clontarf, than were his fingers light and wizzard when he touched that harp which Ireland still treasures among her relics, and which Rochas claimed to have touched to please the ear of a Saxon king. And who has not fancied hearing, in some reverberation of the soul over the fall and sorrow of nations, the strains of that mightier harp, viewless, but living and immortal—

The harp that hung in Tara's halls.

Rude or perfected, in all nations the harp has had a home and a welcome. The Hebrew, the Scandinavian, the Cimbric, and the Celt, have held it hallowed. Saints, pilgrims and heroes have been solaced by it, and we are taught that, ascending to higher glories, the angels of God strike celestial melodies from its strings. It is not strange, then, with such a history upon earth, and such a prophecy and faith attached to its future, that the harp is become a chosen and universal, as it is a sacred instrument amongst men.

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.—How is it that some men, thought to be so old, still look so young, while others, though young, look old? The cause lies very frequently in themselves. Mr. Rant once, on being asked the reason, said:—

'I never ride when I can walk; I never eat but one dish at dinner; I never get drunk. My walking keeps my blood in circulation, my simple diet prevents indigestion, and, never touching ardent spirits, my liver never fears being eaten up alive.' But he forgot to add one of the greatest causes of lasting youth—'a kind, unvenious heart.' Envy can dig as deeply in the human face as time itself.

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Tickets 25 cts., to be had at the Pilot Office, and the following gentlemen.
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Thankful for past favors they would respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage.
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PROSPECTUS.

IRISH MISCELLANY. Prospectus. On Saturday the 13th day of February 1858, was published the first number of a new weekly periodical, with the above title, dedicated to the diffusion of a more intimate knowledge of the history, literature and political condition of the mental, moral and political elevation of the Celtic race on this continent.

The "Irish Miscellany" will contain 16 pages of closely printed matter, on fine paper, of a size similar to the prospectus. Price 4 cents a copy, payable on delivery; or \$2 a year to mail subscribers—invariably in advance.
In asking for public support for the Irish Miscellany, it is proper to say, that it is not our intention to trespass upon the ground already occupied by any of our cotemporaries. We have marked out for ourselves a course entirely new and original—one not occupied by any other publication in this country. We propose to cultivate a field which, although naturally rich and fertile, and capable of producing the choicest flowers and fruits of literature, has hitherto lain comparatively barren and unproductive. Into this field we shall enter with a full confidence of its capabilities, but with a modest diffidence of the skill which we shall bring to its culture.

It has long been a reproach to our race here, that while the publications of the day, with but few exceptions, teem with vile caricatures of us and of our country—while we are continually held up to public gaze as everything that is foolish, absurd and vicious—the little effort is made to place the true character of our people before the public eye, or vindicate our name and race from the calumnies with which English hate everywhere pursues us.

To correct, in some measure, this crying evil, it was at first intended to gather together a number of Irishmen distinguished in the walks of literature, and publish monthly a review, which, for sterling talent, should be second to none published here or in Europe. The project, however, consequent upon an undertaking of this magnitude, deterred us from the attempt, compelled us to relinquish our design, and to substitute instead thereof, our more unpretending "Miscellany."

We propose to re-produce in our weekly periodical the writings of many of the great minds who have gone before us, while we shall also call from the current Irish literature the choicest productions of the great and the good, acceptable to our readers. Our country is rich in legendary lore, and the legends of the old land, while they amuse, serve to instruct and to elevate.

We shall therefore present such instructive tales and legends of a high moral tone, that will remind us of the happy times when we—

"Sat by the fire of a cold Winter's night,
Along with our friends, telling tales of delight."

We shall give faithful descriptions and illustrations of Irish antiquities—of our ruin monasteries, our plundered abbeyes and churches; and our pictorial illustrations of Irish social antiquities will be so prepared as to present to our familiar scenes of early childhood. We have secured the services of talented artists, and each number of the Miscellany will contain numerous pictorial illustrations executed in the best style of the art.

We shall keep constantly before our readers the ancient glory of our country, and while we ponder with pride upon the moral and intellectual superiority of Ireland, when England and the rest of Europe was sunk in ignorance and barbarism; we shall point to the past as an incentive to the future.

The biographies of distinguished Irishmen will be an important feature in the Irish Miscellany, as we shall give biographical notices of Irishmen, distinguished in every department of literature, science and art—of men distinguished on the sea and on land; in the church, the senate, and at the bar.

It is our intention to republish the works of Irish writers now out of print, in such a manner that they may be preserved to future time in a language as pure as the old and serve to incalculable, in the minds of the rising generation, a faithful regard for the land of their fathers.

We propose commencing with the Dublin Penny Journal, a work which in its day, did more to popularize literature than any other publication. To do this we have ordered a font of type in Irish characters, so that the poems printed in the Dublin Penny Journal may be reprinted in Irish characters with English translation in ours. This department of the Miscellany will be in the hands of an Irish gentleman every way competent to the task.

The remaining eight pages of the Miscellany will be devoted to the current news of the day, to original articles, tales, essays, poetry, &c. In politics we shall endeavor to avoid those questions which have divided our countrymen, or divided them in a manner that has done no good.

The Irish Miscellany will be thoroughly independent of all political parties—the slave of none: Such questions as affect our countrymen here, we shall discuss with freedom, and religiously labor for their moral, intellectual and political elevation.

The editorial labor will be divided among several gentlemen of ability, and we trust to make the Miscellany a welcome guest every Sunday. With these remarks we commend our sheet to the support of every well wisher of our race. We feel there is room for such a publication and promise that nothing shall be wanting on our part to make it worthy of public support.

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TO LET—To a small family. Half a House at No. 17 Wheeler's Court. feb13

ANNIE, DEAR.

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

POETRY BY THOMAS DAVIS.

ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

LARGO. SEMPRE DOLCE.

1. Our moun-tain brooks were rush-ing, Annie, Dear; The Au-tumn eve was flush-ing, Annie, Dear; But
 bright-er was your blushing. When first your mur-murs hushing, I told my love outgush-ing, An-nie, Dear.

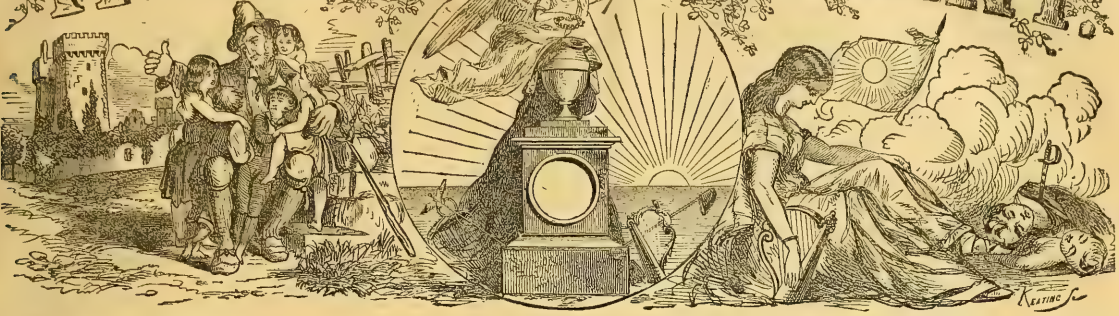
2. Ah! but our hopes were splen-did, Annie, Dear, How sad-ly they have end-ed An-nie, Dear; The
 ring be-twixt us broken, When our vows of love were spok-en, Of your poor heart was a token, Annie, Dear.

3. 4. 5.

The primrose flow'rs were shining, Annie, dear, For once, when home returning, Annie, dear,
 When, on my breast reclining, Annie, dear; I found our cottage burning, Annie, dear.
 Began our Mi-na-Meala, Around it were the yeomen,
 And many a month did follow Of every ill an omen,
 Of joy—but life is hollow. Annie, dear. The country's bitter foemen, Annie, dear.

But why arose a morrow, Annie, dear,
 Upon that night of sorrow, Annie, dear?
 Far better, by thee lying,
 Their bayonets defying,
 Than live an exile sighing, Annie, dear.

IRISH MISCELLANY.



VOLUME I—NUMBER 9.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

TERENURE.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal:—

Sir—The citizens of Dublin, of the middle and poorer classes are rather unkindly treated by some of the noble and affluent among their countrymen, who with a spirit of exclusiveness unknown in many other countries, debar them from a sight of those parks, palaces; and pleasure grounds within which they repose. Often have I, when coasting along a park wall, whose jealous coping towered far above my head, wished that the niggard pos-

essor had half a day's residence at the bottom of a dry well, just to teach him, in rather a different style than Parnell's angel taught the miser, not to begrudge the king's lieges a sight of his improvements. Not a few act as if they thought another man's enjoyment would lessen their own, and as if another's breathing the common air of heaven in the neighborhood of their demesne, would taint the atmosphere within their own enclosures. In this way, not long ago, a heavy-pursed man, who had purchased a fine property in the county of Wick-

low, did not feel himself quite snug in the midst of lawns, glens, waterfalls, and rocks, until he had excluded vulgar eyesight by a twelve-feet wall. Surely his lordship was mistaken in supposing that thereby he kept Satan from leaping into his paradise! Alas, the foul fiend had already taken possession of a narrower and nearer enclosure—his head-quarters were beneath his lordship's ribs, and his name was—selfishness.

Now Ireland is, of many countries under the face of the smiling sun, most remarkable for this exhibi-



TERENURE, THE SEAT OF FREDERICK BOURNE, Esq.

tion of the effectual working of appropriation. In England, a silver key will open many a proud man's gate; and even if you have not money to bribe gate-keepers, and housekeepers, you may get a glimpse of the demesne either over or through the park paling. But here stones and lime are so plenty, that the great man can wall away at a cheap rate; and Mr. and Mrs. Grundy of Grafton-street, who, after being pent up for weeks at measuring tape and posting ledgers, have ventured to travel, on a fine day in July, amid clouds of animated

dust, arising from an equally almost suffocating road, their horse kicking under the bites of horseflies, and themselves sweltering under a blistering, burning sun—in vain do they stretch their curious necks to come at the rural scenery on either side—high walls—(oh, I hate high wall!) and beltings of lofty trees almost shut out the very mountains from the view, and they go on, coasting demesne after demesne, that they cannot see, and dare no more enter, than a cruiser may venture on the cliff-bound and battery-protected shores of a hostile kingdom.

Now, there are exceptions to these remarks, even in Ireland, and Saxon and stranger though I be, I have met instances of it which have pleased me exceedingly. Walking in the neighborhood of Terenure, situated in one of the numerous outlets of Dublin, I was struck with the number of carriages, jaunting-cars and pedestrians, either standing at the gate, or issuing in and out of the demesne. 'Why,' says I to myself, 'is there an auction going on here?' Perhaps some of our great merchants—some eminent distiller, brewer, or notary public,

has, after enclosing this park for himself, figured in the Gazette—the bubble has burst, and here are his creditors now gathering in their 2s. 6d. in the pound, and bringing to the hammer all that his soul rejoiced in! But it turned out quite the reverse. Terenure is the demesne of Frederick Bontur, Esq., a gentleman who, having acquired his property by the public, is desirous that the public should see how he disposes of a portion of it, and therefore his gates are open to all who may choose to walk in, and his capital and his taste, and his science are laid down here, that the meanest and the humblest citizen may see, enjoy, and admire.

On entering Terenure, you perceive that it has no natural beauties. The grounds are flat and fat, producing a rich abundance of lofty clams—the house is not remarkable—but the large gardens, fraught with all the glories of Pomona and Flora, form the grand attraction. No expense has been spared—all that care, labor, science, and taste can do, has been done; the well-constructed conservatories supply the natural defects of our climate by means of the newest mechanical inventions—hot water circulating through all parts, and communicating a genial warmth, such as neither steam nor hot air, burnt in the old way, by passing over heated iron, can impart; and then the beautiful flower plot—such beds of roses—such amarantine odors, as neither Damascus itself, nor those Sabean vales that gave the Arabian prophet an idea of his sensual paradise—can surpass.

The pleasure I enjoyed in walking through these gardens was greatly enhanced by the idea of the perfect disinterestedness of their owner. If you walk through a highly-cultivated farm—and a well-cultivated farm is a beautiful sight—though you may be struck with the well-contrived arrangements—with the teeming luxuriance of the crops—with the simple yet perfect adjustment of the machinery, yet you say to yourself, the proprietor will have his profit in all this—it will amply repay him. But not so the florist. His beds of hyacinths—his stages of auriculas—his Dutch tulips and Turkish anemones—all that the Cape, Australia, or China, can supply—instead of yielding something to boil in the pot, very seriously extract from the pocket, as I dare say the proprietor of Terenure can well tell. But who would begrudge him riding so innocent, so beautiful, and so accommodating a hobby? He is spending the money acquired by speculations which have been beneficial to Ireland, in Ireland, and giving employment to many not merely in the way of his business, but in the bent of his pleasure. His demesne is open to all—no greedy gardener is allowed to traffic his civilities for shillings—all is as open and free as at the Jardin des Plantes at Paris.

Now, if any of your readers have been in the habit of reading the valuable Penny Magazine published by the society for diffusing Useful Knowledge, they may remember seeing an extract from the Quarterly Review, in which it is said that though on the continent the people are freely admitted into museums, parks, galleries, &c., yet, owing to the propensity of the English to mischief, they must be excluded as much as possible from these places of public entertainment. Without discussing this point, I would only say the owner of Terenure has to guard against a circumstance which is unknown in the French gardens already alluded to; but grieved am I to say, that Irish florists have a propensity of appropriating what is rich and rare—even at the risk of a breach of the seventh commandment. But mind, I do not say this of the middle classes—not the simple citizen, who knows not the difference between a rose unique and a blush rose, or a tag from a jonquil, or an anemone from a ranunculus, walks, admires, and touches not; but it is your tasty lady or gentleman against whom the accusation comes, those who know the

value of a rare flower or plant, who have their own floral snuggery, their own well-guarded paradise, who cannot see a black or a white moss rose, or any other splendid expensive monster of the kingdom of Flora, without feeling a longing desire, and casting a lingering look. Oh, ye gardeners and collectors, beware of such—war-hawk—watch well the one we hint at; Barrington himself was not so light-fingered. Such greediness will grasp at one of the most prized and gorgeous of your garden beauties—let gardeners in such a demesne as Terenure beware of a lady coming in a carriage, with her fair hands enveloped in a muff; oh, the convenient concealments of that capacious muff—Mercury himself invented muffs—so admirably adapted to cover a billet-doux or a bulbous root—a piece of lace or fat fowl—a round of ribbon or a pound of sausages! Suppose, by way of illustration, one fine day in spring, just before the show of flowers in the Rotundo, a well-appointed yellow chariot drives up in rapid style to Terenure, and the footman alights, and a lady walks in to see the grounds. Furthermore, suppose that Mr. B., on liberal thought intent, himself comes out, and volunteers to show the fair fashionable all the blooming exuberance of his gardens—for mind you, reader, it is delightful, really delightful, to exhibit rarities belonging to oneself, and to descant with science, taste, and ardor, on the distinctive qualities of each fine thing, under the chuckling feeling that all this is mine—exclusively mine! But when this is done in the presence of a pretty woman, whose sparkling eye flashes with a perfect understanding and tasteful community of sentiment—when the rich red lip, rivaling the very rose that is the subject of discourse, expresses its admiration and pleasure in homed words—who could stand this? Why, Argus himself would not know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, and his eyes, had he a thousand instead of a hundred, would be glewed up with the gum of pleasurable confidence! Just further suppose the pair to walk from bed to parterre, and from parterre to conservatory, and from conservatory to hot-house—when, lo, the serene repose of confidential communication is set ajar by a whisper from one of the gardeners—a man from the ‘north country,’ who with provincial shrewdness, says, en passant, ‘Master, your best auricula has left its ain place—maybe yon unco lady could tell you something about it, for if I’m no mista’en, she has it, pot and all, in her muff!’ What was Mr. B. to do? Was he so gruff to seize the lady’s muff, and drag the auricula into daylight? No; feigning an excuse that it was necessary to shut the garden in order that the workmen might go to dinner, he, with continued affability, led the lovely lady plunderer towards her equipage, and handing her in, said with great suavity, ‘Madame, you have done me the honor to admire the auricula I intended for the show of flowers—I am highly gratified—you are taking it home to show to your friends—I am better pleased—but as the confinement of your muff may injure the delicate mealy efflorescence for which the plant is celebrated, pray allow me to disengage it from its happy prison; here, Tom Turfington,’ calling to the watchful, guardian, ‘you can, if the lady chooses, attend her home, and as soon as she has admired this auricula, and displayed it to her friends, bring it back. I must always prize it the more on account of the discriminating partiality with which it has been honored.’ The worthy gentleman has his bow, and retired; the detected and doubtless abashed lady resigned the auricula into the hands of Tom Turfington and drove off; and Tom and his fellow gardeners have ever since evinced a watchful jealousy of lovely ladies who come provided with muffs, especially on a warm spring day, and who talk knowingly, look around surreptitiously, and with pretty paws play pickpocketly among the flower beds.

Now this little story is perhaps a pure invention of my own, and I tell it just to show that the owners of improved grounds and fine gardens are not entirely to blame when they exclude the public from their properties. If all visitors would, like the French, learn that delicate abstemiousness of using the sense of seeing, without putting forward the pawing propensity—if they would neither pluck, derange, carve names on trees, or scratch bad verses on glass, there might be many other estates thrown open to their inspection, and kept, like Terenure, for them to walk and wander in. As it is, Mr. B. deserves no small credit for keeping open his demesne for the pleasure of the citizens of Dublin, affording, as it does, so delightful a rendezvous for parties of pleasure, who every day may be seen ranging through the grounds, and enjoying with a relish which none but a citizen can so peculiarly feel, that exquisite delight which flows from an afternoon spent not in the bustle of business, but amid the delights of Terenure.

I am, sir, yours truly.

PERIGRINE PALAVER.

ANCIENT IRISH HORN.

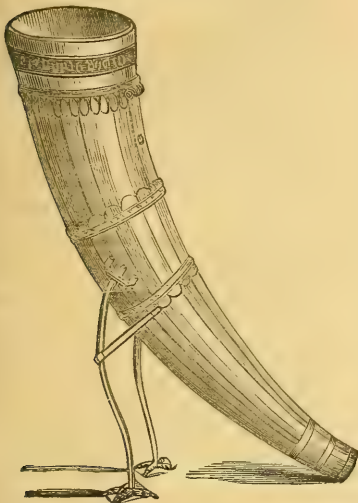
From a very early period in England, even before the arrival of the Normans, it was not unusual to transfer inheritances by the gift of some implement that was well known to have belonged to the donor or grantor, and this too, sine scriptis, or without writing or charter, but simply by word of mouth; the lands thus held were either in Frank Almoigne, or in Fee, or in Serjeantry. Ingulph, Abbot of Croyland, states this to have been a frequent mode of conveying estates in the Conqueror’s time, and that the implements given in lieu of a charter were usually the sword, or helmet, or ‘Horn,’ or cup of the Lord or donor, and that many tenements were held by a spur, a scraper, a bow, and some by an arrow. Hence originated the Charter Horns, which appear to have been the implements most commonly used on those occasions, and of which there are many of great antiquity still preserved in England; as the Horn of Ulphus, made of ivory, and now preserved in the vestry of the church of York, which was given to that church in token of his bestowing upon God and St. Peter all his lands, tenements, &c. The Pusey Horn, first given with the village of that name to William Pusey by King Canute. The Borstal Horn, Lord Bruce’s Horn, Mr. Foxlowe’s Horn, the Horn of Corpus Christi College, &c. These Horns were sometimes hunting Horns sometimes drinking Horns, and frequently adapted to both purposes, as has been and is still not unusual with hunters. Thus Chaucer,

‘Janus sits by the fire with double berde,
And drinketh of his bugle horn the wine.’
Frankl. Tale. ver. 2809.

As this custom was practised by the Danes in England, we may conclude that it equally prevailed among the same people in Ireland: but be that as it may, there is proof that it was used by the Anglo-Norman settlers at a very early period. It would appear from the will of Thomas the 7th Earl of Ormond, dated July 31, 1515, that it was by the gift of a Horn that the noble house of Butler first acquired their estates or honors, either on the appointment by Henry the II. in 1177, of Theobald, the first of the family, Butler of Ireland, or on the creation of the first Earl of Ormond by Edward the first when the county of Tipperary was made Palatine. The passage in the will is curious;—viz. ‘Item, when my Lord my father, whose soul God assoile, left and delivered unto me a lytle whyte Horne of ivory, garnished at both thends with gold, and corse thereunto of whyte sylke, barred with barres of gold and a tyret (turret) of gold thereupon, which was myne ancestours at fyrst time they were called to honour, and hath sythen contynually remained in the same blode, for which cause, my seid lord and father, commanded me upon his blessing, that I should do my devoir to cause it to contynue still

in my blode as far furth as that myght lye in me soe to be doone to the honour of the same blode. Therefore for the accomplishment of my said father's will as far as it is in me to execute the same, I woot that my executors', &c. &c.

This Horn does not we believe now exist: but we present our readers with a representation of one of the same kind now preserved in the museum of Trinity college, to which it was presented by the late Mr. Kavanagh of Borris, the lineal descendant of the last kings of Leinster.



Our Irish Horn in its size and general appearance is not unlike some of those preserved in England. It is of ivory, has sixteen sides and is mounted with brass, indifferently gilt,—its height about sixteen inches. Round the mouthpiece is the following inscription in Gothic letters.

TIGURANIUS O'LAVAN ME FECIT DEO GRACIAS, IHC.

That is, 'Tiguranus (or Tighernan) O'Lavan made this for the love of God.'

This Horn has been usually called the Charter Horn; but on what evidence we cannot say, for nothing is known of its history. From the inscription it appears to have belonged originally to the Laffan family, which was of great respectability in the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, and its use was evidently that of a drinking cup.

General Vallancey has exhibited an extraordinary want of antiquarian skill in supposing this Horn to be of the fifth century! whereas its age cannot possibly be higher than the fourteenth, and more probably is as late as the fifteenth.

ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE.

It is our intention henceforth to supply our readers occasionally with translated extracts from our ancient annals, poems, and other unpublished remains, and thus to open new and unexplored sources of entertainment and information; in which particular we hope to take the lead of all our penny contemporaries who rarely, if ever, supply any but selected published matter. As an earnest of this determination we subjoin an extract from the second volume of the *Annals of the Four Masters*, translated from the original MS. in the library of the Royal Irish Academy. It is an account of the several chiefs or nobles of Ireland who attended the great parliament held in Dublin, in the year 1585. This document cannot fail of interesting our readers, generally, for its historical importance, but to many of them it will have a deeper interest for the light it throws on the ancient rank of their ancestors. We shall append a few notes, to point out the present acknowledged representatives of those families, or their extinction, as far as our information extends.

ANNO CHRISTI, 1585.

A general summons to meet in Parliament was issued this year to the people of Ireland, enjoining their chiefs and nobles to assemble without fail in Dublin in the following May; for at that time most of the principal men of Ireland were obedient to the government, wherefore they generally came to Dublin as ordered.

Thither came the chiefs and nobles of Tircconnell and Tiron; viz. O'Neill, [a] Turlogh Luineach, son of Niall Connallach, son of Art, son of Conn, son of Henry, son of Eogan (Owen or Eugene); and Aodh (Hugh) son of Feardorcha, son of Conn Bacagh, son of Henry, son of Eogan, i. e. the young Baron O'Neill, who at that parliament got the title of Earl;—and O'Donnell, [b] Aodh Roe, son of Magnus, (Manus) son of Aodh Duff, son of Aodh Roe, son of Niell Garbh; Maguire, [c] Cuconacht, son of Cuconacht, son of Brian, son of Philip, son of Thomas. O'Dogherty, [d] Shane Oge, son of Shane, (John) son of Felim, son of Conor Carrach; O'Boyle, [e] Turlogh son of Niall, son of Turlogh Oge, son of Turlogh Mor; and O'Galagher, [f] Owen son of Tuathal, (pronounced Thoo-hal) son of John, son of Rory, son of Aodh.

To this convention came also Mac Mahan, [g] viz. Ross, son of Art, son of Brian na moch eirghe (of the early rising) son of Redmond, son of Glasney; O'Canane, [h] Rory, son of Magnus, son of Donagh an einigh (the generous) son of John, son of Aibhno (Aivne); Conn, son of Niall Oge, son of Niall, son of Conn, son of Aodh Buoy (yellow) of the O'Neills descended from Aodh Buoy (i. e. the O'Neills of Clanna-boy); [i] and Mac Aongusa, or Magennis, [k] Aodh, son of Dosall Oge, son of Donall Gearr (the short.)

To this assembly also went the chiefs of the Garbh-trian (rough district) of Connaught, viz. O'Ruairc, [l] Brian son of Eogan;—O'Reilly, [m] Shane Roe, son of Aodh Connallach, son of Maolmordha, son of Cathal; and his uncle Edmond, son of Maolmordha, both of whom were in contention with each other for the Lordship of their Country; and the O'Ferralls [n] all together, viz. O'Ferrall Ban (the fair,) William, son of Donell, son of Cormac; O'Ferrall Buoy (the yellow) Fachtina, son of Rory, son of Cathal. The Siol Muireadhaig (descendants of Muireadach) also with the chiefs of their different septs, viz. the son of O'Conor Don, [o] (the brown) Aodh, son of Carby, son of Eogan caech (blind) son of Felim geannach (crooked-nosed); O'Conor Roe [p] (the red), Teige Oge, son of Teige Buoy, son of Cathal Roe. O'Conor Sligo [q] (of Sligo) Donall, son of Teige, son of Cathal Oge, son of Donall, son of Eogan, son of Donall, son of Eogan, son of Donall, son of Murkertagh;—and a Deputy from Mc Dermot [r] of Moy Luirg, Brian, son of Rory, son of Teigh, son of Rory Oge, for Mc Dermot himself, viz. Teige son of Eogan was then a very old man enfeebled with age; and O'Beirne, [s] Carby, son of Teige, son of Carby, son of Maolseaghlain.

Thither, also, went Teife, son of William, son of Teige, Duff, O'Kelly, [t] and O'Madigan [u] (O'Madden) Donall, son of John, son of Bresal. Thither, likewise went the Earl of Clanrickard, [v] Ulek, na geeann (of the heads); and the two sons of Giolla-duff, O'Shaughnessy, [w] viz. John and Dermot. None worth mentioning from the western side of Conaught went there except Murcha (or Morogh) na Tuath, (of the Districts) son of Teige, son of Morogh, son of Rory O'Flaherty. [x]

Thither, in like manner, went the Earl of Thomond, [y] Donagh, son of Conor, son of Donagh, son of Conor, son of Turlogh, son of Teige O'Brian, being one of the members elected to serve parliament for the county of Clare. Thither went Turlogh, son of Teige, son of Conor, O'Brian; and the chief of the western part of Clann Guilean, viz. Maenamara [z] John son of Teige; and Boathgallach, (Boetius) son of Aodh, son of Boathgallach Mac Clanchy, [a] who was the second member of parliament chosen to represent Clare; and also the son of O'Loghlin of Burrin, [b] Ross, son of Uaithne (Anthony) son of Maolseaghlain, son of Rory, son of Rory, son of Ana; the son of O'Brien of Ara, [c] who was then Bishop of Killaloe, i. e. Mortogh, son of Turlogh, son of Murtogh, son of Donall, son of Teige O'Carroll, [d] Calvach, son of William, uidhir (he pale) son of Fearganaim, son of Maolruana, son of John; Mac Goghlin, [e] viz.: John, son of Art, son of Cormac; and O'Dwyer [f] of Coill-na Manach, Philip, son of Anthony.

Thither went the son of O'Brien of Cuanach, [g] Murtogh, son of Turlogh. The Lord of Carrig-o-coinnil and Governor of Limerick [h] Brian duff (the black) son of Mahon, son of Donagh, son of Brian Duff O'Brian; and Conor na moinge (of the long hair) son of William caech (blind) son of Dermot O'Maoilrian (O'Ryan) Lord of Uaithne-I-Maoilrian. [i]

A considerable number of the chiefs of the Eoganachs i. e. the descendants of Eogan Mor, (the great) King of Munster, and of their different septs in like manner repaired to that parliament, viz.: McCarthy Mor, [j] (the great) Donall, son of Donall, son of Cormac Ladrach (the hasty.) McCarthy Cairbreach, [j] (of Carby,) Eogan, son of Danall, son of Finghin, son of Donall, son of Diarmod (Dermot) an Duna (of the Fort); and the sons of his two brothers, viz.: Donall, son of Cormac na Haine, and Finghin, son of Donagh.

Thither also came the two chiefs who were in contention with each other for the Lordship of Duthaigh Ealla (Duhallow) [k] viz.: Dermot, son of Eogan, son of Donagh, an Bothair (of the road,) son of Eogan, son of Donagh; and Donagh, son of Cormac Oge, son of Cormac, son of Donagh. Thither, also, went O'Sullivan Bearra, [l] Eogan, son of Dermot, son of Donall, son of Donagh, son of Dermot balbh (the

t Festus O'Kelly, Esq., of Ticooly, county of Roscommon.

u Not known.

v The present Earl.

w Extinct.

x Thomas P. O'Flaherty, Esq., of Lemonfield, county of Galway.

y The chief representatives of the O'Brian race are the Earl of Thomond and Sir Edward O'Brian.

z Major Maenamara, the present county member.

a Unknown.

b ——— O'Loghlin, Esq., of Burrin, the father of Sergt. O'Loghlin.

c Extinct in the male descendants of this Murtogh, but existing in the line of Donald Connachach in Ara, where they still hold some property.

d There are several respectable descendants, but the present chief is not ascertained. The grandfather of the Marchioness Wellesley, who died in America, was the acknowledged head.

e The last Mac Goghlin, died some years since without issue, and his estate passed to the Daly family. We do not know who is chief of this name now.

f g h Unknown.

i Reduced and unknown—the territory in the county of Tipperary.

j Extinct in the principal branches—present representatives unknown.

k The Mac Donaghs—a branch of the Mac Carthy's—present representatives unknown.

l The present O'Sullivan Bear.

a This elder or Dunganon branch of the O'Neills is now extinct.

b Represented now by Hugh O'Donnel, Esq., of Gray field, in the county of Leitrim.

c This family, the ancient Lords of Fermannagh, is represented by Cuconacht or Constantine Maguire, Esq., of Tempo.

d e f Of the present representatives of these families we have no accurate information.

g The worthy Sir William Mac Mahon is, we believe, the chief of this noble family.

h Extinct or unknown.

i The Earl of Niel.

k Captain Magennis, nephew of Lord Enniskillen.

l Reduced and unknown.

m Myles (or Maolmordha) John O'Reilly, Esq., of the Heath house, Queen's county, is the acknowledged chief of the name in Ireland—but an elder branch is said to exist in France.

n These branches of the ancient lords of the county of Longford, &c., are represented by Counsellor O'Ferrall, K. C., and the member for Kildare, who is also chief of the O'Moore's ancient Lords of Lock in the Queen's county, &c.

o The present member for Roscommon.

p Uncertain.

q Said to be extinct.

r Charles M'Dermot, Esq., of Coolavin, county of Sligo.

s Not known.

stammerer.) O'Sullivan Mor, [m] (the great,) Donall, son of Donall, son of Donall, na Searcdaighe (the screacher.) O'Mahony, [n] of the western district of Feme, Conor, son of Conor Fionn Oge, son of [n] Conor Fionn, (the white or fair,) son of Conor O'Mahony; and O'Heidriscoil Mor, [o] (the great O'Driscoll) Finghin, son of Conor, son of Finghin, son of Conor.

Thither went also, Fitzpatrick of Ossogy, [p] Finghin, son of Brian, son of Brian, son of Finghin, Mac Geoghagan, [q] Conla, son of Conor, son of Laghna; and O'Mulloy, [r] Conall, son of Cathoir.

None worth mentioning are said to have gone to that parliament of the descendants of Laisach Leand Mor, son of Conall Coarnach (i.e. the people of Leix or family of O'Moro, [s] &c.) nor of the descendants of Rosa Faile, son of Cathaoir Mor from Ibh Faile (the O'Connors Faly, [t]) nor of the O'Cavanaghs, [u] O'Byrnes, [v] O'Tooles, [w] O'Dunnes, [x] or O'Dempseys, [y]. At the conclusion, thither came the senior chiefs of the Mac Rannalls, [z] (the chief of the Ranelagh tribe of the Byrnes,) Fiachadh, son of Aohd, son of John, son of Donnall glas (pale, wan,) from Glimalagra, [z] (now Glenmalur.)

All those Noblemen assembled in Dublin, and after they had remained there for a considerable time, (although the business of parliament was not finished that year) they departed to their several homes. P.

m Extinct.

n ——— O'Mahony, Esq., of Dunlo near Killyarney.

o Not ascertained.

p Extinct.

q Sir Richard Nagle of Donore, county of Westmeath.

r Unknown.

s Moore O'Ferral, Esq., M.P.

t ——— O'Connor Faly of Mount Pleasant, King's co.

u Thomas Cavanagh, Esq., of Borris, county of Carlow.

v w x y z Decayed and unknown.

It should be observed that in the preceding Notes, when we state that some of those ancient families are extinct, it must only be understood as applying to the immediate descendants of the chiefs of the period referred to by the annalist, as the families all exist in numerous descendants derived from the parent stock in earlier times, though now generally decayed and without hereditary property. If in any instance we may be in error, we shall be happy to correct it on satisfactory evidence.

MISS BROOKE.

There are few writers, male or female, to whom we think Ireland owes a greater debt of gratitude than to Miss Charlotte Brooke, a lady whose patriotism led her to translate some of our most beautiful poetical remains, and whose talents enabled her to do them ample justice. For our own part, we regard her memory with the most affectionate reverence, and feel an anxious desire to see her genius more fully appreciated.

This distinguished lady belonged to a family in which mind has been and still continues to be hereditary. She was the daughter of the celebrated Henry Brooke, the author of *Gustavus Vasa*—the *Fool of Quality*, and other valuable works; and she was the cousin of our worthy friend, W. H. Brooke, the artist, whose admirable designs on wood and copper are familiar to many of our readers, and who, we trust, will long continue to exercise his talents to the honor of his country and name. From her father she had the advantage of a careful and liberal education, but it is perhaps to the discernment and encouragement of judicious friends that we are chiefly indebted for the works that have attached such lasting honor to her name, for she was by nature timid and retiring, and would not without force, have suffered herself to be admired. To gratify her friend Joseph Cooper Walker, she made translations of a song and monody by Carolan, to be inserted in that gentleman's interesting *Historic Memoirs of the Irish Bards*—and to those translations was prefixed the following preface, which gives us a true insight into the native modesty of her character.

'For the benefit of the English reader, I shall give an elegant paraphrase of this monody by a young lady, whose name I am enjoined to conceal; with the modesty ever attendant on true merit, and with the

sweet timidity natural to her sex, she shrinks from the public eye.'

These were her first published efforts—and the applause which they received, the encouragement of her friends, and her own desire to be useful, concurring to overcome her natural bashfulness, she undertook in the year 1787, to translate a selection of the works of our Irish bards, and in the following year gave the world her inimitable *Reliques of Irish Poetry*. This work obtained for her the applause of all the critics in the periodical reviews of the time, one of whom, in the *Monthly Review* for January, 1793, well observes that she was 'so perfectly in possession of the language of poetry, that her version has rendered the whole work interesting to English readers.'

In the year 1791, she again came before the public in a work evincing her zealous anxiety to contribute to the diffusion of knowledge and virtue—*The School for Christians*, in Dialogues, for the Use of children. In the preface to this little work, she informs us that 'her only object in this publication, is the happiness of seeing it become useful to her species, and the pleasure of bestowing the profits of the book, on the enlargement of a little plan she has formed for the charitable education of children whose parents are too poor to afford them the means of instruction.'

This was followed by a work of pious veneration to the memory of her father; an edition of all his works, to which she prefixed an elegant little memoir of his life—and this was the last of her literary labors. On the 29th of March, 1793, she fell a victim to malignant fever, at Cottage, near Longford. If the demon of political turmoil be ever banished from our distracted country, and domestic peace take up her abode amongst us, the memory of Charlotte Brooke will be duly honored!

To do justice to the character of this superior woman, would require more space than the limits of our little *Journal* would permit; but there is one feature in it so pure and touching that we must not let it pass without notice—it was her filial piety, the extent of which will be best understood from the following passage in one of her own letters. It is addressed to a female friend on the subject of the completion of the edition of her father's works, a task which subjected her to many mortifications, from the dishonesty and brutality of her printer:—'I suppose I shall lose considerably, besides the far greater vexation of having the work ill done, which is so very dearly paid for. The paper is badly matched; the subscribers complain, and those who do not understand the business will, to be sure, lay the blame upon me. But I have this consolation, that the fame of my father is justified. The work is not the less perfect in itself, for the defect of the paper; and it will descend to posterity in a state not unworthy of its author. Any censure that may fall upon me, when compared with this consideration, is not worth a thought. I have ever lived but for my father, and I shall not now divide my little rivulet from the parent stream. Oh, may we never be divided!—may we roll together to that sea 'from whence we never have return!' In life, my soul is his;—in death I trust it shall join him!—You say I know not what it is to have the heart exclusively centered in one object—you forgot my father when you said so. I am indeed incapable of any other love—my heart was intended for that alone, and nature has not, nor ever will have room for any other one. I see none on earth who resembled him, and therefore heaven alone can become his rival in my breast.'

As a specimen of her poetical powers, we should give her translation of Fitzgerald's 'Ode to his Ship,' if our present space permitted, but we must reserve it for a future number, and in the mean time we present our readers with one or two examples of a lighter kind. The following verses are from one of the *Songs of Edmond O'Riyan* commonly called 'Edmond of the Hills.' We should premise that this beautiful song—the original melody of which breathes the very soul of music, was the composition of one of the unfortunate gentlemen who attached themselves to the fortunes of the last king of the Stuarts, and who Lar-

ing had his property confiscated after the battle of the Boyne, was obliged at last for existence, to become the chief of a band of those hunted freebooters termed Rapparees. It is addressed to his mistress, who appears to have forsaken him on the loss of his fortune: we may well commiserate the fate of one who could compose such music, and such verses, and who, at the same time was the victim of such accumulated misfortunes.

Ah! what woes are mine to bear,
Life's fair morn with clouds o'ercasting!
Drown'd the victim of despair!
Youth's gay bloom, pale sorrow blasting!

Sad the bird that sings alone,
Flies to wilds, unseen to languish,
Pours, unheard, the ceaseless moan,
And wastes on desert air its anguish!

Mine, O hapless bird! thy fate—
The plundered nest—the lonely sorrow!—
The lost-love—d—harmonious mate!—
The wailing night—the cheerless morrow!

O thou dear hoard of treasure! love!
Though these fond arms should ne'er possess thee
Still—still my heart its faith shall prove,
And its last sighs shall breathe to bless thee!

The second stanza of the following Song is of extreme beauty:—

As the sweet blackberry's modest bloom
Fair flowering, greets the sight;
Or strawberry, in their rich perfume,
Fragrance and bloom unite.
To this fair plant of tender youth,
In outward charms can vie,
And from within the soul of truth
Soft beaming fills her eye.

Pulse of my heart!—dear source of care,
Stol'n sighs and love-breath'd vows!
Sweeter than when, through scented air,
Gay bloom the apple boughs!
With thee no days can winter seem,
Nor frost, nor blast can chill;
Thou the soft breeze, the cheering beam
That keeps it summer still!

Miss Brooke—who, we should have observed, cultivated with great success, the arts of painting and music, and was a passionate lover of the melodies of her country—remarks that 'the air of these stanzas is exquisitely charming. But the beauties of the music of this country are, at present, almost as little known as those of its poetry. And yet there is no other music in the world so calculated to make its way directly to the heart: it is the voice of Nature and Sentiment, and every fibre of the feeling breast is in unison with it.'

IRISH DEVOTEDNESS.

The following story is told of a retainer of O'Sullivan, lord of Bear and Bantry, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. O'Sullivan's strong hold had been sacked and destroyed by the English—not even a cow, garrane, goat or sheep had been left—and so, O'Sullivan, consigning the care of his wife and child to his faithful gossip, Gorrane M'Swincey, retreated to Ulster, in the hope of being able to retrieve his cause.

Gorrane, whose soul was in his charge, returned with them to a bovie he had set up under the foot of the Eagle's Precipice at Glengariff. This bovie or hut was so contrived that Wilmot and his Saxon devils, (as Gorrane called them,) might scour the mountain over and never see it, or suspect that there was in such a desert a human habitation. It was erected against the face of a rocky ridge, the roof sloping down till it touched the moor, was covered with scraws and sods of heath, so that the place was undistinguishable from the shelving slope of the mountain, and the entrance a long, distant, and winding passage in the rock, and charcoal burned on the hearth for fire—it was secure from suspicion. But how was the princess of Bear and Bantry to be supported, not a cow was there to give milk, no corn, nor root, nor pulse. Gorrane had one salted salmon wrapped up in a cow's hide; that was all his provision when they entered the bovie, and where to go and seek for food, Gorrane knew not under heaven, famine had spread over the southern land—as Spencer says, 'the people of Munster were brought to such wretchedness, that even a heart of stone would have rued to see the same; for out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they came

creeping forth on their hands and knees, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carion, happy were they when they could find them; yea and one another sometime after; insomuch that the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves, and if they found a plot of water-cresses and shamrock, there they flocked as to a feast.'

In this extremity of desolation was the south-west of Cork and Desmond, when Gorrane took home his charge to his boodie, and the poor fosterer knew not what to do—all his trust was that God was good, and the Virgin Mother his protectress, would not fail him in his hour of need. And as thus one morning he was ruminating, he rambled under the precipice where year after year the eagles of the valley had nested and reared their young; and looking up, he saw one of these huge birds sailing on steady wing with a hare within its talons, and now it alighted on its rock-nest, and anon the young eagles were shrieking with triumph over the divided prey. 'Arrah now is it not the greatest pity in life that these young hell birds that look for all the world like the childer of these cramming beef-eating devils the Saxon churls—my heavy curse light upon them all—that these greedy guts should be after swallowing the game that nobody has any right to, but O'Sullivan; and my sweet mistress and her little ones, all the while starving. Now, it's I that have a thought in my head, which no living soul but the Virgin herself could have put into it, and it's myself knows what I'll do.' So home Gorrane went, and all day long he was seen busy twisting firmly with all his might, a rope made from the fibres of the bog-fir, and towards evening he took out from his store, his salmon, and gave the greater part to be broiled for supper, and long before the following day-break, Gorrane got up from his bed of heath, and he awoke Phadrig, his son, a boy of fourteen years old: 'Phadrig avich get up, come along with me.' The boy light and active, was beside him in an instant, and out they both started—the father with his wooden rope in his hand. Just as the day was breaking, they came to the brink of the mountain ridge that ascends from the precipitous valley, where the eagles build their nest; and just as they arrived at the verge of the chasm, they saw the old eagles soaring away to meet the sun and to seek for their prey over land and sea. 'Phadrig, acushla, look down there,' says the father, 'look down below and see that bird's nest—down there you must go by the help of this rope; if you have any regard for the life of the mother that bore you, and of the sweet mistress, for whom we are bound to live or spend our blood and die. You must go down by the help of this rope, and tie these straps that I will give you round the necks of yonder gaping greedy guts; don't choke them for the life of you, but just tie their ugly necks so tight that not one morsel can swallow.' 'And now father sure it's I myself that would desire no better sport than to get down and wring their necks off, and bring them up to you; but sure father the Lady O'Sullivan must be cruel hungry when she would eat eagles.' 'Oh, that would not do at all at all Phadrigjcwel, that would be the spoiling without the cure of the whole thing—no, my honey, handle them gently, treat the nasty things as if they were your mother's daughters—only do, Phadrig, just as I bid you.' 'Well, father, mind you hold tight, and I will do your bidding.' So Gorrane fastened well the rope about the boy's waist and between his legs, and down he lowered him in the name of God and all the saints. The youth soon got to the nest—as he was bid, tightened round the necks of the young eaglets, so that they could not swallow; then he was safely drawn up. For an hour or two the father and son waited near the nest, and at length were gratified with seeing the old ones come soaring down the wind, one with a rabbit, an-

other with a grouse in their talons, which they deposited in the nest and after a time flew away.

'Now Phadrig avourneen, down with you again, and to be sure it's I that will hold you tight—gut the game, throw the garbage to the young ones, it's right and natrhal they should have it, and bring up under your two arms O'Sullivan's rightful property.' All this the boy did with address and expedition; and in this manner were the family in the boolie fed, until the English retreated from the country, and the wife of O'Sullivan and her faithful followers could reach a place of safety.—Sketches in Ireland.

FISHING IN IRELAND--THE GILLAROO TROUT.

The Gillaroo is a species or variety of trout not merely peculiar to Ireland, but found only in some of the lakes of the Shannon and the western part beyond it—a wild but romantic region, in which the lover of the picturesque, the antiquary, the naturalist, and the angler, will equally find sources of pleasure, and such as he could hardly meet with elsewhere.

A fish, nineteen and one-half inches long, five and four-tenths thick, twelve and six-tenths in circumference, and weighing four pounds, was caught with a worm, on the seventh of August, 1824, in a deep hole near the mill at Cong, in the county of Mayo, a spot of singularly romantic beauty. This hole or pool, is a portion of the river which connects Lough Mask with Lough Corrib, and whose course for the greater part is subterranean. Here we may descend into a cavern festooned with foliage, and see the fisher boy, plying his rod beneath a living rock of sixty feet in thickness. We shall give a sketch of this extraordinary scene in a future number.

The peculiarities of the Gillaroo trout are so accurately described by Sir Humphry Davy in his charming little book, *Salmonia*, that we gladly present the passage to the reader, in preference to anything we could ourselves offer.

'Poiet.—I have heard various accounts of the excellent fishing in some of the great lakes in Ireland. Can you tell us any thing on the subject, and if the same flies may be used in that island?

Hal.—I have been several times in Ireland, but never at this season, which is considered as best for lake-fishing. I have heard, that in some of the lakes in Westmeath, very large trout, and great quantities may be taken in the beginning of June, with the very flies we have been using this day. Wind is necessary; and a good angler sometimes takes in a day, or rather formerly took, from ten to twelve fish, which weighed from three to ten pounds, and which occasionally were even larger. In the summer after June, and in the autumn, the only season when I have fished in Ireland, I have seldom taken any larger trout; but in the river Boyle, late in October, after a flood, I once had some sport with these fish, that were running up the river from Loch (Lough) Key to spawn. I caught one day two above three pounds, that took a large reddish brown fly of the same kind as a salmon fly; and I saw some taken that weighed five pounds, and heard of one that equalled nine pounds. These fish were in good season, even at this late period, and had no spots; but were coloured red and brown—mottled like tortoise shell, only with smaller bars. I have in July, likewise, fished in Loch Con, near Ballina, and Loch Melvin, near Ballyshannon. In Loch Con the party caught many small good trout, that cut red; and in the other I caught a very few trout only, but as many of them were gillaroo or gizzard trout as common trout.

Poiet.—This must have been an interesting kind of fishing. In what does the gillaroo differ from the trout?

Hal.—In appearance very little, except that they have more red spots, and a yellow or golden coloured belly and fins, and are generally a broader and thicker fish; but internally they have a different organization, possessing a large thick muscular stomach, which has been improperly compared to a fowl's, and which generally contains a quantity of small shell-fish of three

or four kinds; and though in those I caught the stomachs were full of these shell-fish, yet they rose greedily at the fly.

Poiet.—Are they not common trout which have gained the habit of feeding on shell-fish?

Hal.—If so, they have been altered in a succession of generations. The common trouts of these lakes have stomachs like other trouts, which never as far as my experience has gone, contain shell-fish; but of the gillaroo trout, I have caught some not larger than my finger, which have had as perfect a hard stomach as the larger ones, with the coats as thick in proportion, and the same shells within; so that this animal, is at least now a distinct species, and is a sort of link between the trout and char, which has a stomach of the same kind with gillaroo, but not quite so thick, and which feeds at the bottom in the same way. I have often looked in the lakes abroad for gillaroo trout, and never found one. In a small lake at the foot of the Crest of the Brenner, above 4000 feet above the level of the sea, I once caught some trout, which, from their thickness and red spots, I suspected were gillaroo, but on opening the stomach I found I was mistaken; it had no particular thickness, and was filled with grasshoppers; but there were char which fed on shell-fish in the same lake.

Poiet.—You spoke just now of the gillaroo trout, as belonging only to Ireland. I can, however, hardly bring myself to believe, that such a fish is not to be found elsewhere. For lakes with shell-fish and char are common in various parts of Europe, and as the gillaroo trout is congenerous, it ought to exist both in Scotland and the Alpine countries.

Hal.—It is not possible from analogies of this kind to draw certain inferences. Subterraneous cavities and subterranean waters are common in various countries, yet the *Portius Anguinus* is only found in two places in Carniola, at Addisburg and Stittich. As I mentioned before, I have never yet met with a gillaroo trout, except in Ireland.

We shall only add that the gillaroo trout is frequently taken of six or seven pounds weight, and that it is considered by many as a great luxury. P.

WITCHCRAFT IN KILKENNY.

In our next number, we intend giving something of the history of Kilkenny; but at present, we will just present a short account of the witch-burning business that took place there about the year 1325. The people of Kilkenny need not be ashamed of it; for scarcely more than a century has gone by since the Scotch had a witch burning business of their own; and even in many parts of England the people still dread the effects of the evil eye, and the mutterings of an old hag. What we are going to relate occurred in the reign of Edward the Second, about five hundred years ago.

The Lady Alice Kelter, was summoned (in or about 1325) before the Bishop to answer to the charge of practising magic, sorcery and witchcraft. She and her accomplices Petronilla and Basilia, were accused of holding nightly conferences with an imp or evil spirit called Robin Artisson, to whom, in order to make the infernal treaty obedient to all their commands, they sacrificed nine red cocks in the middle of the highway, and offered up the eyes of nine peacocks. The Lady Alice, by means of this imp and his associates, caused, every night, the streets of Kilkenny to be swept between the hour of complin prayer and day break. And for what did she do this? To sweeten the town and make it agreeable? No such thing. Witches are not so benevolently inclined. But it was for the good of her greedy son that she did it, one William Ullaw, a great land pirate, an avarus Agricola, a fellow who monopolized all the town parks, and grasped at great possessions. So the cunning mother had all the filth of the city raked to her son's door, to help him to manure his meadows, and such of the inhabitants as ventured to go out at night, heard un-

carefully brooms, plying over the causeway, and fearful-looking scavengers were at their dirty work, scouring away to a slow chorus chanted as follows:

"To the house of William my son,
He all the wealth of Kilkenny town!"

But this was not all. The Lady Alice beat even Captain Frenzy the robber, and all his Kellymount gang in riding amid the darkness of night. No sooner were the nine pencock's eyes thrown into the fire,

than up rose Robin the imp, and presented his potent mistress with a pot of ointment with which she oiled her broomstick; and then mounting as gay as Meg Merrilies the Scotch hag, and having along with her, Petronilla and Basilina, her dear friends, she performed a night's journey in a minute, and used to hold a Sabbath with other enchanters on the Devil's Bit in the county of Tipperary!

This business made a great noise at the time. The

Lady Alice Kelter, having powerful friends, escaped to foreign parts; her accomplice, Petronilla, was burned at the cross of Kilkenny. William Udlaw suffered a long imprisonment. On searching the Lady Alice's closet, (as Hollingshead relates,) they found a sacramental wafer, having Satan's name stamped thereon, and a pipe of ointment with which she greased her staff, when she would amble and gallop through thick and thin, through fair weather and foul, as she listed!



THE CAVE OF DUNMORE.

THE CAVE OF DUNMORE.

To the great and peculiar extent of calcareous or limestone strata of which our island is composed, we may chiefly attribute the fertility of our soil, and the salubrity of our climate; and if we dared venture to fathom the intentions of an Almighty and beneficent Providence, we would point to this geological peculiarity, as a signal instance of His wisdom and goodness, as, exposed as we are to the exhalations of the Atlantic, and the influence of westerly winds, our soil would otherwise be unproductive and our climate unhealthy. To the same cause, is to be attributed much of the peculiarly romantic beauty of which we may justly boast; our waterfalls without number, our subterranean rivers, our natural bridges, our perpendicular sea cliffs, and above all, our fairy caverns; all these are in almost every instance, the result of this extensive calcareous formation, and are consequently found in no other country of the same extent, in equal variety, beauty and abundance. Most strange it is, that a land so blessed and ornamented by the hand of Providence, should be so little appreciated, and too often abandoned by those to whom its fertility gives wealth, and to whom its beauty should give delight and happiness.

We have alluded to the great number of calcareous caverns found in Ireland—they are to be met with in all the provinces, and rival each other in romantic beauty, but that best known for its size and extent is the one of which we present our readers with a sketch in the present number—the Cave of Dunmore. This famous cavern, which is situated near the edge of the calcareous district, in the county of Kilkenny, on the estate of the Marquess of Ormond, and about three miles from the beautiful inland capital of Ireland, is thus accurately described by the able pen of Mr. Barrim—a writer of whom not only Kilkenny, but all Ireland may justly feel proud. It leaves us nothing to add.

"The absolute physiognomy of the place is calculated to excite superstitious notions. In the midst of a level

field, a precipitate inclined plane leads down to a sudden pit, across which, like a vast blind arch, the entrance yawns, about eighty (fifty) feet perpendicular, and from thirty to forty wide, overhung and festooned with ivy, lichen, bramble, and a variety of wild shrubs, and tenanted by the owl, the daw, and the carrion crow, that made rustling and screaming exit into the daylight as soon as disturbed by an exploring foot; and when all at once, you stand on the verge of the descent, and look from the cheering day into the pitch darkness of this gaping orifice, repelling and chilling the curiosity that it excited,—giving a promise of something to be discovered, and a threat to the discoverer,—suggesting a region to be traversed so different from our own fair familiar world, and yet a nameless danger to be incurred in the progress,—your heart must be either very callous or very bold, and imagination entirely a blank, if, at the first glance, you feel no unusual stir within you.

"After you enter the mouth of the cavern, the light of your torches shew you that vast masses of rock protrude, overhead, ready at every step to crush, and held in their place as if by miracle alone. A short distance on, two separate passages branch to the right and to the left. To explore the one, a barrier of steep rocks, made dangerous by the damp slime that covers them, should be scaled; then you proceed along a way of considerable length, sometimes obliged, from the lowness of the heading, to stoop on hands and knees, still over slippery rocks, and over deep holes, formed by the constant dripping of the roof; till at last you suddenly enter a spacious and lofty apartment, known by the name of the market-cross, from its containing a petrified mass that has some likeness to the ancient and curious structure, so called. Indeed, throughout the whole chamber, the awful frolic of nature bears comparison with art—ranges of fluted columns, that seem the production of the chisel, only much dilapidated by time, rise almost at correct distances to the arching roof; by the way, having necessarily been

formed by petrification, drop upon drop, it is astounding to think of the incalculable number of years consumed in the process. And this is the regal fairy hall; and the peasants say, that when the myriad crystallizations that hang about, are, on a gala evening, illuminated, and when the forever falling drops sparkle in the fairy light, the scene becomes too dazzling for mortal vision.

"The other passage winds an equal distance, and leads to the subterranean rill that bubbles, as before mentioned, over scraps of human bones; and over some entire ones, too; we having, when led to the cavern for scenic illustration of the facts of this history, adventurously plunged our hand into the clear water, and taken therefrom a tibia of unusual length; and, indeed, the fact that such human relics are there to be seen, almost a quarter of a mile from the light of the earth, must, if we reject the peasant's fine superstition, shew us the misery of some former time of civil conflict, that could compel any wretched fugitive to seek, in the recesses and horrors of such a place, just as much pause as might serve him to starve, die and rot."

The above description is from that powerful work of fiction, "Crohoore of the bill-hook."

Yours,

P

When the poet Campbell was a student in the Glasgow University, he roomed with an elder brother, who though a poet himself, was a shrewd, dry critic. One morning, as he sat alone at breakfast, his poet brother entered, and laid on the table a copy of verses, as his excuse for being late, at the same time asking Mr. Campbell's opinion of their merit. He read them through quietly, then made the characteristic and satisfactory criticism—

"Your verses are admirable, Tom, my boy; but they lack fire." And, omitting the action to the word, the merciless critic committed the paper to the flames.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

The last breeze from Erin
Has passed o'er my brow,
The gale of the ocean
Is over me now;
I leave thee my country!
Farewell! though thou art
The life pulse that stirs me,
The veins of my heart;
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

I gaze where the bright scene
Falls back to the west,
And tinges the blue clouds
That hang o'er thy breast;
The bark bears me from thee
To sail o'er the deep,
While on thy green bosom
I gaze—and I weep;
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

I weep for thy spring time
Of beauty is o'er;
And feel, while my dimm'd eye
Is on thy loved shore,
Like the mourner when fixing
His gaze on the dead,
He bends o'er the cold earth
Whose spirit is fled;
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

The tear-drooping willow
Hangs over thy lyre;
The chill blast hath broken
Each soul-stirring wire;
Through the gloom of thy darkness
No day-beam appears;
And thy sweet type, Erne,
Is gemm'd by thy tears;
Erin mavourneen, farewell.

Farewell! for no longer
I gaze on thy shore;
The mists are between us,
I view thee no more!
Perhaps to my country
I breathe the last strain;
Perhaps I may never
Behold thee again;
Erin mavourneen, farewell!

Though in darkness, Erne,
Thy sun may have set;
Thy emerald bosom
I ne'er can forget;
And while o'er the deep ocean
The breeze bears my bark,
My heart like thy billow,
Heaves deeply and dark;
Erin mavourneen, farewell.

THE WILD AMERICAN PIGEON.

The following very singular circumstances respecting the wild pigeon of America, are taken from an account of them by John James Audubon, Esq., F. R. S. &c. &c. These birds migrate in flocks so vast over the whole extent of the United States of America, that we could scarcely credit the account, were it not sufficiently attested. Possessing great powers of flight, and great powers of vision, they pass over immense tracts of country in a short space, and can discern their food with a quick eye, alighting in prodigious numbers wherever they see a sufficient supply. Mr. Audubon, who in the autumn of 1813, travelled along the banks of the Ohio, says, 'whilst waiting for my dinner at Young's inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw at my leisure, immense legions still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beech-wood forests directly on the east of me. Yet not a single bird would alight; for not a nut or acorn was to be seen in the neighborhood. They consequently flew so high, that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual, and not even the report disturbed them in the least. But I cannot describe how beautiful their aerial evolutions were, if a black hawk appeared in their rear. At once, like a torrent, and with a thunder-like noise, they formed themselves into a solid compact mass, pressing each towards the centre; and when, in such solid bodies, they zig-zagged to escape the murderous falcon, now down close over the earth, sweeping with inconceivable velocity,

then ascending perpendicularly, like a vast monument; and, when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, resembling the coils of a gigantic serpent.

'Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburg fifty miles, where the pigeons were still passing, and this continued for three days in succession.'

Concerning their numbers, he says, 'we shall take, for example, a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate mentioned above, of one mile per minute. This will give us a parallelogram of 180 miles by one, covering 180 square miles, and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion one hundred and fifteen millions one hundred and thirty six thousand pigeons in the flock; and as every pigeon consumes fully half a pint of food per day, the quantity must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day, which is required to feed such a flock.

Mr. A. paid a visit to one of their roosting places to which they repair at night, and where they are killed in hosts by persons who frequent the spot for that purpose. This place is not far from the Green River in Kentucky. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had chosen this spot, and I arrived there nearly two hours before the setting of the sun. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons with horses and waggons, guns and ammunition, had already established different camps on the borders. Two farmers from the vicinity of Russellville, distant more than 100 miles, had driven upwards of 300 hogs to be fattened on pigeon meat; and here and there the people, employed in picking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the centre of large piles of those birds, all proving to me that the number resorting there at night must be immense, and probably consisting of all those then feeding in Indiana, some distance beyond Jeffersonville, not less than 150 miles off. The dung of the bird was several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting-place like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter, I observed were broken at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of so many of the largest and tallest so much so, that the desolation already exhibited equally that performed by a furious tornado. As the time elapsed, I saw each of the anxious persons about to prepare for action; some with sulphur in iron pots, many with poles, and the rest with guns double and treble charged. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had yet arrived—but all of a sudden I heard a general cry of 'Here they come!' The noise which they made, though distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived, and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the polemen. The current of birds, however, kept still increasing. The fires were lighted, and a most magnificent, as well as wonderful and terrifying sight was before me. The pigeons, coming in by millions, alighted everywhere, one on the top of another, until masses of them resembling hanging swarms of bees as large as hogs-heads, were formed on every tree in all directions. These heavy clusters were seen to give way, as the supporting branches, breaking down with a crash, came to the ground, killing hundreds of those which obstructed their fall, forcing down other equally large and heavy groups, and rendering the whole a scene of uproar and of distressing confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons nearest me. The reports even of the different guns were seldom heard, and I knew only of their going off by seeing the owners reload them.

No person dared venture within the line of devastation, and the hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded sufferers being left for the next morning's operation. Still the pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past mid-

night before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued, however, the whole night; and as I was anxious to know what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, who, by his habits in the works, was able to tell, two hours afterwards, that at three miles he heard it distinctly. Towards the approach of day the noise rather subsided; but, long ere objects were at all distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that which they arrived the day before, and at sunrise none that were able to fly remained. The howling of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, the lynx, the cougars, bears, raccoons, opossums, and polecats, were seen sneaking off the spot, whilst the eagles and hawks of different species supported by a hoard of buzzards and carrion-crows, came to supplant them, and reap the benefits of this night of destruction.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—What sweet poetry is contained in three little words. Is there a sentence to be found in any language that is more replete with sentiment, beauty, grace, or finish. A mother's love! How noble! How self-sacrificing! How unceasing are her efforts in guiding aright the footsteps of her children! What privation will she not endure; what perils will she not encounter for the sake of her 'loved ones!' From our earliest infancy 'tis our mother who watches over us with untiring devotion; who notes every change in our looks, both in sickness and health, and, with loving arms twined around us, bids us nestle close, close, up to her breast. And oh! with what perfect confidence we nestle there, fearing nothing, caring nothing, only to be folded more closely and feel the warm pressure of her lips upon our cheeks. How our hearts bound beneath the lovely glances of her soul-lit eyes, as she bends them upon us beaming with a light so pure and holy! With what delight does she listen to our childish prattle, and observe each winning grace! How fondly she gazes upon us, and what a glorious future she paints for us! Then, as the thought comes that, as we advance in years, she may be taken from us, and we be left to the cold charities of this world, her heart-felt prayer ascends to the Throne of Grace, beseeching Him to guide and direct our steps, so that we may be prepared to meet her in a brighter and better world. Sorrows may come upon us, friends may forsake us, and the present afford not one cheering ray, yet will our mother cling to us with a love so abiding that her cheering tones and loving words make us forget the world's rude and bitter jests. Never, on this earth, can we find a friend so steadfast, and one in whom we can repose such perfect confidence as our mother. How holy is a mother's love!

BRIGANDS AND RAILWAYS.—It would seem, says a letter from Rome, that the brigands of Italy are by no means disposed to give up their profession in consequence of the introduction of railways. A railroad, not more than nine miles in length, connects Rome with Frascati. On the 28th ult. an unusually large number of passengers had taken the train for the latter place; a circumstance, it appears, of which the bandits of the neighborhood were well aware, for in the interval they surprised one of the signal men on the most deserted spot of the line, and then hoisted a red flag as a signal of danger. The engine-driver, on approaching, saw the signal, and stopped the train; immediately two men sprang upon him, and secured him, while their confederates leisurely opened the doors of the railway carriages, and rifled the pockets of all within, without the slightest opposition. After this operation the train was allowed to continue its route.

Hospitality is commanded to be exercised even towards an enemy when he cometh to thy house. The tree doth not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter.



CARRICK-ON-SUIR.

CARRICK-ON-SUIR.

Carrick-on-Suir stands on the spot where one of their earliest strongholds was erected. It formed part of the possessions of Theobald Butler, to whom were granted also the lands of Carrig-mac-Griffin, now Carrick-Beg, and whose grandson Edmond built a castle here about 1309. The castle was, in 1336, granted by his son, James Butler, to the Franciscan friary of Carrig-Berg, which he had founded, and it continued to form part of the endowment of the house until the year 1445, when the monks having let it go to ruin, it was purchased from them by another of the Butlers, who rebuilt both castle and bridge. A priory dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, was founded here at the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. A castle was erected afterwards on the site of the priory, by Thomas Duff, called Black Thomas, Earl of Ormonde. In 1500, the Earl granted a charter to the burgesses of the town, which had gradually sprung up round the fortress. In 1670,

another Duke of Ormonde established the woollen in it, and it flourished until the close of the last century, when, as everywhere else in Ireland, it began to decline, till now it only turns out a few satteens of an inferior description. This manufacture formed the principal means of support of thousands of families in various parts of Ireland, the spinning and weaving being carried on in their houses, until the improvement of machinery absorbed it into the great towns of England.

The town is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Suir, which forms the boundary between Wexford and Waterford. Except for its antique air, its pleasant rustic quiet look, the calm flow of the river, and the glorious scenery of the surrounding country, there is little in it to interest the stranger. In its leading characteristics it is like all the Irish country towns that we ever saw—and we have seen a great many—one long and wide street running east and west at right angles to three smaller streets diverging north-

ward to the fair green, and one southward to the river; a police-barracks, a military-barracks, a tannery, a brewery, a court-house, a ruined church, a chapel, a fever-hospital, a dispensary, a monastery, a convent, *voilà tout*. The castle is still stately, even in its ruins, and part of the old town walls may now be traced, but with some difficulty. The scenery along the banks of the Suir, is exceedingly beautiful, and in the eyes of all who reverence genius, eloquence and patriotism, they will have an additional interest from the fact that, wandering along them, Richard Lalor Sheil passed some of the happiest hours of his youth. Here, also, the unfortunate gentleman of the Young Ireland party delivered their last harangues, previous to the attempted outbreak in 1848, Meagher's containing the celebrated allusion to the sinking of the French frigate *Vengeur*, which the Carrick policeman, who reported the proceedings, not understanding, converted into the laughable hodge-podge which gave such amusement at the Clonmel trials.

AN IRISH MEG MERRILIES.—At almost every constabulary station in Ireland—central or remote—even of Donegal—a wandering eccentric, named Maryann Leckey, of more than middle age, superior intelligence, keen and ready wit, good address, and with the lingering indications of youthful comeliness, is well known and hospitably received. Upon the sympathy of that force she considers that she has a special claim, her husband—long since dead—having been a respected though humble member of it—in fact, a sub-constable. In a stormy midnight of January she startles the patrol on a lonely road among the bleak, brown hills of Kerry, like an unearthly apparition; on a dreary evening in the next month, she will be found entertaining a select body of her 'troops,' as she proudly styles the constabulary, by their cheerful turf fire, in a far-away valley of Antrim—the juniors gazing in mute wonderment at the extent of her information on subjects of peculiar interest to them, from the last hedge-side assassination in Tipperary down to the metropolitan murder for which Spollen should have been hanged. 'Poor Maryann,' it is needless to say, is miserably destitute—hunger-pinched, thinly-clad, and weather-worn—yet pre-eriving in full vigour that happy national light-heartedness which overleaps all the smaller misfortunes of life with a bound and a laugh. When she indulges in a joke, it is generally mingled with sarcasm at once pointed and repelling. Any attempts at pleasantry with regard to her antecedents or present habits she indignantly checks. Those

who have known her longest and most intimately, and whose familiar designation for her is 'The Sub,' occasionally entrust her with the transmission of private messages, and even parcels, to their friends in the force at long distances; and these are certain to be delivered, within marvellously short time, at their respective destinations, however far asunder. It is stated that a visit from the ubiquitous 'Sub' is regarded somewhat in the light of an omen of good luck at many a police barrack. We have been informed that her former history was as romantic as her present career is erratic. She is understood to be the only and accomplished daughter of a minister of the Established Church, who held a benefice near New Ross, county Wexford. Conceiving an imprudent attachment towards a handsome and intelligent private in the constabulary, she eloped with him, became his wife, and was immediately discarded by her family. The loss of her husband, about four years subsequently, left her in bitter penury, with two orphans dependent upon her, whose deaths, from direct privation, deranged her intellect. She was an inmate of a lunatic asylum in the North for more than three years, and was discharged as cured; but, manifestly, she is still half-insane. She lately made her appearance at a Police Court, charged with some trivial offence inseparable from her wandering but not dishonest habits; and, after making unobtrusive acquaintance with one of the reporters, addressed him in a very neat and pointed speech, and then claimed more than equal familiarity,

with a resident magistrate, Mr. Tracy, and Head Constable Henderson. Her eloquence ensured pardon, and she left the court with the intention of proceeding direct to Limerick, to review 'our troops,' expressing her adieux in the form of 'three cheers and loud laughter for the honorable Mr. Tracy.'

PRICE OF A PICTURE IN HARD TIMES.—The London Athenæum says, Mr. Frith, we hear, even at this crisis of impecuniosity, has sold his Epsom Race picture for the enormous sum of £3,000, including a sketch and copyright. Think of what Milton got for 'Paradise Lost,' or even Raphael for his masterpieces, and rejoice, ye Pittori, in these days of luxury and wealth.

The wrestler Arpin, alias the Terrible Savoyard, who has been in the habit of displaying his immense strength, has met his death in a very sudden manner at Nismes, where he was exhibiting before an assemblage of from 12,000 to 15,000 spectators. When wrestling he was thrown by his adversary, and came down with such violence that his back was broken, and he died almost immediately.

A lawyer in one of the Western courts, lately threw a cane at the head of another. The court required him to apologise for it. He did so and added: 'While I am about it, I may as well apologise before-hand for throwing another cane at him the first chance I get.'

Written for the Miscellany.

WILLY REILLY.

BY RICHARD OULAHAN.

(See Carleton's 'Willy Reilly and his Dear Colleen Bawn'.)

Because he loved his native hills, his crood and Colleen Bawn,
 No rest would Whitecraft let him have, that bloody Saxon spawn;
 His blood-hounds knew the Papists track on fallow, road or mere
 And many hair-breath 'scapes had he, throughout the penal year;
 They burned down his princely hall, his household goods destroyed,
 And stood like demons round the pile, with vengeance unallayed;
 But strong in virtue, brave and bold, and hunted like the beast,
 The young chief often smote them down, to save his faithful priest.
 'Poor priest! ye dwell in mansions now above the sainted Isle,
 And on your faithful followers look down with cheering smile;
 'Pure priests' your beds are now not made of rushes, heath, or stones,
 Within some cold and darksome cave, to rest your sickly bones!
 Your persecutors, too, are gone, with sacrilegious souls,
 To claim reward for damning deeds—the meed that heaven doles.
 May he be near thee, Reilly, who went up the rugged pass
 With feeble steps upheld by thee, to say that mountain mass.
 Those 'small priests' of the penal days were but the prototypes,
 Of those who ban the Catholic beneath your 'stars and stripes';
 The Irish Orange crew are here, the mentors of your youth,
 Instilling bigotry for love, and blasphemy for truth.
 The cotton ship may burning be, unseen, unknown for days,
 Till giant-like, up, up it starts, one bright, victorious blaze!
 Then brothers, let us prudent be,—our courage none denied—
 And win back Colleen Bawn to life—our Mother and our bride!

Written for the Irish Miscellany.

INK DROPS;

FROM THE PEN OF THE 'QUEER COVE.'

No. 1.—From my Attic.

I confess, Mr. Editor, to an intertempore passion
 —to a love like that of Jonathan for David, 'exceeding the love of woman'—for an attic. I have, as Ralph Waldo Emerson observes, 'an old joy of childhood and youth, a catlike love of garrets.' I believe I was born in a garret, and have taken kindly to them ever since that, to me, eventful occasion. This love has 'grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength,' perhaps from a two-fold reason: in the first place, I imagine that, in a garret I am as near heaven as I ever shall get, (because I fear that like Jack Falstaff, I am 'little better than one of the wicked,') and secondly, because the expense of roosting in such a 'local habitation' is much less a drain upon the pocket than 'a front flat' or a 'two pair back.'

But there are other considerations apart from these why a garret is my first love. The view from a window that is elevated at least to the sixth story, is, like some of Mrs. Dunlap's French rappee, 'not to be sneezed at.' You may descant on suburban residences and rural views as much as you please, but, sir, after all, the prospect from an attic window, is not, in my estimation, to be surpassed. Look at the motley array of roofs, chimney-pots and tiles that meet our view on every hand; the latter according to their antiquity, and their many different colors, looking like rough mosaics, or the checks in the dress of some gigantic harlequin. Why, what fun there is in watching the hundreds of grimalkins, when out on their nocturnal forays! And then crowning joy of all, an attic is so high up, that no dun would ever have the temerity to

climb up to you for the purpose of presenting an I. O. U. Then how delightful it is to hear the rain pattering upon the roof—a pleasant sound it was, but it is in itself frightfully uncomfortable, when a body is out of it and not possessed of an 'ambriel.' Some oriental poet who of course flourished long before the theory of the 'chaste moon' being 'the governor of floods' was discovered, imagined that the rain was occasioned by the peri's weeping for the sins of mankind; this might or might not have been the case, but if it were, I should look upon the peri's aforesaid, as being so many Job Trotters (you remember Job in Pickwick, don't you, who could 'let on the water works' whenever he so desired?) and on many occasions would most respectfully suggest to them the propriety of 'bottling up' their tears. Yet still the rain is a 'great institution,' and a rainy day, if you happen to be comfortably ensconced within doors, affords more scope for thought, for the memories of bygone days, than a battalion (to borrow a military expression) of pleasant ones. Some poet, I forget whom, has worked up this idea very prettily. He says—

'And falling on his weary brain
 Take a last falling shower
 The dreams of youth come back again
 Low hissing of the summer rain
 Dropping on the ripened grain
 As once upon the flower.'

Delicious, isn't it? The poetry, I mean; not the rain.

Showers, however, are great favorites with poets and dramatic authors, especially those of the melodramatic order, for you well know, Mr. Editor, that all stage assassinations are committed in the midst of a terrific storm of thunder, lightning, and the rattling of peas, which is intended to represent rain. Jupiter, who was not at all particular as to the manner in which his amours were conducted, won the fair Danae in the guise of a golden shower, and the result was the birth of Perseus, whose good fortune it was to turn the monster Atlas into stone, by showing him the head of Medusa the Gorgon, whom he had conquered. Jove's conquest of Danae was I believe the first and only instance on record of a woman having been won, as you may say, 'with a wet blanket.' Most females, I am inclined to believe, rather prefer to be wooed after the manner in which Glenalvon intended to woo Margaret Douglass, to wit—'as the lion woo's his bride.' However that mode may be, you may possibly know, Mr. Editor, but 'by'r lady' I do not.

All scribblers, or at least nine-tenths of them, you know, live in attics. Byron says;

'When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse

Redemption rose up in her Attic muse,'

clearly proving that at least the Athenian poets inhabited garrets. Whether or not the greatest of the Greek poets—Homer,—

'The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,

ever lived in a garret or not, I am unable at present to inform you, but will take time to consult authorities on that point at the earliest possible moment. Like 'Fusbos,' in Bombastes Furioso, I can only say that I live

'In a parlour that's close to the sky,
 'Tis exposed to the wind and the rain,
 But the wind and the rain I defy.'

and between ourselves, not to let it go any farther, I rather like it.

In my next, I will give you an insight into my favorite authors—who live with me, neatly done up in calf, and are the means I have of making the time fly swiftly by. And now with your permission I will 'tak my auld clonk about me,' take my 'nightcap' and as Mr. Bryant has it—

'Liedown to pleasant dreams.'

AN ATT ANSWER.—'Well, honest fellow,' said a village upstart to a farmer at work in his field, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor.' 'Tis very likely you may,' replied the farmer, 'for I am sowing hemp.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN, MARCH, 1868.

The new ministry is fairly in harness, and the Earl of Derby has announced his programme. The fall of Lord Palmerston took every one by surprise. It is somewhat singular that it should have been caused by a motion of Milner Gibson's. Mr. Gibson was formerly member for Manchester, and in the House of Commons strongly opposed the war policy of the late Prime Minister. The war with China was condemned by many of the leading spirits of the old free-trade party, as immoral and unjust. But the constituents of Gibson and Bright being manufacturers of calico, were anxious to extend their market for their goods irrespective of the means used to effect it. The slaughter of a few thousands of Chinese was nothing to them, if they could only see more of their manufactured cottons. The course of Bright and Gibson on the war question, was disapproved by the Manchester free-traders, and at the general election, these two members of Parliament were rejected by their constituents.

Soon after, Bright was taken hold of by the people of Birmingham, and sent to represent the metal manufacturers in Parliament. Gibson remained out of Parliament until a very short time ago, and he was in the House of Commons, I believe, only a few days, when, by his motion, he defeated the strong government of Lord Palmerston, thus taking signal vengeance upon the minister who had caused his (Gibson's) defeat at the Manchester election.

It is impossible yet to say, how far the change of government will benefit this country. Certainly, Ireland cannot be treated worse by the Earl of Derby, than she was by the defunct minister. It is said that we may expect a good 'tenant right law' from the new government; if so, Ireland will have cause to bless Milner Gibson for his defeat of Palmerston. Time will reveal how far this expectation will be realized.

We have, as you are aware, a body of Irish members in the British Parliament, called the 'independent opposition'; if these men could despise the bribes of England, and remain true to Ireland, some good might come of their 'opposition.' But, alas! it is such men who produce the Sadlier's, the Higgins's and Fitzgeralds. Too many of them for their oppressed country, and seek the first opportunity to betray it. They seem to have no fixed plan of action, and precisely at the time when their votes would tell with fearful effect upon a government inimical to Ireland, they become, by some strange blunder, as powerless as a rope of sand.

Thus, on the question of a want of confidence in Palmerston's Ministry, which certainly cannot be accused of any kind deeds to Ireland, these 'independent opposition' members, all but two, forget their own country, and rush to the aid of the government. Derby is now in power, and he has nothing to thank our liberal Irish members for.

The conduct of the late government towards Catholic soldiers in India, was of the most infamous kind. Large sums of money were squandered upon Protestant chaplains, while the paltriest pittance was doled out to Catholic priests, and a few of them only were permitted to receive the wretched sum allowed.

The new ministry has, by some of its members, declared, that this state of things shall exist no longer, and that the spiritual wants of the Catholic in the army, shall be cared for as well as those of the Protestant. For this, however, we have little to thank them. They could not help themselves. Recruits are wanted at the rate of a thousand a week, and they could not be had. The Catholic refused to fight the battles of a government which would leave him to die on the battle-field without those spiritual consolations which every Catholic prizes so highly. Recruits cannot be had in Ireland. Hence, probably, the cause of the change which the new government announces. The government of Palmerston turned a deaf ear to the remonstrances of the Catholic clergy in India and Ireland. Relying upon the apathy of this country hitherto regarding this matter, the prayers of the faithful guardians of our religion were treated with con-

tempt, the people were appealed to, they refuse to enlist, and the victory is Ireland's.

There can be no question that without Ireland, England would soon become a tenth rate power. It is Irishmen who compose two-thirds of her army and navy. Deprive her of these, and what will she become? We have now learned the power we possess, and I hope it will be turned to good account. What have the Sepoys done to Ireland, that Irishmen should volunteer to butcher them? I trust means will be taken to stop the enlistments now going on in Ireland for the British army. Let the people be taught that the war in India is an unjust war, and that every man participating in it will be held accountable at the bar of Divine Justice, and depend upon it, Britannia will have to squint in another direction for her recruits.

The Celts of Donegal are not forgotten by our noble and generous-hearted countrymen. Ireland has responded with alacrity to the calls in their behalf, the subscriptions for their aid are coming in from all parts of Ireland, and our countrymen in England are cheerfully coöperating with us for the preservation of the Donegal mountaineers. Have Irishmen in America forgotten the land of their birth? or may we expect their zealous coöperation?

The NATION of the 6th, is out with a strong article in defence of George Henry Moore, late M. P., against 'Irish American Correspondents.' The particular correspondent aimed at is the Dublin correspondent of the New York IRISH NEWS. I am slightly acquainted with the gentlemen referred to, and I think the NATION had better have let him alone. He is much beloved by his countrymen here, and, I doubt not, he has hosts of friends in the United States where he formerly resided. However, he is quite able to take care of himself, and you may expect a slashing letter from Kilmainham, in the N. Y. IRISH NEWS in reply to the NATION.

The CELT has ceased to be published weekly, and is now a monthly periodical. This is a publication of great merit, and I commend it to the notice of my countrymen in America.

Samuel Lover has brought out a book of Irish songs, illustrated with some fifty very excellent engravings. The work contains numerous critical and historical notes upon matters of great interest, and is well worth the attention of some Irish publishers in America. I had the pleasure of seeing here a very beautiful volume of the 'Ballads of Ireland,' published by Donahoe, of Boston, which was brought to this country by a friend of mine who returned home for the good of his health. If Mr. Donahoe will take hold of this volume of Lover I am sure it would meet with immense success in your Republic.

The DUBLIN JOURNAL, which I mentioned in my first letter to you, is improving in appearance and matter. Its circulation is also rapidly extending. I am glad of this, as these Irish pictorials are calculated to do much good, and drive from the hands of our young people the wretched and immoral trash of novels and romances which ought never to be seen in the hands of a Christian.

AVONMORE.

MELROSE BIGOTRY.

Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

SIR:—Permit me to address you as a fellow-countryman and co-laborer in defending the character of Irishmen. In doing so, I wish to inform you of a circumstance which occurred in the town of Melrose. The Catholics of this town have lately formed a society for the purpose of supporting a Sunday school for children; which numbers some fifty members at present, although formed but one month. The society wished to procure a hall to meet in, and hold their Sunday school, and was promised a room in 'Mud Hall,' (called so on account of its being built of cement called concrete,) but owing to the religious intolerance of the Episcopal society, worshipping in the same building, we were prevented from having it. This society of Christians, save the mark, declared they would not stay five minutes in the

building if it was let to the Irish! There's a specimen of Christian humility for you! A great many of the Catholics of this town are not Irish; yet I wonder if these high church Episcopalians would refuse to enter Heaven if they found any native of Ireland there? I beg to inform them that Irishmen were welcome guests there a thousand years before their Episcopalianism was heard tell off.

However, we are not to be put down by intolerance like this, worthy of the descendants of the persecutors of the Quakers, and the witch-burners. We now hold the meetings of our society in the large hall over Knight's apothecary store, and the following gentlemen are its officers.

Thomas A. Long, President; John Gately, Vice President; John B. Walker, Treasurer; and M. A. McCafferty, Secretary. Hoping you will notice this matter in your very neat journal, which is extensively read in this place, and wishing it every success,

I remain yours,

A BOSTON BOY.

Melrose, March 23, 1858.

[From the Dublin Celt.]

THE ROUND TOWER AND CHURCHES OF HOLY ISLAND.

It was a lovely evening about the end of June, when we landed on Holy Island.* The setting sun was just visible above the dark outline of the Baughta Mountains. A magnificent sheet of water gemmed with some half dozen beautiful islands, extended for miles all around. Southward the rugged breast of one of the Ara Mountains reflected back from its shelving quarries of slate the departing rays of the sun; and as it swept down into a well cultivated country, it assumed a rich drapery of chestnut and oak, which dipped their overhanging branches in the clear water beneath. The Clare coast too was finely wooded; where here and there along its borders, the dilapidated remains of a few dismantled castles (once the stronghold of a powerful sept of the McNamaras) told of the ravages which fire and sword, or the no less steady advance of time had wrought upon their solid masonry.

After gazing for some minutes on the splendid prospect, we turned towards the ruins on the island. We had not gone more than a few hundred yards, when we were encountered by a tall, manly-looking peasant, followed by a terrier. He was stoutly built, about forty years of age, and had a fine open Irish countenance, bronzed by many a summer's sun. The fashionable artiste who designs the elegant costume of the gilded butterfly of the castle, would have smiled superciliously at the patched shorts and flannel waistcoat which were the two most distinguishable articles of dress he wore; but we regarded them with quite a different feeling; we felt how many an honest heart and true beats under such a garment, aye, perhaps oftener than under the rich cloth and jewelry of the titled aristocrat.

His first salute of 'God save ye, gintlemin; comin' to see the island?' placed us at once upon an intimate footing. He informed us that he had been many years employed by the owner of the island to 'take care of cattle,' and that his name was Mick Halloran. He immediately proffered his services as Cicero, which we very gladly accepted.

The Round Tower is among the finest in Ireland. It is 72 feet high, with an internal diameter of 8 feet. A light clothing of ivy reaches half way down from the top. The pointed roof, which is usual on all these towers, has fallen; but with this exception it is in an excellent state of preservation. Within a few yards of its base, there is a large lime-stone

* Holy Island, or Inisceiltra, is situate in Lough Derg, just where the Shannon takes a gentle sweep into Killaloe. It is six miles north of the latter, and a mile from the picturesque village of Mount Shannon. The steamers that ply daily between Athlone and Killaloe pass very near. Indeed there is not a much more interesting trip in the south of Ireland than along the noble Shannon by the above-mentioned route. Let not my readers confound it with one of a more northern pilgrimage in Lough Derg.

about two or three feet high, with an incision about a foot square on the top of it.

The door of the tower faces the East, it is some twelve feet from the ground. I was anxious to get into it, and after a good deal of scrambling and falling I succeeded. The floor inside reaches up to the door. Two circles of projecting stones would seem to indicate the previous existence of two other floors; however, no other vestige of them remains.

How strange is the fate of those 'pillar temples'; they would seem to be possessed of some talisman which completely bewilders the efforts of our antiquaries to discover their origin. Who knows but our fabled ancestors in erecting them (i. e. presupposing the theory which Moore so fondly supports) may have practised some malevolent charms, which were intended to shroud their origin in mystery. If so, let all our antiquaries cease henceforth bothering themselves about such matters. Believe me, it was not to little account that the Danian and Firbolg had been initiated into their mystic arts!

Within four or five yards of the round tower, stands the church of St. Camin. He was of the princely family of Hy-Kinselagh, and retired to the island in the early part of the 7th century. Thither he was followed by a great many religious who were anxious to put themselves under his spiritual direction. These he formed into a community which assumed the habit and rule of the regular canons of St. Augustine.

The monastery was plundered by a body of Danes from Limerick in 834, and again in 946 by Ivar, a chieftain of another of these Northman hordes. In 1027 it was re-erected probably in the form in which it exists at present. Finally it shared the fate of the thousands of other monasteries which the reformation suppressed.

Directly opposite the small Gothic door, through which we entered St. Camin's Church, is the principal entrance. It is a fine Saxon arch, supported by five circular pillars on either side. A rich festooning of ivy swept across the span of the arch and interlaced its huge trunk with the adjoining pilasters. The Church itself is a rectangle; in its southern wall there is a granite slab with the following inscription:—'J. A. Grady repaired those churches and monuments, to the grace and glory of God.' It is not dated. However, I think it must have been inserted in the last century, especially as it is in English the inscription is written.

Up to a dozen years ago, there used to be a pilgrimage here, twice a year. Hundreds flocked from the neighboring counties of Tipperary, Clare and Galway to beg the intercession of St. Camin. Thither came the lame, the blind, the child of affliction and sorrow to offer up the outpourings of a suffering heart to the Almighty, and to beg the prayers of His servant. Here, on this very spot, had the kneeling peasant often offered up the rich gift of an humble heart and confiding faith.

It matters little, after all, how much the spirit of 'progress' and 'indifferentism' of the present day may smile at this; but there is, undoubtedly, something pure and exalted in this outpouring of the heart's warmest affections to God, this unlocking of the soul to some of the finest feelings of our nature, which is so seldom appreciated because it does not often find its way beyond the humble homestead of the poor and lowly.

However, owing to some abuses, the 'rounds' have been suppressed, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Catholic clergy. On the appointed days, tents used to be set up, and the itinerant squad of 'wheel of fortune men,' 'trick of the loop,' &c., who frequent all Irish fairs and 'merry-makings,' gathered in great numbers to the 'island.' Pothcen flowed in abundance, and the night seldom closed without the flourishing of blackthorns and the cracking of many an unoffending pate.

In the burial ground adjoining St. Camin's Church, Mick pointed out to us an old altar stone, from which the plain cross that had been chiseled on it, was almost completely effaced. He told us that some thirty

years ago the Protestants of Killaloe thought to take it away to put it in their 'church,' but the d—l a foot farther than the shore it would go with 'em, so they were obliged to bring it back again. And what's more, sir, the bell that used to ring of its own accord in the steeple, was never any good since they brought it to Killaloe.'

St. Mary's Church, which stands on the southern side of the island, is similar in every respect to St. Camin's. In its southern wall there is another slab, with an inscription. Over the inscription is a crest consisting of a hand and dagger and three lions rampant. A good deal of it is so completely effaced, that I could not make out the figures on it. The monument was erected in 1640, over 'the noble knight, Sir Turlough O'Brien Ara, who died 1626, and Elizabeth, his wife, daughter to Walter, Earl of Ormond, who died in 1625. Pray for their souls. Memento mortis.'

What a sad period for Ireland, the first quarter of the 17th century. The Irish Catholics had been led to expect much from the son of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, but his earliest acts at once dashed away their long cherished hopes. His reign should be remembered with execration in Ireland. That was the period at which 500,000 acres of land were confiscated in Ulster, an immense tract in Connaught, and 400,000 acres in the other provinces; that was the period at which Chichester had trampled on the liberties of the Irish Parliament by unconstitutionally creating forty new boroughs; and when the Catholic nobles of the Pale had petitioned and sent an embassy to James, two of their number, Talbot and Luttrell, were imprisoned, and the petition rejected with contempt; at which St. John and Falkland proved no unworthy successors to the persecuting Chichester.

Doubtless it was owing to the sanguinary edicts of some of these deputies, that O'Brien Ara was forced to seek a quiet grave beneath the hallowed verdure of Holy Island.

I continued rambling among the ruins until the moon was far up in the mid-heaven. It was a glorious night—a glorious prospect—not a single cloud to veil the pale face of the 'queen of night,' who sailed majestically along in the blue vault above. Around, the unrolled sheet of water was burnished with a flood of silver light, save where the dim outline of the wooded shore cast its darkening shadow. The ruins themselves, 'half in light, half in shade,' seemed, like some fanciful creation of the mind, adapted only for the phantom forms of the other world.

The intrusive footsteps of man excited a hollow echo in the deserted aisles, and seemed to awaken the spirit of saint and sage, who had lain buried there for centuries.

On such occasions how completely does the soul identify itself with the past; with what vividness do the dim facts of history come up before the mind. In this island, in these very churches, had the learning of Corcoran, in the 11th century, charmed the youth not only of Erin but of Europe. There, in yon lonely tower, had the anchorite Cosgragh offered up an unbroken orison for a life's time. Perhaps, too, on many a night like this, ere yet the Northman or Saxon put his foot upon our soil, might the hooded monk have wandered forth into the cold moonlight, and how must he have stood spell-bound as the deep tones of the convent choir stole softly on his ear, or the angelus from the convent tower rang its silvery tones over the lonely water of Lough Derg.

What a contrast would strike him were he again to revisit these scenes. Yonder, where the tangled brushwood creeps over that grassy hillock, there stood a church dedicated to St. Patrick. There! where the rank grass waves o'er the ashes of the dead, was his own cell, in which he had rested his weary frame, after many a midnight vigil. Here! where this unheeded headstone lies, stood the shrine on which he had registered his first vows to Heaven. What a scene of desolation for the distant wanderer. And yet all is not a subject of sorrow to him. How does he exult, when he looks round his green Erin, and sees that the faith

of Patrick is still as fresh and vigorous as in the sainted days of Malachi and Columkil; that sacred learning is still as much cultivated as when her schools were thronged with the learned of Europe, that the same spirit animated Kilian, Gall and Fiachra is still prolific in Irish missionaries, who may be found in every quarter of the globe, from the wild prairies that border the Missouri to the sacred banks of the Ganges.

DALCAISSIAN.

LITERATURE.

[From Tales of the Olden Time.]

CASTLE ROCHE.

A LEGEND OF LOUTH.

[Continued.]

A year flew by, without producing any visible change in the Lady Christina. In the meantime the peasantry around conceived the idea of her being in connection with the Evil One. Considering the love of the marvellous by which the lower Irish have ever been characterized, this belief was not at all wonderful. Dark and gloomy in her disposition, and enveloped in an impenetrable veil of mystery, Christina appeared the very one most likely to hold communion with the 'lord of the infernal regions.' As one false conclusion gives rise to another, so the supposed supernatural power of the Lady of the Castle, revived in the minds of the people the singular disappearance of O'Brien, and it was now acknowledged on all hands that the poor architect had been spirited away by her accursed artifices.

Erica was not slow in discovering the stories circulating thus amongst the peasantry; indeed, it required no great penetration to do so, for she could not but see that the castle was shunned as if contagion had lurked within its walls, and that she herself had become an object of distrust to all around. The faithful confidante took the earliest opportunity of communicating the fact to her lady, who, on her part, received the information with a sneer of derision and contempt.

'It was ever thus, Erica! These besotted Irish have been ever ready to regard with suspicion, those whose motives of action were above their comprehension. They have ever viewed our people as a nation of conjurors, and, though ignorant of my connexion with that hated race, they have attributed to me the crime of witchcraft, as though they could trace my descent from some of those fierce matrons of whose enchantments they have preserved so many wild legends! But it matters not—I despise them all too much, to show the least resentment for the injury they have done me!'

With these words she dismissed Erica from her presence, in order to commune in silence with her own thoughts.

An hour had scarcely elapsed, when Erica returned to inform her mistress that the squire of the young Lord Fitzwalter waited below to know whether his master might be permitted to visit the Lady Christina.

'This Lord Fitzwalter is a most persevering suitor!' exclaimed Christina. 'I wonder whether Penelope of old was half so plagued as I am, by a phalanx of lords and lordlings! Go tell the messenger—but stay, Erica! where is he?'

'He has walked out upon the drawbridge, I perceive,' answered the damsel; 'so, your ladyship may see him yonder; he is really the finest sample of manhood I have seen since I landed on the coast of Hibernia!'

On hearing this, Christina approached the window, and stood gazing for a moment on the youthful squire, who was busily engaged in examining the castle, and its fortifications. When the lady turned again to Erica, it was to express a wish that the messenger might be introduced to her presence.

'Ha, ha! Lord Fitzwalter hath found favor in

my lady's sight!' thought Erica, as she proceeded to deliver her message.

The young squire followed the damsel to the apartment where sat the lady of the castle, and, as he did so, he could not help feeling some curiosity to obtain a sight of one who repelled with so much coldness the advances of even the highest chieftains.

At length his conductress opened a door, which discovered to his view the Lady Christina, and the sight was a fatal one to the young aspirant for the honors of chivalry. He had never even imagined anything half so beautiful and he was for a moment bewildered with astonishment.

The lady affected not to have perceived the effect which her charms had produced, but, seating herself with an air of almost regal dignity, bade the young servitor bear to his master the Lady Christina's kindest greeting, with her desire that Lord Fitzwalter should honor her poor dwelling with a visit, at his earliest convenience.

The squire, having made his obeisance, was about to retire, when Christina again addressed him—

'As I take it for granted that thou art my Lord Fitzwalter's usual attendant, I would learn by what name thou art distinguished!'

'I am called Mark Roche, most noble lady!' replied the youth.

'It is well, my good youth! thou may'st now depart.'

Erica conducted the young man to the outer gate, and then returned, to try if she could discover what was passing in the mind of her mistress. Christina, however, preserved a total silence on the subject of Lord Fitzwalter and his proposed visit, so that her attendant was doomed to remain in utter ignorance as to the motives which had induced her lady to deviate from her usual habits of seclusion.

The door had scarcely closed on Erica and the young Roche, when Christina sank into a seat, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed aloud—

'The hour is come—yes! the hour is come, when Christina must endeavor to forget what she was, and what she might have been! To thee, then, most beloved, be this last agonizing moment dedicated! The memory of thy love was for a short space clouded and dishonored—but (thanks to the vigor of mind for which thou hast so often extolled thy Christina,) the low-born hind was punished as he deserved, for daring to aspire to possess that heart which thou, adored one, valued more highly than all thy regal power! Farewell, farewell!—may'st thou never learn, my royal Christian, that thy lost Christina sank so very low!'

Shaking back her redundant tresses (now saturated with her tears) this wondrous woman, by a desperate effort of self-command, resumed her usual demeanor, but ever and anon, as she employed herself on some work of fancy, there would arise thoughts of that distant object, so fondly beloved; a moment, and a dark frown (as at her own imbecility,) would contract her lofty brow, and forthwith, the mind thus controlled, would glide into some other train of thought.

It may be as well, leaving Christina to her own reflections, to throw some light upon those mysterious expressions above mentioned. For this purpose we must seek a far distant land, being none other than that which had seen her days of unsullied innocence, the scene also of her guilty, and ill-acquired power.

That land was Denmark, the home of those fierce 'Sea-kings' whose devastating sway was so long acknowledged in the British Island, and who held unbroken dominion over the waters of the German Ocean and its tributary seas.

Christina was an orphan of noble birth—she had been brought up at the Danish Court, and her earliest and purest affections were bestowed on the youthful Christian, who was then her apparent to the

throne, and who, on his part, had ever distinguished the fair Christina above all the ladies who graced that brilliant circle.

Having never known the salutary restraint of parental discipline, the young Christina had grown up a gorgeous but untrained flower! The chief feature of her mind was a love of power. She had no fixed notions of either religion or virtue, and consequently, the transition was very easy, from the courted and admired of the Crown Prince, to his fallen and degraded mistress.

She made no difficulty of accepting the magnificent terms offered—her ambitious mind, dazzled by the prospect of being one day the favorite of a monarch, set but little value on that jewel above all price—a pure and unsullied virtue.

In progress of time, Christian ascended the throne, and Christina's delight was unbounded. So great was her love for the youthful monarch, that whatever concerned his honor or glory was dearer far than her own interest, and her inordinate pride was fully gratified when she beheld him in the full exercise of kingly power.

Time rolled on, and the love of the monarch for his beautiful favorite appeared rather to increase than decline—he seemed, in fact, to experience no real happiness but in her presence. There was no favor required by a courtier that a word from Christina would not procure, and it may, therefore, be supposed that her intercession was often sought.

But this could not last—the people became urgent in their entreaties that their sovereign should select a queen from among the royal houses of Europe.

This was unwelcome intelligence to the enamoured Christian, but to Christina it was severe as the stroke of death.

Lost as she was, she had never dared to hope that she might become the wife of the monarch. Knowing herself unworthy of sharing a throne, she submitted, in silence, to her fate, and though the conviction would sometimes force itself upon her mind, that, by her early fall from virtue, she had lost the brilliant opportunity presented by the ardent passion of her royal lover, yet the reflection gave her but momentary pain. So long as she continued to reign over the heart of Christian, she cared but little for any other dominion.

The idea of his marrying another, never for one moment occurred to her mind. She had forgotten (oh, the blindness of love!) that kings are in a great measure controlled by the wishes of their subjects, and that the welfare of the state required that the sovereign should form a matrimonial alliance.

If Christina had accustomed herself to the probability of such an event, the blow might have fallen less heavily—reflection might have strengthened her mind—but now it fell upon her senses with stunning effect. The information was first given her by an envious old lady of the Court, who, of course, gave it with even exaggerated details, in order to wound the auditor the more deeply. Knowing the malignity of the narrator, Christina still hoped that the story was a fabrication of her own brain, and that the next visit of the king would dispel the horrid chimera. She awaited his arrival, therefore, with more than usual impatience, determined to put the matter at once beyond a doubt, by sounding him on the subject.

It was evening when the young monarch entered the magnificent apartments appropriated to Christina; the shades of twilight were already falling, but what could conceal from the eye of love that a deeper gloom darkened the brow of her sovereign! He sighed, too, as he returned her salutation, and that sigh spoke volumes to the heart of Christina.

After a silence of some minutes, Christian endeavored to conceal his dejection.

'Wherefore is my love so silent? Why! thou seem'st in a melancholy mood this evening, my Christina! Am I right?—or has aught occurred to distress thee?

'Nay, my royal lord, it is thou that art dejected. Need'st thou then wonder that I am unable to appear gay—are not thy sorrows mine? Let me then presume to ask, has my sovereign had cause of sadness?'

'Thou dost but jest, Christina. Surely there is no change in me!'

'And can'st thou, then, imagine that thou could'st deceive Christina, even for a moment? No, my lord, the slightest shade of care or sorrow on that beloved brow must give corresponding pain to this poor trembling heart. Tell me then what has disturbed thee, that I may at least, endeavor to console thee.'

'But what if the news concerned thyself?'

'It matters not—say on!'

'Thou knowest not—thou can'st not know what thou desirest to hear!'

'Nay, my liege! I can hear anything—I am prepared.'

'Art thou prepared to lose what, I know, thou valuest most?'

'What means my lord?'

'Christina!' said the monarch, while his voice trembled with emotion; 'Christina! thou talkest of being prepared! Art thou prepared to hear that my people are unanimous in their entreaty (which with them is almost command) that I should marry! They fear my dying without issue, and my ministers have fixed on the daughter of a neighboring prince, who on his part has signified, through his ambassador, than an alliance with the Danish monarch will be most agreeable to him? Say, Christina, have I cause for anxiety?'

On hearing such a terrible confirmation of her worst fears, Christina's heart sank within her—the color forsok her cheek, and she was for a moment utterly incapable of speech. At length she strove to articulate the inquiry which her heart dictated—

'Will my liege accept the proposed alliance?'

There was something in the tremulous tones of Christina which went directly to the heart of her auditor, and roused his most ardent sympathy in her favor:

'And dost thou ask such a question? thou, Christina! Canst thou for a moment suppose that I would bestow on thee a rival? No! Christina! thou hast ever been sole mistress of my affections, and so shalt thou ever remain?'

'A thousand thousand thanks, most beloved of men! But art thou thyself a free agent in this case?'

'Most undoubtedly I am. Who would dare attempt to coerce the inclinations of a sovereign of Denmark? Console thyself, then, beloved one, for I am thine, ever thine!'

Who could have doubted such an assurance? Certainly not Christina, for her confidence in Christian was unbounded. She had never known him to have deceived her, why then, should she suspect his veracity on an occasion of such vital moment? There was, however, another inquiry to be made, and Christina held her breath while she waited to have it answered:

'But, my lord, may I venture to ask what was your Majesty's reply to the proposal of your ministers?'

Christina, need'st thou ask? But I see thou hast learned to doubt thy Christian—I must then tell thee, candidly, what I said. I told them there was one being in existence, to whom I was already united by every bond both of honor and affection. It was then represented to me that I could not marry (forgive me, Christina!) the person alluded to; but to that objection, I answered, that I considered myself as firmly allied to that individual as if the marriage ceremony had been really performed, and that no temptation could induce me to think of giving my hand and a crown to one while my heart belonged irrevocably to another. The council could go no farther, so the subject was allowed to drop. Is Christina satisfied with my conduct?'

'Satisfied! oh! forgive me, most generous of men! forgive me for having doubted thee, even for a mo-

ment! Thou hast been ever kind and affectionate to me!—Oh! that a cloud should arise to darken so fair a scene!'

It was late when the monarch retired from Christina's apartment, and as he traversed the now silent corridors of the palace, he could not help congratulating himself that for the sake of this beloved object he had made so vast a sacrifice in declining the alliance of a great prince, and above all resisting the entreaties of his subjects.

How far his exulting was well founded, we shall soon, perchance, see.

Nothing could equal Christina's delight, on finding that the constancy of her beloved was proof against every allurement that could be offered. With a heart full of grateful affection, she threw herself on a couch, and her dreams were all bright and Elysian, harbingers she deemed of unfading joy.

As early as etiquette would permit on the following day, the king received a visit from one of his ministers, the ostensible purpose of which was, to procure the royal signature to a certain warrant of outlawry, though there was no need that this should have been laid before his Majesty in a private audience.

The nobleman protracted his visit for some time after his business was concluded, and the conversation turned (as it were accidentally) on the affair which had occupied the council on the preceding day.

'We were none of us surprised,' said the minister, 'that your Majesty rejected the proposed alliance, however advantageous it might appear.'

'How meanest thou?' inquired the monarch.

'Why, merely this, my liege! that your Majesty's attachment to the Lady Christina was too well known, to permit us to hope for a favorable answer to the proposal. The world at large must admire such an unexampled proof of fidelity! Neither can we marvel at your devotion to one object, for, in truth, as far as beauty is concerned, that of the Lady Christina is most rare, being indeed, unrivalled!'

'And her fidelity!—Has she not sacrificed all for me? Has she ever listened to the vows of another? No! the wondrous loveliness of my Christina is rendered doubly charming in my eyes, by her unchanging truth and constancy!'

'That may well be!' responded the wily courtier; 'but allow me to say (with all due deference) that, considering the personal charms of the lady in question, she has never been sought after by the young nobles of the court!—whether it was that they ventured not to enter the lists with your Majesty, or that some other cause existed, I really cannot say, but I have heard the fact more than once descanted upon!'

'How?—what?—What would'st thou insinuate?' inquired Christian, in an agitated voice.

'Insinuate!—my liege! Thou would'st not sure suspect me of so foul a design as that of endeavoring to insinuate aught unfavorable to the lady whom thou honor'st with thy confidence?'

'I know not what to think!' replied the king, now strongly excited—'but this I know and cannot but see, that thou art laboring under some weighty secret which concerns my Christina!—Speak! relieve my suspense!'

'What should I know, my royal master! of the Lady Christina or her affairs? I have not the honor of being acquainted with her! How, then, can I possess any, the slightest information regarding her?'

'This evasion will not serve thy purpose!—My Lord Chamberlain! I command thee on thy duty as a subject, to explain thyself!—What mean these obscure innuendos?'

[To be continued.]

At a party in London, a lady—who though in the autumn of life had not lost all dreams of its spring—said to Douglas Jerrold, 'I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn grey; I sometimes fancy it must be the essence of rosemary, with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it. What do you think?—I should rather be afraid madam,' replied the distinguished dramatist, drily, 'that it is the essence of Time!'

AN ADVENTURE IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—After I had taken my seat one morning at Paddington in an empty carriage, I was joined, just as the train was moving off by a strange-looking young man, with remarkably long flowing hair. He was, of course, a little hurried, but he seemed besides to be so disturbed and wild that I was quite alarmed for fear of his not being right in his mind. nor did his subsequent conduct at all reassure me. Our train was an express, and he inquired eagerly, at once, which was the first station whereat we were advertised to stop. I consulted my 'Bradshaw,' and furnished him with the required information. It was Reading. The young man looked at his watch.

'Madame,' said he, 'I have but half an hour between me and it, may be, ruin. Excuse, therefore, my abruptness. You have, I perceive, a pair of scissors in your work-bag. Oblige me, if you please, by cutting off all my hair.'

'Sir,' said I, 'is it possible?'

'Madam,' he urged, and a look of severe determination crossed his features, 'I am a desperate man. Beware how you refuse me what I ask. Cut my hair off—short, close to the roots—immediately; and here is a newspaper to hold the ambrosial curls.'

I thought he was mad, of course; and believing that it would be dangerous to thwart him, I cut off all his hair to the last lock.

'Now Madam,' said he, unlocking a small portmanteau, 'you will further oblige me by looking out of the window, as I am about to change my clothes.'

Of course I looked out of the window for a very considerable time, and when he observed, 'Madam, I need no longer put you to any inconvenience,' I did not recognize the young man in the least. Instead of his former rather gay costume, he was attired in black, and wore a grey wig and silver spectacles; he looked like a respectable divine of the Church of England, of about 64 years of age; to complete that character, he held a volume of sermons in his hand, which—they appeared so to absorb him—might have been his own.

'I do not wish to threaten you, young lady,' he resumed, 'and I think, besides, that I can trust your kind face. Will you promise me not to reveal this metamorphosis until your journey's end?'

'I will,' said I, 'most certainly.'

At Reading the guard and a person in plain clothes looked into our carriage.

'You have the ticket my love,' said the young man blandly, and looking at me as though he were my father.

'Never mind, sir; we don't want them,' said the official, as he withdrew his companion.

'I shall now leave you, Madam,' observed my fellow-traveller, as soon as the coast was clear; 'by your kind and courageous conduct you have saved my life, and perhaps even your own.'

In another minute he was gone and the train was in motion. Not till the next morning did I learn from the Times newspaper that the gentleman on whom I had operated as haircutter had committed a forgery to an enormous amount in London a few hours before I met him, and that he had been tracked into an express train from Paddington, but that—although the telegraph had been in motion and described him accurately—at Reading, when the train was searched, he was nowhere to be found.—[Household Words.]

SLEEP.—It has been said that Napoleon slept but little, an assertion for which there is no foundation. On the contrary, he slept much, and even stood in great need of sleep, as is the case of all nervous persons, whose minds are very active. I have often known him spend ten and twelve hours in bed. But if wakefulness was necessary, he could support it, and indemnify himself at a later period, or even take repose in advance, in order to support the fatigues which he anticipated; finally, he had the gift of sleeping at will.

A HURLING MATCH.—Among other pastimes in which the sons of old Erin indulged on St Patrick's Day was that of an Irish goal-ball and hurling match, on the other side of the North River, near the Elysian Fields, between the Old Ireland and Young Ireland party, from the town of Kenmare, in the county Kerry. The match was played on the cricket and base-ball ground, in Hoboken, by thirteen married and thirteen unmarried men. There were at least two thousand persons present, Irish and Americans. The latter drawn thither on account of the novelty of the thing, and expressed themselves highly gratified, so much so that many of them said it threw the cricket and base ball match both into the shade. On each end of the ground bow or arch, and the party sending the ball through this arch first off were to be the victors. Each arch was guarded by one or two of the best hurlers, for the purpose of stopping the ball, while the rest went at the goaling with all their might.

The contest, which was a close one, lasted about two hours and fifty minutes. When the young Ireland party were declared the winners, a vociferous and enthusiastic cry went up, with hats and hurries, which made the welkin ring. The old Irelanders were told to go home and announce to their wives that the young Ireland party gained the victory, and hoped to win their daughters.

CHARLES LAMB'S WARNING.—Charles Lamb—the inimitable 'Elia'—a genius and a drunkard, tells his sad experience, as a warning to young men, in the following language:—

'The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depth, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening senses of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall find himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet, feel it all the way emanating from himself; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation.'

VAUDEVILLE'S STEED.—I remember to have read of several who had subsequently either become priests or entered some religious Orders, and, among them, of Vaudeville, from Lorraine. He was a commander of lancers, and was the last to cross the bridge, exposed to the incessant fire of the enemy. When he saw the bridge in flames he plunged with his horse into the river, and right manfully battled with the floating ice, the timber, and wrecked gun carriages, until he had almost reached the opposite bank. His strength failed him; his noble charger, like his master, was exhausted; a large cake of ice came rushing furiously against them; Vaudeville bowed his head upon his horse's neck, and, resigning himself to death, pronounced aloud the act of contrition. At the instant a cannon ball from the Russians grazed the horse's head. The noble animal rallied his strength, and, with one wild, desperate bound, reached the shore with his rider! The life thus almost miraculously preserved Vaudeville consecrated to God. He resigned his decoration of the legion of honor and his rank in the army, entered the seminary of Nancy, in France, and became a pious priest. For many years he was procurator of the seminary of Mousson, and he always kept the noble horse that saved him from the Beresina.

MISCELLANEA.

Acquire honesty; seek humility; practice economy; love fidelity.

On his death-bed, a distinguished humorist requested that no one might be invited to his funeral. 'Because,' said the dying wag, 'it is a civility I can never repay.'

'I wonder,' says a woman of spirit, 'how is it that I and my husband quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one grand point, he wishes to be master and so do I.'

'Awful' Gardner after a severe struggle, according to the reports in the New York papers, has been converted to the true faith in the Methodist church at Port Chester. The 'fighting preachers' will have to look to their laurels, as Gardner used to be an awful bruiser.

When Algernon Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his hand-writing—he said, 'When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood.'

Swift's Stella, in her last illness, being visited by her physician, he said—

'Madame, I hope we shall soon get you up the hill again.'

'Ah,' said she, 'I am afraid, before I get to the top of the hill, I shall be out of breath.'

An Englishman and a Yankee were recently disputing, when the former sneeringly remarked:

'Fortunately, the Americans could go no farther than the Pacific shore.'

Yankee scratched his prolific brain for an instant, and thus triumphantly replied:

'Why, good gracious! they're already leveling the Rocky Mountains, and carting the dirt out West. I had a letter last week from my cousin, who is living three hundred miles west of the Pacific shore—on made land!

The Englishman gave in.

Sidney Smith says:—It is not true that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power when it is veiled under the garb of piety. They hate cant and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the place which should only be a sanctuary for the righteous and good.'

A BLIND GIRL 'SEEING' A PLAY.—During the performance of the Jewess at the American Theatre, San Francisco, a short time ago, a little girl attracted much attention by suppressed but violent sobbing. It was thought at first that she was a child whose refined feelings were more susceptible than those of others, older and of more experience in the world, and that she looked on the scene as real. But that was not the cause of her grief. Before losing her sight she had seen the play, and hearing that it was to be performed that night by Mrs. Hayne, she desired to be taken to the theatre to 'see it.' Several times she whispered to her mother, 'There, I remember that part; how I do wish I could see; but it's so dark!' When the Jewess was about ascending to the cauldron, the child tried to look toward the stage, but failed to penetrate the curtain which hid the scene from herself alone, she buried her face in her hands, and cried with bitter vexation and despair. All who knew of the little girl's misfortune, shared in her grief and disappointment, but they could not see and feel the terrible shadows that hung about her heart, dark as the plumes of a raven. What a cheerless horizon is hers! But for her there is light beyond the rayless ways of time, where brighter lamps, lit from the Holy of Holies, will enable her to see clearly as the archangel who has looked upon the gorgeous scenery since the birth of ages.

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PROSPECTUS.

IRISH MISCELLANY. Prospectus. On Saturday the 13th day of February 1853, was published the first number of a new weekly periodical, with the above title, in allusion to the diffusion of a more intimate knowledge of the literary and political history of Ireland, and to the mental, moral and political elevation of the Celtic race on this continent.

The "Irish Miscellany" will contain 16 pages of closely printed matter, on fine paper, of a size similar to this prospectus. Price 4 cents a copy, payable on delivery; or \$2 a year to mail subscribers—invariably in advance.

It is not the object of the "Irish Miscellany," it is proper to say, that it is not our intention to trespass upon the ground already occupied by any of our contemporaries. We have marked out for ourselves a course entirely new and original—neither occupied by any other publication in this country. We propose to cultivate a field which, although naturally rich and fertile, and capable of producing the choicest flowers and fruits of literature, has hitherto lain comparatively barren and unproductive. Into this field we shall enter with a full confidence of its capabilities, but with a modest diffidence of the skill which we shall bring to its culture.

It has long been a reproach to our race here, that while the publications of the day, with but few exceptions, term to wit caricatures of us and of our country—while we are continually held up to public gaze as everything that is foolish, absurd and vicious—but little to be known to the true character of our people before the public eye, or vindicate our name and race from the calumnies with which English libelers everywhere pursue us.

To correct, in some measure, this crying evil, it was at first intended to gather together a number of Irishmen distinguished in the walks of literature, and publish monthly reviews, which, for sterling talent, should be second to none published here or elsewhere. The great exertions consequent upon an undertaking of this magnitude, deterred us from the attempt, compelled us to relinquish our design, and to substitute instead thereof, our more unpretending "Miscellany."

We propose to re-produce in our weekly periodical the writings of many of the great minds who have gone before us, while we shall also give a place to the productions of the day, such productions of merit cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers. Our country is rich in legendary lore, and the legends of the old land, while they amuse, also instruct and elevate. The great exertions consequent upon an undertaking of this magnitude, deterred us from the attempt, compelled us to relinquish our design, and to substitute instead thereof, our more unpretending "Miscellany."

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DEAR LAND.

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany,

FROM THE "SPIRIT OF THE NATION."

POETRY BY SLIABH CUILINN.

ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

PIARCHETTO.

1. When comes the day, all hearts to weigh, If staunch they be . . . or vile, Shall we for-get the sa-cred debt We owe our mother isle?
2. When I behold your mountains bold—Your no - ble lakes and streams— A mingled tide of grief and pride Within my bosom teems.

p

Cres. *f* *Dolce.*

My na - tive heath is brown beneath, My na - tive wa - ters blue; But crim - son red o'er both shall spread, — E'er I am falso to
I think of all, your long, dark thrall, Your mar-tyrs brave and true; And dash a - part the tears that start, We must not weep for

Cres.

you, dear land, Ere I am false to you. Ere I am false to you, dear land, Ere I am false to you.
you, dear land, We must not weep for you. We must not weep for you, dear land—We must not weep for you.

3. 4. 5.

My grandsire died, his home beside;
They seized and hanged him there;
His only crime, in evil time,
Your hallowed green to wear.
Across the main his brothers twain
Were sent to pine and rue;
And still they turn'd, with hearts that burn'd,
In hopeless love to you,
In hopeless love to you.

Dear land—

My boyish ear still clung to hear
Of Erin's pride of yore,
Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
Her independent shore:
Of chiefs, long dead, who rose to head
Some gallant patriot few,
Till all my aim on earth became
To strike one blow for you,
To strike one blow for you.

Dear land—

What path is best your rights to wrest
Let other heads divine;
By work or word, with voice or sword,
To follow them be mine.
The breast that zeal and hatred steel,
No terrors can subdue;
If death should come, that martyrdom
Were sweet, endured for you,
Were sweet, endured for you.

Dear land—



VOLUME I—NUMBER 10.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]



MAGDALENE'S STEEPLE—DROGHEDA.

MACDALENE'S STEEPLE.

OR, REMAINS OF THE DOMINICAN CONVENT.

In the north part of Drogheda, near Sunday Gate, and immediately adjoining the site of the ancient Town-wall, stand the remains of the Dominican Convent, under the invocation of St. Mary Magdalene, called also, the Abbey of the Preaching Friars. It was founded A. D. 1224, by Lucas de Netterville, Archbishop of Armagh; was suppressed at the general dissolution in 1541, and is now the property of a branch of the Leigh family.

The original building, (if we may form an opinion by what remains,) appears to have been of considerable extent and magnificence; the tower, which is the only part remaining, is a lofty square structure, of light and elegant proportions, built upon, and entirely supported by a noble pointed gothic arch, the buttresses of which from their apparent slightness appear scarcely sufficient to support the superincumbent weight; this circumstance, with its present isolated state, give the tower a most singular and commanding appearance: it contains two apartments above the arch, the intervening floor being arched and groined from the angles—the groins supported by cherubs' heads, well carved in stone; the walls perforated by eight windows, two on each side, with cut stone casings, mullions, and transoms, neatly finished and ornamented; a spiral stone staircase is connected with the outside of the building, the entrance to which is at a considerable distance from the ground; the masonry is remarkably firm, and in fine preservation, scarcely a stone being removed by the effects of time, although braving the storms of above six hundred years; there is, indeed, a breach in the upper part of the east side, and the mullions of one window are removed, but this is supposed to have been effected by Cromwell's cannon, in 1649, to compel the surrender of a part of the garrison who had taken refuge in it.

The church appears to have been cruciform, the tower arising from the centre; but the body of the building, and every other appendage, has been long destroyed, and that so effectually, that not even the foundations can be traced: it is probable this took place immediately after the dissolution, as we find that in 1570, the ancient monument of Richard Strongbow, earl of Chepstow, being broken to pieces by the fall of the roof of Christ Church, Dublin, Sir Henry Sidney, lord deputy, directed a monument of Thomas, Earl of Desmond, then in this church, should be removed and placed instead of it, which was accordingly done; it is not probable this would have occurred if the place had not been previously desecrated; and in the most ancient paintings of Drogheda extant, particularly one in the hall of Beaulieu House, representing the siege in 1641, the tower is represented in its present isolated state, with the exception of some turrets on the town-wall there are not at present any remains.

The area which the church and its dependencies formerly occupied, has been parcelled into a number of small tenements, consisting of cottages with gardens attached; over these the lofty tower rears its venerable head, and from its magnitude, and air of solemn grandeur, forms a striking contrast with the hovels, which at present surround it. 'Magdalene's Steeple,' as it is now called, and the tower and spire of St. Peter's, of modern architecture, in the immediate vicinity, both being situated on the highest part of the ground on which Drogheda is built, form a very conspicuous and imposing object in the approach to the town in any direction.

There are some remarkable circumstances connected with this convent related in history, a few of which are transcribed in the order of time in which they occurred.

On the 10th of March, 1395, four Irish kings, viz.,—O'Neill, O'Hanlon, O'Donnell, and Mac Mahon, with several other petty chieftains of Ulster,

made their personal submission to King Richard II., in this church, the manner of which is thus related by Sir James Ware, in his *Antiquities of Ireland*. 'Every one of them, before the words of submission, laid aside his cap, belt, and skene, and kneeling down before the king, put both his hands between the king's hands, and repeated the words of fealty and submission in the Latin language. These kings, after this ceremony, were committed to the care of Henry Carlile, an Englishman, who understanding the Irish language, was commanded to instruct them in the English customs, particularly in that of receiving the order of knighthood, who so wrought on them that he prevailed on them to accept it, although they alleged that they had received it from their fathers at the age of seven years. These kings being more fully instructed by the Earl of Ormonde, by the king's command, were habited according to their dignity, and having performed their vigils, and heard a mass, were solemnly made knights by the king's own hand, in the Cathedral Church of Dublin.'

The MS. annals of Ireland, in St. Sepulchre's Library, Dublin, relate that in 1412, great dissensions subsisted between the two sides of Drogheda, divided by the River Boyne, which were attended with bloodshed, mutilation, and loss of life on both sides. Father Philip Bennet, master of divinity, and a friar of St. Mary Magdalene's Convent, invited the people of both parties to hear his sermon in the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, on the festival of 'Corpus Christi'; that he assumed for his theme these words of xxxiii. Psalm, 'Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity'; that in the sermon having thrice asked the congregation with energy, 'will ye be united in body of Christ?' Alderman William Symcock answered, in the name of all, 'we will'; that when the sermon was ended, they were profusely entertained in the refectory of this convent; and, having there and then consulted with Father Bennet upon their disputes, by his advice a joint petition was sent to King Henry VI., signed by Nicholas Flemmyng, Archbishop of Armagh, which they sent to London by one Robert Ball, who returned to Drogheda on the 15th of December in the same year, with a charter from the king, uniting the two sides into one town of Drogheda, and under one mayor, and forming it into a special county; that the following day the archbishop gave his blessing to the people of the county and town thus coalesced; and that the first mayor of the town so incorporated was the said William Symcock. It appears from a charter given in the fifth year of Edward IV. (1365) for founding an university in Drogheda, there was a corporation established here prior to the one just mentioned, and, it is probable that the inhabitants of each side of the town, claiming the right of electing the mayor and other officers, the confusion and bloodshed referred to above occurred at contested elections.

Some memorial of this feud and reconciliation is preserved here, by an annual burlesque or mummery, still exhibited on Shrove Tuesday, by the lower order of the inhabitants. 'The Mayor of Flea-lane,' (an obscure lane in the suburbs behind Millmount) crossing the bridge, enters the northern part of the town, mounted on an ass, in mock procession, attended by his sheriffs, bailiffs, and other officers, all fantastically dressed with straw, and each bearing the insignia of his dignity, together with several ragmuffins disguised in petticoats and masks, and armed with blown bladders tied on poles, who clear the way, and enforce the passengers and lookers-on to treat 'his worship' with proper respect; the cavalcade is preceded by a 'bough,' or garland, and music; in this way they parade the principal streets of the town, levying contributions; at the same time another party enters the town by Laurence's-gate, consisting of 'the

mayor of the chord' and his followers, who are generally dressed in east-soldier's clothes, perambulate the town in another direction until evening, or they conceive they have enough collected, when they meet, and after a mock encounter between the 'bladder men,' to the great amusement of children and idlers, they all adjourn to the 'chord field,' outside Laurence-gate, and spend the evening in mirth and jollity.

On the 15th of February, 1467, Thomas Earl of Desmond was beheaded on the North Commons (Hardman's garden,) Drogheda, by command of John Tiptoft, earl of Worcester, lord deputy of Ireland, for exacting coyne and livery; his head was sent to Dublin and spiked on the castle, and his body interred in this church, and a stately monument erected to him ornamented with his effigies in stone. This statue is now in Christ's Church, Dublin in place of Strongbow's being removed as before mentioned in 1570.

R. A.

[Our ingenious correspondent is in error in this and in his former statement relative to Strongbow's tomb, as we shall show in a future number. It is fair, however, to acknowledge that he has the authority of Archdall to support him.—Ed.]

DROGHEDA.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal:—

Sir,—Encouraged by the very flattering notice you were pleased to take of my former communication, respecting Drogheda, I take the liberty of offering the following remarks to your consideration.

I have long been anxious to see an attempt made at illustrating the history and antiquities of my native town, Drogheda, but have hitherto been disappointed; and, while other places (particularly in the sister kingdom,) even the most insignificant and obscure, are daily brought before the public, recommended by the united talents of the artist and historian, this town, which possesses a degree of historical interest, equalled by few in this kingdom, and which yields to none, in either respectability or antiquity, has been hitherto passed over in total silence, or but slightly touched upon by the occasional tourist.

I have for many years found pleasure in visiting the numerous monuments of antiquity so profusely scattered over the face of this country, and, after an attentive examination, I can safely affirm, there are none more worthy of notice by the antiquary or historian, or more intimately blended with the ancient, ecclesiastical, and military history of Ireland than those of Drogheda and its immediate vicinity; they are rapidly falling into decay; some through the ravages of time, but by far the greater number, it is much to be lamented, from carelessness and neglect; nor have there been wanting instances, where the proudest of our castles and monastic ruins have been despoiled, that the materials might be employed in the construction of works for which stones might be obtained at less expense from a neighboring quarry.

The zeal of the first reformers (which in many instances was not tempered with much discretion) has also done much towards their destruction. Some of the ruins in this town bear evident marks of fire, nor do we want reformers at present who are equally willing to remove what they are pleased to consider nuisances, witness the late demolition of the ancient palace of the archbishops of Armagh, at Termonfeken (because, forsooth, part of it fell and killed a cow!) a spot hallowed by the residence of some of the wisest and holiest men of their day, and which should be particularly consecrated as that in which the great Usher compiled his celebrated Chronology; an event which should have caused the most trifling circumstance or place connected with him to be held sacred.

From the causes above-mentioned, it is not unusual to perceive in this town, the remains of abbeys

and monasteries once dedicated to the service of the Deity, and palaces heretofore the residences of the most powerful men of past ages, now converted into stables, warehouses, &c., and next, to meet with the armorial bearings of the proudest families, and the sculptured ornaments, and stone utensils of what were once the sanctuaries of religion, now appropriated to the most servile and ignoble purposes.

'Amor Patriæ,' or love of country, is a principle inherent in the breast of every man, in a greater or lesser degree; a spark of this has prompted a desire to endeavor to rescue from total oblivion the few remaining monuments of ancient grandeur and importance of my native town, by attempting a few sketches and descriptions of some of the most remarkable, which if you deem of sufficient merit to occasionally occupy a column of your truly national journal, are at your service. Perhaps the attempt may stir up the dormant faculties of others, and create a spirit of emulation in other quarters, which may bring to light many interesting facts and documents connected with, and illustrative of, our national history and antiquities.

It may perhaps be objected that these 'Sketches,' &c., possess but a local importance, but by a reference to the History 'Our Father-land,' it will appear that at or near Drogheda, Milesius and his followers first landed in Ireland after a hard contested struggle, in which his son, Coalpa, was either killed or drowned. Coalpa was buried near the spot where he fell, and his memory is still preserved, by his having given his name to the parish of Coelp. We also find that Drogheda was in the year 911 fortified by, and became the stronghold of Turgesius, the Dane, from which he frequently sallied, and laid waste the surrounding country. At Duleek, in the vicinity, was erected the first stone church in Ireland. Here St. Patrick it is said founded a monastery, since called the Abbey of St. Mary de Urse.

Here we also find the sovereignty of Ireland surrendered to King Richard II. by four Irish kings doing homage and fealty in the Church of Saint Mary Magdalene, in the year 1395; we find also the residence of all the archbishops of Armagh, from the days of St. Patrick until those of primate Robinson, in the close of the 18th century. Here many of the English viceroys kept their court and held parliaments; and here was passed the famous law called 'Poyning's Law,' which made the Irish parliament entirely dependent on that of England, and its edicts of no effect until ratified by the English monarch. In 1641, the progress of the northern Irish, under Owen Roe O'Neill, was stopped by the resolute defence of the garrison of Drogheda; and in 1649, Cromwell here consummated an act of the most inhuman barbarity, by the slaughter of the garrison and inhabitants for their adherence to King Charles I.

Last, not least, in 1690, Drogheda resisted the attack of a division of King William's army; and within two miles of its walls was fought the famous 'Battle of the Boyne,' which decided the fate of the British empire.

After this recapitulation, I think it will be admitted that Drogheda possesses something more than a local importance; and that, as I before remarked, its history is intimately blended with the ancient ecclesiastical and military history of Ireland.

POBBLE O'KEEFE.

That Ireland has been neglected is, alas! an indisputable fact. She has been too truly characterized as a country for which God has done much, but man little. The causes from which such melancholy results flow are neither few nor simple; different men, and honest men too, will trace their origin to very different sources. It would be a very difficult, nay, we should almost say a dangerous undertaking, to attempt an impartial investigation of the subject. Ours shall be a more pleasing and easy task—to point the attention of our readers to the benevolent operations of our Government, which have been for some time in progress, for the amelioration of the condition of the peasantry in a wild and comparatively unknown district, situated on the confines of the counties of Cork, Limerick and Kerry.

In the prosecution of these operations, men have been employed whose minds appear to have been guided by the best feelings, and who seem to have been well aware that the true interests of a well ordered government are insured by the gratitude and affection of the governed.

The history of the district to which we have alluded has been summarily given by a gentleman, who has well described it as a theatre of a desolating warfare in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First—as the refuge of outlaws in the reigns of William the Third and Anne, and the very focus of the more recent insurrectionary movements of the last ten or fifteen years.

An extensive tract of country, comprehending upwards of 900 square miles, in many places very populous, yet containing but two small villages, and possessing but two resident landed proprietors, namely, Knight of Glynn, and Mr. Leader, of Dromagh, was distinguished, as might have been expected under such circumstances, by a more than ordinary degree of indolence, discontentedness, and turbulence, in its inhabitants; and their abodes being almost inaccessible for want of roads, crime frequently escaped unpunished. During the disturbances of the winter of 1821 and the spring of 1822, this district was the asylum for Whiteboys, smugglers, and midnight marauders. Stolen cattle were constantly driven into it, from the surrounding flat and fertile country, as to a safe and impenetrable retreat.

The only passes ever made through this part of the country previously to 1829, were effected at the instance and expense of the English Government immediately subsequent to the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond, of whose extensive territory the district of which we have been speaking formed a part. These passes or roads were laid out in straight lines without any reference to the nature of the country, and ran directly over hill and valley from one military point to another.

A vast change has been effected in the state of the district and its inhabitants since the month of September, 1822, when new lines of road were laid out, under the direction of a man of distinguished talent and information, Mr. Griffith, the civil engineer, sent down for that purpose, and for the direction of other public works, undertaken for the employment of the poor, in consequence of the scarcity which prevailed in the summer of that year.

The progress of this important change he has thus described:—'At the commencement of the works the people flocked to them from all quarters, seeking employment at any rate which might be offered. Their general appearance bespoke extreme poverty; their looks were haggard, and their clothing wretched; they rarely possessed any instruments of husbandry beyond a very small ill-made spade, and as a consequence it followed that nearly the whole face of the country was unimproved and in a state of nature. But since the completion of the roads in 1829, rapid strides have been made towards cultiva-

tion and improvement; upwards of sixty new lime kilns were built for the purpose of burning lime for agriculture within the two preceding years; carts, ploughs, and harrows, of superior construction, became common; new houses of a better class were built in great numbers in the vicinity of the new roads, and also in the adjacent villages of Newmarket, Castle island, and Abbeyfale; new enclosures of mountain farms have been made in every direction; and this country, which, at no distant period, was the scene of lawless outrage, and one of the strongholds of what might be termed the rebel army, quickly became perfectly tranquil, and exhibited a scene of industry and exertion at once pleasing and remarkable. To the credit of the people be it told, that a large portion of the money received by them for labor on the roads was husbanded with care, and subsequently laid out in building substantial houses, and in the purchase of cattle and implements of husbandry, and numerous examples might be adduced of poor laborers, possessing neither money, houses, nor lands, when first employed on the public roads, who, within a short period, were able to take farms, build houses, and stock their lands with cows and young cattle.'

These representations of the important benefits resulting to the agriculture of the country, from merely opening new lines of easy and direct communication with it from the markets in its vicinity, and of their ameliorating influence over the habits and condition of the peasantry inhabiting it, are abundantly corroborated by the evidence of other persons, to be found in the Report of the Committee of Inquiry into the State of the Poor in Ireland.

The improvements above described, which are attributable to the new roads, do not extend to the whole of the mountain district, situated between the river Shannon and the river Blackwater. There remains a considerable portion extending northward from the Blackwater to a line drawn between the towns of Castle island and Newmarket, comprehending an area of about 200 square miles, or 128,000 acres, in which there is no road passable even for horsemen during the winter months.

In the very centre of this unopened district, at about ten miles distance from Castle island, on the west, and from Newmarket and Kanturk, on the east, are situated the Crown lands, called the lands of Pobble O'Keefe (the land of O'Keefe's people. They extend in length from north to south, parallel with the Blackwater (by which they are in great part bounded on the west,) about seven miles; and in breadth from west to east, on which side they are bounded by the Awnaglyn, or Aunthraglyn, a mountain-stream flowing into the Blackwater, near Ahane, about two miles and a quarter; comprising altogether more than 9,000 statute acres of undulating hilly country, at an average elevation of about 500 feet above the level of the sea. The soil varies from a strong clay to a loamy gravel on the higher grounds, with tracts of alluvium, and some peat-bog in the valleys and along the bottoms.

The Crown lease being expired, a principal officer in the Department of Woods and Forests—Mr. James Weale, from whose report, printed by the House of Commons, the greater part of the proceeding matter and of what follows has been taken—personally inspected the estate in the autumn of 1828, preliminary to the then intended renewal of the lease or sale of it. Upon that occasion, it appeared to him that if an accurate description of all the circumstances of the property in question were conveyed to the minds of the commissioners, they would feel that considerations of a higher nature than those which usually govern them in the management of the revenues placed under their charge ought to influence their decision in an ultimate disposition of this property. He felt the impolicy of consigning its population to the sordid dealings of a middle man or land-jobber; and, independently

BRITISH PLANTS.—Since the discovery of America, the gardens in Great Britain have received 2,345 varieties of trees and plants from thence—and more than 1,700 from the Cape of Good Hope—besides a vast number received from China, the East Indies, New Holland, Japan, and different parts of Africa, Asia, and Europe—so that the list of plants now cultivated in England exceeds 12,000 varieties.

[London and Paris Observer.

of all considerations merely economical or fiscal, he conceived it to be essential to the tranquility and security of the kingdom, that this district, which presents an impregnable military position, commanding all the great roads communicating with the southwestern section of Ireland, from Limerick, Waterford, and Cork, and in the heart of a populous and rapidly improving country, should be speedily rendered accessible, and the cultivation of its natural resources for the amelioration of its inhabitants, promoted as much as possible.

It appears that Mr. Weale found the crown was in the actual possession of only 5,000 acres; the remainder, contained in a longitudinal section of the estate, next to the Awnaglyn, being withheld by the adjacent proprietors, who claim to be entitled to the inheritance. The lands which have been surrendered to the crown are occupied by upwards of seventy native families, residing in mud cabins, the only buildings on the property, and who subsist almost entirely on the deteriorated produce of a few acres of potatoe tillage; all their other earnings, from the produce of a few cows and the grazing of cattle in the summer months, together with any money they can obtain for harvest work in the adjacent districts, being barely sufficient to discharge the rents at which they held the property, amounting to about £580; but, however small that sum may appear to be with reference to the extent of the property, and natural capabilities of the soil, it is certain that it is exclusively derived from the mere labor of the population seated on it, in persevering endeavors to improve the natural herbage of such small parcels of the lands as are susceptible of cultivation without artificial drainage and the aid of manures and implements of husbandry.

Yet this is the peasantry that are daily, nay, hourly stigmatized as lazy, indolent, and worthless—all whose poverty and moral degradation are to be ascribed to their utter want of industry! And by whom are these calumnies propagated? Can it be possible that it is by their own countrymen? Alas! for poor human nature, it is even so. But let an unprejudiced and enlightened Englishman travel through this unfortunate country, and see things with his own eyes, and what is the result of his candid and unprejudiced observation? Read it in the able report of Mr. Weale to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. And where were his observations made? In a district known as the very centre of insurrection and rebellion. If these things be so, do they not convey an important lesson? But to return to our subject:

Mr. Weale, in his report, after relating some striking traits of character, indicating the strongest disposition for industrious habits in the tenantry of these lands, proceeds to show, that the local situation of the estate precludes all hope of effecting any permanent or profitable improvement of it as long as the extensive district, of which it forms the nucleus, is closed against an easy communication with the surrounding country, and that any expenditure of public money on it would afford but transitory relief to the wretched population inhabiting it.

Assuming that Government would provide for an early execution of the requisite new public roads, on which alone the practicability of effecting the proposed improvement of the Crown estate depends, Mr. Weale submits many and various suggestions as to the mode of proceeding which appears to him best calculated to effect the foregoing objects. In the first instance, he is of opinion, that plans should be laid down for the draining and subdividing of the lands; and that, when these plans are settled, the tenantry should be forthwith employed in sinking the drains, and in forming the roads and the internal fences of the allotments or subdivisions. He then proposes the establishment of a village, at a spot which he designates, and which he shows would probably soon become a resting place for carriers and farmers passing to and from Dingle,

Tralee, Mallow, Macroom, and Cork, and gradually a depot for a variety of merchandize required for the supply of the circumjacent country. He then proceeds to suggest, in general terms the erection of several of the principal houses of the proposed village and other buildings, and, among the rest, of one good model farm-house and offices—all of these to be constructed on the most simple plans. In this model farm-house he would place a person qualified to instruct the tenantry in the course to be pursued in reclaiming the lands, and in the best modes of husbandry for which they are adapted, which instruction is obviously best promoted by example.

For the laborers' works to be executed on the estate, he recommends that the resident population alone should be employed, and that they should be paid such rates of wages in money as may somewhat exceed the ordinary rates paid around the nearest towns.

He then proceeds to other details, both as to the most judicious methods to be adopted with the people, not only for the improvement of the agricultural condition of the estate, but for the growth of the moral habits of the tenantry; and also a calculation of the probable expense of carrying forward these objects, which, though not reduced to a thoroughly digested system, yet exhibit a masterly design, and may justly be called a finished sketch, founded on, not only a general knowledge of human nature, but a thorough and intimate acquaintance with the Irish national character and modes of thinking, which, surprising as it might be even in one of ourselves, is still more extraordinary in an Englishman, who, however, has shown himself utterly untrammelled by what we are used to call the prejudices of his countrymen.

Some of his concluding observations are so just and candid, that we cannot avoid quoting his own words. 'Looking at the present condition and past habits of the people, it would be vain to expect that they could be quickly converted into a skillful tenantry, or that they could duly appreciate the comforts and conveniences which it is desired that they should enjoy, if these advantages be prematurely conferred on them; time must be allowed for the growth of improved habits; and these will be most effectually excited by the steady encouragement which constant and productive employment affords, and will be preserved by assuring to them a certain, but limited tenure of their farms, at such reasonable rents as will admit of a gradual accumulation of capital in their hands, if their means be duly husbanded.'

On the recommendation of Mr. Spring Rice, as Chairman of the Committee on Irish Poor, the Government resolved to retain the possession of the estate, and generally adopted Mr. Weale's suggestions. The House of Commons, last session, on the motion of Lord Duncannon, authorized the Commissioners of Woods, &c., to supply £17,000 out of the produce of sales of quit-rents, &c. towards the costs of making the new public roads, upon condition that the counties of Cork and Kerry provided £17,000, the remainder of the sum required for that purpose. We have the satisfaction of adding that those counties have promptly availed themselves of the proposal, and at the assizes just concluded, passed presentments for the stipulated amount; and that the works are already in progress of erection, under the direction of Mr. Griffith.

We have now done. We can but hope that the same beneficent and wise spirit which has already influenced the operations of Government in the forestate it has given to this most interesting district of its parental desire for its welfare, and which it must gratify every sincere lover of his country to see has been followed hitherto by such cheering and encouraging results, may stimulate it to carry into full effect the enlightened and clear-sighted views of the excellent individual it has had the discrimination to select for the important task of which he has so ably acquitted himself.



NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

JAMES USHER, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

James Usher, designated by Dr. Johnson as the great luminary of the Irish Church, was born in the parish of St. Nicholas, Dublin, on the 4th of January, 1680. The family name was originally Nevil, but an ancestor who came into this kingdom with King John, in the quality of Usher of the Chamber, followed the common custom of the times, in exchanging the English name for that of the office with which he was invested. His father, Arnold Usher, was one of the Six Clerks in Chancery, and was, says Ware, 'a person in good esteem for his integrity and prudence.' By his mother, he was connected with the Stanihursts; and to his uncle, Richard, equally celebrated as an historian, philosopher, and poet, he was much indebted for the extensive knowledge he possessed of the antiquities and history of his country. The principles of that religion, to which he was so soon to dedicate the power of his mind, were early inculcated by his aunts, who although blind from their cradle, were yet from the retentiveness of their memory enabled to repeat with accuracy the chief portions of the Bible. At eight years of age he was sent to a grammar school in Dublin, then kept by two Scotchmen, James Fullerton and James Hamilton, who ostensibly fulfilling the duties of teachers, were in reality engaged in maintaining a correspondence to secure the peaceable succession of James, on the death of Elizabeth. The attention of the master was early repaid by the proficiency of the pupil; and in 1693, the year in which the College of Dublin was finished, he was one of the first students who were admitted, and placed again under the care of Hamilton, then advanced to the dignity of 'Senior Fellow.' At this period he conceived the somewhat chimerical idea of making himself master of all nations; a study which he pursued with all the energy of an active and determined mind; and at from fourteen to sixteen he compiled a series of Synoptical Historical Tables, little differing from his Annals, which have since been published. The powers of his mind were not, however, limited to this sphere, but were extended equally to the study of philosophy and language; and after enriching himself with the literature of Greece and Rome, he applied himself to the tortuous mysteries of polemical divinity.

The result of this may be readily conceived; he who is prepared to argue, seeks with avidity for the opportunity of display; and in 1699, in his 19th year, we accordingly find him challenging and entering the lists of Theological disputation with the learned Jesuit Fitzsimons, then a prisoner in Dublin Castle. The fame that he acquired by this, and the consideration due to his extraordinary acquire-

ments, speedily obtained him the attention of his countrymen, and the patronage of the Crown. He was ordained a deacon and priest, though under canonical age, through a special dispensation, by his uncle, Henry Usher, Archbishop of Armagh. To this was added the appointments of afternoon lecturer at Christ Church; proctor, and catechetical lecturer of the University; offices in which he displayed his extensive erudition, the aptness of his mind in canvassing the various controversial points between the Catholics and Protestants, and a steady determination in opposing the toleration which was then solicited by the former. It was at this period he preached his celebrated sermon from Ezekiel iv. 6. 'And thou shalt bear the iniquity of the house of Judah forty years: I have appointed thee each day for a year;' and the rebellion of 1641, having occurred about this time, the text was hailed and revered by the spirit of prophecy, and there was even a treatise published, 'de Predictionibus Usherii.' By the liberality of the Officers of the English army, who contributed £1800 to augment the library of the University, he was, together with Dr. Challoner, commissioned to proceed to England to purchase works, chiefly relative to English history and antiquities. A similarity of objects and literary tastes, speedily gained him the acquaintance of Sir Thomas Bodley, Camden, Cotton, and Allen; the former of whom gratefully acknowledges his obligations to Usher, 'who in various learning and judgment' he observes, 'far exceeds his years.' In 1607 he took his degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and by Archbishop Loftus he was immediately promoted to the Chancellorship of St. Patrick's.

His time was now exclusively devoted to the duties of religion, and the pursuits of literature; he could not consider himself as absolved before God from the exercise of his functions, in the place from whence he received his maintenance; he made it the sphere of his charity and hospitality; he lectured weekly on the customary controversial points, and particularly against the doctrine of Bellarmine, nor did he indulge in the slightest relaxation, excepting during his residence in England, at his triennial visit to Oxford; Cambridge, and London. At the commencement of 1610, he was elected Provost of Trinity College, but which no entreaty could induce him to accept; and in 1613, on his return to England, he published an elaborate and learned work, entitled, 'De Ecclesiis Christianis successione et statu,' &c., dedicated and highly acceptable to King James. Of its merits, Casaubon, Sculter, and Martin, held favorable opinions; and, although it engaged him in controversy with Stanhurst, yet even he adds his own testimony to the learning and abilities he displayed. Soon after his marriage with Phœbe, daughter of Dr. Luke Challoner, he was engaged at the general convocation of the clergy, in drawing up the Articles of the Irish Church, in which the doctrines of predestination and reprobation were asserted in the strongest terms. This subjected him to considerable misrepresentation, nor was it till he had obtained a personal conference with the king, that his unfavorable opinions were removed.

So satisfactory and pleasing was the interview to the monarch, that in 1620, he was promoted to the Bishopric of Meath, and several years to the Archbishopric of Armagh. Riches, authority, and station did not, however, induce idleness, or beget indifference; he employed much time in the origin of the predestinarian controversy, on which he published the first Latin book ever printed in Ireland—'Goteschalchi et Predestinatione Controversia,' which was followed, in the succeeding year, by the 'Veterum Epistolarum Hibernicarum Sylloge,' a collection of letters to and from Irish bishops and monks, from 592 to 1180, concerning the affairs of the Irish Church. He likewise entered into controversy with Malone and Rockwood; with the for-

mer, in consequence of his challenge, and with the latter, in compliance with the request of Lady Peterborough.

The correspondence, which he maintained in almost every country, was of considerable importance to the advancement of learning; and this was maintained at a period not only of political but the highest religious excitement. He assisted Dr. Walton in his splendid Polyglot, obtained considerable advantages for the university by his connection with Laud, reformed his own diocese and the disorders of the ecclesiastical courts. In 1639 was produced his 'Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Antiquitates,' a work which has been of considerable service to Stillingfleet and Lloyd in their several learned works.

In the rebellion of 1641, Usher was plundered of his property, and nothing escaped the fury of the times but his library and furniture; the former was immediately conveyed to England, and, although he was presented with the Bishopric of Carlisle in commendam, yet the encampment of the Scotch and English armies reduced the revenues, and the parliament evaded the payment of the pension which had been granted on their seizure of the lands belonging to the English bishops. It is said that he refused, at this period, the invitation of Cardinal Richelieu, to reside in France with a considerable pension, and that likewise he declined the Professorship of Leyden, offered to him by the States of Leyden. But it was not in the power of misfortune to affect the mind of Usher; philosophy had taught him to endure, and religion the duty of enduring, with the equable feeling of a Christian, the dispensations of God. He had valued riches only as the means of acquiring knowledge, and extending charity; and he estimated power only as it enabled him to do good. He was now immersed in the afflicting period of the civil war: Charles and his court had retreated to Oxford, whither Usher proceeded, living in Dr. Prideaux's house, that he might more readily pursue his studies in the library of Exeter college. During the years 1643 and 1644, he successively published, 'A Geographical and Historical Disquisition touching lesser Asia,' and 'The epistles of St. Ignatius,' independent of his replies to queries respecting the lawfulness of levying war against the King. From Oxford he proceeded to Bristol, in attendance on the Prince of Wales; and from thence to St. Donates, the seat of Lady Stradling, where he was afflicted by a sudden and severe illness. On his recovery, he returned to London, on the invitation of the Countess of Peterborough, in whose house he resided for nearly eight years, during which time he officiated as preacher to Lincoln's Inn, where the Society had provided rooms for his library, which having escaped the rapacity of the Parliament, was now removed from Chester.

In 1647, he published the 'Diatriba de Romanæ Ecclesiæ Symbolo Apostolico Vetere,' which was dedicated to Gerard Vossius. This was followed in 1648, by his learned dissertation on the solar year; and having warmly engaged in the controversy with the parliamentary commissioners respecting the government of the church, he retired from all active duty, on the ascendancy of the independent party, and the subsequent death of the king. In 1650, and 1654, he compiled his Annals of the Old Testament; and in 1658, his last work, *De Græca Septuaginta*, to which he added a dissertation concerning Canaan, and a letter to the learned Lewis Chappell.

But however vigorous and unimpaired were the powers of his mind, his bodily faculties were now withering beneath the afflictions of age, his eyesight was extremely decayed, and he felt that every hour was the successive monitor of approaching death. He had been accustomed every year to note in his almanack the year of his age, so in this, 1665, he wrote, 'Now aged seventy-five years, my days are full—Resignation.' On the 20th of March, he was seized with a severe attack of sciatica, his

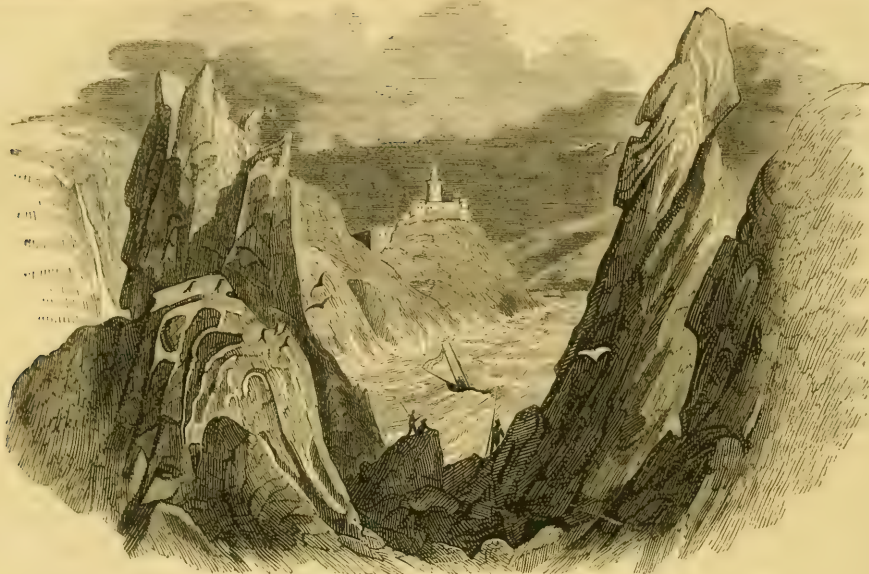
strength and spirits rapidly decayed; and after a few hours of intense prayer and pious thanksgivings, he resigned his spirit with the meek pleasure of a sincere Christian, who overcomes the bitterness of death by the recollection of his well spent life. Cromwell claimed the honor of burying him at his own expense, which he did, with great pomp, in Westminster Abbey, near the grave of Sir John Fulleton, his former master. Such was Usher, uniting uncommon learning with great acuteness; elevation of station with the sincerest humility; he at once instructed the clergy and society by his example and his precepts; his life will be ever considered as a model of moderation in power, and submission in misfortune, of the most extensive charity towards man, and the humblest piety towards God.

The limits of our journal have prevented our including in detail; such of our readers who may wish to extend their knowledge of his life, will be much gratified by perusing the Biographies of Dr. Smith, and Dr. Richard Parr.

NAPOLEON'S LIGHT CAVALRY.—The following is the character drawn by Monsieur de Rocca of the French Light Cavalry under Napoleon I.: 'The Hussars and Chasseurs were generally accused of being plunderers and prodigal, loving drink, and fancying everything fair in the presence of the enemy. Accustomed, one may almost say, to sleep with an open eye, to have an ear always awake to the sound of the trumpet, to reconnoitre far in advance during a march, to trace the ambuscades of the enemy, to observe the slightest trace of their marches, to examine defiles, and to scan the plains with eagle sight, they could not fail to have acquired superior intelligence and habits of independence. Nevertheless, they were always silent and submissive in presence of their officers, for fear of being dismounted. Forever smoking, to pass away his time, the light horseman, under his large cloak, braved in every country the rigor of the seasons. The rider and his horse, accustomed to live together, contracted a character of resemblance. The rider derived animation from his horse, and the horse from his rider. When a Hussar not quite sober, pressed his horse to speed in ravines or among precipices, the horse assumed the empire which reason might have given to the man; he restrained his spirit, redoubled his caution, avoided danger, and always returned, after a few turnings, to take his own and his master's place in the ranks. Sometimes, also, during a march, the horse would generally slacken his pace, or lean on one side or the other, to keep his intoxicated and sleeping master in the saddle; and when the involuntary sleep was over, and the Hussar saw his horse panting with fatigue, he would weep and swear never to drink more. For several days he would march on foot, and go without his own bread to feed his companion. When a carbine shot from the videttes, gave the alarm in a camp of Light Cavalry, every horse was saddled in an instant, and the French horsemen were seen on every side, leaping over the fires of the bivouac, the hedges, the ditches, and, with the rapidity of lightning, flying to the place of rendezvous to repel the first attack of the enemy. The trumpeter's horse alone remained impassive in the midst of the tumult; but the moment his master had ceased to blow, he pawed the ground with impatience, and hastened to join his comrades.'

A water spaniel lately leaped from the viaduct over the river Boyne, Ireland, a height of 102 feet, after his master's stick, which he succeeded in recovering.

Allen, in conversation with Samuel Rogers, observed, 'I never put my razor into hot water, as I find it injures the temper of the blade.' 'No doubt of it,' said the wit; 'show me the blade that would not be out of temper if plunged into hot water.'



THE NEEDLES—HOWTH.

THE NEEDLES—HOWTH.

We citizens of Dublin are proud of the beauty of our suburban scenery, and justly, for there is perhaps, no other city in the British empire that can boast of such a variety of picturesque landscapes, as are comprised within a circuit of ten or twelve miles of our metropolis. Other cities may rival, or perhaps excel us in the beauty or magnificence of some particular feature, but in diversity of scenic beauty we may defy competition. There is no variety of landscape or marine scenery that will not be found within this limited circumference. As for example, the river scenery of the Liffey, the Bray river, the Dodder, the Tolka and the Nanny-water, each differing in its character and yet beautiful of its kind; the solitary mountain valleys of Glencullen, Glen-dubh, and Glensasmol; the Dargle; the sublime mountain tarn, Lough Bray; the richly wooded, undulating country to the south of the city, and the green pastoral plains of Fingal to the north; the low villa-spotted shores of the bay, and the more solitary and magnificent coast scenery of Howth and Killiney; the island cliffs of Dalkey and Ireland's eye. In short, it is almost impossible even to enumerate within our limited compass the various beautiful objects which on every side of Dublin are presented to the eye, and that may be visited in a drive of an hour or two. Nor is our vicinity less rich in the various objects interesting to the naturalist, the botanist, or the geologist, and which should not be wholly unfamiliar to every enquiring mind. In the memorials of man in by-gone times, it is equally well stored: the rude Druidic tomb or altar; the cairn; the rath or moate; the simple oratory of the earliest Christian times; the round tower so peculiar to our island; the abbey; the baronial castle and the old venerable triangular-gabled mansion of the resident squire of former days;—all these are to be found dispersed over its surface, and with their traditions, supply food for pleasing contemplation and instructive thought.

Notwithstanding, however, this profusion of attractions to tempt us to the purest and most purifying, the cheapest and most valuable of all enjoyments—the pleasures derivable from the charms of nature, we are of opinion that the great majority of the inhabitants of Dublin have as yet but very imperfectly learned to appreciate the treasures of this

kind which they possess, and we are quite sure that they do not enjoy them as they should. We know indeed, that they pour forth in thousands, to indulge in the unhealthy excitement of the bustle and dust of the drive to Kingstown; but this is mere fashion, habit, or call it what you will—it is not the sober and quiet enjoyment of nature. The more solitary and sublime scenery of the country is wholly deserted, or only known to the musing spendthrift of time, the angler. This want of feeling for the enjoyment of nature's beauty we deeply regret, in the poet's words—

'Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The heart that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rasa judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.'

Many cases, unfortunately, have concurred and still concur to produce this apathy;—political excitements—artificial habits—as the same great poet says,—

'The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we live waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The sea that bears her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I stand, on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.'

Other causes, arising out of the want of cultivation of intellectual tastes, we shall apply ourselves earnestly to remove. With this object it is our intention shortly to commence a series of walks in the vicinity of Dublin, directing the attention of our readers to the various objects to be met with, either of picturesque or historic interest, and occasionally illustrating our subject with illustrations.

We have been led into these observations, on looking at our prefixed wood engraving, which represents a subject of no common sublimity and grandeur, and which notwithstanding is, we are persuaded, but little known to our fellow-citizens. Such a scene, if it happened to be a hundred miles off, would be visited, at least by our aristocracy, to show their fashionable taste and disregard of expense; but within the short

distance of an humble pedestrian walk, it offers no such gratification, and consequently remains unknown or disregarded. It is a view of the Light-house of Howth as seen from the shore, through a vista between the two remarkably pointed rocks on the south side of that beautiful promontory, popularly known to mariners by the name of 'the Needles,' or sometimes, 'the Candlesticks.' These singular features are the remains of a rocky headland worn into these fantastic forms by the action of the powerful element to whose fury they are exposed. Nothing can be more picturesquely imagined than the situation of the distant Pharos, placed upon a lofty and precipitous conical rock, almost insulated, and connected with the land by a bridge;—standing out boldly among the waves, and commanding both the southern and eastern iron bound cliffs of the great promontory with which it is connected, it seems predestined by nature for the purpose to which it is applied. This rock is popularly called the Bailly, a corruption of Bally, (Ballium, a habitation,) a name originally applied to the ancient circular fortress which crowned its summit previous to the erection of the present buildings. This fortress was traditionally said to have been the work of the Danes. The Light-house is a building of very modern date, erected by the Ballast Board, the older light-house having been found inefficient from the greater loftiness of its situation, which rendered it subject to be obscured by clouds and mists. It is now disused. The light in the present structure is produced by a set of reflectors ground to the parabolic form, in the foci of which large oil lamps are placed, according to the system now generally adopted by the Trinity-house.

The scenery of the South side of Howth, of which our illustration forms a part, presents a succession of beautiful and picturesque features, but which can only be properly enjoyed by the pedestrian, as the road, for the greater part, winds too far away to allow of their being seen. And it is only from these bold crags that the beauty of our bay can be fairly appreciated, as they command the whole of its spacious marine amphitheatre, and the entire range of the Dublin and Wicklow Mountains.

P.

A few days since, a barber offered a reward of fifty dollars for the best receipt for 'instantly removing superfluous hair.' Among the answers was one forwarded by a gentleman who speaks from experience. We give it: 'Undertake to kiss a woman against her will.'

MELANCHOLY CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

During my first season at the Dublin University, I was invited to spend a short vacation with a relative of my mother. He lived in the south of Ireland, in an ancient family mansion-house, situated in the mountains, and at a considerable distance from the mail-coach road.

This gentleman was many years older than I. He had an only sister, a girl of sixteen, beautiful and accomplished; at the period of my visit she was still at school, but was to finally leave it, as my host informed me, at Midsummer.

Never was there a more perfect specimen of primitive Milesian life, than that which the domicile of my worthy relative exhibited. The house was enormously large—half ruinous—and all, within and without, wild, ricketty, and irregular. There was a troop of idle and slatterny servants of both sexes, distracting every department of the establishment; and a pack of useless dogs infesting the premises, and crossing you at every turn. Between the biped and quadruped nuisances an eternal war was carried on, and not an hour of the day elapsed, but a canine outcry announced that some of those unhappy curs were being ejected by the butler, or pelted by the cook.

So common-place was this everlasting uproar, that after a few days I almost ceased to notice it. I was dressing for dinner, when the noise of dogs quarrelling in the yard, brought me to the window; a terrier was being worried by a rough savage-looking fox-hound, whom I had before this noticed and avoided. At the moment, my host was crossing from the stable; he struck the hound with his whip, but regardless of the blow, he still continued his attack upon the smaller dog. The old butler, in coming from the garden, observed the dogs fighting, and stopped to assist in separating them. Just then, the brute quitted the terrier, seized the master by the leg, and cut the servant in the thigh. A groom rushed out on hearing the uproar, struck the prongs of a pitchfork through the dog's body, and killed him on the spot. This scene occurred in less time than I have taken in relating it.

I hastened from my dressing-room; my host had bared his leg, and was washing the wound, which was a jagged tear from the hound's tooth. Part of the skin was loose, and a sudden thought appeared to strike him; he desired an iron to be heated, took a sharp penknife from his pocket, coolly and effectually removed the ragged flesh, and, regardless of the agony it occasioned, with amazing determination cauterized the wound severely.

The butler, however, contented himself with binding up his bleeding hand. He endeavored to dissuade his master from undergoing, what he considered to be unnecessary pain. 'The dog was dead, sure, and that was quite sufficient to prevent any danger arising from the bite;' and satisfied with this precaution, he remained indifferent to future consequences, and in perfect confidence that no ulterior injury could occur from the wound.

Three months passed away—my friend's sister was returning from school; and as the mountain road was in bad repair, and a bridge had been swept away by the floods, saddle-horses were sent to meet the carriage. The old butler, who had some private affairs to transact in the neighboring town, volunteered to be the escort of his young mistress, and obtained permission.

That there was something unusual in the look and manner of her attendant, was quickly remarked by the lady. His address was wild and hurried, and some extraordinary feelings appeared to agitate him. To an enquiry if he was unwell, he returned a vague unmeaning answer; he trembled violently when assisting her on horseback, and it was evident that some strange and fearful sensations disturbed him.

They rode some miles rapidly, until they reached the rivulet where the bridge had been carried off by the flood. To cross the stream was no way difficult, as the water barely covered the horse's fetlock. The lady had ridden through the water, when a thrilling cry of indescribable agony from her attendant arrested

her. Her servant was upon the opposite side endeavoring to rein in his unwilling horse, and in his face there was a horrible and convulsed look that terrified his alarmed mistress. To her anxious questions, he only replied by groans, which too truly betrayed his sufferings; at last, he pointed to the stream before him, and exclaimed, 'I cannot, dare not cross it! Oh God! I am lost! the dog—the dog!'

What situation could be more frightful than that in which the lady found herself? In the centre of a desolate and unpeopled moor, far from assistance, and left alone with a person afflicted with decided madness. She might, it is true, have abandoned him, for the terrors of the poor wretch would have prevented him from crossing the rivulet; but with extraordinary courage she returned, seized the bridle fearlessly, and notwithstanding the outcries of the unhappy man, forced his horse through the water, and never left his side, until she fortunately overtook some tenants of her brother returning from a neighboring fair.

I arrived on a visit the third evening after this occurrence, and the recollection of that poor old man's sufferings has ever since haunted my memory. All that medical skill and affectionate attention on his master's part could do to assuage his pain, and mitigate the agonies he occasionally underwent, was done. At length the moment that was devoutly prayed for came, he died on the sixth morning.

From this horrible fate nothing but his own determination preserved my relative; and by the timely use of a painful remedy, excision and cautery of the wound, he escaped this dreadful disease.

[Wild Sports of the West.

THE HARPER O'CONNELLAN.

There is perhaps nothing, of which an Irishman may feel more justly proud than the native melodies of his country. Whatever tone of feeling they assume—whether of cheerfulness or of tenderness, of wild merriment, or of deep sorrow, there is in them a grace and delicacy of feeling and a force and earnestness of passion, such as we in vain look for in the national music of any other country in the world, and which, as an unerring index of national character is most honorable to our little land of song. Our inestimable bard, Thomas Moore, has erred deplorably in supposing that our fine melodies must be of modern date, because 'it is difficult to conceive those polished specimens of the art to be anterior to the dawn of modern improvements.' True melody—the music of the soul, has no mortal artist for its inventor, it has been implanted in man's nature, as a pure and heavenly gift, by the great Creator himself, and the greatest masters of the art in modern days in vain attempt to rival the soul possessing and unaffected melodies of the unlearned minstrels of ancient days. In what did the real secret of the wizard Paganini's powers of astonishing or binding as by a spell the feelings of his hearers consist? Not in his extraordinary powers as an artist, great and matchless as those powers were in mastering the difficulties of art—but in deep passion—the entire soul which he threw into a simple melody! Let our readers remember his performance of 'the prayer' by Rossini—the dead silence by which thousands were enchained, the palpitating hearts, the streaming eyes, and he will find how greatly superior in its effect a simple melody performed with passionate expression, is to the most refined labors of modern art. But it will be said this magical melody is Italian! We reply it is not. It is but a slight variation of the well known song 'How stands the glass around,' composed by our countryman, General Wolfe, in the very soul and spirit of the music of his country! Our most beautiful melodies are indeed the most simple and the most ancient—their origin is involved in the dim obscurity of time. We had composers, however, within the last two centuries, whose strains, while they betray an acquaintance with the refinements of modern art, still retain a great deal of the simple and touching beauty that characterizes the earlier melodies of our country.

Of the melodies of these musicians, those of Carolan, the last great bard of Erin, are well known, but

the compositions of his immediate predecessor, Con ellan, are less familiar to the public, and are far too little appreciated. Unfortunately but little is known of his history, and but few of his melodies have been preserved: but those few, are in their kind of unrivalled beauty, and far superior to the compositions of Carolan. From Mr. Hardiman's valuable 'Irish Minstrelsy,' we learn that Thomas O'Connellan was born at Cloony Mahon in the county of Sligo, early in the seventeenth century, and died in Lough Gur in the county of Limerick, sometime previous to the year 1700. Of the remaining airs generally attributed to him are, 'the Jinture,' 'If to a foreign clime I go,' 'Love in secret,' which truly 'dallies with the innocence of love, like the old age;' 'Planxty Davis,' which is known to the Scotch as 'the battle of Killcranky,' and the 'breach of Aughrim,' which is more properly known under the name of 'Farewell to Lochaber.' These later melodies were introduced into Scotland after his death by a brother of the deceased bard's, named Laurence.

According to tradition, the skill of O'Connellan as a performer was equal to his inventive powers as a composer, and Mr. Hardiman has preserved a little Irish ode addressed to him in praise of his matchless powers, in a strain of poetic beauty worthy of the occasion which gave it birth: we present it to our readers in a new English dress:—

ODE TO THE MINSTREL O'CONNELLAN.

Wherever harp note ringeth
Ierne's isle around,
Thy hand its sweetness flingeth,
Surpassing mortal sound.
Thy spirit music speaketh
Above the minstrel throng,
And thy rival vainly seeketh
The secret of thy song!

In the castle, in the shieling,
In foreign kindly hall,
Thou art master of each feeling
And honored first of all!
Thy wild and wizard finger
Sweepeth cords unknown to art,
And melodies that linger
In the memory of the heart!

Though fairy music slumbers
By forest-glade and hill,
In thy unearthly numbers
Men say 'tis living still!
All its compass of wild sweetness
Thy master hand obeys,
As its airy filial feetness
O'er harp and heartstring plays.

By thee the thrill of anguish
Is softly lulled to rest;
By thee the hopes that languish
Rekindled in the breast.
Thy spirit chaunts the sorrow
Like morning mists away,
And gaily robes to-morrow
In the gladness of thy lay!

NAPOLEON AND HENRY VIII.—See him ere the blow of death has prostrated him. See him in calmness and composure reasoning with one of his old generals and companions of his exile on St. Helena, and concluding, 'You do not admit that Jesus Christ is God! I was wrong in making you a General!' See him in all the candid simplicity of a man forced in spite of pride, ambition and every worldly motive, to admit the supremacy of the Chair of Peter, whose authority he had outraged, and whose incumbent he had wronged; see him, I say, as related by one of the voluntary sharers of his captivity, expressing his indignation and regret at the repeated appeals to him, when in the zenith of his glory. To throw off all allegiance to the Church of Rome, to start even a new system of religion and proclaim himself, as Henry VIII. of England had before him, 'Head and Front' of the new dispensation! 'Once,' said Napoleon to Bertrand de Neaume, 'as I was pressed to yield to such suggestions, I stopped the speaker, and said, "That's enough, sir! Do you want me to be crucified?" He looked at me surprised, "I know," said I, "this is not your idea, nor is it mine, but it was necessary for the true religion. And I neither know, nor wish to know, any other." In the words of a modern Christian writer, "Napoleon, the incarnation of military and civil genius, turned his eyes towards that Rome which he had so often persecuted, and begged for a Catholic priest to receive his dying confession; and to reconcile him with the See of St. Peter!" See him on his bed of death, from the 27th April, 1818—till his last moment he occupied himself exclusively with spiritual matters.—My Trip to France.



CARLOW COLLEGE.

In an early number we stated our intention of giving some account of the various institutions of Ireland; and as a proof of it presented a view of Congloves, and promised a sketch, which circumstances have as yet prevented from being fulfilled. In our future numbers we intend to give views and descriptions of the Protestant and Catholic foundations for the purposes of education, as one of our great objects is to call the attention of the public to whatever has for its specific purpose the tutoring of the human mind, and whatever is calculated to raise the moral and intellectual character of our country.

Carlow college was founded by the late Rev. Dr. Keefe, and was originally intended for the education

of youth; it was opened in the year 1793 under the direction of the late Dean Staunton; and in addition to its primary object, it combines with it the education of the Roman Catholic clergy.

The College is situated in the centre of the town of Carlow, but is secluded from all bustle and noise, by high walls, which completely surround it. The College Park is spacious and delightful, well planted, and, as all college parks should, give space for healthy recreation or calm retirement.

The building itself has been greatly improved and enlarged, and the halls, apartments for study, dormitories, &c., have been laid out on an extensive scale, and are arranged with a view to the accommodation of

one hundred pupils. The system of education comprises the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French and English languages; sacred and profane history; rhetoric; geography; arithmetic; book-keeping; and mathematics. A society of clergymen, who are members of the house, devote themselves to the various literary departments, and we have no hesitation in stating that their duties are discharged with ability and zeal.

Carlow College has attained some celebrity from its connection with the name of Dr. DOYLE; but as the plan of our Journal excludes politics and polemics, we can only say that all parties admit Dr. Doyle to be a man of no ordinary mental powers.

A LECTURE ON THOMAS DAVIS.—On the 19th of December an address was delivered before the Celtic Association of Sydney, Australia, at their rooms, Pitt street, by D. H. Deniehy, Esq., M. P. The subject of the honorable gentleman's discourse was, 'The Lesson of Thomas Davis's Life.' While criticising Thomas Davis as a journalist, critic, biographer and poet, Mr. Deniehy's main point of view, and that which really, he said, he only cared to descant upon, was the lesson afforded by a life of high moral beauty and truth—of singleness of patriotic purpose—and a character pure, whole and harmonious, evolving itself through all the dangers of political agitation. The honorable gentleman thought that Ireland should be prouder of having produced one type of the True Man, Acting and Thinking, such as Thomas Davis, than of any amount of mere literary genius—abundantly as she always possessed that. He pointed out, though in character both were different, Moore and Maginn, as instances of Irish genius without purpose, and having little claims on mankind save the successful practice of literature under the conditions of art and art alone. Mr. Deniehy then proceeded to show the influences of such a man as Davis on a national youth, and how his daily life—his acts and character—were a continual homily to the young men of the time. It taught them that lesson youth, after its first shock on entering the world, and finding out how wide the kingdom of falsehood is, so much need—Faith in Truth and God's Design of Life. This was a teaching which only the life and career of a man with Faith in him could give. The honorable gentleman spoke of Davis's critical powers—the fine genial enthusiasm, and the masculine healthy taste which could tolerate no poetry but that which presenting the human heart and soul under some,

one of their countless conditions. He cited also, as specimens of Davis's journalism, 'General Nott's Proclamation,' and 'The Political Office of the Irish Priest.' Remarks were here made upon Davis's scholarship, and the philosophical steady eye with which he looked through the wreck and jarring chaos of Irish history, and saw steadily the fact, the warning, or the ground for hope, far in the centre of the perplexing, mournful conflict of things. The fine spiritual side of Davis's character was then touched upon. It came out in exquisite gleams here and there in his essays and writings—present everywhere, but kept in check, as to full manifestations, by that hard practical combat in which he carried the sword of Tyrtæus. In his poems—even in his love-lyrics—ever the abiding purpose of his life—that in which he 'lived and moved and had his being'—beams through, as the star burning behind the white fleecy veil of some delicate cloud of summer midnight. This was the evocation of a Nation's spirit in the Irish people. In 'The Girl of Bar-buidhe' everywhere you perceived this. In 'The Bride of Mallow' Mr. Deniehy said you caught sight of it gleaming beneath the myrtle—

'Twas dying they thought her,
And kindly they brought her
To the banks of Blackwater,
Where her forefathers lie:—

('And mine, too,' said the honorable lecturer.)

'Twas the home of her childhood;
And they hoped that its wild wood
And air, soft and mild, would
Soothe her spirit to die.

The honorable gentleman concluded his lecture amidst enthusiastic applause. The chair was occupied by the Venerable Archdeacon McEncore.

MORGAN, THE RIFLEMAN.—Daniel Morgan was a wagoner in the French and Indian war. He was once insulted by a British officer, and severely punished by another, for which he vowed vengeance. At the beginning of the Revolutionary war, he raised a company of riflemen, which he drilled to perfection, and instructed in the keen, unflinching aim of the back-woodsmen. At the battle of Saratoga, seeing the day was going against the Americans, by the reason of the extraordinary skill and energy of Gen. Frazer, with his Scotch division, he resolved to resort to the only measure conceivable to arrest the tide of battle that threatened to overwhelm them. Summoning to his presence the best marksman in his command, whose aim was never known to fail, he said to him:—

'Murphy, do you see that officer on the iron grey horse?'

'Yes, sir,' was the answer of the old soldier.

Morgan rejoined, with an almost faltering voice, 'Then do your duty.' Murphy ascended a tree, cut away the interlaced branches with his hatchet, (this was a part of their variegated armor,) rested his rifle in a sure place, watched his opportunity, and as soon as Gen. Fraser had, in his animated movements come within practical range, Murphy fired, and the gallant general fell mortally wounded, being shot in the centre of his body. That fall decided the day. The enemy soon gave way, and Saratoga became immortal. But Morgan, the rough soldier, was a man of tender feelings, and he almost wept at the deed, and always said it troubled him, because it looked so much like a kind of assassination of a brave and noble officer.

When is a soldier not a soldier? When he's in quarters.

THE

Mr. L. Burnham, formerly junior partner of the firm of Burnham Brothers, may be found at the old stand, 58 and 59 Cornhill, where he still continues the sale of old and new, rare and curious works of literature—at prices which need not of inducing purchasers. Any questions in reference to literary matters will be most cheerfully answered by Mr. Burnham and his courteous clerks, and purchasers will do well to examine his large and varied stock in all branches of literature, before making their selections.

Written for the Miscellany.
THE SONGS OF OLD ERIN.

BY P. R. QUINCY.

I passed to a well, 'neath the shade of a tree
Which warbled of the orient beam,
From its waters that ripple adown to the sea
In a lullaby and silvery stream.

I listened and heard in sweet melody ring
The voice, oh! the voice of the nymph of that spring
As she sang the sweet songs of old Erin.

I passed to a cliff which loomed high o'er the wood
Loomed up 'mid the clouds of the sky,
And there amid turrets so lonely it stood,
As if proud of its station on high,
I listened, and oh! how my soul did instil
The voice, oh! the voice of the sprite on that hill,
As he sang the sweet songs of old Erin.

I passed to a valley with beauty o'erladen,
Like Daphne's luxurious grove,
With the blushes and smiles of a radiant maiden
Whose heart's in the circle of love;
I listened, and oh! what a choir of sweet flowers
Chimed in as I passed round the valleys' chaste bowers,
And sang the love songs of old Erin.

I passed to a gorge in the wild granite mountain,
And gazed upon changes sublime;
And oh! of reflection those scenes what a fountain,
And oh! what a Vulcan is time:
I mused, but as back from the cliff I was sweeping
Down through the gorge a bald eagle came creeping,
And acted the songs of old Erin.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN, MARCH 19, 1858.

Dublin has been the scene of serious riot since my last, occasioned by the 'entree' of Lord Eglintoun, the newly appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The riot, however, was not caused by the people, but by those pinks of perfection, the Orange students of Trinity College.

The matter in brief was this:—Just before the motion of Milner Gibson in the House of Commons, which sealed the fate of the late ministry, Lord Palmerston met a deputation from the Irish Orange-men, in which, after hearing all the delegates had to say in behalf of their pet society, he gave them to understand that he was no Orange-man, and that he detested all such intolerant institutions. Indeed, no prime minister ever before dared to snub, so effectually, these rampant and blood-thirsty bigots, he sent the Orange delegates home with a flea in their ears. The result, as a matter of course was, that the ascendancy faction were mad with Palmerston, and his defeat came in the very nick of time to enable them to rejoice at his downfall.

Lord Eglintoun, of tournament notoriety, entered Dublin on the 13th inst., as the successor of the Earl of Carlisle, and all Orangedom was rampant with enthusiasm at the advent of one whom they believed was the representative of the exclusive and intolerant principles of this infamous party. The students of Trinity College, from whom of late we had hoped better things, assembled 'en masse' in the area behind the palisades which enclose the old Alma Mater. Here they gave expression to the most indecent and insulting language against the police, which was borne by that body with great patience. Not content with this license, they at length assailed the police with missiles of various kinds, such as rotten apples, eggs, stones, &c. The conduct of the students at length became unbearable, and Col. Browne, of the constabulary force, ordered the police to clear the area. The mounted police rode in upon the gowmsmen, and using the flat of their swords, stretched many of the sons of old Trinity on their backs in the mud.

The students expected this and were prepared for it. The police were assailed in return with huge bludgeons, wielded with much power and skill in the fist of many a strapping fellow, and the foot police had to go to the aid of their mounted brethren. This decided the fate of the fight—the students retreated in double quick time, many of them with battered faces and broken heads.

This is the first ebullition of Orangism under the

new regime. You need not be surprised to find the example imitated elsewhere.

The most extraordinary part of the affair is that it was foretold in the *FREEMAN'S JOURNAL*, yet the authorities did not take the necessary steps to prevent it. True, a large body of police was posted near the college, but why was not the faculty made acquainted with the intended riot, and measures taken by the heads of the college to prevent the disgraceful proceedings of the students? The *MAIL* and *FREEMAN* are hand in hand denouncing the attack upon these 'boys' by the police. Now many of these 'boys' are big, strapping fellows, who could take a fall out of most men at 'collar and elbow,' and few Tipperary men could handle a blackthorn better, or with more native grace, as numbers of the Dublin Police know to their cost.

Dr. Gray, of the *FREEMAN'S JOURNAL*, is the father of one of these 'boys,' and it is said this hopeful was one of the most active in this Orange row. I do not hold the father responsible for the son's conduct, unless he endorses it. This, Gray has done, in his attacks in the *FREEMAN* on the police, thus showing that he approves of the conduct of the Orange bigots of Trinity College.

We Catholics of Ireland are a very simple people. Only think of it, Dr. Gray, a well-known Protestant, publishes and edits a newspaper, which presumes to be 'par excellence,' the organ of the Catholics of Ireland! Is it not strange that we should stand in need of such an organ or require such a defender? I submit that no man can be honest who supports a faith different to that which he himself professes. What would we think of a Catholic who would publish and edit a newspaper as the organ of the Protestant Church in Ireland? What should we think of a Protestant who supports a creed in which he does not believe?

If the row at Trinity College will open the eyes of my fellow-countrymen to the true nature of this Protestant advocacy of Catholicity, then I would be disposed to plaster all the broken heads of students and police, free, gratis, for nothing!

The ostensibly friendly feeling hitherto existing between England and France is in a fair way of being destroyed. There are strange murmurs and loud rumblings heard in the distance, which portend an outbreak of an extraordinary character. The journals of England, which, during the Crimean war, bespattered Napoleon with the most fulsome praise, have now discovered that he owes every thing to England, for the position he occupies, and, that after all, he is no better than he should be. Jeers and taunts and insults are flung at the French Emperor by the British press, as if to drive him into vengeance. So true is that 'those whom God wishes to destroy he first sets mad.' If the madness and rage of the organs of English opinion portend the destruction of England, the praise and glory be to God! England's ear is full, almost to overflowing, and welcome to every Irish heart will be the hour of her retribution.

England boasts she was never better prepared for war, yet it was never more difficult to obtain recruits for her army. The *MONITOR*, an organ of the French Government, says England has lost the nursery ground of her army in permitting the extermination of the Irish and Scotch peasant. This is good. It shows that France knows what the strength of England lies. The naval yard of France are busy with preparation. Large numbers of gun boats are to be got ready for sea without delay. Where are these gun boats for? France says of the war in China. 'Fudge! You will recollect that the great Napoleon proposed to bridge the water from Calais to Dover with gun boats, as the most feasible plan of invading England. Will the people realize that of which the uncle dreamed? He will tell. Had the first Napoleon made a dash upon Ireland, instead of going to Russia, the great Napoleon eventually overtook him might have been averted. It is to be hoped that the present Emperor of France has gained wisdom from the sad lessons of him who shook Europe to its centre.

Smith O'Eicn has published a mild, dignified and well written address to the people of Ireland, upon the

recent change in the administration and the duty of the people consequent thereon. He promises another address upon the same subject in which he will give an enumeration of such measures as appear to him to deserve immediate attention.

The news from India is of an uncertain character. Owing to the loss of the mails on board the Calcutta steamer, wrecked off Trinacomalee, in the island of Ceylon, we have to glean our intelligence from the government telegram. At last advice, Lucknow had not been attacked. Sir Colin Campbell was still waiting for his siege train and the people of Lucknow were well prepared to receive him. It is said that the Sepoys have changed their tactics, and, instead of meeting the disciplined troops of England in large battles, will adopt the 'guerilla' mode of warfare. This is their best course. By this means they can harass the British troops from the summits of the hills and mountains—in the ravines and gorges and thus by fatigue and exhaustion consequent upon long marches in an enemies' country, under burning sun destroy all troops sent against them.

Mr. John Donegan, the celebrated goldsmith of Dublin, recently presented to Father Conway a splendid gold watch and chain, as a mark of his esteem for the persecuted priest. He has now just presented to the College of Maynooth a magnificent set of altar plate worked in the most superb style of art.

The grand jury of Donegal have returned bills of indictment against twelve of the poor fellows charged with stealing or destroying the sheep of the English and Scotch graziers, and Aaron Pennecfather refuses to take bail for their appearance. In his charge to the grand jury the judge took occasion to send forth some of his ancient bile against the clergy of the district. I did hope such exhortations of party spleen had disappeared from the bench, but so long as the people of Ireland are dead to the principles of nationality, we cannot expect better things from judges promoted to their official position for their enmity to the best interests of their native land. Shall we always bear the curse of English government upon us?

AVONMORE.

ENGLISH SEPOYISM.—The *Univers* (Paris) has the following article on the atrocities perpetrated on the English soldiery: 'In London the English, through the medium of the press, issue their lessons of humanity to the nations of Europe; in India they give lessons of fiendish cruelty, altogether at variance with their theory, shooting down en masse, one hundred and fifty rebels, the cavalry slaying with the saber the wretched survivors! These are amongst the latest accounts from Calcutta; and we must go back to the massacres of Brotteaux and Lyons, during the reign of terror, to find similar examples of such barbarous executions. But we need not travel to India to find the blood stains under the mantle of political philanthropy with which England enshrouds herself. This nation, who finds it atrocious to whip the negroes of the Antilles, or to strike the galley-slaves at Naples, deems it lawful and right to flog her soldiers in barracks; and for this degrading punishment she does not make use of an honest leather whip, which would inflict strokes sufficiently painful—oh, no—philanthropic England has transformed this severe punishment into a torture, by inventing a frightful instrument called a 'cat o' nine tails.' Each one of the tails of this diabolical instrument is armed with nine pieces of sharp edged iron, so that a single stroke inflicts eighty-one wounds on the unfortunate victim. The law of England, which shields and protects the refugee political assassin, permits a maximum of fifty strokes of this terrible whip to be given to a faithful soldier, who has perhaps, shed his blood in more than one battle for his ungrateful country. An execution took place on the 4th of February, in the town of Newcastle. The *London Star* describes the event. Had we ventured to express the same opinions as the *Star*, we would have been accused of exaggeration and Anglophobia. Let us leave the English to wash their blood stained garments among themselves, and let us pity the nation which only practices its boasted philanthropy as an instrument of external policy.'

LITERATURE.

[From 'Lectures and Essays,' by Henry Giles.]

SAVAGE AND DERMODY.

Savage is commonly connected with Chatterton, but except in the accident of their poverty, I could never, for my own part, find out any resemblance. As a man, Chatterton was of austere demeanor, and as a poet he was of the highest powers; but Savage as a man was extremely social, and as a poet was not greatly beyond mediocrity. Chatterton died rather than ask relief: Savage did not, indeed solicit relief, he commanded it. All beings, however, have their use in God's creation. Savage has had his. He has been made an occasion for a piece of most beautiful and eloquent composition. Some men owe their fame to being the subject of a great biographer; and others to being the biographers of great subjects. Boswell has become famous in his life of Johnson; and Savage has gained celebrity by the finely written record which has been left of him by Johnson. Nothing is more evident in this composition than the fact, that the feelings of private friendship and a remembrance of common misfortune broke the scourge of criticism. The poems of Savage may have merit; but they assuredly have not that merit which could propitiate the maligner of Milton and the depreciator of Gray. Savage was the outcast of society, and Johnson, with the rough benignity of his nature, took him to his heart; precisely on a principle similar to that which caused him to carry a sick and unfortunate girl, through Fleet street, to a refuge.

'The Wanderer' of Savage is a very remarkable production; the more remarkable when we consider the circumstances in which it was composed. Stanzas of it were often written upon cobblers' stalls, and sometimes whole passages were indited in a pauper lodging. One special quality of the poem is the extreme purity and moral elevation of sentiment, contrasted with his own practical conduct. The following lines are worthy of notice because Dr. Johnson quotes them:

'To fly all public care all venal strife,
To try the still compared with active life;
To prove by these, the sons of men may owe
The fruit of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That even calamity, by thought refined,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.'

And again:

'By woe, the soul to daring action swells,
By woe in pliant patience it excels;
From patience, prudent, clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge through the course of things;
Thence hope is formed; thence, fortitude, success,
Renown; what'er men covet or possess.'

'The Bastard,' another poem of his, is eulogized by the same stern critic. On the first publication it created a mighty roar. His unnatural mother, who published her own shame, and detested with a kind of hellish madness the poor wretch who sprang from that shame, was scared by it wherever she went; it was before her everywhere, as a sentence of terror and damnation. It was quoted in her hearing, it was left open for her reading; and the young man whom she first rejected, and then tried to hang, became her own moral executioner. The following lines have always affected me; they touch a chord of sorrow, most musical and most melancholy:

'No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues or from vice restrained.'

If Johnson's estimate of Savage is an error, it is an error on the right side. It may be indulgent, but the unfortunate require indulgence. It may be merciful, but it is the criminal who has need of mercy. In some of his criticisms, Johnson has been nefariously unjust; but his charity, in the 'Life of Savage,' covers a multitude of sins. 'For his life or his writings,' he says, 'none who consider his fortune will think an apology either necessary or difficult. If he was not always sufficiently instructed in his subject, his knowledge was at least greater than could have been obtained by others in the same state. If his works were sometimes unfinished, accuracy cannot reasonably be ex-

pected from a man oppressed with want, which he has no hope of relieving, but by speedy publication. The insolence and resentment of which he is accused, were not easily to be avoided by a great mind irritated by perpetual hardships, and constrained hourly to return the spurs of contempt, and repress the insolence of prosperity; and vanity may surely be readily pardoned in him to whom life afforded no other comfort than barren praises and the consciousness of deserving them.' One of his latest and greatest faults, was that of keeping the Bristol merchants out of their comfortable beds with most eloquent and glorious talking; but the sin was surely not so grave, that for a mere trifle he should be left to die in a Bristol goal.

Similar to Savage in some respects, different in others, was the Irish versifier, Dermody. He was one of those precocious spirits that at first excite astonishment, that are praised and puffed and glorified, that disappoint those who patronize them, that are idolized by those who bring them forward to forsake them, that are wondered at for a while and deserted forever. Dermody as a boy was marvellous; Dermody as a man was nothing. His life was written by a good-natured person of the name of Raymond, who, with a benevolent generosity that does him honor, often relieved his sufferings and allayed his hunger. I speak now of general recollections and impressions, which the reading of that life has left upon my mind. Dermody was an Irishman, and, as well as I can remember, he was the son of a drunken schoolmaster in Clare or Kerry. This schoolmaster did not treat his son well, but if he gave him scanty food, he crammed him plentifully with Greek and Latin. He was put into the Latin Academy when he was but four years of age, and he ran away from his father when he was scarcely eleven. He accompanied a carrier to Dublin, and in the city's mass, he lost his conductor. He was found at a book-stall, reading Greek authors with a fixed interest, a queer compound of the careless boy and the well-trained scholar. He was first employed by an old man who sold second-hand books in a cellar, to indoctrinate his son in Latin. Dermody was then promoted to a shop above ground, to sell books to the students of the University, and to criticize them as he sold. From this he was taken by the pedantic and wealthy; handed about from party to party, as the newest prodigy; taught to drink much and to sit long, and when at last incorrigible in the vices into which his patrons had initiated him, he was turned adrift upon the world. Merit sometimes droops and dies for the want of encouragement, but this was not the case with Dermody. Lady Moira, when he was utterly deserted, held out to him a most generous attention. She placed him with an able man to complete his education. Dermody, instead of minding his studies, dwindled his time away in the village tavern—and in writing verses on the village tailor and the village barber. The lady patroness at last disgusted, dismissed him, with a small sum of donation and a great deal of advice. Subsequently, he procured an ensign's commission, and, to his honor it must be said, that in war he conducted himself with the bravery of a soldier, and in peace with the propriety of a gentleman. Having sold his commission, he was again thrown on the world, and after some alternations of poverty and extravagance, he closed his career in a solitary hut in England. Two friends found him here in a dying state. 'He had scarce power left,' his biographer says, 'to express the grateful sentiments which their visit inspired. The words faltered on his parched lips; his eyes became filled with tears, and being unable to utter the strong feelings which labored in his breast, he sunk again into the melancholy position in which they had discovered him, and continued silent for a considerable time.'

The deserted appearance of the house, better calculated, indeed, for the retreat of robbers than the abode of a dying person, gave his situation the last touches of tragic misery. 'Thank God,' he exclaimed, for this friendly visit; I thought I had given the whole world, and you in particular, cause to forget me.' The caution was needless; his past sins were buried in the

recollection of present wretchedness, and he had little to dread from the chidings of those who had now to perform only the last few offices of friendship. When his disorder allowed him to enter for a moment into conversation, he assumed a spirit, which, though faint, was yet mingled with the eccentricity that had on almost every occasion marked his character, and which was equally observable on trivial as on important matters. A violent fit of coughing having attacked him—'That hollow cough,' said he, 'rings out my knell.' The comforts which his situation required and admitted, were procured for him. His two friends had arranged for him a pleasant lodging on the most delightful part of Sydenham Common; whither, with a careful nurse, he was to be removed on the following day. Money was given for all his immediate wants, and his benefactors, intending to call the next morning, had hoped for him some declining hours of calm transition to the grave. That same evening, however, Dermody expired, when he was twenty-seven years and six months of age.

Anecdotes are told of Dermody which possess considerable interest. Many of these are wonderful, and some of them are truly affecting. While a mere lad he translated a great part of Anacreon, with a fidelity that satisfied the austere scholars, and with a fervor that might have been responded to by the warmest poet. Yet this youth of brilliant abilities by a thoughtless extravagance, subjected himself to the necessity of begging subscriptions for his poems, and to the humiliation of being dismissed from the doors of those from whom he supplicated assistance. He has been found, at times, exhausted in a garret, weary from hopeless excursions, and his bleeding feet lacerated to the bone. A story is recorded of him which merits repetition for its extreme beauty. The first night on which he had left his father, he walked until he was weary. He then cast his eye around him for some hut, where he might have a chance of rest. Seeing a light a little distance off, he made for it. On entering a miserable dwelling he beheld a corpse on some shapeless boards, with a lone and haggard woman leaning over it. He had but two shillings in his pocket, he gave the poor woman one; he went a short distance onward, repented, returned and gave her the other. Stopping for a while at an old church, as he continued his journey, he composed a poem, of which the following verses are a portion:

'Here where the pale grass struggles with each wind,
Pregnant with forms, the turf unheeded lies;
Here the fat about sleeps, in ease and idleness,
And here the necks moan for his moordest eyes.
The nun more chaste than bolted snow
Mingles with the dust below.
Nor capricious turns away;
Lo! to the taper's tremulous ray,
White veiled shades their frames disclose,
Vests of lily, cheeks of rose;
In dim fancy's vision seen,
Alive, awake, they rush between.'

The poem closes with such sweet and solemn verses as these:

'Near pebbled beds, where rivulets play,
And finger in the beams of day;
'Mid sods by kneeling martyr's worn,
Embowed with man's, he hid them:
Wont the solemn bell to flow
In silver notes, prolonging slow,
Tides of matchless melody.
Yes, let them slumber here at last,
Their tyrannic sufferings past,
And lend a venerable dread
To the lone abbey's rocking head.'

The manner in which he sometimes describes his condition, is at once amusing and affecting. Here is an instance:

'In a cold empty garret, contented I sit,
With no sparks to warm me but sparks of old wit:
On a crazy black stool, I suffer and I sing,
And pour as a beggar, am blest as a king.
Then why should I envy the great folks and proud,
Since God has given me what he took from the crowd?
My pen is my sceptre, my night-cap my crown,
All circled with laurels, so comely and brown.
Nor am I so powerless as people may think,
For lo! like all kings I can spill floods of ink:
Eight armies of mine, fear huge spiders at will,
And murder whole fleets with the point of my quill.'

A reference to Otway, Chatterton and Savage, is not ungraceful:

'Sweet as the shepherd's pipe, my Otway sung,
And pity melted on his soothing tongue.
Yet, mark his need, too dreadful to be told,

Death, clad in scorn, in poverty, and cold,
His gloom-impelling eyes, forever closed,
The Muse's agonizing pathos of his woes,
Sweet characteristic, profound in early prime,
The deep, unguessed of modest verse to enable,
By none unprized, illustriously dead,
And viewed through distant, generous pride,
I pity a savage! what could unadorned bear
Of cruel want, of agony severe,
Of patient care, that springs a silent mine,
What could he suffer—what that was not time!"

And thus he most pathetically speaks of himself:

'Me, hapless youth, the fury-troubles tear,
Me from the Muse's rosy bosom wreat;
Dim streams my glance o'er sorrow-dreary scene
Dark to my sight Paracelsian charms appear;
Damp each bold ardor, each caducous fire,
Sad weeping o'er my song all penive laid,
Or, happily roused from lethargies of woe;
Still, by new forms more terrible, disarrayed,
Hard-featured poverty and cares combined,
Tearing with tiger-fang my tortured mind.'

We close these desultory scraps from one who longed for fame but lived for folly, with a short poem entitled an 'Ode to Frency:'

'Stabbed by the murderous arms of men,
My heart still op'd with many a wound,
I pour the agonizing strain.
And view thee with delirious round:
Thy choicest tortures now prepare;
O Frency! free me from despair!

Thy visionary darkness shrouds
The tender brain in rayless clouds;
Thy slow and subtle poison steals
Till abolished reason reels—
Then rising wild in moody trance
Quick, thy pale visaged fluids advance.

I born, I throb, my pulses beat,
I feel thy rankling sorrows now,
They tremble in my bleeding brow—
And pierce reflection in his filmy seat;
In heights of pain my heart is tossed
And all the meaner sorrows lost.

Who now will fear the puny sting of woe?
Who start, disordered, at the phantom Death?
I mock the childish tears that trickling flow,
I smile at pangs the softest pang begeth;
The canker grief that silent eats, be thine—
The noble ecstasy—be mine.

The hurried step—the pregnant pause severe—
The spectral flash of sense—the hideous smile—
The frozen stare—Revenge's thrilling tear—
The awful start, sharp look, and mischief's secret wile;
These are the proud demoniac marks I claim,
Since grief and feeling are the same;
Then all thy racks sublime prepare,
And free me—Frency, from Despair!

[From Tales of the Olden Time.]

CASTLE ROCHE.

A LEGEND OF LOUTH.

[Continued.]

The artful chamberlain bowed low in submission to his sovereign's behest, and, with well-feigned reluctance, proceeded to obey him.

'If my gracious liege finds aught that may displease him in what I am about to say, he must deign to recollect that I gave him most unwillingly the explanation he desires.'

'I shall recollect whatever thou pleasest—but hasten with thy recital! I am all impatience!'

'Has my Sovereign never observed any peculiarity of dress about the Lady Christina?'

'Certainly not!'

'Hast thou ever seen her head uncovered?'

The king paused a moment as if in recollection—
'No, I cannot say that I did! But what has this to do with thy tale?'

'Everything, my liege!' replied the minister. 'Men say, with what truth I know not, that the noble lady must be afflicted with some strange disease of the head, and they draw this inference from the fact, that no creature hath ever seen her hair—it is believed by some that nature hath denied to her that beautiful ornament!'

A thrill of horror shot through the heart of the monarch. A startling suspicion crossed his mind that the report might be true, since he could not but acknowledge that he himself had never seen Christina without a close cap, which entirely concealed her hair, if hair she had. Resolved, nevertheless, to conceal his suspicion, until he had carefully examined the matter, he gave the chamberlain to understand that he gave the tale no credit—that he considered it as little better than a malicious fabrication, to injure his beloved Christina, and that he would have the mystery satisfactorily explained by her own lips.

The minister appeared to coincide in his master's opinion, and took his leave, after having expressed his hope that all was as it should be, and that the often repeated story would be found entirely groundless.

No sooner had the nobleman taken his departure than Christian delivered himself to the most acute anguish. He endeavored to view the subject dispassionately, but the effort was vain.

At length, unable to bear the agony of his mind, he proceeded to the apartments of Christina. The latter arose to greet his coming with her usual bright smile of welcome. Such a smile was wont to have a healing power on the heart of the monarch, when, wearied with the turmoil and intrigue of the court and council, he sought her presence as an antidote for all ill—but now all was changed!

'A fair good morning to my gracious sovereign!' said Christina, advancing to take his hand.

A glance at her closely-covered head served to destroy the genial influence of her tenderness. Knowing, however, that fair means was the most likely to be successful in obtaining the desired explanation, he took the proffered hand, and pressed it to his lips.

'Christina, my love!' he began, 'Have a favor to ask of thee!—will thou grant it?'

'Why does my lord ask such a question? He should know all too well that his devoted Christina can refuse him nothing in her power to bestow! What would'st thou of me?'

'The favor is a trifling one, sweetest Christina! but yet I know not how to ask it of thee. I merely have to request that thou would'st throw off, even for a moment, in my presence, the head-dress which thou wearst!'

A dead pause followed. The king was so overcome by shame that he almost regretted having mentioned the affair, and Christina was, on her part, so utterly confounded by the shock she had received, that for some minutes her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, so that she could not articulate a word.

After some time her feelings burst forth in an hysterical laugh:

'Uncover my head! why aye! that were favor to be sought after!—And, pray, most royal Christian, when did'st thou conceive such a wish, as that of beholding my head. Thou answerest not! thou art stricken dumb. But I see how it is—I see the trail of the serpent. Thy courtiers, finding that thy love for the hapless Christina was a bar of adamant between them and the completion of their politic wishes—unable to discover any breach of fidelity to thee, they have taken advantage of this my peculiarity, to excite thy distrust! Say is it not so?'

'Thou hast guessed aright, my beloved Christina,' said the monarch. 'But thou hast called this unlucky affair a 'peculiarity'—am I then to hope that it is only such, and that there is no existing cause for the concealment of which they have spoken? Dearest and loveliest! consent but to oblige me in this one particular, that I may have it in my power to refute the odious calumny!'

As the king spoke thus, Christina drew herself up to her full height, and her eyes flashed with anger and disdain.

'Consent! sayest thou?' she asked, in tones of indignant contempt. 'Consent to gratify thy curiosity—to lull thy suspicions, and those of thy courtiers? No! rather would I consent to die a death of agony! Christian of Denmark! thou little knowest the woman thou hast dared to insult. Now hear my determination. Sooner than yield to this mean, dastardly subterfuge, I will give up every tie which has hitherto bound me to thee—they are, I perceive, already loosened by distrust, and will therefore, be the easier rent asunder! This is my answer to thy pitiful request!'

'Well, then, madam!' said the enraged monarch, 'since thou art so forward in proposing that our connexion be dissolved, I can or will have no objection! Whatever the cause be of thy unwillingness to uncover thy head, on the faith and honor of a king, I will abate no whit of my resolve to part with thee, unless on the condition that thou givest the most ample

satisfaction on this subject! This is my determination, unalterable as the decree of death.'

'Farewell, then, for the present, most royal Christian!—go tell thy advisers that they, as well as thyself, will soon be relieved of the only obstacle which thwarted their most patriotic hopes for the welfare of the state of Denmark!'

Making a stiff obeisance to the king, the lady withdrew, leaving the incensed monarch to seek in solitude, or in society, (according as he felt inclined to either) a balm for his wounded pride and affection.'

A breach thus made between the monarch and his favorite, the courtiers took every imaginable means of widening the aperture, so that nothing less would conciliate either party than a full and implicit submission from the other.

During several days Christina was abandoned to her own sad thoughts; even those who had, hitherto, paid her the most servile attention and professed the most unbounded friendship, were now the first to abandon her. It was quickly understood that the king's affection for her had sunk below zero, and it was, therefore time to break off all appearance of intimacy with the disgraced favorite!

Christina, however, regarded the solitude to which she was left, as a sort of alleviation of her sufferings. With her proud heart torn by a thousand harrowing thoughts, how could she have entertained visitors? Without Christian, the world was to her a desert—what mattered it, then, who came, or who remained absent, when he appeared not who had been ever as the light of heaven to her eyes?

Though the prospect of losing him was beyond all expression dreadful, yet her obstinate pride would not permit her to think of consenting to grant the small favor he required.

Though Christian, on his part, suffered to the full as much anguish at the prospect of a separation as did Christina herself, yet he was also as firmly resolved to maintain an inflexible front to all the entreaties she could or would make.

Desirous of seeing whether she would still persist in her refusal, he determined to pay her yet another visit, and for that purpose sought her presence.

Oh, how different was the meeting from any that had gone before. It was again evening, for the pride of the monarch would not permit that Christina should see the emotions which might and would pass over his countenance, and the increasing gloom of twilight formed a good security against her scrutinizing glance.

Christina was seated at a window, in all the luxury of unrestrained grief—there was none to disturb her sorrow, and her tears flowed fast and freely, as she ever and anon looked forth upon this fair scene, which (like her own life) had been so lately bright in her splendid sunshine, and was now becoming gradually more and more dim and uncertain. She had been thinking of her early love, and the course of her thoughts (beneath the softening influence of the shadowy hour) had acquired less of bitterness and more of tender softness.

A foot was heard at the door, and Christian entered unannounced. The heart of that lonely woman bounded with a momentary sensation of delight, for she thought he must have come to crave her pardon, and to renew his vows of everlasting love. But alas! his first words dissipated the illusion his unexpected presence had served to conjure up.

'Lady Christina!' said the monarch, as he took a seat at some distance, 'I have come on the present occasion, in order to hear from thine own lips, whether thou art still determined to persevere in thy childish obstinacy!'

'My liege!' replied the chilled and disappointed Christina, 'if part we must, it were better far, in my poor opinion, that we do so without useless recrimination. I have already told your Majesty that I would suffer the most dreadful penalty, rather than concede in this matter—this (I now repeat) is my most fixed determination!'

'Tis well—'tis well, madam!—let it then be so!' said the young monarch, and both relapsed into silence.

It was a critical moment to each, and they both felt the full force of the most fervent love thrown back as it were in scorn on their hearts.

Under cover of the closing darkness Christina wept in silence, while Christian, having quitted his seat, approached the window, and stood leaning against the wall, looking forth on the dark clouds of the night, with sad and dreary foreboding.

At length, a half-suppressed sob from Christina caught his ear, and, forgetful of every thing but her sorrow, he threw himself at her feet, by a mechanical impulse.

'Oh, Christina! Christina! do we part thus, after all our mutual vows?—Is the love of years, then, so easily forgotten? Speak, my love! dost thou find the task of tearing a rooted affection from thy heart more easy than does thy treacherous lover?'

'Oh! speak not thus!' murmured Christina; 'speak not thus! How, dost thou think, can I bring myself to determine on separation, when thou thyself findest it so painful!'

'And yet, and yet, Christina! a word from thee would rivit our union more closely than ever!—Be, think thee of that?'

'I do bethink me! But that word can never be spoken by me—I cannot, if I would, consent to thy demand!'

'Oh, fate! cruel fate!' said the monarch, 'to what hast thou doomed me? Am I indeed then to lose thee? oh, thou most adored!' He paused, then quickly added: 'Were not my royal word pledged in this matter, so softened is this sad heart, that I could readily dispense with the condition, and, forgiving thee all, take thee to my bosom as fondly as ever—but it cannot be. The fiat has gone forth—and we must part, since thou art so determined to pursue thy own way!'

'Oh, would to Heaven,' said Christina, in a tremulous tone, 'that I could comply with thy request. Methinks, were it in my power, that I would trample on pride, and do as thou would'st have me, to be taken again to the home of thy heart—if—if—but no, I dare not—must not!' It was by a strong effort that she again articulated, 'We part—two days hence—we part to meet no more. But ere this comes to pass, I have one request to make.'

'Name it—name it,' said the agitated monarch. 'I swear to thee, Christina, that thou shalt have it, even though it were the half of my kingdom. Say on—what would'st thou?'

'I require only from thee, monarch of Denmark, so much ground in whatever part of Ireland I may select, as will enable me to found a castle. I have a strange longing after that country, and (desolate as I shall soon be) I would fain have unto myself a home—stead wherein to shelter this weary head.'

'It is thine, Christina. Since thou hast taken such a strange fancy to that distant isle, thou shalt have thy desire fulfilled. To-morrow, I will have a deed drawn up to that effect.'

'Thanks, thanks, most gracious sovereign!' exclaimed Christina—'I knew thou would'st not refuse me this favor. But I have another boon to ask—the ship that I have already in view to bear me hence, lies in the port awaiting my arrival, (as, knowing how this would end, I have privately hired the vessel.) I shall embark to-morrow—and I entreat thee, as a last token of regard, to honor me with thy presence at a farewell banquet, which I shall have prepared on board—as also to come attended by the principal nobles of thy court. May I hope that thou wilt confer on me this final grace?'

'On the faith of a prince, thy wishes shall be obeyed, even to the smallest particular. At what hour would'st thou that I should attend the banquet?'

'At six of the clock in the afternoon, I shall expect my royal master.'

'Adieu, then, for the present, Christina. Oh! if thou would'st permit me to love thee as of old. But why need I speak thus? Is not all that passed away

forever? Farewell, till our next meeting, which will, however, be a most painful one!'

'Farewell, my gracious liege!' Christina strove to pronounce these last words with firmness, but in vain she tried, for her voice was almost drowned in her overwhelming anguish.

Leaving Christina to her own absorbing misery, let us proceed to explain (what may appear incongruous) the right exercised by the Danish kings of bestowing lands in Ireland. It is not easy to believe that, though many ages have elapsed since the Danes were finally defeated at the memorable battle of Clontarf, and were subsequently expelled the country, yet they still persist in their behalf that the 'Green Island of the West' belongs of right to them, so that it is no uncommon occurrence for the estates in Ireland to be given as marriage portions by the Danes—the bridegrooms being moreover perfectly satisfied with the bargain, as there is a prevailing notion amongst the people of Denmark that they are destined, at some future time, (by what means the prophecy sayeth not,) to regain their rightful dominion. Whether this most absurd idea still obtains credence among the Danes, we cannot say, but at the time of which we speak, it was generally received.

Early on the following morning, Christina dismissed all her attendants, with the exception of Erica, (who has been already introduced to the reader,) and, having made all her preparations during the night, she set out for the pier, accompanied by her faithful maid.

They embarked about one o'clock, and the succeeding hours were employed in preparing for the reception of the illustrious guests invited by Christina to her banquet.

As the appointed hour drew near, Christina, attired with all possible magnificence, took her station near the window of the state-cabin in order to await the arrival of her sovereign.

Often was her anxious glance cast over the waste of waters in search of the expected object, and each time her eye fell listlessly on the numerous craft which studded the bosom of the noble harbor. Copenhagen lay before her in all its kingly magnificence—the city of her birth—and the scene of her departed splendor. She gazed for a moment on its regal walls with melancholy pride and pleasure, but she quickly turned from the sight—what was it all to her—a houseless and a homeless adventurer, turned adrift on the wide world by the man to whom the best years of her life had been devoted!

At length the royal barge was seen gliding smoothly over the blue wave, with the regal banner of Denmark floating from her mast—anon every ship in the harbor displayed the flags of their various nations—all was gay excitement, and the young king stepped on board Christina's vessel amidst the deafening discharge of artillery from the men-of-war which lay around at anchor.

The royal Dane was then in the full bloom and vigor of manhood, of stately and majestic deportment, and, as he gracefully acknowledged the lowly reverence of the ship's crew, his condescending demeanor won all hearts.

Descending to the cabin, followed by the chief lords of his court, he found Christina anxiously awaiting his appearance.

Long as he had known and loved this beautiful woman, he was altogether unprepared for the sight which met his view. The rays of the evening sun fell upon her as she stood near the window, and so gorgeous was her jewelled robe, that her own transcendent beauty seemed that of some glorious spirit of light—so dazzling was its effect on the beholder. Christina smiled sadly, as she presented her hand to the monarch—

'Does my liege marvel to see me so finely attired? His wonder will cease, when he reflects that this is our last meeting. Is it not, then, natural that I should wish to leave my image on his memory in as glowing colors as I possibly can?'

'Oh, Christina!' said the monarch, forgetting his surprise, in the awakened purpose of his visit; 'oh, Christina! is the hour of thy departure indeed come? Can nothing induce thee to postpone it? But alas! I had forgotten that entreaty is useless!'

Christina now looked towards the courtiers, who remained standing near the door, at a respectful distance from their master, and, bidding them all welcome, requested that they would be seated. They all obeyed in silence, as the king had already given them the example, having seated himself at the sumptuously bedecked board. He placed Christina at his right hand, and condescended himself to do the honors of the table. But few words were exchanged during the repast—for a gloom seemed to have overshadowed all present.

The attendants had no sooner retired with the table equipage that Christina addressed the monarch:

'Before I quit this country forever, most gracious king! I would fain remove a certain suspicion which has of late tarnished my name. Men shall not be at liberty to say of Christina that she had not courage to reveal the hideous mystery. I am fully sensible of my obligations to the nobles here present, and would fain testify to them my deep gratitude. Since they were so passing kind as to awaken your Majesty to my unfortunate concealment, they shall be gratified by a sight of that deformity, the supposition even of which was sufficient to deprive me of a love which had been strengthened by the growth of years. They shall see Christina as she really is! My lords!' she added, addressing the wondering courtiers, 'I would have ye prepare, by summoning all your fortitude, that ye may behold the frightful object without being bereft of your senses.'

So saying, she slowly and with the utmost composure, untied her head-dress, and drawing it off, disclosed to view a rich profusion of bright auburn hair, gathered into a soft plait on the top of the head, so as to be entirely concealed by the cap. Christina gracefully raised her hand, and withdrawing the golden pin by which it was supported, permitted the magnificent volume of hair to fall about her shoulders, while her face was lit up with conscious triumph.

'Approach, my royal lord! and examine whether these locks are false—these noble gentlemen will surely believe thy testimony!'

Though utterly confounded by such an unexpected sight, yet Christian mechanically obeyed, and, having satisfied himself that the beautiful hair was natural to Christina, and that her head was a perfect model for a statuary, his whole heart filled with shame, remorse, and renewed tenderness, his own head fell almost powerless on Christina's shoulder, as her arms involuntarily opened to receive him.

'Lord of my heart! be not thus overwhelmed? Arouse thyself in order that thou may'st be able to console thy poor Christina, in this last sad interview.'

'Christina!' at length said the king, as he led her to a seat—'Beloved of my soul! wilt thou forgive me? but can I hope for forgiveness—I, who have openly, and most wantonly insulted thee?'

'Forgive thee, my lord!—oh, how readily do I forgive thy involuntary offence. How could I harbor aught of malice against thee—the sole possessor of my affections?'

'Christina, may I presume to hope that thou wilt not leave me?—thou still acknowledgest that I am dear to thee, can I not then prevail on thee to remain?'

[To be continued.]

HOW TO CHECK A BANK RUN.—Daniel O'Connell is said to have checked a panic on a bank of which he was a director by making a cashier roast the gold that was given in exchange for notes. The people thought that they were coining money in the bank parlor, and that they couldn't break a bank which could supply its customers with gold like breakfast rolls. Besides, it was rather uncomfortable to pick up hot sovereigns, and the process of cashing was necessarily slow.

Why is a young lady before marriage never right? Because she is all the time a miss.

LITERATURE AND ART.

DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILLE.—It was now that the mysteries of this State-prison were unveiled—its bolts broken—its iron doors burst open—its dungeons and subterranean cells penetrated—from the gates of the towers to their very deepest foundations and their summits. The iron rings and the chains, rusting in their strong masonry, were pointed out, from which the victims were never released, except to be tortured, to be executed, or to die. On those walls they read the names of prisoners, the dates of their confinement, their griefs and their prayers—miserable men, who had left behind only those poor memorials in their dungeons to attest their prolonged existence and their innocence! It was surprising to find almost all these dungeons empty. The people ran from one to the other; they penetrated into the most secret recesses and caverns, to carry thither the word of release, and to bring a ray of the free light of heaven to eyes long lost to it; they tore the locks from the heavy doors, and those heavy doors from their hinges; they carried off the heavy keys: all these things were displayed in triumph in the open court. They then broke into the archives, and read the entries of criminals. These papers, then ignominiously scattered, were afterwards collected. They were the annals of arbitrary times, the records of the fears or vengeance of ministers, or of the meaner intrigues of their favorites, here faithfully kept to justify a late exposure and reproach. The people expected to see a spectre come forth from these ruins to testify against these iniquities of kings. The Bastille, however, long cleared of all guilt by the gentle spirit of Louis XVI., and by the humane disposition of his ministers, disappointed these gloomy expectations. The dungeons, the cells, the iron collars, the chains, were only worn-out symbols of antique secret incarcerations, torture and burials alive. They now represented only recollections of old horrors. These vaults restored to light but seven prisoners, three of whom, grey-headed men, were shut up legitimately, and whom family motives had withdrawn from the judgments of the ordinary courts of law. Tavernier and Withe, two of them, had become insane. They saw the light of the sun with surprise; and their incurable insanity caused them to be sent to the mad-house of Charenton, a few days after they had enjoyed fresh air and freedom. The third was the Count de Solages, thirty-two years before sent to this prison at his father's request. When restored free to Toulouse, his home, he was recognized by none, and died in poverty. Whether he had been guilty of some crime, or was the victim of oppression, was an inexplicable enigma. The other four prisoners had been confined only four years, and on purely civil grounds. They had forged bills of exchange, and were arrested in Holland on the requisition of the bankers they had defrauded. A Royal commission had reported on their cases. But nothing was now listened to against them. Whatever had been branded by absolute authority must be innocent in the eyes of the prejudiced people. These seven prisoners of the Bastille became victims—released, caressed, even crowned with laurels, carried in triumph by their liberators like living spoil snatched from the hands of tyranny, they were paraded about the streets, and their sufferings avenged by the people's shouts and tears. The intoxication of the victors broke out against the very stones of the place, and the embrasures torn from the towers were soon hurled with indignation into the ditches—[Lamartine's History of the Constituent Assembly.]

HOW TO FOSTER A TALENT FOR DRAWING.—If a child has a talent for drawing, it will be continually scribbling on what paper it can get, and should be allowed to scrawl at its own free will, due praise being given for every appearance of care or truth in its efforts. It should be allowed to amuse itself with cheap colors almost as soon as it has sense enough to wish for them. If it merely daubs the paper with shapeless stains, the color-box may be taken away till it knows better; but, as soon as it begins to paint red coats on soldiers, striped flags to ships, &c., it should have

colors at command; and without restraining its choice of subject in that imaginative and historical art of a military tendency which children delight in (generally quite as valuable, by the way, as any historical art delighted in by their elders,) it should be gently led by the parents to draw, in such childish fashion as may be, the things it can see and likes—birds, or butterflies, or flowers, or fruit. In later years, the indulgence of using the color should only be granted, as a reward, after it has shown care and progress in its drawings with pencil.—[Ruskin's Elements of Drawing.]

THE LATE JAMES MCGLASHAN.—In recording the death of James McGlashan, which took place at Edinburgh, we cannot refrain from saying a few words of one so identified with the progress of literature in Ireland. For a quarter of a century Mr. McGlashan devoted the energies of a sagacious intellect, and a clear, practical mind, to promote and foster the literature and the literary men of this country. It was the dream of his life to give Ireland what England and Scotland possess—a literary independence—to find a home market for her men of genius, and command a position for her publications. If he was not completely successful in this, he at least made a progress well attested by the fact that there are now four literary periodicals, in addition to those purely scientific or professional, published in our city. Throughout his laborious life, Mr. McGlashan maintained an unimpeachable character for integrity and fair dealing. He acquired the respect of all, and the friendship of many whose friendship was an honor.—[Dublin Evening Packet.]

Signor Albani, a veteran Italian sculptor, has just died at Rome, at the advanced age of 80. During his long artistical career, he had acquired no inconsiderable fortune, which he has left to be distributed in exhibitions and prizes among young Italian sculptors.

A correspondent of the London Critic, writing from Rome, says: 'The young American lady, Miss Hosmer, has recently finished a recumbent statue—a monumental portrait of a young lady named Falconet, who died in Rome, and is here represented in that placid ideal repose, between sleep and death, that is surely most suitable for the statuary of the tomb.'

The committee ordered by the Emperor of the French to prepare for publication the correspondence of Napoleon the First, issued the first volume of its interesting labors. The emperor himself has revised the press. This first volume is said to contain a great number of hitherto unknown documents.

The sale of the gallery of the late Count Thibaudau, of Paris, has just taken place in that city. A portrait of Camargo, an opera dancer, by Grewze, sold for £101.

Victor Hugo is about to publish a new volume of poems, under the title of 'Les Petites Epopees.'

A female sculptor, named Felice de Faveau, is exciting at present great attention at Florence. Her works are pronounced to be of the very first class, and particular mention is made of a monument from her chisel, to the memory of a girl 17 years of age, which has been erected in the chapel of the Medici, in the church of Santa Croce.

A WELSH CARD OF INVITATION.—Mr. Walter Norton, and Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys' compliments to Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys, do not recollect), and Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys, request the favor of the company of Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, and Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys, do not recollect), to dinner on Monday next week. Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys, beg to inform Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, and Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs.

Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect), that Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys, can accommodate Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys, do not recollect), with beds, if remaining the night is agreeable to Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the Governess (whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys, do not recollect.)

MISCELLANEA.

'Nat, what are you leaning over that empty cask for?' 'Mourning over departed spirits.'

A culprit being asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be recorded against him, replied, 'He had nothing to say, as too much had been said already.'

There is nothing more dangerous to the virtuous than association with the guilty who possess amiable and attractive qualities.

'How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?' said an amiable spouse to her husband. 'Till he got a wife,' calmly answered the husband.

A builder at Taunton, having some ground to let, has stuck up a board with the following, 'This good and desirable land to be let on a lease one hundred and twenty yards long.'

Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he liked to see a man go through his work promptly.

'My brethren,' said Swift, in a sermon, 'there are three sorts of pride; of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that sort of vice.'

The old bachelor who went to the door of a widow's house and pulled his own nose instead of the bell-knob, has lately drowned himself in a 'gulf of sorrow.'

The poor man who dreads a scowl on his wife's face whenever he thinks fit to take a friend home with him is, indeed, to be pitied. Single life is blessedness compared to a union with an ill-tempered woman.

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing richer than wisdom; nothing brighter than virtue; nothing more steadfast than faith.

'Love not your children unequally; or if you do, show it not, lest you make the one proud, the other envious, and both foolish. If nature has made a difference, it is the part of the tender parent to help the weakest.'

'There is nothing,' says Plato, 'so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth. For this reason, there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.'

'The longer I live,' says a great writer, 'the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything in the world that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make a two legged creature a man without it.'

Dutchman. Coot morer, Patrick, how you tuz? Irishman. The top o' the morning till ye, Smitt, d'ye think we'll get rain the day?

Dutchman. Kess no; ve never hash much rain in very dry time.

Irishman. Faith, an ye're right there, Smitt, and thin whiniver it gits in the way, 'rainin,' the devil a bit o' dhry wither will we get as long as the wet spell howlds.

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PROSPECTUS.

IRISH MISCELLANY. Prospectus. On Saturday the 13th day of February 1858, was published the first number of a new weekly periodical, with the above title, dedicated to the diffusion of a more intimate knowledge of the literary and political history of Ireland, and to the mental, moral and political elevation of the Celtic race on this continent.

The "Irish Miscellany" will contain 16 pages of closely printed matter, on fine paper, of a size similar to this prospectus. Price 4 cents a copy, payable on delivery; or \$2 a year to mail subscribers—in advance.

In asking for public support for the *Irish Miscellany*, it is proper to say, that it is not our intention to trespass upon the ground already occupied by any of our contemporaries. We have marked out for ourselves a course entirely new and original—one not occupied by any other publication in this country. We propose to cultivate a field which, although naturally rich and fertile, and capable of producing the choicest flowers and fruits of literature, has hitherto lain comparatively barren and unproductive. Into this field we shall enter with a full confidence of its capabilities, but with a modest diffidence of the skill which we shall bring to its culture.

It has long been a reproach to our race here, that while the publications of the day, with but few exceptions, teem with vile caricatures of us and of our country—while we are continually held up to public ridicule, that the truth, foolish, absurd and vicious—but little effort is made to place the true character of our people before the public eye, or to give our name and race as every thing else.

To correct, in some measure, this crying evil, it was at first intended to gather together a number of Irishmen distinguished in the walks of literature, and publish monthly a review, which, for sterling talent, should be second to none published here or in Europe. The great expense consequent upon an undertaking of this magnitude, deterred us from the attempt, compelled us to relinquish our original design, and to substitute instead thereof, our more unpretending "Miscellany."

We propose to re-produce in our weekly periodical the writings of many of the great minds who have gone before us, while we shall also call from the current Irish literature of the day, such productions of merit cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers. Our country is rich in legendary lore, and the legends of the Celtic land, while they amuse, serve to instruct and to elevate.

We shall therefore publish such instructive tales and legends of a high moral tone, that will remind us of the happy times when we—

"Sat by the fire of cold Winter's night."

Along with our friends telling tales of delight." We shall give faithful descriptions and illustrations of Irish antiquities—of our ruins and monuments, of our abbies and churches; and our pictorial illustrations of Irish scenery and antiquities will present to loving minds many familiar scenes of early life. We have secured the services of talented artists, and the pictures of the *Miscellany* will contain numerous pictorial illustrations executed in the best style of art.

We shall keep constantly before our readers the ancient glory of our country, and while we ponder with pride upon the moral and intellectual superiority of Ireland, when England and the rest of Europe was sunk in ignorance and barbarism; we shall point to the past as an incentive to the future.

The biographies of distinguished Irishmen will be an important feature in the *Irish Miscellany*, as we shall give biographical notices of Irishmen in every department of literature, science and art—of men distinguished on the sea and on land; in the church, the senate, and at the bar.

It is our intention to republish the works of Irish writers now out of print, in such a manner that they may be preserved to future time as a memento of the old land, and serve to incalculable, in the minds of the rising generation, a filial regard for the land of their fathers.

We propose commencing with the *Dublin Penny Journal*, a work which in its day enjoyed unbounded popularity. We shall devote one half of the *Miscellany* to each number of the national publication. To do this we have ordered a font of type in Irish characters, so that the poems printed in that Journal in the Irish language can be reprinted in Irish characters with English translation in ours. This is a great desideratum, and to this we have ordered an Irish gentleman every way competent to the task.

The remaining eight pages of the *Miscellany* will be devoted to the current news of the day to original articles, tales, essays, poetry, &c. In politics we shall endeavor to avoid those questions which have divided our countrymen, or discuss them in a manner void of offence.

As the *Miscellany* will be independent of all political parties—the slave of none. Such questions as affect our countrymen here, we shall discuss with freedom, and zealously labor for their moral, intellectual and political elevation.

The editorial labors will be divided among several gentlemen of ability, and we trust to make the *Miscellany* a welcome guest at the fireside of every family. With these remarks we commend our sheet to the patronage of every well-wisher of our race. We feel there is room for such a publication and promise that nothing shall be wanting on our part to make it worthy of public support.

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TIPPERARY.

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany,

FROM THE "SPIRIT OF THE NATION."

POETRY BY THOMAS DAVIS.

ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

ALLEGRO. f

1. Let Brit - ain boast her Brit - ish hosts, A - bout them all right lit - tle care we; Not Brit - ish seas nor British coasts Can match THE
2. Lead him to fight for na - tive land, His is no cour - age cold and wa - ry; The troops live not on earth would stand The headlong

p *mp* *Cres.*

MAN—THU MAN OF TIPPERARY! Tall is his form, his heart is warm, His spi - rit light as a - ny fai - ry—His wrath is fear - ful
Charge—The Charge of Tipperary! Yet meet him in his cab - in rude, Or danc - ing with his dark - hair'd Ma - ry, You'd swear they knew no

p *mp* *Cres.*

f

as the storm That sweeps The HILLS—The HILLS of TIPPERARY! His wrath is fear - ful as the storm That sweeps The HILLS—The HILLS of TIPPERARY!
oth - er mood But Mirth—But Mirth and Love in Tipperary! You'd swear they knew no oth - er mood But Mirth—But Mirth and Love in Tip - pe - rary!

f

3.
You're free to share his scanty meal,
His plighted word he'll never vary—
In vain they tried with gold and steel
To shake The Faith of Tipperary!
Soft is his cuilin's sunny eye,
Her mien is mild, her step is airy,
Her heart is fond, her soul is high—
Oh! she's The Pride of Tipperary!

4.
Let Britain, too, her banner brag,
We'll lift The Green more proud and airy;
Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
And head The Men of Tipperary!
Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
About them all right little care we—
Give us, to guard our native coasts,
The Matchless men of Tipperary!



VOLUME I—NUMBER 11.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ARMAGH.

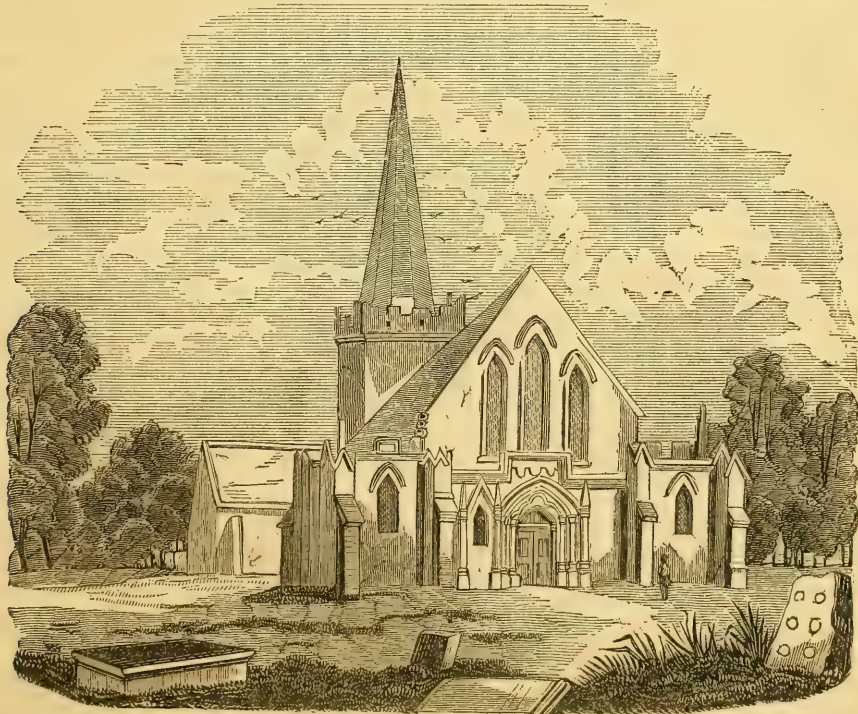
The subject of our accompanying illustration can hardly fail of being interesting to our readers of every religious denomination, for though in itself of no great antiquity or architectural interest, it is intimately associated in our minds with the establishment of the Christian faith in our Island, and with the mild but persevering labors of our patron Saint. In the minds of the Milesian Irish it must awaken sentiments of just pride and recollections of national glory, for Armagh was a chief seat of religion and literature, a blazing star, when most other parts of the western world were involved in the darkness of idolatry and ignorance—and in the

minds of the English or Irish of English descent, it should excite sentiments of gratitude and affection for our country, for it was to this seminary of education that England was in a great degree indebted for the rudiments of learning, which have ultimately exalted her to such a pitch of glory. To the school which was founded here by St. Patrick, as we are informed by the Venerable Bede, multitudes of the English nobility and middle ranks resorted, and were supplied with books and food; and every other want, without charge, and in the most hospitable spirit.

The general history of Armagh would require a volume, and has been made the subject of a highly

valuable and interesting one by Dr. Stewart, of Belfast. The nature of our little work, however, will only permit us to give it in distinct portions, and we shall on the present occasion, confine ourselves to that of the subject of our illustration—its Cathedral Church.

The original edifice was erected by St. Patrick in the year 445. It appears from the authority of the tripartite life of the founder, to have been an oblong structure 140 feet in length, and divided into nave and choir, according to the custom of all our ancient churches. This sacred edifice did not escape the sacrilegious devastations of the northern pirates. It was pillaged and burned, together with



THE CATHEDRAL OF ARMAGH.

the other buildings of the city in 839 and 850. In 890 it was partly broken down by the Danes of Dublin, under the command of Glumra. In 935 it was burned by an accidental conflagration, generated by lightning; and again in the year 1020. In 1126, the roof was repaired with tiles, by the Primate Celsus, having for the period of one hundred and thirty years, after the fire in 935, been only repaired in part. A more perfect restoration was effected by the Primate Gelasius in 1145, on which occasion, according to the annalists, he constructed a kiln or furnace for the preparation of lime, which kiln appears to have been quadrangular, and was of the extraordinary dimension of 60 feet on every side. After this period this venerable remain appears to have suffered little, save from age, till the seventeenth century, when on the 2d of May, in the year 1642, it was burned by Sir Phelim O'Neill. After this injury it was deemed no longer serviceable, and the present church was erected on its site in 1675, by the benevolent Archbishop Margetson. This church, which is in the Gothic or pointed style, differs from its ancient predecessors in form and size, its shape being that of a cross, and its interior measurement 183 1-2 feet in length from east to west, and its breadth in the transepts 119 feet from north and south. The interior is ornamented with several splendid monuments, of which the most remarkable for beauty and costliness is that of the pious, worthy and learned Dean Drelnecourt—a work of the famous sculptor Rysbrack. The other monuments most worthy of notice are those of the Rev. Dr. Jenny, Rector of the Parish, who died in 1758; Primate Robinson—a bust by Bacon; William Viscount Charlemont, who died in 1671, and his father William Baron Caulfield; and the late Rev. Thomas Carpendale, Master of the Endowed Classic School of Armagh, erected in 1818. The monuments for which the original Cathedral was celebrated, unfortunately no longer remain! Many of these deserve from posterity a different fate—for here were interred the heroes or Clontarf—the venerable Brian, and his son Murchard, and his nephew Conan, and his friend Methlin Prince of the Decies of Waterford—here their bodies, which had been conveyed thither by the clergy, lay in funeral state for twelve successive nights, during which psalms, hymns and prayers were chanted for their souls, and well did they merit those pious honors.

P.

ANNALS OF DUBLIN.

There is sufficient foreign and domestic testimony to prove that Ireland had commerce, and several cities of note, at a very early period, and unquestionably several centuries before the great Danes obtained any footing in it.

The great Alexandrian geographer, Ptolemy, who lived in the reign of Antoninus Pius, about the year of Christ 130, enumerates several illustrious cities existed a long time before, else he would not have heard of them. We set down here a list of them, for the information of several thousand of our readers who have not opportunities of consulting this curious document in the original.

1. Nagnata, an illustrious maritime city (Polis Episcopos) on the western coast.
2. Manapia, a maritime city, on the eastern side.
3. Eblana, a maritime city, on the eastern side.
4. Rhigia, an inland city.
5. Raiba, an inland city.
6. Laberos, an inland city.
7. Makolikon, an inland city.
8. Another Rhigia, an inland city.
9. Dounon, an inland city.
10. Iernis, an inland city.

Marcianus Heracleotes, who flourished in the third century, and who, as he himself informs us drew up a compendium of the Eleven Books of Artemidorus, a geographer who flourished in the 169th

Olympiad, or 104 years before the Christian era, thus speaks of Ireland:—

‘Juvonia, Insula Britannica ad Boream quidem terminatur oceano Hyperboreo appellato. Ab oriente vero oceano qui vocatur Hibernicus, a meridie vero oceano virgioio. Sexdecim habet gentes, undecim civitates insignes, fluxus insignes quindecim, quinque promontoria insignia, et insulas insignes sex.’

‘Juvonia, a British isle, is bounded on the north by the ocean called the Hyperborean, but on the east by the ocean which is called the Hibernian; on the south by the Virgivan ocean. It has sixteen nations, and eleven illustrious cities, fifteen remarkable rivers, five remarkable promontories, and six remarkable islands.’

Every scholar knows what Tacitus asserts in the life of his father-in-law, Agricola; that the ports of Ireland were better known from commerce, and through commercial men, than those of Britain. ‘Portus per commercia et negotiatores melius cogniti.’

Cormac Mac Art, monarch of Ireland, who began his reign in the middle of the third century, wrote instructions for his son, Carbury of the Liffey, in which he advises him, ‘to invite ships, to import valuable wares across the sea.’

Barca do thochnu, allmhuire sed (Gloss seoid anall tar mair.) An epitome of these instructions is still extant, of which we intend to give some account in a future number.

Ptolemy places Eblana Polis in about the centre of the eastern side of Ireland, which shows that it can be no other than the City of Dublin.

Dublin, therefore, has a just claim to an antiquity of seventeen centuries, and it is manifest that it must have existed several centuries before Ptolemy's time, else he would not have called it a city, or even have heard of it. The first mention we find made of Dublin in the remnant of ancient Irish history that has reached our times, is in the Annals of Tighernach, under the year 166, where he tells us, that Con of the hundred battles, and Mogha Nuadh, divided Ireland into two parts by a line drawn from the eastern to the western Athcliath, i. e. from Athcliath Duibhlinne to Athcliath Meadhraidhe, or from Dublin to Clarin's bridge, near Galway.* It is added in other accounts, (not in Tighernach,) that Mogha Nuadh, who was otherwise called Eogan the Splendid, thought himself over-reached in this partition, because the half of the harbor of Dublin, which he observed to be commodious for traffic, and visited by ships, did not fall within his allotment; and that to gain which he commenced hostilities, and lost his life in the attempt.

I cannot at all believe that the settlement of Dublin as a place of commerce and as a fortified town, can be attributed to the Scandinavian pirates in the ninth century. The Annals of the Four Masters, record the death of St. Beraidh, Abbot of Dublin, under the year 650, and that of Siadhail, Abbot of Dublin, under the year 785.

The author of the Life of St. Kevin, who wrote more than a thousand years ago, thus speaks of our city:—

‘Civitas Athcliath est in aquilonali Lageniensium plagâ, super fretum maris posita, et Scotice dicitur Duibhlinn quod sonat Latine Nigra Therna, et ipsa, civitas potens et bellicosa est, in qua semper habitant viri asperissimi in prealiis et peritissimis in classibus.’

‘The city of Athcliath is situate in the northern region of Leinster, upon a strait of the sea; it is styled in the Scotie language, Dubh-linn, which signifies Dark Bath. This city is powerful and warlike, and always inhabited by men most hardy in battles, and most expert in fleets.’

• ‘McCarthy's Antiquities. This line composed of gravel hills, was called Eiscir Riada.

• The River Liffey at this time formed the boundary between Meath and Leinster, and Meath was not then considered a part of Leinster.

The monk Joceline, (who wrote about the year 1182,) in the 69th chapter of his Life of St. Patrick, speaks of Dublin as a small village (Pagus exiguus) in the time of that Saint, and introduces him as prophesying its future greatness. This prince of legendary writers soon forgets himself, for in the next chapter save one, he introduces St. Patrick into the ‘Noble City of Dublin,’ of which he gives the following florid description, as quoted from a MS. copy of his work, by the great Archbishop Usher:—

‘Advenit Patricius in Urbem nobilem populo, situ amenissimam, concurrentibus mari et flumine piscibus opulentam, commercii fumosam, planitie viridante affectuosam; glandiferis nemoribus consistam, ferarum lustris circumvallatum; que postea dicta fuit Dublinia. Hæc a convenis Norwagie insularum populis exercitio peritissimis, omni armaturâ munitis, bello fortibus, dapilibus pace omni regno necessariis, in favorem regis Hiberniæ sub Regina filia Norwagie initiata; in posterum per varias vices, modo rebellis, modo foederata Regno Hiberniæ extitit.’

Dr. Lanigan thinks that Joceline's first account of Dublin is the correct one; but with great deference to the Doctor's learning and deep penetration, we beg to observe that it is much more likely that Dublin was a considerable town in St. Patrick's time than a ‘pagus exiguus,’ as Ptolemy, who wrote several centuries before that time, calls it a ‘city.’

A poem, (ascribed to Benignus, disciple of St. Patrick, and his immediate successor in the See of Armagh,) preserved in the Books of Leacan and Ballymore, partly agrees with Joceline's second account of Dublin.

It mentions that Leary, King of Ireland, believed not the preaching of St. Patrick; that the saint then directed his course southwards, until he arrived at the fortress of the foreigners, (Dún na n-Gall) that at this time Alpin, the son of Aeil, who was descended from Donall Dubhdambach, was king of Athcliath. It then goes on to state, that St. Patrick converted the king and inhabitants of Dublin, cursed Leary, king of Temor, and predicted that the Galls (foreigners) of Athcliath, would never be at peace with the kings of Temor, &c. &c.

I fully concur with Dr. O'Conor, in the opinion that this poem was fabricated a long time after the year 836, when the Northmen first became masters of this city. It is highly probable that it was forged in the 11th century, when a controversy concerning the primacy arose between the Danes of Dublin and Gildas and Celsus, Archbishops of Armagh.

The Irish name of Dublin is Baile atha Cliath, or ‘The Town at the Ford of the Hurdles,’ and the name of that part of the river Liffey on which it is built Duibhlinn, or the ‘Black Water.’*

The Book of Dinnsenchus informs us, that this ford across the river was called Athcliath, or the ‘Ford of Hurdles,’ from hurdles of small twigs which the Lagenians, in the reign of their king Mesgeira, placed across the river for the purpose of conveying the sheep of Athirny Ailgeasach to Dun-Edair, a fortress on the Hill of Howth, where many of the young warriors of Ulster were then stationed.

That it should be an inconsiderable town at the English invasion, will appear manifest from the following Annals, wherein it will be seen that it was at various times reduced to ashes by the Irish. They are translated from the Annals of the Four Masters, and carefully compared with more ancient and authentic annals of Tighernach.

* Many of our readers are convinced that the name Dublin is compounded of the English words Double-Inn, and some point out the place in Winchester street where the two fairs that gave name to the city, stood.

• We wish to remove this vulgar notion by telling them that it was called Duibh-linn in Irish before the English or even Danes had obtained any footing here, and that it is still pronounced Duibh-linn by the inhabitants of Fingall, as the name appears on the coins of its Danish king, and called Duinn Duibh-linn, or the city of Duibh-linn by the Welsh, which exactly agrees with the Irish pronunciation.

ANNALS OF DUBLIN.

A. D. 166. Ireland was divided into two parts, by a line drawn from the eastern to the western Athelrich, between Conn of the Hundred Battles, and Mogha Nuadhat, otherwise called Eogan the Splendid.

291. Fiacha Sraibhtine, monarch of Ireland, quelled the rebellious inhabitants of Leinster, in a battle fought this year at Dublin.

650. Saint Beraidh, abbot of Dublin, died this year.

From this it appears that there was a monastery established in Dublin at an early period, although not mentioned in the *Monasticon Hibernicum*.

765. The Kianacts of Bregia and the Hy-Tegh of Leinster fought a battle this year at Leinster: a great slaughter of the Lagenians ensued, and many of the Kianacts were drowned in the sea.

785. Sladhal, abbot of Dublin, died. Vide 650, *supra*. Our annals mention no other abbot of Dublin; the reason is manifest. The barbarous pagans of Scandinavia became masters of the city soon after, and it is not to be supposed that they who lived by robbery and plunder, would allow a number of Irish monks to lead a peaceable life in a city into which they carried all their spoils.

836. A Norwegian* fleet, consisting of sixty ships, arrived in the Boyne; and another of the same number in the Liffey: these two large fleets plundered and laid waste Moy-Liffey and Moy-Brá, both their churches and houses, flocks and herds.

The inhabitants of Moy-Brá gave battle to these foreigners at Mogdorna, in Moybra, and killed one hundred and twenty of them.

These Northerners defeated the inhabitants of Meath at Inver-na-n-Barc, (i. e. the harbor of the ships,) where a most bloody engagement took place; no Irish chief, however, was killed in this battle.

In this year all the churches of Lough Erne, Clones, Devenish, Iniskeltra, &c., were plundered and burned by them. Saxoly, their chief, was killed by the Kianacts of Meath, and they were defeated with great slaughter at Ashroe and Carn-feradh.

In this year they first took and became masters of Dublin.

840. The Northerners erected a fortress at Linn-duachail, 3 out of which several parties sallied forth to plunder churches and monasteries; they penetrated as far as Toffia, in Meath, and plundered its churches, and other houses. They erected another fortress at Dublin, out of which they sent parties who plundered Leinster and the territories of the Southern Hy-Nialls, as far as Slieve-Bloom; on this excursion they carried away both lay and ecclesiastical property.

844. The Northerners of Dublin made an incursion into Cluana-an-dobhair, and plundered the fort of Killachaidh, where Disuadht, the son of Segene, obtained the crown of martyrdom from their sacrilegious hands. They also plundered Dunmask, 4

where Hugh, the son of Dubhdachbrioch, abbot of Tirdaglass and Clonenagh, was taken and led away by these merciless barbarians, into Munster, where they put him to death on the 8th of July. Kethern, prior of Kildare, and many others were slaughtered at the same time.

845. The Danes of Dublin were defeated with considerable slaughter at Carn-Brammit, by Carroll, the son of Donnelly, chief of Ossory. In this battle two hundred Danes were killed.

The Dubhgalls arrived this year in Dublin, slaughtered the Fingalls, 5 demolished their fortress, and carried off prisoners and property.

The Dubhgalls attacked the Fingalls at Linn-duachail, and made great havoc of them.

847. Dublin was plundered by Maelseachlainn, the son Mulronee and Tigernach, lord of Loch-Gabhair.

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

[To be Continued.]

A TOUR TO CONNAUGHT.

LETTER I.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.—

Sir—The prevailing propensity to see oneself in print, urges me to present the following lucubrations and observations, the result of some recent wanderings towards the west, in the hope that through you they may reach your readers. Doubtless it requires no small confidence to expect that a journey of a day or two on a coach or jaunting car along what is considered one of the flattest and least interesting lines of road in Ireland, would enable me to purvey readable matter for a fastidious and well-supplied public—but strong in my Milesian assurance, and fortified with the brass of an O'Toole, (by the way, my ancestors possessed the Cronebawn copper mine,) I will try my hand, and make a trial.

Blessings on the morning, when escaping out of Dublin through that awfully disgusting purlieu—Bar rack street—we met the cool western breeze as it swept along the Liffey, and advanced to salute the rising sun. Our road ran parallel to the river, and as we drove through its alluvial valley and passed Chapelizod, once the retreat of La Belle Izod, where stood her bower and her chapel, and which was once the country residence of Ireland's viceroys, I could not, laughing philosopher though I may be, suppress a sigh, to see the old house so grievously modernized and deformed, where, it is said, King James slept after the battle of the Boyne. He must have used a pillow stuffed with hops, if he slept soundly on the night after that memorable day. Here is also a huge, disarranged flax spinning manufactory, and large bleaching greens, ugly to the eye, offensive to the nose, redolent of muriatic gas, and other bleaching stuffs. I do not like those immense factories, where the youth of both sexes are crowded for twelve or fourteen hours on spinning lofts, and where the moral malaria is almost as pestilential as the physical. Commend me to the old flax-spinning system of Ireland, where the lass sat by her father's fire-side, urging her busy wheel, and modulating its monotonous hum by the soft sweet tones of our Irish melodies. Alas, it matters not to my mind that yonder immense pile manufactures as much thread as formerly did the female industry of a whole country. In spite of political economy, my heart cannot but condemn the change.

Reaching Palmerstown, we rose from the river, and gained the fertile, undulating champaign that extends southward from the Liffey to the Wicklow mountains. To the right, the deep-cut course of the river, its steep banks adorned and enriched by the strawberry cultivation, beyond it again the Phenix Park, and more to the west, the two beautiful hills of Castleknock, the one a smoothly circular green knoll, whereon the proprietor, as a record of his bad taste, has allowed an unmeaning pigeon-house to remain standing for years, and his only excuse is that he is accustomed to its ugliness! the other crowned with its ivy-mantled castle, where the Bruce, some centuries ago, halted his army, when advancing to besiege Dublin, and where

yet that ancient window still remains, of which, says Stanishurst, 'Though it be neither glazed or latticed, but open, yet let the weather be stormy and the wind bluster boisterously on every side of the house, and place a candle there, and it will burn as quietly as if no puff of wind blow. This may be tried at this day, whoso shall be willing to put it in practice.'

About two miles farther, we arrived at an eminence from whence extend westward and southward the plains of the Liffey, (as in ancient days they were called) and certainly in no part of the British empire can the eye wander over a richer expanse. To the geologist, it is interesting, as everywhere he sees assurance that before the Liffey had cut down for itself to the sea its present deep and tortuous bed, all before the view, until it touched the Curragh of Kildare and the Hill of Allen, must have been a wide spread lake; and when the observer gets down to the deep, dry, circular basin in which the village of Lucan is placed, he may notice the gradual depositions the subsiding waters made, and at the same time be led to conclude that some final force must have operated in the way of an earthquake to form the river's present bed; the force from beneath which has been exerted to cause the disturbance of the strata must have been great, and the extraordinary disarrangement of the limestone stratification on the northern bank of the Liffey is worthy of the attention of the draughtsman or the geologist.

Not any of England's favored vales—not any of Scotland's carses or straths—can show anything to the farmer's eye finer or more fertile than the view from the hill of Ballydowd. 'Sir,' says a fellow traveller, who had the air of an English bagman, 'what is the name of that there old building to the left? castles, don't you call them? Wherever I go in Ireland I have them in sight.' 'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'You will see them everywhere—yonder one is called Ballyowen; and if you look westward you may see another, and southwards another; and pass on from this to Galway or to Cape Clear, and you will see them covering and commanding, and within signal shot of each other. They stand as memorials of Ireland's different conquests, and as evidences that when conquered, each subsequent invader considered that what the sword had won, it was useful for the sword to keep. Ireland is the land of ruins and memorials—of powers and people that have successively passed away. The ruined fortress—the devastated abbey—the lonely dun—the fairy-footed rath—the round tower that sends its slender shaft on high to say that the almost imperishable simplicity of its form can survive human record, and even outlast man's tradition—these are what render Ireland a land interesting to the traveller—and not all the magnificence of America—not all its mighty mountains, lakes, or waterfalls, can supply to the passenger such trains of mental association, such stores of romantic thought, as a few miles wandering through Erin. The castles of Ireland are not only numerous, but of different character. The old massive circular Anglo-Norman—the square and more regularly bastioned stronghold of the Elizabethan era—the more simple and solitary fortalice of the Cromwellian adventurer, who cased himself within his strait four walls like an armadillo or a hedgehog, to look out in security on his newly acquired grant; and save his soul alive from the skins of marauding rapparees.

We passed on then through Lucan. On one side the richly wooded demesne of Colonel Vesey, once the castle and estate of General Sarsfield; to the right and just on the roadside is the Spa-house, apparently a well kept and well resorted hotel, creditable to the owner, and in some respects a proof that were such accommodations as are here found, to be met with in other places, Irish families would stay at home, and rest satisfied with our own spa's, and the salt ablutions of our own sea shores. Just below the hotel, and on the other side of the road by the river's bank is the spa, impregnated as strongly, perhaps, as any other natural spring, with carbonate of lime and sulphureted nitrogen gas. That modification of limestone, by

* These were Norwegians, not Danes: see the year 845 *infra* and note (5) under that year.

1 Magh-Life or the plain of the Liffey was that level part of the country of Liffey through which that river winds its course. Kilkullen was it.

2 Magh Bregia, i. e. the splendid plain, was situated between the Boyne and the Liffey; it was the eastern part of ancient Meath.

3 Cathal Maguire, in his annotations upon the festivity of Aengus, informs us that Linn-Duachail was situated upon the banks of the Casan-line in Ulster: Casan-line is now called the river Lagan, and Linn-duachail, Magheralin in the barony of lower Iweragh, county Down.

4 Now called Dunamase, an isolated rock whereon are to be seen the ruins of a strong fortress, dismantled by Cromwell.

5 Duaid Mac Firbis, the only pillar and guardian of Irish antiquities while he lived, and whose death was an irreparable loss to any further improvement in them, informs us in his account of Danish families in Ireland, that by Fionnabhi or Fionnabhi, the Irish writers meant the Norwegians (Lucht na h-Iorruindia, i. e. na Norwegia) and by Dubh-dubhail or Dubh-dubhail the inhabitants of Denmark (Na Danair or Danai).

Keweenaw and other mineralogists called calpe, is very abundant in the neighborhood, and as it contains a large quantity of crystallized sulphur of iron doubtless it is the decomposition of this sulphuret by water, that causes the impregnations of this spa. There, as at Harrogate, citizens who, because they were good livers have now bad livers, hope to have their vicerial obstructions removed, and Comaught spires, whose noses are rub'd and with the red juices of the grape and the limpid distillations of John Barleycorn, find the roses removing from the unseemly position on their noses, and retiring to the more natural and seemly station of their cheeks.

Any one passing over the bridge of Leixlip must, if his eye is worth a farthing for any thing else than helping him to pick his way through the puddle, look up and down with delight while moving over this bridge. To the right, the river winning its noisy, turbulent way over its rocky bed, and losing itself afar down amidst embossing woods; to the left, after plunging over the salmon-leap, whose roar is heard through half a mile off, and forming a junction with the Rye-water, it takes a bend to the east, and washes the rich amphitheatre with which Leixlip is environed. I question much whether any castle, even Warwick itself, stands in a grander position than Leixlip Castle, as it embattles the high and wooded ground that forms the forks of the two rivers. Of the towers, the round one, of course was built by King John, the opposite square one by the Geraldines. This noble and grandly circumstanced pile has been in later days the baronial residence of the White family, and subsequently the residence of generals and prelates. Here Primate Stone, more a politician than a Christian, retired from his contest with the Ponsonbys and the Boyles, to play at crickets with General Cunningham; here resided Speaker Connolly, before he built his splendid mansion at Castletown; here the great commoner, as he was called, Tom Connolly was born. Like many such edifices this castle is haunted—character and keeping would be altogether lost, if towers of 600 years standing, with rich mullioned 'windows that exclude the light, and passages that lead to nothing,' with tapestried chambers that have witnessed pranks of revelry, and feats of war, of Norman, Cromwellian and Williamite possession—if such a place had not its legend. Mr. Folds, you may as well give it some week or another a place in your journal; you will find it in one of the annals, I forget which; and one of Ireland's wildest geniuses, the eccentric and splendid Maturin, has decorated the subject with the colorings of his vivid fancy.

Leixlip is memorable in a historic point of view, as the place where, in the war commencing 1641, General Preston halted, when on his way to form a junction with the Marquis of Ormond, to oppose the Parliamentarians. Acknowledging that his army was not excommunication proof, he bowed down before the fiat of the Nuncio, and lost the best opportunity that ever offered of saving his cause and his country from what has been called the curse of Cromwell. Rising out of Leixlip the road leaves the line of the Liffey, and runs parallel to the small stream of the Rye-water, over which is thrown, at an immense expense, the largest aqueduct in Ireland, constructed by the Royal Canal Company; it is said that this enormous cost was gone into in compliment to the late Duke of Leinster, who desired that the canal should pass by his town Maynooth; it certainly would have been more advantageous to the commerce of the kingdom and to the prosperity of the company, had they not deflected here to the south, but rather kept northwards through the plains of Meath made Lough Sheolan instead of Lough Owel their summit level, and met the Shannon more towards its source, rather than run their line parallel, as it now does, at only a few miles distance from the Grand Canal, each starving and interfering with the other, and acting like two rival shopkeepers who, instead of setting up at remote districts of the town, frown balefully at each other from opposite sides of the street.

Just beneath the bridge that carried the road over

the canal is one of the most beautiful and abundant spring wells in Ireland—if it was known in old times it would have been sanctified, as most such are in Ireland—but it burst out for the first time from the depths of the earth, on the excavation of the canal; and as it was discovered in winter, and as its deep seated source caused it to appear warmer than other more superficial springs, so immediately there were attributed to it virtues of no ordinary degree, and the crowds that in faith (for the Irish are rich in that cardinal virtue) resorted to it were enormous. While the credulity lasted, the harvest of coach and noddly owners (for jaunting-cars were not yet fashion,) was immense; strings of carriages, miles long, might be seen on Sunday, issuing from Dublin, containing crowds anxious to apply, internally or externally, its healing waters; and attestations of its curing the blind—restoring the palsied—strengthening the lame, came before the public every day. But alas, the powers of ridicule were brought to bear against it, and one wicked wight drew a caricature in which he represented a broken down noddly as washed by the Leixlip spa water, and all its spokes and shafts, under the mopping of the jarvey, becoming strong and strait. This certainly was a pity; and no one in the world was served by dissipating such an innocent and salutary delusion, and after all it is not only a beautiful but an extraordinary spring; for if you believe all the neighbors, not a fish or frog will live in its waters; and though there is a fioculent, rusty-colored, ochreous matter constantly rising to the surface of the well, exactly similar to that which is found in springs strongly impregnated with iron, yet no test, either gallic acid or prussiate of potash, can detect any iron; but in the centre of this fioculent matter is found a very red little worm about half an inch long, which all those who have still faith in the salubrity of the well say is the sovereign remedy alive for a sore leg; nay more, let any one who has drank over night from fifteen to twenty tumblers of punch, and whose head is so hot that it makes the water fizz into which it is put, let him but take a quart or two of the water of this spring on the following morning, and he will lose all his whiskey fever and walk home as cool as a cucumber. I assure you, gentle reader, I have seen sundry making the experiment, and I actually saw them afterwards sober.

And now we arrive at the demesne of Ireland's only duke—a demesne, according to the exclusive propensities of all those who have this world's wealth—walled about with a skreen of trees, through which the eye of a curious traveller has no chance of penetrating. To the left rises an obelisk, built about a century ago, in that remarkable season in Ireland called the hard frost, by a lady of the Connolly family, in order to employ the people. These things are all called follies in Ireland; to give such things such names, only argues poor taste and sense in those who bestow them; would there were many such evidences in the land that the rich cared for the poor. Beyond that obelisk, southward, extend the rich wooded grounds, and rises the finest country mansion in Ireland—Castletown—once the estate of Dungan, Earl of Limerick—the house, built by Speaker Connolly, and presenting, perhaps, the most chaste and appropriate facade for a rich man's residence in existence. There the great commoner, as he was called, Thomas Connolly, the son of the Speaker, found an income of £30,000 a year too small for the purposes of his expenditure; here were estates wasted and encumbered in keeping up of huntings and racings—in affording sport to a whole country, and lavishing of hospitality on all that would partake of it; so much so, that (as the legend goes) he once afforded a day's hunting and a night's entertainment to the devil, who proved himself the most entertaining companion and prettiest gentleman of the party.

Just as our vehicle was passing along at this point of the road, we observed a heavy smoke brooding over the woods of Castletown, and the guard informed us that it arose from the smouldering remnants of a fire that had taken place the night before in the Celbridge

Wollen Factory, when a large but partial destruction of property had occurred. 'Ireland certainly is unfortunate,' says I, 'in its manufacturing adventures. This, the largest factory in the island, was established about twenty-eight years ago by a company from Leeds, and I question much whether that quiet and pretty village has been happier or better off during the vicissitudes of prosperity and adversity, of employment and non-employment that have since occurred.' 'Then, sir,' says the English bagman, 'it would seem that you do not like manufactures; you seem disposed to prefer Irish poverty to British prosperity. 'By no means, sir; I would perhaps desire that our country should have manufactures established in its towns, and machinery driven by the power of its rivers, provided I saw a good system of poor laws also introduced; but I decidedly deprecate the introduction of any such speculations unaccompanied with some protection of the poor from the effects of their own improvidence, the fluctuations of trade, and the speculations of their betters. The vicissitudes that yonder establishment have undergone, might serve for the manufacturing story of all Ireland. It did not prosper with the original speculators, who found that the easy terms on which they had acquired a great water power, and the cheapness of Irish labor, did not compensate for the expense of fuel and the difficulties of obtaining trained laborers and men educated up to trustworthiness. I knew the worthy individual whose property it was for many years, and he often explained and deplored to me the difficulties with which he had to contend. If ever there existed an Englishman who feelingly adopted Ireland as his country, and had deeply at heart its prosperity as identified with his own, it was Jeremiah Haughton; and while giving the energies of his honest and intelligent mind towards the promotion of the interests of the Irish woollen manufacture, and eventually falling a premature victim to his exertion in its cause, he has often deplored to me that the spirit of combination—the want of common trustworthiness and habits of steady and persevering industry, coupled with a want of a proper and protecting system of poor laws, must ever disable Ireland from competing with England. The fact is, as he assured me, that the abundance of cheap and common labor could never compensate to the capitalist settling in Ireland for the want of those able and steady handicraftsmen which the principle of parochial settlement always provides, ready to meet the demand of all who wish to engage them. After Mr. Haughton's demise the factory remained some time out of work, when many of the good hands that could afford the money returned to England, while all the bad and coarse ones remained behind; then the establishment fell into the possession of an expert swindler, who contrived to hold it just long enough to rob the rich and beggar the poor; it was deplorable to see hundreds of weavers wandering in the vicinity, begging for a morsel of bread from door to door. Better had it been for Celbridge that no wool had ever been carded, or shuttle thrown, than have its inhabitants submitted to such vicissitudes. Grievously have they suffered, and grievously do they suffer—for cholera has come where improvidence, whiskey drinking and poverty have invited it. Very lately a spirited Englishman has taken the concern, and commenced business and employment actively and with effect; and it is a grievous thing to find that this individual at the outset of his adventure, should have to contend with a conflagration that has injured a large wing of his factory.

We have now, Mr. Folds, given but nine miles; if on feeling the pulse of the public you find they have patience for such gossip, you may hear more next week from

Your very faithful
Friend to command,
TERENCE O'TOOLE.

Why is a melancholy young lady the pleasantest of all companions? Because she is always a-musing.

HOW TO TELL A STORY.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.

Sir—Of all story-tellers, commend me to an Irishman! There is a roundness and a fullness in his brogue—a twinkling humor in his eye—a richness and a raciness in every word he utters, which renders him the glory of a social circle, the very heart-strings and life-blood of merriment! I presume all your readers have seen the caricature of the Scotchman, the Englishman, and the Irishman admiring the pretty girl in the mercer's shop, and all anxious to have a chat with her. They must all have read the humorous anecdote of the experiment being tried which of the representatives of the three nations would give the best answer to the proposition to stand all night naked, during a storm, on the sop of a steeple. John's ideas of the thing centred in his belly—give him bread, cheese, and ale, and a certain sum, and he would 'try the job.' Sandy, with his usual caution, looked over his shoulder, and instead of saying what he would take, inquired, 'What will ye gie us?' But Paddy, ready-witted Paddy, replies, 'Take! take! what would I take, is it? Arrah, I'd take a very great cowl.'

Sitting one night, lately, in company with Scotchmen, Englishmen, and Irishmen, a dispute arose whether the Irish brogue or Scotch patois was best adopted for telling a story. This, of course, led to a very animated introductory discussion, in which it was admitted that the Doric dialect of the Scotch had been rendered classical by the great writers who have introduced it into their works, or made it the vehicle of conveying their ideas; and of course, Burns, Galt, the Ettrick Shepherd, and among others, the mighty 'magician of the north,' he, alas, whose death will be mourned by all lovers of genius—Sir Walter Scott—were duly honored. But the pride of an Englishman was roused; he volunteered to tell a story of his own as humorous as any an Irishman or a Scotchman could tell; and he thus began:

'Why,' says he, 'one dark and stormy night I found myself in the town of Paisley, the region of shawls and pullicates, and other woven commodities. The house of 'entertainment for man and beast,' into which I had the honor of being received, was graced by the presence of a little red-haired fellow, who from being weaver had turned waiter, and certainly there was more of the loom than of the bar about him.

'Hallo, waiter,' says I, 'what have you got in this here house?'

'What's your wull, sir?'

'Wool, wool, zounds, sirrah, do you take me for a wool-seller, a sheep, or a negro?'

'I was just speering, sir, what your wull was,' replied little carrotty, with all due humility.

'What's my will; Why what's that to you—do you want a legacy? Come, get supper, sirrah,' says I; and seeing how he was an ignorant Scotch lump of a fellow, and didn't know nothing, I determined to have a little sport with him. So when he came in again, says I, 'prav, my little fellow, what's o'clock?' 'It will be half ten, sir,' he replied. 'Half ten, sirrah; is it but five?' 'No, sir, it's half an hour from ten.' 'And what is half an hour from ten? Is it half an hour after nine, or half an hour past ten?' 'I only meant to say it will be half an hour after nine.'

'Aye, my darling,' said an Irishman in company, 'maybe your travels have been printed afore; or you've helped yourself to a leaf from Captain Grose.' 'Pon my honor, this here adventure did happen to me; and if it didn't may I never stir on more from this here spot.' 'Never mind it, my dear; but take an Irishman's advice. When you tell a story, invent, but never borrow; when you write, let your pen be a diamond, and use the sun for an ink-bottle; och, my jewel, invention is the

thing! I'll tell you a story that will jst give you a bit of an idea of what I mean.

'Once upon a time,' said Paddy, and his face was lightened with a smile, 'once upon a time, my darlings, and it's not very long ago, an Irishman, and a friend of my own, took it into his head that he would leave his master dear, and try a better country. I do not mean to say that a better country there is under the whole face of heaven; but times are bad, and many a dacent man thinks he might get a better bit and sup by emigration, than he can get in his own dear country. His master sent for him, and he says, mighty sharp, 'Well, Thady, what's this I hear about you?'

'Och, my jewel, you can hear nothing about me but myself, and I'm not speaking.'

'But you are going away, Thady, you are going away, they say.'

'You may say that, sir, for I'm two stone lighter than when I came to you.'

'But what's taking you away, Thady?'

'Just my own feet and legs, dear!'

'You are very short with me this morning, Thady.'

'Why, then, I think I'm as long as I was yesterday. But, master dear, I'm going to Ameriky, to get a bit o' land for myself and Judy, and where we'll can get praties for the childer just for the digging, and have a sweet little cabin of our own, far in the woods, and the never a morsel o' rint to pay!'

'But, Thady, are you not afraid of the blackamoor wild Indians that live in the woods? They will come down some dark night and tomahawk you.'

'Afraid! is it an Irishman afraid? They tummy-hawk me! There's not a man among them all could play long bullets with my brother Phelimy, and show me one o' them could touch me at the first fifteen! But sure, master dear, I would not know one o' them from Adam when I seen them.'

'Oh, Thady, they are wild-looking black rascals, and you had better stay at home than venture among them.'

'Stay at home, is it? Arrah, my dear, poor Thady has no time to go to, for the landlord put poor Judy out for three and sixpence, and now I'll stay no longer here. Och! sweet Mulligan, sweet Mulligan, and the days o' my youth, when I was fed like a fighting-cock, and Judy was my darling, and the world was light and easy on us! It was then that we had the great big noggins o' broth for dinner, instead o' the crabbed, pock-marked praties that the pigs in Mullingar wouldn't eat, and butter-milk as thin and sour as crame o' thartar! Farewell, master dear, and may God Almighty be wid yeas all!'

'So over the salt seas poor Thady went, and Judy, that never had been on the rowling ocean before, now saw nothing at all at all for weeks but the green sea and blue sky. Och, but it's myself could discourse about the sea and the sky; how the whales, and the dolphins, and the sharks rowle in the water, and the pretty stars, and the moon, and the sun look down upon the coral beds at the bottom of the sea, and when the wind begins to blow like mad, and the waves go up, and then go down, and the sails are torn into shreds with a noise like thunder, and the masts go by the board, and there's ten feet water in the hold, and the ship is sucked down into the bubbling sea, and just before it goes down, men, women, and children send up one dreadful scream that rises above the blast, and pierces the very gate of heaven! There's description for you!

'But Thady arrived safe in Quebec, with Judy and the children, and then off they trudged into the woods, to try and get a bit of land to settle on. Some Irish neighbors helped him to get up a cabin to shelter the family, and he says to one of them—'Where do thim blackamoor negur Indians live that I heard about in our own country?'

'Och, beyant there in the woods.'

'And Corny, tell me, have you ever seen any o' them!'

'Seen them! To be sure I have; there's scores o' them in the woods, black, ugly devils they are!'

'And what makes them black, Corny? Sure, couldn't the dirty cratures keep themselves Christian white?'

'It's the climate, they say, but what that climate is myself doesn't know. Something they rub on them when they are young.'

'The dirty heathen brutes! But sure they must have the stuff plenty among them. I wish we had some of it, and I would rub little Barney with it, for an experiment.'

'From that day forward, Thady was very eager to see a blackamoor Indian. One day roaming the woods with his hatchet in his hand, he saw a quare-looking trout reclining at his ease on the green sod. Thady was sure he had now clapped his eyes on one of them, and coming up, 'Musha,' says he, 'bud I never seen one of your sort afore—why, man, you'll get your death o' cowlid lying there.'

'The wild man of the woods looked up. 'Queen o' glory, what a nose! They may talk o' Loughey Fudaghens's nose, but by the powers, your nose beats the noses of all the Fudaghens put together! Get up, like a good fellow; I've an odd tester left, and if there was a shebeen near, I'd give you a snifter.'

The quare chap did get up, but my jewel, he appeared disposed to try a fall with Thady.

'And is it for wrestling you are? Cusendhall for that—but stop, sgrah, you grip too tight—take your fist out o' my shoulder, or I'll have an unfair hault o' you! Oh! bad luck to you and the taylor that made your clothes, he has left no waistband on your breeches—oh murder, murder, you're the jewel of a squeezer!'

But Thady contrived to get his tobacco knife out, and gave him a prod in the right place, and down he fell, to rise no more.

'Oh, murder, murder, I've kilt one of them blackamoor blackguards! I'll be hanged—och, why did I leave odd Ireland! Poor Judy and the childer will see me die an unnatural death for this blackamoor thief. Och hone, och hone! what will I do—what will I do?'

A neighbor in the woods came up.

'And what ails you, Thady, you roar like a bull in a bog.'

'Och, och, but I'm a sorrowful man this blessed day! I just gave one o' them thieves a prod, and there he is.'

'Meacy on us, Thady, that's a bear, that ten men couldn't kill!'

'Musha, is that a bear? By the powers, I'll drop them to you for a tester the dozen.' NOBODY.

CURRAN.—One morning, at an inn in the south of Ireland, a gentleman travelling upon mercantile business, came running down stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stage coach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning against the door post, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him and ordered him to brush his coat. The operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveller cursed the lazy valet for an idle, good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot, if he did not make haste and finish his job well before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed the coat and then the trowsers, with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar, and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend the quondam waiter, seated snugly in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances, to be sure that his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity—but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming, 'Oh, never mind, make no apologies—these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way—I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job—my name, sir, is John Philpot Curran, pray what is yours?' The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction; but the drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion; and the traveller never rejoiced less at the termination of a long journey, than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of the setting sun.

Though heat is derived, in combustion, from the oxygen gas, the derivation of light is not so evident. It has been for a long time supposed that this element is also one of the components of oxygen gas; but the observations made respecting the light yielded by several bodies when they are slightly heated, or even spontaneously, and that some of them yield much more light than others, seems to prove that light forms a component principle of most bodies, and that it is evolved from the combustible. It is likely, however, that part of it at least may be derived from oxygen gas.

J. GETTY.

Ballymena.

NATIONAL EMBLEMS.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal:—

Sir:—As your correspondent, Terence O'Toole, has not as yet described that part of your emblematic engraving relating to Irish armor, I think a few extracts from works of Irish antiquarian research on that subject, may not in the mean time be malapropos. As I see a cuirass in the frontispiece, I shall begin with Mr. Walker's observations on the ancient defensive armor of this country—he says, 'it would seem that body armor of any kind was unknown to the Irish previous to the 10th century, king Markertach in that century, obtaining the acutitious name of Markertach na Geochall Crocean, for so obvious an invention as the leathern jacket,'—and although poets of the middle ages describe the heroes of Osian as shining in polished steel, no relic of that sort of armor has escaped the wreck of time in Ireland—and yet it is rather curious that coats of mail are mentioned in the Brehon laws, as the word mail is supposed to be derived from the Irish Mala. It is quite certain, however, that on the first invasion of the English, no sort of defensive armor except the shield or target formed part of the paraphernalia of an Irish warrior. If they had been placed on any sort of an equality with their invaders, I flatter myself my countrymen would have kept their enemies longer at bay than, from their comparatively defenceless state, they were enabled to do. Smyth tells us 'that corslets of pure gold were found on the lands of Clonties in the county of Kerry,' but these were probably left there by the Spaniards, who had, 'a fortification called Fort del Ore, adjoining those lands.' The shield of the ancient Irish was generally formed of wickerwork, but in many of the old poems we find the chiefs furnished not only with shields of burnished steel, but even those embossed with gold—and in the old poem of the Chase, the son of Morni is represented with a golden one; but whether or not these were taken from a foreign enemy, cannot now be determined.

It appears from some coins dug up in the Queen's County, in 1786, that helmets must have been in use previous to the 10th century, but how long, must also be a matter of conjecture. Mr. Walker mentions a golden helmet dug up in the county Tipperary; he describes it as resembling in form a huntsman's cap, with the leaf in front, divided equally and elevated, and the scull encompassed with a ribbon of gold crimped. (N. B. some of these relics of old ancient times might be useful in Donnybrook Fair in more cases than one now.) They are sometimes mentioned by the poet as studded with precious stones; but these are supposed to have been taken from foreigners. Some of their swords, however, of native manufacture are well known to have had hilts of gold, very richly ornamented with jewels. The hilts of these are of a variety of shapes, the cross hilts, however, prevail.

The battle-axe was a very favorite weapons with the Irish, Cambrensis describes the manner of using it, he says—'they make use of but one hand when they strike, and extend the thumb along the handle, to guide the blow, from which neither the crested helmet can defend the head, or the iron folds of the armor, the body; whence it has happened sometimes, that the whole thigh of a soldier, though cased in well tempered steel, hath been lopped off at a single blow of the axe.' The spear was also a weapon in very general use, and Stanishurst is his description of their manner

of using them—says, 'They grasp about the middle, heavy spears, which they do not hold pendant at their sides under their arms, but hurl them with all their strength over their heads;' and we may form some idea of the prodigious force which either custom or physical force enabled them to throw it, when Harris in his *Hibernica*, mentions—'That no haubergeon, or coat of mail, was proof against their force, but were pierced through on both sides.'

If Terence O'Toole does not give you any further information, I will return to the charge.

THE GHOST OF BRIAN BOROHME.

WHISKEY.

To some of our readers at least, we believe 'Whiskey' will be an article to which they will make no objection. We have already supplied them with a taste in some of our former number, and we now present them with another which we believe will not be found inferior in quality, and which has been distilled by a genuine Irishman—Mr. Donovan the Chemist. In less ambiguous language—it is extracted from his admirable and useful book, 'Domestic Economy,' which constitutes the 3d. volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia.

At what period the art of distillation was introduced into Britain is not certainly known; it is commonly believed to have taken place during the reign of Henry II. It would appear that in Ireland the practice of obtaining a spirit from malt was better understood, even at the earliest period of the invention, than elsewhere. In the Irish language the spirit was called *Uisge-beatha* or *Usquebah*. Moryson, who was secretary to Lord Mountjoy, during the rebellion in Ireland of the Earl of Tyrone, wrote a history of Ireland, including the period between 1599 and 1603, which in many respects is one of the grossest libels that ever defiled the page of history; in this he nevertheless gives the following account.—'At Dublin, and in some of the cities (of Ireland), they have taverns, wherein Spanish and French wines are sold; but more commonly the merchants sell them by pints and quarts in their own cellars. The Irish aqua vitae, vulgarly called *usquebah*, is held the best in the world of that kind, which is also made in England, but nothing so good as that which is brought out of Ireland. And the *usquebah* is preferred before our aqua vitae, because the mingling of raisins, fennel-seed, and other things, mitigating the heat, and making the taste pleasant, makes it less inflame, and yet refresh the weak stomach with moderate heat and good relish. These drinks the English-Irish drink largely, and in many families (especially at feasts) both men and women use excess therein'—neither have they any beer made of malt and hops, nor yet any ale; no, not the chief lords, except it be very rarely.—'But when they come to any market town to sell a car or horse, they never return home until they have drunk the price in Spanish wine (which they call the King of Spain's daughter), or in Irish *Usquebah*, and until they have outslept two or three days' drunkenness.' The latter passages prove how little this writer was disposed to praise any thing Irish, had praise been undeserved.

Sir James Ware supposes that ardent spirit was distilled in Ireland earlier than in England. He says, 'the English aqua vitae, it is thought is the invention of more modern times. Yet we find the *usquebah* and a receipt for making it, both simple and compound, in the red book of Ossory compiled nearly two hundred years ago; and another receipt for making a liquor, then called nectar, made of a mixture of honey and wine, to which are added ginger, pepper, cinnamon, and other ingredients.' Dr. Ledwich observes, that the early French poets speak of this nectar with rapture, as being most delicious. The Irish distilled spirits from malt in 1590, and imitated foreign liqueurs, by adding aromatic seeds and spices, as was practised in France, so early, according to le Grand, in 1313. The Irish

bulleen, Ratty tells us, was made from black oats, Buille, madness, and eann, the head, intimate the effects of this fiery spirit.

Having now sketched an account of the introduction and use of intoxicating liquors, as far as the few annals preserved have furnished materials for it, as a proper sequel we may notice the consequences of indulgence in these insidious poisons. Fortunately, indeed, were it for mankind, if the history could truly terminate with an account of their introduction, and if there were nothing to be added to complete the subject. But a dismal picture remains to be exhibited of the effects of excessive indulgence. It is the more to be lamented that the power which these stimuli possess over the intellectual economy should be turned to such bad account, when, under proper restrictions, they might have been made conducive to real benefits. From them, rightly administered, the afflicted in mind or body might receive comfort, the desponding might be inspired with hope, and the melancholy elevated into joy. But the limits of moderation are easily surpassed. He who experiences these advantages does not always rest satisfied with their reasonable enjoyment; the cup of bliss continues to be quaffed, but the infused poison throws round him its magic spell. Innocent hilarity gives place to mischievous mirth; good humor and benevolence are converted into causeless quarrel and vindictive rage; the faculties of the man are only recognisable by their perversion; and fortunate for him is it if the progress of crime is arrested by the death-like profundity of apoplectic sleep. How unenviable are his awaking moments!—memory confused with obscure recollections of insult received and outrage committed; the body exhausted and oppressed; and the mind harassed with the terrors of a remorse-stricken conscience. Amidst the repetition of those practices, the springs of health are dried up; an appalling train of diseases derange the functions of the body; the withered frame wastes down into sepulchral tenacity; the grave closes on the victim, and he is remembered only with the contemptuous pity of mankind.

COMBUSTION.

Combustion signifies a burning, or the decomposition of certain substances called combustibles, accompanied with light and heat. The process of combustion, like various other operations of nature, although subject to our daily examination, is very little known, and few are able to give a rational explanation. The various phenomena it exhibits, its astonishing effects, its infinite uses, and its devastations, have rendered it in all ages a principal object of human attention. Whilst the wants and economy of mankind have at all times called forth their industry in devising easy methods of lighting and warming their apartments, of preparing their victuals, &c., the calm contemplations of the philosopher have endeavored to investigate the cause or causes of this wonderful phenomenon. It is natural to suppose that their first ideas must have been extremely incoherent and fanciful, since the present theory, which rests upon the foundation of innumerable experiments, and strict reasoning, is vastly different from any sort of hypothesis that even the wisest philosopher would have been led to form without the light of these experiments. The first plausible theory was formed by Stahl, an eminent writer. The striking difference between bodies combustible and incombustible, induced him to suppose that the combustibles were endowed with a peculiar principle of inflammability, which the incombustibles had not, and to this supposed principle he gave the name of phlogiston. According to this supposition, when combustibles were heated to a certain degree, they began to part with their phlogiston, and continued to burn as long as they had phlogiston to lose; after which they remained in a state of incombustibility; hence in the former state, those bodies were said to be phlogisticated. With certain bodies the combustion was attended with a separation of other components, so that

afterwards they could not be brought back to their former state by the mere addition of phlogiston; but with other bodies, as the metals, the processes of dephlogistication and phlogistication might be repeated without end. This was long the prevailing theory of philosophers; but though the theory was universally adopted, the existence of the principle upon which it was established could not be proved, for instance, when a piece of zinc of a determined weight, was reduced to a calx, the weight of the calx was found to exceed the original weight of the zinc. It was therefore evident that it had acquired something ponderous, and this was utterly repugnant to the phlogistic theory; for by the loss of phlogiston it ought rather to have lost part of its original weight.

A more rational theory, founded on experiments, is now adopted. One of the principal laborers in its investigation was the ingenious but unfortunate Lavoisier. He has clearly proved that during the process of combustion, oxygen gas is absorbed by the burning substance, and concentrate; the caloric, being disengaged, passes off in the state of sensible heat, and sometimes with such a portion of light as gives the appearance of a red or white heat. From what has been said, it follows, that with a given combustible, the quickness of the decomposition is in proportion to the supply of oxygen, which shows the reason why a fire is increased by blowing common air upon it, and much more by blowing upon it oxygen gas. With certain combustibles, a peculiar process takes place. It is a remarkably slow process of spontaneous combustion. The body, by attracting oxygen from the atmosphere, becomes thereby gently heated in consequence of which it is capable of uniting with more oxygen; a greater decomposition of the latter ensues, more heat is evolved, and thus the process is gradually accelerated until flame and visible combustion takes place. Such is sometimes the case with hay, and many other substances. The well known mixtures of iron filings and sulphur moistened with a little water is an instance of this sort; for if this mixture be buried a little below the surface of the earth, it will of itself, after a lapse of several hours, burst forth into a state of ignition. This experiment has been generally called the artificial volcano.

ENTRY OF JAMES II. INTO DUBLIN.

It was on the 24th day of March, 1689, that James Stuart, the seventh of that ill-fated name who held the sceptre of Scotland, and the second who ruled England and Ireland, made his triumphal entry into the ancient city of Dublin.

Ireland had not seen a king of England on her shores since the days of John, and the one who now appeared, came, not on a visit of state, or merely to receive the homage due to his dignity, but to contest in arms, with his rival, the only part of his dominions which had adhered to him. For though the valor of the viscount Dundee, the enthusiasm of such Highland clans as followed him to the field and some troops dispatched by Tyrconnel from Ireland served to make a considerable diversion in favor of James, still it was evident that the majority of the people of Scotland were favorable to the revolution.

Every effort had been made by the leaders of the Jacobite party, now the ruling one in Ireland, to give an imposing air to the entrance of their unhappy sovereign into the only capital which still held him as her king. The entire of the way leading from the place where exiled royalty first came within the city to the castle was lined with soldiers; the streets themselves were newly sanded for the occasion; the balconies of the citizens were hung with tapestry and cloth of arras, and filled with all the loveliness and grace of a town, which for female beauty in comparison to its extent, has always stood unrivalled.

In a carriage preceeding the king, bearing the sword of state, sat Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel; James himself mounted on a gallant charger, wearing the decorations of the garter, with the

Earl of Granard and Lord Powis on his right, and the Duke of Berwick and Lord Meffort on his left, advanced amidst the plaudits of the multitude.

On approaching that part of the town called then, as it is now, the Liberty, a silken canopy was erected over the way, and here by far the most interesting part of the pageant appeared. Forty young and beautiful maidens, selected from the different convents in Dublin, clad in white silk, and bearing baskets filled with flowers in their hands, joined the procession, and walked immediately before His Majesty, strewed the contents of their baskets in his path the rest of the way to the castle. The bands of the different regiments played the well known jacobite tune of 'the king shall have his own again,' while the people rent the air with shouts of God save the King, long live the King. E. B.

A MISER'S PRAYER.—The following singular prayer was made by John Ward, of Hackney, England. The document, which was found in Ward's own hand writing, might be called the miser's prayer. It is one of the examples on record of men combining in themselves the utmost fanaticism, with the total absence of any thing like moral feeling:

'O, Lord, thou knowest that I have nine estates in the city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate fee simple in the county of Essex; I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, beg of thee to have an eye of compassion on that county; and for the rest of the counties, thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased. O, Lord, enable the banks to answer all their bills, and make my debts on good men. Give a prosperous voyage to the Mermaid sloop, because I have insured it; and as thou hast said the days of the wicked are but short, I trust in thee that thou wilt not forget thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine upon the death of that profligate young man, Sir I. L.—. Keep my friends from sinking, and preserve me from thieves and house-breakers, and make all my servants so honest and faithful that they may attend to my interests and never cheat me out of my property, night or day.'

A GOOD WOMAN.—In Dundalk Church yard there is a tombstone erected by the Quarter Master of a Dragoon regiment over the grave of his wife, in the inscription on which, after mentioning age, name, date of death, &c., he says,

'She was—
But I have not words to express what a good Woman
should be—
And she was that'

THE QUAY OF WATERFORD.

[See engravings on the eighth page.]

The citizens of Waterford are justly proud of the beauty of their harbor, and still more of their quay which is not rivalled by anything of the kind in Ireland. It is an English mile in length, and presents a continued line with scarcely any interruption throughout its entire extent, a portion adjoining the river being divided off from the carriage-way the whole length of the quay, and forming a truly delightful promenade such as few cities can produce. Of the general effect of this beautiful object, our illustration will convey some idea, but the natural beauty of the surrounding scenery must be seen to be properly appreciated. The Suir, is a magnificent river, affording a depth of water varying from twenty to sixty-five feet at low water; and vessels of nearly 800 tons may come up close to the quay, a circumstance which has been found peculiarly favorable for the embarkation of cavalry and military stores. The opposite banks of this noble river are connected by a wooden bridge of modern erection, which greatly adds to the interest and picturesque effect of the scene. Of this bridge we extract the following account from the excellent history of Waterford, by the Rev. Mr. Ryland. The wooden bridge connecting Waterford and the county of Wickliff was undertaken in 1793, by a com-

pany, incorporated by act of Parliament, who subscribed £30,000 to complete the work, including the purchase of the ferry. The money was raised by loans of £100 each, the interest of which was to be paid by the tolls of the bridge. The work, having been completed for a less sum than was originally estimated, only required the payment of £90 on each debenture. The erection of a bridge has eventually become a good speculation; the debentures now sell for £170, and the company have a sinking fund, already advanced to a considerable amount, to rebuild the bridge as may be necessary. The tolls for the present year (1824) let for the sum of £4,260.

The present bridge was built of American oak, by Mr. Cox, a native of Boston, who also erected the magnificent bridge over the Slaney, and those of Derry, Portumna, and Ross. Cox advised the proprietors of the Waterford bridge to case one of the piers with stone until the whole were completed; but his advice was not followed.

Two tablets, affixed to the centre piers, give an account of the manner in which the foundation was laid, the date of the erection, and the materials of which it was composed. The inscriptions are as follows:—

In 1793,

A year rendered sacred

To national prosperity

By the extinction of religious divisions

The foundation of this Bridge was laid,

At the expense of associated individuals

United by Parliamentary grants,

By Sir John Newport, Bart.,

Chairman of their Committee.

Mr. Samuel Cox,

A native of Boston, in America,

Architect.

On the thirtieth day of April, 1793,

This Bridge was begun.

On the eighteenth of January, 1794,

It was opened for the passage of carriages.

It is 832 feet in length, 40 in breadth,

Consisting of stone abutments,

And forty sets of piers of oak.

The depth of water at lowest ebb tides, 37 feet.

This work was completed, and the ferry purchased by a subscription of thirty thousand pounds, under the direction of the following Committee:

Sir John Newport, Bart.,

Samuel Boyse, Esq.,

Thomas Quan, Esq.,

Wm. Perce Francis, Esq.,

Robert Hunt, Esq.,

John Congreve, Esq.,

James Ramsay, Esq.;

Sir Simon Newport,

Rev. William Davis,

Thomas Alcock, Esq.,

Maunsell Bowers, Esq.,

Humphrey Jones, Esq.,

Thos. H. Strangman, Esq.

The quay of Waterford is the place of residence of many of the chief merchants of the city, but its most interesting architectural feature is an ancient castle, called Reginald's Tower, and corruptly the Ring Tower, which is probably the most unquestionable remain of the Danish power, and one of the most curious monuments of its kind now to be found in the kingdom. The castle was also known by the Irish name of Dundory, or the King's Fort. Its size and form, which like all the ancient castles of the British islands, previous to the arrival of the Normans, was circular, will be best understood by the annexed view, and its history is thus briefly, but not inaccurately summed up in the following inscription, on a tablet placed over its entrance doorway.

In the year 1003, this Tower was erected by Reginald the Dane—in 1171, was held as a Fortress by Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke—in 1463, by statute 3d of Edward the 4th, a Mint was established here—in 1819 it was re-edified in its original form, and appropriated to the Police Establishment, by the



THE QUAY OF WATERFORD.

corporate body of the city of Waterford.

Right Hon. Sir John Newport, Bart., Mayor.

Henry Alcock,

William Weekes, } Sheriffs.

Reginald's Tower, as stated in the above inscription, has been applied to many and various purposes; but there is one use not mentioned which should not be forgotten, namely that of a Prison. After the successful storming of the town by the English forces of Earl Strongbow—led on by the redoubtable Raymond le Gros—in 1171, when the

city was plundered, and all the inhabitants found in arms were put to the sword, Reginald, Prince of the Danes of Waterford, and Malachy O'Faolan, King of Leinster's daughter.

Prince of the Decies, with several other chiefs who had confederated to resist the invaders, and were made prisoners in the combat, were imprisoned in this Tower till their ultimate fate should be determined on. They were condemned to death—but saved by the intercession of Dermot Mac Murrough, who with Fitzstephen and many other English and

We have thus briefly noticed one of the most distinguishing features of this ancient and distinguished city—its general history, as well as notices of its several public institutions, would exceed the limits allowable in a single number of our little work; but they shall appear in the succeeding number.

P.



REGINALD'S TOWER.

THE IRISH MISCELLANY

Is published weekly, and devoted to the interests and vindication of the Irish people throughout the world.

The *Miscellany* republishes each week one whole number of the old 'DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,' with original and selected essays, reviews, poetry, &c., by Irishmen, of first-rate ability. It also contains beautiful pictorial illustrations of Irish scenery and other objects of interest, among which may be enumerated engravings of the ancient castles and round towers, the ruins of the old churches, the plundered monasteries, convents and abbeys of Ireland.

It will also contain correct pictorial representations of works of art executed by Irishmen of the present day, as well as in former times, in this country and throughout Europe.

TERMS.—\$2.00 per year, invariably in advance.

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John J. Dyer, 35 School St.,	Boston.
A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington St.,	"
Fedherren & Co., 9 & 13 Court St.,	"
Wm. Hickey, 128 Federal St.,	"
Howe & Co., 11 Court Ave.,	"
Owen McNamara,	Lowell, Mass.
Daniel J. Geary,	Salem, Mass.
Edw. J. Kelleher,	Bangor, Me.
Dexter & Brother, 14 & 16 Ann St.,	New York.
Ross and Tousey, 121 Nassau St.,	"
A. Winch, 320 Chestnut St.,	Philadelphia.
M. H. Bird, Cincinnati	Ohio.
Hawks & Bro., Cleveland,	"
J. O. Wallcut, Columbus,	"
E. Louis Andrews, Chicago,	Illinois.
J. A. Roys,	Detroit, Mich.
Thomas Duggan, St. Louis,	Missouri.
Auglin & Co., London,	Canada West.

The *Miscellany* may also be had retail, of newspaper and periodical dealers throughout the country.

☞ JAMES DOYLE of Millbury, Mass., is the authorized

Travelling Agent for the *MISCELLANY* throughout New

England.

CLUBS! CLUBS!

The expense of producing the *Irish Miscellany* is much greater than that of an ordinary newspaper. Yet to meet the wishes of many persons, and to place the *Miscellany* within the reach of all, we have resolved to supply it on the following terms, in advance.

To a club of six persons sent to one address, \$10.00

To a club of twelve, 19.00

The whole of the money must invariably be sent at one remittance.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Communications intended for insertion in this paper, should be addressed

'To the Editors of the
Irish Miscellany,
Boston, Mass.'

☞ We cannot take any notice of communications intended for insertion, if written on both sides of the paper.

☞ Correspondents must furnish us with their names, in confidence, or their favors cannot be published.

☞ We cannot return any manuscript sent us for publication.

☞ OUR CORRESPONDENTS should forward communications intended for insertion in the *Miscellany*, not later than the Saturday before the day of publication, as our increasing circulation compels us to go to press every Monday morning.

'A REPEALER,' Troy, N. Y. The numbers on the division in the Irish House of Commons on the question of the union of the two parliaments, on the 22d of January, 1799, were 105 for, and 106 against. The last division in the English House of Commons on the same question, was 149 for the union, 28 against. The act of union passed the English parliament 25th of January, 1800, and the Irish House of Commons May 16th, 1800, by 109 for and 130 against.

'SHIN FANE,' Worcester, Mass. Moving bogs are of frequent occurrence in Ireland. The bog of Kilmahedy burst from its position on the 20th of June, 1821, and in one hour covered one hundred acres of land from twenty to sixty feet deep. Roads and bridges were covered, and great damage done.

'PATRICK McNEIL,' Utica, N. Y. The duel between Lord Castlereagh and George Canning was fought on the 22d of September, 1809. The latter received the ball of his opponent in his thigh. The dispute between them arose in the cabinet.

'GALWEGIAN,' New Haven, Conn. Athenry or Athenree, is in the county of Galway. Its former name was Atcreth. It is 117 miles W. by S. of Dublin, and before the union returned two members to the Irish Parliament. The Dominican friary of which you speak, was burnt in 1432. The remains of the old friary attest its former magnificent proportions.

A correspondent in Cincinnati says the two tallest chimneys in the world are—one 436 feet high belonging to Chas. Tennant & Co., Scotland; the other in Newton, Lancashire, Eng., belonging to Mr. Charles Muspratt, a native of Dublin, which is 405 feet high. There were two millions of bricks consumed in erecting the Scotch chimney, and three millions in the English one.

Our St. Louis agent writes us that he has not received our paper for three weeks. The fault is in the Post Office. We mail them regularly.

A clergyman in St. John, N. B., complains of not receiving a single copy of his paper, although sent to him every week from this office, and the postage paid. If the post-office officials who steal the *Miscellany* from our subscribers will let us know their names, we will send them a few copies to keep them honest.

Several notices to other correspondents must stand over for want of space.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1858

WESTWARD.

We have long wished that our people, instead of settling in the crowded cities and towns of the North, would bend their footsteps to the West, and cut out for themselves a position of comfort and honor, which they can never attain on the sea-board of the Northern and Eastern States. This has been repeatedly urged upon them by our cotemporaries, we regret to add with but little effect.

The great commercial panic through which we have just passed, has overturned the old state of things, and proved how subinary were the visions of wealth and prosperity with which we thought ourselves surrounded. The wealth and capital of the country must be diverted into new and more secure channels. The jobbing and gambling in the food of the people must cease, and those who wish to elevate themselves by wealth and obtain the influence it gives, must seek for something more substantial and enduring on which to build, than the chance fortunes made from fictitious and uncertain speculations in business.

We say what the world has said for a thousand years, the only safe and reliable investment is the land. It gives to its possessor a many air of independence which no drudge or toiler in the city possesses. The tiller of the soil feels that every drop of sweat, and every stretch of sinew, is so much capital deposited in a safe and secure bank, to be called for at pleasure, with no fear of suspension. If, then, we wish to elevate ourselves in a political and social aspect, we must quit the crowded towns and cities of the old state, and carry our labor to a market where it will be appreciated; where every new comer is a large accession of capital added to the wealth of the new state. In the North and East, there is a strong feeling of animosity, of hate, against all new comers, but more particularly against all Irish new comers. Here, in the city of Boston, where the foreign (as it is called) population is sixty-seven per cent of the inhabitants, we have not sufficient political power to appoint a man to the petty office of a constable.

What is true of our political position, is true also of the social position enjoyed by our fellow-countrymen, in this 'Modern Athens.' We have known respectable young Irishmen, occupying good commercial situations here, who were compelled to leave their boarding-houses as soon as it was discovered to what country they belonged, or every other boarder would have left.

There is little use in combating this feeling, it pervades all classes. It is in trade and commerce; on the bench; at the bar; in the jury-box. We meet it at every corner of the street; it stares us in the face every way we turn; it is too strong and deep seated in the Yankee mind to be overcome. The rising generation will possess it stronger than the present one.

Our duty is to fly from it. It is dangerous to rear our children in its midst, lest they become corrupted by its baneful power, and forget, not only the old land of their

fathers, but forget their God. This feeling is most pernicious in New England. We say emphatically, that the New England States ought to be avoided by every Irishman. We would, if we could, place a light round about its shores to warn every child of Erin to shun them as they would a pest house, and seek in some more congenial place that position which they can never attain here.

The western country is the proper location for all hardy, industrious settlers from the old land. In the west all are new comers; all are alike welcome. The channel of industry is open to every one, and the prize obtained by those most deserving of it. There they have no animosities to contend with. Fame, wealth, honor, may be attained by the foreigner as well as the native—there it is that our fellow-countrymen can achieve that political and social elevation which it is folly to expect here.

The tide of migration to the West is fast setting in. We are rejoiced to hear of the success continually achieved by our fellow-countrymen there. Scarcely a city can be entered in that vast region, without at once beholding the rewards showered upon Irish talent and enterprise. The highest offices in the gift of the people, are conferred upon them. We would strongly advise our countrymen to make for the new states in the west as fast as circumstances will permit. Every day spent in the North or the East is a day lost in the great struggle of life. In no other part of the Union can the same comfort and independence be realized. We shall return to this interesting topic again, and point out such places as we think best adapted for settlement. We would, however, caution young men expecting situations in commercial houses, from going West; it is already overrun with such, and nothing but disappointment and loss awaits them. The industrious laborer, mechanic, or farmer, with a small capital, is sure to meet with success, and all such we would advise to make the Western country their future home.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE DONEGAL SUFFERERS.

M. J. Walsh & Co., Proprietors of <i>Miscellany</i> ,	\$5.00
M. F. & P. C., New Haven, Conn.,	2.00

SOUTH END CATHOLIC BOOK STORE.

In one of our walks about town last week, in passing up that handsome and quiet street, Harrison Avenue—the Beacon street of south end—our attention was attracted by the fine appearance of a window on the railroad bridge, which we immediately perceived to be that of our old friend, William Keating, who has recently established himself in that desirable locality, in the book-selling and periodical business. Standard works crowd his shelves; quarterlies and monthlies, as well as the principal weeklies and dailies may be found on his counter; any as our many readers in that part of the city are returning to their homes after the day's toil, it will be refreshing to drop in and get a paper, book, or occasional periodical—such, for instance, as the *Metro-politan*, or *Catholic Youth's Magazine*, which no family able to pay should be without. The latter is only 50 cents a year—6 cents a number.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

ROME: Its Ruler and its Institutions. By John Francis Maguire, M.P. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Boston: William Hickey, 128 Federal street.

We shall give this valuable work an extended notice in a future number.

THE CELT. Edited by a Committee of the Celtic Union. Dublin: O'Daly. March, 1858.

NEW MUSIC.

From Russell and Richardson:—Leaves from my Album composed for the Young, by John Freitag, Nos. 1 and 2; 'O Welcome Fair Wood,' The Churchyard, and 'Forth from the Depths of Sadness,' being Nos. 8, 9, and 10 of Twelve Songs, by Robert Franz. All these pieces of music sustain the well-earned reputations of the composers, and are issued in that unexceptional manner for which all the publications that emanate from the house of Messrs. Russell & Richardson are celebrated.

THE LETTER of our esteemed Dublin Correspondent, did not come to hand early enough this week to ensure its insertion in this number. We must, therefore, crave the indulgence of our readers, at the same time assuring them that the loss shall be amply made up to them in our next issue.

CARLETON'S BLACK BARONET—A lengthy notice of this great work is this week crowded out of our columns. It shall appear in our next.

THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL has re-considered its former action, and confirmed the nomination of Marcus Morton, Jr., of Andover, as Associate Justice of the Superior Court, for the County of Suffolk.

Written for the Miscellany.
O SING NOT TO ME.

BY DARRY MCKEON.

Aim—Let Iren Remember!

Oh sing, not to me of the Land's End West,
Where the red man roams in the wildwood,
But sing of the land my fond heart loves the best,
The dear emerald home of my childhood—
Where bright vales and bowers, gushing fountains and
flowers,
Make the scene so enchanting, so beguiling,
Where sweet smiling nature exhausts all her powers
In adorning my own native island.
When Sol spreads his beams o'er the bright cristal
streams,
Where the soft balmy zephyrs are blowing,
Where the landscape appears like some sweet land of
dreams,
With celestial treasures o'erflowing;
Where towering mountains, majestic and grand,
The pure, virgin green cloth appear in,
As types of the faith of that God-guarded land
And the immortal banner of Erin.
I envy not those who in splendor repose,
By pomp, pride and fashion surrounded;
But give me my home where the pure river flows
And faith, truth and virtue abounded.
But alas! far away o'er the wide swelling sea,
From that land to this heart so endearing,
No earthly treasure brings pleasure to me
When so far from my dear native Erin.
Would I'd a tongue like some tribune of old,
To awake my lost land from her slumber;
And ten thousand comrades faithful and bold
You making one of the number;
With cold steel petitions to loosed her chains
In the blood of that hoary transgressor,
To plant liberty on her mountains and plains,
And drive out her Saxon oppressor.

MODERN IRELAND.

It will doubtless have been noticed by many of our readers, that much of our reprint from the 'Dublin Penny Journal' contains descriptions of Irish cities and towns remarkable only for decay and misery. We have felt this, and rejoice that it is in our power to give a more cheerful and sunny picture of Ireland than is presented in the sketches written thirty years ago. Here is a drawing of Cork of the present day, the correctness of which will at once be recognized by such of our readers as have within the past six years beheld that noble city:—

THE RIVER LEE.

THE CITY OF CORK. — I.

After passing Carrigrohane Castle, the eye is attracted by the district Lunatic Asylum, pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill above the river. The style of architecture is original and rather peculiar. The prevailing character is the Gothic, rendered still more impressive by broken lines and projections some with high-pitched turrets, ascending in diminishing stages, and others with extinguisher-shaped terminations, the impression produced by which is anything but pleasing. The Asylum is divided into three main compartments; the central one being appropriated to the harmless and convalescent patients, the eastern to the violent, and the western to those in the lowest state of insanity. The ground enclosed consists of 57 acres, the greater part of which is cultivated by the inmates. The building, which is capable of containing 500 patients, is the largest of the kind in Ireland. This however, is merely accidental; and it should not be thence inferred that the people of Cork are more liable to insanity than those of any other town in the kingdom.

A little below the Lunatic Asylum (which as a very equivocal compliment to Lord Eglinton, was until lately named after him) the Lee is divided into two branches, the principle of which rushes foaming through the salmon weirs that obstruct its course—

'Like sweet lightning
Ever brightening,
With a low melodious thunder.'

After embracing a large portion of Cork, between the north and south channels, the covered streams re-unite at the eastern extremity of the town, thus verifying the topographical accuracy of Spenser's description:—

'The spreading Lee that like an island flows,
Largest in Cork with its divided shores.'

Above the weirs, on an eminence at the northern side of the river, is seen Shanakiel House, the seat of Francis R. Lecky, Esq., J.P. It is beautifully situated in a well-wooded demesne, and commands a noble prospect up and down the stream.

The approach to Cork by the western suburbs is strikingly beautiful. To the left appear the wooded heights of Sunday's Well (so called from its ancient sacred fountain) with its garden-covered slopes thickly studded with pretty villas. On the other side of the river, and parallel with the great western entrance to the city, is the Mardyke—a charming avenue, nearly a mile in length and bordered by two rows of elm trees. It was lit by lamps; but many of these have been removed by an over-economic corporation. This agreeable walk was formed across a swamp in 1710, by a Mr. Webber, who built at its western termination a red brick house (whence it was designated 'The Red House Walk,') and enclosed a tea-garden much frequented by the citizens of that day. Some of the trees have been barbarously hacked in pruning, and now present a mis-shapen and grotesque appearance.

For the enlightenment and comfort of etymologists, we may mention that the name of this once favorite promenade—now abandoned to nursery maids and their toddling charges—is derived from the Latin 'murus,' a wall, and the English 'dyke,' also a wall or embankment, so that the etymon being a wall in two languages, it is clear that it must have been originally intended for a mural promenade, to which, in reality, it has little pretensions.

Proceeding along the Western Road, the Queen's College is seen to the right, on an elevation above the southern arm of the Lee. It is a very handsome building of greyish lime-stone, in the florid Gothic style of the Tudor era; and no higher testimony could be given to the beauty of its design than the emphatic declaration of Lord Macaulay, that it is 'worthy to stand in the High street of Oxford.*' The beauty of the building is enhanced by the cluster of trees in which it is embosomed; but its general effect is somewhat impaired by the too close proximity to that gloomy-looking structure, the county goal—its classic and effective porticoed entrance notwithstanding.

The situation of the College has been happily chosen, as it stands on the site of the ancient Gill Abbey, once a seat of holiness and learning, founded by St. Finbar, in the seventh century. The building occupies three sides of a quadrangle. In the west side are the lecture rooms; in the east the residences of the president and vice-president; while the north side, or front, which is 206 feet in extent, consists of the examination hall, library, and tower entrance. The south side is still unoccupied; but the space is likely to be covered ere long by buildings for the residence of professors and students, without which the college can never be anything better than a high school.

The examination hall is remarkable for its noble proportions, being 90 feet by 36, and 56 feet high to the apex of an open-timbered roof, whose stained and varnished trusses rest on stone corbels. At the western end is a dais lighted by a recessed oriel window. Adjoining the examination hall is the library, a very fine room, with a gallery running midway around the sides. It contains about 10,000 volumes of the best editions in every department of literature and science. In 1854, an annual grant of £1,600 was made to the college, £500 of which is appropriated to the library, and since that period a large number of volumes has been added to it.

* The passage from which these words are quoted occurs in his history of England, V. III. p. 171, where, with his usual splendor of diction, he thus describes Cork:—'The town is adorned by broad and well-built streets by fair gardens, by a Corinthian portico, which would do honor to Palladio, and by a Gothic College, worthy to stand in the High street of Oxford.'

Opposite the entrance to the gallery of the library are the museums, which occupy the southern side of the quadrangle. They contain well-arranged collections of specimens in natural history, geology, &c., and some beautiful stuffed humming birds presented to the college by a Corkman, General O'Leary. The visitor cannot quit the college without being impressed with its harmonious unity of design and perfect adaptation to the purpose for which it was erected. This unity and congruity prevail in every detail, even in the furniture and fittings; and altogether the building is an enduring monument of the skill and taste of its architects, Sir Thomas and Kearns Deane.

The college has now been eight years in existence, having been opened in November, 1849, on which occasion the president delivered an inaugural address, which subsequently obtained considerable notoriety by a blundering Italian translation, whence originated the case of 'Angeli v. Galbraith,' arising out of the dismissal of the former from his professorship in Trinity College.† Since that time the College has not made such progress as regards the number of students, although many of them have highly distinguished themselves. Two of its elites, Messrs. C. Daly and R. Wall, obtained appointments in the Indian Civil Service, for which they had to compete not only with the alumni of the Irish Colleges, but with the elite of the English Universities; while, at the Woolwich examinations, students of the Cork College have been equally successful. In some recent examinations for degrees at the Queen's University, however, the reputation of the College was not sustained, and it must be confessed that it has been retrograding of late. This comparatively backward position is clearly traceable, in the first instance, to the discountenance of the Roman Catholic Church, which cannot fail to exert an appreciable influence on a community so essentially Catholic at that of Cork; secondly, to internal mismanagement arising from dissensions among the professors, and between many of them and the president, which have caused so many visitations to be held in the College, and which have rendered it impossible to effect that harmonious co-operation so essential to the success of an educational institution; and, lastly, to the unsatisfactory mode of appointment to the professorships, which, in many instances, have been obtained by men comparatively unknown, while candidates of acknowledged ability and high reputation have been totally overlooked. Undoubtedly, including the president, a few able men occupy chairs in the Cork College; but without questioning the competency of any of the professors, we repeat that many of them have been appointed over the heads of better men. Advertising for candidates for a vacant chair in the Queen's Colleges is of late years a mere farce; and in looking for it, an able Irishman, with the highest testimonials, will have no chance against a mediocre Englishman or Scotchman who had never been heard of before.

The almost constant absence of Sir Robert Kane from the College has been also considered as a principal cause of its present state; but we do not think this has any material influence in its production—the causes already enumerated being fully sufficient to account for it. It is therefore in no wise surprising that the

† The President desired to have the address translated into Italian, in order to disabuse the heads of the Churches in Italy of the unfavorable notions they had formed of the Queen's Colleges. It was, therefore, entrusted to Signor Angeli, the Italian Professor of Trinity College, who was presumed to be a perfect master of that language. How he executed the task may be inferred from the existence of Mr. Tanzi, the Librarian of the British Museum, one of the most eminent Italian scholars of the day, who swore, in the case referred to above, that the translation was not Italian at all. The following apposite lines (slightly modified) from one of Boileau's satires were handed round the court during the trial, and caused much amusement:—

'Un savant an college fut jadis la mode,
Mais des jours nouveaux, lui c'est le plus incommode:
Et l'esprit le plus beau, l'auteur le plus poli,
N'y parvient jamais au sort de l'Angeli.'

The happy application of those lines will be rendered still more obvious when we mention that Signor Angeli was appointed over a man of superior merit by caste-jobbing and back-stair influence. Mr. Whiteside characterized the translation as 'a fine specimen of rigmorale.'

Cork College, despite a curriculum expressly arranged to meet the requirements of our 'practical' age, and although amply provided with all the appliances requisite to impart superior instruction, has not been hitherto successful; and were it not for the number of scholarships and prizes, as well as the government patronage at its disposal, it is indubitable that the Munster branch of the Queen's University would be an absolute failure. As it is, the large annual grant of £3,600, is expended for the education of a few students.

Ere quitting the subject, we may remark that, although a chair of Celtic literature has been established in the College, it would seem to be a mere pretence of nationality, no provision whatever having been made for its working. Practically, it is the veriest sham, and hence the learned professor who fills the chair, finds his situation a sinecure—having had no class, because no encouragement has been given for its formation. This is the more to be regretted at a time when some of the ablest philologists of the age, and especially those of Germany, recognise the value of the Irish language for the purpose of ethnological research. By the study and comparison of the Irish with cognate tongues, new and valuable results could not fail to be brought to light concerning the migrations of the Celtic race, and the fusion of other races with it.

After passing the Queen's College, the handsome church of St. Vincent (as yet without its tower and spire) is seen on the northern side of the river, and rising at a commanding elevation above it, the ivied walls of Blair's Castle, the residence of Mr. Windle, the well known antiquary. Mr. Windle possesses a fine antiquarian collection, particularly rich in Irish archaeology, containing a megalithic library consisting of Ogham inscriptions, in which department of our national antiquities he has been the principal discoverer. There are also at Blair's Castle several portions of primeval mills, and remains of local mediæval sculpture.

Blair, the founder of the castle, was a Scotch surgeon, who, in the middle of the last century, obtained a reputation by an accidental cure, for which he was attacked by a quartette of local physicians, who proved, to the satisfaction of all men, that, treated secundum artem, the patient ought to have died, and that the Scotch surgeon had irregularly cured him. After this lucky 'hit' Blair made a fortune by his practice, built his Scottish castle, and wrote a book full of pestilent doctrine, or rather rank infidelity, which was triumphantly refuted by the learned and facetious Father Arthur O'Leary.

Arrived at the County Court House (whose faultless portico he will pause to admire), the traveller finds himself at once in one of the principal thoroughfares of Cork. The favorable impression it is calculated to produce in the mind of a stranger will scarcely be diminished by a more extended inspection of the city, the irregularity of whose streets, like those of the quaint old burghs of Flanders, invests them with a picturesqueness denied to towns where greater uniformity prevails in the houses. This irregularity would seem to indicate a thorough independence of mind in the inhabitants. A diminutive tenement side by side with one five or six stories high, some projecting boldly several feet beyond their neighbors, others modestly receding from the view; a crooked house leaning with a touching confidence against a straight, with here and there a collapsed one shored up; bay windows and flat mixed confused together; red brick alternating with queer-looking, weather-slatted houses—Quakers among edifices; quaint Elizabethan gables rising beside glaring modern fronts; one building robed in cement, with its neighbor shrouded in yellow wash; flat roofs and pointed all jumbled together; and, crowning all, a mass of indescribable mischief-meaning chimneys, of every conceivable shape—such, with a too prevalent air of uncleanness and dinginess pervading the thoroughfares, are the prominent features of the streets of 'the beautiful city.' It would be un-candid, however, were we not to state that many of the thoroughfares are really handsome and spacious,

and that the city generally bears the unmistakable stamp of an opulent and prosperous community.

Unlike Dublin, Cork has but few streets with any significant name, and fewer still called after patriotic Irishmen. These are easily enumerated; Grafton's alley, so called after the young Duke of Grafton, natural son of Charles II., who was killed there during the siege of the city in 1690. It was then an open marsh. Mulgrave street, so named to commemorate the memory of Lord Mulgrave, so popular during his vice royalty. O'Connell street preserves the memory of the great Irish tribune, while Grattan street struggles to maintain its glorious name against the English patronymic of Admiral Duncan. George street is so styled after the truly enlightened second George, who complacently exclaimed, on being asked to accept a dedication from a hapless cultivator of the muses—'Ach, Gott! I hate boets and boetry,' finally, 'Ireland Rising Liberty Street,' so designated in commemoration of the volunteers of 1782, whose first associations were formed in Cork.

But how amazed would be the deluded traveller were he shown the squares of Cork, of which there are nominally plenty—but such squares! It would puzzle Sir Isaac Newton to make that geometrical figure out of them; and yet the Corkonians unconsciously mention their squares with as much complacency as if they had a real existence and were no myth, thereby conveying to strangers the idea of a city of vast extent and magnificence. Their 'park' is a similar imposition, being nothing more than a reclaimed marsh, on which there is not as much as the shadow of a tree, or even of a shrub. The good Cork folks have a firm faith that all these shams are realities, and it would be cruelly to disabuse them of a deception from which they seem to derive so much harmless gratification. To do so would be to render existence miserable—creation a blank to them. By all means, let them have their hobby; for what would life be without illusions?

In our next article we shall briefly trace the origin and rise of the city. B. A. C.

—Irish Literary Gazette.

LITERATURE.

[From Tales of the Olden Time.]

CASTLE ROCHE.

A LEGEND OF LOUTH.

[Continued.]

'No, my gracious liege! having once gone so far, I cannot recede—though I will candidly confess, that in losing thee, I lose all that can endear life; yet must I make this sacrifice! But thou hast forgotten the unhappy origin of this our separation—let me, however, remind thee of it. An explanation is due to thy firm and true affection, and I must not withhold it. Know then, that when my young heart first owned your highness for its master, I had but small hopes of winning thy regard, and, that I might propitiate some supernatural power to favor my wishes, I made a vow that if I succeeded in obtaining thy love, I would sacrifice whatever I most valued. After a strict self-examination I found, that the unusual richness and beauty of my hair, afforded me more complacency than any good in my possession—I could not bring myself to destroy what I so highly valued, but resolved to conceal it, thinking that my vow would be thus all the same fulfilled. Now, when I am about leaving thee and the Danish coast forever, the term of my concealment has expired. Behold the secret of my head explained—art thou convinced, my lord?'

'Too well—too well—Christina! It was then for my unworthy sake that thou madest that sacrifice—concealing from mortal eye that beautiful hair, and suffering thyself to be considered as having some horrible ailment. Oh! Christina! Christina! and after all,—all,—must I lose thee?'

'Unpobably, my lord!—and lo! the breeze fresheneth, for which our mariners only waited,—therefore my time is come!'

As the monarch turned from the fair speaker, in a fit of uncontrollable anguish, his eye fell on the silent and fear-stricken group of noblemen, who occupied the farther end of the cabin. At sight of them, all the fiery passion of his nature burst forth. 'Away! ye vile, contemptible slanderers! ye pitiful intriguers! who, to accomplish your own ends made no scruple of calumniating one for whose smile alone I would give a thousand such knaves as ye. Leave my presence instantly—and hope not that ye shall escape condign punishment!'

Christina here interposed her powerful influence.

'Christian, I beseech thee, (remember it is my last request,) that thou wilt pardon these noblemen. I freely forgive them—they did all for thy greater advancement. Let us then forgive them. If ever thou loved'st Christina, thou wilt continue them in all their offices, and consign to oblivion the part they have taken in this affair—promise me this one thing?'

'I do promise thee, Christina—oh! what would I now refuse thee.'

'I thank thee—from my heart, I thank thee! But, my liege, the moments are precious!'

'Christina, I cannot leave thee—stay with me, and share my throne!' Falling at her feet, he added, 'Behold Christian of Denmark, thy once-beloved Christian, sues to thee, thus lowly. Consent to remain, and to-morrow will find the queen of my dominions, as thou hast long been of my heart.'

Christina was so overcome by amazement that she had scarcely power to raise the kneeling monarch. Throwing her arms round him, she strained him long and earnestly to her bosom.

'Light of my soul! why—oh, why! dost thou tempt me so?—I have sworn to depart, and I cannot remain! And thou would'st make me thy wife, most generous of men! Thy wife! oh, sound beloved!—But it cannot be—Christina was not born for such exquisite happiness! Accept my last embrace, and be these scalding tears my witness, that this separation is to me as the rending asunder of soul and body.'

'Farewell, then, my idolized—my first—last—only love! A crown! oh, what is it when compared with thy love! Farewell, forever!' and imprinting a kiss of fierce despair upon her lips, he rushed from her presence.

Christina dropt senseless on the floor—the actual moment of parting was too much for her. Strong and masculine as was her mind, she had miscalculated her own strength, when she thought to have sustained the stroke (which she had herself invited) with firmness.

When consciousness again returned she found herself alone—for a moment she felt bewildered, but her recollection quickly revived, and the truth flashed across her mind—Christian was gone—aye! gone forever!

She flew to the window, in the hope of catching a last glimpse of that beloved form—but rain was the effort, her swoon had continued so long, that the barge was already out of sight. A change had come over the face of nature—the sun had sunk behind the towers of Copenhagen, and the very clouds were gathering dark and gloomy in the heavens—presaging as they scudded across the firmament, a heavy fall of rain, perhaps a violent tempest. All was dreary and comfortable, and Christina felt a shivering sensation creep through her frame, as she looked on the cheerless scene without, so like to that within her own bosom!

In the wretchedness of the moment, the jewels were torn from her brow, and from her garments, and thrown aside in disgust!

'Wretched baubles! how worthless do ye now appear. He is gone for whom ye were put on—what are ye now to me? Oh, Christian! Christian! where art thou, my love? Alas! all is silence. He who never heard my voice but with rapture, is now

lost to me, forever! And he would have given me his kingdom—had offered me his royal hand—and I refused!—yes! I refused to ascend his throne! But, life of my soul! it was for thee I made this cruel sacrifice! How would the sovereigns of Europe have gazed and despised my adored Christian, had he married a poor wretch like me! Oh, no, no—I have saved thee, most beloved, from such horrible disgrace! Far different be thy fate. United to the daughter of some royal house, whose virtues shall shed lustre on thee, and all around—happy in the arms of such an one, may'st thou forget Christina, and her ill-fated love. But oh, my royal master, thou wilt even then, I well know, recall the memory of her who loved thee, as none other ever can.'

Christina was aroused from her sad soliloquy by the entrance of her attendant with lights, and, hastily drying up her tears, the memory of her ill-starred affection was ever after buried in her own heart.

The vessel proceeded on its course, and, after a long and tedious voyage, reached at length the shores of Ireland. Christina had determined (knowing little or nothing of the country) to land wherever the ship first came to anchor. This chanced to be in the bay of Dunkalk, and there, on the coast of Louth, the wanderer took up her dwelling, and subsequently found her castle in the neighborhood. Fortunately for her enterprise, the ground whereon it was erected, had been, from time immemorial, a waste moor; had it been otherwise, she might, perchance, have found the King of Denmark's grant null and void, it being more than probable that the Irish proprietor would not have recognised the right by which that prince disposed of his property.

It may well be supposed that Lord Fitzwalter made but small delay in acting on the permission he had received. So great, indeed, was his anxiety to behold the far-famed Lady of the Castle, that it required all the reasoning Mark Roche could possibly bring into the field, to dissuade the impetuous young nobleman from seeking her presence immediately on receiving her gracious message. The following morning, however, he set out at an early hour, attended only by his favorite, Mark.

Christina received the young lord most graciously. Without departing for a moment from her usual staidness of manner, she contrived to make her visitor understand that his presence was agreeable to her. The young squire took his station at a respectful distance—(his birth, being respectable if not noble, he was in consequence unshorn in with his lord,) he seemed, indeed, an uninterested listener, for he took no part in the conversation. From his remote position, he had an opportunity of surveying Christina unobserved, and with his eyes riveted on her face, he drank in every word she uttered, forgetting, in his delicious abandonment, that Christina was a noble lady, and he a poor squire depending on his master, even for a living. So far had his imagination carried the reins, that when Lord Fitzwalter took the lady's hand at parting, it seemed to Mark Roche as if he had received a mortal stab—the chill of cold despair shot through his heart, and the blood forsook his cheek. Determined to conceal his unfortunate passion (alike sudden and ill-placed) he turned to the window whilst his lord took leave of Christina. In a few minutes he recovered his composure, and, bowing to the lady, followed the young nobleman out of the room.

From that day forward, the enamoured Fitzwalter believed himself a successful suitor. Scarcely a day passed over without his paying a visit at the Castle, accompanied by Roche. The latter would fain have summoned courage to absent himself from her presence, who had so enthralled his senses, but he could not—the effort was beyond his strength, and he continued to gaze—and to adore in silence. Often would he reason with himself, on the misery to which he thus subjected himself, yet he could not refrain from approaching the syren, though fully convinced of the danger he incurred, in doing so.

Though every visit served but to add fuel to the flame which consumed him, yet he took a sort of desperate delight in contemplating the charms of Christina, ay! though at every succeeding interview she appeared more and more inclined to favor his master. We may admire the fortitude which enables the red Indian to laugh at his tormentors—aye! even while the scorching flame shrivels the muscles of his frame, but Mark Roche displayed equal strength of mind, when he sat within sight and hearing of his lord's impassioned wooing, and (what was ten thousand degrees worse) the daily increasing pleasure which Christina seemed to take in his society. And all this did Mark Roche bear with unmoved countenance—seated at the window, he appeared sometimes occupied only by the prospect before him; he would at other times hum a snatch of an old melody in so low a tone, however, as to enable him to hear what was passing between the lovers. He had a high spirit, and a strong mind—that young Mark Roche!

Some months had elapsed without bringing any very material change, and Lord Fitzwalter resolved to bring matters to a crisis. One day, accordingly, when Christina appeared more than usually complaisant, he seized the opportunity to make a proposal to her of his heart and hand. Christina had long expected this—she was, therefore, quite prepared, and thanking his lordship for the honor he had done her, requested a few days to consider the question, as her mind was not quite made up on the subject of matrimony. Fitzgerald gladly consented—surely her answer was tantamount to accepting his offer, could he, therefore, hesitate about giving her the desired time!—certainly, he might well afford it, having such a prospect of happiness before him.

'And, my lord,' added Christina, 'perhaps it would be well to send Mark Roche hither to-morrow evening, as I may haply have come to a determination sooner than the appointed day, and I would not that your lordship should have the trouble of coming on an uncertainty—it would be, in truth, rather awkward!'

'I am grateful, fair Chrintina! for this consideration—thou would'st if possible cut short the term of my suspense—how flattering is this attention! Farewell, sweet lady! Roche shall await thy pleasure to-morrow evening!'

So saying, the young noble took his departure, followed closely by his squire, who was scarcely conscious of any thing, so overwhelming was the shock given him by the conversation he had just heard.

When Mark Roche set forth next day on his journey to the Castle, no one could discover in his demeanour the slightest trace of the volcano which raged within. There was withal an unwonted paleness on his cheek that told of much mental suffering, and there was also a sort of firm compression about the full, rich lip, that gave token of some inward resolution sternly made. He arrived at the castle with the air of one who had 'girded up his loins' to confront a sore and heavy trial, from which he had vowed to come forth victorious. Having internally renewed his supplications for strength and fortitude, he followed Erica into the presence of her lady.

Christina arose as the young squire entered the room, and without giving time for a single word from Mark, she handed him a sealed letter, enjoining him to lose no time in presenting it to his lord.

'He will meet thee at the gate on thy return, and, as thou valuest thy life, delay not a moment, but, turn thy horse's head, and fly as swift as he can carry thee, back to my presence!—Haste thee, Mark Roche! haste! away!'

'Thou should'st be obeyed, lady, though death stared me in the face!' exclaimed Roche, losing for a moment the self-control for which he was so remarkable.

'I believe thee, Mark!—but, prithee, good youth! speed onward with thine errand!'

Mark waited to hear no more—whatever might be Christina's purpose—whether of good or ill to his lord, it was sufficient for him to know that the lady of his

love required his prompt obedience. It was happiness to be employed in her service—even though it were to bear her consent to marry a rival.

Christina had not over-rated Fitzwalter's impatience, for Mark found him (as she had foretold) pacing the court yard to and fro, in a fever of anxiety to know the result. Dashing forward to the gate, as Mark approached, he eagerly exclaimed—

'Well, Roche, my faithful fellow! what news from the castle? Saw'st thou the lady Christina?'

'I did, may it please your lordship! and she bade me present this letter to you with her kindest greeting!'

Fitzwalter snatched the letter, which he opened with a trembling hand, and Mark (without waiting to observe the effect) turned his horse's head in the direction of the castle. His doing so was quite unnoticed by his lord; but the latter had scarcely read the first line, when he called out!

'What! how is this!—Roche!—I say, Roche!' Receiving no answer, he raised his eyes, and saw the young squire galloping over the plain in the opposite direction—'What the foul fiend is the fellow about? He is mad—stark mad!'

But scarcely had he gone half through the letter, when he struck his clenched hand violently against his forehead:

'Ha! not so mad either! God! what a miserable dupe am I! This comes forsooth of bringing handsome upstarts on a level with their superiors. Curse him! curse him—and her, too, the heartless, deceitful syren! Sooth to say, I have got an answer! Oh! unfortunate that I am!'

Foaming thus in vain and impotent rage, he sought the solitude of his own chamber, to indulge unobserved his grief and mortification. Alas! poor Fitzwalter!

But little time had Mark Roche for anticipation in his headlong return to the castle, where Christina herself received him at the gate, and in silence led the way to the principal apartment.

'Thou hast made good speed, Mark,' observed the lady, as she pointed to a seat. 'Permit me now to ask whether thy haste proceeded from fear of Lord Fitzwalter, (I told thee, thou knowest, that thy life was in danger,) or from curiosity to learn the cause which induced me to request thy return hither?'

'It sprang from neither, most noble lady,' replied the wondering Mark Roche. He took good care, however, to give no hint of the real cause, for he began to suspect that his passion was known, and that some scheme to punish his presumption was in agitation. Yet, still he disdained to utter a falsehood, by sheltering himself under either of the cases Christina had put forward.

'O! very well, then, I see how it is—thy gallantry is so great that thou wouldst at any time spur with neck or-nought haste, to oblige a lady! Truly, thou art a courteous youth.'

Mark Roche bit his lip until the blood almost flowed. His proud heart swelled almost to bursting, as he heard such a sarcasm from the woman for whom he would gladly have laid down his life. A flush of indignation crimsoned even his temples, and was quickly succeeded by an ashy paleness. Christina fixed her eyes on his varying countenance for a moment—

'Thou wilt be, methinks, a most devoted knight to some fair damsel, should any such be found capable of subduing that haughty and untamed heart of thine.'

The beautiful speaker stopped short on a sudden, confused by a quick and flashing glance from the dark expressive eye of Mark Roche. The look was so sudden, so unexpected, and so full of tender reproach, that Christina was, for a moment, unable to speak.

At length she resumed, and her voice was more tremulous, though a smile was on her lip.

'Hast thou ever paid tribute to the blind deity, my good Mark Roche? I very much fear that thou never didst!'

'Why does your ladyship think so?' inquired the youth, determined to say nothing that might convict himself.

'Because of that careless, independent spirit so visible in all thine actions. Thou wouldst truly, be a pretty subject for a passion so tender as that of love! As well might a lady listen to the soft whisperings of an unchained bear—at least the one would be as easily managed as the other.'

This was spoken with a sort of nervous hesitation, altogether unaccountable.

'Oh, Father of Mercy!' groaned the young squire, losing all sense of caution in the insupportable agony of the moment. 'For what am I destined? What malignant fiend presided at my birth, that I am become an object of ridicule to one—' He suddenly broke off, and murmuring, 'Would that my feelings were such as they have been painted—I might then have been spared this cruel torture!'

He buried his face between his hands, and tears burst forth from his very heart. Forgetful of every thing but his own extreme anguish, he remained for several moments motionless, but when he did remove his hands, what a sight was there! Christina knelt before him, with clasped hands and a face of blank despair.

'Mark—Mark Roche! have I so wounded thee, by mine idle and unthinking raillery! Oh, forgive me!—in mercy say that thou wilt endeavor to forget my unkindness, for Christina cannot live without the light of thy smile!—Oh cruel! cruel! wilt thou not even look upon me!—oh, Roche! if thou could'st but know how I have loved thee—how my heart hath yearned towards thee from the first moment I saw thee standing on the drawbridge!—and how I forced myself to shew favor to that self-confident Fitzwalter only to have thee near me during our interviews! I marked well thy mental struggles, and how thou did'st nobly conceal thy love—but alas! I feared that thou would'st never have ventured to declare thy sentiments, and I—fool that I was!—did but try to entrap thee into a confession, when alas!—I proceeded too far—and I have hurt thee beyond all hope of pardon!'

The young man could scarcely credit the evidence of his own senses. Was he really Mark Roche—or was the lady Christina kneeling before him? She was—she was, for her head—that beloved head, had fallen on his knee, and her tears fell fast and thick. In a transport of wild delight he clasped the beautiful enchantress to his bounding heart.

'Am I awake!' he exclaimed, in the fullness of his joy, 'Am I awake?—or is this but a delicious dream?' 'Oh, if it be such, may I never awake, kind Heaven, to the misery I felt but a few moments since! But it is, indeed, true!' he exclaimed, after a moment's pause, (during which he held Christina at arm's length, and then drew her back more closely than ever, there being no manner of doubt of her identity.) 'Can it be that the Lady Christina—the noble—the admired of all hearts—she who looked so lightly on the pretensions of the highest and proudest—has she condescended to bestow her affections on the lowly Mark Roche?—Speak, lady! am I indeed so fortunate?'

'If thou considerest the possession of my heart as a piece of good fortune, then art thou, indeed, fortunate—for I tell thee, Mark! that thou art dearer to Christina than all the peers in Christendom!'

'Forgive me, sweet lady!—but it seemeth to me almost incredible!' said Roche, half doubtingly.

'Does it so, really?' inquired Christina, archly.—'Then allow me in that case, to produce the best proof I can bring forward of my sincerity!'

So saying, she opened a side door, and, beckoning to one within, a venerable priest appeared.

'Now, Mark!' said the lady, while a bright flush suffused her beautiful face, 'if thou hast no particular objection, I am quite willing that this gentle man should perform the marriage ceremony.—I have had him in readiness for some time, as it would not be quite so well that thou should'st sojourn here after quitting thy master, without having our union solemnized!'

Mark answered only by seizing her hand, and,

pressing it to his lips, in an ecstasy of delight. As she seemed to expect an answer, however, he said, 'Dearest, I am thine—thine—forever, ever thine!' Christina, leaving Roche and the priest together, retired to arrange her dress for the approaching ceremony, and, having summoned Erica, intimated that she wished to make a speedy toilet, as she was waited for below.

'Erica, would'st thou believe that I am going to give my hand—aye! this very hand to Mark Roche! Nay, start not, Erica—I see what thou thinkest! But know, Erica, that I have not forgotten Christina—oh! never, never!—For I love Mark Roche, chiefly for the strong resemblance he bears in face and figure to the lord of my earliest affections! Say, Erica! did'st thou never observe the likeness?'

'Lady, I did!' replied the damsel, 'that very day when he first came here from his master—that very time did it strike me that I had seen some one he resembled. I could not call to mind who it was, however, until your ladyship's sending for him to your presence, and showing his master such unwonted favor (for I was not at all deceived, my lady, as to the true object of your ladyship's regard) induced me to observe him more narrowly, and then it was that I started with surprise, as I traced in him at once an astonishing likeness to his gracious majesty, our own king Christian!'

By this time the arrangement was concluded, and the lady descended with her maid to the apartment intended for the ceremony.

[Concluded next week.]

PORTRAIT OF EDMUND BURKE.—Tall, and apparently endowed with much vigor of body, his presence was noble, and his appearance prepossessing. In later years, the first peculiarity which caught the eye as Burke walked forward, as his custom was, to speak in the middle of the House, were his spectacles, which, from shortness of sight, seemed never absent from his face. But, as yet, he had no habitual occasion for such useful optical auxiliaries, and his bright eyes beamed forth with all their overpowering animation. A black silk ribbon, by which an eye-glass was suspended, appeared on his frill and waistcoat. His dress, though not slovenly, was by no means such as would have suited a leader of fashion. His coat was not very smart. He had the air of a man who was full of thought and care, and to whom his outward appearance was not of the slightest consideration; but, as a set off to this disadvantage, there was in his whole deportment, a sense of personal dignity and habitual self-respect which more than compensated for the absence of the graces of the tailor. His brow was massive, and intellect seemed to have made it her chosen temple, so illuminated it appeared with genius and expression. They who knew how amiable Burke was in his private life, and how warm and tender was the heart within, might expect to see these softer qualities depicted on his countenance. But they would have been disappointed. It was not usual at any time to see his face mantling with smiles; he decidedly looked like a great man, but not like a meek or gentle one. He might advise an anxious gentleman 'to live pleasantly;' he might, especially at this time, seem to Johnson a model of cheerful equanimity. But, assuredly, he did not seem like a man to whom the world had been easy. Nor had it been. His life had been a constant struggle, and he knew it well. He had been calumniated; he had been thwarted. His means had been, and continued to be, scanty. He had to fight for and to make good every step he made in advance. He had to supply by his energy the languor of his friends. He was constantly under arms, and his life, more than that of almost any other man, was truly a march and a battle. All his troubles were impressed on his working features, and gave them a somewhat severe expression, which deepened as he advanced in years, until they became to some observers unpleasantly hard. The marks about the jaw, the firmness of the lines

about the mouth, the stern glance of his eye, and the furrows on the expansive forehead, were all the sad ravages left by the difficulties and sorrows of genius, and by the iron which had entered the soul.

It was only, however, as years rolled on, and his natural vehemence grew with the prejudices which were induriously excited in certain quarters against him, that these harsher peculiarities grew painfully obvious. From the first, his Hibernian accent might very peculiarly be distinguished whenever he began to address the house, and was not always forgotten by those who listened to him even when they were under the influence of his most eloquent inspirations. His voice was of great compass, and expressing the depth of his convictions, gave much energy to the communication of his ideas. He never hesitated for want of words. His utterance was rapid and vehement; but quick as it was, his thoughts flowed forth with still greater freedom, and threatened to overcome the power of speech. As he spoke, his head was continually in motion, and appeared now to rise and fall, and now to oscillate from side to side, in a very singular manner, with the nervous excitement of the speaker.—[From Macknight's Life and Times of Burke.]

SIR RICHARD JOHN GRIFFITH, BART.—The Gazette of Tuesday evening last, notifies the creation, as a baronet, of our countryman, Mr. Griffith, whose connexions with the government dates so far back as the year 1822, when he was employed to open up the then inaccessible districts of the South of Ireland, by the construction of a chain of new roads, which to this day bespeak the great talents, as a practical civil engineer, that he brought to bear on the work. We next find him employed in determining the boundaries of all the parishes, townlands, and other denominations of land in Ireland, preparatory to the commencement of the Ordnance survey of the country, on which occasion he determined upwards of 60,000 boundaries. So well did he accomplish this important duty, that the government sought his assistance to carry out a similar work in Scotland, which appointment, however, Mr. Griffith did not accept.

In the year 1825 he was appointed sole Commissioner of Valuation for Ireland, and it is, perhaps, in connexion with this great national work that his name is so familiar to all Irishmen, to whom 'Griffith's Valuation' is a 'household word.' To such a pitch of accuracy and uniformity, in all its details, has he brought this valuation, that it is now adopted as a standard to regulate the value of land in Ireland, and legislative authority has made it the basis for all purposes of taxation.

In 1826, Griffith first commenced the construction of his famous Geological Map of Ireland, which we are at a loss whether to admire most for the energy displayed in undertaking, single-handed, so gigantic a work, or for the amazing accuracy of detail with which it has been perfected. For this work he was unanimously adjudged the Wollaston Palladium Medal by the Geological Society of London.

Contemporaneously with these great works, Mr. Griffith, in conjunction with Sir John Borgeyne and General Jones, carried to a successful completion that lasting monument of engineering skill, the navigation of the river Shannon.

His services to the country during the great famine were of the last importance. Being at that time vice-chairman of the Board of Public Works, his intimate knowledge of every locality in Ireland, and the confidence reposed in him by the gentry, enabled him to concert and carry out measures of relief beneficial alike to the landed proprietors and the poor sufferers from that awful visitation.

In 1851 he was appointed to the honorable position of chairman of the Board of works, and in this capacity with unlimited powers to carry out the provisions of the Land Improvement Act, which, under his auspices, proved a measure of infinite benefit to Ireland, though it is well known that similar attempts failed both in England and Scotland.

In concluding this imperfect sketch of his services, we beg to add our hearty congratulations to the worthy baronet on his well merited recognition at the hands of the State; and we earnestly wish that he may long live among us, an ornament alike to his country and to the title he now enjoys.—Daily Express.

INTERESTING LECTURE.—The lecture at the Smithsonian Institution on Wednesday evening last by the Hon. S. S. Cox was listened to with the warmest interest by a large audience and gave perfect satisfaction. It was delivered under the auspices of the Metropolitan Literary Association, and had for its subject 'The Peculiarities of Irish Humor.'

Mr. Cox commenced by defining wit and humor, in an ingenious and it struck us original style. The Irish possess the latter more superabundantly than any people in the world. The Irish humor, he remarked, could be best judged at home; it could hardly have a fair appreciation in this country, but there it is indigenous; it was a stock of that tree which shed its foliage over many other nations.

He gave a lucid description of the Irish character, which he said was distinguished by susceptibility, vivacity, and qualities which were more calculated to make a nation interesting than successful. Humor is the most essential element of the Irish character; it flows in the blood as fresh and vital as ever, although England since her second Henry has been endeavoring to let it out. The lecturer then touched upon the hereditary antagonism between the Saxon and the Irish Celt, in the course of which he paid a high compliment to the latter at the expense of the former. The best and most noble blood of England, he averred, was Celtic, while the United States of America should feel proud that it derives more than half of its origin from the same race.

The lecture was richly interlarded with anecdote and details of quaint Hibernian humor, bulls, and blunders. There was a kink in the Irish nature which no iron can smooth out; in riches or poverty, whatever his condition, his mirth and native humor will not forsake him, and from the very bogs, marshes, and miserable mud cabins arise constantly the beauty and aroma of his mirthfulness. 'Ireland,' said he, 'may be called the Mark Tapley of nations; she may be steeped in misery to the lips, but she is jolly under all circumstances.'

He next touched upon Irish literature and her literary champions, a bright and shining galaxy; her Sheridan, Oliver Goldsmith, Swift, Burke, Curran, O'Connell, and a host whose writings have bequeathed a rich legacy to English literature. Next the brogue of Ireland came under his notice, which, by some, is thought indispensable to portray Irish humor; but the latter, he avers, has the right ring without regard to the language in which it is spoken, although, when broadcast, it is infinitely fairer than the wretched idioms spoken in many of the shires of England.

It is not alone by the brogue that an Irishman is detected in foreign lands; his humorous bulls and blunders will betray his origin; and here he recounted a laughable anecdote, which had been originally told by Miss Edgeworth, of one of her countrymen's adventures in England, where in four days he made eight palpable bulls. That lady, however, had discovered bulls in Shakspeare, Milton, and other great writers, including even the Bible itself. The national propensity for a shillelagh fight was dwelt upon with particular gusto, and the Irish humor as exhibited at fairs, although the most celebrated (Donnybrook) is numbered among the past. Ireland, with its impetuosity of heart and vivacity of intellect, he compared to a noble but decapitated bird; but nevertheless, with its head cut off, it is the fastest nation we have on record.

The Celt he pronounced clearly of Asiatic origin; there is the same extravagance in language, and in this particular we ourselves betrayed a kindred stock. The Oriental only anticipated his Celtic relative by wishing that the shadow of the one he complimented might never grow less, and that he might live a thousand years; while the modern Celt expresses himself in a wish that every hair on your honor's head might be a mould candle to light you to glory. Even the criminal in the dock will sometimes blarney the judge who sentences him, who, in his turn, will frequently return the compliment. Wit and a humorous Irish bull were most ingeniously defined. Both are, in the lecturer's idea, analogous, although differing in effect;

the former unites two similar ideas, while the other seizes upon to separate them as wide asunder as the poles; but, said he, Ireland never makes a bull or blunder of the heart, no matter how many she may make otherwise.

It is, said he, a land where the soul runs over in a stream of jubilant laughter, although at the same time he drew a gloomy picture of her impending fate, her children rapidly giving way before the Saxon and the Scot. Yet, in an uprising of the nationalities of Europe, he drew a hopeful picture that Ireland might yet be regenerated.—[National Intelligencer.

THE ISLAND OF PERIM.—Our readers are aware that the agents of the English government ever anxious to obtain in different portions of the globe, military and naval stations, and not too particular as to the means of obtaining them or the right of occupation, a little more than a year ago, took possession, in the name of her Britannic Majesty, of the Island of Perim. The exact date of the occupation was, if we recollect aright, the 14th of February, 1857. The Island is situated at the entrance of the Arabian Gulf and in the middle of the Strait which separates Africa from Asia. It is positively the Key of the Red Sea. Of the two channels which it forms the western which is the wider is not navigable on account of the shoals and rocks which obstruct it; the eastern channel which vessels are obliged to take is not more than two thousand yards wide between Perim and Pilot Tock which lifts its tall head near the Arabian coast. No vessel can enter or go out of the Red Sea without passing under the guns of the fortifications at Perim. It has been called a second Gibraltar; but it is an error for Perim by its position is far stronger than Gibraltar. It was doubtless the project of M. de Lesseps, the Suez Canal, which suggested to the English Government the occupation of this island, that they might keep a watch on all approaching by that way, their Indian Empire and by the two stations of Aden and Perim effectually close the Red Sea to all foreign or inimical vessels.

The British flag was planted on the rock called Perim on the 14th of February, 1857, by a detachment of the forces sent out to India, and not till two months later was anything known about the occupation in Europe. There is always some reason, however weak, assigned even for the most unjustifiable acts by those who commit them, and when governments are determined on having any of those important little spots like Perim, which have been unnoticed by others they can very easily satisfy themselves that they have a right to it. The British government has never suffered much from conscientious scruples on such trifling subjects as right and validity of title.

The occupation of the Island of Perim was ostensibly motivated by the statement that an English vessel having been shipwrecked and pillaged in 1855 on the Berber coast, not far from the Red Sea, reparation was demanded from the chiefs of the nomadic tribes on the coast, and as they were not able to find and deliver the wreckers, the English agent at Aden proposed the occupation of Perim as an indemnity for the loss of the vessel and her cargo, and a guarantee against the recurrence of like offences in future. The Berber Scheiks, when brought to Aden, were of course obliged to consent to whatever was required of them, and a sort of treaty was drawn up, by which Perim was handed over to that old offender, the East India Company.

The late President of the Board of Control, Mr. Vernon Smith, when questioned in Parliament with regard to the affair, eluded the question and could give no certain information as to what was ultimately to be done with the island. He merely said that Perim belonged to England since 1799, and that the intention of government was to make it a free port as was demanded. Mr. Vernon Smith did not exactly confine himself to historical truth in his statement. Perim has not belonged to England since 1799, nor did it ever belong to her. But, in that year, England, frightened by the probable consequences of the French ex-

pedition in Egypt, occupied Perim, with the consent of Turkey, who was then her ally. This was very natural, as Turkey, as well as England, was at war with France, and it was in the interest of both powers to close up the Red Sea and to prevent a French fleet, if it should be formed there, from leaving that sea. The English at that period built fortifications on the Island and portions of them were still found standing last year when the erection of new ones was commenced. In 1802 the English garrison evacuated Perim and for more than half a century the English flag ceased to float over the Island. The injustice of the English claim to the Island is two-fold. If the motive of the occupation be the pillage of the English vessel by the inhabitants of the Berber Coast it is altogether absurd, for why should they then occupy Perim which is Turkish territory. The claim of possession since 1799 is likewise unfounded for the occupation at that period took place with the authorization of the Ottoman Government and the fact of Perim's being Turkish territory being thereby recognized, the occupation in 1857, without a like authorization, was entirely unjustifiable and contrary to the law of nations.

The question is still pending between the English and Turkish governments, the reports of the offer of a pecuniary indemnity by England are in circulation. Such an offer is a natural admission of the absence of all title on the part of that country. In Constantinople there is but one opinion with regard to the English claim: it is regarded as not having a shadow of foundation. Perim is looked upon as, beyond dispute, the property of the Porte, it being within a very short distance of the Arabian Coast which entirely belongs to Turkey. However, England will do everything to keep the Island, which by its position would be invaluable to her, and if she cannot have it by claiming it she will pay for it.—[The Tablet.

'I wish,' said an anxious ma to her careless son, 'I wish you would pay a little more attention to your arithmetic.'

'Well, I do,' was the reply. 'I pay as little attention to it as possible.'

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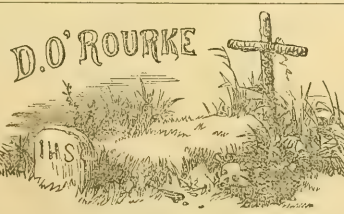
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feb13

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PROSPECTUS.

IRISH MISCELLANY. Prospectus. On Saturday the 13th day of February 1856, was published the first number of a new weekly periodical, with the above title, dedicated to the diffusion of more intimate knowledge of the literary and political history of Ireland, and of the mental, moral and political elevation of the Celtic race on this continent.

The "Irish Miscellany" will contain 16 pages of closely printed matter, on fine paper, of a size similar to the prospectus. Price 6 cents a copy, payable on delivery; or \$2 a year to mail subscribers invariably in advance.

In asking for public support for the "Irish Miscellany," it is proper to say, that it is not our intention to compete with the ground already occupied by any of our contemporaries. We have looked out for ourselves a course entirely new and original—one not occupied by any other publication in this country. We propose to cultivate a field which, although naturally rich and fertile, and capable of producing the choicest flowers and fruits of literature, has hitherto lain comparatively barren and unproductive. In this field we shall enter with a full confidence of its capabilities, but with a modest diffidence of the skill which we shall bring to its culture.

It has long been a reproach to our race here, that while the publications of the day, with but few exceptions, teem with vile caricatures of us and of our country—while we foolishly, absurd and viciously—but little effort to depict the true character of our people before the public eye, or vindicate our name and race from the calumnies with which English hate every where assails us.

To correct, in some measure, this crying evil, it was at first intended to gather together a number of Irishmen distinguished in the walks of literature, and publish monthly a review, which, for sterling talent, should be second to none published here or in Europe. The great expense of such an undertaking, compelled us to relinquish our design, and to substitute instead thereof, our more unpretending "Miscellany."

We propose to re-produce in our weekly periodical the writings of many of the great minds who have gone before us, while we shall also carry on the current Irish literature of the day, such productions of merit as cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers. Our country is rich in legendary lore, and the legends of the old land, while they amuse, serve to instruct and to elevate.

We shall therefore publish such instructive tales and legends of a high moral tone, that will remind us of the happy times when we—

"Sat by the fire of a cold winter's night,
Along with our friends telling tales of delight."

We shall give faithful descriptions and illustrations of Irish abbeys and churches; and our pictorial illustrations of Irish scenery and antiquities will present to loving minds many familiar scenes of early childhood. We have secured the services of talented artists, and each number of the Miscellany will contain numerous illustrations executed in the best style of art.

We shall keep constantly before our readers the ancient glory of our country, and while we ponder with pride upon the moral and intellectual superiority of Ireland to Great Britain and the rest of Europe, we shall not in ignorance and barbarism; we shall point to the past as an incentive to the future.

The biographies of distinguished Irishmen will be an important feature in the Irish Miscellany, as we shall give biographical notices of Irishmen distinguished in every department of literature and in every art—of men distinguished on the scauld and on land; in the church the senate, and at the bar.

It is our intention to republish the works of Irish writers now out of print, in such a manner that they may be preserved to future time as a memento of the old land, and serve to inculcate, in the minds of the rising generation, a filial regard for the land of their fathers.

We propose commencing with the *Dublin Penny Journal*, a work which in its day enjoyed unbounded popularity. We shall devote one half of the Miscellany to each number a national publication. To do this we have ordered a font of type in Irish characters, so that the poems printed in that Journal in the Irish language can be reprinted in Irish characters with English translation in ours. This gentleman every way competent to the task.

The remaining eight pages of the Miscellany will be devoted to the current news of the day, to original articles, tales, essays, poetry, &c. In politics we shall endeavor to avoid those questions which have divided our countrymen, or discuss them in a manner void of offence.

The Irish Miscellany will be thoroughly independent of all political parties—the slave of no man, and we shall discuss with freedom and zealously labor for their moral, intellectual and political elevation.

The editorial labor will be divided among several gentlemen of ability, and we trust to make the Miscellany a welcome guest at the fireside of every family. With these remarks we commend our sheet to the support of every well wisher of our race. We feel there is room for such a publication and promise that nothing shall be wanting on our part to make it worthy of public support.

M. J. WALSH & CO. PUBLISHERS.

No. 4 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
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THE PENAL DAYS.

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany,

FROM THE "SPIRIT OF THE NATION."

POETRY BY THOMAS DAVIS.

ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. Oh! weep those days, those pe - nal days, When Ire - land hopelessly complain'd. Oh! weep those days, the pe - nal days, When
 2. They bribed the flock, they bribed the son, To sell the priest and rob the sire. Their dogs were taught a - like to run Up -

god - less per - secution reign'd; When, year by year, For serf and peer, Fresh cruelties were made by law, And fill'd with hate, Our
 - on the scent of wolf and friar. Among the poor, Or on the moor, Were hid the pious and the true— While traitor knave, And

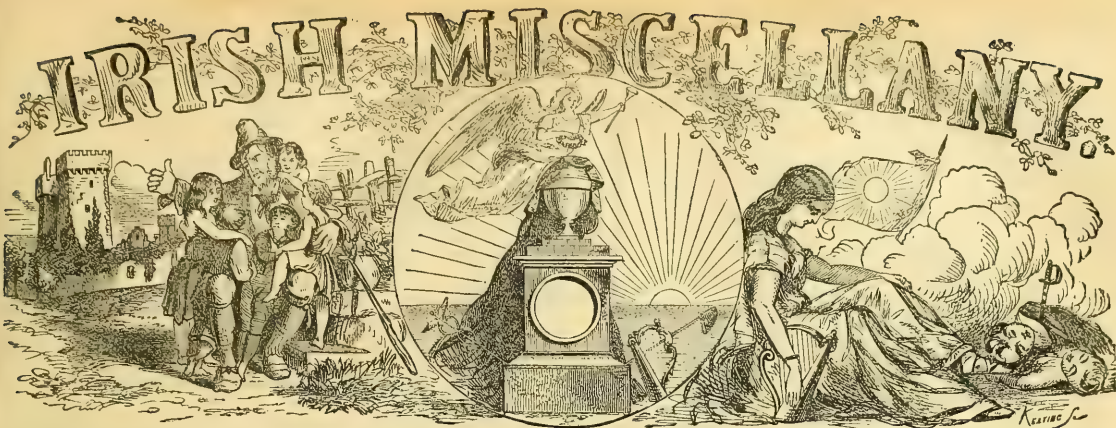
Sen-ate sate To weld anew each fetter's flaw! Oh! weep those days, those pe - nal days.— Their mem'-ry still on Ireland weighs.
 recreant slave Had riches, rank, and ret - inue. And, ex - iled in those pe - nal days, Our ban - ners o - ver Europe blaze.

3.

A stranger held the land and tower
 Of many a noble fugitive;
 No Popish lord had lordly power,
 The peasant scarce had leave to live:
 Above his head
 A ruined shed,
 No tenure but a tyrant's will—
 Forbid to plead,
 Forbid to read.
 Disarm'd, disfranchis'd, imbecile—
 What wonder if our step betrays
 The freedman, born in penal days?

4.

They're gone, they're gone, those penal days,
 All creeds are equal in our isle;
 Then grant, O Lord, thy plenteous grace,
 Our ancient feuds to reconcile.
 Let all atone
 For blood and groan,
 For dark revenge and open wrong;
 Let all unite
 For Ireland's right,
 And drown our griefs in Freedom's song;
 Till time shall veil in twilight haze,
 The memory of those penal days.



VOLUME I—NUMBER 12.]

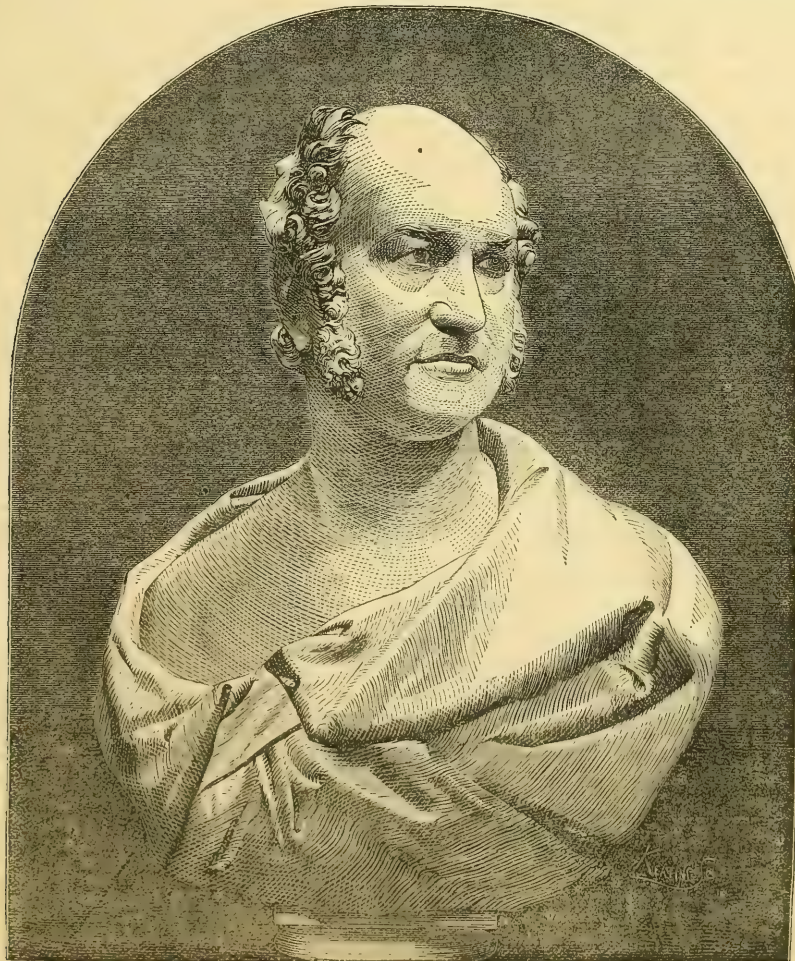
BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 1 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM DARGAN.

The great industrial exhibition of Ireland, in the year 1853, brought the name of this distinguished Irishman prominently before the world, and proved that in the practical affairs of life, Ireland, compared with any practical achievement, of themselves—possessed within her own borders, minds not only—but it was necessary for them to be guided capable of achieving splendid success, but of devoted and directed by mind of a more inventive cast its fruits to the advancement of the interests of than they possessed—that, however useful they their fellow countrymen. The world has been might be as hardy toilers and workers, it was necessary for them to be organized and instructed by



others to effect any great undertaking; or as one of the poetic caricaturists of Irish character has said, that they were "most fit to practice than to plan." The year 1850 has refuted this calumny, and given proof to the world that Ireland lacks only the opportunity, not the power, of successfully carrying out the most important and splendid achievements. The result of the Dublin Exhibition was an embodiment of the triumph of successful merit, achieved by an Irishman, on Irish soil.

William Dargan is the son of a farmer of moderate means, of an old respectable family in the county of Carlow, who in his youth received only that education usually given to persons of his class which is however superior to what is generally supposed by natives of other countries. Endowed by nature with a vigorous frame and masculine intellect, he followed the pursuits incidental to his position in life, without any of those indications, which, not unfrequently, manifest themselves in the youthful minds of those possessing superior mental endowments.

Possessing a facility in accounts, and a good handwriting, he found employment in a surveyor's office, which he afterwards left with the hope of finding employment under an Irish grand jury on public works, on his own account. In this, however, the enterprising young Irishman was disappointed. It is seldom indeed, such bodies appreciate native talent; they prefer giving their patronage to English and Scotch men. Dargan, like great numbers of his countrymen, was compelled to quit his native land in search of employment on a foreign soil where his talents and genius could be rewarded.

At this time the Holyhead road, which was considered of a most gigantic character, was about being constructed under the superintendence of the great engineer Telford. Here our fellow countryman found immediate employment, and an opportunity of displaying the great powers of his practical mind. The superior talents of Dargan attracted the notice of Telford, who was not slow in appreciating and rewarding them. Having completed his engagement, he returned to Ireland, carrying with him the strongest recommendations of his master, and soon obtained employment. He executed a work of great difficulty in nautical navigation on the river Shannon, and also important works on canals in the King's and Queen's counties.

The extensive introduction of railways into Ireland opened up to him a new channel of industry, and enabled him to accomplish his most splendid and difficult achievements. Our space will not permit us to point out his great works in detail, or to call attention to the engineering difficulties he has surmounted with, seemingly inadequate means. At the present time he has completed, as nearly as we can estimate, a thousand miles of railway in Ireland, whose execution is the admiration of the engineering world. An American writer of a recent date, speaking of Dargan's works, says that much of it was done under circumstances as to locality and the nature of the manual labor apparently available, that render it scarcely less surprising in its way than is the elevation of the Titanic blocks at Thebes and Palmyra to an altitude incomprehensible to an observer of the present day, because of the seeming inadequacy of the means to the results.

Mr. Dargan is naturally of a retiring disposition. He avoids all public display, paying the strictest attention to his business engagements and fulfilling his contracts with fidelity and punctuality. As an employer he has no superior; it is a matter of rivalry and ambition to work for him. Not only is he a railway contractor, but a railway owner, a steam packet proprietor, and an extensive farmer. His farms are conducted on scientific principles in several parts of the country and with the best results. In his farming operations he is a perfect model to his fellow farmers

of Ireland; the produce of his dairies, his profitable vegetable cultivation show the necessity of bringing to the cultivation of the soil not only a practical knowledge of the land, but a scientific knowledge of the various elements of agricultural chemistry. Indeed, his farms are conducted by him solely with a view to example, and many farmers have derived great advantage from the excellent models of William Dargan.

In the year 1852 upwards of 200,000 English tourists visited Ireland, owing to the cheap fares charged under the 'Tourist Traffic System,' so ably carried out by Mr. Roney. This great influx of tourists largely increased the profits of the railway companies and satisfied the English tourists that the natural beauties of Ireland were as well worth visiting as the more distant scenery of the Rhine. The great exhibition, or World's Fair in London had taken place the previous summer, and it was thought desirable by many that Ireland should have her exhibition as well as her more wealthy sister.

It remained for William Dargan to give form and substance and tangibility to the design. This he was not long in accomplishing. Knowing the capabilities of Mr. Roney, and his peculiar capacity for the work, Mr. Dargan, with characteristic modesty, placed Mr. Roney in the front of the undertaking, and insisting upon keeping himself in the back, only required that Mr. Roney should, as his representative on the committee, become its secretary.

Ireland was just rising like a spectre from the grave, after the famine of 46, 47, and 48. The poverty of her resources, and, we regret to add, the lack of public spirit in too many of her sons, led numbers to expect a disastrous failure to the enterprise from the want of the necessary funds. This soon vanished before the noble munificence of William Dargan who at once placed £20,000 at the disposal of the committee. Mr. Roney visited the various governments of Europe as the agent and representative of the committee, and was most kindly received by the Emperor of the French, the Kings of Belgium and Prussia, and by the various Dutch, Austrian and other continental authorities, and by all the great manufacturing interests of every kind. It was apprehended that the short period that would elapse between the opening of the Irish and the closing of the English exhibition would preclude all hope of success. This idea was soon disappointed; applications from the leading contributors to the Crystal Palace became so numerous, that the building as originally contemplated was soon found to be inadequate to the purpose, and had to be enlarged at a considerably increased expense. This for a time was a matter of some embarrassment to the committee, but William Dargan speedily removed it by adding £6000 more to their funds. Even this was found too small, and the patriotic Dargan added £14,000, more to the funds of the committee, making in all £40,000.

The work was projected, designed and completed within a year. At twelve o'clock, on the 12th of May 1853, the Irish Exhibition was opened by the Lord Lieutenant, assisted by the Mayor and Corporation of Dublin and other distinguished bodies. The eyes of the world were upon Ireland; she proved herself equal to the task, and Ireland was proud of her noble achievement. It was indeed something of which she had a right to be proud. It was the result of her own genius—the triumph of Irish skill—of Irish industry. It was filled with products by means entirely her own, without the aid of government, by her own perseverance and indomitable energy and through the patriotic endeavors of William Dargan the Irish Exhibition of 1853 won for itself a name of which Irishmen may be proud—to which they can point as an evidence of what Ireland can accomplish in her own behalf by the self-reliance and energy of her own children, when left free to develop the resources of their country, untrammelled by the incubus of foreign government.

The likeness of this distinguished Irishman, which we give herewith, is a faithful and accurate representation of him from a drawing by Anelay, engraved by

Willis, which will be at once recognised by those familiar with his noble and manly features. William Dargan is of the people, has risen to his present eminence from their ranks, and is truly the architect of his own fortune.

During the visit to Ireland of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, an offer of a baronetcy was made to Mr. Dargan, but he gracefully and manfully declined it. His career has been one of usefulness and industry. He has conferred innumerable blessings upon his country and no title or patent of nobility could add additional honor or cast a greater halo around the name of William Dargan.

A queen can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a 'that';
But an honest man's about her night,
Glad faith, he mounes 'is that'!

A TOUR TO CONNAUGHT.

LETTER II.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal:—

Sir—So then, you do think my excursion to Connaught worth the fractional part of a penny, and consider it safe to enter it on your bill of fare in preference to the prudential course adopted by your cotemporaries, of selecting from works already printed and approved of by the public. Thanks for your patriotism, and so I shall proceed.

Where was I? Just at the nine mile stone, where the western road skirts the ample demesne of the Duke of Leinster. The deep sinking of the Royal Canal bordering the left—the high wall and thick plantation of the park the right of the road—a cloudy pillar of dust coming adown the westward, powdering our whiskers and pestering our eyes, as we rolled along this defile. Here an ugly sort of a curse elicited from the lips of the English bagman against the jealousy of all aristocratic engrossers, who must needs plant themselves in, and with their trees and walls limit the eyescope and breathing room of freemen. 'O, sir, sir,' says a quiet looking man who sat between me and the Manchester rider, 'the duke is doing a world of good; and is not at all to be spoken ill of. If you knew of all the poor people he employs. There are now—I wish you could see them—hundreds of men at work in this very demesne, excavating ground to make a great sheet of water, and flood the whole river valley of the Rye; and acres upon acres of the fine meadows are to be turned into a long lake; I am sure I do not see what this is all for but to give work to the poor.' 'Yes, my good friend,' said I, 'you are right. The Fitzgerald family have already deserved the good opinion of their unprejudiced countryman. Look at this great estate around you; it was brought into its present state of improvement by the present nobleman's grandfather, the first Duke of Leinster. If this English gentleman had stood, as I have done, on the tower of Carton, and look east and west, he would have observed one of the best managed estates in Ireland. Comfortable slated farm-houses, two stories high, with all their accompanying homesteads; the fences hedge rowed; the lands well drained and divided, and in the centre of the property a town laid out in the English style, and all this done by one man. Would that all the great proprietors of Ireland had followed the first Duke of Leinster's example, whose desire was to have around him not an idle, sporting, presuming, carousing set of squireens—but a comfortable, industrious, humble, but at the same time, self-respecting yeomanry—a class of men so much wanting, and alas, still so scarce in Ireland. The first duke was certainly worthy of all his honors; while living in the splendor becoming one who was lord of 72,000 acres in this county we are now passing through, he had the sterling good sense to know how to improve his great possessions in the way best suited to serve his country—he was no rack-renter—he practically applied the old English adage—'live and let live.' 'Pray, sir, what sort of a house is Carton?' 'It is what all houses are where improvements and additions are resorted to, to make up for original deficiency. It was not originally intended as the residence of the lords of Kildare, it was erected, I believe,

by a General Oglethorp. The present duke has done much—changed its front, built large additions, and made it as perfect as good arrangement can—(observe his grace's head when next you see him; he has the organ of order at least well developed on his close cropped cranium,) still after all Carton is but a poor house for such a demesne and such a property; but there are a great number of pictures, and a good collection of books. There is a St. Catherine there, by Domenichino, which to my mind is the first picture in Ireland, but give me, after all, portraits; they furnish the observer with such long trains of historical recollections. Here is a noble portrait of Gerald, the ninth earl. I looked on him, but not angrily, because he slew my ancestor, Shane O'Tool, in the glen of Imale, and sent his head as a pretty pickled present to the Mayor of Dublin; no, I forgave this wrong, because that he so bravely quelled and brow beat that haughty prelate, Wolsey. There, also, is that extraordinary portrait of the Fairy Earl—the Pilgrim Geraldine. There, also, before the hall-door of the eastern front stands, methinks in rather an incongruous place, amidst plots of odoriferous plants and parterres of dahlias and roses, the ancient stone council table of the earls of Kildare, when they dwelt in their strong hold of Maynooth. It lay buried there ever since the castle was sacked by the lord deputy in Henry the Eighth's time, but has lately been dug out. If I were the Duke of Leinster I would build a great gothic hall, and place it in the centre; I would hang the tapestried walls with armor, and the fretted roof with the pennons, and would emblazon the deeds of the bold Geraldines who sat beneath that table, and would surround it thus with things in keeping with its ancient character, and not leave it as it now stands, a support for flower-pots, and a platform on which my lady duchess dries her mignonette, sweet pea and tulip roots.' We entered Maynooth after passing Carton demesne—it looks neat, like all Irish towns, without a stir of business; unlike most, as not deformed with mud cabins. It was almost entirely rebuilt by the aforesaid first Duke of Leinster, who desired to make it somewhat like an English market town; but, alas, it is easier to build houses than to change the spirit and habits of a people. It is now celebrated as containing the great Roman Catholic College, which stands fronting you as you drive down the street. The centre building was erected by a butler of the late Duke of Leinster, who out of his savings erected it as a private mansion; he little thought of all the Latin, and logic, and dogmatic theology it would subsequently contain. This college is daily enlarging itself; and so it should, if meant to supply the immense and rapidly increasing Roman Catholic population of Ireland with clergymen. To me it seems to extend itself without any view towards uniformity, and to be straggling in its hugeness, more like a large barrack than a college. It does not want for discipline, as I am told, but it wants venerability—it may have academic seclusion, and no doubt it has, but it is deficient in the air, the unction, in that scholastic, grey sobriety that characterize Oxford and Cambridge in England, or Padua or Salamanca on the continent. I prefer casting my eye and feasting it on yonder old castle. I remember well, in my younger days, driving under yonder archway tower that led into the the ballium of this Geraldine fortress—the high road ran under it then. What a grim, gloomy, prison-like pile is this keep; was it ever inhabited since the traitor fosterer of Silken Thomas betrayed it to the lord deputy? Observe, as you pass by—confound those coaches, they get on so fast one cannot settle eye or mind on anything—but do if you can, observe that many of the quoins and of the very few ornaments belonging to this castle are of calcareous tufa, a recent fresh water formation, and by no means common or abundant in Ireland. It appears to be a soft, perishable material, and yet there it has stood for centuries, as quoins in the old fortress; nay, more, I have seen it in the island of Holme Patrick, near Skerries, form windows, doorcases, and the cryptic roof of a chapel, said to be built by Saint Patrick, but which certainly is one thousand

years old. Maynooth does not boast alone of modern collegiate notoriety; Gerald the eighth Earl of Kildare, the greatest warrior of his race since the days of his ancestor Maurice—he who was made by King Henry ruler over all Ireland, because all Ireland could not rule him—he who excused himself for burning the cathedral of Cashel, by assuring his majesty that he would not have done it were he not sure that the archbishop was therein—he who kept all Ireland under dread of his iron arm—perhaps to make up his accounts at last, and produce a fair balance sheet in the next world, founded a college here, with provost, vice-provost, and fellows, and endowed it with lands around the tower of Tahadroe—by-the-bye, Tahadroe tower is one of the finest in Ireland, and the beauty of its situation is great. Beyond a doubt I could say a great deal about round towers, and would do so now, having my own opinion as well as others on this disputed subject, only that I understand there is a premium now offered for the best essay on the subject, by the Royal Irish Academy, and, sir, I do not desire to forestall the market; perhaps I may be one of the candidates, seeing as how I have an interest in the matter, my ancestor, King O'Tool, as all the guides at Glendalough assert having given the ground for the building the oldest of them to Saint Kevin.

Leaving Maynooth, the coach passed on by the ruined church of Lara Brian. 'There,' says the honest young man who had not long ago defended the Duke of Leinster against the insinuations of the bagman, 'there,' says he, 'besides hundreds of the Fitzgeralds, lies the great Brian Borohme.' 'How do you know that, my friend?' 'Why, because all the neighbors say so; and sure it's called Lara Brian after him—and were not his spurs dug up, which his grace the duke now has, and you may see them any time you like in his study—and a fine brave pair of bleeders they are, with rowels as large as two-and-sixpennies—and sure it stands to reason that if his spurs were buried here, his body must have been along with them; for King Brian, do you see, was like all Christian knights, buried with sword and shield, boots and spurs, and all his armor—so at any rate says our chapel clerk and schoolmaster, that is a great antiquary entirely—he can't be astray, seeing as how he has Dr. Keating's History of Ireland at his finger's ends.' 'Friend,' says I 'you are quite wrong. The hero of Clontarf was not interred here; neither was he at Kilmainham, as the learned Franciscan, Peter Walsh reports—but he was conveyed to Armagh, and buried there beside the great altar. The holy men of the Abbey of Swords raised him from the fatal spot where the base of Brudder, the Dane slaughtered him, and along with his gallant son Murrough, who fell in the arms of victory; and brought him to Duleek. There the monks of that monastery took charge of him, and furthered him to Louth Abbey, from whence with solemn chant and requiem he was conveyed to Armagh. So, friend, I find your chapel of Lara Brian must be content with possessing the relics of humbler men.' We drew near Killoek—it is undoubtedly a very poor and ugly place, in the midst of a very fertile soil—strange that this so often occurs in Ireland, when the richer the country is the poorer is the town. 'Is this a great place for cock-fighting?' says the English rider 'that it is called Killoek? Ha, ha, ha, I to be sure am not the first who have had a fair hit at the number of places in Hircland that by their names denote the pugnacious character of your people—Kill this and Knock that, Slew here and Drum there—at all events preserve me from this here place, for I am sure it would well nigh break the heart of a better cock than I am, to sojourn here one week.' Here the farmer broke into a horse laugh, and swore that it would be no hard matter to find a better cock than him, seeing he was but a cockney. 'Gentlemen,' says I, 'as you are in a merry mood, perhaps I may add to your humor if I tell you that this town we have just passed is called after a worthy dame who was abbess of a nunnery here, and her name was Saint Coccoa, aunt, as some say of Saint Patrick, the nurse, as others have it, (dry, I suppose,) of Saint Keiran.' 'Well, now,' cries the bagman, 'if

ever there was a practical bull, this here is one, to have a woman and an abbess called Mrs. Cock.' The wit of coach travellers is generally coarse, and this is but a specimen, which I may not further enlarge on. The hill Cappagh was now near at hand; what a rich tract of feeding land. The road, in my younger days, wended bravely over its summit, and though not three hundred feet above the level of the sea, it perhaps is the highest point between the bays of Dublin and Galway. How unlike most other islands is Erin—its mountainous districts all around the shores—its centre only just so elevated as to allow a drainage towards the Shannon, which also unlike every other island river, runs parallel with the greatest length of the isle. Cappagh hill forms the high land that divides the streams falling into the Boyne and Liffey—from hence is a noble view of almost the whole of the ancient kingdom of Meath. Perhaps not in Europe, except its mediolanian namesake, the Milanese—is there so much good land mixed with so little bad, as within its circuit. No wonder that the kings of Meath were so often monarchs of Ireland. No wonder that the hills of Tara, of Usneach, of Skreen, were so famous—and here, also, was the great fair of Tailteen, where all the Irish lads and lasses met to get married, and where, as now at Ballinasloe, there is a splendid show of fine cattle—so in these primitive days along the sides of the hill of Tailteen were ranged pretty girls and brave boys, and then after the young people had for a sufficient time cast sheep's eyes at one another, and after the parents had made proper bargains and arranged family settlements, games, and sports, and feats of activity began, which were similar, and not perhaps inferior to the Isteam or Olympic games of Greece—human nature is the same in all times and places—the young must marry and be given in marriage—and what great difference is there between a mother bringing her daughter to range her with others along the side of a ball-room, and so make a show of her, and the Milesian mother of olden time leading her blushing girl to Tailteen, to sit modestly on the green clover, and with downcast diamonds every now and then peeping out from beneath her long eye-lashes, to spy whether the boys from the opposite side of the line were cocking their bonnets at her. I remember not long ago, travelling through the county of Down, and witnessing a practice not unlike that of Tailteen. After the cattle, sheep, and pig business of the fair was over, along the sides of the road leading to the fair green, and on the smooth, grass-covered ditches, all the neighboring unmarried girls were seated, clothed in their gayest attire; and though nothing in the least indecent or riotous was practised, yet I was assured that here they were assembled to run the chance of getting lovers, and, of course, husbands. Pardon this digression, good reader, it was only resorted to in order to break the dull uniformity of the country from the time you leave Cappagh hill until you get to the Boyne—but, Mr. Folds, here I will pause, and beg of you to recollect when you commence my next letter, that we halted at the Boyne

TERENCE O'TOOLE.

HAPPINESS OF CHILDREN.—Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances, which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature, ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins, whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster shells, or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.



THE UPPER LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

KILLARNEY.

It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that the Killarney lakes are three in number, and distinguished as the lower, middle, and upper lakes. Each of these presents a character of scenery totally distinct from the others. The lower one, which is studded with rocks, wooded islands, covered with a variety of evergreens, is chiefly distinguished for its elegance and beauty; the upper one, which is the subject of our engraving, for its wild sublimity and grandeur. The middle lake combines; in a great degree, the characteristics of the other two. It is not our intention in the present number to enter on a descriptive sketch of this enchanting region, to which we shall have frequent opportunities of returning. We prefer indulging our readers' taste for legendary lore, by presenting them with the following beautiful tradition, as told by an accomplished Englishman, Mr. T. H. Bayley, author of so many delightful lyrics.

There was once upon a time, near the western coast of Ireland, a romantic valley inhabited by a few peasants, whose rude cabins were surrounded by the most luxuriant trees, and sheltered by mountains rising almost perpendicularly on every side. Ireland has still many beautiful green vales, but there is not one so deeply, so securely nestled among the hills, as the one of which I speak. Add the depth of the deepest of these lakes to the height of the loftiest mountain that towers above us, and you may then form some idea of the deep seclusion of this forgotten valley.

Norah was the prettiest girl in the little village. She was the pride of her old father and mother, and the admiration of every youth who beheld her. The cottage of her parents was the neatest in the neighborhood; Norah knew how to make the homeliest chamber look cheerful, and the honeysuckle round the casement was taught by her hand to twine more gracefully than elsewhere.

There was but one spring of water in this valley; it was a little well of the brightest and clearest water ever seen, which bubbled up from the golden sand, and then lay calmly sleeping in a basin of the whitest marble. From this basin there did not appear to be any outlet; the water ran into it incessantly, but no one could detect that any part of it escaped again! It was a fairy well!

In those days there were fairies, so says the legend, and so says Crofton Croker, that inimitable historian of the little people of Ireland in the olden time; ours is not a story involving in its detail national habits

and characteristics; on such ground who would dare to compete with him? Not I.

To return to the well; it was, as I said before, a fairy well, and was held in great veneration by the inhabitants of the valley.

There was a tradition concerning it which had time out of mind been handed down from parent to child. It was covered with a huge stone, which, though apparently very heavy, could be removed with ease by the hand of the most delicate female; and it was said to be the will of the fairy who presided over it, that all the young girls of the village should go thither every evening after sunset, remove the stone, and take from the marble basin as much water as would be sufficient for the use of each family during the ensuing day; above all, it was understood to be the fairy's strict injunction that each young maiden, when she had filled her pitcher, should carefully replace the stone, and return to her parents without one sad thought to drive away sleep from her pillow.

This could not last forever; Norah was formed to be beloved, and soon a stranger youth came to the valley—a soldier—one who had seen the world. He was clad in armor, and he talked of brighter scenes—ah, could there be a brighter scene than that lone valley? He dazzled the poor girl's eye, and he won her heart, and when she went at sunset to fetch water from the fairy well, Coolin was always at her side.

Her old parents could not approve of such an attachment. The young soldier's stories of camps and courts possessed no charms for them, and when they saw that Norah loved to listen to him, they reproved their child for the first time in their lives, and forbade her in future to meet the stranger. She wept, but she promised to obey them, and that she might avoid a meeting with her lover, she went that evening to the well by a different path to that which she had been accustomed to take.

She removed the stone, and having filled the pitcher, she sat down by the side of the well and wept bitterly. She heeded not the hour; twilight was fast fading into the darkness of night, and the bright stars which studded the heavens directly over her head, were reflected in the crystal fountain at her feet.

Her lover stood before her.

'Oh! come not here,' she cried, 'come not here. I have promised not to meet you; had I returned home when my task was done, we never should have met! I have been disobedient; oh, why did I ever see you? you have taught me how to weep.'

'Say not so, dearest Norah,' replied the young soldier; 'come with me.'

'Never—never!' she emphatically exclaimed, as she hastily arose, and advanced from the well. 'I, who never broke my word, have broken it to-night! I said I would not meet you, and we have met.'

She uttered this in an agony of tears, walking wildly forwards, whilst Coolin, with her hand clasped in both of his, walked by her side, endeavoring to pacify her.

'Your fault, if it be one,' said he, kindly, 'was involuntary; your parents will forgive you, and when they know how tenderly I love you, they will no longer reject me as their son. You say you cannot leave them; well, well, I perhaps may stay here, may labor for them and for you. What is there I would not resign for my Norah? You are near your home; give me one smile; and now, dearest, good-night.'

Norah did smile upon him, and softly opening the wicket, she stole to her own chamber, and soon fell asleep, full of fond thoughts of the possibility of her parent's sanction to her lover's suit.

She slept soundly for several hours. At last, awaking with a wild scream, she started from her bed.

'The well! the well!' she cried; 'I neglected to replace the stone. It cannot yet be morning—no—no—no, the gray dawn is just appearing, I will run—I shall be in time.'

As she flew along the well-known path, the tops of the eastern hills were red with the near approach of sunrise. Is that the first sunbeam that gilds yonder mountain? No, it cannot be—she will yet be in time.

Norah had now reached a spot from whence, looking downwards, she could see the well, at the distance of a few hundred yards. She stood like a statue; her eyes were fixed; one hand grasped her forehead, with the other she pointed forwards. So suddenly had amazement arrested her flight, that her attitude remained the appearance of motion; she might have passed for the statue of a girl running, but she was motionless. The unclouded morning sun was shining brightly on the spot; the spring, once so gentle, was now sending forth a foaming torrent, which was rapidly inundating the valley. Already the alarmed villagers were rushing from their cabins, but Norah did not move; her hand was still pointed towards the spot, but she appeared unconscious of danger.

Still the foaming torrent poured forth, and the water approached the spot where she stood. Coolin, who had been seeking her everywhere, now ran to-

wards her; his footstep aroused her, and crying, 'My parents—save them!' she fell at his feet.

He bore her in his arms up a hill which was near them; still the torrent raged behind them, the vast flood became wider and deeper.

When they reached the summit of the hill, it appeared to be a wooded island; water surrounded them on every side, and their resting-place became gradually smaller and smaller.

Many other green islands were to be seen, some less extensive than that on which they had found a temporary security; and these gradually grew smaller and smaller, and vanished one by one.

'Oh! that we were on the summit of yon mountain,' said Coolin; and kissing Norah's pale cheek, he cried, 'Is there no hope, my poor girl, my own dear love?'

'My parents—my parents!' exclaimed Norah, 'where are they? Oh! they have perished, the victims of their only child's disobedience!'

Clasped in each other's arms, the lovers awaited their doom. The waters still rose higher and higher—the island became indistinct—it was a speck—it was gone.

The cause of the calamity having expiated her error, the wrath of the fairy was appeased. The water rose no more, but the beautiful valley of the fairy well now lies buried under the clear waters of the Lake of Killarney.

ANNALS OF DUBLIN.

[Continued.]

859. Malachy, king of Ireland fought the battle of Drummy against the Danes of Dublin, where many of them fell.

865. The son of Gahan defeated the Danes of Dublin, and killed Odob Micle.

871. The Danes of Dublin plundered Munster. Imar, king of the Danes of England and Ireland died.

878. S. Cianau's Church, Dulceek, was plundered by the Danes, and many people taken prisoners. Barith, the chief of these merciless plunderers was afterwards killed and burned in Dublin. This was attributed to a miracle of God and S. Cianan.

885. Flann, the son of Malachy, king of Ireland, was defeated in a battle by the Danes of Dublin, where Hugh, son of Connor, king of Connaught, Lergas, bishop of Kildare, and Donogh, son of Maelduin, abbot of Kildelga and other churches, and many others were killed.

890. Cluniar at the head of the Danes of Dublin despoiled Armagh, partly destroying the great church, and levelling to the ground divers other edifices, and carrying away seven hundred and ten of the inhabitants.

897. The Danes were driven from their garrison in Dublin, and out of Ireland by the son of Muiregen, by the Lagenians, and by Maelfinna assisted by the men of Bregia; they fled, leaving many ships behind them.

916. Kildare was plundered by the Danes of Dublin.

917. A furious battle was fought in this year, on the 17th of October, between the Irish and Danes, at Dublin. Imar, and Sitric commanded the Danes in this battle. There fell on the side of the Irish, Niall Glundubh, son of Hugh Finliath, who was king of Ireland for three years. Connor O'Masil-eachluin, heir apparent to the throne of Ireland. Hugh, the son of Eochagan, king of Ulidia, Maolm-thin, the son of Flanagan, lord of Bregia, Maolcraoibbe O'Duibhsionnagh, lord of Oirghiall, Maolcraoibbe, son of Doilghen, lord of Tartan, Ceallach, son of Fogerty, lord of the south of Bregia, Cromman the son of Kinnedy, and many other nobles too numerous to be mentioned.

918. A battle was fought at Tigh mac Eochy, in Kianacta of Bregia, by Donchad the son of Flann, son of Malachy, against the Danes, and countless numbers of the Danes fell in it, and the Irish ob-

tained satisfaction for the loss of their chieftains in the battle of Dublin, for there fell in this battle as many of the nobles of the Northmen as the Irish lost of chieftains and plebians in the battle of Dublin.

919. Godfred, grandson of Imar, settled at Dublin, and in a short time afterwards plundered Armagh, with a numerous host, the Saturday before S. Martin's festival, but he spared the churches, the Coledci and the sick. He plundered the country all around—west, as far as Inislabhradha—east, as far as the river Bann, and north as far as Moy-Ullsen; but the party that went northwards were watched and defeated by Murtoth, the son of Niall, and by Agnert, the son of Murchadh, who killed many of them, but the darkness of the night approaching, the remnant of the Danes escaped.

924. Murtoth, the son of Neill, and the Ultonians defeated the Danes at the bridge of Cluan no Cruimther, on Friday, the 28th of December, where eight hundred of the Danes were killed together with their chieftains, Albarm, the son of Godfred, Aufe and Roilt.

The other part of the Danes who were stationed at Ath-Croithne, had suffered a week's famine until Godfred, lord of the Danes of Dublin came to their assistance.

923. Faelan, king of Leinster and his son Lorcan were taken by the Danes of Dublin.

925. Godfred and his Danes fled from Dublin, but returned at the end of Six months.

928. Godfred with the Danes of Dublin demolished Derc-Ferna, where one thousand people were killed.

934. Clonmacnoise was plundered by the Danes of Dublin. Same year Donchad the son of Flann reduced Dublin to ashes.

935. Amlave, the son of Godfred, lord of the Danes, set out from Dublin to Loch Ribh, in the month of August, and he carried away thence by force, Amlave Ceannacarach and his Danes, after having destroyed their ships.

The Danes of Dublin fled from their garrison there, and passed over to England.

936. Amlave the son of Godfred returned to Dublin, plundered Kilcullen, and led many captives out of it.

Donchad, king of Ireland, and Muirchertach, having joined all their forces together, marched with a numerous army to Dublin, and laid siege to the garrison; they despoiled and plundered all the possessions of the Danes from Dublin to Athy.

937. The Danes fled from Dublin. This was attributed to the prayers of Matthalus, patron saint of the city.

938. Blacar, the son of Godfred, returns to Dublin.

939. Muirchertach Mac Neill, king of Oilch came to Dublin, and the Danes gave him hostages.

940. Clonmacnoise and Kildare were plundered by Blacar, son of Godfred at the head of the Danes of Dublin.

941. Muirchertach na g-Cochall g-Croiccann, son of Neill Glundubh, king of Oilch, the Hector, (i. e. the bravest,) of the west of Europe in his own time was killed at Ardee by Blacar, the son of Godfred, lord of the Danes of Dublin, on the 26th of March. The Danes on the day after the fall of Muirchertach, plundered Armagh.

942. Dublin was devastated by the Irish, viz. by Congalach son of Maolmitheach, heir apparent to the throne of Ireland, assisted by Braen, son of Maohmoada, king of Leinster, and by Kellach, son of Faelan, heir apparent to the throne of Leinster. They reduced to ashes all their houses, fortifications, ships, &c., led captive their women, sons, plebians, &c., killed their soldiers, and totally extirpated the Danes, save only a small number who fled in a few ships to Delginy (Delginyne.)

943. Blacar, one of the chiefs of the Danes was

driven from Dublin, and Amlave, settled there after him.

944. The Danes of Dublin plundered Clonmacnoise, and all the other churches of Meath.

945. Rory O'Cannanan led an army to Slane, and was joined by the Irish and some Danes, viz. by Congalach, son of Maolmethedh, and by Amlave Cuaran, a Dane. They defeated the Danes of Dublin. In this battle great numbers were killed and drowned.

Scoly O'Hegan, lord of Dartry, Garvey, son of Murray Tanist of Hy-Crimthan, and Hugh, the son of Tiernan O'Ruaire, fell fighting in the thick of the battle. Dublin was this year plundered by Congalach, king of Ireland.

946. Congalach, king of Ireland fought the battle of Dublin against Blacar, son of Imar, lord of the Northmen. In this battle fell Blacar himself and sixteen hundred of his people were killed, wounded or taken prisoners.

948. The round tower of Slane was burned by the Danes this year. The tower at this time was full of relics and religious people, among whom was Caoineacair lecturer of Divinity at Slane, among the relics were the Crozier of Saint Eilama, and the best bell in Ireland.

A bloody battle was fought this year between the Irish and Danes, that is, between Rory O'Cannanan and the Danes of Dublin on the festival of St. Andrew precisely. In this battle the Danes were defeated with great slaughter; six thousand of their bravest men were left dead on the plain, not reckoning others of inferior note. Rory heir apparent to the crown of Ireland, fell fighting in the thick of this battle. Imar Tanist of the Danes fell also; Godfred, the son of Sitric, and a few men survived.

949. Godfred, the son of Sitric with the Danes of Dublin, plundered Kells, Downpatrick; Ardreecan, Tulan, Disirt, Kiarsan, Kilserry, and other churches. They totally devastated Kells, carried away more than three thousand prisoners with gold; silver, and other riches.

In this year the Danes of Dublin were afflicted with scurvy and dysentery.

954. Congalach, king of Ireland, fought a battle against Amlave, son of Godfred, lord of the Danes of Dublin, in which he himself, with many other Irish chieftains, lost their lives.

959. Lightning which originated in the southwest, passed through Leinster and killed a thousand persons, and some herds in the neighborhood of Dublin.

960. Sitric Cam (the stooped) set out in his ship to plunder Hy-Colgan, but Amlave at the head of the Danes of Dublin, and the Lagenians checked his design. Amlave shot him with an arrow through the thigh.

Sitric was routed and his people slaughtered, but he made his escape by taking flight with his ships.

965. An incursion was made this year by the Danes of Dublin and the Lagenians into Bregia, which they plundered. On this expedition, Carroll, son of Lorcan, heir apparent to the crown of Leinster, was mortally wounded.

976. The Danes of Dublin fought the battle of Biothlann, against the Lagenians, in which were killed Augaire, son of Tuathal, king of Leinster, and Murray, son of Rian, lord of Hy-Kenscillagh, and many others.

977. Donall Claen, king of Leinster, was taken prisoner by the Danes of Dublin.

978. The battle of Tarah was fought this year, by Malachy, the son of Donall (afterwards king of Ireland,) against the Danes of Dublin and of the Islands. In this battle the Danes were defeated and slaughtered; many brave Irish chieftains fell also in the thick of this battle.

Amlave, after this battle, passed over into Scotland, and died a penitent in Hy-Columbkille.

979. Amlave, the son of Sitric, chief lord of the

Danes of Dublin, went to Hy-Columbkille, on a pilgrimage, where he died a good penitent.

982. The Danes of Dublin plundered Glendalough.

985. Maelkiarn O'Maighne Comharba, of St. Columbkille, received a most cruel martyrdom from the hands of the Danes of Dublin.

988. Malachy, king of Ireland, fought the battle of Dublin against the Danes, in which he killed a countless number of them. After the battle he laid siege to their garrison for twenty nights, during which time they had no drink but salt water. They surrendered on whatever conditions he wished to receive them. Malachy received them to mercy, on condition that they would pay to the monarch of Ireland forever one ounce of gold for every cultivated garden in their possession.

992. The Danes of Dublin plundered Ardbreccan, Donaghpatrick, and Muinebrocain.

Imar was expelled from Dublin.

993. Sitric, the son of Amlave was expelled from Dublin.

994. Imar returns to Dublin.

The Danes of Dublin plundered Donaghpatrick. The ring of Tomar, and the sword of Carolus were forcibly carried away by Malachy, king of Ireland, from the Danes of Dublin.

Imar fled again from Dublin, and Sitric takes his place.

995. Mahon, the son of Carroll, lord of Hy-dunchadha was killed in Dublin by Maolmorda, the son of Murchad, in revenge for his father.

997. Malachy, king of Ireland, and Brian Boru, marched with an army to Dublin, and obtained hostages from the Danes.

Malachy, with the men of Meath, and Brian, with the men of Munster, marched to Dublin, and carried away hostages and much wealth from the Danes.

998. Kildare was plundered by the Danes of Dublin.

In the same year, Malachy, king of Ireland, and Brian Boru, marched with an army to Glenmama, where they were met in defiance by the Danes of Dublin; a furious battle was fought, in which the Danes were routed and slaughtered. Amongst the slain were recognised Harold the son of Amlave, and Coilen the son of Etigen and many others of the nobles of Dublin.

Malachy and Brian proceeded to Dublin, and remained a week there; they carried away thence gold and silver and prisoners, burned the fortress and expelled Sitric, lord of the Danes.

999. The Danes settled again at Dublin, and gave hostages to Brian Boru.

1001. Brian Boru marched to Dublin, and obtained the hostages of the men of Meath and Connaught.

1012. The Lagenians and Danes waged war against Brian Boru; Brian marched against them, and plundered Leinster as far as Dublin.

1014. The Danes of the north and west of Europe were defeated by Brian Boru, and by Malachy, king of Meath, in the battle of Clontarf, near Dublin.

1014. Malachy, king of Ireland, marched to Dublin, at the head of the Southern Hy-Nials and Hy-Maoldoraidh; they burned the fortress and all the houses around it.

1017. Bree, son of Maolmordha, son of Murchad king of Leinster, was blinded, in Dublin, by Sitric, the son of Amlave, who took him by treachery. Bree died for the loss of his eyes.

1018. Sitric, the son of Amlave, at the head of the Danes of Dublin, plundered Kells; they carried away rich spoils and many captives, and murdered many in the middle of the church.

1021. Ugaire, the son of Dunlaing, king of Leinster, defeated Sitric, the son of Amlave, and the Danes of Dublin, with great slaughter, at Derge-Mogroog, in the county Wicklow.

1022. Malachy, king of Ireland, defeated the Danes of Dublin, at Athoy, near Tlachtga. The king lived but one month after this battle.

1026. Murtoogh, son of Congalach, lord of Ophaly, was killed by the Danes of Dublin.

The Danes of Dublin were defeated the same year at Loch Rein, by Roan, heir apparent to the throne of Temor.

1030. The Danes of Dublin, plundered Ardbreccan, burned two hundred persons in the stone church, and led captive two hundred more.

1035. Reginald, the son of Imar, lord of Waterford, was killed in Dublin, by Sitrick the son of Amlave.

Sitric, the same year, plundered and burned Ardbreccan.

1036. The Danes of Dublin plundered Skreen and Duleek, in Meath.

1045. The Danes of Dublin, under the command of Imar, the son of Harold, slaughtered the Ultonians, in the Island of Rathlin, off the north coast of Antrim. Three hundred of the Ultonians were killed, together with Randal O'Heochadha.

1052. Maelnambo plundered Fingall, and burned the country from Dublin to Albene. The Danes of Dublin made opposition, and fierce engagements took place outside the fortress of Dublin, where many fell on both sides. Eachmarach, the son of Reginald, lord of the Danes fled from Dublin, across the sea, and Maelnambo, assumed the lordship of the Danes.

1070. Murchad, the son of Dermot, son of Maelnambo, lord of the Danes and of Leinster, died in Dublin.

1072. Dermot, son of Maelnambo, king of Leinster, of the Danes of Dublin, and of the Southern half of Ireland, killed and beheaded in the battle of Odbhha, on Tuesday, the 7th of the Ides of February. This battle he fought against Conner O'Melaghlín, King of Meath.

1074. Dunan, first archbishop of Dublin, died.

1075. Donall Mac Morogh, king of Leinster and of Dublin, died of three nights sickness.

Mortogh, O'Brien took Dublin.

1080. Torlogh O'Brien marched with an army to Dublin, and through Meath; and Melaghlín, attended by the successor of St. Patrick, who carried St. Patrick's crozier, and by the clergy of Munster, submitted to him.

1084. Gillpatrick, bishop of Dublin, was drowned.

1086. Melaghlín, the son of Conner, marched to Dublin, but was defeated by the Danes and Lagenians.

1088. The Danes of Dublin, Wexford, and Waterford, attempting to plunder Cork, were defeated with great slaughter by the Hy-veachs of Munster.

1090. Murtoogh O'Brien marched through Leinster, at the head of the Momonians and Danes of Dublin, and plundered various districts of it, and also Moybra, as far as Athoy.

1094. The Momonians, under the command of Murtoogh O'Brien, expelled Godfrey, lord of the Danes, from Dublin. This Godfrey had ninety ships at Dublin.

1095. A plague raged throughout Europe this year, of which Donngus, bishop of Dublin, and many other holy bishops and abbots died.

1102. The men of Ireland marched to Dublin this year to give battle to Magnus and the Norwegians, who came to plunder Ireland. They made peace with the Irish for a year, Murtoogh O'Brien gave his daughter in marriage to Sicraid, the son of Magnus with much riches, and precious articles.

1103. The Danes of Dublin were slaughtered by the Irish.

Magnus, king of Norway and of the Islands, who returned this year to conquer Ireland, was killed, and his people slaughtered by the Ultonians.

1105. Donall, the son of Amalgadh, Ardechoimbarba of St. Patrick, (Archbishop of Armagh) went

to Dublin this year to make peace between Donall O'Loughlin and Murtoogh O'Brien.

1107. Donall, son of Feig: O'Brien, was cast in chains by Murtoogh O'Brien, in Dublin, but set at liberty soon after.

1115. Donall O'Brien and the Danes of Dublin overthrew the Lagenians, and killed Donchad, lord of Hy-Kinsella. Connor O'Connor, lord of Ophaly, with his son and many others, were killed.

1117. Dermot M'Enna, king of Leinster, died at Dublin.

1118. Torlogh O'Conor marched to Dublin, and rescued Donall O'Melaghlín, the son of the king of Temor from the hands of the Danes, and also obtained hostages from them.

1121. Samuel O'Hangli, bishop of Dublin, died, and Kellach, Comarba of St. Patrick, was transferred to the bishoprick of Dublin.

1126. Torlogh O'Conor mustered an army, by which he conquered Leinster and the Danes of Dublin, and placed his son Conor over them.

1127. The Danes of Dublin carried away the shrine of Columbkille, but restored it to its own church a month afterwards.

J. O. D.

[To be continued.]

SEAL OF THE DEAN OF CLONMACNOIS.

A short time ago while a laborer was engaged in digging a grave in the old burial ground of Tassagh, which lies four miles south of Armagh, and which the tradition of the district points out as the site of an ancient friary, he found a curious brazen seal, with a handle attached to it by a hinge—



The wood cut above is the size of the original, and an exact copy of the face of the seal, which is very rudely engraved, and is inscribed 'Sigillum Marci Linch, Decan. de Clonmacnois'—The Seal of Mark Linch, Dean of Clonmacnois. I have not been able to discover at what period Linch was dean of that ancient bishopric, but it must have been prior to 1568, as in that year it was united to Meath, and I believe there has not been either a Catholic or Protestant bishop, or dean and chapter of it independent of Meath, since that time. I find that the town land of Tassagh was the property of the regular canons of St. Augustin, of the abbey of Saints Peter and Paul, Armagh, and it is likely that the friary was a branch of that celebrated abbey. There was also an abbey of the same order at Clonmacnois—and Archdall in his 'History of the Monastic Institutions of Ireland,' informs us, that several of the religious of that order came to Armagh to spend the evening of their lives. Now it is not unlikely that Dean Linch, having become unable to perform the duties of his office, retired to the secluded friary of Tassagh, and there spent the remainder of his days.

C.

SONNET TO THE LEE.

Sweep on—let nothing check thy calm career,
 To where thy waters shoot in silence from their cell;
 How sweet upon thy grassy margin here
 To dream away a life in this sequestered dell!
 Here—where the embowering willows o'er thee bend,
 And fling their tresses in thy warbling wave,
 Where with thy waters' gleam the sunbeams blend,
 And seek in thee their golden glow to leave,
 On, on—let nothing with thy current jar;
 Thy waters' still sleep let nothing wake;
 Thou art too peaceful for the headlong war
 Of cataract—let nought presume to break
 Thy stillness 'till thou'rt lost amid the boundless sea,
 As time amid thy waves, shoreless Eternity.

W. T. D.

EXTRAORDINARY WILL

Mr. John Langley, an Englishman who settled in Ireland, where he died, left the following extraordinary will:

I, John Langley, born at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, and settled in Ireland in the year 1651, now in my right mind and wits, do make my will in my own hand-writing. I do leave all my house, goods, and farm of Black Kettle of 253 acres to my son, commonly called stubborn Jack, to him and his heirs forever, provided he marries a Protestant, but not Alice Kendrick, who called me 'Oliver's whelp.' My new backskin breeches and my silver tobacco stopper with J. L. on the top, I give to Richard Richards, my comrade, who helped me off at the storming of Clonmell when I was shot through the leg. My said son John shall keep my body above ground six days and six nights after I am dead; and Grace Kendrick shall lay me out, who shall have for so doing five shillings. My body shall be put upon the oak table in the brown room, and fifty Irishmen shall be invited to my wake, and every one shall have two quarts of the best aquavite, and each one skien, dish, and knife before him; and when the liquor is out, nail up the coffin and commit me to the earth whence I came. This is my will, witness my hand this 3d of March, 1674.

JOHN LANGLEY.

Some of Langley's friends before his death, asked him why he would be at such expense treating the Irishmen whom he hated? He replied, that if they got drunk at his wake, they would probably get to fighting and kill one another, which would do something towards lessening the breed.

What a lesson should this teach Irishmen! Their very enemies know that nothing would divide or destroy them sooner than intemperance.

EPISODE IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

It was in the month of January, 1809. Spain, which was invaded by the French, and defended by the English, had become the scene of a struggle that was growing more deadly in its character every succeeding day. After having beaten the Spaniards on all points, Marshal Soult had just attacked Sir John Moore, and forced him to retire upon Corunna. Several detachments commanded by the English general had been separated from each other during the precipitate retreat, and the baggage guards, cut off by the incessant attacks of the French, detached in small parties along the highroads, were endeavoring to rejoin the main body of the army.

At the period we refer to, one of these parties, consisting of four or five wagons and a number of wounded, was winding its way along its toilsome and unknown road. It was under the command of an Irish sergeant named Patrick Maguire.

It was beginning to grow dark, and the heavens, which were covered with dull, heavy clouds, announced the approach of a storm. The country through which it was advancing was bleak and desolate, without a single village or the slightest sign of cultivation to enliven the sombre scene around. The only objects which showed that human beings had ever inhabited the dreary waste, were here and there a deserted house, whose doors and shutters

had been burnt for the fire of some bivouac, a few horses which had sunk down dead from fatigue, a few corpses, and the various other traces which an army in the field leaves in its passage.

After carefully examining these indications, Maguire was convinced that the troops who had preceded him on the road formed part of the French army; this caused him to fear that it would only be with the utmost difficulty that he should succeed in rejoining Sir John Moore. His companions, most of whom were wounded, could hardly drag themselves along, and the state of discouragement into which they had fallen was aggravated still more by their impatience.

It was in this state of mind that they reached an open space, where the remains of extinguished fires, and some baggage which had been abandoned, proved that troops had recently bivouacked there.

The narrow piece of table-land, on which the French had been encamped, was bordered on one side by a tolerably deep ravine, at the bottom of which flowed a small stream. The murmuring of the water attracted several of the wounded soldiers, who were parched with thirst, and who expressed a desire to descend the ravine in order to drink. Maguire halted for the purpose of assisting his wounded comrades, but, on approaching the edge of the bank, he perceived, in the bed of the stream, a dead mule still harnessed to a cart, from under the canvas of which he thought he heard a human voice. He slid down to the bottom of the ravine, and, pushing aside the hoops which supported the covering of the cart, perceived a woman, who begged for assistance in Spanish.

The sergeant understood the language slightly, and inquired of her how she came there. The unhappy creature informed him that she had fallen asleep from sheer fatigue, and trusted to the instinct of her mule, who in all probability, having gone too near the edge of the precipice to graze, had fallen down the ravine and dragged the cart with him. She had awoke at the instant of the fall, which she was unable to prevent, and had remained in her perilous position for some time, completely unconscious from the effects of the injuries she had received. On recovering her senses, all her efforts to disengage herself had been vain, and it was entirely owing to the sergeant that she had been rescued.

While listening to this explanation, Maguire, assisted by his comrades, had succeeded in raising the woman, whose limbs had become completely numbed with pain; and, in drawing her out from the shattered fragments of the cart, by the last remaining rays of daylight, he recognised her by her costume for a vivandière of the French army.

At this discovery, the good feeling of Maguire's comrades was suddenly changed to a sentiment of rage, and exclamations of a menacing kind were heard on all sides.

Having been summoned to defend Spain against the French, the soldiers of Sir John Moore were accustomed to look upon every native of that country who joined the invaders as a traitor. They were especially incensed against those women, who, sacrificing their patriotism to their personal affection, had united their lot to that of the French, and had resolved to follow Marshal Soult's army, and share with it all the privations and chances of war. This was exactly the case of the Vivandière Dolores, who had married a grenadier of the first division.

The small band of fugitives expressed, in very energetic terms, their regret at having extricated a vivandière of the enemy's troops from her dangerous position, and some of them were on the point of proceeding, from mere invective, to personal violence, when Sergeant Maguire interposed his authority.

'Come, come, we have had talkin' enough,' he said, in a resolute voice, placing himself before Dolores. 'Ye're not come to make war on women are

yez? Don't yez think this poor crathuris punished enough by the choice she has made? Git along wid yez, thin, and let every one be contented with lookin' afther himself alone, if he wants to git out o' this safe and sound.'

This piece of advice was followed by the command for the wagons to set out once again on the journey, and those who were most incensed against Dolores left her to obey the order.

Maguire waited until they had set off at the head of the party, and then, when there was no one with him, save some women and some soldiers of his own company, he turned towards the vivandière, who had seated herself, in a weak and suffering state, near her broken cart.

'What will become o' ye at the bottom of this hole?' he asked, in a voice whose rough tones were tempered with pity.

'Heaven alone knows!' answered Dolores.

'Do you feel yer'self strong enough to walk?' he continued.

'I think I do,' answered Dolores; 'but where can I go alone, and at this hour? The roads are thronged with your troops, and I have just seen what I have to expect at their hands.'

The sergeant seemed to hesitate for a moment; then, taking a sudden resolution, he replied:—

'Come, get up, and folly us, as long as I carry a musket on my shoulder, sorra a hair o' yer head 'ill be touched.'

Dolores thanked the sergeant with heartfelt gratitude, and exerting all the little strength she had remaining, followed, in the extreme rear of the wagons.

At first she did not appear to know in what direction the party was proceeding; but at the expiration of a short time, she approached Maguire, and in a low voice, filled with surprise, said to him:—

'Sergeant, do you know where you are going?'

'Of course I do,' replied the soldiers, 'we are goin' to the English encampment.'

'The English encampment!' repeated the vivandière, looking at him with astonishment.

'And I hope,' continued the sergeant, 'that we'll be able to come up to it before the battle comes off.'

'What!' exclaimed Dolores, seizing him by the arm, 'do you not know that the battle has already been fought, and—lost on the sixteenth?'

'By Sir John Moore?' said the sergeant.

'Yes,' replied Dolores, 'by Sir John Moore, who was killed. His troops have now reached the coast with the view of shortly embarking.'

Maguire stood suddenly still.

'On your life, woman, I charge ye to say whether ye're desavin' me!'

'On my life and on my soul, I am telling you the truth,' continued Dolores, with such an accent of sincerity that doubt was impossible. 'Several detachments, which, like yourselves, were marching as they imagined to rejoin the English army, have fallen into the hands of the French posts; if you proceed in your present line of march, in a few hours you will all be prisoners.'

Dolores added several particulars, so minute and precise, concerning the plan of the action, and the various localities occupied by Marshal Soult's troops, that Maguire saw clearly the whole danger of his position. Luckily his conversation with the vivandière had been carried on in Spanish, so that his comrades had not understood it. Knowing that the intelligence of such a reverse would give the finishing blow to their state of discouragement, he charged Dolores not to let them suspect anything, and then ordered a trooper to gallop on to the first wagon and order the driver to turn sharply to the right in order to reach the sea by the shortest possible route.

Although this new line of march seemed to take them farther away from the main body of the English army, yet, as it brought the fugitives nearer to



THE BAGGAGE GUARD IN THE STORM.

Corunna, where they might expect everything of which they stood in need, as well as a safe place of refuge, most of the party obeyed the order without raising any very great objection. The vivandière alone stood still. Besides the fact of this new line of march placing a still greater distance between her and the French camp, her strength was completely exhausted, so that, after saying that she could go no further, she sat down on the road-side in a fainting state. Maguire looked embarrassed.

'Confound it!' said he, making the butt-end of his musket ring upon the ground, 'we might as well have left you in the lurch then. What will you do when we're gone?'

'I do not know,' replied Dolores, whose thoughts began to wander, and who could hardly speak.

'But if you remain here,' continued Maguire, with a rough but kindly voice, 'you will die like a wounded wolf.'

'And if I do—after my death, Heaven will avenge me,' she stammered out, falling back on the ground. Maguire raised her up again, and called to the corporal.

'Halloa! Williams!' he exclaimed, 'look sharp! stop the wagon and make room for one in it!'

'What! for that daughter of Satan?' said the corporal.

'For a Christian woman at the point of death,' answered the sergeant. 'Haven't ye anny pity in your heart?'

'Never, when I am exposed to danger,' replied the corporal. 'In my opinion, when you have conquered an enemy, the best thing you can do is to kill him.'

'No murther what your opinion is, do what I have ordered you!' answered Maguire, sternly.

The corporal obeyed with a very bad grace, and helped the vivandière in the wagon. She met with anything but a hospitable welcome from the women and the wounded soldiers already there.

'How long have the baggage-wagons of the King of England been used to transport traitors that aid the Faench?' asked several voices.

'Throw her under the wheels!' Down with the false-hearted quean!' cried several voices.

Maguire made no reply, but placed Dolores, who had by this time fainted, in a sort of recess formed by the baggage, whence she could not be thrown by the jolting of the wagon.

The party was traversing a very wild country, intersected with rocky eminences, where, as was the case in nearly all Spain, no regular road had ever been marked out, and the only way-marks to guide the traveller were the ruts and the tracks left by the feet of cattle. The sun had completely disappeared.

The darkness, increased still more by the sombre clouds that covered the sky, was so dense that it was scarcely possible to distinguish the outlines of the cumbersome wagons. In an hour's time, however, the storm, which had long been threatening, broke forth in all its force. The rolling of the thunder, which was at first relieved by solemn pauses, soon became incessant; torrents of rain, through which the forked lightnings flashed, fell like one large water-spout, inundating the heights, submerging the low ground, and changing the dry, powdery soil into one large ocean of mud. The horses, frightened by the lightning and the unusual noise, reared up under the drivers' whips; the jaded soldiers in vain sought refuge behind the wagons; their position was becoming more critical every moment. At last it stopped at the top of a very rapid descent, and the sergeant looked with inquietude around.

The veil of rain which covered the heavens was so thick that it did not allow even the lightnings to illuminate the road; their brilliancy, dimmed by the thick, mist, showed only a number of confused forms and uncertain outlines, which inspired every one with a vague idea of danger without giving him an opportunity of knowing in what it really consisted. After having in vain examined the horizon, and reconnoitred the descent before him, the sergeant was about to give the word of command for the convoy to proceed, when a scream, that issued from the last wagon, caused him to start with horror.

Dolores had been revived by the rain, and had raised herself up on the baggage. When the sergeant turned round, she was leaning forward, with her head advanced and her arms extended, pointing with affright to the descent, at the top of which the party had stopped.

'In the name of Heaven!' she cried to Maguire, 'do not advance another step, unless you are tired of life!'

'Why, where does this road lead to?' asked the sergeant.

'To the Devil's Gulf!' replied Dolores.

'Are you quite sure?' asked the sergeant.

'Listen!' replied Dolores.

Maguire waited for one of those momentary pauses, in which the fury of the storm was lulled, and then, listening attentively, heard the hoarse noise made by the water collected on the hills dashing down into the abyss. He rushed, terror-stricken, to the heads of the horses, whom he compelled to fall back. His comrades, who had heard the rushing of the waters as well as himself, regained precipitately the table-land.

The storm continued to rage with the same awful violence, and despair was rapidly obtaining possession of the whole party. The sergeant himself, whose commands were no longer respected, did not know what plan to pursue. Some of the drivers took out the horses, in order to get on their backs, and fly, at hazard, through the night. At length Dolores stood up in the wagon, and pointing to an opening in the hills on the right hand, exclaimed:

'There lies your road. Follow the side of the hill until you come to the next open space; you will then see Corunna at your feet, and in two hours you will be in safety.'

Her words, translated by Maguire, put an end to the general disorder and somewhat revived the drooping courage of the fugitives. The wagon in which Dolores rode took the head of the procession, while she herself directed the march, telling the drivers how to avoid the ravines and turn the rocks. At length the storm abated; the clouds, swept away by the wind from the sea, disappeared in the distance, and the sky, spangled with stars, was once more visible.

The party now reached the open space mentioned by Dolores, and a little further on they perceived the town and the roads, with men-of-war bearing the English colors at their mast-heads.

Every one forgot his sufferings to greet the well-loved flag with a joyous hurrah!

'We have had a hard time of it, sergeant,' said the corporal, approaching Maguire, 'but we have escaped at last!'

'Thanks to that poor woman,' said the Irishman, pointing to the vivandière, 'ye see, corporal, that pity is not so bad an adviser as furth all, and that it is often wiser to save than to kill an inimy.'

THE

Will our friends send in their subscriptions without delay as it is our desire to remit the amount received, at the earliest possible moment.

Written for the Miscellany.
FAREWELL TO THE TIMES.

BY MONSIEUR.

Farewell to the times when I wandered
And stasied by the moonlight alone,
On those times, oh! how oft I have pondered—
They were bright, but are faded and gone.

Alas! that with age should come sorrow;
Tonight we may lie down to sleep,
And soon we shall gaze on the morrow
Perchance but to sigh and to weep.

My land! though in sorrow thou'rt shrouded,
And the 'stranger' still walks on thy plains;
Though darkest oppression has clouded
The vestage of thee that remains;

Yet 'e'en in thy sorrow thou'rt dearer
To me, than the whole world beside,—
If thy skies from oppression were clearer
I soon would be found by thy side.

Yes! herein in the land of the 'stranger,'
Though thy green hills I now cannot see,
I would brave all the toil and the danger
Of the fight which would liberate thee!

Written for the Miscellany.

MOLLY BAWN ASTHORE.

BY DADDY MCKEON.

Alr.—'Dobbins' Flowery Vale.'

Down by you bonny mountain side,
'Mid the limpid streamlets clear,
Where the heather bell in virgin pride
So charming does appear;
Bright Phœbus sinking in the west
Shed radiant bliss all o'er;
Where first I clasped to this fond breast
My Molly Bawn asthore.

Hier golden tresses sweetly shone
All o'er each rosy cheek,
Her smile would melt a heart of stone,
She looked so mild and meek;
The gentle voice of my only choice
So thrilled my heart all o'er—
Soft raptures stole around my soul
For Molly Bawn asthore.

Hier graceful form and stately mien
Unequaled is I'm sure,
She's nobler than the Saxon queen
And fifty times more pure;
Oh mother, immaculate and mild—
Whose holy name she bore,
Still shielded from pain thy spotless child—
My Molly Bawn asthore.

A wanderer in this distant clime
Far o'er the briny tide,
I'm waiting for the promised time
To claim my queenly bride;
When my poor, bleeding native land
The green flag's waving o'er,
I'll go to win the stainless hand,
Of Molly Bawn asthore.

Written for the Irish Miscellany.

INK DROPS:

FROM THE PEN OF THE 'QUEER COVE.'

No. 2.—My Authors.

An illness of two weeks duration, Mr. Editor,—having been like Falstaff, 'shaked of a burning quotidian' tertian that was most lamentable to behold,' contracted I have no doubt, either from forgetfulness in taking, or else in putting on my 'night-cap,'—has rendered me unable to continue my articles until this present time; but after this explanation, I know that in the benignity of your disposition will forgive me for having disappointed you and your twenty thousand readers. I have now come round again, (not by the way, like Paddy's mother, who came round in a hearse,) and in future you shall have these weakly—(I pray you forgive the pun, for 'twas entirely unpremeditated)—productions, regular.

I promised you an introduction to my authors. You shall have it. First on my list, as he stands first in my affections, is he who 'was not for an age but for all time,' the most illustrious of poachers!

the 'sweet swan of Avon'—immortal Shakespeare. Why should I, with my puny powers, attempt to descend on the works of glorious Will? Giants in intellectual capacity have done that—Colridge, Hazlett, Stevens, Knight, Malone, Hudson and Verplanck; in their hands I leave him, with the firm belief that Shakespeare has conferred honors innumerable on his commentators, while his fame even without their assistance, never could have suffered detraction.

In loving companionship to the great master, are chivalrous Sir Philip Sidney, and gallant but unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh; Middleton, from whose play of the 'Witch' Shakespeare is said to have derived the idea of his incantation scenes in Macbeth; Webster, made famous by his 'Duchess of Malfi'; starving Otway; Edmund Spenser, like his own Lady Una—

'Making with his radiant face,
A sunshine in a shady place,'

those Siamese twins of dramatic literature, Beaumont and Fletcher; and that great boon companion and jovial fellow, the brick layer's son 'rare Ben Jonson'. There's a galaxy of brains for you, Mr. Editor, and what sauce they (the brains) would make with a boiled calf's head! Think of Will and Ben in their wit encounters at 'The Mermaid'—their 'flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar! The wit of Shakespeare was of a finer quality than Jonson's, though they were well matched—perhaps no other two better. In their jousts, Ben has been described as a Spanish galleon, ponderous and effective, and much more erudite, while Will was like an English cruiser of much less calibre, but by his fleetness and tact, able on every occasion to 'take the wind out of the sails' of the heavier armament. Jonson's wit was the heavy granite, Shakespeare's the delicately veined marble.

That's a good anecdote which is told of a nobleman who had more nobles than brains, who gave Ben an invitation to dinner. You don't remember it? Well, you shall be enlightened. It appears that the nobleman aforesaid, (to borrow a legal phrase) hearing by some chance of Ben's wonderful powers, did himself the honor to invite the poet to dine with him. At the appointed time, a rough, uncouth looking 'individ' presented himself to the lordling with the announcement that he was Jonson. 'What,' said the noble, 'you Ben Jonson? why you look as if you couldn't say boo to a goose.' 'Boo,' said Ben with imperturbable gravity; whereupon he was immediately collared and—placed in the seat of honor at the dinner table.

Before I take my leave of him, just cast your eyes up to those two modest looking volumes in the corner of the upper shelf. They are the works of that jolliest of curates and sweetest of amatory poets, the Rev. Robert Herrick, and whose 'Corinna going a-maying' I make it a point to read every May day morning. He had an opportunity to judge of the effect of his friend Ben's wit, and I will give you his ideas in his own words—

Ah Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we the guests
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sign.
The Dog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such cheer had
As made us nobly will not mad,
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben!
O'ercome again
O'ersend to us
Thy wits great overplus,
But fetch us yet
Wisely to husband it.
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit: the world should have no more.

And now for the present, 'good night to Marmion'—I mean Ben Jonson.

There is an old black letter copy of Chaucer which I keep on account of its antiquity and of respect and veneration for the father of English po-

etry, although the contents are so much high Dutch to me. Then there is Sam Butler, the author of Hudibras, and who very wisely tells us 'that there is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.'

There again are the old novelests, the delights of my childhood, and I believe too, of yours, Mr. Editor, Sterne, Fielding and Smollet. We—at least I have—laughed and wept alternately over Tristram Shandy, the Sentimental Journey, Peregrine Pickle, Joseph Andrews, and Roderick Random. It's a great pity that Dr. Tobias Smollet did not live in a republic: he would have made an excellent republican, judging from the sentiments contained in his splendid ode commencing—

'Thy spirit Independence, let me share.'

You know that Burns (who by the way I do not look upon as being the great man every Sawney from the 'land o' cakes' would have me believe) has almost become immortalised by the hackneyed sentiment—

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.'

Now Sterne, who flourished many years before the ploughman poet was ever dreamt of, in the dedication of one of his books of Tristram Shandy, 'To a Great Man,' makes use of the following expression:—'Honors, like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal; but gold and silver will pass all the world over, without any other recommendation than their own weight.'

Wycherly also, in his play of the 'Plaindealer' has a similar sentiment. Both of those writers were anterior to the time of the Scot, and why then should Bobby derive all the credit for the thought? I believe in credit where credit is due, but d—, no hang me, if I believe in bolstering up one man at the expense of another.

For the present, most indulgent of Editors, I think I have encroached enough on your columns. I shall continue the subject in my next, if agreeable to you, and bidding you adieu, will at once proceed to

'Smile as I was wont to smile,'

and sincerely wish that you were present to join me.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN, MARCH 26, 1858.

A secret enquiry is going on before the authorities at the Castle, into the conduct of the police on the occasion of the riot of the college students on the day of the Lord Lieutenant's entry into the city. Trinity College, Dublin, is a hot-bed of bigotry and intolerance; it is little short of treason and felony for a lot of vulgar, plebeian police, to crack the craniums of the aristocratic children of this old beldame. I do not hesitate saying that if the citizens of Dublin had been guilty of the violence of the students, the military would have dealt with them instead of the police, and the streets have flowed with the blood of our people.

There is, in my opinion, too much mildness and tolerance shown to this hot-bed of bigotry. Occasionally it has produced a truly great man—a sincere and dutiful son of Ireland. But this I submit, has been owing more to their own genial natures, than to the teachings of old Trinity. Thomas Davis received his first impressions of his native land and its Catholic people within the walls of this institution, and we know that they were inimical to the best interests of Ireland. It was his intercourse with Dillon and Duffy, and other kindred spirits, which obliterated from his noble mind the lessons of intolerance there inculcated. We are too much in the habit of coquetting with the old

haridan. But little good has ever come out of her, and the sooner she is razed to the ground, the better for Ireland. She is a perpetual memorial of tyranny and exclusiveness. She lives upon the confiscated estates of Catholics, and confers her honors only upon Protestants. It is vain to hope better things of her than the past, and the sooner the whole thing is destroyed, the better for our unfortunate country.

It is said that Mr. Napier, the new Secretary for Ireland, has an excellent tenant right bill prepared, which will be submitted to Parliament after the Easter recess. I have no great hopes of much good coming from the Derby, or indeed any other English administration. Yet as Ireland has always been the chief difficulty of a tory government, I would not be surprised if this difficulty was put out of the way by the enactment of a good tenant right law—one that will give to the tenant the same interest in his improvements which the landlord has in his estate. Let this be the case or not, I hope never to see a whig government in power again.

You may, probably, think it strange that I should prefer a tory government to that of the whigs? The fact is the whigs have been the greatest curse to Ireland. The Catholics are seven-eighths of the population, and, at the passage of the emancipation act, were united to a man. They wrung from the powerful administration of Peel and Wellington a repeal of the last remnant of the penal laws, and compelled the hero of Waterloo to acknowledge that he conceded to fear that which he had denied to justice. After emancipation came the reform bill, and with that the whigs. By giving place to the needy and ambitious Catholic representatives, the whigs have succeeded in dividing us, and, as of yore, govern us not by their own strength, but by our own dissensions. Better a thousand times would it have been for Ireland that the emancipation act had never been repealed. Then we should not have been betrayed and sold by the Sadlier's, the Keogh's and the Fitzgerald's. Then Ireland would not have looked on the heart rending sight of a Catholic attorney general prosecuting a minister of his own faith, at the bidding of a bigoted whig government.

There can be little doubt that we are fast approaching an important era in the world's history. The present appearance of the political horizon portends a storm of a serious character—one that will shake Europe to its centre. I often told you by letter that the alliance between France and England could not be of long endurance. A few months will convince you of the correctness of my prophecies. The fact is, Napoleon has been using England for his own purposes, and as soon as they are carried out, he will kick England over as speedily as he did the French republic. You are aware—the world is aware—that for years Napoleon was an exile in London, waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up. During this time his circumstances were miserable, and, like many a good fellow, often had to whistle for a dinner. The threatened outbreak of the Charists in 1848, called forth all the vigor and power of the English metropolis, and Napoleon volunteered his services as a special constable for the preservation of peace. England chained the great Emperor of France to the rock of St. Helena, and mocked and insulted him. The sight of the nephew of that great man walking in procession with the coal heavers of London, carrying in his hand a constable's baton was, to all appearance, an evidence of the utter destruction of the Bonaparte dynasty. Yet, even then, he was carrying out the great scheme which occupied his mind from the earliest dawn of reason, and using England, which destroyed the power of his uncle, as an instrument in restoring that power to the nephew. It has been with him a passion to avenge the cause of the emperor. Has he not, to a great extent done so? Did he not compel the British Queen to receive him as her equal upon her own soil, and lowly descending upon her knee, invest this 'upstart,' 'adventurer,' 'assassin,' as the English press call

him with the badge of knighthood. Believe me, having humbled England so far, he will yet humiliate her more, and for every sigh breathed in captivity at St. Helena, he will yet exact a stream of Saxon blood.

There is little else at present to write about unless I gave you an account of events which can have little interest to the general reader. The assizes are being held in the various counties, and the chief feature noticeable in the connection is the great decrease of crime. If the hateful landlord system was improved or abolished, the crimes of blood which now stain our annals would be obliterated; we should then present the purest record in Europe.

The Atlantis, the organ of the Irish Catholic University of Ireland, is out. It bids fair to become a most important publication, yet I grieve to see that it is published in England. This ought not to be.

AVONMORE.

[From Tales of the Olden Time.]

CASTLE ROCHE.

A LEGEND OF LOUTH.

[Concluded.]

In becoming the husband of Christina, Mark Roche believed that he had reached the acme of all human happiness. At no time had he dared to hope for such a consummation of his wishes—fully sensible of lowliness of his own station, when compared with that of the lady, the one pervading sentiment of his heart might have been comprised in Helena's beautiful expression of her hopeless passion:

'It were all one that I should love
Some bright particular star, and think to wed it,
He is so above me.'

On finding that come to pass, which he had never believed at all possible—his delight was in proportion to his former despair, and he deemed that no future event, of what nature soever, could or would undermine his felicity—it was henceforward to be permanent and un fading. But when Mark calculated thus, he knew not that he had taken a murderess to his bosom; he never dreamed that what appeared so passing lovely and unsullied, was in reality a foul deception—a 'whitened sepulchre'—whose secret soul was stained by crime, though the outward hue of the casket was brilliant to the eye. He knew not, that in the dead of night, when he himself was sunk in the peaceful sleep of an unruffled conscience, the beloved being who reclined by his side was haunted by superstitions fears—and that her dark deeds, rising before her horror-stricken mind, seemed to glide around in the most hideous forms. A cold dew bursting through all her pores, she would gaze, with eyes starting from their sockets, on the bleeding figure of the wretched O'Brien, as he seemed to stalk through the thick darkness of night, ever and anon approaching, to point at the guilty author of his premature death, and then 'grinning horribly a ghastly smile,' he would seem to mock her anguish and remorse.

Tortured thus by imaginary fears, and a harrowing consciousness of her own guilt, the unfortunate Christina was in reality, a prey to the most acute misery—aye! even when her head lay on the bosom of him who had now become dearer to her than her own soul. She beheld in Mark Roche a shining example of many noble virtues—his heart was the abode of all the tender affection—his feelings warm and ardent—yet so strong were his principles of right and wrong, that nothing could induce him to swerve for a single moment from the narrow path of rectitude. His thoughts, words and actions were all strikingly illustrative of his upright and candid disposition. These very virtues, though they commanded Christina's admiration, and enhanced her love, yet they served, on the other hand, to embitter her cup of happiness—forming as they did, a woful contrast to her own gloomy and unsettled character—and, then came, 'th' unkindest cut of all,'—for did not this very elevation of mind, so amiable in Mark Roche, assure the wretched wife, with dam-

ning certainty, that her virtuous husband only loved her while her crimes were undiscovered—much as he was fascinated by her beauty, it was a moral fact, that should he ever by any chance discover her former course of life, she would from that moment lose all his esteem—becoming consequently an object of contempt. But, oh! horrible! What was even that to the dark, inhuman murder of the poor, confiding architect?

She well knew that even the remotest hint of such a hideous blot on her soul would deprive her forever of Mark's affection—affection! who would talk of affection then!—would she not become a fearful and a loathsome thing in his sight?—aye! his deep, deep love would be turned into hatred, and he would fly to the utmost boundaries of earth rather than look upon her face again.

Notwithstanding all this secret anguish, Christina's love for her husband daily increased—the very conviction that her place in his heart might be any minute lost irrecoverably, contributed to render his affection the more precious to her, so that it was with a nervous and trembling delight she received his slightest mark of attention! Though she at first loved him for his personal resemblance to Christian, yet she soon learned to love him for himself alone; the two individuals became, as it were, merged into one, and that early passion which had 'grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength,' was now transferred to Mark Roche. In the latter she beheld many noble traits of character which raised him far above the proud king of Denmark, and Christina soon forgot the past in the present.

It is true she had heard it rumored that Christian had given his hand to the royal lady chosen for him by his ministers—but she could now hear the news with comparative indifference—and she rejoiced to hear that the new queen of Denmark was a pattern of virtue and of conjugal tenderness.

Years rolled on, and the love of Mark Roche for his beautiful wife was indissolubly cemented by a numerous family of children—but the dark doom of a fatal curse hung over them, and they all died in early infancy, not one having outlived the age of childhood. As each sweet infant appeared the heart of the mother expanded with renewed affection and hope that one at least might be spared to her, but when she saw the sweet flowers bloom but to fade—and each and all falling victims to the venomous blight—her proud spirit, saddened and subdued by affliction, she confessed that her punishment was just. She had (even in the spring of her youth) incurred His vengeance, who hath promised from the beginning to 'visit the sins of the parents on their children, even to the third and fourth generation.'

Christina died a childless mother! She had, however, the consolation of possessing to the end the affections of her husband; as he never discovered her guilt, he beheld only in her to the very last, that beloved one whose matchless beauty had so captivated his young heart, who had given up many advantages for his sake—and who had constituted the happiness of his maturer years. She died a sincere penitent, for her soul had been long chastened and refined in the fiery furnace of tribulation.

Christina, of course, bequeathed all her wealth to her husband, so that he was now master of a handsome fortune. A few years dragged heavily along in utter loneliness, and then Mark Roche became again a husband. The measure that was given unto him, he gave to others, as he, in his turn, descended from his station to marry an orphan girl, whose innocence and virtue he gloried in preserving thus from the foul snares of the seducer. He loved his fair young wife—for she was kind and gentle, and beloved by all—but his love for her was not like that wherewith he had regarded Christina. He had given to the lost one the worship of his heart, and death only served to render that affection pure and unearthly—her memory lived enshrined in his heart of hearts, only to be torn thence when that heart should cease to beat.

The children of his second marriage grew up and flourished, for they were the offspring of unsullied purity, and to them descended Castle Roche, and the adjoining lands, which had been purchased by their father.

In process of time the family of the Roches became extinct—they all died out, and passed away like many a nobler house, and there exists no other record of their history, than the walls of their old castle. The lonely pile presents no very great attraction to the eye of the traveller, being in no way remarkable for beauty or magnificence.

There is, however, a sort of interest imparted to the edifice, by the legend regarding its foundation, which I have endeavored to preserve from oblivion. I need not to have done so, for when Castle Roche shall have entirely disappeared from the face of the earth, (the time cannot be far distant, for the peasantry around are daily carrying away some of its fragments to build or repair their dwellings,) the tale of its extraordinary foundation by the beautiful Dane, will still be kept up in the neighborhood, since it is too much akin to the natural romance of the Irish ever to be forgotten in the district where it occurred.

DEATH OF JOHN HOGAN.

Within the vaulted circle in Glasnevin Cemetery, where rest the ashes of O'Connell, were laid on Tuesday last the mortal remains of one whose name will ever remind an Irishman of his country's glory and her shame—of her glory in that she bore a son so gifted, of her shame in that she honored him so coldly. Tears may fall and marble rise above his grave; the great and proud ones of the land may come to place a wreath upon his tomb and grieve for past indifference and cold neglect; but all the grief of ages, all the gold of Dahomey, will not restore the life tinge to the pallid cheek, or put a life thro' into the noble heart that moulders silently below. He is gone—'from man's ingratitude, to God!'

Since the days when the pen of Moore scathed the Ghouls of London who 'came to feed at the grave' of Sheridan, no more glorious spirit ever bent and broke beneath the anguish of the world's neglect; no more damning accusation was recorded against those who left the lamp to expire before the shrine of God-like genius, and swelled the throng of votaries at the fane of frivolity and vice. The heaven-given spark that lit the artist's soul and quickened him to the mission of the heaven-like—the chaste, the beautiful, could find no worshippers amongst the sordid wealth that satiated itself with the luxuries of vulgarity. The Priests of Folly strutted in all the pomp of pride, while the children of Genius were unnoticed and unhonored. 'To wake the soul by tender strokes of art;' to prompt the mind to lofty and ennobling impulses; to idealise the teachings of that inspiration which seeks its agent in the pencil of a Raphael, the pen of a Dante, or the chisel of a Canova, was a vocation too pure for an atmosphere like that which chilled to death the warm spirit of him whose clay-cold hand will never more win laurels for his country or himself.

John Hogan was born at Tallow, in the South of Ireland, of an ancient and honored family, enjoying that esteem and respect which is so often beyond the reach of gold, and as often—as in this case—found apart from it. But if his father was not a millionaire, his ancestry was not untraceable beyond the days of Dutch troopers or unfathered cavaliers with Norman names and plundered Irish properties. Even were the fortunes of Hogan's family less bright, how much of true nobility was its heritage was proved in him who possessed not only the genius of an Artist, but the lofty spirit and noble nature of the 'aristocracy of intellect.' His father belonged to the old Dalcaisian Sept O'Hogan, of Arderona in Upper Ormond, where the crumbling remains of their turretted castle and belated church even still remain. His mother, Frances Cox, was great grand-daughter of the celebrated Sir Richard Cox, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in the reign of William and Mary, and Lord Chancellor in

that of Queen Anne. Swift, who beneath his keenest satire conveyed the most forcible truths, spoke truly when he told of the lowly lot of 'the ancient gentry of Ireland.' It is only among such men as Moore and Hogan, and Barry appear amidst that equality of adversity to which injustice levelled the class, that we recognise them by the possession of at least one 'patient' of their nobility, of which no confiscation could deprive them—intellectual superiority. And so it was that the pride of fame was never able to master in Hogan pride of family—pride of that honored parent to whom he was the ever faithful and affectionate son—at whose feet, with all a child's dutifulness, he laid his laurels, and with whom, with all a child's allegiance, he shared his fortunes to the last. He was early destined for the legal profession, but his strong predilections for the Fine Arts broke through all barriers, and he was at length transferred by his father to a path more congenial to his tastes. He was placed under Mr. Deane, architect, of Cork—he who, now Sir Thomas Deane, on Tuesday last stood mourning by the hearse of his early pupil. Hogan entered as a student in a Cork School of Design, and from thenceforth commenced that career—brilliant, but, alas, too brief—which has placed his name amongst the proudest on the roll of fame. Even at the very start he found admirers enough, but few friends amongst the modern 'gentry.' Every one agreed that for the honor of the country the young Artist should be sent to study in Rome, but it is unknown how long he might have remained astonishing the world by prodigies of his artistic skill in simple pine wood carving in the Cork Gallery of Art, had not an English nobleman, Lord De Tabley, proved his friend. For him Hogan executed in Rome his first work in marble, which now adorns Lord De Tabley's seat in Cheshire.

When some one marvelled how it was that Keats, who unacquainted with the classic authors embodied in his poetry the spirit of old mythologic Greece with such truth and freshness, some one remarked—'why because he was a Greek.' The justice of this explanation is equally applicable to Hogan, who, born in a Waterford county town, developed as he grew to manhood a cast of mind purely Hellenic in its creative power, and whose chisel has bequeathed us a series of figures, of which several, at least for originality of conception, in other words, truth to nature and symmetrical execution, might have excited admiration in the clime where the statue halls of the Parthenon disciplined the artistic taste of the Athenians of old. The domain of statuary is circumscribed within far narrower limits than that of any other of the Fine Arts. The varieties of human form, attitude, grouping, expression, &c., are easily exhausted by the plaster Artist; and nothing could more fully demonstrate the wonderful genius of Old Greece in this way than the abundance of figures, each differing from the other in some characteristic element of power, beauty, or grace, which are even now preserved to us. Indeed, the impossibility of originating a new attitude was for a long time an established creed among European sculptors, who with all their executive merits have done little more than plagiarise the formative conceptions of the Greeks. We may well be proud that this triumph of originality was reserved for a son of our soil. Hogan's 'Drunk Faun' is the most truly original creation of plaster art which has been given to the world for some centuries. Nothing can exceed the Greek grace, the abandon of attitude in which he has thrown this celebrated figure, or the imaginative truth of the expression traced upon the countenance, in which we see the human element gradually subjected to the bestial. This chef d'œuvre, executed in answer to a challenge given the young Irish sculptor by Gibson, in the presence of the assembled artists of Rome, had a place in the great London Exhibition of 1851, and would have been awarded the prize but from the circumstance of its being in plaster. Unhappily the Sculptor had not transferred to marble this creation, which the great Thorswaldsen enlorgised as 'a miracle of Art.'

Those who knew Hogan intimately at Rome describe with regret the extreme sensitiveness and mod-

est pride that was peculiarly his own. Rome was full of wealthy Irishmen, pouring out money in real or imaginary art collections. 'Call upon your countrymen and demand their patronage,' said Hogan's friends; 'Never' said his pride—the pride that told him it was his right to be sought by Irish patrons, not to seek them. And so while other and far less gifted men were reaping golden harvests in the Eternal City, and Irish wealth was pouring into the studios of Artists from every other land but his own, the proud young Irishman was reaping merely the European—the world-wide reputation which even his few productions were enough to gain. Even for these, when executed for Ireland, he was, we blush to say, tardily if not scantily paid. His 'Dead Christ' was not paid for at all by the original purchasers, and was, after some delay, transferred to others. For a duplicate of the same piece he was—at least up to some years after its execution—paid less than half the stipulated price, or barely the cost of the marble and rough workmanship. His monument to Doctor Doyle—one of his greatest and most beautiful works—was also for a long time unpaid for. We forbear comment now on the requital he received for all this from the Catholic dignitaries of Ireland during the last ten years of his life; nothing but a reluctance to deprive them of the pleasure of even now making reparation to his memory seals our lips and spares them the bitter words of reproach that rise thought of how that noble soul was wrung with anguish by their cruel slight and ungrateful and unannal neglect.

His Artist Life in Italy, however, was not without its sunny pages. His own joyous and genial disposition would make sunshine of far darker days than ever were his in that country. The young student was light-hearted and happy, but he was made still more so the day he led his young Roman wife to the altar, and pledged her that affection which struggled even with death. A few years after, he visited his native land, and was present at, as our readers will recollect, and a participator in the proceedings at the Tara Meeting in '43. He returned to Rome, where he resumed his professional labors, and at last began to reap the reward of all his fame. Fortune smiled upon him, but alas, in the midst of what was the commencement of a brilliant and prosperous career, the disastrous events of '48 and 49 plunged Rome in anarchy and dismay. It was now, when meditating a temporary retirement from the city, that, fondly believing the tide of fortune would follow him to Ireland, he determined to make his own country henceforth the scene of his labors, and earn for it the honor of such merit as his productions could achieve. To Ireland he came—this time bringing with him his family. Alas! that we should write it—the sun of his fortunes went down the day he proudly pointed out to his children the land of their father's ancestors. He came full of bright dreams for his country and himself; the patriot and the artist would now commence in earnest the labors that were to immortalise the heroes of Erin, and give to an admiring world the beautiful and glorious episodes of her history; his chisel was to complete what the painter's pencil, 'the tribune's tongue, and poet's pen,' could not convey; the saints of Ireland would throng the cathedral niches, her heroes, and sages, and martyrs, fill the halls and galleries of the land. A beautiful vision—too soon to fade before the biting breath of envious calumny, and the freezing torpor of neglect. He came to experience the ignoble torture of being worried by what he felt to be intellectual inferiority, and encountered by what he felt to be unjust hostility. Unfortunately where he imagined himself wronged, he was incapable of making overtures of supplication, and so estrangement grew and widened between him and those who ought to have been his best friends or most constant patrons. Cliques too added its sting to his many other irritations, and the flagrant piece of jobbery which rejected his beautiful model for the Moore statue, and disfigured our city with that abortion in College Street, planted an arrow in the great sculptor. Limerick, however, to its honor, set on foot a movement which

commenced what promised to be a new and happy era for Hogan and the country. National monuments seemed about to find room at length in Ireland, and the chisel of Hogan constant employment. He saw the dawn, but it came too late: the bent bow was broken; his health was irrevocably gone, and the consciousness of the peculiar misfortune of being prostrate at such a time as he saw approaching, preyed constantly on his mind and drove him into the grave. His latest hopes were to live at least to see his son and namesake John—who promises to rival his father as an artist, and imitate him as a man—and his faithful assistant and pupil, Mr. Cahill to complete the monument to Father Matthew, and the bas relief for the Wellington testimonial. This hope, however, was fated to be unfulfilled. On Sunday week, (the 21st of March,) he visited his studio to take a last look at his great piece—his own favorite—'Hibernia inspiring Brian Boromha.' He looked from his unfinished work to his son and pupil. 'Finish them well, boys,' said the artist, 'I am never to handle the chisel more.' It was even so; yet hope seemed not all gone up to the following Friday. That night, mayhap, the Banshee's wail was heard among the ruined isles and moss grown walls of Arderona Church; the spirit of Hogan was preparing for his flight. Around his bed stood or knelt his weeping wife and children—those children whom he had almost adored; each pale face of his graceful daughters might have been, in pallor and in beauty, a treasure from his studio. Alternately he turned his dying gaze from the faithful companion of his affections to the sacred symbol of salvation; and ever and anon prefaced his dying prayer with a petition for his children. At forty minutes past two on Saturday morning he was no more.

Mr. Hogan was in his fifty-seventh year, and was himself, when in youth and vigor, a model of manly beauty. His tall, erect, and well-proportioned figure, his handsome face, his eye, in which the unmistakable lustre of genius shone; his noble mien; his extreme simplicity of manners, and utter guilelessness, will long be remembered by those whose privilege it was to know him within the domestic circle. He leaves eleven children—seven daughters and four sons. One of the latter was the model for the youthful Brian in 'Inspiration,' before mentioned; and one of the former for 'Hibernia,' in his statue of Lord Cloncurry. It is true that this large family—the eldest only eighteen years—are unprovided for, save in so far as it is unnatural not to regard it as certain that the children of such a man, the wards of the Irish nation, are assured of sufficient friends to fill towards them, as far as may be, a father's place—but it is untrue and unjust towards the deceased and hurtful to the living to assert that he either lived or died in 'poverty.' His works were far too profitless to yield him what such a man ought to have received, but they were ever sufficient in hands so careful, to maintain his family in a social position, not indeed, as lofty as they deserved, yet still independent, and to educate them, up to the present at least, as they ought to be, being the children of Hogan. More than this, however, the country did not enable him to do; it is for it now to make requital, and secure them that provision which it should have accorded through a living father's hands. It remains to be seen whether the public taste and morals of our times are too depraved to worship brute instinct and animal passions less than purifying genius and intellectual greatness; whether a man to be regarded as a hero and receive a hero's guerdon, must have shown his diabolical skill in butchering and disfiguring his species, and not in elevating and ennobling humanity.

Hogan is dead; the brilliant brain whose glorious conceptions won the admiration of a world, is stilled for ever; the hand that seemed to surpass the marble fidelity of death, untouched by death's decay, has yielded up the palm to the great conqueror; rigid and cold, and pale as one of his own wondrous sculptures, lies the great artist, calm, placid, glorious, even in death. Posterity will name his name with honor, and gaze upon his works with pride; Ireland will place his

name amongst the long array of those whose genius through all time kept fresh and green the wreath of fame around her brow. The gilded worthlessness of to-day, which passed him by unnoticed, will return to its original oblivion, but time will only add lustre to his memory. Through life he bore himself like a Christian, and met death with a Christian's hope; a dutiful son, a good brother, a fond husband, an affectionate father, a faithful friend—he had much to forgive the world, and nothing to be forgiven by it. Green be the grass on his grave, peaceful his sleep; let us mourn not only a great sculptor, but a good man gone to his last rest. Lord God look kindly on his orphans, and let light perpetual shine upon his soul!

THE FUNERAL.

The honored remains of this distinguished Irishman were conveyed on Tuesday to their final resting-place within the enclosed ground adjoining the spot where the ashes of O'Connell, his friend and patron, reposed in Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin.

The hour fixed for the departure of the mournful procession on Tuesday morning from Wentworth place was ten o'clock; but long before that time vast numbers of carriages occupied by Catholic clergymen and some of the most distinguished professional and literary men resident amongst us were drawn up in a line along the street. Shortly before ten o'clock, a splendid hearse, surmounted by dark ostrich plumes, and drawn by six black horses, covered with sable housings, drove up in front of the late residence of the deceased. The coffin, which was of solid Irish oak, containing the remains, was placed within the hearse. The upper section of the lid bore a gilt crucifix, and beneath was a gilt shield with the following inscription:

JOHN HOGAN.

Died March 27th, 1858, aged 57 years.

Requiescat in pace.

Above all, was placed the hat, sword, scabbard and sword-belt of the uniform of the deceased as a member of the Society of St. Luke. The funeral cortege proceeded from Wentworth Place by Holles St, into Merrion Square, and as it entered Clare Street, the long line of carriages extended as far as could be seen in the direction of Mount Street. The doorways were crowded by hundreds of the working classes who joined the procession, and the windows of the houses on its course were occupied by ladies and gentlemen. In the two mourning carriages which followed the hearse were John, Richard, Edward and Joseph, the four sons of the deceased. From every street leading to Nassau Street carriages joined the procession, and as it entered Grafton Street, the end of it could not have passed Westland Row. As the hearse approached the College gate, the students, numbering about two hundred, issued two by two from the inner entrance. They wore their academic caps and gowns, and were headed by Professor Shaw, FTCD and Professor Carmichael, FTCD. On arriving opposite the gates of the College the hearse drew up to enable the students to take up their position in front of the procession, and as they passed the coffin, they lifted their caps in respectful reverence to the dead. This demonstration of nationality and respect for genius was the more to be admired as it was the free and willing act of these gentlemen, and not ordered or enforced in any way by the superiors of the University. The funeral resumed its course up Westmoreland Street, over Carlisle bridge, to the end of Sackville Street, opposite the Rotundo, when the students drew aside from the line of procession, and remained uncovered while the hearse was passing. Amongst the gentlemen present whose names we could learn were:—

Rev J Farrell, Rev. Michael Caffrey, Rev. Dr. Carroll, Rev. Father Russell, O.P.; Rev. Mr. Ashe, O.S.F.; Rev. Mr. Meehan, SS Michael and John's; John G'Toole, Esq; T. O'Hagan, Q.C.; Dr. Wyldie, Dr. R. Lyons, J. O'Donoghue, Dr. Atkinson, T. Dicks, Sir Thomas Deane, George Farrell, Dr. Gray, J. T.

Gilbert, George Sharpe, George Sharpe, Jr., Wm. Smythe, Wm. Carleton, Henry Devitt, S. N. Elrington, Dr. Stokes, Dr. R. R. Madden, J. Kirk, R. H. A.; John Lentaigne, D.L., Sir James Murray, Michael Meade, J. Whittle, J. L. Whittle, Wm. Connolly, T. M. Ray, Esq; Ed. O'Sullivan, Esq., Cork; Alexander M. Sullivan, Dr. Emmerson, P. Hagarty, P. Magrath P. M'Neven, Catterson Smith, R.H.A.; G. F. Mulvany, R. H. A.; Mr. Mulrenin, R. H. A.; Mons. Blum, Mr. J. S. Mulvany, Jas. Delany, G. Smith, James French, Michael Foley, J. Martin, T. C.; Angelo Hayes, R.H.A.; Edward Hayes, Rev. G. B. Wheeler, M.A., Mr. Jones, J. M'Kenna, J. M'Donnell, J. Martin, J. Farrell, T. Farrell, W. Farrell, &c., &c.

On the procession arriving at the gate of the cemetery the coffin was received by Rev. Mr. O'Kelly. A procession then formed, and followed the coffin to the Mortuary Chapel, where a number of the clergy had assembled. The usual prayers for the dead having been recited, and absolution of the dead having been pronounced, the coffin was borne from the chapel to its final resting place, on the right hand side of the entrance to the enclosed ground above the vaults of the cemetery. On the coffin being lowered into the earth, the last prayers for the departed were read by Rev. T. Corroll after which the large number of persons assembled departed.—The Nation.

WOMEN AND PROVERBS.—There is one thing that the student will be struck with, the universal want of gallantry, manifested in the proverbs of all languages, towards the female sex. 'Woman's beauty, the forest echo, and the rainbow soon pass away,' say the ungallant Germans: who, further, uncivily attest that 'Women and maidens must be praised, whether true or false.' 'Women are watches that keep bad time,' and that 'A woman's vengeance knows no bounds.' The Italians are not so downright damnable as this; but their hints are almost as strong as the Teutonic assertions. 'Women's tears are a fountain of craft,' and 'Women always speak the truth—but not the whole truth,' say the Southern moralists, adding that 'Women know a point more than the devil,' and that 'Women rouge that they may not blush.' Then come the slanderous Portuguese grinders of maxims, which they deliver according to this bad measure:—'Your wife and sheep early at home' and 'Women and glass are always in danger.' The haughty Spaniard states that 'Women, wind, and fortune, soon change.' Jerrold, on the other hand, rather compliments the sex, when he lays down his maxim in 'St. Cupid,' that, 'to fan treason into a full blaze always fan with a petticoat.'

THE FORCES FOR UTAH.—The St. Louis Democrat has the following statement:

'From reliable sources we have received the following statement of the forces now in Utah, and under orders for that territory, which is more explicit and correct than any heretofore published.

Three batteries of light artillery, 1 battery of heavy artillery, 1 regiment (10 companies) foot artillery, 1 company sappers and miners, 1 ordnance company, 1 regiment of cavalry, 1 regiment of dragoons, 1 regiment of infantry; making a total of 76 companies, or about 6000 men.

The troops now in the department of the Platte, and under orders for Utah, will probably be replaced by the two regiments of volunteers.

We learn also that Gen. Smith is expected in this city on or before Tuesday next, and will depart immediately for Fort Leavenworth, where the order for a movement of the forces will be immediately given.'

DR. BURGESS.—A link-bow asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light.

'No, child,' said the Dr., 'I am one of the lights of the world.'

'I wish, then,' replied the boy, 'that you were hung up at the end of our alley, for we live in a dreadfully dark one.'

LITERATURE.

THE BLACK BARONET, of the Chronicles of Ballybracken. By William Carleton. Boston: Patrick Donohoe. 1868.

In the first number of the *Miscellany* we gave a necessarily brief notice of this work after a hasty glance at its contents. Since then we have perused it with the attention it deserves, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it the ablest work which has yet emanated from the prolific pen of the distinguished author. As a writer of fiction, William Carleton has few superiors. His delineations of the Irish peasant class, stand unrivalled. Himself the son of humble parents in the north of Ireland, reared in the midst of the scenes he describes, and the characters he draws with such life-like accuracy, he must possess peculiar capabilities for sketching the events which he has hitherto invested with so much interest, and thrown around them the charm of his genius.

Carleton as a writer, is not however without defects, and some of his descriptions, got up evidently for the purpose of pointing a moral, are drawn with such apparent exaggeration as to resemble, in our opinion, the pencilings of a caricaturist. Thus his description of the village of Ballybracken in his 'Rody the Rover,' is so essentially an exaggeration of truth, that it seems to have been produced for an effect at the expense of his less favored countrymen.

There is in the *Black Baronet*, defects of a like kind, but they are few, and the work contains so much that is really beautiful and good, we shall not refer more particularly to them.

As we above indicated, the genius of Carleton was generally supposed to be peculiar,—to excel only in scenes descriptive of the middle and poorer classes of his countrymen. In the present work, Carleton has shown that his powers are not thus confined. He has broken new ground in his masterly delineations of the terrible passions of unprincipled ambition and revenge, and surpassed all his former efforts.

We had marked so many beautiful passages for quotation, that we find they would fill many pages of the *Miscellany*, and we must, therefore refer the reader to the work itself for many of the most vivid descriptions of Irish scenery and Irish peasant life, that Carleton ever produced.

The plot is founded on fact, and in development of character, artistic construction and style, it has few superiors. There is in all Carleton's novels, a moral object, which is kept prominently before the reader, and unlike other writers of fiction, he gives no quarter to the evil doer—has no extenuation for the depraved. He describes the vices of the wicked of every class, in such a manner that we instinctively abhor the criminal and condemn the crime. The concluding scene is a masterly piece of dramatic writing. Indeed, the whole work from its inception to its conclusion, is full of dramatic interest, and with very little alteration might be rendered into one of the finest dramas in the English language.

The work is got out in excellent style by the publisher, and we would urge every one of our readers to possess immediately a copy of Carleton's greatest work.

INJUSTICE TO THE ASS.—We all talk of the ass as the stupidest of the browsers of the field; yet, if any one shuts up a donkey in the same enclosure with a half dozen horses of the finest blood, and the party escape, it is infallibly the poor donkey that has led the way. It is he alone that penetrates the secret of the bolt and latch. Often have we stood at the other side of a hedge, contemplating a whole troop of blood mares and their offspring, waiting, while the donkey was snuffing over a piece of work to which all but he felt themselves incompetent. Donkey is far from lacking his share of natural instinct.

THE IRISH HORSE TAMER.—On Friday afternoon, the Irish horse tamer or 'Whisperer,' exhibited his extraordinary powers in the taming of an extremely vicious animal in the establishment of Mr. Olden, Veterinary Surgeon, Winthrop street. It was stated by mistake in Wednesday's *Examiner*, that Mr. Rarey, the American horse tamer, was to visit Cork and to exhibit there, Mr. Sullivan being the party whom we should have mentioned as being about to do so. It was expected that he would have been in by the eleven o'clock train on Friday morning, but he did not come until three o'clock, so that most of those who had assembled to witness the experiment, had gone away, but as soon as it became known that he had arrived at three o'clock, a large crowd assembled in Mr. Olden's yard, among whom were a good many country gentlemen. The horse selected is the property of Mr. T. W. Knolles, of Outlands, and is about six years old. In consequence of its vicious and ungovernable disposition, its hind feet had never been shod, and so unmanageable was it that it was quite useless for ordinary purposes, and was being fattened up for the kennel. When about being removed from Outlands, it gave the grooms a good four hours' hunt before it could be caught, Mr. Sullivan shut himself up in the stable alone with it, and remained there for about twenty minutes, at the end of which time the parties in the yard were admitted, when they found the animal which had been so wild and unmanageable less than half an hour before, lying quietly on the stable floor and Mr. Sullivan's head between its hind legs. It was now perfectly tame and docile, and the grooms who had before approached it only with the utmost caution, found it so gentle as to be managed with the greatest ease. Several gentlemen present also tried the animal and found that the essay of Mr. Sullivan's powers had been perfectly successful. Mr. Olden himself, was not present at the time, but he had witnessed on a former occasion the astonishing effects of the 'whisper,' and on examining the horse immediately after he found the circulation of the blood slightly quickened, but the effect on the pulse was hardly perceptible. Mr. Sullivan is the grandson of the original Irish 'whisperer' and there seems to be very little doubt that the secret he possesses is the same as that in possession of Mr. Rarey, and derived originally from the same source, though the enterprising American has contrived to gain more distinguished notice, and seems likely to derive a much greater profit from it.—Cork Ex., March 22.

A SAGACIOUS ELEPHANT.—The 'cultivator,' which was sufficiently large to anchor any twenty of the small native bullocks, looked a mere nothing behind the splendid elephant who worked it, and it cut through the wiry roots of the rank turf as a knife peels an apple. It was amusing to see this same elephant doing the work of three separate teams when the seed was in the ground. She first drew a pair of heavy harrows; attached to these, and following behind, were a pair of light harrows; and behind these came a roller. Thus the land had the first and second harrowing and rolling at the same time. This elephant was particularly sagacious; and her farming work being completed, she was employed in making a dam across a stream. She was a very large animal, and it was beautiful to witness her wonderful sagacity in carrying and arranging the heavy timber required. The rough trunks of trees, from the lately felled forest, were lying within fifty yards of the spot, and the trunks required for the dam were about fifteen feet long, and fourteen to eighteen inches in diameter. These she carried in her mouth, shifting her hold along the log before she raised it, until she had obtained the exact balance; then, steadying it with her trunk, she carried every log to the spot, and laid them across the stream in parallel rows. These she herself arranged, under the direction of her driver, with the reason apparently of a human being. The most extraordinary part of her performance was the arranging of two immense logs of

red keenar, (one of the heaviest woods.) These were about eighteen feet long and two feet in diameter, and they were intended to lie on either bank of the stream parallel to the brook and close to the edge. These she placed with the greatest care in their exact positions, unassisted by any one. She rolled them gently over with her head, then, with one foot, and keeping her trunk on the opposite side of the log, she checked its way whenever its own momentum would have carried it into the stream. Although I thought the work admirably done, she did not seem quite satisfied, and she presently got into the stream and gave one end of the log an extra push with her head, which completed her task, the two trees lying exactly parallel to each other, close to the edge of either bank.—[Wanderings in Ceylon.

MISCELLANEA.

To find out the number of children in a street, commence beating a brass drum. To find out the number of idle men, start a dog fight.

An old lady being asked what she thought of the mutiny in India, replied that, to her mind, it was extremely 'Hindoodicious.'

'Do you drink hale in America?' asked a Cockney. 'No, we drink thunder and lightning!' said the Yankee.

A shoemaker, intending to be absent a few days, lamplighted a shingle with the following, without date, and nailed it upon his door. 'Will be at home ten days from the time you see this shingle.'

'Look here, Pete,' said a knowing darkey to his companion, 'don't stand on de railroad.' 'Why Joe?' 'Kase, if de cars see dat mouf of yours, dey will tink it am a depot, and run rite in.'

'I suppose,' said a quack, feeling the pulse of a patient, 'that you think me a humbug.' 'Sir,' replied the sick man, 'I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse.'

A quaint old gentleman, of an active stirring disposition, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. 'Jones,' said he, 'did you ever see a snail?' 'Certainly,' said Jones. 'Then,' said the old boy, 'you must have met him, for you could never overtake him.'

FAMILY SUPPLIES.—A store-keeper not a hundred miles from Boston, recently received from a respectable family the following order for a few articles in his line:—

Two ounces of tinker of rhubarb.

Two pounds of cotton batters.

Won pound of good brown shooger.

In one of our city schools, not long ago, a member of the committee asked the members of a class which was under examination, 'What was the cause of the saltiness of the ocean?' Soon one little girl raised her head flushed with the discovery which had flashed upon her mind. 'You may tell,' said the committee-man. 'Salt fish, sir,' said the pupil.

Sidney Smith, the witty English clergyman, was once examining some flowers in a garden, when a beautiful girl, who was one of the party, exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection.' 'Permit me, then,' said Sidney, gently taking her hand, 'to lead perfection to the pea.'

'How old are you, Bridget?' said a gentleman to his servant girl.

'About fifty, sir,' replied Bridget.

'You are mistaken, Bridget; you are not over twenty.'

'Yes sir, that is it. I'm about twenty or fifty, somewhere along there.'

This answer indicates about the same degree of intelligence as that of an old grey-headed negro in South Carolina.

'How old are you, Pete?' said a gentleman to him one day.

'I dunno, massa, I feels very ole; 'spect I'se about five or six hundred.'

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PROSPECTUS.

IRISH MISCELLANY. Prospectus. On Saturday the 13th day of February 1855, was published the first number of a new weekly periodical, with the above title, dedicated to the diffusion of a more intimate knowledge of the literary and political history of Ireland, and to the mental, moral and political elevation of the Celtic race on this continent.

The *Irish Miscellany* will contain 16 pages of closely printed matter, on fine paper, of a size similar to this prospectus. Three cents a copy, payable on delivery; or \$2 a year for mail subscribers, invariably in advance.

In asking for public support for the *Irish Miscellany*, it is proper to say, that it is not our intention to trespass upon the ground already occupied by any of our contemporaries. We have marked out for ourselves a course entirely new and original—one not occupied by any other publication in this country. We propose to cultivate a field which, although naturally rich and fertile, and capable of producing the choicest flowers and fruits of literature, has hitherto lain comparatively barren and unproductive. Into this field we shall enter with a full confidence of its capabilities, but with a modest diffidence of the skill which we shall bring to its culture.

It has long been a reproach to our race here, that while the publications of the day, with but few exceptions, teem with vile caricatures of us and of our country—while we are continually held up to the scorn of the foreigner, as the foolish, absurd and vicious—but little effort is made to set the true character of our people before the public eye, or vindicate our name and race from the calumnies with which English writers have so long pursued us.

To correct, in some measure, this crying evil, it was at first intended to gather together a number of Irishmen distinguished in the walks of literature, and publish monthly a review, which, for sterling talent, should be second to none published here or in Europe. The great expense consequent upon an undertaking of this magnitude, deterred us from the attempt, compelled us to relinquish our design, and to substitute instead thereof, our more unpretending *"Miscellany."*

We propose to re-produce in our weekly periodical the writings of many of the great minds who have gone before us, while we shall also lead up to the current Irish literature of the day, such productions of merit as cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers. Our country is rich in legendary lore, and the legends of the old land, while they amuse, serve to instruct and to elevate.

We shall therefore publish such instructive tales and legends of a high moral tone, that will remind us of the happy times when we—

"Sat by the fire of a cold winter's night,

Along with our friends telling tales of delight."

We shall give initial descriptions and illustrations of Irish antiquities—of our monasteries, our plundered abbacies and churches; and our pictorial illustrations of Irish scenes and antiquities will present to loving minds many familiar scenes of early childhood. We have secured the services of talented artists, and a number of the *Miscellany* will contain numerous illustrations executed in the best style of art.

We shall keep constantly before our readers the ancient glory of our country, and while they may with pride upon the moral and intellectual superiority of Ireland, when England and the rest of Europe was sunk in ignorance and barbarism; we shall point to the past as an incentive to the future.

The biographies of distinguished Irishmen will be an important feature in the *Irish Miscellany*, as we shall give biographical notices of Irishmen distinguished in every department of literature, science, art, and in men distinguished on the sea and on land; in the church the senate, and at the bar.

It is our intention to republish the works of Irish writers now out of print, in such a manner that they may be preserved to future time as a memento of the old land, and serve to inculcate, in the minds of the rising generation, the regard for the memory of their fathers.

We propose commencing with the *Irish Penny Journal*, a work which in its day enjoyed unbounded popularity. We shall devote one half of the *Miscellany* to each number of this national publication. To do this we have ordered a font of type in Irish characters, so that the poems printed in that Journal in the Irish language can be reprinted in Irish characters with English translation in ours. This department of the *Miscellany* will be in the hands of an Irish gentleman every way competent to the task.

The remaining eight pages of the *Miscellany* will be devoted to the current news of the day, to original articles, tales, essays, poetry, &c. In politics we shall endeavor to avoid those questions which have divided our countrymen, or discuss them in a manner void of offence.

The *Irish Miscellany* will be thoroughly independent of all political parties—the slave of no man, and free to discuss as it pleases our countrymen here, we shall discuss with freedom, and zealously labor for their moral, intellectual and political elevation.

The editorial labors will be divided among several gentlemen of ability, and we trust to make the *Miscellany* a welcome guest at the fireside of every family. With these remarks we commend our sheet to the support of every well wisher of our race. We feel there is room for such a publication and promise that nothing shall be wanting on our part to make it worthy of public support.

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CLARE'S DRAGONS.

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FROM THE "SPIRIT OF THE NATION."

POETRY BY THOMAS DAVIS.

ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

ALLEGRO.

1. When on Rasmillies' bloody field, The baffled French were forced to yield, The victor Saxon backward reel'd Before the charge of Clare's Dragons. The
2. The brave old lord died near the fight, But, for each drop he lost that night, A Sax-on cava-lier shall bite The dust before Lord Clare's Dragons. For,

f *Mez. p*

Mez. p *Cres - cen - do.*

flags we conquer'd in that fray Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say, We'll win them com-pa-ny to-day, Or brave-ly die, like Clare's Dragons.
nev-er, when our spurs were set, And never, when our sa-bres met, Could we the Sax-on sol-diers get To stand the shock of Clare's Dragons.

Cres - cen - do.

CHORUS.

Vi - va la for Ireland's wrong. And vi - va la for Ire-land's right, Vi - va la in bat-tle throng For a Span-ish steel and sabre bright!
Vi - va la the New Brigade! And vi - va la the Old One, too! Vi - va la the rose shall fade, And the Shamrock shine for ever new!

3.
Another Clare is here to lead,
The worthy son of such a breed;
The French expect some famous deed,
When Clare leads on his bold Dragons.
Our colonel comes from Brian's race,
His wounds are in his breast and face,
The *berna boaghail** is still his place,
The foremost of his bold Dragons.

CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade!
Viva la the Old One, too!
Viva la the rose shall fade,
And the Shamrock shine for ever new!

4.
There's not a man in squadron here
Was ever known to flinch or fear;
Though first in charge and last in re-re,
Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragons;
But, see! we'll soon have work to do,
To shame our boasts, or prove them true,
For hither comes the English crew,
To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragons.

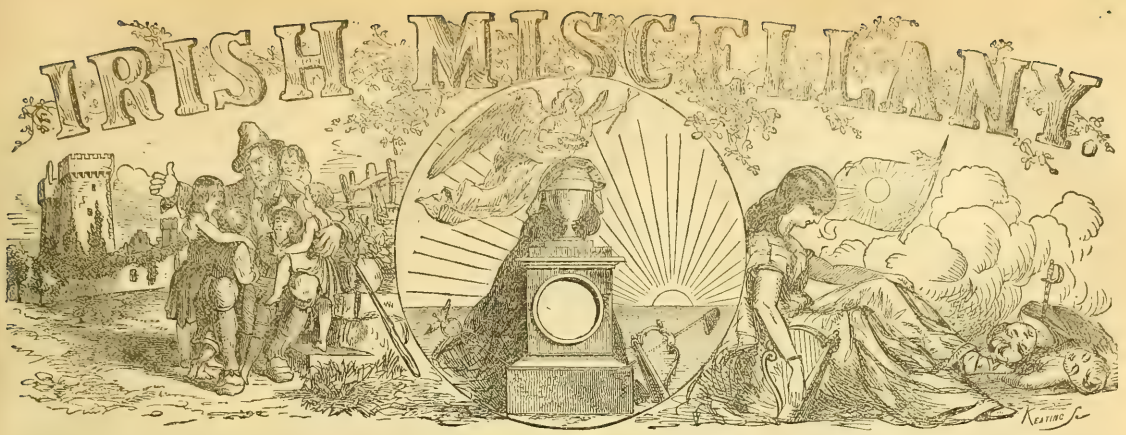
CHORUS.

Viva la for Ireland's wrong!
Viva la for Ireland's right!
Viva la in battled throng.
For a Spanish steel and sabre bright!

5.
Oh! comrades think how Ireland pines,
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,
Her dearest hope, the ordered lines,
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragons.
Then fling your Green Flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle-cry,
And charge, till blood floats fetlock-high,
Around the track of Clare's Dragons.

CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade!
Viva la the Old One, too!
Viva la the rose shall fade,
And the Shamrock shine for ever new!



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[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

THE RIVER SHANNON.

We extract the following facts relative to this river from a pamphlet published by C. W. Williams, Esq. It demonstrates what might be done by improvements in Ireland.

"The river Shannon, unequalled in the British empire, embraces 234 miles of continuous navigation; and from the circumstance of its running through the centre of the kingdom, may be compared, for the purposes of intercourse, to double that length of coast. The advantages of water conveyance are thus presented to an extent of country equal to the whole line of coast between Belfast and Cork; or to more than the entire eastern coast of England.

"The great feature of this extraordinary river is its diversified character. For a distance of 60 miles from the sea to the city of Limerick, it presents a magnificent estuary and tide way, without bar or other impediment whatever, and with a flood equal to a height

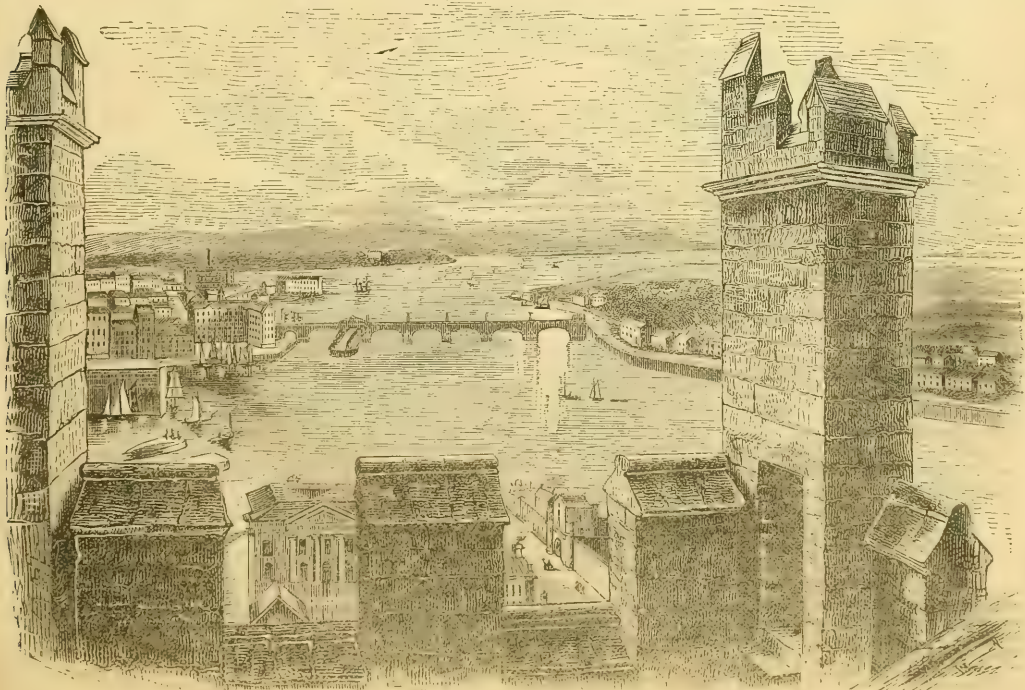
of twenty feet at the city quays. This part of the river possesses several deep bays or inlets, and receives the waters of several rivers, some of which enjoy the tide-way for a considerable distance up their channels, and all susceptible of great improvement. By these, the benefit of water conveyance may be extended to many rising towns, and to extensive, rich, populous, and, we may add, disturbed districts.

"The great estuary of the Fergus, extending 10 miles to the town of Clare, with the means of extension to Ennis, the capital of the county of Clare, here pushes the benefit of navigation into the centre of a district unrivalled, perhaps, in Britain, for depth and fertility of soil.

"Above Limerick to Killaloe the navigation is varied, being part still water and part river.

"From Killaloe in the county of Clare, to its source in the county of Leitrim, the river assumes a great variety of character. In some places it stretches out

into seas, or lakes two of which Lough Derg and Lough Rea are above 20 British miles long each. In other parts the river assumes itself more to that of the river navigations of England, with the combined advantages of sailing and tracking, as seen in the Thames, the Mersey, and the Severn. In other parts, it forms a succession of small lakes peculiarly in want of artificial help, which, however, the use of steam navigation would completely overcome; and, lastly, in many situations, it approaches almost to still-water navigation. The falls and rapids, which on the whole river amount to an elevation of 146 feet 10 inches, are overcome by lateral canals and locks. Throughout its course, however, it possesses the rare quality of having a sufficient depth of water for all the purposes of internal intercourse. From this diversity of character, it is manifest how much its navigation is open to improvements by the removal of difficulties and obstructions—the adding trackways; constructing small



THE SHANNON, FROM THE TOWER OF LIMERICK CATHEDRAL.

harbors, quays and landing-places, and making approaches, to the same, widening and raising arches of bridges, establishing beacons and other guides to aid the navigator through the intricacy and windings of its channels, and in seasons when the water extends beyond its natural course;—the cutting the banks and deepening many parts, and, on the whole, affording abundant opportunities for the application of human skill and judgment.

In all these respects, notwithstanding the sums which have been expended on it during the last century, the Shannon, with such unquestionable latent resources, presents a lamentable picture of great neglect—great misapplication of power—great ignorance of its resources—great want of enterprise, and even worldly wisdom, on the part of its natural protectors and patrons, the owners of the towns and villages and the soil, in its vicinity, and throughout its entire course.

The Shannon washes the shores of ten counties out of 32, viz., Leitrim, Roscommon, Longford, Westmeath, King's-County, Galway, Tipperary, Clare, Limerick and Kerry. All of these are abundant in population, and susceptible of receiving great extension and improvement in their agriculture; and although many of them are periodically exposed to the greatest distress, and even famine, yet are without the power of mutual relief or co-operation.

Taking then the double length of coast which the ten counties present to the navigation, at 500 miles; and, which, considering the extent of the bays, inlets, and rivers, is under the fact; it leaves an average of 50 miles of coast to each county. This fact alone is sufficiently indicative of what may be done through the instrumentality of this one river.

Running from north to south, the several counties on the Shannon naturally present great diversity of soil, and even climate. Some of the counties are mountainous, with deep, productive valleys, on which may be cheaply fed vast quantities of sheep and cattle. Other counties are flat and humid, yet susceptible of great amelioration from the labor of their population, under the guidance of skill and capital. Several with soils on a substratum of limestone, are in all seasons warm and dry, and peculiarly adapted to the production of the finest qualities of grain and other produce; while some to the southward, possess deep and tenacious soils, requiring strong manures and much laboring.

Under such circumstances it is evident that the several parts of this great territory must be variously affected by the seasons. Wet seasons are beneficial to some, and almost ruinous to others. Some are abundant in seasons in drought, which bring scarcity and even famine to others. Some divisions of counties on the Shannon are well adapted for descriptions of produce which are unattainable in others. Some excel in wheat and potatoes; others in barley, oats, and rape; while their neighbors are better adapted to pasturage.

Natural manures also, those essentials in agricultural districts, are not only excellent, but equal to any demand throughout a great portion of the river, yet unknown in the rest. The black and white marls of the Shannon, which are easily raised, and accessible and free to all, are among the most bountiful gifts of Nature to this extraordinary country.

Again, turf, that prime necessary of life in Ireland, is abundant in the greater number of districts on the Shannon, yet deficient or inferior in quality in many. Building materials, as stone, sand, lime, flags, bricks, slates, and marble, are cheap and abundant in many, while frequently the adjoining counties are wholly without them.

The bogs on both sides of the Shannon contiguous to the line of the grand canals between Balinasloe and Tullamore, may be noticed as illustrative of their improvable value. There, bog-land, originally of no value, now lets freely at 30s. an acre. In many parts of the Shannon, and over districts of from five to ten miles long, the deep rich callows, annually submerged by the rising waters of the Shannon, produce abun-

dant crops of hay, yet in other and easily approached parts, and in many towns on its banks, hay is extremely scarce and dear.

Of the reclaimable bogs, callows, and marsh-lands, it is unnecessary to say more than that in no part of Ireland are they more extensive, or more within the reach of human means for improvement. The evidence of Mr. Mullins before the committee, and the report of Mr. Grantham in his survey of the Shannon, are conclusive on this head.

In a country then so extensive, so variable in soil and climate, so various in produce and natural products, can there be a question of the importance of interchange, particularly for bulky commodities? It is not an unnatural state of things that in such a country, and with such a river flowing through its centre, some districts, should be in want, not merely of comforts and conveniences, but of the common necessities of life, food and fuel, and almost approaching to famine; while adjoining districts on the same river have them in abundance and to spare?

How then can we convey to English eyes the picture of the Shannon through its great course. Let us suppose a navigable river, taking its rise in some distant county in England as far from Liverpool as Essex or Middlesex. Suppose it occasionally spreading itself into noble and picturesque sheets of water, of more than 20 miles in length, with numerous islands, receiving the waters of many rivers, and stretching its bays into the adjacent counties, as it were to increase the measure of its utility and beauty. See it winding its way through Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire and Warwickshire, and the rich soil of Leicestershire, and after passing by Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire, falling into the estuary of the Mersey, in Lancashire. See it presenting to each of these counties the benefit of 50 miles of navigation, and we shall have a correct view of the extent and capabilities of this river.

But how shall we describe the state in which it has remained for ages as to trading intercourse, and in which one half of it remains to this very hour absolutely wanting in all the incidents of navigation. For nearly 100 miles of its length, not a sail or boat is to be met with on its waters. No appearance of utility: no indications of industry or capital, even its beauties unknown. Deficient to an extent scarcely credible in roads and approaches to it, and consequently having but little connection with the interior, where Nature designed its influence should extend. Without any employment of its waters, it flows unheeded by, and unproductive of any good. Over many of its districts of great extent, from the absence of that control which human skill and means could have effected, its waters have become a source of wide-spreading waste.

ANNALS OF DUBLIN.

[Continued.]

Translated from the Autograph of the Four Masters in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy.

1137. Dermot Mac Morogh, king of Leinster, and Connor O'Brien, lord of the Dalassians, together with the Danes of Dublin and Wexford, with two hundred ships' besieged Waterford.

1140. The Danes of Dublin were defeated by the Danes of Waterford, and the grandson of Tomar was killed.

1141. Connor O'Brien marched to Dublin, and the Danes submitted to him to be their king.

1142. Oitter, one of the Danes of the Orkney Isles took Kells and Dublin.

1146. The inhabitants of East Meath slaughtered the Danes of Dublin; two hundred Danes were killed, together with Reginald, high steward of Dublin, and many other Danish nobles.

1149. The Danes of Dublin and the Lagenians, under the command of Dermot M'Morogh, their king, plundered Duleek. Dermot, the son of Magnus O'Loughlin, pursued them to revenge that

plunder, but he lost his life, and was buried at A rmagh.

1150. Torlog O'Brien marched at the head of an army to Dublin, and the Danes submitted to him as their king. He gave them twelve cows as a reward for their services.

1156. Dermot Mac Morogh, king of Leinster, the Danes of Dublin, and Donchad, son of Donall O'Melaghlin, plundered East Meath, carrying off both lay and ecclesiastical property; they drove off cows of Ardraccon, Slane, Kiltalton, Donaghpatrick, and most of the cattle of the whole country.

1157. Grene was bishop of Dublin.

1162. Grene, archbishop of the Danes and of Leinster, a learned sage, skilled in many languages, died; and Laurence O'Toole, comarba of St. Kevin, was appointed in his place by the comarba of St. Patrick.

Mortogh O'Loughlin, having assembled the North of Ireland and the men of Meath, marched, together with a battalion of the Connacians, to Dublin, to besiege the Danes. O'Loughlin returned back without battle or hostages, after having plundered Fingall; he left the Lagenians and Methians in war with the Danes. A peace was afterwards concluded between the Danes and the Irish, the former paying 140 ounces of gold to O'Loughlin.

1166. Roderick O'Conor was, with great pomp and splendor, proclaimed king in Dublin.

1167. A great meeting was called this year, by Roderick O'Conor, at Athboy of Tlaetga: to it went the nobles of Leth Chuin, both clergy and laity, and the nobles of the Danes of Dublin; thither went the comarba of St. Patrick, Cadhla, O'Duffay, archbishop of Connaught, Laurence O'Toole, archbishop of Leinster, Tiernan O'Rourke, lord of Brefny, Donchad O'Carroll, lord of Oriel, and the son of Dunslewy O'Heochadha, king of Ulidia, Dermot O'Melaghlin, king of Temor, and Reginald, lord of the Danes of Dublin. The whole amounted to 13,000 horsemen.

6,000 Connaughtmen.
4,000 with O'Rourke.
2,000 with O'Melaghlin.
4,000 with O'Carroll and O'Heochadha.
2,000 with Donchad, the son of Faclan, and
1,000 of the Danes of Dublin.

At this assembly many good laws were enacted.

1170. The Danes of Dublin were treacherously slaughtered in their own garrison by M'Morogh, and the English, and they carried away their cattle and their riches. Asgall the son of Reginald, king of the Danes of Dublin, fled from them.

1171. A battle was fought at Dublin, between Miles de Cogan and Asgall, son of Reginald, king of the Danes of Dublin; many fell on both sides both of the English archers and of the Danes, among whom was Asgall himself, and Hoan, a Dane from the Orkney Isles.

Roderick O'Conor, Tiernan O'Rourke, and Murchad O'Carroll marched with an army to Dublin, to besiege the city, then in the possession of the Earl Strongbow and Miles de Cogan. They remained there for a fortnight, during which time many fierce engagements took place between them.

O'Conor, after that, marches against Leinster, accompanied by the men of Brefny and Oriel, and they commenced to carry away and burn the corn of the English. While Roderick was thus engaged, Strongbow and Miles de Cogan attacked the fastnesses of the north of Ireland.

So far the Annals of Dublin until the Invasion.

1171. Tiernan O'Rourke marched a second time to Dublin at the head of the men of Brefny and Oriel, and engaged with Miles de Cogan and his knights; but he was defeated, with the loss of his son Hugh, Tanist of Brefny. The grandson of Dermot O'Quinn and many others fell also in this battle.

1172. Tiernan O'Rourke, lord of Brefny and Con-

maiene, a very powerful chieftain, was very treacherously slain at Tlaeta, by Hugo de Lacy, assisted by Donall the son of Amadh O'Rourke, one of his own tribe, he was beheaded, and his head and body were carried to Dublin. The head was placed over the door of the castle, a spectacle of pity and grief to the Irish, ('in a s'gath dearc-thruagh do Ghaodhalaibh,) and the body was gibbeted with the feet upwards at the northern extremity of the city.

1174. Mulrooney O'Kierdha, lord of Carbury, was treacherously slain by Mac Turmin of Dublin, assisted by the son of Hugh O'Ferrall, and by Kellach O'Finnellan, lord of Delvinmore. The Earl Strongbow marched the forces to plunder Munster, and Roderick O'Conner, king of Connaught, hastened to make resistance. When the English had intelligence of Roderick's approach to give them battle, they invited the foreigners of Dublin to their assistance, who with all possible speed marched to Thurles where they were met by Donall O'Brien at the head of the Dalcaissian, by a battalion from West Connaught, and by a numerous and select army of the Clan-murru under Roderick. A furious engagement ensued, in which the English were at last defeated. In this battle 1700 of the English were left dead on the plain, and only a few of them survived, who fled with the Earl to his house in Waterford.

1175. Magnus O'Melaghlin, lord of East Meath, was treacherously taken by the English, and hanged by them at Trim.

1176. The English Earl, Richard, died of a running sore (Bainne aill) which broke out in his foot. This was attributed to the miracles of St. Brigit and Columbkille, and of the other saints whose churches he had plundered, and he was heard to say that he saw St. Brigit killing him.

1177. Cardinal Vivianus came to Ireland, and convened a synod of the Irish Bishops and Abbots at Dublin, on the first Sunday in Lent, in which they enacted many ecclesiastical regulations.

1178. John de Courcay made an incursion into Dalardria* to plunder it, but he was opposed by O'Flinn, chief of Hy-Tuirtre and Firlee.† John and his English were defeated with great slaughter, but he himself escaped and arrived in Dublin covered with wounds.

In the same year the English constable of Dublin and Meath, marched with his troops to Clonmacnoise, and plundered all the town except the churches and the house of the Bishop.

1180. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin and of Leinster, was martyred.

1184. John, the son of King Henry the second of England, came to Ireland with sixty ships to conquer the kingdom. He conquered Dublin and Leinster, and erected a castle at Tiprait Fachtna and Ardman, out of which he sent parties to plunder Munster, but they were defeated with great slaughter by Donall O'Brien.

John soon after returned to England, to complain to his father of Hugo de Lacy, who was then the most powerful man in Ireland, under the King of England.

1193. Hugh O'Maolbrennan, chief of Clann-Conchubhair, was slain by the English of Dublin.

1209. The King of England landed at Dublin with 100 ships, and rested there for some time after his voyage; he then set out for Tibraid ultain in Meath, where Charles the red-handed O'Conor submitted to him. The King made Walter de Lacy fly into England, and also proceeded to Carrickfergus, whence he expelled Hugo de Lacy into England.

A great war arose between the king of England and the Welsh, and ambassadors came to Ireland

for the English bishop and nobility, who were then in this country.

1227. The English of Ireland assembled in Dublin, and invited Hugh, the son of Charles the red-handed O'Conor, king of Connaught, to a consultation; after his arrival they treacherously made him prisoner; but William Mareschal, his friend, arrived with his troops, and rescued him in despite of the English, out of the middle of the court-house, and conveyed him safely to Connaught.

J. O'DONOVAN.

[To be continued.]

THE STILL-HOUSE.

'Art thou a mourner? Most thou knowest
The joy of innocent delights?
Endearing days forever flown,
And tranquil nights!
O live! and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past;
Rely on heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.'

Montgomery.

'Mick, dear, I wish to God you wouldn't go out the night,' said the young and handsome Ellen Cooper to her husband, one evening, as they sat by the fire.

'Why so?' he demanded.

'I don't know,' she returned; 'there is something on my mind like a load that I can't shake off.'

'Hoo! nonsense, Ellen; sure I'll send Molly Horan over to sleep in the corner.'

'I'm not afraid,' Mick; 'I know God is strong, an' I never seen anything worse than myself; but there's something over me very weighty.'

After a few moments' pause, Michael replied, 'Ellen, dear, I'd willingly stay if I could, but you know I promised to help my cousin Peter; you wouldn't want me to be worse than my word.'

'I'd be sorry to do it, Mick; but any way, this night work is bad. I wish you didn't promise.'

'There's no help for spilt milk, Ellen, an' sure it's no harm for a man to strive to make the best of his crop, and no price for the corn now.'

'Sure his no worse off nor another, an' he might be content.'

'Maybe if you had five or six childer, you wouldn't take it so quite' (quiet.)

'Its agin the law, an' you'll not say, Mick, that's right.'

'Its a bad law, Ellen, that keeps a man from making the best of his crop.'

'That may be—I can't say to the contrary; but, Mick, dear, its the law of the land, an' ought not to be broke.'

'The ould mistress is comin out in you there,' said Michael, laughing. 'She didn't know of what shifts poor people is often put to.'

'She knew it was wrong to break the law,' replied Ellen.

'But sure it's no sin to trick a guager, Ellen. The mistress was a good woman, but she couldn't know every thing.'

'She knew what was right and what was wrong, an' we'd not go astray if we minded her bidding,' said Ellen, gravely.

'Well, Ellen, acushla, we'll mind it agin; I can't help it this turn; the time is come I must be goin, benaght laith (blessing be with you.) I'll send Molly over; and taking a tender leave of his wife, the young man hurried out of the house.

Ellen had been brought up about an old lady who resided near the house of her parents, and was therefore, superior in education and manner to most girls in her station. On the death of her mistress, she was possessed of a few pounds, and having been, for some time, attached to Michael Cooper, they were married. Michael was far inferior to his wife in point of information. He rented a snug cabin, with a few acres of land; but a handsome face and good humor were much greater recommendations in the eyes of an inexperienced girl, and after nearly a year's trial, she did not repent her choice. They

were seldom separated, until he was, a short time previous to this period led to assist some of his friends in the process of illicit distillation, and his wife's remonstrances were generally silenced in the manner above related.

'The blessing of God about all here,' said Molly Horan, on raising the latch of the door, soon after Michael's departure.

Ellen was sitting where he had left her; one hand supporting her head, and traces of tears were visible on the long dark lashes that shaded her brilliant eyes. She started on hearing the woman's voice, and endeavored to appear cheerful; but Molly was not so easily imposed on.

'Sure, alanna,' she said, 'ye needn't let throuble come near ye; the masher (the mother of God save 'im) won't be long out.'

'I hope not,' was Ellen's reply.

'Asy, dear; ye'll not be so bad out here, if the man goes out awhile,' said Molly, with a laugh. Then sinking her voice to a kind of confidential murmur, added, 'sure, dear, ye couldn't think a man id be always in the corner fornest his wife.'

'I wouldn't wish it, Molly.'

'Faix a hagar, it'd be queer—many's the place a man must go from daylight tal night.'

'I don't care a pin, only for the place he's gone to, Molly.'

'An' sure, avourneen, he's as well there as in his own decent house (God bless it,) an' lashins of fun he'll have wi' the boys. Loucrsha hene, but a still-house is the pleasant place.'

'But, Molly, it is not right to be going against the law.'

Molly had, on entering, seated herself in the chimney corner, her knees nearly touching her chin, charged her duden (short pipe), and was puffing away with great perseverance; she now took it from her mouth, and giving Ellen a look of unqualified amazement, exclaimed, 'Chrish christha er in, agin the law! Well, but that bates Banagher any way! Sure it's no sin to make a dhrop of potten. Och home! God forbid! there's plenty on our poor sows widout that.'

It was in vain that Ellen endeavored to explain that a breach of the law was wrong. Molly's ideas of breaking the law were different—she affirmed, that 'if a body didn't murder, or rob, or steal, they needn't care for all the polis (police) in the world.'

Ellen ceased to speak on the subject; but commending her husband to the protection of the Divine Being, in whom she firmly trusted, at the usual hour went to bed, but not to sleep, thinking every sound was Michael's approach, until the light of a spring morning shone through her chamber; then, overcome by watching, she sank into an uneasy slumber.

After having dispatched Molly Horan to his wife, Michael pursued his way to the still-house. He was sincerely attached to Ellen, but thought her opinions of the law too strict; yet, though delighting in the scenes that usually go forward at those places, he would have staid at home to gratify her, were it not for the promise he had given his cousin, and that his assistance was necessary on that night; but he determined that this was the last time he would go to such a place. While immersed in these reflections, he arrived at the water's edge; the still-house was situated on an island not far from the shore of a large lake, nearly surrounded by mountains. Michael put his fingers in his mouth, and whistling loudly, was presently answered by a corresponding whistle; he replied; and a boat put off from the island, but so cautiously that the dash of the oars could scarcely be heard even when close to the shore. In a low voice he made himself known, and then entering the frail bark, was ferried over in profound silence.

The fresh night breeze was impregnated by the effluvia of fermenting grains that were strewed around

* Dalardria extended from Newry to Sliah Mis (Slennish) in the county of Antrim.

† Firlee is in the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, called Lescorum fines; it was situated west, not east of the river Bann.

the moon, a small cabin with scarcely any windows, and as twilight on that night, a number of persons were gathered, as the spirits were to be conveyed to the moon land before the morning light.

The murky glare of a large turf fire threw an unearthly shade on the countenances of the men who were, some standing, some sitting, and others recumbent around it, most of them in that state of inebriation denominated half-sens-over, one party smoking, another with a pack of cards so much soiled as made it difficult to distinguish spades from diamonds, or clubs from hearts, playing at 'five and ten,' on their knees; while a third set were attending to the process of distillation.

Michael made ample amends for the silence of the boatmen, by the universal roar of 'Ceade mille phaultha' that burst forth on his entrance.

'An' what kep ye so long?' cried one.

'Och! what knowledge ye want; sure his wife couldn't part'im ye fool,' cried another.

'It's happy fur them has a purty wife,' said a third.

'Let t'yer bother!' roared an old man, who was busied about the mill. 'Mick, boy, come here and take this; it'll keep the cowl'd aff yer heart; there's a hard win (wind) on the lough the night; and he filled a large vessel with the warm liquid, first putting it to his own lips, adding, 'Here's confusion to all gungers and poliss!'

'Amin!' was the general response, while Michael drank off a good part of the contents, then reached the vessel to another, who finished it, and, with a hearty smack, declared it was mild as new milk.

During the next two hours, the vessel was frequently replenished, and the scene of blasphemy and ribaldry that accompanied the carouse was too disgusting for detail.

Michael was usually a sober man; but the uncontroverted proposition that 'evil communication corrupts good manners' was exemplified in him; he was soon in a state, if not of total drunkenness, certainly of carelessness as to what he did.

The hour of midnight had some time passed over, when one of the elder and more seasoned members of the party exclaimed,

'Come, come, boys, let t'ye drinking; its time to work; some of the spirits ought to be on land afore this; the poliss might be stirrin, comin on day.'

'To ———— the poliss,' replied another; 'what div we care for them? The darnt show their nose. We'd smash their daylight out. Let them come now—we're ready.'

'Asy, a hagar, asy,' said the first, with a sneer; 'brag was a good doo; maybe if they were hard by ye'd sing another song. Come boys, its better be sure nor sarry; get some of the vessels to the boat.'

'Never heed, Thady,' responded the other, 'the gunger has more sense nor to come near us. I'd brain the first man that put a foot on the island. Time enough to be goin yet.'

However, the more sober of the party thought Thady was right, and began to remove some kegs to the boat. The first load was safely landed on the opposite shore, and two men remained to carry it away. The boat returned for another freight during a general confusion within the still house, some singing, others talking loudly, and another set swearing at them to quit their blather, and mind their own business. In the midst of this babel, a man from the outside rushed in, exclaiming, in a voice of terror,

'The polis! the polis! Be all that's lovely, they're about the house!'

In an instant there was a dead silence; every one seemed paralyzed, and the man who was to have performed such feats a short time previous, slunk into a corner behind some sacks. However, the consternation was but momentary; it was determined to resist; the door was made fast with sacks, and whatever they could heap against it. But the assailing party were too strong; the house was forced, and, as the police

were entering, one of them was knocked on the head by some person near the door; he fell and never spoke again. This so enraged his comrades, that a general massacre would have followed, had not the officer used all his influence to prevent it, and finally the greater part of the distillers were made prisoners, when daylight appeared, conveyed to the main-land, and from thence to the jail of the county town.

'Molly! Molly! are you there?' cried Ellen, starting from a disturbed sleep, when the morning was far advanced.

'I'm here, a-lanna, sure I wouldn't leave ye,' replied Molly, going to the bedside.

'Is Mick come back? Is it far in the day?

'He didn't come yet, dear; I doubt it's breakfast-time.'

'Molly, he said he'd be in before day; I dread something happened him.'

'What makes ye say that, acushla: maybe they couldn't get the licher (liquor) all to land in time.'

'There's that over me I can't shake off, Molly, I'm sure something happened.'

'Lord betune us an' harm! Don't say the likes of that dear; sure God is strong.'

'I know it, Molly, an' my dependence is on Him; only for that, what I feel now would kill me. Och! I wish Mick would be said by me, an' not go any more to the still-house.'

'Ah, then, dear, while a man is on the world he must be neighborly; and, wid the help of God, sorra hap'orth'll happen t'him. Come down, an' take yer breakfast; he'll be back in no time.'

'God send!' was Ellen's reply, as she accompanied Molly to the kitchen, and sat down to breakfast, of which she scarcely tasted a morsel.

Before the meal was finished, a neighboring woman entered, and seating herself in the corner, after the usual salutation, began:—

'Well, any way it's happy for them wasn't on the island last night.'

'What happened?' inquired Ellen, scarcely able to articulate.

'Is id what happened?' continued the woman; 'an' is that all ye know of id? Sure myself thought that every one heard id be this.'

'Tell me—tell me at once,' exclaimed Ellen, while she trembled exceedingly and became pale as death.

'What's over her?' said the woman, appealing to Molly.

'She's all through-oh.'

'For the love of God, tell me what you know, and don't kill me out,' cried Ellen.

'They say,' replied the woman, 'that the gunger an' the polis cum on them in the still-house last night; there was three men kilt, an' the polis tuk an' put them all in the jail the day.'

She had scarcely uttered the last word, when Ellen fell to the ground in a state of insensibility, and Molly, clapping her hands, set up the Irish cry.

'Sanwell the cr in!' exclaimed the woman, 'what's over ye's all?'

But she gained no information from Molly, who continued to clap her hands, and cry,

'Wirra strua! wirra strua! God look down on ye, poor sowl, lying there!'

'Faix, its very quare,' said the other. 'Any way, Molly, we ought to rise her up, afore she die on't.'

'True for ye, Shusy, sorra one of me knows what I'm doin. The mother of God help fier this day!'

And while endeavoring to restore animation, they still continued to talk.

'A-then, Molly, dear, what's over her at all that makes her this way?'

'Musha, then, shure ids no wonder, Shusy, and Mick Cooper to be in the still-house last night, an' six kilt.'

'Ids three I toutl ye, Molly,—an' ye say Mick was makin' a drop of poteen?'

'I didn't say no sich a thing; but a body might go to give a hand to a friend. I dread poor Mick's gone to jail, or he'd be home afore this.'

'No doubt of it, Molly; every individual, only two or three that run away, was tuk up.'

'An' them that's kilt,' said Molly; 'sure there's no good to take them.'

'Wirra, wirra! what news ye tell us!' replied Shusy. 'No doubt the corner (coroner) 'ill sit on them the day, an' we'll hear all about id.'

In some time, poor Ellen revived, and notwithstanding all the women's efforts, to dissuade her, set out to learn the fate of her husband; and Molly, whose curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch, accompanied her.

They then learned the true state of the case, which was even more terrible to the afflicted wife than her worst fears had anticipated.

The policeman was killed, and one of his companions swore positively that Michael Cooper gave the blows that deprived him of life. He was, therefore, to be tried for the murder at the ensuing assizes. However, as Cooper solemnly affirmed he had not any missile in his hand, nor was he near the door at the time the blows were given, which some of the men could corroborate, his friends entertained sanguine hopes of his acquittal; and poor Ellen, though suffering great anxiety, at times felt a hope that all would end well.

The lady by whom she had been brought up had early instilled the duty of submission to the Divine will; and though in this instance the trial was a severe one, yet the good seed produced some fruit, and she was enabled to bear with a degree of fortitude which excited Molly's admiration, who used to say to her cronies, that 'sorra one of her ever seen the peel (equal) of Mick Cooper's wife for a fine sodger (soldier), an has sich dependance out of God; sure she ought to win.'

In a short time after the murder the trial came on, and the event showed the futility of human hopes. The prosecution was sustained with great pertinacity; the witness repeatedly swearing that he could not possibly be mistaken as to the identity of the prisoner.

Poor Michael's appearance and manner interested a crowded audience; and, therefore, when after a considerable interval, the verdict guilty was returned, a general murmur of compassion ran through the court, which was succeeded by a breathless silence, while the awful sentence of death and dissection was pronounced by the Judge with a faltering tongue and glistening eye. Then a shriek so heart-rending burst forth from under the dock as appalled the stoutest, and added to the general sympathy.

It was poor Ellen; she had, with a strong effort, controlled her feelings until the termination of her earthly hopes; then her anguish became too great for endurance; with this cry of despair she sank senseless into the arms of the bystanders, and was borne out of court to the house of a friend, where, after a tedious interval, animation returned, which was quickly followed by the birth of a still-born child; fever and delirium succeeded, and for a long time the widowed wife and childless mother remained on the confines of eternity.

Michael suffered the extreme penalty of the law with great firmness; he had heard the tale of his wife's sufferings, from which at that period it was hourly expected she would be released. He expressed a hope of being reunited to her in a better world, and, to the last, solemnly protested his innocence of the crime for which he was about to pay the forfeit—warned his hearers to avoid bad company, saying, though he blessed God he was not guilty of murder; yet, had he taken his wife's advice, and refrained from going to the still-house, he should not then be in that awful situation.

The last rays of the glorious summer's sun was sinking behind the distant mountains, and glowing with mellowed tint on the ivy-covered walls of a ruined building that stood in the centre of a lonely burial ground. No sound was heard, but the call

of the rail from the meadows, and the occasional scream of water-fowl that disported on an adjacent sheet of water.

The path that led from the road to this cemetery, was, on this evening, trod by a female, muffled in a large cloak, she walked with slow step and down-cast eyes, entering the abode of death by a breach in the dilapidated wall; she knelt by a verdant grave, and her lips poured forth a fervent prayer, the subject of which was only known to the hearer of prayer and her own soul; her bosom heaved, tears coursed each other down a beautiful but pallid face, and throwing herself on the damp grass, she wept long and bitterly.

While thus, as it were, holding communion with departed spirits, a man came up, and regarding her for a moment with a look of intense interest, bent down, touched her arm, and said, in a low voice, 'Ellen!' She did not appear to notice this appeal; it was repeated in a more distinct manner, and she replied, 'Och! let me alone for a minute; sure I kept up for a long time, an' it'll do me good to be near him now. Och! Mick, dear, dear, why did you leave me alone in the world.'

The man brushed a tear from his eye, and said, in a voice choked by emotion, 'Ye're not alone, thanks be to God. Look up, Ellen; don't ye know me?'

This seemed to rouse her; she started up exclaiming, 'Mick, dear, are you come to take me?' and would have fallen to the earth had not Michael (for he it was alive and well) caught her in his arms.

A third person was added to the group; Molly Horan had followed them; by her assistance, Ellen was in some time restored to consciousness, and, in a few words, convinced of the reality of what had the appearance of a supernatural visitation.

When Michael's body, after undergoing the sentence of the law, was taken down, the surgeon of the infirmary, who had known him a long time, caused the remains to be instantly removed, and used all means to resuscitate it, in which he was beyond his most sanguine hopes, successful; but as the man's return to life must be kept secret, he had a coffin, well screwed down, given to his friends with strict orders not to open it, which, as the lower orders have a dread of seeing a mangled corpse, there was no danger of their doing.

By the unremitting attention of the surgeon, Michael and his wife (though she was ignorant of his existence) began slowly to recover; and when Ellen was strong enough, he removed to her own house, confident that the disfigured remains of her lamented husband were resting among those of his ancestors.

On the evening that Ellen went to the churchyard, Michael returned to his house. Molly Horan, who had continued to reside with Ellen, was, on his appearance, dreadfully terrified; but, after some time, she recovered her reason. Michael followed his wife to his supposed grave, and the meeting already related, took place—Molly saying, 'Sure Ellen couldn't but win, she had such great courage an' dependance out of God.'

As Michael could not publicly remain in the country, they soon emigrated to the New World, and there, amid a blooming offspring, enjoy as much happiness as is the lot of human nature. W.

[The resuscitation of a person who has been executed by hanging, or strangulation, may appear too much out of the ordinary course of things; but there are several instances of such on record, and we have no doubt that others have been restored, of which no account, for obvious reasons, have been given.]

About twenty years since I heard a profane jest, and still remember it. How many pious passages of far later date have I forgotten! It seems my soul is like a filthy pond, wherein fish die soon and frogs live long.

VERSES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOLTY.

'Wer wolte sich mit Grillen plagen.'
Oh! who to better thoughts and wasting cares would harken.

So long as youth's bright blossoms bloom?
Who, in the fury hails of youth and hope would darken
A sunny brow by shades of gloom?
Joy stands, and smiles, and beckons with alluring finger,
On all the pathways life discloses,
And ever as a cross-road bids the pilgrim linger,
She crowns him with her wreath of roses.
The stream—the meadow stream—still bubbles fresh and brightly.

Still blushes all the dell with flowers;
The wine—the chalice wine—still sheds its purple splendor.

On souls that droop in grief's eclipse;
And in the rosy glen is still as sweet and tender
The kiss from pure affection's lips;
And still, as twilight dies, the mourner's heart rejoices,
Forgetting pain and even despair,
As warbling through the grove the never-silent voices
Of nightingales enchant the air.

Oh earth! how fair thou art, while youth is yet in bloom!
How bright, how lovely is thy brow!
Oh, may this bounding heart be withered in my bosom
When I shall love thee less than now.

A TOUR TO CONNAUGHT.

LETTER III.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal:—

Sir—I ought to make some excuse, sufficient to satisfy your readers; for commencing a tour to Connaught; and in the course of five weeks getting no farther than the hill of Cappagh. It is but a poor plea to urge that your undertaker, Terence O'Toole, has something else to do than indite tours. You can console yourself with this reflection, which I suggest for my own benefit as well as yours—namely, that during the intervals of my performance, you have been able to supply your readers with material far better than I could furnish.

But to the point. In my last letter I abruptly broke off descending from Cappagh hill towards the Boyne. After having taken a very proper and ample breakfast at a new inn (I beg the host's pardon—hotel,) that has been established on the spot where the old Nineteen-mile-house inn formerly hung out its sign, we proceeded about a mile, and passing the Canal bridge, observed a fine building erected by the Royal Canal Company as a hotel, but now untenanted, and apparently going to ruin. 'How comes it, said the Englishman, 'that your Irish canals are such bad speculations?' They are on a larger scale than almost any we have in England, and yet they seem to have little trade, and to be of scarcely any use in promoting the commerce of the country. 'Why, sir,' said I, 'if I might venture to give an opinion on such a subject, I would say that we began at the end. Trade and commerce should be found flourishing to a certain extent in a country before canals are ventured. It seems to me a false speculation to undertake to join the river with that seaport, as, for instance, the Shannon with the city of Dublin, until it is ascertained that there are manufacturing towns, and collieries, and potteries, and a large amount of commercial capital and industry in the country in which a canal might give convenient transit and circulation. Canals may convey, but can never create. In this way the Caledonia canal, one of the greatest undertakings of modern times, failed. To be sure it was a noble thought to join sea to sea, and use the great glen of Scotland as a ship canal, whereby the immense circuit of the western coast could be avoided. But it has not answered. There is no trade or transit between Inverness and the western coast of Scotland. I remember John Fitzgibbon, the famous Chancellor of Ireland, prophesying against these canals, that in process of time they would be left empty, and would then afford to the citizens of Dublin a sheltered ride where now the deepest waters roll. But, after all, he will prove, I trust, a false prophet. The trade is increasing, though slowly, and I trust the passage boats, instead of creeping at their provokingly slow pace, will adopt the plan that has succeeded in Scotland on the Forth and Ardsrossan canals, where boats of a light construction go at the rate of twelve miles an hour—and what is extraordinary, the surge caused by this rapidity is not found to be so injurious to the banks as the slow motion of a heavy boat.'

We now arrived at the Boyne—and true it is that when you get to that river, it is about as ugly a stream, if stream it can be called that appears to have no current, as need be looked at. You approach it by what reminds you of desolation—a mansion-house ruined in the rebellion of 1798—a place that recalls all the bitter recollections of that period of domestic fury and fell civil strife. Yes, look at the potato garden on the side of the road opposite the wasted mansion house—observe that little mound fenced in with gooseberry bushes—there lie in one large grave the remains of hundreds who fell in the attack upon the dwelling house of the Tyrrells—God keep such evil days and bloody days from ever recurring again! The Boyne flows lazily here amidst sedge and reeds—appearing but the dark drain of an immense morass—the discharge of the waste waters of the Bog of Allen. A strong position in time of war—Lord Wellington knows it well, he has often thrown his soldier eye upon it—his paternal mansion, Dangan, is not far off to the right, near Trim. How different was the young fun, loving, comic, quizzing, gallanting Captain Arthur Wellesley, when residing in his shooting lodge between Summerhill and Dangan, from the stern, cautious, careworn Fabius of the Peninsular war; the trifling, provoking, capricious sprig of nobility, dreaded by the women, hated by the men, the dry joker, the practical wit, the ne'er-do-well—despaired of, as if for good for nothing, by his own family, from the rebutable hero of Waterloo—the great prime minister of England—he who achieved a greater moral victory than that of Mont St. Jean, when neutralizing or overcoming political and religious animosities, he set a question at rest that had vexed the world for nearly three centuries. As this is treading on your forbidden ground of politics, I suppose you will use your scissors here, good sir, and cut out the peccant part. By the bye, Dangan itself is altered as much as Arthur Wellesley—the one as much for the worse as the other for the better. It was, I remember, a noble mansion, surrounded by walls belted in with trees, and altogether befitting a nobleman's residence—but, alas, it passed from the hands of its absentee lord into the possession of as perfect a specimen of a bad tenant as Ireland, in the whole history of its rack-rentings can afford. The stories are so strange of the methods he resorted to to pay his rent, and of the means he made use of to raise money out of the smouldering ashes of his burnt castle, that I dare not venture to describe them. I cannot leave this passing notice of this extraordinary and unhappy man, without observing that he, as far as I could learn, had no right to affix the O to his name. He descended from the O'Connor-Kerry!!! No, sir, his grandfathers, a brewer in the city of Cork, came from England, and Conyers was his name. The Boyne, then, is not here that lovely picturesque water which it becomes when it sweeps under the wood-crowned banks of Beau-park, winds under the limestone cliffs of Slone, washes the castle of the Marquess Conyngham, or meets the tide

'At Newbridge town
Where was a famous battle,
And James and William stalked a crown
And cannons they did rattle.'

But here, though the stream is muddy and ugly, is a very pretty new bridge just erected, but the road goes not over it for a very ridiculous reason, as I was told by one of our coach companions. The bridge was constructed, and the approach from the Dublin side made to it, without ever considering that the passage which the new must take before it reached the old line of road on the Meath side of the river, must pass through a poor free-holder's potatoe ground, and he, when asked how much he would require in payment for the few perches of garden, replied, with modest Milesian self-possession, 'that he would not consent to give up the inheritance of his fathers without receiving the sum of £1,200.' 'What, £1,200 for a potatoe garden!' 'Just so,' says Pat, and so the turnpike commissioners, (as I was told), must let the road remain as it did of old, or pay Pat his demand, or apply for an act of parliament to force him into their terms. Our Manchester rider was, on hearing this,

ready enough to remark—that here was an Irish burial-ground.

To the right of the road, after leaving the new bridge, is seen a fine green moat, the sure evidence in Ireland of the ancient importance of the place. These moats have given some trouble to the antiquarians in accounting for their use and origin. Evidently artificial—they could not be for defence. Could they be for places of sepulture? They appear too large for that purpose; they are generally superior in size to the tumulus or cairn, and besides, are always flat at the top. They appear to me to have been constructed for places of assembly, where the chief held consultation with his sept, where the Brehon decided differences among the people. The very name of moate attests their origin. Amongst the Saxons, the Wittenagamote was the name given to their popular assemblies. The mote was of the same use with them as the hof and ting were to the Northmen of the Orkneys and the Isle of Man—places of trial and judicial combat, and also, before the introduction of Christianity, of sacrifices. Beyond the moat, and farther to the right on a swelling bank over the Boyne, is the spot where once stood the Abbey and Cathedral of Clonard—Cluain-irairaid—the field of the western height; but not a vestige now remains, but a stone baptismal font, of what was once a bishop's see, and the most famous seat of sacred literature and pious study in Ireland. Here St. Finnian, the most learned of all the successors of St. Patrick, established, in the sixth century, his college, to which three thousand students resorted, not only from all Ireland, but also from Britain, Armorica, and Germany. The venerable Bede describes the English, both of the better and middle ranks, as coming here, not merely for the sake of study, but in the hope of leading a quieter and more contemplative life, (for it would appear) that the Irish, in all their feuds, respected learning and the clergy) and under the direction of holy Finnian, receiving from Irish hospitality instruction, food, lodging and books, without charge—*ecad mille fuitte*. So great was the fame of Finnian as a commentator on Holy Scripture, that all the holy men of Ireland, came to hear wisdom from his animated discourses. Hither came the twelve saints whom St. Patrick constituted Apostles of Ireland. The venerable Kieran of Saiger, who, with his hair whitened with the snows of an hundred winters, did not disdain to hear Finnian expound to him the sacred book; here also came Kieran of Clonmacnoise, the carpenter's son, who wore himself out in deeds of penance and died in his thirty-third year. The two Columbs, Columbkille, and Colum of Tirdaglas, the two Brendans, Brendan of Birr, and Brendan of Kerry, Raudan of Lorra, Molua of Clonfert, and others, as reported by Usher and Colgan, resorted hither. It would appear that these holy men, while residing at Clonard, did not allow their studies to interfere with their bodily exercises, but that they cultivated the rich and fertile soil around their abode, and thus by invigorating their bodies, enlivened their minds, and rendered them more capable of enduring the mental toil attendant on the accumulation of great learning. There yet remains a legend which says that St. Columba, the son of Crimthann, one night when his lamp failed, being exceedingly anxious to master some important passage he had taken in hand, was seen with the fingers of his right hand tipped with light running along the leaves of a book, and so, from the effluence which they cast on the pages, he was enabled to study on while all around him was dark.

Proceeding onwards for a mile or two from Clonard the road reaches a long continuous line of gravel pits, along which it runs for a considerable distance, and which is, perhaps, one of the oldest lines of road in Europe. These long lines of gravel hills are all through Ireland called aigirs, or properly, eiscirs; this one is that which formed, in ancient times, the grand division of Ireland. I think I could trace this eiscir from Dublin Bay by the green hills of Crumlin, and so along by the Eskir of Lucan, then south of the Liffey, near Celbridge, and so across the river near Clane, onwards by Donadea, until it strikes the line of

road, we are now travelling, then tending southwards of the hill of Cloghan, until, near Philipstown, another line of road takes advantage of its elevation, to run between two bogs, then, passing through the barony of Garrycastle, in the King's County, in a very distinct line, it strikes the Shannon, in the exact centre of the island, at Clonmacnoise. This very curious natural vallum, just as distinct as the great Roman wall, dividing South Britain from Caledonia, was adopted as the dividing line between the two parts of Ireland, and was called Eiscir Riada, extending from Dublin to Galway, the northern portion being called Leath Con, and the southern, Leath Mogha. The cause of this division, as the Irish historian has it, was this: in the year A. D. 125, Con Ceadeathach, (of the hundred battles,) was monarch of Ireland, and his reign 'Patrio More' was turbulent; according to the custom of his country, though monarch of Ireland, he found it hard enough to be its master. He fought an hundred battles, as his name implies, for he was Con of the hundred battles, and not Con of the hundred bottles, as, by a ridiculous mistake, an Irish work of character represents him to be. Yet surely even the Temperance Society would allow that to open an hundred bottles, is a more innoxious business than to lead on to an hundred battles. Con, after being victorious in ninety battles, over sundry septa, found at last a powerful antagonist in Mogha Nuadat, king of Munster. Mogha, not content with his own share of Ireland—fair and fat Munster—must needs try his hand with Con of the hundred battles, and, defeating his liege lord, compelled him to divide the island, and this eiscir formed the boundary—the northern division being called Leath Con, or Con's half, and the southern Leath Mogha, or Mogha's half. But king Con did not quietly stomach this concession, for one morning he had his rival assassinated in bed, and a manslayer, he was slaughtered himself. After wearing his uneasy crown for twenty years, he was murdered by Tiobraid, son of Roderick, King of Ulster, who, while Con was taking his pleasure unarmed in the hall of Tara, employed fifty ruffians in the attire of women to put him to death.

I am a garrulous rambler. Here I have filled up my allotted space, and must conclude by subscribing myself,

Your obedient servant,
TERENCE O'TOOLE.

CURRAN IN A DILEMMA.

Curran and Barrington were on a visit to a clergyman near Carlow, who had invited a party of jovial spirits to meet them. Dinner was appointed for five precisely, as Curran always stipulated for punctuality. The clock struck—the guests were assembled—every thing bespoke a joyous banquet—but the Counsellor was not to be found—six, seven came—day departed, and twilight approached, people were sent in every direction, but no tidings of him could be heard, except that he had been seen in the garden at four o'clock.

Yet every now and then a messenger come in to announce, that 'an old man had seen a counsellor, as he verily believed, walking very quick on the road to Carlow.' Another reported that 'a woman who was driving home her cow, met one of the counsellors going leisurely towards Athy, and that he seemed very melancholy; that she had 'seen him at the 'slices that blessed morning, and the people told her it was the great law preacher that was in it.' Another woman who was bringing home some turf from the bog, declared before the Virgin and all the Saints that she saw 'a little man in black with a stick in his hand going towards the Barrow;' and a collough, sitting at her own cabin door feeding the childer, positively saw a 'black gentleman going down the river, and soon afterwards heard a great splash in the water at the said river; whereupon, she went hot-foot to her son, Ned Coyle, to send him thither to see if the gentleman was in the water; but that Ned said, sure enough nothing

natural would be after going at that time of the deep dusk to the place where poor Armstrong's corpse lay the night he was murdered; and he'd see all the gentlemen in the country to the devil (God bless them!) before he'd go to the said place till daylight early.'

The matter became too serious to admit of any doubt as to poor Curran having met his catastrophe. I was greatly shocked; my only conjectures now being, not whether, but how, he had lost his life. As Curran was known every day to strip naked and wash himself all over with a sponge and cold water, I conjectured, as most rational, that he had, in lieu of his usual ablution, gone to the Barrow to bathe before dinner, and thus unfortunately perished. All agreed in my hypothesis, and hooks and a draw-net were sent for immediately to Carlow, to scour the river for his body.

It was at length suggested by our reverend host that his great Newfoundland dog, who was equally sagacious, if not more so, with many of the parishioners, and rivalled, in canine proportion, the magnitude of his master, was not so unlikely, by diving in the Barrow, to discover where the body lay deposited—and thus direct the efforts of the nets and hookers from Carlow. This idea met with universal approbation; and every body took up his hat, to go down to the river. Mary, a young damsel, the only domestic who remained in the house, was ordered to call Diver, the dog;—but Diver was absent, and did not obey the summons. Everywhere resounded 'Diver! Diver!' but in vain.

Mary, the maid, was now desired to search all the rooms and offices for Diver, while we sat pensive and starving in the parlor. We were speedily alarmed by a loud shriek, immediately after which Mary rushed tottering into the room, just able to articulate:—

'O, holy Virgin! holy Virgin! yes, gentleman! the counsellor is dead, sure enough. And I'll die too, gentlemen! I'll never recover it!' and she crossed herself twenty times over.

We all now flocked round, and asked her simultaneously how she knew the counsellor was dead?

Crossing herself again, 'I saw his ghost, please your reverence.'

'Where? where?' cried every body, as if with one breath.

'In the double-bedded room next your reverence's,' stammered the terrified girl.

We waited for no more to satisfy us either that she was mad, or that robbers were in the house; each person seized something by way of a weapon; one took a poker, another a candlestick, a third a knife or fire, shovel, and up stairs we rushed. Only one could go in, conveniently, abreast, and I was among the first who entered. The candles had been forgotten, but the moon was rising, and we certainly saw what, in the opinion of some present, corroborated the statement of Mary. Two or three instantly drew back in horror, and attempted to retreat, but others pressed behind, and lights being at length produced, an exhibition far more ludicrous than terrible presented itself. In a far corner of the room stood, erect and formal, and stark naked (as a ghost should be,) John Philpot Curran, one of his majesty's counsellors, learned in the law, trembling as if in the ague, and scarce able to utter a syllable, through the combination of cold and terror. Three or four paces in his front lay Diver, from Newfoundland, stretching out his immense shaggy carcass, his long paws extended their full length, and his great head lying on them, with his nose pointed toward the ghost, as true 'as the needle to the pole. His hind legs were gathered up like those of a wild beast ready to spring upon his prey. He took an angry notice of the first of us that came near him, growled, and seemed disposed to resent our intrusion; but the moment his master appeared, his temper changed, he jumped up, wagged his tail, licked the parson's hand, cast a scowling look at Curran, and

then a wistful one at his master, as much as to say, 'I have done my duty, now do yours.' He looked, indeed, as if he only waited for the word of command, to seize the counsellor by the throttle.

A blanket was now considerably thrown over Curran by one of the company, and he was put to bed with half a dozen more blankets heaped upon him; a tumbler of hot potent punch was administered, and a second worked miracle; the natural heat began to circulate, and he was in a little time enabled to rise and tell us a story, which no hermit even telling his last beads could avoid laughing at. Related by any one, it would have been good, but as told by Curran, with his powers of description and characteristic humor, was super-excellent, and we had to thank Diver, the water-dog, for the highest zest of the whole evening.

The fact was, that a little time previous to dinner-time, Curran, who had omitted his customary ablution in the morning, went to our allotted bed-chamber to perform that ceremony, and having stripped, had just begun to apply the sponge, when Diver, strolling about his master's premises to see if all was right, placed by chance his paw against the door, which not being fastened, it flew open, he entered unceremoniously, and observing what he conceived to be an extraordinary and suspicious figure, concluded it was somebody with no very honest intentions, and stopped to reconnoitre. Curran, unaccustomed to so strange a valet, retreated while Diver advanced, and very significantly showed an intention to seize him by the naked throat; which operation, if performed by Diver, whose tusks were a full inch in length, no doubt have admitted an inconvenient quantity of atmospheric air into his oesophagus. He therefore crept as close into the corner as he could, and had the equivocal satisfaction of seeing his adversary advance and turn the meditated assault into a complete blockade, stretching himself out, and 'maintaining his position' with scarcely the slightest motion, till the counsellor was rescued, and the siege raised.

Curran had been in hopes that when Diver had satisfied his curiosity he would retire; and with this impression, spoke kindly to him, but was answered only by a growl. If Curran repeated his blandishments, Diver showed his long white tusks; if he moved his foot, the dog's hind legs were in motion. Once or twice Curran raised his hand, but Diver, considering that as a sort of challenge, rose instantly, and with a low growl looked significantly at Curran's windpipe. Curran, therefore, stood like a model, if not much like a marble divinity.

SMALL FEET OF THE CHINESE WOMEN.

One of the many strange things which attract the attention of a foreigner in China, is the small feet of the females, or rather, I should say, their deformed lower extremities, for their feet would be like those of other nations, if they were not, shortly after birth, put into metal boots or socks, which are kept on to prevent their growth, and under this cruel torture, although in an earlier stage of life, as many fall a sacrifice, as in our own country to tight lacing of the waist. The extremities thus treated lose all resemblance to the human foot, although something like a shoe is put on it. The writer brought one home with him which would fit a foot nearly four inches long, and this is the shoe of an adult. Similar ones may be seen in the Dublin Society House. Their ancles have become like those of some of our dear country-women, who have the good taste to conceal them with long petticoats, but the Chinese ladies cannot walk so well as they do, and can only be said to hobble along, as a man does who goes on two wooden legs. All the Chinese women undergo this process, except that class which correspond in rank with our basket women, and those who live almost entirely in boats on the lakes and rivers; together with the Tartar females, who belong to the highest class of society, and have not yet adopted this custom of the people whom they have conquered.

The writer asked an intelligent Chinese what was his reason for this practice, to which he replied, that it

was for the purpose of making them stay at home, just as we would talk of clipping the wings and tails of our domestic poultry for the same object, and perhaps we could not give as satisfactory an answer in defence of some of our own customs; for instance, how could we defend to a Chinese the practice of putting flour on the heads of our lawyers and judges, instead of making bread of it, as he would do; or the tight lacing of our ladies' waists, in defiance of health and beauty, attempting to improve the shape of the human form divine, 'as if one of nature's journeymen had made them—badly.' Or how defend the preposterous custom of removing from the chins of one sex, that which distinguishes their face from the other, as if they were ashamed of their manhood. In short, we may class together the small feet of the Chinese, the hair-powdered shaved European, with all his pretensions to civilization, his spider-waisted wife, the flat-nosed inhabitant of New Zealand, and the tattooed North American Indian with a feather in his nose, as specimens of absurdity capable of no rational defence. The Chinese females, unlike those of most other Eastern nations, are not closely confined to the house, but are permitted to hobble about with the assistance of a stick; the state of their feet, however, prevents them from gadding much about.

THE IRISH WOLF DOG.—The following paragraph is extracted from a letter of Lord Conway's to his brother, Sir George Rawdon, in the Rawdon Papers. Perhaps some reader of the Penny Journal might be able to furnish an anecdote of the wolf dog which may redeem its character from the stain cast upon it by the recreant hound.

'We had yesterday an unfortunate passage. Andy Loftus brought an Irish dog to fight with a mastiff before the king; the Irish dog had all the advantage imaginable, and dragged him five or six times about the ring, so that every body gave the mastiff up for dead; all men were concerned as if it had been their general, and yet at last the Irish dog ran away. I lost my money, and afterwards the king called me to him, and said he would lay £500, that neither I nor all the men in Ireland could bring an Irish wolf dog that would not run away. I pray speak with my Lord Dungannon about it, 'or though I will not upon any man's conscience venture so much money, yet I will be willing to go my share, and I am sure the king will lay it. I pray speak with my lord lieutenant, and know what dogs he hath, and enquire amongst all your friends, for I would fain recover the credit of our country.'

WRITERS AND READERS.—None but those who have made the experiment can tell the difficulty of the task—viz., to please every one. Yet it is attainable to a great extent, if attempted with honesty of purpose and untrifling perseverance.

To interest, without exciting—to instruct, without offending—to please, without flattering—to be cheerful, yet grave—and humorous, without descending into buffoonery—are the prime requisites of a public instructor.

Readers ought to constitute the jury by which an author should be tried. Their temper should be calm, every thing should be decided on its own merits, and nothing received but what bears investigation.

That man is a philosopher, whatever be his station, or his information, who mentally digests what he reads. What a waste of valuable time does it save him!—what a store of precious ideas does it preserve to him!

But the mind of the unthinking reader is a sieve, which retains what is worthless, and permits what is pure and profitable to pass through.

Irishmen, in general, are not reputed to be of a reflecting or metaphysical spirit. Let them labor to attain it, by attending to their thoughts—a prodigious deal of reading may be gone through, and yet the individual be a very thoughtless person.

The great object of all writers and readers should be—the elevation of the moral and mental character of man.

A DUSTMAN'S COMPLIMENT.—As the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire was one day stepping out of her carriage, a dustman, catching a glance of her countenance, exclaimed, 'Love and bless you, my lady, let me light my pipe in your eyes!' The duchess, it is said, was so delighted, that she frequently afterwards declined the homage so largely offered to her charms by saying, 'Oh, after the dustman's complement all others are insipid.'

THE ABBEY OF INCH. COUNTY OF DOWN.

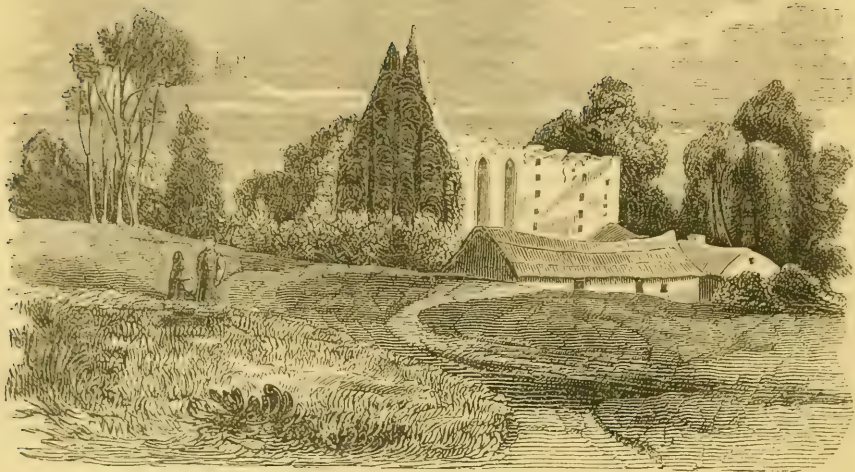
The Abbey of Inch, or Inniscourcy, was erected by the renowned John de Courcey, for monks of the Cistercian order, supplied from the Abbey of Furness in Lancashire, and dedicated to the blessed Virgin, on the 3d of June, A. D., 1180.

Though at present, a very dilapidated ruin, enough remains to show that it was originally an abbey of great importance, and architectural beauty. It was in the usual form of a cross, and had a lofty belfry on the south side. Of the latter there are at present no remains except of the arch on which it stood, which appears to have been of very elegant construction; of the church, itself, there is little to be seen except the east end, or chancel, which has three noble lancet windows, upwards of twenty feet in height, in its east wall; and two windows of similar form, and nearly equal grandeur, in each of the side wall. On the south side of the altar, are the remains of the seats for the administering priest and his assistants. Owing to the accumulation of weeds and rubbish, there are no sepulchral monuments to be seen within the ruins.

The circumstances connected with the foundation of this monastery are characteristic of the spirit of the age. Sir John de Courcey, having in his struggles for conquest with the native princes in this district found it necessary to demolish a Benedictine abbey, called Erynnagh or Carrig, which, from the strength of its position, had been converted into a garrison, and did him much mischief, he founded this Abbey of Inch in atonement for his sacrilege, and endowed it with all the lands of the extinguished house. It is not improbable that the hardy adventurer was influenced in no small degree to perform this act of atonement, by a reputed prophecy of a St. Evodius, the first abbot of Erynnagh, who on the day of his decease gave directions that his body should be interred in the Island of Inis, saying that his own abbey would in aftertimes be destroyed, but that one should be built on that Island.

The error which Harris, the Historian of the County of Down, and Archdall, fell into, in supposing De Courcey's abbey to have been the first founded on this island or peninsula, as well as that its present name has been derived from that foundation, has been corrected by Mr. O'Donovan, the most able and judicious Irish scholar and topographer, which Ireland has produced for the last century. He shows that the original name of this island now corruptly called Inniscourcy, was Inniscumhs-craigh, pronounced Inniscosery, and that an Abbey had existed on the island from a very remote time. 'Tighernach,' Mr. O'Donovan observes, 'Abbot of Clonmacnoise, who died in 1088, records, that in the year 1002, Sitric, King of the Danes, arrived with a fleet in Uladh (Down) and plundered Kilclief and Inniscosery. The annals of the Four Masters and Keating, in the reign of Brian Boru, concur in recording the same occurrence, in almost the same words that Tighernach uses. The annals of the Four Masters also, under the year 1061, record the death of Ilogan O'Corrman, Abbot of Inniscumhsraigh; and Hugh Maglanha, Abbot of Inniscumscray, was a subscribing witness to the charter of Newry.' 'From all which,' Mr. O'Donovan adds 'it appears quite manifest that a monastery was erected on this peninsula before John de Courcey was born.'

We have repeated these notices of our friend, because they curiously illustrate the history of our next embellishment, which represents the origin-



THE ABBEY OF INCH, COUNTY OF DOWN.

al Abbey church of Incomsray, which Harris erroneously supposes to be but a chapel to the greater Abbey.

This interesting remnant, which is situated immediately after the entrance into the island by a causeway, indicates, in the simplicity of its form, and architectural features, a very early antiquity; but we have not been able to discover any historical notice of the period of its foundation. The South door is embellished with a very curious piece of ancient sculpture, representing the Saviour on the cross, and a person on his knees with his hands elevated, praying to him.

In this church was buried Sir James Melville,

supposed to be a descendant of the famous Knight of the same name, who was secretary to Mary Queen of Scots, and author of the memoirs that pass under his name. The monument of the former, which is of freestone, and placed in an arch on the north side of the altar, is, according to Harris, 'thus set out. Over a scutcheon of arms, the supporters of which are two birds, the rest being defaced, you have this line, viz :

S. Anno 1628. D.

Then, on the top of the scutcheon in one quarter, I. M. and in the other quarter, A. R. At the foot of the scutcheon on one side, are these words, thus placed :

Christo et cruce.

In—spero.

and underneath, this inscription :

Insignis. miles. melvills. carnbia. Proles.
Mole. sub. hac. lapidum. mortuus. ecce. jacet.
Scotia. natalen. celebravit. Hibernia. funus.

Intus. Habet. tumulum. spiritus. astra. colit.
Sexaginta. octo. felices. vixerat. annos.

Quadragesima. novem. ex. his. animosus. eques.
Mile. et. sexcentos. videnos. egerat. annos.

Et. octo. Christus. cum. tumalatus. erat.

The island or peninsula of Iniscourcy or Iniscoogray is situated on the lough of Strangford, nearly opposite to Downpatrick.

P.



THE ORIGINAL ABBEY-CHURCH OF INCH.

M. J. Walsh & Co., Proprietors of Miscellany,	\$5.00
M. F. & P. C., New Haven, Conn.,	2.00
A. Dougherty, Westboro, Mass.,	1.00

Will our friends send in their subscriptions without delay as it is our desire to remit the amount received, at the earliest possible moment.

Written for the Miscellany.

SONG OF THE IRISH PEASANT WIFE.

Come Patrick, clear the storm from your brow,
You are kind to me once—will you frown on me now—
Shall the storm settle here when from heaven it parts,
And the cold from without find its way to our hearts?
No, Patrick, no, surely the winniest weather
Is easily borne—while we bear it together.

Though the rain's dropping through from the roof to the
floor,
And the wind whistles free where there once was a
door:
Can the rain or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in love's early day?
No, Patrick, no; surely the dark stormy weather
Is easily borne—so we bear it together.

When you stole out to woo me when labor was done,
And the day that was closing, to us seemed begun;
Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,
Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers?
No, Patrick, we talked while we braved the wild weather
Of all we could bear—if we bore it together.

Soon, soon will those dark dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up by a beam from the sky;
Oh! let not our spirits, embittered with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that comes after rain;
Heart and heart—hand in hand—let us welcome the
weather
And sunshine or storm, we will bear it together.

Written for the Miscellany.

A SONG OF THE IRISH RAPPEREE.

BY THOMAS McDONALD.

The rapreece's life is the life for me;
Where'er we go our hearts are free;
We fear not the king nor obey his command;
We are lords of the soil in our own native land;
No lordly dupes nor slaves are we,
Light is the heart of the rapreece.

Our forts are the rocks which nature builds—
Our homes are amongst our native hills;
And the lordly tyrant where'er he be
Shrinks from the gaze of the rapreece.

The slave that loves his chains to bear,
Although he may sit in a judgment chair,
His mind is troubled with courtly strife—
He knows not the bliss of a freeman's life;
He cannot sing life's song like me—
Mine is the song of the rapreece.

Our forts are the rocks which nature builds—
Our homes are amongst our native hills;
And the lordly tyrant where'er he be
Shrinks from the gaze of the rapreece.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Written for the Irish Miscellany.

INK DROPS:

FROM THE PEN OF THE 'QUEER COVE.'

No. 3.—My Authors.

Good Dr. Edward Young, opens his 'Night Thoughts' with a beautiful apostrophe to—
'Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.'

I need not enquire, Mr. Editor, if you ever indulged in a 'balmy sleep,' for I well know that you like M. Beausant, 'have no small vices.' I was out the other evening vainly endeavoring to ascertain if there was such a commodity as 'balm in Gilead,' and undoubtedly having been slightly 'overcome' in my wanderings, which were to the full as marvelous as those of Ulysses, fell into what the late lamented Mr. Shakespeare calls a 'balm to hurt minds,' from which, very fortunately, I awoke, just in season to redeem my promise to you. You have no idea Mr. Editor, what traps there are laid for confiding, innocent and unsuspecting young men! Our hydropathic friend John B. Gough, fell from a state of grace 'once upon a time,' and what are you to expect from one who hath no grace? Aqua pura! odds pittikens! as Prince Hamlet observes, 'my gords rises at it.' I fully agree with 'fat Jack' that 'an I had a thousand sons the first human principle I would teach them would be to forswear thin potatoes, and adict themselves to sack.'

But to leave this digression, and to continue the matter in hand—the authors. I commenced with

Dr. Young and will 'polish him off' by relating a pleasing little anecdote concerning him: He was one day walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards married, when the servant apprised him that a gentleman wished to speak with him. 'Tell him,' said the doctor, 'I am too happily engaged to change my situation.' The ladies insisted he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his friend and patron. Persuasion had no effect, when they each took an arm and led him to the garden gate; finding resistance in vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:—

'Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven
And thus departed ordered sent from heaven.
Like him I go, but yet to go I'm loath;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.'

A delicate and prettily conceived compliment, wasn't it?

There are the works of the great equestrian romancer—the chronicler of the doings of that ubiquitous couple of horsemen, George Prince Regent James. There are many readers who do not like James, but plebeian as the taste may be, I must confess to a weakness for his works; they have been and are, a source of infinite delight to me, and by the blood of my ancestors, (two or three of them, by the way, were imported to Botany Bay) I feel a brotherly affection for him.

There are the writings of the English prelate, Bishop Still, whose Gammer Gurton's Needle, in its day took the town by storm. The bishop must have been a thorough John Bull, in his love of 'hold hale,' videlicet—

'I cannot eat but little meat
My stomach is not good.
But I can drink of any wine ale
With him that wears a hood;
Then back add sides go bare, go bare,
Both hand and foot go cold—
But belly, God give the good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.'

Here we have a complete set of the works of the American poets, as far as published, conspicuous among which are the writings of that talented young 'sawbones' Joseph Rodman Drake, whose misfortune it was to be taken from this terrestrial sphere at the early age of twenty-five. His 'Culprit Fay' is undoubtedly the finest fairy poem that has been written since Shakespeare's 'Mid Summer Night's Dream.' Let me conjure you, Mr. Editor man to get the work, and in the language of the prayer book 'read, mark, learn and inwardly digest' it. Here now, look you, is a piece of imagery, which has rarely, if ever been equalled, certainly never surpassed—

'But O, how fair the form that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright,
She seemed to the entranced lay
The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold
And buttoned with a sparkling star;
Her face was of the lily's moon
That veils the vernal planet's blue,
Her eyes—two diamonds from the moon
Not floating in the welkin blue;
Her hair is like the sunny beam
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even,
Which ne'er have left their native heaven.'

There's a style of female for you. Couldn't we organize a filibuster expedition and make a seizure of some of these charmers? an' we could, I have no doubt but that the event would live as long in story as the famous, (and because successful, justly so) attempt on the Sabine women. By the mass! the attempt would be well worth a trial, and suppose we try it on: I am confident we could get ten recruits to Walker's run. Our you know would be 'premium tulips,' while his moon amie, were like those which a certain adipose 'gemman' the first letter of whose name begins with Falstaff, pressed into the service for Shrewsbury fight, 'exceeding bare and beggarly.'

Here again, amongst the works of the English poets, I find a copy of the writings of the celebrated George Canning, who was a statesman was just alike to freedom and the throne; and as an orator was eloquent, witty, and of consummate taste. He was associated with Griffiths in the management of the Anti-Jacobite, and most of his literary productions were written for that periodical. His burlesque of The Rovers, a take off on the German sentimental style of writing, displayed his inimitable powers in that line to perfection. As Mr. Hamlet observed to 'ye player manne' I will give you a 'taste of his quality,' in a song with a chorus, 'vitch,' like that gallant lover Mr. Villikens, 'yo sings to ourselves:'

When'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottengen

Sweet kerechief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat skooting in,
Alas! Matilda then was true—
At least I thought so at the U-
niversity of Gottengen.

Barbs, barbs, alas! how swift ye flew,
Her neat post wagon trotting in—
Ye bore Matilda from my view
Forlorn I lingered at the U-
niversity of Gottengen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottengen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingin!
Thou wast the daughter of the Fu-
turer, law professor at the U-
niversity of Gottengen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in,
Here doomed to starve on water gruel,
Never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottengen.

Look there! Coleridge, with Cristabel, the Ancient Mariner, and the finest love ballad in the language, 'Genevieve'; dear Tom Hood with his Song of the Shirt, his Bridge of Sighs, and his strings of puns; convivial Charles Lamb with his Elia Essays, and his strong penchant for boiled babbies and roast infantile pork; Moore with his soul stirring ballads; Aytoun, Tennyson—but why go farther? I believe I've got all the poetry that ever was written, and can only say if I haven't, I ought to.

Pause with me for a while before the works of the greatest author the world has produced since the 23d of April, 1616, (like Byron I am particular about dates) when W. Shakespeare was gathered to his pa-pa's. Who is it? Why the first of novelists, Sir Walter and Bulwer not excepted, Charles Dickens. I never read a book of his without feeling better for it, for all his works overflow with the lactical of human kindness, and touch a cord in the hearts of all readers. Harkened unto what his great rival as a humorist, Thackeray, says of him in his lecture on 'Charity and Humor':—

'As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments. There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there

ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens's Christmas Carol? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling; of Christmas puncheering; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is unhappy, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is tired, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is in bed, reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she has nothing to do reads Nicholas Nickleby; and when she has finished the book, reads Nicholas Nickleby over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said, 'I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa,' and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way; lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.

I remember when that famous Nicholas Nickleby came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the north of England, which, dismal as it was, was immensely comical. 'Mr. Dickens's ill-advised publication,' wrote the poor schoolmaster, 'has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the North.' He was a proprietor of a cheap school; Dotheboys-Hall was a cheap school. There were many such establishments in the northern counties. Parents were ashamed, that never were ashamed before, until the kind satirist laughed at them; relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away poor schoolmasters had to shut their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers, and many suffered, no doubt, unjustly; but afterwards school-boys' meat was less tough and more plentiful; and school-boys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theatre people in that charming book! What a humor! and what a good-humor! I coincide with the youthful critic, whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for Nicholas Nickleby.

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness, and Mr. Richard Swiveller? Who does not sympathize, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp and wonder at Mrs. Harris. Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to 'coals,' the accomplished, the Epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognise in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness, which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a Benediction for the meal.

What more graceful compliment could be paid by one man of genius to another.

List.—Harper cries 'tis time, 'tis time.' And so, for a sc'nnight Mr. Editor, 'bob swore,' as Miss Mowcher observes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN, April 8, 1858.

In my last letter but one I spoke in severe terms of old Trinity College, and condemned the idea of ever expecting any good from the old 'harridan. I hasten to take back my words and to say that I have witnessed a sight sufficient to make the heart of every Irish nationalist jubilant with joy. I announced in my last to you the death of Ireland's noble son—Hogan; and a matter which happened at his funeral has removed, blotted out, destroyed my antipathy to old Trinity.

As the remains of poor Hogan were passing the college, the students, headed by their professors, turned out in cap and gown, and forming lines, passed by the hearse containing the relics of our lamented countryman, removing their caps as a token of respect, and proceeding to the head of the funeral cortege took their position. The procession then solemnly wended its way to Glasnevin, in which you and I have spent many sad, but not unpleasant hours. On arriving there, the students formed in two lines with uncovered heads, the hearse and procession passing between them into the cemetery.

This was a great tribute on the part of these young men, the representatives of the future aristocracy of Ireland. Many a wet cheek was observed as we passed this noble body of young men. This tribute of respect to Ireland's great sculptor, has blotted out my previous feeling, and leads me to hope better things of old Trinity.

It is said that Napoleon intends again to visit Victoria. You must not be deceived by this and fall into the opinion that the difficulty between France and England is removed. Such is not the case, whatever the papers may say to the contrary. If he does visit her majesty, it is only in pursuance of that line of policy which is characteristic of his eventful career. The feeling of animosity on the part of France, is as deadly and deep-seated as ever. It is possessed by all classes of Frenchmen, from the noblest to the peasant, and will manifest itself in a war with England before the snow again caps the vine clad hills of that beautiful country.

The condition of the famishing peasantry in Donegal, has been inquired into so minutely by the special agents from our Dublin press, as to leave no room for the denials of the advocates of Landlord tyranny, after all the efforts of Baron Penryfether, and the landlord minions to cover over this last great act of despotism.

I wish here to remark that it seems very strange, while we are receiving large sums of money from the people of the British Provinces, we have received comparatively nothing from the United States, for our poor suffering fellow countrymen. In the British Provinces, the highest dignitaries of the church have contributed their welcome aid for the relief of our famishing brethren of the North—in your boasted Republic you have done —. Have we no claim upon you? Has your change of government changed also the nature which you once possessed? We shall see. I cannot write more.

AVONMORE.

BROOKLYN, Long Island, April 20th, 1858,

Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

Sir,—I am a young Irishman, full of patriotism—a lover of my childhood's home, and your very valuable paper, to which I have been a subscriber since its issue. I have retained a weekly number for myself and forwarded one to my friends in the land of my birth.

I look upon your journal as a paper worthy of every Irishman's aid. It is one that will flourish

when others are in oblivion. It is the only paper that an Irishman wants to peruse on a Sunday afternoon and read to his children. It is both instructive, interesting, historical and amusing, and affords an Irishman a true idea of his country, his race and his creed. It also instructs him in the haps and mishaps of his adopted land.

Can you not favor us with views of some of the old monasteries in the neighborhood of my childhoods home, viz: the steeple of Kilmacclough, beyond Gort, the monastery of Clare in the Island Lake on the road to Quim, &c? I would like to let my friends in Ireland see them.

Yours respectfully,

HARLEY LILE.

[We shall endeavor to meet the desires of our correspondent, at the earliest convenience.—Ed. I. M.]

CHARLESTOWN, April 26th, '58.

Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

The Fenelon Literary Association of this city gave an exhibition on the above evening, which, we are happy to say was fully attended. The exercises consisted of declamations, dialogues, and the laughable farce of 'Paddy the Piper.' The 'Sailor Boy's Dream,' by Mr. John Bowell, and 'Dick Dialect's Stump Speech' by Mr. James McCafferty, Jr., were excellent. The farce was very good, and a credit to the Association; the characters of Paddy the Piper and Dick the Birdcatcher were finely rendered, and were a model for some of the old actors of your city. The whole, in fact, was first rate, and we hope it will not be long before we have the pleasure of again witnessing the endeavors of the members of the association.

NANA SAHIB.

As we have no doubt that many of our readers would be glad to be acquainted with the parentage and other antecedents of the man who bears this blood stained name, we propose in the present article, to give a brief sketch of him.

Nana Sahib, Rajah of Bithoor, whose correct name is Sree Munt Dhoondoo Punt—is the eldest son by adoption of the late Badjee Rao, ex-Peishwa of the Mahrattas.

For many years previous to his death, Badjee Rao had been a dethroned pensioner of the East India Company. When in the fulness of his power, he had, as a native prince, assisted the East India Company in their war against Tipoo Sahib, the tiger of Seringapatam; and, as a reward for his doing so, the Company, after years of strife with him—after negotiations, and exactions, and treaties, and violations of these treaties on their part—contrived, in 1817, to get hold of his dominions. After numerous and fierce conflicts, Badjee Rao, at the head of 8,000 men, and with an advantageous post, was prepared to do battle for the sovereignty of the Deccan; when Brigadier Sir John Malcolm, who commanded the British army, sent a flag of truce to him, with proposals for a surrender.

The proposals made on the part of Sir John Malcolm were, that Badjee Rao, the Peishwa of the Mahrattas, should renounce his sovereignty altogether; that he should come within twenty-four hours,—with his family and a limited number of his adherents and attendants, into the British camp; that they should there be received with honor and respect; that he should be located in the holy city of Benares, or in some other sacred place in Hindostan; that he should have a liberal pension from the East company for himself and his family; that his old and attached adherents should be provided for; and that the pension to be settled upon himself and his family should not be less than eight lacs of rupees—that is £80,000 per annum.

After long and anxious deliberation with his prime ministers and other great officers of state the Peishwa

accepted those proposals went with his family and aithor into the British camp—and Bithoor was afterwards declared his residence. The East India Company, with their usual grasping and selfish spirit of covetousness, were displeased with Sir John Malcolm for granting these terms. But they, and the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, could not recede from them; and they took care to limit the stipulated allowance to the smallest sum mentioned in the treaty—namely, eight lacs of rupees, or £80,000 per annum.

We have stated that the pension was to be conferred upon Badjee Rao and his family. Now, before we proceed further, we must mention that, by the Hindoo Shasters, or scriptures, there is a fearful doom awarded against those who die childless, that doom is, the being consigned, after death, 'to a place called Put, a place of horror, to which the manes of the childless are supposed to go, there to be tormented with hunger and thirst, for want of those oblations of food and libations of water, at prescribed periods, which is the pious, and, indeed, indispensable duty of a living son to offer.'

Such are the principles of the Hindoo religion with regard to the want of natural male issue. Now the same principles, in order to remedy the defect, permit the system of adoption where natural issue fails. It was in accordance with this that Badjee Rao, in his old age, finding himself naturally childless as to male issue, by his will declared Nana Sahib to be his eldest son, heir, and representative.

In his day, Badjee Rao, as chief of the powerful Mahatta nation, had been a great sovereign. He survived his downfall—exercising civil and criminal jurisdiction, on a limited scale, at Bithoor—thirty-five years. On the 28th of January, 1851, he died.

No sooner was his death made officially known, than Lord Dalhousie tabled a minute at the council board of Calcutta, ruling that the pension, expressly granted to the great Badjee Rao, and his family, should not be continued to the latter. Nana Sahib, Badjee Rao's widow, and the other members of his family, were naturally stricken with grief and terror. They saw themselves reduced to poverty. They had no other pecuniary resource than some trifling sum which Badjee Rao had left behind him.

On the 24th of June, 1851, Nana Sahib forwarded a memorial to the lieutenant-governor of the North-West Provinces of India on the subject. In reply, he was told that the pension could not be continued, but a certain tract of land would be his for life. The commissioner of Bithoor, a public officer of high rank and standing, and who knew the circumstances and claims of the ex-Peishwa's family, forwarded an urgent appeal on their behalf, but, in a letter from the secretary of the Governor-General, of date September 24th, 1851, he received a severe reprimand for so doing. His recommendation was stigmatised as 'uncalled for and unwarrantable.'

After some further efforts in India, Nana Sahib addressed the Court of Directors, at Leadenhall St. in England. His appeal to them was dated the 29th of December, 1852.

In the eyes of the East India Company, the appeals of native princes of India do not seem to have been matters of much consequence. The Company appear to have considered that it added to their dignity to have the advocates of such princes waiting in their ante-rooms. Somewhere about December, 1853, the Company sent back Nana Sahib to the Government in India, and the result was that nothing was done.

It would appear that Nana Sahib, with smooth and gentle manners, unites superior abilities; and that to these abilities he adds passions of the strongest and most vindictive nature. His spirit is high, and his vehemence of the most determined character. At the period of the breaking out of the mutiny which has rendered his name infamous, he

seems to have become a neomania on the subject of what he believed to be his wrongs.

In the preceding sketch—subject, of course, to correction—we have endeavored to state facts, not with a view to advocating any cause, but simply for a purpose of communicating to our readers information as to some of the numerous causes which have led to the dreadful events which have recently occurred in the East.

We have been informed that an Oriental, named Azimullah, was in London, in 1855, for the purpose of making a last appeal in behalf of his employer, Nana Sahib. He lodged in a respectable private hotel in George street, Hanover square, where a friend of ours, living in the same house, formed his acquaintance, was entertained by him in gentleman-like style at dinner, and found him a well-bred, agreeable person, of good intelligence about English manners. Our friend, on lately revisiting the house, learned from its proprietor that the polite Azimullah, before departing from England, showed symptoms of a moody and soured feeling, and let fall several hints to the effect, that England would yet regret the manner in which he had used his master. This same Azimullah has since appeared in the dismal transactions connected with the destruction of the Cawnpore garrison.—Chambers' Journal.

From the Dublin Celtic Union.

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS. NEW SERIES—NO. 1.

The Inn at Kibbenny.

Every little town and village in Ireland has its own epitomised history, not only of the events of the never-to-be-forgotten year of 1798, but of a series of consecutive instances of Irish suffering and Irish valor, which, if collected, would form a volume that would force nationality down the throat of the most Anglified Irishman. Will somebody or anybody help us to compile such a history of Ireland? Let them but note down authenticated facts, or marked traditions, elucidatory of Celtic phases of life, habits, or manners, or little episodes in their own or their neighbors' families, illustrative of trying scenes of national troubles; or tests of faith and fidelity in the matters of creed or country, and no matter how feeble the attempt, if truth guide them, we will be glad to hear from the humblest correspondents. The history of '98 is only to be collected from village to village. That history has entered into the souls of the peasantry, and has been daily transmitted, as a national heirloom of wrong, from generation to generation—yes, mention but the year, and out flows a torrent of bitter or exultant traditions, which tend strongly and more fondly to bind the sacred and fascinating links which unite Irishmen together—the priesthood and the people. But as we do not aspire to deal at all in didactic literature, and as we had much rather, after the usual fashion of our 'gossipings,' tell our story and be done with it, we will therefore take up the annals of a single, humble Irish village, and proceed to illustrate what we wish, and what we mean:—

KILLENNY.

One of the least presuming localities in the land is the village of Kibbenny, yet, although we have taken it up at a venture, we find it full of national traditions. People living in the hamlet, this very hour, can tell you of an inn or carman's stage, which occupied a central position there in 1798, and which was the scene of many a stirring event—here is one of them.

It was a fair day in the village, and the little inn had had a bustling time of it—bargains were clenched, monies were disbursed, flagons were emptied, contentions were digested, nuptial matches were concocted, tears were shed, hands were shaken and re-shaken, men and women had kissed each other a thousand times over in the exuberance of their affectionate friendship. Let me not be misunderstood—in Munster, men kiss and embrace each other, a la Français, when the drop softens the heart to melting tenderness, and matrons hug each other, under the influence of

gentle potatoes, until, in a concatenation of blissful peace and neighborly harmony, they leave the houses of entertainment; and their several businesses at the fair being transacted, they quietly turn their steps homeward, garrulously recounting the profits and losses of the day in joyous rivalry, until the village is deserted and the roads alive with moving masses of the great human throng.

In the little inn already mentioned, sat a solitary, burly farmer, discussing the merits of some humble fare placed before him on the long deal table occupying the whole length of the apartment. The repast was not a very dainty one, nor yet a heavy one, therefore it was soon dispatched, and the man was in the act of paying his bill of fare when a new comer entered the room; he was a fine build of a man, of the respectable farmer class, wearing the top-boot and the caped riding-coat, and carrying in his hand a heavy thong-whip, deeply silver-laden at the handle. He was six feet six inches in height, and made in proportion, with a fine, bold, manly bearded face, and an open and generous expression of countenance. The two men recognised each other at a glance; they were blood relations, and of the famous family of the O'Mahony's.

'Any news, Dermot?' asked the tall man. 'None, Tom, but that I have a captain of light' dragoons billeted on me, and although I hate the color of his coat, begor, I can't help saying he's the most rollicking and off-handed fellow of his kind I ever met with. When I was coming away in the morning, he was throwing a sledge with some of the boys, and motha—only they would be ashamed to be outdone by an Englisher, though for the matter of that he says he was born Scotch, faith he was likely to bring disgrace on Tipperary. They wrastled a heat, too, with him, but Paddy Condon got angry, as he always does, and was nigh hurting him. They then took to leaping a bog-hole, hop-step-and-jump, and by my own soul, Tom, avick, he put them to the pin of their collar.'

'Don't be too free with him, Dermot,' said the tall man, sententiously; 'the Sagum Dheargas are treacherous—we have no right to trust them an inch, any way.'

'Begor, Tom,' persisted his gossip, 'if you knew him and saw his ways, you'd like him for all that.'

'Men of his class, and foes of mine, I always stand away from. Our roads are different, and our countries of two colors, so opposite to one another, that I never liked to see them mixed together,' and Tom O'Mahony sat down, and called for a loaf and a pot of ale.

'Tom, you were always a rock of sense, and there can be no harm in following your advice, any how! So, good-bye, and God bless you; I suppose you'll turn in, when you're crossing the fields home, and shake hands with the old woman and young ones. The captain is dining with the Galtee wolf to-day, so his red coat can't offend you.'

'I'll do that same, Dermot, so take care of yourself till then.' And so the men parted.

Tom O'Mahony's gossip was not long gone, when the door of the apartment was violently dashed open, and in stalked a number of soldiers; they were light dragoons, eight men in all.

They immediately approached the table—the only one in the low long room where O'Mahony was discussing his bread and ale—and seemed by their insolent movements to expect that he would retire at their appearance.

O'Mahony never moved.

They tossed the chairs about and began to look for coons.

O'Mahony never heeded.

'I say, fellow,' at last exclaimed one of the party—'Are the king's troops to wait your leisure? Or do you expect to be our guest?'

'A public inn is for public use,' replied O'Mahony, looking up at the speaker very quietly—and as for the rest, you are not over civil, let me tell you.'

'Why, damn you, you Popish Rebel,'—cried out another, 'do you refuse to leave the table at our bidding?'

'I tell you what,' said O'Mahony; 'Popery and Rebellion are different subjects to the matter now between us—my dinner is just finished—a few minutes more—and take your turn—but dine I will—and finish

my dinner, too—if the king and all his royal guards gave the same line to me as ye have done.' A loud laugh of scorn and derision followed this resolute announcement—and the stoutest of the band seized the speaker by the neck and endeavored to drag him from his chair.

O'Mahony drove his elbow into the ruffianly assailant's stomach, and sent him gasping and reclining several feet back into the room where he tumbled—and then springing up and tossing off his heavy riding coat, he suddenly confronted his majesty's brave and loyal troops.

'Any two of you!—any two of you! stand out here before me,' he exclaimed, 'and two after too, as long as ye are standing.' The soldiers looked at him with astonishment—and so they might, his naturally huge figure—as he now stood erect, with blazing eye, and a Hercules—was a sight not only to create astonishment but inspire alarm. The man he felled lay sprawling and groaning upon the floor.

'Any two of you!—any two of you!' he reiterated. The heroes still hesitated.

'Cowards!—and scoundrels!' he continued, and he flung the rinsings of a large pewter ale pot amongst them.

King George's soldiers drew their swords.

But O'Mahony's blood was up—and numbers were nothing—and death was nothing.

'Any odds! any weapons! Hurrah for Tipperary! and the blue sky over it! Come on!'

'Down with the Popish Rebel! down with him—down with him,' yelled out the warriors, as seven of them with naked swords rushed upon their intended victim.

O'Mahony had seized in his left hand a heavy chair by the back rungs, and hoisting its feet into the air made it act as a shield, to parry off or receive the fierce sword strokes. In his right hand, he held the stout massive pewter quart—and planting his back against the wall, received his antagonists as they advanced with so fatal a precision both of guard and blow, that he very soon thinned their numbers, for, as each soldier, and sometimes two, cut at him, he thrust the chair into their faces, and then having the great superiority of towering height over them, he beat them down upon the heads with the edged pewter—leveling a man at every blow, and leaving several of them stunned, senseless and bleeding at his feet. And now, O'Mahony, in turn became the assailant—whilst only three of the Sagné Dhearghs, who hung behind backs, were left unwounded for the combat. These he attacked most furiously—striking with both chair and quart—until man after man fell beneath his tremendous battering. To this terrible fight there were no spectators, for the dragoons—certain of their victory and the murder of their victim—had locked the doors when the fray began, lest anybody might come to O'Mahony's assistance.

Their sanguinary intent, however, had the opposite effect—and was O'Mahony's salvation—for it gave time to his friends outside, to warn him that the remaining men of the dragoon troops had just entered the inn and were seeking their comrades. O'Mahony was busy breaking the swords of his craven foes across his knees, when he heard the intelligence from a young peasant who had mounted up upon the window-sill outside, to get a peep at the dreadful scrimmage he heard going on within.

'Hurrah for Tipperary!' he cried, with a wild exulting cry—like an Indian war-whoop—and lightly opening the window at the end of the room, he plunged head foremost out upon the roadway. As he picked himself up, he heard the thundering at the door still going on. 'The popish rebel bids you all a very good evening, he chuckled—as with hasty strides he made his way across the open country, in the direction of his gossip, whom we introduced to the reader in the beginning of our hasty sketch.

Dermot O'Mahony was standing at the door of his own comfortable and capacious farm-house when he saw his tall relative approaching in hot haste—he saw, too, at a glance, that his face and hands were bloody, and his clothes dragged and torn. His first impulse was to seize a heavy blackthorn bludgeon which lay close at hand—and his next to accost his gossip whom he hastened to meet.

'Any the Condons and Fitzgibbons up again? he asked fiercely, 'or what's in the wind, Tom, that you have so many marks of assault and battery on you?'

'Come into the house, Dermot, and I'll tell you all about it.'

After the whole scene at the inn was detailed—during the recital of which, Dermot could hardly contain himself with exultation, nor avoid interrupting the narrator very many times, with buffets on the shoulders, by way of approbation—the two friends sat down together, to consider what was best to be done under the circumstances. Various were the plans suggested to meet the investigation that was sure to follow the formidable onslaught made on his majesty's military subjects. The questions of defence or defence were severely and warily discussed—the probability or

improbability of fair play or common justice to be had at the hands of a magistrate—the chance of the soldiers keeping their own secret through shame—or, and what was most usual at that time in Ireland—the almost absolute certainty of their making an unmerciful charge against their assaulter through the assurance that there would be no law for the mere Irish, no matter what was the accusation against them.

The night fell before half these knotty points were unravelled—indeed, the end of their discussion left them just where they began—Tom O'Mahony putting a finisher on the whole matter by declaring that if there was any manliness left in the Englishers, they would be beating about his house to look for satisfaction for the drubbing he gave their cowardly companions—and that, accordingly, he would be moving homeward to put his stout household in order of battle.

This sudden determination, however, was put astop to, by a new event—which was nothing less than the arrival of the English captain, who quietly walked into the room where the two worthies were standing.

'Let us tell him our story,' suggested Dermot.

'With all my heart,' replied his gossip.

Dermot, accordingly, told the captain the whole affair—and Tom told it over again—and the captain listened to both with the greatest interest and attention.

'All we want is justice,' exclaimed Dermot.

'And a fair hearing and fair play,' added Tom.

'And that ye shall have,' promised their guest, warmly. 'I'll hold a court-martial on these fellows of mine, to-morrow—and if matters be as ye state, you must have more than fair play—for I will punish them to a man.'

The two friends thanked their military judge—and Tom was prevailed upon to stay where he was that night, in order to be at hand on the investigation of the next morning.

The next day the court-martial met—it consisted of the English captain—the Earl of Kingston—two infantry lieutenants from Michelstown—and an ensign of horse.

The eight soldiers were in attendance, as complainants—it was very easy to distinguish them from the rest of their companions who crowded the farmer's dwelling—for it was in O'Mahony house the proceedings took place. The eight men were plaitered and bandaged—heads—faces—and hands—so that they looked more like patients fresh from hospital for medical inspection, than witnesses in a court of justice. But what was O'Mahony's astonishment, when upon the call of the Earl of Kingston, one of the wounded men stepped forward and made a direct charge to the effect, that O'Mahony, in a state of wild intoxication, and after expressing his hatred of his majesty and his soldiers, huddled all sorts of missiles at himself and his comrades, as they sat peaceably refreshing themselves at the inn in the village.

One after one, the remaining seven men corroborated the statement of their fellow—without the least hesitation or reserve.

Tom O'Mahony was thunderstricken—he could not believe his ears—he could not credit his senses.

'Liar and scoundrel!' exclaimed, his huge figure dilating to a gigantic size with passion and indignation.

'Do you dare to add perjury to the rest of your crimes? Did you not strike me, as I sat at the table of the inn?' (Here he dragged the man forward whom he at once identified among the rest, and looked into his face, as he interrogated him.

The soldier trembled in his grasp, and called for help.

'Seize O'Mahony!' cried out the Earl of Kingston, rising from his seat, 'seize, guard, and handcuff him.'

The armed guard who lined the room, advanced at the command, but the captain waived them back with his hand, and turning to the other members of the court, observed in a low voice,

'I firmly believe that this O'Mahony is belied here, and in faith, if there be not truth and honesty both in his face and deportment, I'll never trust an Irishman's physiognomy any more whilst I breathe.' And then, turning to the enraged accused, 'Come, sir, he exclaimed, 'no more violence on your peril; state your defence to the court, and see that you state nothing but what you can well substantiate.'

'I have no witnesses,' said O'Mahony, doggedly.

The earl laughed maliciously.

'But I have proofs,' he continued, 'proofs strong enough to confound sneerers; (a look of defiance at the enemy) Dermot, bring in the chair and the pewter quart.'

Both were brought into the room, and placed before the court. And then O'Mahony began his statement of the facts connected with the unequal fray; and so modestly and yet so manfully and simply did he detail the whole proceeding that the court, with the exception of the Earl of Kingston, were fully satisfied that his statement was the true one.

The earl hated O'Mahony, because he feared him; he feared a family whose connections, position, and in-

domitable independence refused ever and always to crouch to him, or submit to his arbitrary oppression; a family who commanded the respect of the whole country around, and an attack upon whom was not likely to be submitted to with either silence or submission.

'Gentlemen,' said the earl, spitefully, 'what if he hacked the chair himself, and battered the pewter vessel, into the bargain. I think him capable of both.'

Dermot clapped his broad hand over the mouth of the accused, or the noble earl would have heard a burst of indignant scorn that would have withered him where he sat.

The captain noted the provocation and the effect of it, and was more and more convinced of the man's innocence. 'You have no witnesses, O'Mahony,' he said; 'have you no proof, beyond your own testimony, that would throw any new light upon this matter?'

'Ask that question of your soldiers, too,' retorted O'Mahony; 'is not my testimony as trustworthy as theirs?'

'But not more so,' sneered the earl; 'eight men swear against you, is your bare testimony—a rebel's testimony—to outweigh even the simple assertion of a number of the king's servants. Gentlemen, (turning to the court,) the world would not be the worse, in general, of getting rid of this man, nor the parish of Kibeeney in particular. I believe him guilty.'

Here Dermot's hand again did good service; but the accused, insulted and ill-treated man, could no longer be restrained—I have listened to you, Earl of Kingston, wolf of the Galtees, I have marked you thirsting for my blood; you have, with impunity, called me liar, perjurer and knave; you have stated that the world would be well rid of me; and you would hang me outside my gossip's door this moment if you could; but mark me, wolf, you'll die yourself first; the earth is sick of your cruelty and tyranny, and the curses of a whole people hang over you night and day.'

'I believe him guilty,' repeated the earl, with a brow as dark as night.

'I do not,' said the captain, excitedly.

'Nor I,' nor I,' nor I,' added the other members of the court.

'God bless you, gentlemen, for your opinion, at any rate, no matter how the affair goes; but I've another word or two to say, that I had till now totally forgotten. I told you I had beaten down these men, one after another; I told you that when the fight was over, they all lay sprawling at my feet—'No more of that stuff,' interrupted the earl.

'But I did not tell you (a look of scorn at his malignant enemy,) that I wrung the swords from their hands—their eight swords—and smashed them across my knee; now, captain, order these weapons to be produced. Missiles flung from my hands could not break eight swords.'

The eight men now shuffled in amongst their fellows, and there was at once great confusion to be observed in their proceedings; indeed, clumsily did they manage their manoeuvres, that every one in the room saw they were getting a loan of the swords of the guard to exhibit as their own.

Dermot pointed out the fact to the captain, who instantly ordered the sergeant in attendance to produce the broken swords, and also to call out all the men of his troop, fully armed, in order that no trick should be attempted to conceal the guilty parties. This put an end to all further concealment—the broken swords were produced—O'Mahony's case fully proved—the eight men convicted of their infamous falsehoods, perjuries and cowardice—and the Earl of Kingston, sulky and abashed at the vanishing of his climinating hopes, to get rid of a troublesome enemy forever, dragged his hat down over his brows and was silent.

Eight armed men against one! indignantly commented the captain, pointing to the convicted cowards, and then looking towards O'Mahony with admiration:

'Sergeant, take these eight scoundrels away, give them double drill for as many months as there are scoundrels of them, and then get them from under my command, and in some poltroon raising squad, intended for some locality outside the three kingdoms, they are a disgrace to the service. And as to you O'Mahony, join my troop and I will pledge you my honor to get a commission for you before the year ends. Why, man, you are six feet six inches if you are a foot.

'Thanks, captain, many thanks to you, but when I do enlist, if ever I do, it must be in an Irish regiment, and of different colored facings to any from over the water.'

'The United Irishmen,' snarled out the Earl of Kingston.

'I wish to heaven there such beings in this country as United Irishmen,' retorted O'Mahony.

'You one yourself,' muttered the earl, and you'll swing for it yet; you'll die in a hurry, depend upon it.'

'May the prayer happen the preacher,' laughed O'Mahony, as he made his bow to the court, shook his gossip's hand, and took his departure homeward.

THE IRISH FAMINE.—All that the imagination of Dante has figured—all that the pens of Thucydides or Boccaccio have described—all that the pencil of Reynolds has pictured of the terrible and pathetic—is realised, and more than realised, in that scene of unutterable woe. Often when a cottage was observed to be deserted, and the wonted smoke no longer seen to issue from its roof—when the anxious neighbors opened the door, they found the whole family lying dead in a circle, with the new-born infant still locked up in its mother's arms, having drained the last drop of nutriment in the dying embrace. Numbers of peasants dropped down on the wayside from pure exhaustion when striving to reach the workhouse or the nearest government works. A faithful dog was sometimes found beside the body, emaciated and weak, but true to its trust even in death.

Not yet quite deserted, though lonely extended.
For, faithful in death his mate favorite attended.
The much loved remains of his master defended,
And chased the lill fox and the raven away.

A mournful scene was very frequently presented at the farm-houses during the winter, especially in the remote parts of the country, where the cattle, deprived of their wonted meal, were to be seen standing in silence round the deserted door, occasionally giving a low moan at the long-continued absence of the well-known hands that were wont to nourish them, and whose prostration had been so sudden that they had neither strength to feed nor slay them. The wail of starving children was to be heard on all sides begging in vain of their parents the slender pittance on which had long supported life. A melancholy feature of the times was exhibited in the long train of convoys, with provisions, which traversed the country on their way from the seaports to the interior, escorted by long files of infantry and cavalry, round which the weeping villagers, with their children, crowded, supplicating for a handful of meal to stay the pangs of hunger. The scenes exhibited far exceeded in horror any thing yet recorded in European history; for, in the nervous words of Lord John Russell, it was 'a famine of the thirteenth which had fallen on the population of the thirteenth century.'

THE 88TH CONNAUGHT RANGERS.—To all who feel a just pride in the fame and honor of one of the most distinguished of our national regiments, the subjoined item of intelligence from the seat of war in India, cannot but be gratifying in the highest degree. The 88th, it will be seen, are sustaining the reputation won upon many a hard fought field in the Peninsula, the Crimea, and, indeed, upon every occasion in which they were engaged, from the formation of the corps at the close of the last century down to this their last exploit in India. The Hon. Major Bourke, whose name is particularly in the general order, is a younger son of the Earl of Mayo, and served with the 88th during the whole of the campaign in the Crimea.

The following despatch from Lieutenant-Colonel P. V. Maxwell, C. B., 88th Regiment, commanding detachment, addressed to Brigadier J. E. W. Inglis, commanding at Cawpore, has been published by order of the governor-general. It is dated camp Bhoynepore, Feb. 4, 1858:—

'Sir—I have the honor to report that the enemy from Calpee attacked our position at five o'clock this morning. From the nature of the ground, which is much broken, and from the cover afforded by the crops, which are high, it is impossible to compute their numbers; but from the extent of ground which they occupied, they must have been in considerable force. I advanced with five companies of the 88th Regiment, two guns of Royal Artillery (9-pounder) under Captain Talbot, and fifty sowars under Lieutenant Thompson. We defeated the enemy, and had a running fight of four hours. They disputed every inch of the ground, making a stand at Chowra, a village three miles from this place. We pursued them as long as possible, and they retreated across the river, keeping up the fire of their skirmishers to the very last. I am happy to say my casualties are but few. Lieutenant Thompson, commanding the sowars, was se-

verely wounded in the leg, and his horse twice wounded; three sowars are wounded (slightly); one private 88th Regiment slightly wounded. About eighty dead bodies of the enemy were counted by my officers, all Sepoys. Where all behaved well, it is difficult to particularize, but I think it due to Major, the Hon. J. J. Bourke, to bear testimony to the gallant and able manner in which he led on the skirmishers and drove the enemy out of the village of Chowra.'

MISCELLANEA.

Doctrine is nothing but the skin of truth, set up and staffed.

It is not well for a man to pray, cream; and live, skim milk.

Naomi, daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years of age when she married. Take courage, ladies.

'Clara, did poor little Carlo have a pink ribbon around his neck when you lost him?' 'Yes, yes, the poor little dear, have you seen him?' 'No, not exactly—but here is a pink ribbon in the sausage.'

'Did the defendant approach the plaintiff scintim?' 'Inquired an attorney in a case of assault and battery, the other day.

'No, sir-ee,' was the reply; 'he went at 'em with a poker.'

The following motion was made and carried at a recent meeting of a colored parish in this city:

'Mistur Moderator—In consensens ob de full attendus at dis meetin', I moobee de meetin' next Wensday ebenin' am postponed to dis Monday ebenin' for de chois ob directors.'

A housemaid who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. 'Well, is he coming?' said the lady of the house, as the servant returned. 'Yes, ma'am, directly,' was the reply; 'he's just sharpening his teeth.'

There was an advertisement in the London Times recently, for 'a dog that answers to the name of Mustard.' Not difficult to find such a dog! Mustard is the most natural companion to meat. Cut a sandwich for him, and you will see that Mustard, if he is a well-bred dog, will come running in as naturally as possible.

'He who rises late may trot all day but never overtake his business.' So said Dr. Franklin. A contemporary says: 'We have watched those fellows who are early risers, and as a general thing they are the first chaps who go to the groceries of a morning. It's all moonshine about the smartest and greatest man being the early riser.'

A girl who had become tired of single blessedness, wrote to her intended, thus: 'Dear Jim, cum rite off if you are cummin at all, Ed Helderman is insistin' that I shall have him, and he hugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer.'

We know a beautiful little blue-eyed girl, of some three years old, who was nestled in her mother's arms, at twilight, looking out at the stars. 'Mother,' said she, 'it is getting dark!' 'And what makes it dark, Caroline?' said her mother. 'Because God shuts his eyes!' replied the little poet.

A short time since, a highwayman undertook to rob Major Jones. He met Jones in a piece of woods over in Jersey. He asked Jones for his pocket book. Jones refused to yield. Highwayman then took Jones by the neck and undertook to choke him down. Jones made fight and kept it up for about half an hour. At the expiration of that time Jones caved, and the highwayman commenced rifling his pockets. The contents amounted to eighteen cents.

'Is that all you've got?'

'Every cent.'

'What made you fight so long?'

'Didn't want to be exposed. Bad enough to have only eighteen cents; but a great deal worse to have the world know it.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE!

THE IRISH MISCELLANY

PICTURE GALLERY.

INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

On Saturday, the 3d of July next, we shall present to each subscriber to the Irish Pictorial Miscellany, a splendid Lithographic Engraving, representing the glorious scene, which occurred shortly before the capture of Limerick, when General Sarsfield, who commanded the Irish horse, having learned that a large supply of heavy siege guns was on the way to the camp of the Prince of Orange, resolved to capture them. Crossing the country by a difficult and circuitous route, so as to intercept the convoy, he came up in front of it at Kilmunnamna, attacked William's troops, defeated them and compelled them to retreat before the Irish horse, leaving their artillery in the hands of Sarsfield.

Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the narrow lanes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands. A train being laid, the spark was applied and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William's army burst into innumerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to the great popularity of our gallant Sarsfield. The explosion shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

It is at the moment of the explosion of the English artillery which our artist has seized upon for the subject of his pencil.

This memorable event will be faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as we can learn to any of our Irish artists, and shall now have ample justice done to it. It will possess the most beautiful picture. We shall present it to our readers on a sheet of fine drawing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

It will at once be seen that we cannot do this without a great outlay of capital. We expect to be reimbursed by a very large addition to our subscription list, as no person will be entitled to it who has not paid on or before the 3d of July next one year's subscription in advance, dating from our first number.

Non-subscribers will be supplied at \$1.50 for each plate. We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a 'picture gallery' worthy of the events we propose to commemorate. This will be the first of a series of NATIONAL PICTURES we propose presenting gratis to our regular subscribers; the second picture of the series will be ready early in October, the third of which is not yet decided on. We should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess pictures of remarkable events in Irish history, or portraits of distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They shall be taken good care of, and returned.

Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually supersede the wretched dials which are often met with.

Our arrangements for the first picture are almost completed. It will be absolutely necessary that we should know immediately the number of plates we shall want. We will therefore, therefore, send in their subscriptions without delay, and be careful to give us their correct address. We shall not strike off any more copies than are ordered before the above date.

Will our friends of the press please notice this new feature in our publication, and we will take care that our sanctuaries are adorned with choice copies of this national picture.

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IS published weekly at Knoxville, Tennessee, by JOHN MITCHELL & WM. G. SWAN, at \$2 per annum, or \$1 for six months, payable invariably in advance.

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The Southern Citizen will be the more interesting to both American and Irish readers. Besides these contributions from Mr. Mitchell, the Southern Citizen will continue to give a usual quantity of original matter upon political and literary subjects prepared by him. The circulation, though large and constantly increasing, the proprietors have thought will be much more extended by an announcement in this form.

Communications with remittances may be addressed to Mitchell & Swan, Knoxville, Tennessee, or to any of the following Agents:

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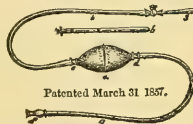
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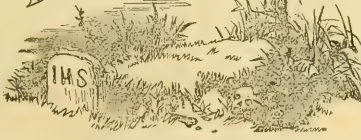
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PROSPECTUS.

IRISH MISCELLANY. Prospectus. On Saturday the 18th day of February 1858, was published the first number of a new weekly periodical, with the above title, dedicated to the diffusion of a more intimate knowledge of the literary and political history of Ireland, and to the mental, moral and political elevation of the Celtic race on this continent.

The "Irish Miscellany" will contain 16 pages of closely printed matter, on fine paper, of a size similar to this prospectus. Price 4 cents a copy, in advance; or, by mail, \$2 a year to mail subscribers—invariably in advance.

In asking for public support for the *Irish Miscellany*, it is proper to say, that it is not our intention to trespass upon the ground already occupied by any of our contemporaries. We have marked out for ourselves a course entirely new and original—one not occupied by any other publication in this country. We propose to cultivate a field which, although the naturally rich and fertile, and capable of producing the choicest flowers and fruits of literature, has hitherto lain comparatively barren and unproductive. Into this field we shall enter with a full confidence of its capabilities, and with a modest diffidence of the skill which we shall bring to its culture.

It has long been a reproach to our race here, that while the publications of the day, with few exceptions, teem with vile caricatures of us and of our country—while we are continually held up to public gaze as everything that is foolish, absurd and vicious—but little effort is made to place the true character of our people before the public eye, and to vindicate our name and race from the calumnies with which English hate everywhere pursues us.

To correct, in some measure, this crying evil, it was at first proposed to gather together a number of Irishmen distinguished in the walks of literature, and publish monthly a review, which, for sterling talent, should be second to none published here or in Europe. The great expense connected with such an undertaking, and the necessity of being urged from the attempt, compelled us to relinquish our design, and to substitute instead thereof, our more unpretending *Miscellany*.

We propose to re-produce in our weekly periodical the writings of many of the great minds who have gone before us, while we shall also cul from the current Irish literature of the day, such productions as cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers. Our country is rich in legendary lore, and the legends of the old land, while they amuse, serve to instruct and to elevate.

We shall therefore, in our instructive tales and legends of a high moral tone, that will remind us of the happy times when we—

"Sat by the fire of a cold winter's night,
Along with our friends told tales of delight."

We shall give faithful descriptions and illustrations of Irish antiquities—of our ruined monasteries, our plundered abbeyes and churches; and our pictorial illustrations of Irish scenes and antiquities will present to loving memory many familiar scenes of early childhood. We have secured the services of talented artists, and each number of the *Miscellany* will contain numerous illustrations executed in the best style of art.

We shall keep constantly before our readers the ancient glory of our country, and while we ponder with pride upon the moral and intellectual superiority of Ireland, when England and the rest of Europe was sunk in ignorance and barbarism; we shall point to the past as an incentive to the future.

The biographies of distinguished Irishmen will be an important feature in the *Irish Miscellany*, as we shall give biographical notices of Irishmen distinguished in every department of literature, science and art—of men distinguished on the sea and on land: in the church the senate, and at the bar.

It is our intention to republish the works of Irish writers now out of print, in such a manner that they may be preserved to future times, and to give to the old land, and to serve to incalculable, in the minds of the rising generation, a filial regard for the land of their fathers.

We propose commencing with the *Dublin Penny Journal*, a work which in its early days enjoyed great popularity. We shall devote one half of the *Miscellany* to each number of that national publication. To do this we have ordered a font of type in Irish characters, so that the poems printed in the *Journal* in Irish language can be reprinted in Irish characters with English translation in our Irish department of the *Miscellany* will be in the hands of an Irish gentleman every way competent to the task.

The remaining eight pages of the *Miscellany* will be devoted to the current news of the day, to original articles, tales, essays, poetry, &c. In politics we shall endeavor to avoid those questions which have divided our countrymen, or discuss them in a manner void of offence.

The *Irish Miscellany* will be thoroughly independent of all political parties—the slave of none. Such questions as affect our countrymen here, we shall discuss with freedom, and zealously labor for their moral, intellectual and political elevation.

The editorial labors will be divided among several gentlemen, and we trust to make the *Miscellany* a welcome guest at the fireside of every family. With these remarks we commend our sheet to the support of every well wisher of our race. We feel there is room for such a publication and promise that we will be wanting on our part to make it worthy of public support.

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UP! FOR THE GREEN.

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany,

FROM THE "SPIRIT OF THE NATION."

POETRY BY FERMOY.

ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

Allegro. — The Weaving of the Green.

1. 'Tis the green,— oh! the green is the col - or of the true, And we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll raise it o'er the blue; For the
2. They may say they have pow - er 'tis vain to op - pose— 'Tis bet - ter to o - bey and live, than sure - ly die as foes; But we

color of our Fatherland alone should here be seen, 'Tis the color of the martyr'd dead, our own immortal green. Then up! for the green, boys, and up! for the green. Oh! 'tis
scorn all their threats, boys, whatever they may mean; For we trust in God above us, and we dearly love the green. So, we'll up for the green, and we'll up for the green! Oh, ho

down in the dust, and a shame to be seen; But we've hands, oh! we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween, To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green!
do is far better than be curs'd as we have been; And we've hearts, oh, we've hearts, boys, full true enough, I ween, To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green!

3.

4.

They may swear as they often did, our wretchedness to cure;
But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure.
No, we won't — no, we won't, Bull, for now nor ever more!
For we've hopes on the ocean, and we've trust on the shore.

Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
Shout it back to the Sasanach, "We'll never sell the green!"
For our Tone is coming back, and with men enough, I ween,
To rescue, and avenge us and our own immortal green.

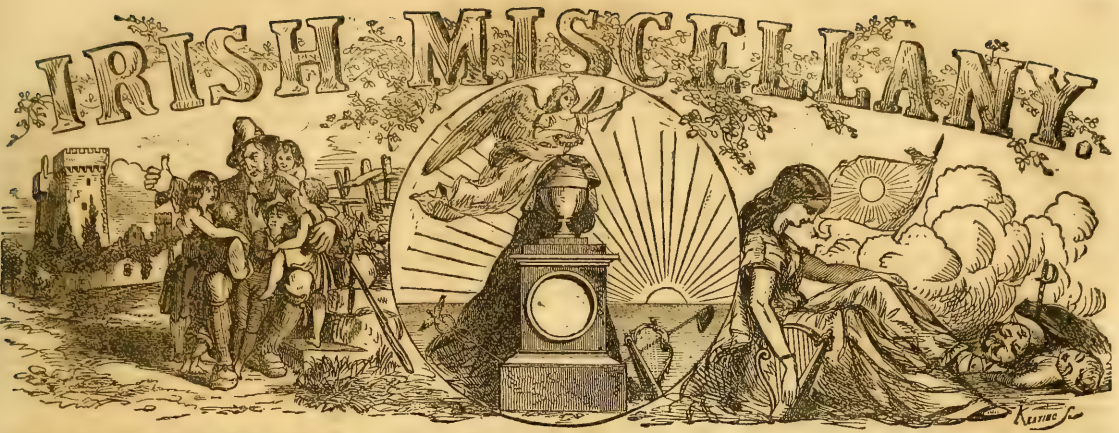
Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb,
At *Luimneach* * and *Durlas*,† — Blackwater and *Binn-barb*; ‡
And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,
When we met him on the battle-field, of France — at Fontenoy.

Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
Oh, 'tis *still* in the dust, and a shame to be seen;
But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green!

* Limerick.

† Misspell'd Thurlus.

‡ Fenbarb.



VOLUME I—NUMBER 14.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

THE BANK OF IRELAND.

This truly beautiful and magnificent building, which, as all our readers know, was originally the Parliament House of Ireland, though considerably changed by the internal adaptations necessary for its present purpose, is fully entitled to the character given of it in 1791, by the very talented James Malton—that is no hyperbole to advance, that this edifice in the entire, is the grandest, most convenient, and most extensive of the kind in Europe; and with equal truth he observed, that 'it derives

all its beauty from a simple impulse of fine art; and is one of the few instances of form only, expressing true symmetry.' Indeed, so truly classic is this fine edifice in its proportions, so grand in its simplicity, that it is not saying too much of it, that it would have done honor to the best days of Grecian art; and with such an example before us—one which gives delight to all persons imbued even with the slightest sentiments of taste—it is strange that it should hitherto have had so little effect on the architectural taste of our country, and that

nothing comparable to it, and very little of a similar refined character, has been ever raised in the country since the period of its erection.

The foundation of the Parliament House was laid in 1729, during the administration of Lord Cartaret, and was executed under the inspection of Sir Edward Lovet Pearce, engineer and surveyor-general; but completed by Arthur Dobbs, Esq., who succeeded him in that office about the year 1739. The expense amounted to above £40,000. The building being found insufficient in extent to



THE BANK OF IRELAND.

accommodate the Lords and Commons, in 1785, an eastern front leading to the House of Lords, was designed and executed by the late eminent architect James Gandon, at an expense of £25,000. In 1787, a western front and entrance, joined to the centre portico by a circular colonade, were added, from the design of Mr. Parke, architect, for about £30,000. The edifice thus perfected for its original purposes, was purchased by the Company of the Bank of Ireland in 1802, from the Government, for the sum of £10,000, subject to a ground rent of

£240 per annum. It is singular enough that the name of the original architect is not certainly known.

The centre portion of this magnificent structure, which is the subject of our present illustration, consists of one grand colonade of the Ionic order, occupying three sides of a court-yard, and resting on a flight of steps, continued entirely round, and to the extremities of the colonade, where are entrances under two lofty archways. The four central columns support a pediment, whose tympanum

is ornamented by the Royal Arms, and on its apex is placed a statue of Hibernia, with one of Fidelity, on her right, and another of Commerce on her left. These statues were executed by our fellow citizen John Smyth, that of Hibernia being modeled by his father, and the other two by the celebrated Flaxman. This magnificent centre is connected with the eastern and western fronts, which almost contend with it in beauty, by circular screen walls the height of the building, enriched with dressed niches, and a rusticated basement. The western

front, which is a beautiful portico of four Ionic columns, surmounted by a pediment, preserves an uniformity of style with the centre; but the eastern one, which was originally the entrance to the House of Lords, is of a different style, being of the Corinthian order, and consisting of six columns, crowned by a pediment with a plain tympanum, on which stand three fine statues by the elder Smyth emblematic of Justice, Fortitude and Liberty. Though this portico is in itself of the most exquisite proportions and beauty, the difference of its style from the other parts of the building is justly objected to, inasmuch as it destroys the symmetrical uniformity of the building as a whole. The defect, however, was accidental, and not attributable to any want of judgment on the part of its accomplished architect, but caused by a desire on the part of the Lords to have their entrance of a different and more ornamental character than that appropriated to the Commons; and it is related as an instance of the ready wit of Mr. Gandon, that a gentleman passing while the workmen were placing the Corinthian capitals on the columns, struck with the incongruity, having asked, 'What order is that?' the architect who was present, replied 'It is a very substantial order, for it is an order of the House of Lords.' P.

ANNALS OF DUBLIN.

Translated from the Autograph of the Four Masters in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy.

[Continued.]

1213. Fin O'Brollaghan, the steward of O'Donnell, (Donall Mor) went to Connaught to collect O'Donnell's tribute. He first went to Carbria of Drumcliff, and there at his house, at Lis an Doill O'Daly, he visited the poet Muireadhach (Murray) to whom he conveyed his message. Upon coming into the poet's presence, he betrayed symptoms of fear, uneasiness, and caution, (for his lord had advised him to beware of the poet;) Murray became enraged at his appearance, and seizing a sharp axe, he struck and slew him on the spot, and then fled into Clanrickard from fear of O'Donnell. When O'Donnell obtained intelligence of this, he arrived at Derrydonnell, (a place in Clanrickard, signifying O'Donnell's Oak Grove, so called because O'Donnell had encamped there for a night,) and proceeded to devastate the country by fire and sword, until Mac William de Burgo at last submitted to him. Before de Burgo submitted, he informed Muireadhach that he was no longer able to protect him, whereupon the poet fled into Thomond, and placed himself under the protection of Donogh Cairbreach O'Brien. O'Donnell pursued him, and proceeded to plunder and lay waste that country also, whereupon O'Brien ordered Murray to fly into Limerick; whither O'Donnell followed, and pitching his camp at Moneydonnell (so called from that circumstance) laid siege to Limerick. Upon which the inhabitants of Limerick, at O'Donnell's command, expelled Muireadhach, who received no protection until he arrived in Dublin.

O'Donnell, after having performed the visitation of all Connaught, and receiving his tribute from them, returned safe home. Upon his return, he immediately mustered another army, and marching to Dublin, compelled the inhabitants to expel Muireadhach to Scotland. Here the poet, while in exile, composed three poems in praise of O'Donnell, and requesting pardon and peace from him. The third of these poems commences,

(O'Donnell, hand of peace.)

O'Donnell, being moved at the excellence of his poems, received him to mercy, and gave him lands and protection.

1238. Felix O'Roony, archbishop of Tuam, who had resigned his bishoprick some time before for the purpose of applying himself more sedulously to de-

votion, and who had received the monastic habit in Mary's Abbey in Dublin, died in this year.

1243. Malone O'Gracian, (Grian) archdeacon of Tuam, upon his return across the sea (from England probably) died in Dublin.

1256. The archbishop of Dublin died.

1283. Dublin and Christ's church were burned.

1305. Donogh O'Flaherty, bishop of Killala, the most pious of the Irish, died at Dunboyne, on his way to Dublin, and was solemnly interred in the House of the Blessed Virgin Mary, at Mullingar.

1356. Garrett Tyrrell was put to death by the people of the King of England, on the Green of Dublin.

1358. O'More gave the English of Dublin a signal overthrow, leaving 240 of them dead on the field of battle.

1368. David O'Toole was slain by the English of Dublin.

1369. Dermot Mac Morogh, King of Leinster, surnamed the red handed, was put to death by the English of Dublin, after having been for a long time before imprisoned by them.

1394. Richard, King of England, landed at Waterford, and proceeded thence to Dublin.

Cameluana O'Dugan was slain by the people of the King of England in Dublin.

1408. The English of Dublin marched under the conduct of the son of the King of England into Leinster. Hitsu (Hutson) Tuite was slain on this expedition, and was very generally lamented.

1412. Hugh, son of Henry O'Neill made his escape from Dublin, after having been ten years imprisoned there, and brought several other hostages, his fellow prisoners, along with him, viz., the son of Maguire, and the son of O'Neill (his own brother's son;) this act was the cause of great disturbance in the province of Ulster.

1413. O'Byrne gave the English of Dublin a signal defeat.

1425. O'Neill, and Owen O'Neill, Neachtain O'Donnell, the son of O'Neill Boy, (i. e. of Clannaboy,) McQuillan, Mac Donnell, and O'Mellain, keeper of the bell of St. Patrick, came to the house of the earl, and were made prisoners by Lord Furnival, after the death of the Earl of Mares. These chieftains were brought by him to Dublin, and confined there.

1431. Mac Morogh Lord (Tighearna) of Leinster, (i. e. Donogh, the Son of Art Cavanagh) made an incursion into the County of Dublin. The English rose up to make opposition, but in the first engagement Mac Morogh proved victorious, killed many and took much booty from them. The English collected a fresh body of troops, and on the evening of the same day overtook Mac Morogh's army who were carrying off immense booty. A battle ensued in which Mac Morogh was defeated, with the loss of a large body of his troops under the command of Mac an Mhidhigh, son of Teige, of the family of O'Brien, and under the two sons of O'Connor Kerry. O'Toole was taken prisoner.

1434. O'Neill (Owen) and O'Donnell (Niall*) mustered all the forces of Ulster and made an incursion into Meath to plunder and destroy the English there. The English of Traigh-Bhaile (Dundalk) came to O'Neill and paid him his tribute, and bestowed on him many jewels and precious articles. O'Neill proceeded and burned Machaire Oigiall, (Co. Louth,) and as his soldiers were setting fire to the fortresses of the English in that country, they were surprised by the King of England's Deputy who was approaching them at the head of an army, whereupon O'Neill fled and escaped without the loss of a man.

O'Donnell, his son Torlogh (heir apparent of Tir-

connelly,) and McCathunhoill (Campbell,) passed in another direction and began to commit hostilities; but to their great misfortune they were met by a numerous body of English cavalry, who surrounded them on every side. O'Donnell's army defended themselves for a long time, until Torlogh, McCathunhoill (Campbell,) Mac-an-Easpuc, Mac Cathunhoill, and several others of distinction were slain. After the loss of his people, O'Donnell was taken prisoner, and given up to the King of England's Deputy, the son of John Stanley, and being sent to Dublin was imprisoned there. The son of Manus Caeoh O'Donnell, was also taken.

1439. The King of England's Deputy arrived in Ireland, and was taken prisoner by Cahir, the son of O'Connor Faly. After he had remained sometime in confinement, he was ransomed by the English of Dublin, who delivered up the son of Plunkett in his stead.

The plague raged virulently this year in Dublin, from the commencement of Spring to the end of May; it swept away three thousand of the inhabitants, both men and women young and old.

Of this plague died, Donagh, the son of O'Dowd, (Teige,) Connor, the son of McDonagh, and his wife, the daughter of Teige McDonagh, the Vicar of Imleach Isal, Donagh, the son of Tomaltach O'Boal, Edmund de Burgo, the son of Clanrickard,* who was heir apparent to the Lordship of Clanrickard.

1442. The English of Dublin and Meath made an incursion into the territory of the O'Byrnes, and committed great depredations there; but they were overtaken by the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, who gave them a signal defeat and stripped them of all their spoils. Eighty of the English were killed.

1452. Fergal Roe Oge Ma-Geoghegan, a chieftain of great fame and renown in his time, was killed by the Baron of Delvin, and by the sons of Pierce Dalton, at Cruach-abhall; his head was cut off and carried to Trim, and to Dublin, and exultingly exhibited at those places; it was carried back again and interred with his body at Durrow of Columbkille, (King's County.)

1453. The O'Neills, of Clannaboy, suffered a great overthrow at Ardglass, from the Savages, assisted by the English of Dublin, who had landed upon their territory. The following was the cause of their going thither: A British (Welsh) fleet had attacked and plundered the fleet of Dublin, and taken the archbishop prisoner; the Dublin fleet pursued them as far as the North Sea, and on their return landed upon the Ardes, Savages' territory, and assisted him against his northern enemies. In this battle of Ardglass, Henry O'Neill was taken prisoner by the English; Cu-uladh, the son of Cathbarr Magennis, heir apparent of Iveagh; Hugh Magennis, Mac-Carton, and fourteen leaders from the route, (Co. Antrim,) were slain. The total of the slain on the side of the Irish, amounted to 520.

1464. O'Donnell, Mac William de Burgo (Burke) and many of the nobility of Ireland, both of Irish and English extraction, along with them, repaired to Dublin to meet Thomas Earl of Desmond, the then Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and they entered into a league of peace and friendship with him.

1466. The English of Meath and Leinster made an incursion into Ophaly; O'Connor Faly (Con) assembled his forces and gave them battle, in which he slew, first of all, John, the son of Thomas, the best and most renowned leader amongst the English, whose loss was an omen of ill success to his people. The next day the Earl and his English were defeated, and the Earl himself taken prisoner and despoiled.

* The De Burgos (or Burkes) in Connaught took the name of Mac William, and were divided into two principal branches, known as the nearer and further McWilliam, the first living in the County of Galway and the second in the County of Mayo.

* When the Surname is thus mentioned before the Christian name, or if the latter should be entirely omitted, and the Surname only expressed, in either case, the chief of his name and country is meant.

ed of his arms and accoutrements. Teige O'Connor conveyed the Earl (who was his own son-in-law,) to Caislen Cairpre, and there incarcerated him, together with several of his people who were taken prisoners, such as Christopher Plunkett, the Prior of the House of the Blessed Virgin at Trim, and William Oge Nugent, and many others of distinction. When the English of Dublin obtained intelligence of this, they came and rescued these prisoners in despite of their enemies.

For some time after this battle, Meath was much disturbed by the adjacent Irish Chieftains. O'Connor Faly was in the practice of sending marauding parties northwards as far as Tara, and southwards as far as Naas, to plunder Meath, and the inhabitants of Bredin and Oriel laid it waste in all directions by fire and sword.

J. O'D.

A TOUR TO CONNAUGHT.

LETTER IV.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal:—

Well, Terence O'Toole, you will prove yourself a right worthy Milesian, if you can make any thing of Kinnegad. A learned wight, in the last Penny Journal, says, 'Terence knows something of Irish Topography,' and with reconcile insight into the etymon of my Christian name, announces that it means, in Irish, 'the Tower-like.' I suspect he is the least in life mistaken, and may be set right by the substitution of one letter, and should have said that Toirdhealbhaic meant 'Tower-like,' and, verily, I must like tour-making very much, when I would venture to describe the amenities of Kinnegad. Like most towns in east and west Meath 'a lean place amidst fat lands.' What a sleepy spot—few up and doing, but the cur dogs and beggars. The bugle of the passing coach sends its clamor along the quiet street, it reverberates amongst the mud walls and dunghills—the lazy cobbler lifts his head from his last, and scratches, significantly, beneath his woollen nightcap—the tailor lays down his goose, scratches, ruminatingly at the organ of destructiveness, and stares at the passing vehicle—the tinker's ass brays responsively as the guard blows—the sow rises from her wallowing in the green puddle that stinks and festers before the huxter's door, to grunt in unison—mendicants and cur dogs rush forth and surround us, the one barking, the other begging! Oh, why have we not the pencil of a Wilkie or an Ostade, a Callot or Della Bella, to picture the grouping of a coach changing horses at an Irish village. Here I challenge all the mendicant counties in Christendom, to match me Ireland in the trade, or costume, or aptitude for begging—France, Italy, aye, even Spain itself must yield the palm. Where, under the sun, could you find such eloquence of complaint—such versatility of supplication—such aptitude of humor—suited with felicitous tact, the appeal to the well guessed character of the applicant? Observe, there is always a leader of the begging band, who controls the rest, and asserts a manifest superiority in striking the key-note of supplication. Take, for instance, the queen bee, or rather wasp, of the Kinnegad swarm that surrounded us; what a tall, sturdy, sinewy virago—her dark, rapid eye bespeaking her quick spirit—her powerful form, the danger of disputing with her—her sallow skin and sharp features, that the pabulum of her existence was drawn more from whiskey than from wholesome eatables: alas, for the body, soul, and spirit of that being whose existence depends on whiskey and potatoes. Look at her, with her filthy, faltering hand fixed now on the coach door, in the attitude of threatening requisition, and almost frightening a delicate female within into the reluctant bestowment of sixpence. Again, see with what leer of cunning she addresses herself in flattering guise to an outside passenger, and how knowingly she smokes a youth with a cigar in his mouth, and while coaxing him out of a penny, which he flung at her head, she played upon the puffer, offered to lend him her dudheen, quizzed him for his parsimony, in attempting to smoke and chew at the

same time from the same tabacco twist, and exhibited him in truth of his nature, as a jackanapes. Then she moved off to the rear of the coach, and commenced flattering a farming sort of young man, large, rude and ruddy. 'Och! then is that yourself, Master Tom,—I hope your honor's heifer's sold well last market—maybe it's yourself that hasn't the pocketfall of money coming out of Smithfield—and long may your father and your father's son reign, for it's he that's the good warrant to give to the poor—my blessing, and the blessing of poor Judy's children light upon him every day he gets up, for it's he that never passes through Kinnegad without throwing me a silver shilling. Do, Master Tom, and the heavens be your bed, throw us a half-crown, and we'll divide honestly. Yes, your honor, I know you'll be after putting your hand in your pocket. Molly, agra, turning to another beggarwoman, 'what a sweet smile Master Tom has carries—isn't he as like the dear man his father, as if he was spit out of his mouth—but why shouldn't he be good, seeing as how he's the rare old sort, none of your upstart jackeens.' Here a sixpence thrown at her head, rewarded her pains, and immediately she turned to a respectable looking man, with broad brimmed hat and sad colored attire, who stood on the other side of the vehicle, preparing to mount. 'Do, your reverence, throw us a tester before you go, and soon and safe may you return, for the prayer of the fatherless and widow will be along wid ye—blessing on his sweet charitable face—wouldn't ye see, Honor,' addressing herself to another beggarwoman, 'with the wink of an eye, that there was a heart within him for the poor.' Here Honor interposed—'Judy Mulcahey, and bad luck to ye, why call the gentleman his reverence, when you know no more than my sucking child whether he be a clergy at all, at all.' 'Yes, but I do know, and for why shouldn't I; don't I see his galligaskins covering so tight and nate his comfortable legs—blessings on his reverence every day he rises'—and then, in an under voice, and turning to a beggarman behind her, 'Jack, what matters it to the likes of us, whether he be the right sort or not—what concern is it to Judy and the childer, whether he be priest, parson, or methody preacher, so as I slewder him out of sixpence. Do, your reverence, do, and the poor widow's blessing attend ye, throw something before ye's go amongst us.' Thus she carried on her attacks—praised and joked, prayed and imprecated, now a blessing, now a blasphemy, and when the guard sang out 'all's right,' and the coach drove off, she heaped curses, for sheer fun's sake, upon all those whom, for herself and fellows, she failed to put under contribution, and then for the whiskey shop, to dissolve, with all rapidity, the proceeds of her morning's occupation. But 'adieu to village delights.'

'Strange,' says our English fellow traveller, as we passed along some beautiful pasturage lands westward of the village, 'that a soil seemingly so rich, does not produce cheese; is it the fault of your land, or it owing to the laziness of your people, that Ireland, even from her richest soils, produces none?' 'I beg your pardon, sir,' said I, 'in my younger days, I remember eating cheese made in this vicinity. To be sure, the manufacture of Kinnegad was not equal to that of Berkeley Hundred, and was, in sooth, a tough, thin, leathery sort of thing, very like, when cut into slices, so many razor strops, and I agree with you that it is very strange that our confessedly rich pastures cannot supply good cheese, though I have known great pains taken by sundry spirited landed proprietors to produce a good article, and still the attempt proved abortive, though the method of manufacture, the machinery and the makers were brought over from the most approved places in England, as Cheshire, Gloucestershire, Leicestershire; they made cheese to be sure, but it proved not either Cheshire, Gloucester or Stilton.' 'Gentlemen,' said a shrewd, farmer-looking fellow-traveller, 'this may not be so strange as many superficial observers might be apt to suppose. The failure, instead of proving a mark of inferiority in our pasture lands, only serves as a proof of their abundant and succulent fertility. The truth is, and on this subject I am in-

formed by a good practical chemist, that our Irish soils laid out for dairy husbandry supply the cream instead of the curd; or as my friend in learned phrase said, they enrich the cow with more of the butyaceous than the caseous matter. If unable to produce cheese in sufficient quality or quantity, we can yet supply abundantly our own and foreign markets with butter the best in the world. The bounties of Providence are various, and every country has its peculiar blessing. France has her wine, Italy her oil, England her cheese, Ireland her beef and her butter; and as my farm in Westmeath supplies me with my daily 'mate, washing and lodging,' I do not envy the Englishman his bread, cheese and ale.' There, Mr. Editor, was a sensible fellow, and just the sort of intelligent Irish farmer I would like more frequently to meet with.

In a short time we came in sight, for the first time, of one of those red bogs which are so numerous and extensive in the centre of Ireland, and which, as in a great measure linked, though here and there separated by gravel hills and belts of arable land, form what is called the Bog of Allen. That part of it which now came into view extends south-westwards—the high and fertile hill of Croghan. 'Is it not,' said I, 'a disgrace to the science, the skill, the enterprise and wealth of the nineteenth century, that these immense wastes should still pervade our island, when a teeming population is calling out for land from whence it can draw sustenance, and when thousands are seeking for settlements in the American forests.' To this very true remark the farming gentleman, who seemed so well informed as to cheese, replied by observing, 'that he had hopes that very shortly here would be some efficient means brought to bear upon these bogs, so as to bring them into productive cultivation; for,' says he, 'in that very bog we are now directing our attention to, a gentleman, Mr. F., either has begun, or is about to commence a system which he saw practised with perfect success in Chatmoss—the red bog over which the rail-road runs on its way from Liverpool to Manchester—there, by a judicious system of drainage, manuring and cultivation, the bog has been brought to produce abundant crops of wheat; and, as I understand, he has contracted with a person from Chatmoss, who is himself conversant with the process there used, to bring either the whole, or part of the bog now before you, under similar cultivation, at an expense not exceeding £5 per acre.' 'This, indeed,' I observed, 'would be a truly patriotic experiment; and if successful in bringing a red flow bog into such productiveness as to grow wheat, he would prove an eminent benefactor to his country. But I confess, I have my misgivings as to any success such as may alter the face of one great flow bog; there may be some skirtings of them reclaimed; the black bogs, and such parts of the red as are so drained and compressed to have passed from their spongy, living, and growing state, may be cultivated, as I have seen them before now, but for a deep red bog, consisting of upwards of a thousand acres, plantation measure, and which is, in fact, so wet and loose in its centre as to resemble more a mass of strabour or porridge than any thing else; 'a crude consistence,' as Milton called his Chaos, neither sea nor good dry land.' This to drain, to compress, to consolidate, will require a process carried on perseveringly through a series of years, and though the work should have a beginning, and should be made a great object of national expenditure, yet to have fields of corn waving in the space of one two or five years, where now the bittern booms in safety, and which now is productive only of bog beans and bog berries, is too much to expect, and those who do expect it will surely be disappointed.' 'But sir, though millions of acres may not, by any rapid progress, be brought under cultivation, yet the reclaiming of the skirts and more solid parts of these bogs is a praiseworthy and patriotic attempt.' 'Allow me to ask, what is the employ?' 'Why, sir, as far as I can understand, it consists in superficial draining, so as to allow horses shod with bog shoes, or wooden pattens, to walk on and plough the moss. In the using of moveable wooden railways to cart on gravel, lime, and manure

—in bringing the surface to minute fineness, by ploughing, harrowing, and by keeping thus that surface better too wet nor too dry, (for such a state is essential to its productiveness,) and, above all, by manuring what is expected to produce a good crop with farmyard dung.' 'Well, sir, I wish the experiment all success, and make no doubt but that, to a limited extent, it will turn out satisfactory: and all I would say is, that if the landlords of Ireland, instead of spending their income abroad, despised and scorned as they are by the very people who live upon their folly, would come home and spend what they have to spend, in reclaiming a bog, or part of a bog on their estates, I think they would not only be more honored, but happier men. After all, what is it forms the blessing, and what the curse of human life? Occupation—hopeful, legitimate occupation, the blessing—ennui, mental repose, without an object to fix on, or bodily leisure without a work to perform—the curse of nobility; this sends them grouping and trooping to the gambling table and the race ground. Oh, give these men the desire to improve a bog—procure such a bobby horse for them to ride—let them have this excuse, when urged to go off to Cheltenham, or to Spa or Baresges, 'Oh, I have a great red bog to reclaim, and I must be up early and out late to mind my work.' Why, sir, such men, instead of being the most unhappy, unworthy, shall I say, cursed men in society, instead of lying heavy as lead upon heaps of down, why, sir, they would prove happy in themselves, and useful to others—the useful working ants in social life, instead of the 'ignavum pecus,' but 'fruges consumere nati,' they now are.

This is a pretty Mr. Toirdhealbhaich, you work up your Tour to Connought by twaddling about red bogs and bad landlords. Your pardon, good reader, sure my lucubrations are worth ten minutes of your time, or the fourth part of a penny.

TERENCE O'TOOLE.

THE GAME OF COMAN

PLAYED BY THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Our readers will, we have no doubt, be highly amused in reading the subjoined picturesque account, abridged from Captain Basil Hall's *Travels*, of the Indian game of ball-play, and which, they will be surprised to find, is in every respect similar to the favorite game of coman as played in Ireland. We may naturally enquire, how has this curious coincidence originated? That it should be accidental is very improbable: and we are then to conclude that the Irish and the Creek Indians are descended from the same stock? Do not laugh at the folly of this supposition; it is not quite so ridiculous as you may suppose. You all know that our Phœnician origin has been asserted, and, we might add, proved by our historians and antiquaries; for our own parts, to a certain extent, we have no doubt on this point. A similar origin has been also assigned to the North American Indians by the writer of the *Universal History*, and by a vast number of other learned men; and the probability of the conjecture, has been wonderfully strengthened in our times, by the discovery of various remains of antiquity similar to those of the old world, and proving the occupation of the country at a more remote time by a civilized race. Let it be remembered too, that these Indians are altogether unlike other savages, that they have the finest intellectual capabilities, and are brought without difficulty into the habits of civilized life. It is remarkable also that a singular coincidence is found in many of their simple primitive words with those of the Irish, as for instance, *isca*, water, *inis*, an island, *bogo*, soft, &c. coincidences that could hardly be the result of chance. How sublime then, is the probable supposition that two branches of the same family, after journeying in directly opposite courses, and making a circuit of the globe, are again united into one community, after a lapse of three thousand years!

We should not take leave of this curious subject without noticing the game of coman, like that of chess

is proved historically to be of highest antiquity in Ireland. In the will of Cahir Mor, monarch of Ireland, in the second century, preserved in the book of Lecan in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, that monarch leaves to Crimthann fifty hurling balls of brass, and as many brazen coman.

Captain Basil Hall entered the country of the Creek Indian in the month of April, 1828. In his own peculiarly lively and amusing way, he describes various customs and ceremonies he saw practised—but we have at present to do with nothing but the ball-play.—Fifty strong, stout Indians from one village were pitted against fifty equally strong and nimble from another village—while men, women, and children were collected to witness the contest. After describing the preliminary ceremonies, the Captain says:

'At a signal from one of the chiefs, the two parties suddenly sprung to their feet, and stood brandishing their stick over their heads. Every player held one of these implements in each hand. They were formed of light, tough wood, I think willow, about two feet long and as thick as my thumb. At the end farthest from the hand, the sticks were split and formed into an oval three inches long by two wide, across which opening, or loop, were stretched two things made of hide. By means of these bats, the ball was struck to a great distance whenever any of the players succeeded in hitting it fairly. This, however, was not very often the case, for reasons which will be stated immediately.—Generally speaking, the ball was grasped or held between the ends of the two sticks, and carried along over the head by the fortunate player who had got hold of it. The ball was pretty much like that used in Tennis courts, only not so hard, being formed out of raw hide stuffed with deer's hair.

After the parties had stood for some minutes in silence, in two rows facing one another, they stepped forward till they came within the distance of a few feet. Upon some word of command being given by one of the chiefs, every one laid down his sticks before him on the ground. A deputation of the chiefs highest in rank now proceeded to examine and count the parties in order to make sure of there being an equal number on both sides. All these ceremonies, and various others which I forget, being ended, an old man stood forward and made a speech, or talk, as it is called, which being interpreted to us, appeared to be formed of injunctions to the combatants to observe fair play, and to do honor to their country upon this important occasion. As soon as he ceased, the Indians scattered themselves over the ground, according to some rules not unlike those of cricket, by which the players might intercept the ball, and send it back again in the right direction. I observed that each of the goals, or wickets formed by the two boughs at the ends, was guarded by a couple of the most expert players, whose duty it was to prevent the ball passing through the opening—the especial object of their antagonists.

These long-protracted ceremonials and preparations being over, one of the chiefs, having advanced into the centre of the area, cast the ball high in the air. As it fell, between twenty and thirty of the players rushed forward, and leaping several feet off the ground, tried to strike it. The multiplicity of blows, acting in different directions, had the effect of bringing the ball to the ground, where a fine scramble took place, and a glorious clatter of sticks mingled with the cries of the savages. At length an Indian, more expert than the others, contrived to nip the ball between the ends of his sticks, and, having managed to fork it out, ran off with it like a deer, with his arms raised over his head, pursued by the whole party engaged in the first struggle. The fortunate youth was, of course, intercepted in his progress twenty different times by his antagonists who shot like hawks across his flight from all parts of the field, to knock the prize out of his grasp, or to trip him up—in short, by any means to prevent his throwing it through the opening between the boughs at the end of the play-ground. Whenever this grand purpose of the game was accomplished, the successful party announced their right to count one by a fierce yell

of triumph, which seemed to pierce the very depths of the wilderness. It was sometimes highly amusing to see the way in which the Indian who had got hold of the ball contrived to elude his pursuers. It is not to be supposed he was allowed to proceed straight to the goal or wicket, or even to get near it; but on the contrary, he was obliged, in most cases, to make a circuit of many hundred yards among the trees, with thirty or forty swift footed fellows stretching after or athwart him, with their fantastic tigers' tails streaming behind them; and he, in like manner, at full speed, holding his sticks as high over his head as possible, sometimes ducking to avoid a blow, or leaping to escape a trip, sometimes doubling like a hare, and sometimes tumbling at full length, or breaking his shins on a fallen tree, but seldom losing hold of his treasure without a severe struggle. It really seemed as if the possessor of the ball upon these occasions had a dozen pair of eyes, and was gifted at the time with double speed; for, in general, he had not only to evade the attacks of those who were close to him, but, to avoid being cut off, as it is called in nautical language by the others, farther ahead. These parts of the game were exciting in the highest degree, and it almost made the spectators breathless to look at them.

Sometimes the ball, when thrown up in the first instance by the chief, was reached and struck by one of the party before it fell to the ground. On these occasions, it was driven far among the pine trees, quite out of sight to our eyes, but not to those of the Indians, who darted to the spot, and drove it back again. In general, however, they contrived to catch the ball before it fell, and either to drive it back or to grasp it and run along, as I have described, towards the end of the ground. Sometimes they were too eager to make much noise; but, whenever a successful blow was made, the people on the winning side uttered a short yell, so harsh and wild, that it made my blood run cold every time I heard it, from being associated with tortures, human sacrifices, scalplings, and all the horrors of Indian warfare.

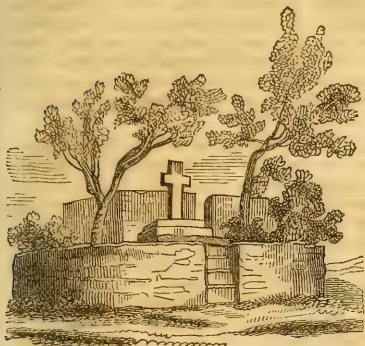
The notation of the game was most primitive. Two of the oldest and most trust-worthy of the chiefs were seated on one side, each with ten small sticks in his hand, one of which was thrust into the sand every time the ball happened to be driven through the wicket. Twenty was game; but I observed these learned sages never counted higher than ten, so that when it became necessary to mark eleven, the whole ten sticks were pulled out, and one of them replaced.

Sometimes the ball fell among the group of lookers on, the women and children of the different villages. It did not signify a straw, however who was in the way; all respect of persons, age, and sex was disregarded, in the furious rush of the players, whose faculties seemed concentrated in the game alone.

The agent had previously taught me the art of avoiding the mischief of these whirlwind rushes of the Indians; and it was fortunate for me that he did so. I was standing on one side of the ground, admiring a grand chase, which was going on at some considerable distance, when one of the players, who was watching his opportunity, intercepted the fugitive, and struck the ball out of the other's grasp, though he was bounding along with it at a prodigious rate. The ball pitched within a yard or two of the spot where I was standing. In the next instant a dozen or twenty Indians whizzed past me, as if they had been projected from cannons. I sprang to the nearest tree, as I had been instructed, and putting my hands and legs round, embraced it with all my might. A poor boy, however, close to me, had not time to imitate my example, and being overwhelmed by the multitude, was rolled over half a dozen times, in spite of his screams which was lost in the clatter of sticks, and the yells and shouts of the combatants, who by this time, had become animated by the exercise, and were letting out their savage nature very fast. I felt rather awkward, I must confess, as they rushed against me, and very nearly scraped me off; but I held fast, and escaped with a good daubing of rosin from the pine-tree. In

half a minute afterwards the contest was raging some hundreds of yards off.

We did not stay to see the end of the game, as there was danger of our being benighted, an event which happened, however, notwithstanding all our precautions. I have since regretted much that I did not profit as far as I might have done by this only opportunity I ever had, or am ever likely to have, of seeing the habits of these people, who are fast vanishing from the face of the earth.*



TUBBER MAC-DUACH.

The place called Tubber-macduach, or Tobair Mhic-Duach, 'the well of Duach's son,' is situate about a quarter of a mile from Kinvarra, in the County of Galway, on the Loughrea side. Here is a small spring of water, neatly walled in, and shaded by a few hawthorns. The upper wall, apparently of recent erection, is in form a square of about seven feet to the side, having a small stile for the more easy admission of a circular form, fencing in the whole, as represented in the annexed cut.

On the left hand side as you enter by the stile, you find in the interior of the upper wall a small niche, intended for holding a cup, and also serving as a receptacle for the offerings of devotees. Unfortunately for the guardians of the place, however, such tributes now consist of nothing more than a few worthless rags, brass pins, and the like. Mr. Sheehan, who when I visited this spot, resided hard by, caused a handsome stone cross to be erected in front of the well, between it and the high road, and the exertions of the parish priest, (Rev. Mr. Quinn,) were not wanting on the pious occasion.

This well seems to have been formerly the resort of St. Colman, who flourished about the beginning of the seventh century. He was a member of the illustrious house of Hlua-Fiacha-Aidne, in Connaught, and was a near relative to Guaire,* King of that Province, who began his reign about the year 604, and held the sceptre thirty-eight years. The saint was, from his father's name, Duach, surnamed Mac-Duach, by which appellation he is more generally known than by that of Colman.

The earliest accounts of Colman's life say that he lived as a hermit in the forests of Burrin, County Clare, attended only by one young clerk, his disciple. Their food was water-cresses and wild herbs—their drink the pure spring—and deer-skins served them for clothes. Having constructed a habitation and oratory encircled with trees, they remained in Burrin forest seven years, without conversing with any other person.

Colman's reputation becoming very great, he was taken notice of by his relative, Guaire, who was a prince of great piety and liberality. He offered

Colman as much land as he choosed for the establishment of a religious community, but the Saint it is said, refused to accept of more than a small spot, on which he afterwards erected a monastery, and where he became bishop. This place was not far from his former habitation, and has, from his name, been called Kilmacduach. The foundation of that church took place in the early part of the reign of Guaire, and probably before the year 620. After a life well spent, St. Colman died on the 3d of February, but the precise year of his demise is unknown. His memory is held in high veneration in the diocese of Kilmacduagh.

From what has been already mentioned, the reader will perceive that the hermitage of Colman, alias Mac-Duach, must have been somewhere in the neighborhood of the fountain just described, which springs in the barony of Kiltartan, part of the ancient Hy-Fiacha-Aidhne. This well is also near the barony of Burrin*, in the forests which St. Colman is said to have secluded himself. It must likewise be remembered that he and his attendant are reported to have lived upon water and water herbs, both which Tubbermacduach was capable of furnishing them with. I shall only remark farther, that the parish of Kinvarra, or Kinmarra, in which the spring rises, is a prebend in the diocese† of Kilmacduagh, which See was, as I have already mentioned, founded by St. Colman.

Most probably this well, (like many others of the same description,) was used by the Saint, whose name it bears, for the purpose of baptizing converts to Christianity. Thus Archbishop Usher (Promot. p. 862-3.) says that St. Patrick baptized his converts in Dublin, including Alphin, the king's son, in a well near Patrick's Church, which in after ages became an object of devotion for the faithful, and so continued until it was enclosed within the foundation of a house in the 17th century.‡

* Burrin barony was formerly denominated Hy-Loch-leam, and was part of Corcumruaidhe district. The ancient proprietors of it were the O'Loughlins, of the race of Ir, by Fergus-Riogh and Maude, Queen of Connaught.—See Seward Top Hib. title Burrin, and Macgeoghagan's History of Ireland, &c. p. 215.

† Harris's Ware's Bishops at Kilmacduach.

‡ See 1 Macgeoghagan History of Ireland 253, to the like effect.

SAUNTERER.

The etymology of the word Saunterer is extraordinary enough, and somewhat romantic. In the times of the crusades, the military spirit and religious enthusiasm of the age combined powerfully to impel men of all classes in England to press forward to the Holy War, as it was termed. A still further inducement with many was the rich and fertile country in which they expected to settle, when they should have expelled from thence the enemies of God; and they accordingly hastened to sell their lands and possessions, preparatory to setting out to join the expedition. Being thus without abode or home, they naturally threw themselves on the hospitality which at that period was readily afforded, especially to those who declared themselves enlisted under the banners of the Cross. A frequent reply then to an inquiry as to the destination or object of any one who seemed to loiter or wander about, and to have no settled occupation or residence, was, in the Norman language of the day, that he was on his way a la Sainte Terre (to the Holy Land). From this phrase so often repeated, or else, as some have suggested, from the fact of so many having sold their property, and being therefore sans terre (with out land or home), gradually grew the epithet of saunterer, now commonly applied to one who is seen idling, or, to use an expressive Irish term, 'stravailing' about without any apparent object or employment.

O' G.

Confine your tongue lest it confine you.

CASTLE OF DOONA.

'On our return home we passed the Old Castle of Doona, (County Mayo) once supposed to have been the residence of Mrs. Grace O'Malley, (Grana Uille) who, if fame tells the truth, was neither a rigid moralist, or over particular in her ideas of meum and tuum. Some wild traditions are handed down of her exploits; and her celebrated visit to that English vixen, Elizabeth, is fairly on record. The castle of Doona was, till a few years since, in excellent preservation, and its masonry was likely to have puzzled Father Time himself; but Irish ingenuity achieved in a few hours, what as many centuries had hitherto failed in effecting.

'A rich and hospitable farmer, John Conway, whose name will be long remembered in this remote spot, had erected a comfortable dwelling immediately adjoining the court-yard wall of the ancient fortress; and against the tower itself was piled in wealthy profusion a huge supply of winter fuel. It was a night of high solemnity, for his first-born son was christened. No wonder then, that all within the house were drunk as lords. Turf was wanted, and one of the boys was despatched for a cleave full—but though Pat could clear a fair, and 'bear as much beating as a bull,' he was no man to venture into the old tower in the dark, 'and it haunted.' Accordingly, to have fair play 'if the ghost gripped him,' he provided himself with a brand of burning bog-deal. No goblin assailed him, and he filled his basket and returned unharmed to the company, but, unfortunately, forgot the light behind him. The result may be anticipated. The turf caught fire, and from the intense heat of such a mass of fuel, the castle walls were rent from top to bottom, and one side fell before morning with a crash like thunder. Nor was the calamity confined to fallen tower and lost fuel. Alas! several cags and ankors of contraband spirits were buried beneath the walls, and the huge masses of masonry that came down, burst the concealed casks of cogniac and schidam.'

SPIRIT OF AN IRISH PIPER.

Macdonnel, the famous Irish piper, lived in great style—servants, grooms, hunters, &c. His pipes were small, and of ivory, tipped with silver and gold. You scarcely saw his fingers move; and all his attitudes while playing were steady and composed. One day that I and a very large party dined with Mr. Thomas Grant, at Cork, Macdonnel was sent for to play for the company during dinner; a table and chair was placed for him on the landing outside the room, a bottle of claret and glass on the table, and a servant waiting behind the chair designed for him; the door left wide open. He made his appearance, took a rapid survey of the preparation for him, filled his glass, stepped to the dancing room, looked full into the room, said, 'Mr. Grant, your health and company!' drank it off, threw half a crown on his table, saying to the servant, 'There my lad, is two shillings for my bottle of wine, and keep the sixpence for yourself.' He ran out of the house, mounted his hunter, and galloped off, followed by his groom. I prevailed on Macdonnel to play one night on the stage at Cork, and had it announced in the bills that Mr. Macdonnel would play some of Carolan's fine airs upon the Irish organ. The curtain went up, and discovered him sitting alone, in his own dress; he played and charmed everybody—[O'Keefe's Recollections.

GOOD NATURE NOT ALWAYS GOOD.—I perceive there is in the world a good-nature, falsely so called, as being nothing else but a facile and flexible disposition—wax for every impression. What others are so bold to beg, they are so bashful as not to deny. Such osiers can never make beams to bear stress in church and state. If this be good nature, let me always be a clown; if this be good fellowship, let me always be a charl. Give me to set a sturdy porter before my soul who may not equally open to every comer.

* Guaire's father was Colman, son of Cobhtach, who was cousin-german of Duach, the father of St. Colman.—Vide A A S S, p. 245.

THE TWO SORTS OF HUMAN CREATNESS.

BY R. L. MAUER.

A Translation.

Twofold is the greatness men inherit:
Each is full of toil to human eyes.
Both are woven in the loom of merit;
Yet how different are the threads and dyes!
One is all in glaring light arrayed,
While the other is relieved by shade.

Sunlike, one forever flashes noonlight,
Burning by its glow the world it warms;
While the other, like the placid moonlight,
Silently by night its task performs.
One will dazzle with its blinding beam,
But the other's in a twilight gleam.

That a mountain torrent, dashes wildly
Over broken rocks its foaming flood;
This, a rivulet, unseen and mildly
Winds its way among the underwood:
That overflows and desolates the plain—
This refreshes it with dew and rain.

One erects mausoleums proud and lonely,
On the ruins of one half the earth;
But the other vaults its trophies only
In the grateful tears of rescued worth;
One engraves its glorious deeds on stone,
But the other in the heart alone.

Trumpet tongues the former's praise are swelling
Round the thrones of Kings it sheds its rays;
But the latter in the poor man's dwelling,
Finds in nature's blessing all its praise.
One to fortune may owe all its fame;
But the other builds itself a name.

Greatness hailed by harp and acclamation!
Boundless art thou as the vault of heaven;
But to gain thine altitude of station
Unto few of mortal mould is given.
Tranquil greatness! at thy shrine I fall;
Thou alone art in the reach of all.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

The general life of Sir Walter Scott, does not properly come within the objects of our Journal, and besides must be already familiar to most of our readers; but there is one portion of it which belongs peculiarly to our country, and which has been but little noticed hitherto—his first and only visit to Ireland, in the summer of 1825.

That he had long viewed Ireland with feelings of considerable interest, there can be little doubt; deeply engaged in antiquarian research, his attention could hardly have failed to be arrested by her well known claim to the highest antiquity, and still further by the connexion of her ancient history with that of Scotland. He had, besides, many old and valued friends here, who had long and urgently solicited him to visit them; and at length his son, (the present Sir Walter Scott,) to whom he was much attached, being quartered in Dublin with his regiment, the 15th Hussars, affording an additional inducement, on the 14th July, 1825, Scott arrived accompanied by Mr. Lockhart, his son-in-law, and his daughter, Miss Scott.

Our national poet, Moore, was expected in Dublin about this time, but he did not arrive during Scott's stay. Mr. Hallam, the talented, historian of the 'Middle Ages,' was in Ireland, but was just at that time engaged in a tour through some of the northern counties. Sir Humphrey Davy, and the learned Dr. Adam Clarke, were indeed here, but the former appears to have been engaged with the promotion of his brother's election to the office of Professor of Chemistry to the Dublin Society, about which he had come from England, and the latter with the performance of his clerical functions among the Society of Methodists, to which he belonged, and accordingly neither of them appear to have met Scott in society during the short period of his sojourn in this country.

For nearly a fortnight after his arrival, Scott was occupied in viewing the public buildings and institutions of Dublin. Among the rest, St. Patrick's

Cathedral, so closely connected with his editorial labors and recollections of Swift attracted his earliest attention; he lingered long before the monumental tablet erected to Swift's memory, and with much feeling translated to the ladies who accompanied him, the nervous Latin epitaph inscribed on it, which records, Swift's own words, his hatred of oppression, and exertions in the cause of liberty. The humble memorial of Mrs. Hester Johnson, (the unfortunate Stella,) did not escape his notice; nor a small slab which Swift placed near the southern entrance, anciently called St. Paul's gate, in memory of the 'discretion, fidelity, and diligence' of his faithful servant, Alexander McGee. At the Deanery House he was shown the fine full-length original portrait of Swift, which is preserved there, having been painted by Bindon, in the year 1738, at the expense of the Chapter, whose property it is.

In passing from the Deanery to the adjacent library, founded by Dr. Marsh, Scott was shown the ancient residence of the Archbishops of Dublin, which, however, was not deemed worth a visit, as the exterior of the building alone retains any interest, it having been some time previously converted into a barrack for the horse police of the city. In Marsh's library he was much interested and amused by some marginal autograph notes, written, chiefly in pencil, in Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, by Swift, in his most caustic and abusive style, containing the fiercest invectives against the Scottish nation. His notice was also called by the librarian to a desk of rather rude workmanship, which had been long used there by his deceased friend, Maturin, who being in the habit of reading in this library for several hours every day, had with his own hands constructed this little desk for his convenience. On this, it is said, the greater part of his novel of 'The Albionenses,' as well as some others of his works had been written. Of Maturin's genius, Scott had long entertained the very highest opinion; they had corresponded for a long time, and he had invited Maturin to Abbotsford, but it does not appear that they ever met. To his widow, Scott hastened to pay an early visit of condolence, and endeavored to mitigate her sorrows by an act of munificent generosity. He had previously offered, in the most friendly manner, to edit Maturin's Novels, or selections from them, with an introduction by himself, on his return home from Ireland; but before he could carry his intentions into effect, the disastrous consequences of his connexion with the house of Constable & Co., which met him almost on his arrival in Scotland, compelled him to relinquish his design, and he wrote back to Mrs. Maturin in the kindest terms, assuring her that nothing but the imperative necessity of devoting his exclusive attention and energies to his own pressing affairs, should have made him give up the task he had undertaken.

While Scott was in Dublin, he hoped to have been able to make some valuable additions to his library, of rare books and tracts relating to Irish history, which he supposed he would more probably have met with here than elsewhere; and he was accordingly indefatigable in his search at shops and standings where second-hand books are sold. More than once he sallied out by himself, at an early hour after breakfast, on this quest. Upon one occasion he was observed to remain at a book-standing upon the quay, leading to the Custom House, for a considerable while, nearly a quarter of an hour, and during that time he never took down a single book from its place, or even removed his hands from behind his back, contenting himself with patiently and carefully going over the titles of the books inscribed on their backs. He expressed much disappointment at being unsuccessful in his search; and, in despair at his ill-fortune, he went the day before he quitted Ireland, to the shop of Mr. Milliken, the bookseller, in Grafton street, and there expended upwards of

£60 in the purchase of books relating solely to the history and antiquities of this country.

For some time before his visit to Ireland, a very general notion prevailed that he was the author of the celebrated Waverley Novels, and this idea certainly was far from diminishing the popularity he had acquired by his previously acknowledged works. This was most strikingly manifested in Dublin, not only at the Theatre, where he was compelled by the reiterated calls of a crowded audience, to come forward and return thanks for this flattering welcome, but also through the streets, where his carriage was followed by crowds in every direction, who pursued it, anxious to catch a glimpse of him from whose writings they had derived such gratification. It is said he was much pleased, as indeed was most natural, by these unequivocal demonstrations of public estimation and favor.

Various tokens of respect and esteem now poured in from every quarter on the distinguished stranger; of many invitations he accepted, but they were invariably from private individuals; those from public bodies were politely but firmly declined. The freedom of the Guild of Merchants was conferred upon him soon after his arrival, a deputation from the Guild having waited upon him at his house in Stephen's green for the purpose; and soon after he was presented by the University with the degree of Doctor of Laws. He had also, some time before, been elected an honorary member of the Royal Irish Academy, and on the occasion of his visiting Cork, on his return from his tour in the south of Ireland, he was granted the freedom of that city at the same time with Major General Sir George Bingham, Admiral Plampin, and Mr. Sergeant Lefroy. He paid a visit of some days at Old Connaught, the hospitable residence of the Lord Chancellor, then Mr. Plunkett; shortly afterwards he dined with the Lord Lieutenant, (Lord Wellesley,) at Malahide Castle, where he resided for his health during the summer.

The first excursion Scott made to the country, was to the County of Wicklow, several of the most picturesque spots of which he rapidly visited. No beauty of sylvan scenery, however, seems to have arrested his attention, or excited his interest in the same degree as the ecclesiastical ruins at Glendalough, Holycross, and the Rock of Cashel. At 'that inestimably singular scene of Irish antiquities,' as he afterwards termed it in an article in the Quarterly, the 'Seven Churches at Glendalough,' he remained an entire day, with great apparent pleasure, and examined these mouldering monuments of the ancient monastic splendor of Ireland, with an excited enthusiasm which appeared extraordinary to the companions of his tour, to whom he frequently observed that he had never before seen ecclesiastical remains of equal antiquity or interest. He also, with all the ardor of a youthful mind, despite his lameness, boldly ascended the cliff, and entered that extraordinary hermit's cell, called St. Kevin's Bed; and after the fashion of its visitors, inscribed his name upon the rock as a memorial of his daring.

Stopping at the inn, at Roundwood, he sent for the well known Judy, and entered into some conversation with her; the circumstances of which interview she since details with great delight to many an attentive auditory; and before dismissing her, he gave her a more substantial cause to remember his visit than mere words.

The wild and rocky scenery of some parts of the Wicklow mountains proximate to Dublin, reminded him of some of the scenes of his native Scotland. From the Phoenix Park, where he was present at a Review of part of Garrison, he had already noted these mountains, forming, as he said, 'a beautiful screen' along the southern boundary of the country.

There is a spot about four miles distant from Dublin, on the mountain road to Glancree, from which a singularly interesting view of our city is obtained;

to this Scott's attention was directed by a friend who was with him. The place we allude to is one of almost desert wildness; nothing but heath and rock surround the spectator; while before him is extended, in all the pride of cultivation, and dotted all over with villas and beautifully wooded demesnes, the fertile plain in which Dublin is situated. Spread along the entire horizon lies the city, its spires and lofty buildings rising from among its less distinguished structures, till on the right, Howth, and the magnificent Bay of Dublin, terminate the prospect. Struck with the sudden transition from the lonely and desert heath to the cultivated and busy plain, he expressed, energetically, his surprise at the contrast, one so remarkable as which, he said, he had never before taken in at a glance.

It happened that rather a singular circumstance took place before he had well quitted the spot. He was at the time on his way with one of the most intimate and valued of his friends, about to make a short visit to a beautiful little rustic villa he had built in the very wildest part of these rugged and desert hills, on the verge of the singularly picturesque mountain lake of Lough Bray; and the carriage was stopped while they alighted to admire the remarkable features of the landscape to which we have just alluded. As they were about to resume their journey, they perceived a vast number of the peasantry appearing suddenly on the surrounding hills, nearer to them, women and children rushing out of the houses, and an unusual commotion evidently taking place. A small detachment of police were on the road, evidently remonstrating with some of the people, and presently a troop of Dragoons galloped up. As they approached the place where the police stood, they perceived them endeavoring to persuade the people to separate and return to their houses peaceably. One fellow, however, resisted more strenuously than the rest, perhaps under the influence of valor-inspiring whiskey, and opposed himself to the police with all the characteristic hardihood of his countrymen; he threw open his coat, exposing his bared breast to their bayonets, which, however, they were far from attempting to use, and, with the most frantic gesticulations, he called out, 'Kill me now, do!—arrah, why don't ye kill me?—just do, now; kill me if you dare!'—One of the police calmly thrust him back with his hands, and his wife and some other females clinging about him, gradually took him away. The whole terminated quite peaceably in a short time. The people, overawed, retreated to their homes, and the military and police soon drew off. A short explanation sufficed to clear up the matter. There had been a turn-out of the workmen of an extensive paper factory in the neighborhood, established there by a Mr. Pickering, which gave employment to numbers of the peasantry of the surrounding country, and, in consequence of some difference with their employer, they had threatened the demolition of his factory, which they possibly would have effected but for the timely interference of a protecting force. While this explanation was being obtained, Scott gravely turned round to his host, and with infinite humor thanked him most warmly for all his hospitality and solicitude for his entertainment since his arrival in Ireland, and added, that above all he felt indebted to him for his kindness in having so obligingly got up a little rebellion for his especial amusement.

The situation of Lough Bray is very remarkable; embosomed in the mountains, which almost on every side overhang it precipitously, its vicinity is quite imperceptible to the stranger, till a sudden turn in the road abruptly presents it in all its wildness and solitary beauty. 'Ah,' said Scott, the moment he caught the first view of it, 'this is surely the lake of the Arabian tale, where the enchanted fish were, of the situation of which it appeared so incredible to the Sultan and his Vizier that they should

be ignorant, it being but a short distance from their capital.'

The amazing retentiveness and fidelity of Scott's memory has been often noticed; one instance in which it was very remarkably exhibited about this time has come within our knowledge. It was occasioned by his happening to ask the friend, of whom we have been speaking, had he ever heard of a namesake of his, a young Irish officer of great wit and talent, who had been much spoken of in Scotland, where he had been many years quartered with his regiment, and had left behind him some poetical fragments, evincing taste and spirit. Scott's friend quickly recognized him as a younger brother of his father's and in a passing way repeated the following little effusion of his, which he just then happened to recollect.

ON MISS WHITTING.

Since Whitting is no fasting dish,
Let priests say what they dare,
I'd rather have my pretty fish
Than all their Christmas fare!

So gay, so innocent, so free
From all that tends to strife,
Thrice happy man, whose lot shall be
To glide with her through life.

But Venus, goddess of the flood,
Does all my prayers deny,
And surly Mars cries 'D—' your blood,
You've other fish to fry!

Nothing further was said at the time, but several days afterwards, meeting at the house of a mutual acquaintance, Scott being, after dinner, in the drawing-room, he took his friend's arm, and walking up and down the room, recurred to these verses, and said he nearly remembered all, but wished to be quite certain that he had them correctly. He then rapidly ran them over, but at the line

'So gay, so innocent, so free,'

he paused, uncertain as to the word 'gay,' for which he substituted 'bright,' and this slight difference being corrected, he repeated the whole without the slightest mistake of even a syllable.

The museum of Dr. Tuke, a physician of some eminence in Dublin, which Scott visited about this time, afforded him more gratification than even that of the Royal Dublin Society. At the latter he had vainly looked for a national collection illustrative of Irish antiquities and history, and expressed much disappointment at finding the Museum rather poor in such remains; instead of which he was shown a fine arrangement of minerals, which, as he observed, he was already familiar with in other places; and it is not a little remarkable, that the Russian Archduke Michael, on visiting this museum, expressed a similar disappointment, and stated that he was himself possessed of a much finer and more extensive collection of the Antiquities of Ireland. At Dr. Tuke's house, on the contrary, Scott's anxiety to see some specimens of the weapons, ornaments, &c., of the ancient Irish, was abundantly gratified. He remained there some hours, evidently much pleased, and on his return to Scotland, he sent Dr. Tuke a present of two antique brazen vessels which had been found there, but yet bore considerable resemblance to some of this country, which he had seen in Dr. Tuke's collection.

The following morning, (Friday, the 29th,) he left Dublin at an early hour for Edgeworthstown, to pay a long promised visit to our celebrated and talented countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth, who, after he had remained a few days, set out with him on his tour to the Lakes of Killarney. The first object of his attention on his arrival there, was the venerable ruin of Mucruss Abbey, which he visited in the afternoon of the day he reached Killarney. The following morning he was early on the water with his party, though the weather was by no means favorable, there being a stiff north-westerly breeze during the greater part of the day, which came in strong gusts down through the mountains surrounding the upper lake, for which they had embarked. They amused themselves for some

time waking the slumbering echoes of the rocky cliffs of the Eagle's Nest by the music of the bugle, or the less harmonious, though grander sounds produced by the discharge of small pieces of ordnance, the reiterated reverberations of which exactly resemble a long succession of thunder claps. There were several parties on the Lakes, all anxious to catch a glimpse of 'the great unknown.' After threading the narrow and highly picturesque channel that divides the Upper from Turk Lake, the party landed on Dinis, one of the most beautifully wooded among the innumerable islets of these Lakes, and here they dined. They cannot however, be presumed to have been guiled in their selection of a place for that repast by the similarity of its name to that of the little island, inasmuch as it is very generally fixed on by parties visiting the Lakes for the same purpose. The following day was occupied by the Lower Lake, O'Sullivan's Cascade, &c., and thus in less than three days Scott dispatched his survey of Killarney, which, indeed, seemed to fall short of the expectations he had formed, and at all events failed to draw forth those expressions of enthusiastic pleasure excited by the antiquities of Glendalough and Cashel.

From Killarney he returned to Dublin, visiting in his route, Cork, where, as we have mentioned, the freedom of that city was conferred on him; from thence proceeding by way of Holycross, Cashel and Johnstown, to Kilkenny. At Cashel, it is said, his purpose had been simply to have changed horses, and during the time occupied by this, to have paid a hurried visit to the celebrated monastic ruins there. But no sooner had he caught a glimpse of this majestic and venerable pile standing in so striking a position on the summit of a lofty and precipitous rock, than he declared it was quite impossible for him to proceed that day, and a messenger was at once despatched to countermand the horses, and to order dinner; and when asked at what hour he wished it to be on the table, Scott instantly replied, not till after dusk should have rendered it useless to linger longer among the ruins. At Kilkenny Scott made a somewhat longer stay, for the purpose of seeing at leisure the fine old castle, so long the residence of the Ormond family. The following day he was taken to the Convent, the Black Abbey and Cathedral, and afterwards to the celebrated Cave of Dunmore, three miles from the town.

On Sunday, the 14th of August, being the anniversary of his birth, Scott entertained a large party of his friends at dinner at his son's house in Stephen's-Green. This was in some degree saddened by the recollection that it was a take-leave party. On the Wednesday following he sailed from Howth, in the Harlequin packet, with the late Captain Skinner, whose melancholy fate his friends, in common with every one by whom he was known, and consequently valued and esteemed, have so lately had to deplore.

It seems that it was a weakness of Scott, (a pardonable one, no doubt,) to be a little vain of the coincidence of his birth-day with that of Napoleon; they were born on the same day, the 14th of August, 1771. A similar feeling was excited by the fact of the initials of Shakspeare's name being those of his own. A friend who was staying at Abbotsford happened accidentally to be struck by this coincidence on seeing a bust of Shakspeare in the library, the pedestal of which simply bore the letters W. S.; and on mentioning to Miss Scott what had occurred to him, she replied that the coincidence had been some time before noticed to her father, and that he appeared not a little pleased at the circumstance. Byron, it is said, in like manner, took pleasure in remarking that the initials of his name, Noel Byron, were the same as those of Napoleon Bonaparte.

There is certainly a great deal about the writings of Scott, and especially his inimitable novels, which cannot fail to remind every one of his great predecessor, and probably, in no slight degree, master in fiction, the mighty and still unrivalled Shakspeare. Whether on the one hand we look at his vast and intimate knowledge of human nature, and of all the various springs of human action, or on the other, his astonishing facility

ity of composition, together with the brilliancy and forcible truth of his delineations of personal character, of the scenery of nature, and the surprising individuality of the actors in his histories, which place so livingly before our mental vision the very bodily shapes of the men he portrays; all combine powerfully to bring to our recollection triumphs similar to those of the great dramatist. In this respect, the eulogium of an Italian poet, Anton Francesco Doni, who died in 1574, on the 'Novelle Stupende' of Ariosto, are strictly applicable to the great novelist.

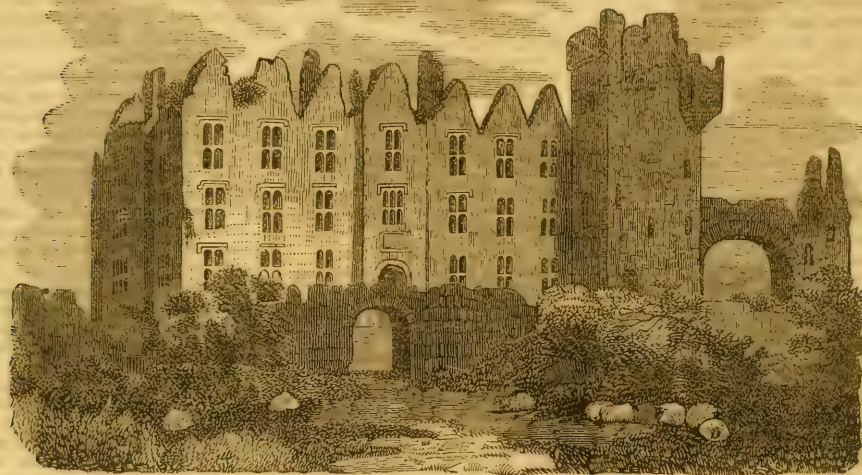
We must however, admit, with a writer who long since noticed the striking points of resemblance between those two great masters of the imagination, that

Scott is not for a moment to be put in competition with Shakespeare, as respects the richness and sweetness of his fancy, or that living vein of pure and lofty poetry which flows with such abundance through every part of his composition. On that level no other writer has ever stood, or perhaps ever will stand. Notwithstanding, in Scott's works there is, beyond all question, fancy as well as poetry enough, if not fully to justify the comparison between a writer of our own day with the immortal Shakespeare, at least to save such comparison, for the first time for two centuries from being altogether ridiculous.

On leaving Ireland, Scott proceeded to Cumberland, to join a large and distinguished party of visitors at

Storrs, the elegant and picturesque residence of Mr. Bolton on the banks of Lake Windermere, among whom not the least eminent was Caning, and after remaining there for but a few days, he returned to Abbotsford.

By the kindness of Mr. Weld Hartstonge, we are enabled to give the portrait of Scott, at the head of this article, engraved from a beautiful little medallion head which he himself presented to Mr. Hartstonge many years ago, as a token of friendship. It is the work of an artist of well known ability, Mr. Hennings, the sculptor, modelled in 1813, and has been considered as one of the most faithful transcripts of Scott's features that ever was made. O'G.



INCHMORE CASTLE, COUNTY OF KILKENNY.

INCHMORE CASTLE.

This highly picturesque ruin is situated on the Nore, about four miles from Kilkenny, and derives its name, Inchmore, or the Great Island, from being nearly insulated by that beautiful river. It consists of a strong square keep, of considerable antiquity, united to a splendid mansion in the architectural style of the reign of Elizabeth and the First James—the period when such domestic residences were first erected in Ireland. This was erected by Robert Grace, the Baron of Courtstown, and Member of Parliament for the County, who died in the year 1639, or 1640, and was interred in the Cathedral of Kilkenny. During his lifetime it was inhabited by his eldest son, Oliver Grace, who died before him, in the year 1637. The Barons of Courtstown, in selecting and improving Inchmore for a peaceable habitation, were evidently influenced by the beauty of its situation; and when surrounded by its ancient woods, and possessing all the varieties of landscape afforded by a beautiful river and an infinite variety of ground, it must have been a truly delightful residence. P.

SECRET PRAYER.—Thou shouldst pray alone for thou hast sinned alone, and thou art to die alone, and to be judged. Alone thou wilt have to appear before the judgment seat. In the great transaction between thee and God thou canst have no human helper. You can be free before God. You are not going to tell him a secret. You may be sure he will not betray confidence. Whatever reasons there may be for any species of devotion, the strongest are for those in secret.

WISE SAYINGS.

FROM THE IRISH.

The following passages have been translated from the Book of Balinote, fo. 75. The translations are given, as the original is too obsolete for the present purpose, and the necessary explanations to render it intelligible would require too much room. The first paragraph is from the 'Advice of Cormac Ulfada, (the long bearded,) to his son, Carbré, Anno 254:—

'No fellowship with a king—no falling out with a madman—no dealings with a revengeful man—no competition with the powerful—no wrong to be done to seven classes of persons, excited to anger, viz:—a bard, a commander, a woman, a prisoner, a drunken person, a druid, a king in his own dominions.—No stopping the force of a going wheel by strength of hand—no forcing the sea—no entering a battle with broken hands—no heightening the grief of a sorrowful man—no merriment in the seat of justice—no grief at feasts—no oblivion in ordinances or laws—no contention with a righteous person—no mocking of a wise man—no staying in dangerous roads—no prosperity shall follow malice—no coveting of skirmishes—a lion is not a safe companion to all persons—three deaths that ought not to be bemoaned: the death of a fat hog, the death of a thief, and the death of a proud prince—three things that advance the subject: to be tender to a good wife, to serve a good prince, and to be obedient to a good governor.'

'The son of Fithil the wise, asked him what was the best thing to maintain a family or a house?

Fithil answered, 'a good anvil.'

'What anvil?' says the son.

'A good wife,' says Fithil.

'How shall I know her?' says the son.

'By her countenance and virtue,' says Fithil, 'for the small short is not to be coveted though she be fair-haired, nor the thick short, nor the long white, nor the swarthy yellow, nor the lean black, nor the fair scold or talkative woman, nor the small fruitful who is fond and jealous, nor the fair complexioned, who is ambitious to see and be seen.'

'What woman shall I take?'

'I know not,' says Fithil, 'Though the large flaxen-haired, and the white black-haired, are the best; but I know no sort fit for a man to trust to, if he wishes to live in peace.'

'What shall I do with them then?' says the son.

'You shall let them all alone, or take them for good or evil, as they may turn out, for until they are consumed to ashes, they shall not be free from imperfections,' answered Fithil.

'Who is the worst of women?'

'Becarn.'

'What is worse than her?'

'The man that married her, and brought her home to his house to have children by her.'

'What can be worse than that man?'

'Their child, for it is utterly impossible that he can ever be free from villany and malice.'

'Wisdom is what makes a poor man a king—a weak person powerful—a good generation of a bad one—a foolish man reasonable—though wisdom be good in the beginning, it is better at the end.'

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 liest possible moment.

From the Limerick Reporter.

LIMERICK LAYS.

CATHERINE M'CORMAC.

Thomas, Earl of Desmond married his vassal's daughter; for this he was deposed by his clan, and died in exile at Rouen. This circumstance gave rise to Moore's beautiful lines—

'By the Feale's waves benighted.'

Amid the Kerry mountains wild is the stormy night,
Rushes on Feale's foaming river like a war horse in the fight.

Rushing, roaring, splashing, dashing onward, onward does it fly,
Its red waters a fit mirror for the troubled, darkened sky.

O'er the tall towers of Purl Castle it dingleth up its foam;
O' M'Cormac—Desmond's vassal—Purl Castle was the home—

And then it rusheth onward, like a fierce wolf just set free
On its long and stormy journey into the wide blue sea.

The wild beasts of the mountain crouch in fear down in their lair,
Joyless as the darknesses of night, hide the sweet birds of the air;

No living thing is moving, all have to shelter fled,
'Tis a night but for foul witches and the orgies of the dead!

When all have sought a shelter whereto do these horse-men go?
Their garments wet, their faces pale, their chargers' steps are slow;

To the ford that's by the Castle all toil-somely they ride,
But no earthly steed would dare to swim that angry turbid tide.

They ride unto the Castle gate, their leader wound his call,
M'Cormac started when he heard it echoing through the hall,

'Haste up with the portcullis, the gates fling open wide,
That is the horn of Geraldine our gallant lord, our pride!'

Into the hall strode Desmond with stately step and slow,
In two and two before him his clansmen humbly go;

But suddenly he pauseth, as one in wild surprise,
And joyful gleams of gladness light up his large black eyes.

He sees his vassal's daughter before him humbly stand,
No earthly creature seemed she—like one from the heavenly land!

So queenlike is her beauty—the Earl droops his eyes,
He dreams he sees before him an angel of the skies.

Of middle height her form, 'twas beauteous beyond compare,
And like to arbutus flowed down her silky hair,

It was so soft and shining, like fairie's hair it gleamed,
And beneath the flambentus lustre it like a halo beamed.

Her eyes so bright and liquid were as soft and purely clear,
As the well of St. Berachina in the summer of the year;

And the plumage of Lir's daughters, oh! it never was so white,
As the face of beauteous Catherine, her father's pride, delight.

The Earl sat beside her, he took her by the hand,
He seemed as one transported into the fairy land,
And he sat there thinking over, by that lovely girl's side,
By her beauty, oh! how little was his noble's pomp and pride.

The pillar towers of Ireland lonely stand with haughty mien
Yet often round their grey walls is the clustering ivy seen,
It clingeth to them faithfully when all else has passed away,

And when man has left them mouldering to ruin and decay.

Desmond's heart was like the pillar tower, no ivy round it twined;
And though thousand clansmen for him their lives would have resigned,

Yet vain was their devotion, there was sadness in his breast.

Ah! he had no true and loving wife to soothe him in unrest.

And day by day passed quick away—yet still he lingered on,
He could not bear to ride away—from Catherine to begone.

She was his very life to him—how could he from her part?
'Remember thy high lineage,' whispered something in his heart.

The gentlest stream will wear away the rugged mountain side;
Time will wear away the castle most lordly in its pride,

Even so, the lover of Desmond o'erpowered all beside,
And he vowed that she his only love, should be his only bride.

The were wedded in the abbey one beaming summer's day;
The holy monk the solemn words all solemnly did say,
In woe or joy that never should they part from each other-side
And the peasant Catherine uprose the Earl's bride.

Written for the Miscellany.

'THE MILITARY ELEMENT IN THE IRISH CHARACTER.'

ILLUSTRATED FROM HISTORY.

PART I.

There are but few nations famous for song which have been found wanting in heroism, and among the small number of exceptions to this general rule, Ireland is certainly not to be enumerated. In the old feudal times when the sword and lance of the warrior was hardly more potent than the poetry of the Troubadour, the Minnesinger and the Bard, Ireland was not behind the rest of the civilized world either in deeds of valor, or charms of song. And even at an earlier period, when the greater part of Europe was wrapped in the clouds of barbarism, before the old Greek idea of uniting bardic poetry with the martial feats of heroes had obtained in western Europe, the Bards of Ireland were to be found chronicling the deeds of her chieftains in their various feuds, and stimulating their followers, with strains as noble as those with which Tyrtæus roused the Spartans to action around their camp-fires. The whole history of the Irish people from the remotest times shows that the military element is predominant in their character. Even from their enemies they have extorted—though generally employed as a rebuke—the credit of being a fighting people. And history attests that their military qualities have been of the highest order. The Irish have proved themselves the best soldiers in whatever field they have fought, though in this generation no opportunity has offered to prove what they can do as a nation. Individually, Irish valor has been less conspicuous in the ranks of the British army and has been, of course, ignored. But in our time no chance has occurred for the Irish to exhibit that military daring, skill and bravery, on their own soil and in behalf of their own rights which in former times rendered them conspicuous throughout Europe. Constitutional agitation, as it has been called, which was instituted as a means for the redress of Irish grievances—and which, opposed to an unbridled despotism, such as British authority in Ireland undoubtedly is, was but a fresh illustration of the attempt of Canute the Dane to stop the advance of the ever-flowing sea by the mere sound of his voice. At what time did 'constitutional agitation' ever effect a permanent good for Ireland? Emancipation, which was won without an appeal to arms, was granted, as confessed by the duke of Wellington, through fear of a revolution. It is true indeed that the genius, the scholarship, the eloquence of Ireland's sons have imparted an extraordinary interest to her history—created a world-wide respect and sympathy for her people—and given to British literature a rich endowment; but they have reaped no harvest for liberty. But there is one power, latent now, but still strong, in the Irish people, which in our day has not been fairly tried, and that is the military power; by which we mean simply the capacity to drive out, by force of arms, the plundering crew who hold the land in subjection and to keep the country long enough to justify stronger powers in recognizing, and sustaining if necessary, a revived Irish nation. And after all, what is there in the memories of the past greatness of Ireland worth preserving except in the hope that she may one day be restored to her place among the nations? If we are content to let her remain a despised dependency, or permit her individuality to be merged in the British empire, to continue a farm for the raising of cattle and grain for English markets, and a recruiting depot for the English army, the sooner we forget her ancient glories the better. But why should this be so? It is an alternative at which patriotism revolts, and which her own history refuses to entertain.

For many years cast aside as something not worthy to see the light emanating from the fountain head of

peaceful agitation; ignored as something discreditable to allude to; nay, stigmatised as dangerous and immoral, the military element in the Irish character had no chance, within the memory of the present generation, to establish its claim as an agent in alleviating the sufferings of the nation until the spirit of '98 descended into the young, fiery hearts of '48 and the genius of Ireland, hushing the wild lament of her eternal song of sorrow, and tearing the cypress wreath from her brow, assumed once more the figure of the armed daughter of Jupiter.

The history, not alone of Ireland, but of all Europe, attests that the Irish are peculiarly a military people, distinguished not only for their bravery but for those equally essential qualities in a military character, patience and endurance under suffering. At Clontarf the stunned and baffled Dane bore off the record of their prowess. From Benburb and Yellow Ford, Derry, Limerick, Athlone and Anghrim, the Saxon, whether victor or vanquished, carried off like testimony. At Villa Vicosa, Alcinia and Xativa the dashing bravery of Mahony compelled alike from Spain and Germany an acknowledgment of their valor. At Cremona Italy, has written on imperishable tablets a story almost without parallel in military history. At the memorable passage of the Spierback the routed disorganised Swedes left behind them the trophies of an Irish victory, in their arms flung away in a moment of terror when they fled before the fire of the Brigade from the Chateau of Dudenhaven. At Fontenoy the beaten legions of France staked their last chance on the headlong charge of the Brigade and carried out of the field the noblest record of Irish heroism in the trophies of a victory won in the moment of defeat by a miracle of valor. Nor did the lustre of that heroism pale at the successive sieges of Bruges, Ostend and Outenarde.

But we are told that the Irish, though brave everywhere—victorious in every foreign cause, do not fight well at home. They have not been successful at home; that is the secret; for there is little credit awarded to the brave when bravery is coupled with misfortune. But it fortunately happens that History demolishes this flippant proverb. The campaigns of Hugh O'Neil, under whom for the first time the Irish people united in a national struggle against the common enemy, tell a different story. For though they ended in defeat and exile, never before nor since was England so put upon her mettle to vanquish an enemy so inferior in numbers, in the appliances of war, nay in every thing, save courage, daring, and military skill. At the battle of the Yellow Ford seven thousand trained veterans of England under Bagnal, fresh from the wars of Brittany and the Low Countries, and well supplied with artillery and ammunition, were driven back to Armagh in a bloody route by the Galloglasses of O'Neil who had no cannon and but scant ammunition. The particulars of this glorious victory are finely described by John Mitchell in his brilliant and matchless history of Aodh O'Neil that it seems improper to omit them here. 'The tenth morning of August,' says Mitchell, 'rose bright and serene upon the towers of Armagh and the silver waters of Avonmore. Before day dawned, the English army left the city in three divisions, and at sunrise they were winding through the hills and woods behind the spot where now stands the little church of Grange. The sun was glancing on the corselets and spears of their glittering cavalry; their banners waved proudly, and their bugles rang clear in the morning air; when suddenly, from the thickets on both sides of their path, a deadly volley of musketry swept through the foremost ranks. O'Neil had stationed here five hundred light-armed troops to guard the defiles; and in the shelter of thick grass and fir trees they had silently waited for the enemy. Now they poured in their shot, volley after volley, and killed great numbers of the English; but the first division, led by Bagnal in person, after some hard fighting, carried the pass, dislodged the marksmen from their position and drove them backwards into the plain. The centre division under Casby and Billing, supported in flank by the cavalry under Brooke,

Montacute and Fleming, now pushed forward, speedily cleared the difficult country, and formed in the open ground in front of the Irish lines.' 'It was not quite safe,' says an Irish chronicler, (in admiration of Bagnal's disposition of his forces,) 'to attack the nest of griffins and dens of lions in which were placed the soldiers of London.' Bagnal at the head of his first division, and aided by a body of cavalry, charged the Irish light-armed troops up to the very entrenchments, in front of which O'Neil's foresight had prepared some pits, covered over with wattles and grass; and many of the English cavalry, rushing impetuously forward, rolled headlong, both men and horses, into these trenches and perished. Still the marshal's chosen troops, with loud cheers and shouts of 'St. George for merry England,' resolutely attacked the entrenchments that stretched across the pass, battered them with cannon, and in one place succeeded, though with heavy loss, in forcing back their defenders. Then first the main body of O'Neil's troops was brought into action; and with bag-pipes sounding a charge, they fell upon the English, shouting their fierce battle-cries—'Lamb-dearg!' and O'Donnell Aboo! O'Neil himself at the head of a body of horse, pricked forward to seek out Bagnal amidst the throng of battle; but they never met. The marshal, who had done his devoir that day like a good soldier, was shot through the brain by some unknown marksman; the division he had led was forced back by the furious onslaught of the Irish, and put to utter rout; and what added to their confusion, a cart of gunpowder exploded amidst the English ranks and blew many of their men to atoms. And now the cavalry of Tyrconnell and Tyr-owen dashed into the plain and bore down the remnant of Brooke's and Fleming's horse; the columns of Wingfield and Casby reeled before their rushing charge—while in front, to the war-cry of 'Bataillah-Aboo!' the swords and axes of the heavy-armed gallglories were raging amongst the Saxon ranks. By this time the cannon were all taken; the cries of 'St. George' had failed, or turned into death shrieks, and once more England's royal standard sunk before the Red Hand of Tyr-owen. 'After this fight,' says Mitchell, 'all Saxon soldiery vanished speedily from the fields of Ulster, and the Bloody Hand once more waved over the towers of Newry and Armagh.'

This is but a solitary example of the heroism displayed by the Irish when battling for the freedom of their own soil. As we proceed with this subject we shall demonstrate by various illustrations from history that the military element in the Irish character was not only manifested to some purpose at home, but exercised a potent influence controlling the destinies of Europe.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Irish Miscellany.

INK DROPS:

FROM THE PEN OF THE 'QUER COVE.'

No. 4.—William Maginn and Thomas Hood.

'Señor Redactor, vive usted mil años,' which is in our vernacular, 'may you live a thousand years, Mr. Editor.' Now don't you go for to come for to think that (as Henry the Fourth said to his son, the mad-cap Prince of Wales, when the Prince filched the crown from the pillow of his dad, under the delusion that the old gentleman was defunct,) 'the wish is father to the thought,' for I could not wish my 'direst foe,' such a hard lot as to live that 'long length of periods,' and be the Editor of a newspaper! No, I trust that I have some 'pheelinks' left, although, (like the young woman who went to the 'rigadon' in her bridal dress and met in the 'crowd' her jilted 'loveyer') 'my feelings I smother,' as occasion may require; for you know, or at least you ought to, if you don't, that as Hamlet says to his mama, it is necessary at times to 'assume a virtue if we have it not.' And here, while on the subject of Hamlet, let me say that I do not understand why all actors in their delineation of the character make the Dane a slender, winsome

looking youth of apparently twenty years of age. This is contrary to the language of the play, for we are informed on the authority of the grave-digger, that Hamlet was thirty years old, and his mother, who must be of undoubted authority, says of him during the foil scene between him and Laertes, 'our son is fat, and scant of breath,' proving most clearly that he was not only adipose, but was also troubled with the asthma. How delicious 't would be to see a wheezy, short-breathed Hamlet! This would indeed be 'to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature.' But it 'can't be did' now, for you know that 'Ayer's Cherry Pectoral' is a sure cure for the phthisic, and I suppose all actors are supplied with one or more 'botculs' of that same. But to stop this digression, and 'come to Heeuba!—

Maginn and Hood. Two great names Mr. Editor, and belonging to men who were to poetry what Dickens and Thackeray are to prose—the greatest popular humorists of their time. Hood, as Ball Hughes would say, was 'a heavy ticket, while Maginn was a 'ponderous brick.' Hood's fun is apparent at the outset, and puts you in a broad grin from the moment you commence the first line of one of his 'pomes,' 'till you reach the end; Maginn's humor, is of that insinuating kind which gradually worms—(and here while on the subject of worms, did you ever hear the story of the little negro that was fishing? Of course not; who could expect you to. Well, a juvenile blackamore, was fishing out on the Milldam for white perch, the most delicate of all pan-fish in my estimation, when a passing pedestrian observing something in his 'potatoe trap' as the fancy would say, accosted him with, 'What have you got in your mouth, boy?' 'Wooms for bait,' was the reply. Of a surety, a neat, cheap and convenient bait-box,—itself into you like a corkscrew into a bottle of old port, when I lout pops the cork and a gush of the 'rosy' or laughter pours out simultaneously from you or the bottle, as the case may be.

I will give you a specimen of Hood's wit—

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, 'Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And Forty-second Foot!

The army surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, 'They're only pegs;
But there's a wooden member quite,
As represent my legs!

New Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scold;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

'Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
Is this thy love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform!

Said she, 'I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

'Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then you know you stand upon
Another footing now!

'Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray,
For all your peering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs,
In Ladagos's breeches!

'Why then,' said she, 'you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your seats of arms!

'Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse—
Though I've to feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

'I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death—alas!
You will not be my Nell!

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwile,
And for the second time in life,
Enlaid in the line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For, though distress did cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried him in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside!

Prodigious isn't it?

And now for a touch of Maginn's humor;

There was a lady dwelt in Leith,
A lady very stylish man,
And yet in spite of all her teeth
She fell in love with an Irishman.

A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman,
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramming, roaring
Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small pox 'twas scar'd across,
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.

O the lump of an Irishman,
The whiskey devouring Irishman,
The great he rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting
rioting Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle green,
And the other eye was out, my dear,
And the calves of his wicked looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear.

O the great big Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman,
The stamping, ramming, swaggering, staggering, leathering
swast of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy-foot,
That he used to snort and snuffle—O
And in shape and size the fellows neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.

O, the terrible Irishman,
The thundering, blundering Irishman,
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hash-
ing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name indeed,
Being Timothy Thaddey Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch
He'd not rest till he filled it full again.

The boozing, bawling Irishman,
The 'toasted Irishman',
The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy no dandy
Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith
Just by the way of jollity.

O the leathering Irishman,
The barbarous, savage Irishman,
The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen heads, were
bothered I'm sure by this Irishman.

What a 'stunner' the respected Mr. Mulligan must have been, eh? How long do you suppose 't would take a regiment of such 'buffers' to vanquish the Sepoys? Not long methinks.

It was my intention to go further into the writings of Maginn and Hood, in this paper, for you see I have but just skimmed off the first coat of cream, but as you are at present rather pressed for room, I will defer it until my next, when I will enter more at large into the merits of the subject.

But ere I leave off, inasmuch as I have desired you to 'live a thousand years,' I will close with the oriental benediction, 'may you die among your kindred,' that is, if the world should not happen to come to a period before you have numbered the years of Mr. Methuselah.

And now like the monthly rose, I will proceed to 'bloom.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN, April 24, 1858.

On Wednesday, the 14th inst., Mr. Maguire brought before the British parliament his motion for the second reading of the tenant's rights, or 'tenant's compensation' bill. It is needless to say that the motion of this genuine Irish gentleman and patriot was supported with the talent and good sense which always characterizes him. He presented an array of facts of the most startling nature; showing the cruel power possessed by landlords—the despotic and fatal use

made of it, and, perhaps, startled some of his hearers by the announcement that, in some districts, especially in the county of Kerry, tenants were not allowed to marry without the consent of their landlord's agents! Mr. Maguire proceeded in that calm, peaceful and convincing manner for which he is so remarkable, to place fact upon fact, argument upon argument, presenting testimony before parliament of a nature so damning to Irish landlordism, as would justify the entire destruction of the whole thing.

The O'Donoghue seconded the motion of the Member for Dungarvan, and said the question before the house was of the greatest moment to Ireland; that it was to her a question of life and death—that all other questions sunk into insignificance compared to this. He produced a marked effect upon the house by his dignified and able speech.

After a few other speeches had been delivered, the old political roae, Lord Palmerston, rushed with indecent haste to the front of the fight, and denounced the bill in the strongest terms. It would, he said, be a violation of the rights of property, nay, a transfer of the property which the landlord had in the soil from himself to his tenant! There's for you! There's Lord Palmerston for you! There's the man that every member of parliament belonging to the tenant league, but two, voted for, on Milner Gibson's motion—voted to keep him in power as the Prime Minister of England and the chief ruler of Ireland! These opinions of Palmerston are not new; he has avowed them often before. Every member of the tenant league who voted to retain him in power, knew what his opinions were on this vital question, and knowing them, voted to keep this arch enemy of tenant right in office! What is the inference to be drawn from such conduct? I leave you and your readers to decide. They would, with few exceptions, vote to bring him back again. What has Ireland to expect from such a pack of humbugs? The debate was adjourned until the second of June.

It is pleasant to turn from these political tricksters and speak of Ireland's great son and incorruptible patriot, William Smith O'Brien. He has issued his third, fourth and fifth of the 'Addresses to the people of Ireland.' His object seems to be to draw attention to certain subjects of interest to this country, and comment upon topics which have been so often discussed that it is useless for me to repeat them. I will give one or two extracts from his third address, as I have no doubt they will interest your readers, as I have once only in my letters to you referred to these productions. He says, speaking of Civil and Religious Equality, 'That all persons should be put upon a footing of perfect equality in regard of civil and religious rights or privileges, is a demand which will be continuously urged by the people of Ireland, until this principle shall be fully established as a recognised basis of legislation and administration. This principle is still violated in Ireland by the maintenance of a church establishment which provides for the spiritual wants of little more than one tenth of the population, and by various disqualifying enactments, which are the relics of the ascendancy of this minority of the people. Upon this point I confess that my own sentiments have undergone some modification. Formerly I was of opinion that such equality could be best attained by providing, as is the case in Belgium, an equal endowment for the religious ministers of every persuasion, and, perhaps, if there were a parliament in Ireland, I might still advocate an independent provision by the state for clergymen of every denomination. But so long as a legislative connection with England subsists, this mode of establishing religious equality cannot be realized, for the following reasons:—First—The Catholics of Ireland distrust so much the Protestant Government of England that they would regard such a provision as an attempt to corrupt their clergy by rendering them stipendiaries of an adverse authority. Secondly—The Catholic clergy themselves repudiate the proposal. Thirdly—The people of England and of Scotland are so bigoted in opposition to Catholicism that they would not consent to such an ar-

rangement. In the discussions which have recently taken place respecting the Ecclesiastical Titles, the 'Oaths Bill,' and the College of Maynooth, as well as in the treatment which Catholic soldiers have experienced in India, abundant evidence has been afforded to prove how much reluctance still exists on the part of the English people to recognise the principle of equality for which we contend. It may, indeed, be said in regard to the last of these points, that the Catholics have the remedy in their own hands. For if the leading men amongst the Catholic clergy and laity were to meet openly and declare that no Catholic should be enlisted as a soldier for the British army unless Catholics were placed, in respect of religious ministrations, on a footing of perfect equality with Protestant soldiers, the British Government would not venture to persevere in upholding the injustice of which Catholics at present complain. Employment can now be obtained in Ireland by every able bodied man; and whilst the flourishing colonies of Canada and Australia, as well as the United States of America, offer to adventurous spirits an inviting field of enterprise, it is somewhat strange that so many of our countrymen volunteer to perish under the burning sun of India. But though Irishmen are fond of military life, yet if the leading members of the Catholic community were to recommend that no Catholic should enlist until the Catholic soldier shall be placed on a footing of perfect equality with the Protestant soldier, recruits would cease to be found even amongst the worst classes of the Catholic population of the United Kingdom.'

On the question of 'Education,' he contends that every Catholic in Ireland should be placed on a perfect footing of equality with his Protestant fellow countrymen, and while he favors 'mixed education,' he is willing that there should be separate grants for each religious denomination. He says, 'Personally, I avow a preference for united education. Personally, I would prefer that my children should meet at school and at college persons belonging to different religious persuasions; but whilst speaking for myself, I prefer united education, I am not prepared to say that no aid should be given by the state to those who prefer separate education. Personally, I have always upheld the Board of National Education, though I confess, that to me, as a Nationalist, it is most painful to find that in the so called 'National' schools, the history of the Irish nation is utterly ignored, and that everything is done, which can be accomplished through the influence of education, to extinguish the spirit of Irish nationality. A boy educated in these schools may learn that there was in Greece a Leonidas and a Themistocles—but he must not learn that Ireland sent forth emissaries to propagate the faith of Christ at a time when Paganism overspread a part of Ireland. He must not learn that the Danes were expelled from Ireland at a time when they had established their power in half the ports of Northern Europe. He must not learn that there was a siege of Derry and a siege of Limerick, in both of which was displayed heroism that may vie with the brightest achievements of other nations. He must not learn that in 1782, the volunteers of Ireland acquired for their country constitutional independence, nor must he know by what means that independence was lost in the year 1801'

The subjects in the two last addresses of Mr. O'Brien seem to me to be very commonplace and unworthy of that statesman. Surely we have had enough of agitations, speeches and addresses upon the 'Grand Jury System,' 'Railways,' 'Police,' and 'Poor Laws,' without again commencing at the alphabet of Irish misrule. Mr. O'Brien may have some important practical object in view. With the exception of his 'council of consultation,' I do not see a practical suggestion in any of his addresses worthy of him. If we are to have nothing better than suggestions upon what he calls 'leading topics,' then it had better be let alone.

The fact is, Ireland is sick of agitation. Her people take no interest in 'resolutions,' 'great speeches,' 'enthusiastic meetings,' 'important addresses,' and all those manner of things. Heaven knows we have had

enough of them. The whole system of English police, taxos, grand juries, high sheriffs, judges, education, is a fraud, a swindle, a piracy upon the people of this unfortunate country. It is folly to tamper with it. If we cannot seize the monster by the throat and pull out its wind-pipe, it is folly to meddle with the vile thing. If we are too weak to rend our chains asunder, let us rest until we gain sufficient strength. Ireland requires rest. On the question of voting supplies for the British navy, a spicy debate took place in parliament. The government affected to make a reduction in the amount necessary to raise some 30,000 seamen and boys. The opposition denounced this paltry economy, and pointed to the critical relations existing between England and France. It was said that the navy of France is equal in point of efficiency to that of England, and that great difficulty is experienced in procuring men for old England's wooden walls.

The Duke of Malakoff has been feasted in England and shaken the Royal Duke of Cambridge by the hand. He protests, in behalf of his royal master, that he means well by England, and hopes nothing will occur to change the 'happy feelings' existing between the two countries. Admirable Pellissier! Hero of the Malakoff! True O'Pelissier! Devil a doubt of it!

But then you know his illustrious master swore upon the holy gospels to preserve the French Republic, and he didn't for all that. Dr. Bernard, one of the associates of Orsini and Pierre, has been tried in London and acquitted, upon the charge of conspiracy to murder Louis Napoleon. Mr. James, the able English lawyer, defended the prisoner with great zeal and marked ability. Here is an extract from his peroration, and a description of the closing scenes of this great trial.

'The great object of the French government is, if possible, to establish through you, gentlemen of the jury, that an exile is not to be protected in this country. It has been the pride of this country to be, as was said by Cicero of Rome, 'Regum populorum, nationum, portus et refugium.' How true has that been of this country! We have had exiled kings here, an exiled priesthood, an exiled nobility; we have had the Emperor of the French an exile here, plotting against the throne of Louis Philippe, and now his object is to destroy that very asylum which afforded a refuge to himself. Will you allow the laws of England to be perverted for such a purpose? You will have the case left in your hands, after an able reply from the Attorney-General, by one who will hold the scales with an even and impartial hand. I implore you to let the verdict be your own, uninfluenced by the ridiculous fears of French armaments or French invasions, such as were raised in Peltier's case. You, gentlemen, will not be intimidated by foreign dictation to consign the accused to the scaffold; you will not pervert and wrest the law of England to please a foreign dictator. No. Tell the prosecutor in this case that the jury box is the sanctuary of English liberty. Tell him that on this spot your predecessors have resisted the arbitrary power of the crown, backed by the influence of crown-serving and time-serving judges. Tell him that under every difficulty and danger your predecessors have secured the political liberties of the people. Tell him that the verdicts of English juries are founded on the eternal and immutable principles of justice. Tell him that panopied in that armor, no threat of armament or invasion can awe you. Tell him that though 600,000 French bayonets glittered before you—though the roar of French cannon thundered in your ears, you will return a verdict which your own breasts and consciences will sanctify and approve, careless whether that verdict pleases or displeases a foreign despot, or secures, or shakes and destroys forever the throne which a tyrant has built upon the ruins of the liberty of a once free and mighty people. (Applause.)

After the address of Mr. James, the Attorney-General replied, and Lord Campbell summed up the evidence. The jury having retired, agreed to their verdict and returned into court. Having taken their places, a breathless silence ensued.

'The Clerk.—Gentlemen, are you all agreed? Is

the prisoner, Simon Bernard, guilty, or not guilty?

The Foreman, in an emphatic tone of voice, replied—'Not Guilty.'

Immediately on the announcement of the verdict the whole of the audience rose and cheered enthusiastically, which was again and again repeated. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and gentlemen waved their hats, and the ebullition of feeling in favor of Dr. Bernard was of the most gratifying and enthusiastic character. The cheers were loud and continuous, which the learned judges made no attempt to check, and from the expression of Lord Campbell's features, he was evidently pleased that the judges had, by the verdict of the jury, been relieved of considering in a Court of Appeal the points of law raised in the prisoner's favor, in the event of his having been convicted.

Dr. Bernard was greatly excited, and he was unable to restrain his feelings on hearing the verdict. He turned round in the chair, and bowed in every direction to the audience, and waved his handkerchief again and again. As soon as silence was partially restored, Dr. Bernard shook hands with Mr. Sleigh, the gentleman who so ably conducted his defence before the committing magistracy, and addressed the jury and bench. He said—'I am not guilty—I am not guilty—England has always been and I feel convinced will ever be, the land of liberty. It has always attempted to crush tyranny.'

There is a specimen of English friendly feeling towards France, and believe me, it represents the entire people of England. Now for the feeling of France as spoken by two of her ablest journals.

The Constitutionnel contains the following article on the acquittal of S. Bernard:—

'The acquittal of Bernard has excited deep indignation in France, and the animated sentiment expressed by the Unicers on the subject has been understood by every body. We will not dwell at any length on such an acquittal, which throws an unheard of scandal on public morality; for what man of honor in France or England could entertain a doubt of Bernard's guilt? We will merely inform those of our neighbors who desire the maintenance of good relations between the two countries, that if, by misfortune, the address pronounced by Bernard's counsel—that address which was allowed to team with calumny and insults against the Emperor, against the nation which elected him, against the army, and against our institutions—was circulated in the towns, barracks, and rural districts of France, it would be difficult for government, with the best intention, to stay the consequences of public indignation.'

This article is signed Amedee Rennee, and consequently is inserted with the previous approval of the authorities.

The following is from the Unicers:—

'The English jury has acquitted Simon Bernard; the English people have welcomed this result with cheers; the English judges identified themselves as closely as possible with the scandal of the acquittal by admitting him to bail. The scene was complete and cynical. During the trial Mazzini published a pamphlet, reproduced by several journals, which, in its insolence towards the Emperor and its threats, surpassed the most revolting writings hitherto produced by the refugees. If the English Government had not desired this result, it follows that the Times rules public opinion. If it had desired it, then is the Times the organ of its opinions. In either case, France has obtained an insight into the secret thoughts of England. As we are neither the sponsors nor the champions of modern civilization in general, and of English civilization in particular, we shall say no more. A question, which may be termed the 'question of assassins,' arises between two powerful and friendly nations; one of those two nations solves the question to the detriment of the other, and in favor of the assassins. This is the

last and most characteristic trait of European policy in the nineteenth century. Let us be sincere and add that in the present state of things the infamous huzzas raised by the people in the London law court are preferable in our eyes, to the starchy compliments with which the municipality of Dover overwhelmed on the previous day the frank nature of the Duke de Malakoff. These compliments, in their show of good feeling, were doubtless very English; but the huzzas shouted around Simon Bernard betray the intimate feelings of England.'

So much for the GOOD FEELING between the two nations.

'O, the French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
O, the French are in the bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And John Bull will run away,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.'

Parliament has agreed to appoint a Commissioner to inquire into the sufferings of the poor people of Gweedore, and the surrounding districts in Donegal. The true facts of this appalling case will be placed before the world, and the sufferings of the poor Celt of Donegal may be productive of good to others of our race. The young Prince of Wales has been paying this part of his future (?) dominions a visit. He seems to be a jolly young fellow, who can appreciate the beauties of nature, drink his mug of 'hale,' quaff his tumbler of punch, smoke his cigar, and travel as every fellow of good sense should, carpet bag in hand, without show or ostentation.

On the 17th, a meeting was held at 19 Dawson street, for the purpose of raising a suitable testimonial to the lamented Hogan. The Provost of Trinity College, occupied the chair. The intention is to raise a national subscription in aid of the widow and her eleven children. An excellent committee was appointed, and I have no doubt Ireland will adopt the family of her Hogan.

AVONMORE.

LORD PALMERSTON.

A correspondent asks us for information of the family name and connections of Lord Palmerston, the late British Premier—whether his title is new creation, and why he is not in the House of Lords. The following sketch, will doubtless, be interesting to all:—

The family name of Lord Palmerston is Henry John Temple. The title of Palmerston is Viscount Palmerston, is Irish, although Palmerston himself is of a very ancient English family, the same as that of which the Duke of Buckingham is a member in a female line. The Buckinghams retain the name of Temple as part of their compound surname, which is Temple-Nugent-Bridges-Chandos-Grenville. The common ancestor of these families, is a Mr. William Temple, who was secretary to Lord Burleigh in the time of Queen Elizabeth, but the Temples trace their descent further back to the Earl of Chester and Lady Godiva, the heroine of the old legend of 'Peeping Tom of Coventry.'

The first dignity of the immediate ancestors of Lord Palmerston was that of English Baronetcy in the last century. The title of Viscount Palmerston was first conferred upon the grandfather of the present Lord. He is the third Viscount Palmerston. We cannot answer the enquiry whether he has any extensive family connections among the British aristocracy. We rather think that his kindred are mostly with the gentry, so called, his relationship to the Buckinghams being very distant. He married the dowager Countess Cowper, widow of a former Earl, and mother of the Earl lately deceased, and of a considerable family besides; but Lord Palmerston has no children. Lady Palmerston was the sister of the late Lord Melbourne, the well known Whig and reform Premier, who died in 1818, and is a lady remarkable for brilliant powers

of mind and fine address. We have not the date of his birth at hand, but we believe he was born about 1784, and is therefore, about 74 years of age.

Lord Palmerston sits in the House of Commons as member for the borough of Tiverton. He is not in the House of Lords, because his title is Irish and not English. All the members of the five English orders of nobility—dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts and barons—have a right by birth to sit in Parliament as peers. The Irish or Scotch peers, who sit there have also English titles, secondary to the higher Irish title, by which they are commonly distinguished, or have been chosen by the nobility as representatives. Ireland has twenty-eight representative peers and Scotland sixteen. Some of the names we see most frequently mentioned in the proceedings of the House of Lords are of Irish and Scotch peers, by their Irish titles; but when they are not representative peers this is only a title of courtesy in the House. They have inferior English titles, by virtue of which they are members of the House. The Earl of Aberdeen, in Scotland, for example, sits as an English peer by an English title of Lord Gordon; the Duke of Argyll as Lord Lundridge; the Duke of Athol as Lord Strang; the Marquis of Clanricarde, in Ireland, as Lord Towerhill; the Marquis of Londonderry is Lord Vane in England. The new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is the Earl of Eglintoun in Scotland. His English title is Lord Ardrossan. There are many others, ordinarily addressed by Irish and Scotch titles, who have nevertheless inferior English titles, not often used, by which they have a right to sit in the House of Lords.

Lord Palmerston has no English title, and therefore has no right to sit as a peer in the imperial Parliament. No English peer is a member of the House of Commons. The names of many lords are in the list of members, as for example the Earl of Surrey, the Earl of Mulgrave, Earl Grosvenor, Lord Stanley, Marquis of Blandford, and others. But these are not peers—but sons of peers, who are addressed in courtesy by the second title of the father. The Earl of Surrey is the eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk, and would be designated in law only as the Honorable Mr. Howard, commonly called Earl of Surry. The present Earl of Derby sat in the House of Commons during the lifetime of his father, as Lord Stanley (by courtesy), but when the then ministry wished to strengthen themselves in the House of Lords, they made him a peer by the new title of Lord Stanley of Bickerstaffe, which merged in the elder title when his father died; and his son is now in the House of Commons as Lord Stanley (by courtesy), and not Lord Stanley of Bickerstaffe.

We hope we have succeeded in explaining to the comprehension of our correspondent, what has been frequently made the topic of inquiry by others, how it is that Lord Palmerston, being a Viscount, is not in the House of Lords; and how it is that he, and Englishmen bearing titles of higher orders of nobility, sit in Parliament as Commoners.

AN EXTRACT.—Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their own history. The plant and pebble go attended by their own shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain soil—the animal its bones on the stratum—the fern and the leaf their moulded epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sepulchre in the sand and stone; not a footstep on the snow or along the ground, or on the highest mountain tops, but prints in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march; every act of man inscribes itself on the memories of its fellows, and his own. The air is full of sound—the sky of tokens—the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered over with hints which speak directly to the intelligent.

SONGS WITHOUT RHYME.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Saturday says to Sunday: 'See, I have sent all my children to bed. They were pretty well tired I can tell you, of their six day's work, and I myself am so knocked up that I can scarcely stand on my legs.'

As he spoke, the clock struck twelve, and he fell fast asleep never to wake again. Then Sunday says to himself: 'Now is my turn.' Gently, very gently he opens the door of heaven and creeps, still fast asleep, from behind the dreamy stars. He is lazy, and stands a long time yawning and stretching his arms.

At last, he rubs his eyes and walks down towards the house of the Sun, who is snoring in his bright bed room, hidden behind a screen. Sunday knocks loudly at the shutters and cries, 'I say, old fellow, 'tis time to be up!' The other answers, 'I come.'

Sunday goes off on tiptoe and climbs the mountain tops. He smiles, for the world is still asleep, and no one has heard him come. He walks down towards the village and says to the chanticler, 'Do not betray me yet!'

At last, when everybody awakes after a good night's rest, Sunday is there, basking in the summer sun; he peeps in at each window, his eyes seem so gentle and gay that all are glad to see him.

Oh! Sunday is a right good fellow! He is never angry when his children wish to sleep just one little half hour longer, and pretend to believe that it is not yet daylight.

See how the dew sparkles in silver drops on every leaf and flower. The air seems to have been feeding upon hawthorn, its breath is as sweet as my true love's lips! The bees are humming their busy song, and making honey as fast as they can. But we must not be angry with them, for they know not that it is Sunday.

How quiet the village green! Each heart, each arm is at rest. You no longer hear the rap-tap-tap of the hammer on the anvil, nor the sleepy tic-tac of the mill. A little bird sings, 'I'll be hanged if the sun has not got up an hour too late!' But soon the flowers and the leaves, the hedges and the nests are as warm as they need be, and robbin red-breast struts about as proud as any king.

Listen: the church bells are ringing. Come my love, put on your Sunday dress, and when we've knelt before the Lord, we'll walk through the fields to admire His handiwork, and I'll gather you a nosegay.

A DREAM.

My darling is fast asleep. Her loosened hair falls on her shoulders, like the ungleaned wheat scattered, after harvest, over a field of lilies and daffodils.

Although she sleeps, a gentle smile quivers around her mouth, like a butterfly fluttering round a budding rose.

She dreams. Oh! for the noiseless wings of a fairy-king, that I might whisper in her ear the words I dare not speak! kind Ariel, be thou my messenger. Tell her!

'He loves you well, mavournen, he who loved you at first sight!'

'Some engrave their true love's name on the bark of the forest oak—yours is written in his heart more deeply than with a knife. The tree may be green and the wound may heal—but his heart is strong and no letter can be effaced until it ceases to beat.'

'He loves you well, mavournen, he who loved you at first sight!'

'Have your eyes told you nothing? When you bade him farewell, and gave him your hand, did you not feel his heart throbbing with the warm blood at the tip of his trembling fingers? When he asked an

indifferent question, have you not seen his secret quivering on his lips?'

'He will love you long, mavournen, he who loved you at first sight!'

'He envies the air you breathe, the happy sunbeam that dances on your hair, the glove that kisses your hand, and the ground you walk upon. Oh! since he left, have you never felt his soul hovering about you, like a bird that loves the sun, singing pleasant songs? Singing that flowers are fresh and fair, but that you are lovelier still?'

'He will love you for ever, mavournen, he who loved you at first sight!'

'Though the world is large it has but one spot (so small you could hold it within your folded arms) where he may rest his fond, fond heart. Why condemn him to travel alone, while others are hoping and building their quiet nests?'

'He will love you for ever, mavournen, he who loved you at first sight!'

My life, my darling, she is still asleep. Oh, that she might hear my sighs! But has she not listened to my messenger Ariel? Methinks her heart beats quicker, and her lips still smiling, look as if they had just dreamt of a kiss.

Heigh ho! if it be nothing more than a dream, what a pretty dream, mavournen; to live two and be but one, to have two minds, and but one thought, two hearts and but one love!—Irish Literary Gazette.

MISCELLANEA.

An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

'Cuffee, is that the second bell?' 'No, Massa, dat's de second ringin' ob de fuss bell. We habn't got no second bell in dis hotel.'

Example is far more forcible than precept. My people look at me six days in the week, to see what I mean on the seventh.

The man who walked six hours 'on a stretch' is an inch or two longer than he was before the excursion.

A person below the middle stature, observed he could boast of two negative qualifications, viz., that he never wore a great coat, nor ever lay long in bed.

'O, pray let me have my way this time,' said a young gentleman to his lady love. 'Well, Willie, I suppose I must this once; but you know after we are married I shall always have a Will of my own.'

Mrs. Rugg, a widow, having taken Sir Charles Price for her second husband, and being asked by a friend how she liked the change, replied: 'Oh! I have got rid of my old Rugg for a very good Price.'

'Mr. ———, I want to buy a shilling's worth of hay.'

'Very well, you can have it. Is it for your father?'

'No, 'tain't. It's for the hoss. Dad don't eat hay.'

A Chinese maxim says:—We require four things for women—that virtue dwell in the heart, that modesty play on her brow, that sweetness flow from her lips, and industry occupy her hands.

A celebrated barrister, retired from practice, was one day asked his sincere opinion of the law. 'Why, the fact is,' rejoined he, 'if any man were to claim the coat upon my back, and threaten my refusal with a lawsuit, he should certainly have it, lest, in defending my coat, I should lose my waistcoat also.'

A gentleman, after great misfortunes, came to a lady he had long courted, and told her his circumstances were so reduced that he was actually in want of five guineas. 'I am glad to hear it,' said

she. 'Is that your love for me?' he replied in a tone of despondency; 'Why are you glad?' 'Because,' answered she, 'if you want five guineas, I can put you in possession of five thousand.'

Teacher—'Suppose I shoot at a tree with five birds in it, and kill three how many would be left?'

John—'Three, sir.'

T.—'No, two would be left, you ignoramus.'

J.—'No there wouldn't; the third shot would be left, and the other two would be fired away.'

'I call upon you, said the counsellor, 'to state particularly upon what authority are you prepared to swear to the mare's age?' 'Upon what authority?' said the ostler, interrogatively. 'You are to reply, and not to repeat the question put to you.'

'I doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his mind.' 'Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put. I again repeat it. Upon what authority do you swear to the animal's age?' 'The best authority,' responded the witness, gruffly. 'Then why such evasions? Why not state at once?' 'Well, then, if you will have it,' rejoined the hostler with imperturbable gravity; 'why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth!' A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the court. The judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

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THE IRISH MISCELLANY

PICTURE GALLERY.

INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

On Saturday, the 3d of July next, we shall present to each subscriber to the Irish Pictorial Miscellany, a splendid Lithographic Engraving, representing the glorious scene, which occurred shortly before the capture of Limerick, when General Sarsfield, who commanded the Irish horse, having learned that a large supply of heavy siege guns was on the way to the camp of the French, resolved to intercept and capture them. Crossing over the country by a difficult and circuitous route, so as to intercept the convoy, he came up in front of it at Killinunahma, attacked William's troops, defeated them and compelled them to retreat before the Irish horse, leaving their artillery in the hands of Sarsfield.

Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the mountain passes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands. A train being laid, the spark was applied and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William was shattered into innumerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to the great popularity of the gallant Sarsfield. The explosion shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

It is at the moment of the explosion of the English artillery which our artist has seized upon for the subject of his pencil.

This memorable event will be faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as we can learn to any of our Irish artists, and shall now have ample justice done to it. It will make a beautiful picture. We shall present it to our readers on a sheet of fine drawing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

It will at once be seen that we cannot do this without a great outlay of capital. We expect to be reimbursed by a very large addition to our subscription list, as no person will be entitled to it who has not paid on or before the 3d of July next one year's subscription in advance, dating from our first number.

Non-subscribers will be supplied at \$1.50 for each plate. We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a picture gallery worthy of the events we propose to commemorate. This will be the first of a series of NATIONAL PICTURES we propose presenting gratis to our regular subscribers the second picture of the series will be ready early in October, the subject of which is not yet decided on. We should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess old pictures or remarkable events in Irish history, or portraits of distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They shall be taken good care of, and returned.

Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our picture gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually supersede the wretched dabs which are often met with.

Our arrangements for the first picture are almost completed. It will be absolutely necessary that we should know immediately the number of plates we shall want. Let our subscribers therefore, send in their subscriptions without delay, and be careful to give us their correct addresses. We shall not strike off any more copies than are ordered before the above date.

Without friends of the press please notice this new feature in our publication, and we will take care that their signatures are adorned with choice copies of this national picture.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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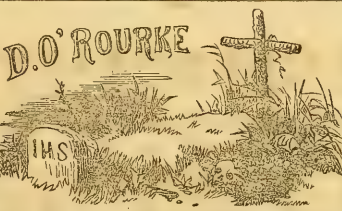
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from Mr. Mitchell, the Southern Citizen will continue to

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PROSPECTUS.

IRISH MISCELLANY. Prospectus. On Saturday the

13th day of February, 1868, was published the first

number of a new weekly periodical, with the above title

dedicated to the diffusion of a more intimate knowledge of

the literary and political history of Ireland, and to the

mental, moral and political elevation of the Celtic race on

this continent.

The "Irish Miscellany" will contain 16 pages of closely

printed matter, on this paper, of a size similar to this

prospectus. Price 4 cents a copy, payable on delivery, or \$2 a

year to mail subscribers—invariably in advance.

In asking for public support for the Irish Miscellany, it is

proper to say, that it is not our intention to trespass upon

the ground already occupied by any of our contemporaries.

We have marked out for ourselves a course entirely new and

original—one not occupied by any other publication in this

country. We propose to cultivate a field which, although

naturally rich and fertile, and capable of producing the

choicest flowers and fruits of literature, has hitherto lain

comparatively barren and unproductive. Into this field we

shall enter with a full confidence of its capabilities, but with

a modest diffidence of the skill which we shall bring to its

culture.

It has long been a reproach to our race here, that while

the publications of the day, with few exceptions, teem

with vile caricatures of us and of our country—while we

are continually held up to public gaze as everything that is

foul, absurd and vicious—yet little effort is made to place

the true character of our people before the public eye, and

to vindicate our name and race from the calumnies with which

English hate everywhere pursues us.

To correct, in some measure, this crying evil, it was at

first our intention to gather a number of Irishmen dis-

tinguished in the walks of literature, and publish monthly

a review, which, for sterling talent, should be second to

none published here or in Europe. The great expense con-

sequent upon an undertaking of this kind, however, deterred

from the attempt, compelled us to relinquish our design,

and to substitute instead thereof, our more unpretending

"Miscellany."

We propose to re-produce in our weekly periodical the

writings of many of the great minds who have gone before

us, while we shall also culled from the current Irish literature

of the day, such productions of merit as cannot fail to be

acceptable to our readers, and to intersperse with the for-

lore, and the legends of the old land, while they amuse,

serve to instruct and to elevate.

We shall therefore, publish such instructive tales and

legends of a high moral tone, which will remind us of the

latter days when we—

"Sat by the fire of a cold winter's night,

Along with our Irish telling tale of delight."

We shall give faithful descriptions and illustrations of

Irish antiquities—of our ruined monasteries, our plundered

abbeys and churches; and our pictorial illustrations of Irish

history and antiquities will be interspersed with many

familiar scenes of early childhood. We have secured the

services of talented artists, and each number of the Miscel-

lany will contain numerous illustrations executed in the

best style of art.

We shall keep constantly before our readers the ancient

glory of our country, and while we ponder with pride upon

the moral and intellectual superiority of Ireland, when

England and the rest of Europe were sunk in ignorance and

barbarism; we shall point to the past as an incentive to the

future.

The biographies of distinguished Irishmen will be an im-

portant feature in the Irish Miscellany, as we give bio-

graphical notices of Irishmen distinguished in every

department of literature, science and art—of men dis-

tinguished on the sea and on land; in the church the senate,

and at the bar.

It is our intention to republish the works of Irish writers

now out of print, in such a manner that they may be pre-

served to future time as a memento of the old land, and

serve to inculcate in the minds of the rising generation,

OH! THE MARRIAGE.

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany,

POETRY BY THOMAS DAVIS.

ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

AIR.—The Swaggering Jig.
ALLEGRO.

1. Oh! the marriage, the marriage, With love, and *no bhuachail* for me, The ladies that ride in a carriage Might envy my marriage to me; For
2. His hair is a shower of soft gold, His eye is as clear as the day, His conscience and vote were unsold When others were carried away, His

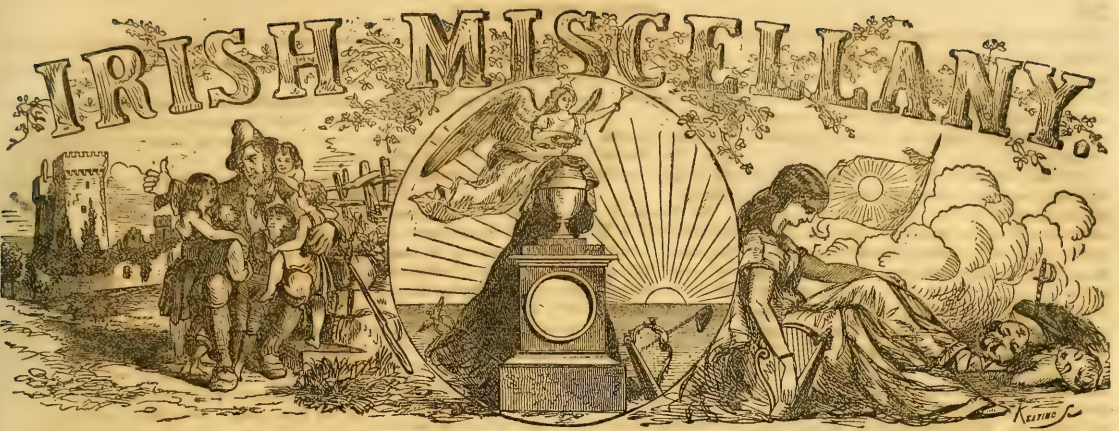
*Eoghan** is straight as a tower, And tender and loving and true; He told me more love in an hour, Than the Squires of the country could do. Then
word is as good as an oath, And freely 'twas given to me— Oh! sure 'twill be hap- py for both The day of our marriage to see. Then

Oh! the marriage, the marriage, With love, and *no bhuachail* for me, The ladies that ride in a carriage Might envy my marriage to me.
Oh! the marriage, the marriage, With love, and *no bhuachail* for me, The ladies that ride in a carriage Might envy my marriage to me.

3.
His kinsmen are honest and kind,
The neighbours think much of his skill,
And *Eoghan*'s the lad to my mind,
Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
But he has a tilloch of land,
A horse, and a stocking of coin,
A foot for the dance, and a hand
In the cause of his country to join.
Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

4.
We meet in the market and fair—
We meet in the morning and night—
He sits on the half of my chair,
And my people are wild with delight.
Yet I long through the winter to skim,
Though *Eoghan* longs more I can see,
When I will be married to him,
And he will be married to me.
Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

* *Fulgo* "Owen;" but that is, properly, a name among the Cymry (Welsh).



VOLUME I—NUMBER 15.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

THE CITY OF GALWAY.

The accompanying cut presents a very accurate representation of this ancient City, from the Cludagh, and will call to the minds of all familiar with the scene many an event of past days. In the more ancient parts of the town, the streets are narrow and irregular; and many of the houses now inhabited by the poorest class of the population, were formerly occupied by wealthy and respectable merchants and gentlemen.

The trade and commerce at one time carried on between this place and Spain, was of the most extensive character; hence it will at once be seen that the style of architecture used in the erection of the old houses in Galway, is of the Spanish quadrangular fashion. Indeed the old race seem to have intermarried extensively with their Spanish customers, as to this day the Spanish cast of countenance

can be traced in the features of large numbers of the Galwegians.

The population of Galway was remarkable for great urbanity and elegance of manners, which the extensive commercial intercourse with the chivalric and polite traders of the Peninsula, doubtless tended to promote. John Lynch, the bishop of Killala, in his Life of Kirwan, his predecessor, says, that 'the city of Galway was adorned with green marble walls, flanked by numerous towers, and that within the precincts of these walls were edifices of the same material; its noble squares and fair proportions, elegant and symmetrical, gladdened the vision, and that it appeared to him, as Jerusalem did to the prophet Jeremiah, 'a city of most perfect beauty.'

In addition to its beauty, Galway has been equally famed for its piety. Rinuccini, the nuncio extraordinary, from the Court of Rome, said it appeared

to him to be nearest his ideal of a Christian church.

Hardiman, in his History of Galway, thus speaks of the piety and splendor of that city.

'Rome boasts seven hills, the Nile its seven fold stream;
Around the pole seven radiant planets gleam:
Galway, Conscience Rome, twice equals these,
She boasts twice seven illustrious families.
Twice seven high towers defend her lofty walls,
And polished marble decks her splendid halls;
Twice seven her massive gates o'er which arise
Twice seven strong castles, towering to the skies.
Twice seven her bridges, through whose arches flow
The silver tides majestically slow.
Her ample church with twice seven altars flames—
An heavenly patron every altar claims;
While twice seven convents pious anthems raise,
Seven for each sex, to sound Jehovah's praise.'

The ecclesiastical government of Galway, was placed in the hands of a warden, or 'quasi' bishop, who exercised episcopal jurisdiction over a large



THE CITY OF GALWAY.

district, but was subject to the visitation of the metropolitan every three years. He possessed a power of visitation over all religious foundations within the wardenship, and was entitled to vote in synod with mitre, crozier and pontificals, as other prelates.

The collegiate church of St. Nicholas was founded in the year 1320, and to this day, in its extent and architectural beauty attests the piety, wealth, and public spirit of its founders. The office of warden has been filled by many learned and pious divines; but as each warden was elected triennially by the lay patrons of the town, considerable ill-feeling was, at times, excited between the 'tribes' and 'non tribes,' in the election of their particular representatives. Much dissatisfaction arose from these disputes, which were not unfrequently carried to Rome. At length, in 1831, the wardenship was abolished by the Pope, and Galway was erected into a Bishopric. Edmund French, a convert to the Catholic church, being the last warden of Galway.

In 1296, Sir William de Burgh (the gray) founded the Franciscan Monastery, i.e. St. Stephen's Island, without the north gate; he died A. D. 1324, and was interred in the abbey.

In 1513, Maurice O'Fihely, known as 'Flos mundi,' the flower of the world, died and was interred in this monastery. His monument still exists and is pointed out to the visitor.

In 1657, all the buildings of the abbey were demolished, except the church, in which ashes were held.

In 1678, the members of this and the other religious houses of the town were banished, but afterwards gradually returned, and for many years felt the full force of the penal laws, suffering the most severe persecutions, being frequently cast into prison, tried, transported, and frequently in danger of their lives. Galway was one of the chief places in Ireland which afforded refuge to the proscribed ecclesiastics of the religious orders, until the mitigation of the penal laws.

The Dominican friary is situated on an elevated spot near the sea-shore, in the west part of the town, on the site of an ancient convent of 'St. Mary of the hill,' a daughter of the Holy Trinity of the Premonstranses of Tuam, which was founded by the O'Hallorans. The inhabitants of the town having petitioned Pope Innocent VIII., it was granted to the Dominicans of Athens in 1488. It was afterwards richly endowed, and considerable additions were made to the church and monastery.

James Lynch Fistephen was mayor of Galway, in 1493, and became celebrated for having with his own hands executed his only son, who had taken the life of a young Spaniard, the guest of the mayor. He erected the choir of this church.

In 1642, Lord Forbes landed at Galway and took possession of this church, which he converted into a battery with the design of reducing the town. Failing in this, he defaced the church, and in his brutal rage dug up the graves and burned the coffins and bones of the dead.

In 1652, the friars surrendered the church and monastery to the corporation, which were soon after razed to the ground, lest they should be converted into a fortification by the troops of Cromwell and used against the town.

The Augustinian friary was situated on an eminence near the sea, in the south suburbs of the town, within a few hundred yards of the walls. It was founded in 1508, by Margaret Ashby, wife of Stephen Lynch Fitz Dominick, at the instance of Richard Nangle, an Augustinian hermit, who afterwards became Archbishop of Tuam.

In 1570, Queen Elizabeth granted to the corporation part of the possessions of this monastery there lately dissolved. Jame I., in 1603, granted all its possessions to Sir George Carew forever.

The friars, on the suppression of the monastery, removed to a large house within the town which they occupied for many years. The church remained

standing and on the building of St. Augustine's fort in 1652, it was destroyed lest it should be fortified against the town. Since then not a vestige of it remains.

Knights Templars were established beyond the east gate. The order was suppressed in 1312 and its possessions given to the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem.

The Franciscan nunnery of St. Clare was established in 1511; by Walter Lynch Fitz Thomas, who was mayor of Galway in 1504. He gave to his daughter a dwelling-house near the church of St. Nicholas, which was afterwards known as 'the house of the poor nuns of the third order of St. Francis.'

In 1649, the corporation granted a piece of land to these nuns, in island Attenuagh, at the west end of the town, on which they erected a handsome convent. On the surrender of Galway in 1652 to the troops of the parliamentarians, these pious ladies had to leave the country, and for years after endured the miseries of a comfortable exile. A change at length took place during the reign of James II., and such of them as survived returned to the city, where the order still exists.

In 1688, the persecutions against Catholicity raged with fearful violence, and the Galwegians felt the full force of its cruel and malignant thirst. On the 1st of May all the convents of the town were broken into by the military, the chapel torn down, and the emblems of religion defaced and destroyed. The nuns again felt the rigors of the penal laws—the fell spirit of Satan wreaking his deadly hate upon their devoted heads. Weak and defenceless—their lives dedicated to works of piety and charity; loving even their most cruel enemies with the love of their Divine Master; incapable of injuring any one, they were again compelled to fly in disguise, and sought shelter with their friends in the country, until the persecution somewhat abating, they ventured back to their former dwellings where they remained unmolested until 1712, when the Mayor of Galway, Edward Eyre, was directed to suppress these holy places. Helpless and defenceless, the servants of God were again turned out of doors, and after a time succeeded in making their way to Dublin. Their appearance in the city being noticed, cry was raised against them and they were arrested in the habits of their order. A proclamation dated Sept., 1712, was in consequence issued, ordering the arrest of John Bourke, the Archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Nary, popish priests, who presumed to exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction, contrary to the laws of the realm, and it was ordered that all laws against the Papists should be strictly enforced. The convents of Galway were converted into barracks for the use of a licentious soldiery, and the abodes of solitude and prayer became the scenes of licentiousness and riot. The storm again passed over and they once more returned to their former homes. In 1731 they again subjected to further annoyance, since then they have not been disturbed.

The Dominican nunnery was founded about the year 1644, and Father Gregory French, a learned Dominican, eminent for his virtues, was appointed the first superior. He was afterwards banished from his native country and died in Italy, an exile.

Cromwell with his fierce and relentless troops, captured Galway in 1648, and the nuns with their vicar, Father Gregory O'Ferral, retired to Spain. Two only of their number survived. In 1685, they returned to Ireland by direction of their provincial, and Mary Lynch was appointed prioress, and the companion of her exile, Julia Nowlan, sub-prioress; before the end of two years the order was again completely established in the 'city of the tribes,' but in 1698, they were again dispersed.

O'Hayne, the historian of these scenes, says:—'It was most deplorable to witness the cries and tears of those oppressed females, their very persecutors were moved to compassion.' The convent was again converted into a barracks; the nuns however secreted themselves in town among their friends, under the direction of their prioress Julia Nowlan. Death put a pe-

ried to her sufferings in 1691, at the age of ninety years.

The Augustinian nunnery was established in Middle Street, early in the eighteenth century. A nunnery to the west of the town was situated in an island Lough Corrib.

Our want of space compels us to make these chronicles of the ancient city as brief as possible, and pass over many events of great interest, to which we should be doing injustice to refer, without giving them the notice which their importance requires.

Galway is situated on the west coast of Ireland, and on the north side of Galway Bay, one of the finest in Europe, at the mouth of the Corrib, issuing from Lough Corrib. The Bay is 18 miles broad at its seaward extremity, diminishing to about 8 miles inland, and being about 20 miles long East to West. It is protected from the swell of the Atlantic by the Arran Isles. Some efforts were made a few years ago to connect Ireland more closely with this Continent by means of steam navigation, direct with Galway; but their efforts failed. To us, it has long been a matter of great surprise why Ireland does not establish a trans-atlantic steamship company of her own, by her own energy, without continually begging assistance: Her railways, that is, those managed by Irishmen, are the best conducted in the world, and pay a good per-centage upon the capital invested. Those managed by Englishmen are in a ruinous condition. If Ireland would apply her own native energy to the task, we should soon have her steamship crossing the Atlantic, bringing here the product of that country, and returning with those of this. If William Dargan would but direct the energies of his practical mind to this important subject, the waters of Galway Bay would soon witness the departure of one Irish steamship for these shores.

The principal buildings of the town at the present day, are the Queen's College; the established collegiate church of St. Nicholas, above referred to; a number of Roman Catholic chapels; three monasteries; five nunneries; Presbyterian and Methodist meeting houses; the county and town court house, both handsome Grecian structures; prisons, county infirmary, fever hospital, charter school, (endowed) the union work house, (emblem of poverty,) and two barracks, (emblems of despotism.) The buildings of the Franciscan nunnery, and of the presentation convent are extensive and imposing structures. The inmates of the latter, are numerous and nearly all the daughters of wealthy families, who have dedicated their lives to the honor of God, and the pious education of the rising generation.

Galway is not a manufacturing place, but there are paper mills, foundry, breweries, distilleries, a tan-yard, and several flour mills in the town and vicinity. The harbor has an extensive line of quays, and some few years ago it was proposed to connect it with Lough Corrib by a canal. Its floating dock has an area of five acres and admits vessels of 14 feet draught. On Mutton Island, in front of the harbor, there is a light-house which stands 33 feet above high water.

The burrough returns two members to the House of Commons; the population in 1851 was 24,679. Galway requires but the fostering care of a paternal native government to restore it to its former prosperity. God send it soon.

A TOUR TO CONNAUGHT.

LETTER V.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal:—

Sir—A journey any where on the outside of a coach, becomes, after a time, rather a tedious and undesirable thing. Conversation with your fellow travellers begins to lag—materials for discourse before long wear down to the rag-end—your animal spirits are almost decanted off, and dregs are beginning to come with the clearer liquid; and this more especially, if the country is uninteresting—nothing to catch or fix attention. This I found to be the case on leaving Kin-

negat. Suppose, says I, I change my position—try the people at the rear of coach, as I had already my fellow travellers in front. I remember one making an experiment of this sort in England; travelling through Cumberland, a man at Kendal appeared from the travellers' room of the inn, to take a ride (as the English have it), on our vehicle as far as Ambleside. He was a broad-faced, broad-shouldered, broad-bottomed sort of a man; his hat was broad-brimmed—his coat must have been broad-cloth, cut broad and to the selvaige, or else it would not have compassed him—his calves were broad—his galligaskins broader—and cased in square-toed shoes, his broad foot was wide and weighty enough to have crushed a tortoise or an armadillo; but what specially caught my attention, (for still-led men are very common in England,) was a most magnificent beard—an Aga of the Janissaries might have envied its exuberant flow—a Russian Papa, for the mere merit of such a beard, would have deserved the Patriarchate of Moscow—flowing adown his ample chest and protuberant abdomen, it expanded itself in waving richness—unlike the bardic beard, it streamed not like a meteor in the troubled air—no, but as the grey morning mist reposes on the mountain side, so this virile adjunct lay incumbent on his paunch, and what was more remarkable, its pepper and salt hue seemed to have been matched with sedulous selection in the color of his coat, which, mounted with broad and exquisitely polished steel buttons, reflected in a thousand positions, the extravagant beard, and gave, as it were so many miniature picture pictures of the hirsute ornament. This must be a singularity, thinks I to myself, a man who would venture thus to go forth before the world, must be no common man. This is a brave original, a man so unique in his exterior must have a oneness of mind, and let what will happen, I'll get into conversation with him; so with a world of manoeuvring, I at length so managed as to get beside him, and immediately commenced an attempt at conversation—of course began with the weather. 'It's a fine day, sir,' 'Umph!' 'Morning rather sharp though!' 'Umph!' 'Country beautifully diversified.' 'Umph!' 'Varied outline of hills.' 'Umph!' To make my story as short as it should be, he 'umphed' me whenever I addressed a sentence to him, and looked so grave and grumpy, that he actually put my forwardness to silence, and for the first time Irish loquacity was brought to fault before an English 'umph'; and I think I was never so delighted as when this personification of a grey and shaggy goat, relieved me from his presence, and the coach of his wight at Ambleside. Therefore, I have ever since been cautious how I trust to outside promise; but there is one manifestation I am never out in—a young man with a cigar in his mouth, and who is constantly polishing up his whiskers—'faenun habet in cornu,' 'she has a knob in her horns,' is no a bad mark of a cross cow—'quiddum habet in ore,' is not a bad test of an empty minded gentleman—good for nothing but blowing a puff—I always move off from such. In my present movement from the front to the rear of the coach, I certainly met with a queer fellow, a tobacco farmer, from the county of Wexford, as clever, intelligent, and active-minded man in his way, as ever I came across. He was on his way to dispose of his crop of tobacco, which he had reared and saved on his farm near Enniscorthy. He and I, in a few minutes, got into full converse concerning the growing of this extraordinary plant, which, contrary to nature and common sense, in spite of the preaching of divines, sneers of satirists, and the 'Counterblast' of a mighty king, has increased in use, and is increasing, so as to be one of the greatest objects of agriculture and commerce, and the amplest source of fiscal wealth in the world; extending itself every day as a growing custom, though, as worthy King James in his 'Counterblast' says, that 'it is loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.' But what is all this to the fellow who now sat beside me, who seemed, with no little pleasure, to tell forth to any one that would listen to him,

what it was that brought him and his neighbors into the tobacco culture, and how much he had made in a few years by it. It seems that at the commencement of the war of the American revolution, a law was passed by way of punishing the Virginia planters, permitting the Irish to grow and cure tobacco. This proved a profligate statute for Ireland, and none took advantage of it, or attempted, in our cold and variable climate, to embark in the culture, save and except a mad, speculating uncle of my own, who ventured on a sowing of fifteen acres, and lost three hundred pounds and three thousand cares upon the experiment. But within the last seven years, the culture had crept in amongst the Wexford farmers. A young man from the vicinity of Enniscorthy had been over in Maryland, and on his return he brought some seed, and some experience, and encouraged his brother to commence the culture, which he did on a moderate scale, as few ventured on the husbandry beyond the means of drying and saving afforded by their own houses and families. It turned out one of the best things imaginable; and from half an acre, £100 sometimes £200 have been produced. It was a pity that such a culture was found so materially to interfere with the fiscal regulations of the government as to require its annihilation by act of parliament, for it was just the thing calculated for Ireland—a culture which required little capital and numerous hands—which called into operation the usefulness of every inmate of an Irish cabin, from the grown man to the women and children—a cultivation which depended for its success, on the cleanliness, the exactitude and attention which were bestowed on it—was likely, in respect to other matters of rural economy, to produce a similar nicety of management, and so, in process of time, counteract the slovenly habits of the people. My companion was an evident proof that the Irish, when they see their way clearly before them, and when they know that their labor and skill will bring returns to themselves, and not to others, are as industrious as any people under the sun. He had made hay while the sun shone, and confessed that holding as he did a farm of 16 acres, he had realised by tobacco, in the space of seven years, £1,200. But he certainly was no idler; for besides growing the plant, he had constituted himself factor amongst his neighbors, and buying up their crops when saved, his business was to proceed through the towns, and more especially those where Irish grown tobacco was not heard of, and there sell it, sometimes, as the case might be, at a discount, because it was Irish—sometimes, with softer dealers, as prime Virginia. This man, it may be expected, was not very measured in his reprehension of the Irish Secretary, for putting an extinguisher on her trade, and he made no secret of his intention of endeavoring to evade the new act, and of his ability to do so; and these feelings, and these intentions had evidently a bad influence on his mind—and such will ever be the effect of severe fiscal laws; they will induce people to believe that there is no moral wrong committed to their breach or their evasion; they tend, therefore, to break down the barrier of inviolability which should encompass all existing law, and afford a conventional excuse, if not a license, for the smuggler, the poacher, and the illicit distiller, which, as a breaker of the law, he should not have; the man stands relieved, by the equity of political opinion, from the sentence which the law awards, and leaves him in that position which no wise government should ever contemplate, namely, the possibility of a man's being deemed fiscally, but not morally a culprit.

My coach companion did not seem to be made a better man by his new mode of life; there was not a place where the coach stopped to harness fresh horses, where he did not get down to take in a fresh tumbler of whiskey punch, and yet he was not drunk; he was a large full-chested man, and his constitution seemed to be surprisingly case-hardened against intoxication—his eye, only, had a watery, maudlin, coddled appearance—he boasted that he had already taken fourteen glasses of whiskey made into punch, and that he supposed he would not go to bed before he made up the

twenty-fifth tumbler—that he always made a bargain best, when he had drank most, and that what made other men lose their wits, only made him cute and chew; he rejoiced, with exceeding satisfaction, in the contemplation of how many tobacco twisters he had taken in, by showing them, to their sorrow, that the harder he drank, the harder he drove his bargain. I wish I may have had some effect on his natural good sense and sound understanding, when I attempted to prove that in a very few years such a mode of living must bring on debility, disease, and death. But I fear me, there is as little hope of the reformation of a confirmed drunkard, as a confirmed tobacco consumer—both only will feel, when they are dying of debility, that live on stimulants is about as wise as to set fire to a candle at both ends.

While passing by a well wooded and enclosed demesne, with a fine manor house in the centre, some one remarked that it was Gaulstown, now the property of Lord Kilmaine, but formerly the mansion of the Earls of Belvidere. It is astonishing how previous knowledge causes you, by association, to think well or ill of things and places. Gaulstown, without any grand feature, is as pretty as good land, a good house, and fine trees can make it, yet when considered as the prison of a pretty woman, as the lock-up house of a man who was instigated by more than Spanish jealousy, and lived and died under the influence of more than Spanish revenge—even if the sun was shining on it—the thrush was amusing its incubating mate, with all the harmony of conjugal fidelity; and the ring-dove was cooing its querulous note from every grove, I could not but consider it as a dismal place. Robert, the first Earl of Belvidere, married in 1736, as a second wife, Mary, the daughter of Lord Viscount Molesworth; she was wondrous beautiful, and bore him four children, but for some cause that excited to jealousy his determined spirit, he had his countess locked up in Gaulstown house for nearly twenty years, allowing her only the attendance of a confidential servant; and this most admired woman of her day, lingered away the prime of her life, neither the world forgetting, nor by the world forgot, but unknown, and unknowingly guarded with a vigilance that knew no intermission, until, by her lord's demise, she was liberated from her thralldom; it is questionable whether the afterlife of this liberated lady evinced that her long incarceration was instrumental to mental improvement, or was conducive to an amended life; at all events, during the earl's life, no one ventured to call his severe and illegal act into question, for he was too useful to the government for them to interfere, and the personal courage of this clever and handsome Bluebeard, was that that exorbitant and reckless character; that no preux chevalier was found hardy enough to attempt the rescue of the lovely dame from durance vile—in this way they managed matters in Ireland 100 years ago.

Our next change of horses took place at a village called Beggars'-bridge—a beggarly place, in sooth, as its name imports. The cause of its name is not a little remarkable. In old times, as was the case in most parts of Ireland, the traveller was obliged to ford over the small river here, and here stood a beggar, who, as the wayfaring man slowly picked his passage over the water, from an adjoining bank, asked alms, and invoked all the saints in heaven to aid and bring to his journey's end him that lent to God by showing pity on the poor. It was surely an Irishman who said or sung this stave—

'O! all the trades a going, a begging is the best.'

for our beggarman throve surprisingly, so ragged, so wretched, so equalled looked he, that no man could pass by, (and it was a great thoroughfare,) without giving him alms, and it so happened that the beggarman died and was buried, and a coffin and winding sheet were provided for him at the expense of the neighbors, and his filthy rags, as altogether useless and unfit for any use, were cast out on the wayside, to be trodden under foot, and so resolve themselves into the element of dirt and dung they had for years approximated to—but it so happened that some boys were

playing by the roadside; one of them gave an unusual toss to the beggar's rags, and out fell a piece of money, whereupon a more accurate search was made, and it was found that the ragged inside waistcoat was quilted with guineas; this money the young men who found it had the honesty to bring to a neighboring magistrate, who directed that with it a bridge should be erected on the stream on whose banks stands the little village 'inde derivatur,' Beggars'-bridge.

TERENCE O'TOOLE.

ANNALS OF DUBLIN.

Translated from the Autograph of the Four Masters in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy.

[Continued.]

1488. A wonderful child was born in Dublin, who had his teeth at his birth; he grew to an enormous size, and so large a person was not heard of since the time of the heroes.

1489. The sheep of that part of Meath verging on the sea from Dublin to Drogheda,* ran into the sea in despite of their shepherds, and never returned back.

The son of the Earl of Ormond arrived in Ireland, after having spent a long time in England; and he, with O'Brien and his brothers, and Mac William (de Burgo) of Clanrickard, marched at the head of the army into the county of the Butlers, and compelled the Butlers to give them submissions and hostages—took many of the Irish of Leinster prisoners, and destroyed Meath.

The street of the sheep,† in Dublin, was burned by the Lord Chief Justice. A peace was afterwards concluded between them and the Lord Chief Justice: each of them was to have the office of his own father; and the deputyship, viz., the sword of the King of England, and all belonging to it, was to be given up to the Archbishop of Dublin, until the king should settle their disputes. The reason for which the Earl of Kildare resigned his office, (i. e. that of Lord Chief Justice,) and refused to assist the English of Meath, was, because they had not assisted him against the son of the Earl of Ormond. The English of Meath suffered many evils from the Earl of Kildare abandoning them, for they were universally plundered and burned by the adjacent Irish chieftains.

1494. The Earl of Kildare was taken prisoner by the English in Dublin, and sent back to England.

1510. The Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, viz., Garrett, Earl of Kildare, with the English and Irish nobles of Leinster, marched with an army into Munster, and took possession of a castle at Carrick-Kittal, in despite of the Irish of Munster. O'Donnell, lord of Tironnell, upon obtaining intelligence of this, mustered a small army to assist the Lord Chief Justice, and marched through Meath and Munster until he arrived at Carrick-Kittal, where he joined him. They then set out in conjunction, and marched into Ealla,* where they took the castle of Kinturk, and plundered the country around it. They then marched on into Desmond, and took the castle of Pailis (Pallace,) and another situated on the bank of the river Mainghe,† and then returned safe into

* The extent of ancient Meath is described in the following old Irish Rann:—

From Lough-bo-deirg to Birr,
From the Shannon east to the sea,
To Cumair Chluana-Íaird,
And to Cumair Chluana-airde.

Ancient Meath was bounded on the east by the sea; on the west by that part of the Shannon from Lough-bo-deirg to the river of Birr; on the south by a part of the river Liffey and a line passing through Clonard, Geashill, Birr, until it met the Shannon; on the north by Breifny and Oriel.

† Now corruptly, Ship street; but in Speed's Map of Dublin, published in 1610, it is called Sheep street.

* Ealla, a territory in the county of Cork, through which a river of the same name flows, now Allow, or Allo.

† Mainghe, now the river Mang, in the county of Kerry; not the Maine-water, in the county of Antrim, as laid down on Hallday's Map of Ancient Ireland, published in 1811.

the county of Limerick. They then collected a fresh army, and being joined by the Geraldines of Munster, under the command of James, the son of the Earl of Desmond, and by all others of English extraction in Munster, as also by McCarthy Reagh, (Donall, the son of Dermott,) and by Cormac oge, the son of Teige, and by all the English and Irish of Meath and Leinster, they proceeded to Limerick.

Torlogh, the son of Teige O'Brien, lord of Thomond, assembled his forces, and was joined by Maenamara, Siol-Aedha, and Clanrickard, who mustered a numerous army to oppose the Lord Chief Justice and his joint forces.

The Lord Chief Justice marched through Benlach na Fadbaige, and through Benlach na n Gamhna, until he arrived at Droiched Croinn, (i. e. the bridge of Portcross) which was constructed by O'Brien across the Shannon, and he destroyed the bridge, and pitched his camp for a night in that country. O'Brien pitched his own camp so near them, that they could hear each others voices and conversation during the night. Next morning, the Lord Chief Justice drew up his forces in battle array, placing the Irish and English of Munster in the van, and the English of Meath and Dublin in the rear, where O'Donnell also placed his small body of troops. O'Brien's army made a vigorous charge upon the English, and killed the Baron of Kent, and Barnival Kircustoun, and many others of their nobility too numerous to be here named. The English fled, and passed through Moin na m-brathar (the bog of the friars,) which was the shortest way thence to Limerick. O'Brien returns in triumph, carrying home immense spoils. There was not in either army on that day, a hero of English or Irish extraction, who showed more valor and military skill than O'Donnell, in conducting the rear of the English army, on their retreat, in safety from their enemies.‡

1525. The Chief Justice, the Earl of Kildare, (Garrett oge,) called a council of the men of Ireland, in Dublin, at which all the earls, barons, knights, and other nobles of English and Irish extraction attended. Thither repaired O'Neill (Con Baech) and O'Donnell (Hugh, the son of Hugh Roe,) to settle their disputes and confirm their league of peace in presence of the Lord Chief Justice. Here they stated and argued on all the treaties and covenants that were ever between them, before their English and Irish friends, but neither the Justice nor the Council could settle their disputes, and they returned home determined enemies, and renewed the war.

O'Donnell made two incursions into Tirone this year, and devastated the country in all directions by fire and sword, without receiving opposition from O'Neill.

1535. The Earl of Kildare, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, (Garrett, son of Garrett, son of Thomas,) the most illustrious of the English and Irish in Ireland, for his fame and renown had spread not only throughout all Ireland, but also throughout foreign countries, died in imprisonment in London. After his death, his son Thomas began to revenge his wrongs upon the English, and upon all those who had conspired to have him expelled from Ireland. He disdainfully sent away the King of England's sword—slew the Archbishop of Dublin, (who was his father's enemy,) and many others along with him—took Dublin from Newgate outwards,* and received hostages from the rest of the town from awe of him; he plundered and laid waste all Fingall, from Sliabh Roe to Drogheda, and made all Meath tremble at his name. When the King of England obtained intelligence of this, he sent relief to the English, viz., Thomas Skeffington, as Lord Chief

Justice of Ireland, attended by Leonard Grey and a large fleet, who immediately began to destroy all the possessions of the Earl of Kildare. They took Magh Nudhat,† his residence, and banished him from his country. Thomas's own five brothers, James, Oliver, John, Walter, and Richard, rose up against him to assist the English, for each of them expected the earldom if Thomas could be conquered. When the English found it impossible to make a prisoner of Thomas, after depriving him of his towns and manors, and after driving him under the protection of the Irish chieftains of the south of Ireland, viz. of the O'Briens and O'Conor Faly, who were their most determined and powerful enemies, they advised with each other, and came to the conclusion that the best way to secure him would be to offer him peace and then take him by treachery. They accordingly sent Lord Leonard for him, who promised him pardon and peace from the king, so that he induced Thomas to go with him to England. On their arrival Thomas was taken, and confined in the King's Tower. Lord Leonard returned to Ireland, and succeeded William Skeffington, then lately deceased, in the office of Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and took the sons of the Earl of Kildare, viz., James, Oliver, John, Walter, and Richard, under his protection, and he remained some time their friend; but at last he took them prisoners, and sent them to the King of England, who confined them in the Tower along with Thomas, the heir to the earldom. J. O'D.

[To be Continued.]

† Magh Nudhat, now Anglicized Maynooth, where Garrett, Earl of Kildare founded a college in the beginning of the 16th century.



CORONATION CHAIR OF THE O'NEILS OF CASTLERAUGH.

The curious piece of antiquity represented in the prefixed engraving, was for a long period the chair on which the O'Neils, of Castlereagh, were inaugurated, and originally stood on the hill of that name within two miles of Belfast. After the ruin of Con O'Neil, the last chief of Castlereagh, and the downfall of the family, in the reign of James the First, the chair was thrown down and neglected, till about the year 1650, when Stewart Banks, Esq., Sovereign of Belfast, caused it to be removed to that town, and had it built into the wall of the Butter Market, where it was used as a seat until the taking down of the Market place a few years ago. It was then mixed with the other stones and rubbish, and was about to be broken, when Thomas Fitzmorris took possession of it, and removed it to a little gar-

‡ Throughout these Annals much praise is lavished upon O'Donnell, the reason is manifest; because the compilers of these Annals were natives of Tyrconnell, and living in the monastery of Donegall, which was founded in 1471 by Red Hugh O'Donnell.

* I. E. The suburbs from Corn market.

den in front of his house in Lancaster street, Belfast, where it remained till the present year, when it was purchased from him for a young gentleman of cultivated mind and elegant tastes, R. C. Walker, Esq., of Granby Row, Dublin, and Rathcarrick, in the County of Sligo, who has had it removed to the latter place, where it will be preserved with the care due to so interesting a monument.

This Chair, which is very rudely constructed, is made of common whin stone—the seat is lower than that of an ordinary chair, and the back higher and narrower.

Respecting its antiquity, we have nothing to offer beyond conjecture. The branch of the O'Neils to whom it appertained, shot off from the parent stem in the 10th century, and is still represented by the present Earl O'Neil; but the inaugural chair may have belonged to the ancient chiefs of the district which they subsequently ruled. Such chairs, or sometimes large stones, on which the impression of two feet were sculptured, were placed in some elevated spot in every lordship or territory; and an allusion to them, as well as to the mode of electing the chiefs and tanists, occurs in the poet Spencer's curious 'View of the state of Ireland.'

Eudox. What is this which you call tanist and tanistry? these be names and terms never heard of nor known to us.

Iren. It is a curstome amongst all the Irish, that, presently after the death of one of their chief lords or captains, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place generally knowne unto them, to choose another in his stead, where they do nominate and elect, for the most part, not the eldest sonne, nor any of the children of the lord deceased, but the next to him in blood, that it is the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kindred; and next to him do they choose the next of the blood to be tanist, who shall next succeed him in the said captaincy, if he live thereunto.

Eudox. Do they not use any ceremony in this election? for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitie rights?

Iren. They use to place him that shall be their captain upon a stone, always reserved to that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill; in some of which I have seen formed and engraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captain's foot; whereon hee standing, receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customs of the country inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his tanist; and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone; he turneth himself round, thrice forwards and thrice backwards.

Eudox. But how is the tanist chosen?

Iren. They say he setteth but one foot upon the stone, and receiveth the like oath that the captain did.

There was, and probably still is, another stone chair on which the O'Neil's of Tyrone, the chief branch of the family, were inaugurated. It is marked in some of our old maps under the name of 'The stone where they make the O'Neils.' And there are similar chairs to be found in other districts.

This curious mode of inauguration is of very remote antiquity in Ireland, and said to have been introduced even before the arrival of the Milesians by the Tuatha de Danan colony. Our readers are, no doubt, familiar with the history of the stone coronation chair, now in Westminster Abbey, called 'The Fatal Stone,' which that ancient people are said to have brought with them into Ireland, and to which such superstitious veneration was paid, not only here but in Scotland. It was supposed that in whatever country this stone was preserved, a prince of

the Scythian race should govern, and, in consequence of this belief, was sent to Scotland for the coronation of Fergus the first King of the Scots, and who was of the blood royal of Ireland. Here it remained, and was used by the subsequent monarchs, till in the year 1296 it was conveyed to London by Edward the First, where it has been ever since appropriated to the same purpose.

We shall have frequent opportunities in our future numbers of returning to the history of the illustrious family of the O'Neils, and in the meantime present our readers with an engraving of their arms—the bloody hand—from an impression from the silver signet ring of the celebrated Turlogh Lynnoch. It was found a few years ago near Charlemont, in the county of Armagh, and is at present in the possession of a gentleman of that county.



JOHN MAC DONNELL CLARACH.

Among the native Irish poets of the last century, perhaps the most justly celebrated was John Mac Donnell. He was born in the year 1691, in O'Keefe's Country, near Charleville, in the County of Cork, and was known by the name of 'Claragh,' from the residence of his family, which was situated at the foot of a mountain of that name, between Charleville and Mallow. He died in 1754, and was interred in the old church-yard of Ballyslough, near Charleville. Mac Donnell was a man of considerable classical learning, and had made some progress in a translation of Homer into Irish, which was considered of great merit; but his celebrity rested chiefly on his minor works, which were strongly imbued with the political feelings of his Catholic countrymen, who were suffering at that period under the rigors of the penal code. Of these a considerable number have been preserved, and two or three of them have been translated and published in Mr. Hardiman's 'Irish Minstrelsy.' We have endeavored to find among those remains, one untinged with this prevailing characteristic, to lay before our readers in an English dress, but without success. The following poem, however, though a Jacobite relic, has nothing in it now applicable to existing circumstances, or calculated to excite political feeling; and its poetic beauty is such, we think, as will give pleasure to all our readers, and in addition to its illustrating the Fairy topography of Ireland, entitles it to a place in our little repository of the literature, history, and antiquities of our Country.

THE DREAM OF MAC DONNELL CLARACH.

(A Jacobite Relic.)

'Twas night, and buried in deep sleep I lay,
Strange visions rose before me, and my thoughts
Played wildly through the chambers of my brain,
When lo! who sits beside my couch and smiles
With soul subduing sweetness?—'Tis the Banshee!
I saw her taper waist—her raven tresses
Waving in wanton ringlets to her feet,
Her face, fair as the swan's unsullied plumage.
I viewed her—Oh! her mien of angel meekness,
Her soul-enchanting eyes, her delicate lips,
Her white round breast, her soft and dazzling skin,
Her sylph-like form, her pale transparent fingers,
Her ivory teeth, her mild and marble brow,
Proclaimed her immortality—The Image,
Though dream-born, fascinates my fancy still.
Thrilling with deceptawe I spoke, and asked
From what bright dwelling had the spirit come?
She answered not, but swift as thought vanished,
And left me to my dark and troubled solitude.
Methought I called her, but she heeded not.
My sighs, my cries, mine anguish—and methought
I left my home to seek her. Northwards first
My steps I turned, and came to Grangeue's palace,
Far distant from my dwelling—forth away
I speeded on to Croghan's fairy hall;
Thence to the palace of Senaid, the grand
And gorgeous fairy mansion of Ardree,
On whose broad summit mighty hosts assemble;
I visited that glorious dome that stands
By the dark rolling waters of the Boyne,
Where Eoghan Oge magnificently dwells.

In each, in all I entered, sought, enquired,
But found her not. In each, in all they said—
'She moves before thee wheresoe'er thou goest.'
Enough—I reached Mac Lir's colossal pride,
Departed thence to Crocreeve, and onward
To Temor, and the wondrous fairy structure
That stands in power on Knockdrin's airy peak.
To Aoibhil's palace walls at length I came,
Which rise below the rock's gigantic brow;
And here mine eyes were feasted with the sight
Of loveliest damsels dancing to the tones
Of soft voluptuous music; and I saw
By Aoibhil, Thomond's chieftains, mighty spirits,
Beautiful, splendid, cased in armed mail,
Whose sports were battle feats, and tilts and tournaments.
And here, too, seated modestly and mildly,
Her long dark tresses loosely flowing round her,
I saw the heavenly being whose bright eyes
Had made me thus a wanderer. Glancing round,
She saw and recognised me. And as she spoke:
'Mortal,' she said, 'I pity thy lone wanderings;
Approach and hear my melancholy tale:
The guardian spirit of this land am I.
I weep to see my people fallen—to see
My priests and warlike heroes banished hence
To alien shore, where, languishing and pining,
They groan beneath the iron yoke of slavery!
And ah! my child,* my son, my lineal heir,
He too, is far away from me—an exile!
I mourn for him, for them, for all departed.
Pity!—Oh, heaven! look down upon me! Here
The cloud that sleep had cast around my senses
Departed, and along with it departed
The towering domes, the palace halls, and all
The chiefs and dames and glittering decorations;
But o'er my spell bound soul there hung a gloom,
And there even now it hangs in spite of reason.

* The Pretender.

ABBOT OF BANCOR'S SEAL.

The ancient brazen Seal, of which an impression is represented in the annexed engraving, was found in the ruins of Saul Abbey, in the County of Down, and is now in the possession of Mr. James Underwood of Sandymount, who has an interesting collection of Irish antiquities.

It represents the statue of an Abbot—St. Comgall—standing in a niche of pointed or gothic architecture, his left hand holding the crozier or pastoral staff, and his right raised in the act of giving the benediction. On a shield or tablet below, are the arms of the Abbot to whom the seal belonged; and outside the device, the following abbreviated inscription, in the monkish letter of the 14th century:

'S. H. Patris Johannis Kenedy Abbis de Bangor.'

Sigillum Rev. Patris Johannis Kenedy, Abbatis de Bangor.—The Seal of the Rev. Father John Kenedy, Abbot of Bangor.



As our histories have not preserved the names of the Abbots of this great Monastery during the 14th and 15th centuries; we cannot accurately ascertain at what period this Abbot flourished, but the style of architecture, and the letters on the seal unquestionably belong to those ages; and this seal, like that of a Dean of Clannacnois, given in a former number, preserves a fact to our local histories which would otherwise have been lost.

The Abbey of Bangor was founded by St. Comgall in the 6th century, and was one of the most celebrated institutions of its kind in Ireland.

NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

ANTHONY MALONE.

On the 5th of December, in the year 1700, was born Anthony Malone, a man who would have been an ornament of his profession and his country, even though he had not lived at a period of her history when distinguished talents, if united with integrity of conduct, were regarded by those in power with jealousy and fear.

If most of the celebrated men of Ireland have been but the naturalized descendants of her conquerors, she may at least claim an undivided title to the family of Malone. It is a branch of that of O'Connor; and it is a remarkable fact, in a country where continued disturbances have led to such frequent and extensive forfeitures of inheritances, that the lands originally granted by the king of that name to the founder of this family, about the close of the 11th century, have continued to this day in the possession of his descendants. More than one distinguished man of this family lived during the last century, amongst whom the most eminent were Richard Malone, who died in 1744-5; and his son Anthony, the subject of the present notice—the only lawyer of the time who rivalled his father in legal attainments, and was thought by many to have surpassed him. He was admitted a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, Oxford, in the year 1720; and in 1726 was called to the Irish Bar, where he continued to practice for 50 years, the brightest ornament of his profession. In 1727, he was elected representative for the county Westmeath, which he continued to represent to the time of his death, except during the period which elapsed from the death of Geo. II. in 1760, to the election in 1768. In 1740, he was appointed his Majesty's Prime Sergeant at Law, at that time the highest office in his profession, and which he lost in January 1754, because he warmly supported, in the House of Commons, their right to dispose, without the previous consent of the crown, of the unappropriated surplus of revenue raised by act of Parliament—a right which it is surprising that it should ever have been questioned, but which would create much more astonishment should there ever again be occasion for its exercise. Under the Duke of Bedford's government, in 1757, he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, from which office he was removed in 1760, after having filled it with consummate ability for two years, during which time he regularly attended the court, and decided all equity cases with such complete satisfaction to all parties that there never was an appeal from his decision.

His removal from office on this, as on the former occasion, was the consequence of his asserting the rights of the House of Commons against the encroachments of prerogative, exercised at this time in the most arbitrary manner, through the medium of a corrupt privy council. He maintained the privilege of the House to originate the supplies; and though this act of resistance, as it was called, did not fall within the exercise of his judicial functions, yet as it was an act of integrity, it was thought by the court as a disqualification in him for the office of a judge; and, 'as he was raised to that office for his capacity, he was dispossessed of it for his virtue.' After this, he resumed his barrister's gown, and was soon afterwards honored with a seat in the Privy Council, and a patent of precedence at the bar before any of the law officers of the Crown—a precedence, as was justly observed in the same publication, which nature had given him before, and which the king could not take from him. He continued in possession of full business to the week before his death, which took place on the 8th of May, 1776, after an illness of eight days.

The following character of this distinguished man is abridged from a sketch contained in a work of one of his contemporaries, and we regret that the

limits of our periodical do not permit us to transcribe it entire.

'The singular modesty, disinterestedness, and integrity of this accomplished orator, added such a grace and lustre to his consummate abilities, that it was impossible not to love and respect, as well as admire him.

'The profession in which he was engaged, and of which he had the profoundest knowledge, was peculiarly calculated to display the soundness of his judgment and the fertility of his invention. The clearness and strength of his conceptions, and the simple and perspicuous method in which he arranged the most complicated subjects, made conviction appear the natural and necessary result of his eloquence, inasmuch that, when he spoke on the side of truth and justice, and addressed an able and upright judge, he usually swayed and decided his opinion by a luminous statement of the question in dispute which he afterwards enforced by accumulated arguments, urged with such weight, and placed in such various lights, that they seldom failed to force conviction on the slowest apprehensions and most unwilling minds. If he could be said to have any defect as an advocate, it resulted from that integrity of understanding which formed the basis of his character as a lawyer and a judge. He was never perplexed with subtleties himself, and was unwilling, we had almost said, unable to perplex and mislead others. His irresistible power of persuasion seemed, therefore, in some measure to desert him, when his duty to his client called on him to enforce doctrines which the rectitude of his judgment had already condemned. Yet to this circumstance it was perhaps owing that he kept his discernment untainted by the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong, and his faculties unimpaired to the last, and did never meet with the fate of many of the same profession, who begin with dexterity in confounding others, and end in confusing themselves.

'His style was a perfect model for the eloquence of the bar; always adequate, and never superior to his subject. He seemed studiously to avoid, as hurtful to his purpose, all 'ardentia verba,' all ornaments of language, and all flowers of rhetoric; so the force of his speech resulted rather from the general weight, energy, and excellence of the whole than from the splendor of particular parts. All was clear and flowing, simple, yet impressive; and such was the comprehension of his mind and the accuracy of his expression, so perspicuous his arrangements, and so numerous his argument, that when he ceased to speak, the subject appeared utterly exhausted; there was nothing omitted, nothing superfluous, and to add to his speech, or to confute it seemed equally impossible.

'Even the less splendid qualities and petty habits of this extraordinary man may not be unworthy of being recorded. His memory was so tenacious, that there was scarcely a cause in which he had been engaged during half a century of which he could not give a satisfactory account whenever a reference was made to it at the bar. He never committed to paper a single sentence that he spoke either at the bar or in Parliament, nor was it his custom to set down the heads of arguments; he, however, often lay awake all night for several hours, revolving the causes to which he was to speak on the following day.

'His gentle and placid temper gave an habitual complacency to his countenance. He seemed incapable of saying or doing anything without a certain grace and felicity accompanying his words and actions. On no occasion, in private life, was he known to be disturbed by slight inconveniences, nor did he in public ever appear in the smallest degree ruffled, unless he was provoked by obstinate and petulant folly, which sometimes extorted from him a reprimand, delivered with warmth, but never with asperity.

'In the first stage of his political career, he spoke in Parliament with more ardor and vehemence than accompanied his speeches during the latter years. Having found, by observation and experience, that in all contests with England, Ireland was finally the sufferer, he thought it most prudent to make the best compromise that could be made with our more powerful neighbors; and on all great occasions to conciliate rather than exasperate. From the time of the accession of George the Third, he generally, though unplaced and unpensioned, supported the measures of Government; yet such was the delicacy of his feelings, that no man of his weight and abilities ever obtained so few favors, either for himself or others, from those who had the administration of affairs.'

Though our task is to record the characters of those whom death has placed beyond the reach of flattery, and not to eulogise the living generation, we cannot avoid remarking the strong resemblance which the above sketch bears to a distinguished member of the same profession in our own times. The peculiar modesty of that individual would feel hurt by the coupling of his name with so high a panegyric, but the members of his profession will find no difficulty in identifying him with the best features of the picture; and in placing it before the public, we feel no fear of a contention for the palm when we inscribe upon it (asking pardon of our readers for difference of gender)

'THE BEAUTIFUL "LEADER,"

A JUDGE PUZZLED.

Some thirty or forty years ago, it happened that at an assizes held in Armagh, the gentlemen of the long robe, not having much to do, agreed to invent a case for the purpose of amusing themselves, and puzzling judge II—, who was not considered one of the most profound lawyers of his day. An eminent barrister stated the case, by which it appeared that the plaintiff and defendant (who were brothers) were jointly possessed of a sheep; but not being able to agree about shearing it, the plaintiff shorn one half, (a hind and fore quarter,) and then turned it out as usual to graze on the common; but unfortunately, that very night it was caught in a hedge by the wool on the unshorn side, and then and there worried by the dogs, in consequence thereof it died, on which the plaintiff brought an action of trespass against the defendant, by whose neglect in not shearing his side, the animal's death was occasioned.

'My lord,' exclaimed the plaintiff's counsel, 'this is an action of trespass, as my young friend has told you who opened the pleadings. The defendant has pleaded the general issue, not guilty, but I think your lordship and the jury will say, when you have heard the facts, that both in law and justice he has been guilty of a gross and unfraternal trespass. My lord, my client was a joint tenant with the defendant. The joint property was a sheep of uncommon fatness—a sheep of no ordinary promise; and in order to improve the animal's health and promote its comfort, my client proposed that it should be shorn. His unkind brother, the defendant, instead of assenting to and assisting the operation, cruelly refused. Now, my lord, he had a clear right, in order to benefit the joint property, to see to it that the shears were applied. My client, solely with a view to improve the joint estate, sheared one side, and it was incumbent on the defendant to complete the process. He neglected to do so—he failed in completing the denudation of the sheep—and his neglect and failure caused the total loss and destruction of the joint property. Now, your lordship knows—what young tyro does not know?—that it is a well-ascertained principle of law that where a joint tenant is the cause of the destruction of the joint estate, he is liable in trespass. As to my client's right to shear one half, I am ample authorities in those blue-covered volumes of modern judicial wisdom with which English booksellers and bookmakers inundate the profession. But as I know that your lordship is more deep-

"My lord," said the counsel for the defendant, in order to save the valuable time of the court, we will admit the case as stated, without obliging the plaintiff to call witnesses. This action has been entirely misconceived. My client is, as your lordship sees, but a tenant with the plaintiff; they are seized 'per ym et rationem'. There is, as your lordship knows, a minority of opinion, and, as the great Littleton very intelligibly says, the section, no doubt your lordship is well acquainted with, 'nech is seized by every parcel and by the law'. Now if that be so, (and who can doubt the validity), until there was a regular legal partition of the land, it was an act altogether tortuous in the plaintiff to shear the sheep at all. And as to my friend's objection about the necessity of shearing for the comfort of the sheep, I think I see by the smile upon your lordship's face, that you think it was more for the plaintiff's own feet in having stockings made for them than for the relief of the poor animal, or the improvement of its condition. What right had he to take the lock of the fleece in which my client was jointly interested, and then require him to shear the part that was left unshorn, when every spinning wheel in his possession had employment for a month. My lord, I, as your learned friend have authorized me to say, have the case. Roll. ab. pl. 59, cited in Shephard's case, which in all sheep cases your lordship's must be of good authority. A and B were joint tenants of a lamb. The dog of A caught part of the little animal and brutally tore it from the mouth of B. B brought trespass; and it was held by the court, Sir John Leach, J., that

Many attempts are annually made to destroy this predatory family. It is impossible to rob the nest. Situated two hundred feet above the base of the rock, it is, of course unapproachable from below, and as the cliffs beetle over it frightfully, to assail it from above would be a hazardous essay. An enterprising peasant some years since, was let down by a rope and basket, but he was fiercely attacked by the old birds, and the

AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN.—In the state of Ohio there resided a family, consisting of an old man of the name of Beaver, and his four sons, who had often laughed to scorn the advice and entreaties of a pious though very eccentric minister, who resided in the same town. It happened one of the boys was bitten by a rattlesnake, and was expected to die, when the clergyman was sent for in great haste. On his arrival he found the young man very penitent, and anxious to be prayed with. The minister, calling on the family, knelt down and prayed on this wise—"Oh, Lord! we thank thee for rattlesnakes. We thank thee because a rattlesnake has bit Jim. We pray thee send a rattlesnake to bite John; send one to bite Bill; send one to bite Sam, and, O Lord, send the biggest kind of a rattlesnake to bite the old man, for nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring the Beaver family to repentance."



LORD PORTLESTER'S CHAPEL.

ST. AUDEON'S CHURCH, DUBLIN.

There is, perhaps, no ancient city of present importance in the British Islands, that has preserved so few ancient architectural remains, as our own metropolis. Of modern ruins we have, alas, but too many—but of ancient ones, such as the mind takes pleasure in surveying, there is almost none; there is not a single house remaining, erected previous to the last century, and with the exception of our venerable Cathedrals, we have no one important architectural characteristic of an ancient city, and no ecclesiastical ruin of any kind, except the little chapel which is the subject of our prefixed illustration.

This ruin, which is scarcely known even to most of our fellow citizens, constitutes a portion of the ancient church of St. Audéon's parish, which was once the most wealthy and respectable within the city. The date of the original foundation of this church, is unknown—it certainly existed previous to the arrival of the English, and was appropriated to the treasurer of the Cathedral of St. Patrick, by Archbishop Henry de Loundres, in 1213, and in 1467 erected into a distinct prebendary. The present church, however, has no claim to such remote antiquity, as it exhibits the architectural peculiarities of the 14th and 15th centuries. It originally consisted of a double aisle, separated by six massive octagonal columns, supporting gothic or pointed arches; but the present church only occupies a fourth of the original edifice, the remainder being, as is represented in our engraving, in complete ruin.

This parish church was eminently distinguished for its ancient monumental remains, few of which, however, have survived. Amongst these, one particularly deserving of attention lies near the east end of the south aisle. It is a handsome table monument, of black marble, bearing the recumbent effigies of a knight in armor, and his lady, and is still remarkably perfect.

This tomb was erected in the year 1455, by a remarkable character of his time, Sir Roland Fitz-Eustace, Baron Portlester, in the County of Kildare. He successively filled the important offices of Deputy, under the Lord Lientenancy of Ireland, of George, Duke of Clarence, the brother of Edward the Fourth—then of Lord Chancellor—and lastly, High Treasurer of the Kingdom, which place he held for no less a period than 38 years. He was ennobled under the title of

LORD PORTLESTER'S CHAPEL.

Baron of Portlester, by Edward the Fourth, in 1462: but after all this accumulation of honors, he ultimately experienced the vicissitudes of human life, having before his death been removed from the treasurership, and subjected to many troubles and afflictions. He died in 1496, and was interred in the Franciscan Abbey Church of New Abbey, in the county of Kildare, which he had himself founded, and in which there is a similar monument to his memory, and that of his lady, the daughter of Jenico d'Artois.

The tomb of St. Audéon's Church bears on the margin the following inscription in the black letter or gothic character.

"Orate pro anima Rolandi Fitz Eustace de Portlester, qui hunc locum sine capellam dedit in honorem beate Marie Virgins, etiam pro anima Margarete uxoris sue, et pro animabus omnium fidelium defunctorum."

The steeple of this church was rebuilt in 1670, the former one having been blown down in 1668.

P.

THE BURNING MOUNTAIN.—As is generally known, their is a vein of coal located above water level in the Broad Mountain, about seven miles from this Borough and near Heckscherville, Pa., which for twenty-one years has been on fire. The vein, which contains excellent white ash coal, is some forty feet in thickness. The origin of the fire is attributed to a couple of miners who having some work to perform in the drift in the depth of winter, built a fire—they being cold—in the gangway. The flames destroying the prop timbers, were carried, by a strong current, rapidly along the passage, and the fire communicating to the coal, all subsequent efforts to extinguish it were ineffectual. The men were cut off from escape, and were, undoubtedly, suffocated to death. Their remains were never found. A few days since we ascended the mountain at the spot of the fire, and were much interested in examining the effect of the fire upon the surface. The course of it is from west to east, and where the vein is nearest the surface, the ground is for the space of several hundred feet sunken into deep pits, and while the stones exhibit evidence of having been exposed to the

action of intense heat, every vestige of vegetation has been blasted. It is a desert track in the midst of smiling fertility. The ground in some places was almost too warm for the hand to rest upon it, while steam from water heated by the internal fire, rose from every pore. The fire has evidently extended for several hundred yards from the place it originated, and finds vent and air to continue its progress, at the pits to which we have alluded. A score of years has passed, still it burns, and will burn until further fuel is denied the devouring element. Thousands of tons of coal have undoubtedly been consumed, and thousands of tons may yet feed the fire, before it is checked.

AN AUSTRALIAN MILLIONAIRE AND SHAKESPEARE.

—A literary gentleman was once asked to deliver a lecture on the 'beauties of the poets,' in a well known town in Australia. In the course of the evening he recited Wolsey's farewell to the world, from Henry VIII. A magistrate, and one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the town, who had been induced, with difficulty, to honor the lecturer with his patronage, hereupon remarked to a gentleman sitting near him that 'Mr. Wolsey appeared to have been badly used. But,' he continued, 'who was this Wolsey? I never heard of him before, did you? Who or what was he?' The party interrogated, very gravely replied, that Mr. Wolsey formerly held a commission in a large and important establishment at the west end of London. 'I thought so,' rejoined the colonial millionaire; 'a commercial traveller, I suppose. But,' he continued, 'what did he mean by 'tender leaves of hope'? I suppose he travelled for the firm of Hope in the tea trade?' This closing supposition, as may be supposed, proved too much for the gravity of his respondent, who had now to invent an excuse for the involuntary cachinnation which followed so overpowering an inquiry.

During the stormy days of 1848, four stalwart mobocrats entered the bank of the late Baron Anselm de Rothschilds, of Frankfurt. 'You have millions on millions,' said they to him, 'and we have nothing; you must divide with us.' 'Very well; what do you suppose the firm of De Rothschild is worth?' 'About forty millions of florins.' 'Forty millions, you think, eh?' Now there are forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin apiece. Here is yours.'

A variety of Editorials are on the thirteenth page.

Written for the Miscellany.

THE EXILE'S WISH.

BY DARRY MCKEON.

I wish I had this very hour,
Some fairy spell or magic power,
Or wand from some magician's bower
To waft me on an Eastern tour.

Then with my magnetizing wand,
I'd hover o'er that holy land,
Crow'd with cloud cap'd mountains grand
Where the glorious pillar towers stand.

Where, pure as Joseph's spotless bride
Translucent streams and rivers wide,
Flow in sweet undulating pride
To mingle in the boisterous tide.

Whose fragrance floods the balmy air
And sheds such heavenly perfume there,
O'er blooming vales and flowers rare,
That Eden's bowers were not more fair.

Where groves clad in rich verdure bright,
Seem radiant with supernal light;
Where the tuneful lark in her joyous flight
Adds to the scene such sweet delight.

Where Emmet sleeps 'mong the sainted dead,
No marble marks our young hero's head—
But holy angels mild lustre shed
From their seraph wings o'er the hero's bed.

Like a blighted rose in the morning bloom,
He does repose in earth's quiet womb;
God grant me life to see on his tomb
His name inscribed, and the tyrant's doom.

I'd wave my wand o'er hill and glen
And wake up the enchanted men;
I'd soon sweep out the Saxon then,
And bring the Exile's home again.

I'd call from north, south east and west,
Home to that fruitful mother's breast,
Her noblest, truest, bravest, best—
Our Mitchell, Meagher and the rest.

Written for the Miscellany.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING IRELAND.

BY MONONIA.

The sails are set, our gallant bark
So proudly ploughs the sea,
And bears me on to scenes more dark,
My land, since 'tis from thee.

Ah! sad my lot, my broken rest—
An exile ever more;

No more I'll gaze upon thy breast,
Or pace thy lovely shore.

My fairy dreams of bliss are gone—
My hopes so warm and bright,
All, all, alas! have swiftly down
And faded into night.

No more thy sun's bright, radiant beams
Shall shine upon my head,
No more beside thy rushing streams
I'll make my verdant bed.

Those joys, too gay, too bright to last,
Have vanished like a dream;
But memory, true unto the past
Still haunts in their sunbeam;

And bright'ning flney in my breast
A home shall make for thee,
And there thou shalt forever rest,
Until I shall cease to be.

Written for the Miscellany.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY GERALDINE.

Truth, Justice and Liberty—these did he write,
His aim and his object, his laud to unite;
Of the day star of freedom the value he told,
Marking out the bright path to the free and the bold;
And orange and green he sought hard to entwine—
So that both north one banner would form into line

Down, down with the red flag! he said to the true,
And let our flag go up with the red white and blue;
Vain, vain were his efforts, this was not yet to be—
Ireland was chained, though 'gem of the sea';
So broken hearted he died, without setting her free;

Written for the Irish Miscellany.

INK DROPS:

FROM THE PEN OF THE 'QUEER COVE.'

No 5.—He setteth various matters right.

It was royal Solomon, methinks, that would-be carver of babbies, Mr. Editor, who somewhere informs us 'there is no new thing under the sun,' and I am half inclined to think he was 'i' the right.' For mark you now, History or tradition (for 'tis one and the same thing), informs us that tobacco was first introduced into the united kingdom, by Sir Walter Raleigh. It would, no doubt, be looked upon as a species of insanity to doubt this, for even the astute and erudite Baron Macanlay accepts the legend as though 'twere gospel. But sir, with all due deference, I think that 'baeca' was known in Europe, especially in the 'land o' cakes,' long before the time of Sir Walter. Nonsense, you say. Well, perhaps it is—but to the proof. Macbeth, who flourished in the eleventh century, some hundreds of years before the time when Raleigh was in high favor with the court of Elizabeth, and a few years longer than the time he was taller by at least a head, tells us in the play as written by 'Shickspur,' that his 'way of life had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf.' Now, sir, if I take up a paper printed in any of the tobacco growing states, I notice advertisements of 'yellow leaf' and 'golden leaf' (which is yellow also) tobacco for sale. Now this clearly establishes the fact, that Mac used to 'chaw,' and I suppose he fell into the beastly habit, (no, I won't call it that, for beasts have too much good sense to indulge in the nicotine weed,) filthy is a better word—yes, filthy habit, as De Quincy and many others used to 'sail in' to opium, to relieve his melancholy. It was, no doubt, a solace to him. Not, by the way, 'John Anderson's Solace' which is fine cut, you know, done up in tin foil—(and now bear with me a while, till I anathematize that same tin foil. My visual orbs, as the poet would say, are none of the best. I may say, without any delicacy, that I am short-sighted. Well, these tobacco chewers, will persist in throwing their tin foil in the street, and I, 'good easy man,' phancy that every piece I see is either a five or ten cent piece; and, as a matter of course, may, when on the street, be noticed incessantly dropping down like a hawk on its prey, on one of these glittering bits, which are to the full as delusive as

'The dismal gleam that December's beam
Can cast on ice and snow.'

I invariably come up, however, with a scowl on my face, and something bearing a very strong resemblance to a 'swar' on my lips, realising more strongly than ever the truth of the adage that 'all is not gold (or silver) that glisters.'

Props! a game delighted in by the fancy, numbers of whom occasionally appear before the Pollis Court, for an illegal indulgence in it, it being one of those games 'where the more you put down the less you take up.' Hoyle, whose authority I accept in all matters appertaining to whist, forty-five, loo, poker, etc., says this is eminently an American game. Now I have the highest personal regard for Hoyle, but Hoyle and I must differ. I think I have some data with regard to this game, which he has overlooked. Says 'lean and hungry' Cassius, speaking of Julius Caesar, 'when the fit was on him, he would shake, ye gods, how he would shake.' There's for you, Julius Caesar, the master of the world; the proprietor of a 'vrow,' who, unlike many of the present day, was 'beyond reproach,' was given to shaking. By my hildome! 'there is no new thing under the sun.' He was in possession of immense resources, and I don't think he ever came out of the game 'broke.' Hoyle, too, you observe, must subsidise—he is corrected—the game is Roman, and classic, and not American.

One thing more, and for the present I have done. Of course you have been to a Nubian entertainment,

and enjoyed the music of the 'swart Ethiop'—you may, too, have chuckled over the revived 'Joe Millar's,' indulged in by 'bones,' and imagined with ninety-nine one hundredths of the audience, that his instrument as well as his jokes were new—in fact, recent invention, coming up with the advent of negro minstrelsy. Well, sir, you were wrong. The bones, as an instrument of music, are very ancient. They are Athenian; of that we have the strongest evidence. Says Bully Bottom, one of Athens' craftsmen, 'I have a reasonable good ear for music, let us have the tongs and the bones.' See you now, 'There is no new, &c?' I do not know whether Mitford in his history of Greece, makes mention of this fact or not; but like the medical students the day before examination, I will 'cram' on the subject.

Thus, having I trust, corrected some grave historical mistakes, which, 'twere well to set right, I will at once proceed to 'take mine ease in my inn,' and 'so I leave you to your meditations.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN, April 30, 1858.

The papers are full of the intelligence of the capture of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell and his powerful army; the only wonder to me is, that he should have delayed its capture so long. But, after all, the sound and fury about this great achievement of British arms, what does it amount to? 'Tis true the city is in the possession of the English forces, but where is the great army of rebel Sepoys which required such an overwhelming force as that under the command of the Scotch baronet to subdue them? Have they been captured and the neck of the rebellion broke? On the contrary, the Sepoys retired from Lucknow in perfect order; they marched out and the British troops marched in, perhaps to be again besieged by the 'rebels.'

The Times correspondent, our countryman, Russell, is in India, and doing good service in his exposures of English cruelty and brutality towards the natives. I commend his letters to your especial attention.

You have doubtless heard of the 'soupers.' They are a class of itinerant expounders of the gospel, who infest the highways and byways of our cities and towns, bible under arm, asking permission to convert benighted Irish Catholics from the error of their ways, and indoctrinate them in some span new system of religion, or the way to heaven made easyism. We are somewhat of a stiff-necked generation, and prefer the old way trodden by Patrick and the illustrious line of confessors, martyrs, and saints who have walked in his footsteps. The soup preachers' desire for the salvation of souls is confined to the most poor and unlettered part of our countrymen, and knowing the folly of learned disquisitions upon the merits of Catholicity, with such a stiff-necked people, seek to enlighten them unto salvation by greasy soup, and other more substantial gifts and arguments. As we are not now in a starving state, these 'arguments' have little weight, and their 'converts' are few and far between. This fills the pious souls of the soupers with holy rage, and they resort to abuse of the faith of Ireland and vilify that which the people believe to be sacred. The consequence is, that disturbances are frequently caused—the people sometimes being provoked to violence against these mountebanks, and they are then made to feel the rigors of English laws, administered by the tools to bigotry and intolerance. Is it not shameful that such conduct should be tolerated in a Christian country? It is due to the respectable portion of the Protestant community of every denomination to say that they disavow these disgraceful proceedings and have, in many instances, publicly condemned the conduct of these hirelings.

So long as we submit to pay annually several millions of pounds to a foreign church, whose members are not a tenth part of our population, we must, I sup-

pose, put up with the insults of these paid emissaries of Exeter Hall.

Smith O'Brien's sixth address appears in this week's Nation. Under the title of 'Administration of Justice,' he shows up the beauties of our jury system. With that delicacy of feeling which characterizes the true gentleman, he declines to speak of the jury packing by which his conviction upon charge of treason was procured, but enters into the matter fully in the case of his friend and fellow patriot, Meagher. The following is an extract from his address upon that part of the subject:—

Take, for instance, the trial of a Roman Catholic—my friend, Thomas Francis Meagher. Though the county of Tipperary is one of the most Catholic counties in Ireland, there was not, if I recollect rightly, a single Catholic on the jury which tried him. Now imagine what would be the indignation of the Protestants of the empire if a Belfast Orangeman were to be tried by a jury consisting exclusively of Roman Catholics for some offence connected with those military parades of Orangemen which have so often taken place in the north of Ireland. I have already said that I will offer no opinion upon the verdict under which I was sentenced to death, and actually transported out I have no hesitation whatever in affirming that Mr. Meagher was not convicted according to law, and that upon the evidence which came before the court he ought to have been acquitted, if he had been tried by a jury fairly constituted. Yet I am now at home, and Mr. Meagher is still in exile—prohibited forever from visiting, even for a short time, the country to which he is fondly attached. I am little disposed to speak disrespectfully of my Catholic fellow-countrymen, but I tell you frankly that it is a disgrace to the Catholic community of Ireland that they have not, as one man, demanded the restoration of Mr. Meagher to his country. Irrespective of the merits of the cause for which he suffered, the gratitude which they owe to his father, who was for many years a faithful representative of the people—the interest which they might naturally have felt in the genius of the young orator who promises to rival Grattan and Curran in eloquence—above all, the flagrant insult which was offered to the whole Catholic community by the exclusion of Catholics from the jury which tried him—all these considerations ought to have kept in a state of uneasiness the mind of every Irish Catholic so long as Thomas Francis Meagher was detained in exile. During the supremacy of the whigs, this trifling concession might have easily been obtained by influential pressure on the part of those who upheld the late government. The whigs have lost an opportunity of doing an act—I will not say—of grace or of generosity, but of simple justice. It remains to be seen whether their successors—whether the Whitesides the Napier—the Fitzroy Kelly, who, as paid advocate, arraigned the verdicts under which we were condemned, will now think it consistent with the dignity of their party or with their own personal honor to consent that a man whom they believe to have been unjustly convicted shall be any longer subjected to proscription and exile.

I say nothing about the cases of Mr. Mitchell and of Mr. Manus, because they repudiate all intervention on their behalf, but it is wonderful that Englishmen should dare to arraign the Governments of Austria and Naples on account of the severity with which they treat political offenders who have taken part in actual revolt—it is wonderful that they should screen and applaud conspiracies formed for the assassination of the foreign despot whom they greeted with fulsome adulation when they required his assistance in their hour of need—whilst they allow three Irishmen to remain under proscription, whose hands are unstained by blood, and whose only crime was an abortive attempt to restore to their country its legislature. Ten years of imprisonment or exile are not considered an adequate punishment for the offence of having endeavored to recover for their native land its undoubted right. To me it seems (and upon this point I am sure that I speak the sentiments of a vast majority of my fellow-countrymen) that such petty vindictiveness is very contemptible, and utterly unworthy of a nation which claims for itself, above all others, the virtue of magnanimity.

The Hogan testimonial is meeting with great success. The subscription list is headed by the Lord Lieutenant, and men of all parties seems anxious to testify their regard for the great Sculptor who has done so much to elevate the name of his country. It is to be hoped that a fund will be raised sufficient to place his widow and large family in a comfortable position for life.

The weather is remarkably fine, but business on the whole is dull. We have passed through the

great panic comparatively unharmed, and look forward with hope to the growing crops, which so far, look well and promising. It is said that business would be much better but for the uneasiness felt owing to the unsettled state of matters between England and France. The funds, however, are buoyant, but it is rumored that some transactions of a forced nature are going on, lest the political pulse of the empire should display too much depression. Certain it is, that great anxiety is felt in commercial circles, lest a rupture should take place between these powers. However, that is none of our business. If England goes to war with France, I hope Irishmen will let her fight it out. France has not injured us, and Ireland has no cause of quarrel with her ancient friend. The Irishman that lifts his hand in favor of perfidious Albion against 'la belle' France, ought to be withered from the face of the earth. Wishing you, my dear Miscellany, every success in your most noble and patriotic efforts in support of Irish literature,

I remain

AVONDHY.

Boston, May 7, 1858.

Editors of the Irish Miscellany:—

Two reasons induce me to say a few words for the national character of our race, through your columns. 1st.—'Tis in accordance with your prospectus; 2d.—Through a similar journal (Harper's Weekly) appeared the vile slanders to which I wish to reply.

It almost appears a folly to notice the attacks on Irish character, but their libelous and poisoned shafts frequently throw us into, not only the attitude of defence, but like the hunted tiger make it necessary we should become the hunters, which alters the beauty of the scene, materially changes the sport, and turns the pleasure into one of pain. In plucking the bearded arrows from the skin-deep wounds they inflicted, and flinging them back, we trust they may not wound the sensibilities of the true American nationalist; they are only intended for such as the Harpers', whose proclivities are, hatred to the Irish—a narrow, bigoted rehash of the nativism of 1843, when one of that firm was chosen Mayor of New York city, by that church destroying faction.

We are not put upon our defence, there being no real charge established. We fling back then, the lie, and appealing to history, leave there the refutation. We simply add that the world throughout which our people have been driven to seek liberty and bread, will endorse them as a virtuous, law abiding people at the present, as they ever have been in the past. And while one Irish paper takes to itself the article alluded to, we will quote what belongs to every Irish journal, and analyze the foam or fury of this noble representative of modern Anglo-Saxonism. He writes:—

'But we will venture to submit for the consideration of the influential organs of the Irish community, whether the conduct of at least a portion of the Irish people in this country is calculated to train them for the position of command to which they conceive themselves entitled. We are dealing with facts, and not with theories; and we know that Irishmen will be glad to meet us on this ground. How then does it happen, as the criminal returns show, that so enormous a proportion of the crime committed in New York, is the work of Irishmen? How is it that they people our penitentiaries in so large a proportion? How comes it that so disproportionate a share of the brutal crimes which horrify this community are perpetrated by Irishmen? Common murders are peculiar to no nation; but barbarous murders—stamping out a man's life, outraging and murdering a poor girl, burning a man to death on a hot stove—these, and kindred varieties of murder, seem to be unduly frequent among the Irish. Surely this sort of thing is not the proper apprenticeship for a race which aspires to control this continent.

There seems to be among the Irish a fatal disregard of what we poor Anglo-Saxons are prone to

consider the deencies of life. The other day, at Cincinnati, on St. Patrick's day, the health of Nena Sahib was drunk amidst vociferous applause by a crew of assembled Celts. The authors of the massacre of women and children, the foulest outrages which ever defiled humanity, were in like manner applauded some time since in this city by a meeting of Irishmen, over which Colonel Haskett presided. Of course, the Irish are entitled to exercise their own judgment. But as the general sentiment of this country is not, at the present time, favorable to the mutilation and massacre of helpless children and women, it would seem that these expressions of Irish opinion were ill adapted to forward their aspirations to dominion. The Irish should make allowance for our Anglo-Saxon stupidity; if they want to rule us, they should at least seem to bow to our prejudices against lawlessness and brutality.'

In the whole of the above there is a reckless regard for truth, of which any respectable journal would feel ashamed. That portion referring to 'Nena Sahib's health being drunk by' not 'a crew of assembled Celts,' but 'an association of honorable men, met to keep in memory the redemption of their native land from Pagan idolatry; not to applaud 'the authors of massacre,' or laud those who defiled humanity, but to cheer the struggler for national freedom—to aid if possible in exposing the foul frauds of the Anglo-Saxon. Too well knew the Celts of Cincinnati that England had, from necessity to lie, in order to blacken the characters of sepoys, and had not England been convicted before the world of concocting all the charges made against the sepoys, and thus proving themselves the base, bloody, and brutal wretches they wished to induce the world to believe the sepoys were?

In the 'Lawrence Sentinel,' of Saturday, Nov. 20th, will be found an article denouncing in true American sentiments, the speech of George M. Dallas, the American Minister—for his flunkey and brutal speech against the Sepoys. We recommend it to the scribblers for Harper's Weekly—from which we quote for their immediate interest:

'They have been made the slaves and instruments of British avarice and lust. The very missionaries who were sent among them professedly as religious teachers, become their tyrants and task-masters. In fact, they have been more sinned against than sinning; and their oppressors, having sown to the wind, are reaping the whirlwind of barbarian retribution.

Yet the satisfaction which a civilized and Christian people demands for this attempt at self defence and self preservation, is indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants of Delhi, the cold-blooded murder of prisoners of war, and the blowing from their guns of the Sepoy leaders.

It is this brutal policy, which, considering the civilized pretensions of Great Britain, more than offsets the criminality of the Sepoys, that our minister in London feels called upon to vindicate and applaud in the name of the American people—though we apprehend the sentiments which he expressed to their lordships will redound neither to the credit of himself nor of those in whose behalf he presumed to speak. If Mr. Dallas, from whatever motives, desires to flatter the foibles and glorify the piratical exploits of the British in India, he had better do so on his own personal account and responsibility, without involving his countrymen, who have little sympathy to waste upon so unremunerative an object and would much prefer allowing John Bull to 'skin his own skunks,' in this piece of rank tomjism.

So much for drinking the Sepoys health, and American sentiment thereto. Now we will do a little by way of instructing Harper's scribbler, that if the American people are Anglo-Saxons, they partake somewhat of the vices of their English progenitors. The following is taken from the Boston Herald of Jan. 23d, and gives the particulars of the murder of a father and mother by a drunken son, at Poolville, N. Y.

'That our readers may be fully posted in all the particulars of the recent horrible parricide at Poolville, Madison county, one of the editors of the Herald yesterday visited the scene of the murder for the purpose of giving an authentic account of the awful affair. It is a crime without precedent in its enormity and without parallel in its terrible and unnatural details. History furnishes no instance of a similar act of inhumanity, and no conception of

horror has, perhaps, ever reached the standard of this dread reality. A son murdering his own father and mother with most remorseless frenzy and cruelty, then cutting out their hearts, and roasting and eating their flesh, is an instance of depravity never before recorded, not even in cannibal countries. What adds to its dread horror is the full conviction of its reality. There is no doubt as to the truthfulness of the picture. It can scarcely be drawn accurate enough. Words will hardly suit themselves to such a recital as the facts justify. But to the incidents themselves, as we found them.

Here is an Anglo-Saxon public opinion.

'Men who have known Wm. Comstock, the murderer, for years, and who have often employed him are firm in the belief that his action on Sunday last, was the result of dring. No one in or about Hamilton has ever observed the slightest tendency of the man to insanity, and he has never been known to be vicious and depraved except when under the influence of liquor. Public sentiment clearly justifies the conclusion that the debauchery he has indulged in for the past few weeks produced the state of mind which prompted the cruel, unnatural, and unheard of deed.' He was brought to Hamilton on Monday and kept all night. He conversed freely about the crime. On Tuesday he was removed to the jail at Morrisville, where he will remain until the meeting of the Grand Jury, in February.—*Utica Herald*, 13th.

We have given but the first and last paragraph in the article. No one who knows the fiend, sets up the remotest plea for his insanity. In the *Boston Ledger*, of May 6th, can be found the following outrage.

The Cincinnati Commercial, of Tuesday last, says that Sarah Jane Rose, a girl not 17 years old, who came to that city a deck passenger, on a steamer from Northwestern Virginia, was decoyed by a party of young men into a house in that city, and brutally treated. The men were arrested.

Again, in the 'Lawrence Sentinel,' of March 20th, will be found the vile story that—

'Jonathan C. Burroughs, a loathsome beast residing in Northampton, the same who threatened the life of his son, is now held to answer the charge of rape upon three of his own daughters, aged twelve, thirteen and eighteen years.

While the 'Wheeling Intelligencer,' tells how two boys murder the suspected paramour of their mother.

We are reliably informed that a murder was committed at Lytleton Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, last Sunday night. Mrs. Manly, a widow woman, resides with her two sons near Lytleton. For a long time the sons have suspected that an improper intimacy existed between the widow and a man of rather bad character in the neighborhood. On Sunday night the boys left home intending to remain away over night, but something occurred which induced them to return sooner than they expected. Upon entering the house they discovered the suspected man, and maddened by the thought of their disgrace, they fell upon him with a terrible ferocity, stabbing him so severely that death resulted in a short time afterwards. One of the boys is about ten and the other fifteen.

In the *Boston Ledger*, of May 7th, can be seen a tale of wholesale poisoning, at Chester, N. Y., by a Mrs. Phoebe Westlake, who, when arrested, committed suicide.

Upon the terrible murder, (or parricide) at Dracut, lately, where Joshua Heath was murdered by his son and daughter—the 'Boston Post,' speaks in the following sensible strain:—'While such crimes as these are committed by native residents of our own commonwealth, it can hardly be considered the duty of its citizens to undertake the reformation of any other people in the world.' The son had been in prison, and the daughter is a mother without the preliminary of marriage. Here, then, are a few specimens of Anglo-Saxon crimes, which are equalled almost every day, if the reports of the press are to be believed.

The recapitulation of crime affords us no pleasurable sensation; especially of cases such as are here recorded—the finer feelings of humanity regrets that the perpetrators should exist in the human form—debasement what was God's Image, to the real-

ity of a demon. The daily insults we receive must be our excuse, for thus recording these revolting narratives. We hold the white race to be superior to the African; and amongst the many types of humanity, none are superior to the Irish. They have, and do, hold positions all over the world, requiring the quickest mental vigor, and acuteness—while physically, they are perhaps superior to any other in the world.

Agarian outrages often blot the fair page of Ireland's history, we are ready to admit. After all we are human, and when men are driven by tyranny, to desperation, who can say what they may not do. We do assert, however, that few are the real and brutal cases of depravity committed by Irishmen in this country, and whenever we find one such case, depend upon it, it is owing to the lessons of Anglo-Saxon morality he has acquired here, and to his forgetfulness of his virtuous Irish teachings. We assert, the Irish people, despite England's endeavors to contaminate them, are religious—virtuous and conservative; not so of the so called Anglo Saxons, who compose the licentious Mormons—the free-lovers—spiritualists—fourierites nor abolitionists. They may not be progressive enough to catch the morals of the latter-day saints; but they lose nothing by their adherence to old doctrines—to old customs. If the penny-a-liner for 'Harper's Weekly,' boasts of his Anglo-Saxonism, we refer him to De Foe—his countrymen, for a description of that animal, He says:

'A true born Englishman's a contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction;
A banter made to be a test of fools,
Which those that use it justly ridicule;
A metaphor invented to express
A man akin to all the universe.'

Sorry to occupy so much of your valuable space; I am,

Yours &c., &c.,

PAUDEEN.

NEW YORK, April 30, 1858.

Editors of the Miscellany:—

I feel an honest pride in saying that your paper is admirably conducted. Many are the panegyrics I hear bestowed upon it by our countrymen here. It brings back recollections of that land, where we have played in childhood, and whose regeneration is our dearest hope, and for which we shall labor, ever.

The republication of the Dublin Penny Journal, enhances its value. If you are encouraged in your labors, I predict an achievement for you, which will be alike honorable to you, and beneficial to our countrymen here.

J. F. B.

Written for the Miscellany.

'THE MILITARY ELEMENT IN THE IRISH CHARACTER.'

ILLUSTRATED FROM HISTORY.

PART 2.

An instance of the mode in which Irishmen fight at home is to be found in the defence of the bridge of Athlone against the troops of De Ginkle, which needs but the pen of a Thucydides to make it another Thermopyla; for never did individual valor create a nobler episode in history than the magnificent self-sacrifice of those Irish grenadiers, who, one after the other, hurled the planks of the bridge into the river, though musket balls were falling round them as thick as rain-drops in a thunder shower.

On the 18th of June, 1691 De Ginkle, William's Dutch general approached the town of Athlone with a veteran and highly disciplined army, and opened the siege, after a whole day's skirmishing with the outposts of the Irish, under Fitzgerald, who retired step by step,—battling for every inch of ground, and converting every ditch and hedge in a miniature Malakoff or Redan—until beaten back to the foot of the ramparts, and finally driven into the English portion of the town which was quite untenable. With the fire of his heavy artillery, Ginkle soon made a breach, and

4000 men were led on to the assault. The garrison in this part of the town was only 400 strong, just one to ten of the assaulting party, yet for hours they maintained their post, until half their number were piled up corpses in the breach, when the remainder retired to the bridge which connected the Irish and English towns lying at the opposite sides of the channel where they stood firm. Here they met the shock of battle, and yielded not a foot to the tremendous force opposed to them until they had broken down two arches of the bridge and thus cut off all communication with the Irish town; and then, with the fortitude of heroes who had served their country well, accepted the death that was inevitable.

Ginkle erected batteries so high that they overtopped the walls, and swept the streets of the town. For seven days with mortars and 24 pounders he kept up a continuous fire on the devoted garrison who had but a few five and seven pound field pieces to reply with. But the bridge had to be crossed before the town could be taken; therefore the English threw planks across the broken arches, whereupon the serjeant of the Irish grenadiers volunteered to throw them into the river. A shower of balls and grenades from the English batteries swept the narrow bridge as the advanced to their hazardous task, and of the devoted eleven not one returned. The smoke of the guns had not cleared away before ten more volunteers were on the bridge hurling the planks into the stream. Under the deadly fire they pursued their work—the temporary bridge was destroyed, and two heroes out of the ten returned to the town. By this time the English have constructed another bridge more stable than the former, which they push across the chasm; and they defend it with a more terrible storm of iron than before. But Irish valor is still undaunted;—a little party rush down to the bridge, and for half an hour, in the midst of death, with their numbers diminishing every second, they essay to set it on fire. Before the last man is shot down, the lurid flame mounts up and again the bridge is destroyed.

Yet we are told that the Irish always fight badly at home!

By this time there are no defences to be maintained. The ramparts are battered down—the castle is demolished—the houses are a mass of ruins. The town is so exposed to the fire of the enemy, that, as an Irish officer said, not a cat could appear without being knocked on the head by a shot. It is no wonder then that the siege of Athlone terminated disastrously for the Irish; but surely never did a victorious army deserve more fame than did these defeated heroes. And this, in every battle throughout the campaign, whether successful or vanquished, did the Irish prove themselves good soldiers and valiant men.

At Aughrim, where inexperienced troops, not half furnished with the necessities of war were pitted against an army flushed with victory in Flanders, two unforeseen disasters lost the battle for the Irish. First, the Irish, fighting as they always can fight with advantage in Ireland, converted the ditches into natural redoubts, and defended them one by one as the enemy advanced—'defended them so stoutly,' says the English chronicler Story, 'that they would maintain one side till our men put their pieces over to the other, and having lines of communication from one ditch to another, they would presently put themselves again and flank us.' It is consoling to think that those ditches are there still; this mode of warfare is as good to-day as it was on the 12th of July, 1691. Neither cavalry nor artillery can work effectually among those awkward Irish ditches, while they afford fine shelter for sharpshooters, armed with Minnie rifles. But it happened in this battle of Aughrim that the English were so vastly superior in numbers that they were able to flank the Irish behind their natural entrenchments, and St. Ruth, perceiving the movement, ordered a battalion from the left to the point of attack; but by a fatal blunder in conveying his order—just such a blunder as sacrificed the British light brigade at Balaklava—the battalion which defended a causeway the

NEWSPAPORIAL.

only passage across the bog by which the English cavalry could approach the Irish lines, receiving the command which was intended for another left their position. This advantage was at once taken by the enemy. The English horse carried the causeway at a dash, and fell upon their foes. This was the first disaster. St. Rath, seeing the effect of the manœuvre, put himself at the head of the Irish reserve cavalry, fresh, brave troops, and rushed into the fight, and in the very crisis of the battle, struck by a cannon ball, fell dead. An instant panic followed this second disaster. His troopers drew the reign. The infantry, mostly raw recruits, were paralyzed. The cavalry stood still, and in their inexorable immobility were mowed by the fire of the batteries; they stood until the charge of the English squadrons broke them, and they fled towards Loughrea. The infantry continued to fight desperately, and maintained their ground for some time, until they were completely surrounded, when they fell into confusion, scattered and fled in all directions, hotly pursued and butchered by the English cavalry, so that for half a century after, says the historian, the heights of Kilcommodon were whitened with their bones. They fought against tremendous odds, and fought bravely, though conquered. Thus also, at the Boyne the cowardice of King James, and at Limerick the superiority of their artillery won the battles for the English. But it must be noted that it was not the flower of the Irish army who were engaged in these contests. James the 2d had previously made a contract with the French King Louis, whereby 5000 of the best troops—the regiments of Mountcashel, Clare and Dillon were transferred to France in lieu of an auxiliary force of French troops, 6000 strong, who were far indeed from being the pick and choice of French chivalry, but for the most part were mercenaries and raw recruits. The first Irish brigade had already left 'the land of the heart's hope' forever. The first flight of the 'Wild Geese' had darkened with their wings the waters of that channel they were destined never to recross, and the men who should have been bearing the green standard victoriously at Aughrim and the Boyne—who should have dictated, and not accepted a treaty at Limerick, were wasting their blood for a foreign sovereign on a foreign soil—storming the citadel of Chambery—chasing through the glaciers of the Graian Alps, by paths and over crags that the wild goat feared to tread; in the region of the inexorable avalanche, through savage defiles where the legions of Cæsar cut a desperate passage—chasing the native Piedmontese from their position, and forcing a way through the passes of St. Bernard and St. Cenis into the olive plains of Italy.

To be Continued.

NEW CLOTHING.—In these days of revivals, when we are 'putting off the old man and taking on the new,' some of our friends would look all the better by casting off their 'old garments,' and 'putting on new.' A converted sinner looks none the worse for a new coat—it is often the indication of a new life. We would therefore direct the attention of our readers, saints and sinners, to the advertisement in another column, of Smith & Co., corner of Elm St. and Dock Square. This firm is extensively engaged in the clothing trade, keeping on hand the best stock of ready made clothing in the city, which they sell at moderate profits. In the custom department they cannot be excelled; their stock of cloths is so extensive that the most fastidious taste cannot but be pleased. Their cutters are artists of the first class, who have brought their art to the perfection of science. We say this from practical experience, and not for the purpose of making an empty puff. Let our friends give them a call; they will meet with gentlemanly and polite attention.

It was once said of a beautiful woman, that from her childhood she had ever spoken smilingly; as if the heart spoke joy from the lips, as they turned into beauty.

THE EXAMINER, is the name of a new Irish-American paper, the first number of which made its appearance in the city of Cincinnati on the 1st of May. It contains eight pages, is published weekly by P. O'Brien & Co., and its typographical execution is of a superior order. Its editorials breathe a pure Irish-American sentiment, every sentence has the ring of the true metal. It is also independent in politics. We much admire this feature of the Examiner. Our people have too long been made the tools of political demagogues and used for the promotion of the selfish objects of a few, to the sacrifice of their own independence and welfare. We wish the Examiner every success.

The following is an extract from its prospectus:—'The organ of no clique or party, without fear or affection, the Examiner shall speak to its readers on all subjects of interest, in a spirit of fraternal kindness, and inculcate freedom of thought and action in politics, whether the oracles of party fret or frown. The conductors will labor to inculcate a high public spirit, and prompt the citizens of Irish birth to a lofty ambition.'

To remove the load of odium unjustly cast on the Irish people, by the agents of England, and the virulence of party, may be the work of years, but it is the sacred duty and shall be the ambition of the editors to accomplish. Faithful to the obligations, and attentive to the interests of the Republic under whose protective influence we have found a refuge and a home, we shall not forget the memories of the 'Green Isle,' nor fail to point the exile to the hopes that should animate him, in his legitimate endeavors to obtain of his kindred in the old land, the freedom of which they have been so fraudulently plundered.

While we shall endeavor to avoid those questions which have hitherto sown dissensions and division in the ranks of our countrymen, or discuss them in a manner void of offence, we shall use our best efforts to inculcate a spirit of unity and fraternal feeling, among all sections of Irishmen without reference to creed or class.

THE MONITOR, is the title of a new Catholic paper, published weekly in the city of San Francisco, and conducted with much ability. While it fearlessly defends the interests of the Catholic church, it is not unkind of those of Ireland and Irishmen; in this respect it is racy of the soil. Its selections are made with good judgment, and we are sure it will prove a powerful advocate, and do good service in the cause of truth. We hope it will receive a liberal support, and that its editors and proprietors may lay up a 'pile of rocks' commensurate with their laudable undertaking.

THE IRISH AMERICAN is publishing weekly the interesting letters by John Mitchell, upon the events which transpired in Ireland in the years '45-'48, having made arrangements with that gentleman for the purpose. This is a great hit upon the part of our esteemed cotemporary, and shows that he has his eye keenly upon business. We are glad to hear that this able newspaper meets with great success. It is one of our best conducted journals.

THE HILL OF TARA.

Tara, so celebrated in the early annals of Ireland, was for ages the chief residence of the monarchs of the country—the centre from which their laws were promulgated; the resort of the great and the learned poets and druids. We are told that it became the residence of her kings on the first establishment of the monarchy, under Slainge, long before the Christian era, and so continued until the century after the conversion of the nation to Christianity by the preaching of St. Patrick.

Its ancient magnificence has been the theme of admiration on the part of the Philo-Milesian, while its very existence has been called in question by some of the modern schools. Though there is at present little else to attract the eye than a succession of grass-covered mounds, still upon a close examination, there is sufficient to attest the fact that it contains the mouldered ruins of former grandeur and magnificence. In the grave-yard, near the summit of the hill, which is said to occupy the site of a once famous pagan temple, are some remarkable relics of antiquity. Among others is the famous 'Cross,' which points out the spot where, in the fifth century, Benen, the disciple of St. Patrick, escaped uninjured from the flames, and where stood the house in which Luad, the druid of King Lagaire, was burned. This alludes to the legend, which is still told in the neighborhood, of the proposition made by the king to the saint, to confine Benen and Luad in a house to which fire was to be set, and if the disciple was spared and the druid consumed, the king would embrace Christianity. This was accordingly

done, and when the flames subsided, to the astonishment of the multitude, Benen came forth uninjured, while the druid perished in the devouring element.

Whether we reject the accounts of historians as fabulous, or accept them as poetic exaggerations, it is impossible to consider the 'Hill of Tara' in any other light than that of a place in which multitudes formerly dwelt. Of this there is abundant evidence apart from all doubtful authority; not only in the valuable ornaments of gold which have been from time to time dug up in the vicinity, a few of which have been deposited in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, in the ancient names of several neighboring localities, and in the various roads which now lead to the hill of which distinct traces remain; but the character and appearance of the place remove all doubt of its having been the work of human hands, and not the production of nature.

Some of the bardic accounts of this famous locality are exceedingly interesting. Fite, the bard, who lived in the first century, informs us that Ollamh Fodhla, the twenty-first monarch erected on Tara the Mur Ollamham or 'College of Sages,' and also instituted the celebrated Feis of Tara, which was an assembly of all the states of Ireland, and met every three years. An ancient manuscript preserved in the library of Trinity College contains the following curious description of the Hall of Tara, in the reign of Cormac Ulada in the third century:—'The palace of Tamar is nine thousand square feet; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven casts of a dart; it contains one hundred and fifty apartments, and the same number of dormitories. There were one hundred and fifty drinking-horns, twelve porches, twelve doors, and one thousand guests sat daily at table, besides princes, orators, men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, moulders, &c.'

The manuscript goes on to state that the hall had twelve divisions on each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, eight for the astrologers, historians and secretaries, in the rear of the hall, and two to each table at the doors; one hundred guests in all; two oxen, two sheep and two hogs were served at each meal. In the convention of Tara, the supreme monarch occupied an elevated throne in the centre of the hall; the subordinate kings occupied seats on his right and left; the druids, bards, philosophers and musicians were also entitled to seats in this assembly. The session was opened by the chief bard delivering an ode accompanied by music; the druidic rites followed, and these being completed, the fire of Samhain was lighted and the business of the convention was commenced. It was before this august assembly that St. Patrick announced the sacred truths of Christianity; it was from Tara as a centre, that the light or the Gospel spread through every part of Ireland.

Tara retained its splendor and magnificence down to the year 565, when it was still the seat of royalty. At this period, we are informed by the ancient chroniclers, that it was cursed by St. Rudhan, who prayed that no king or queen should ever reign in Tara, that its court and palaces should crumble to the dust. However this may be, it is certain that the grandeur of Tara is faded from the earth, and its glory dwells only in song. When the traveller visits this once famous spot, he finds scarcely a vestige to recall the reminiscence of its former greatness. Its 'chiefs and ladies bright' no longer fill its halls; its bards have vanished; its music is no longer heard—all is silent.

Our very manner is a thing of importance. A kind no is often more agreeable than a rough yes.

'My German friend, how long have you been married?'

'Vel, dis is a ting vat I seldom don't like to talk about, put ven I toes it seems to pe so long as it never vas.'

LITERATURE.

Rome: Its Ruler and its Institutions. By John Francis Maguire, M.P. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Boston: William Hickey, 128 Federal street.

The enterprising house of Sadlier & Co., have placed the public under great obligations by republishing here, this excellent work. It will be received by the Catholic community with feelings of joy, and ought to be studied by every lover of truth of every religious denomination, with that care and attention which it so justly demands. The true character of the Supreme Pontiff is but little known outside his own States, and the press of England and America have teemed with calumnies upon him and his government. In placing these matters in their true light, Mr. Maguire has rendered an important service to this most amiable sovereign, and the cause of just and beneficent government.

There are many passages which we should much wish to quote, for their beautiful and simple power but the want of the necessary space now debars us from this pleasure.

The reception of His Holiness by the King of Naples, is of the most touching nature; the sympathies of the surrounding nations so cheerfully extended him in the dark hours of his exile, must have been balm to his honest heart.

The public have been taught to look upon Rome as the worst governed city in the world—the abode of misery and wretchedness. Mr. Maguire dispels this calumny by the narrative of its various public institutions, and the fatherly care which the Pope, in the midst of his other numberless engagements, manages to bestow upon them, and especially upon asylums for the sick and poor, which his illustrious predecessors have built up, and which he nourishes with such holy fidelity.

We shall, from time to time, cull some of the beauties of this production for the edification of our readers, yet hope that every one of them will immediately possess the work for themselves. It is got out in excellent style by the publishers.

THE HISTORY OF IRELAND, from the earliest Kings of that realm, down to its last chief. By Thomas Moore, Esq. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother (James B. Kirker,) 371 Broadway.

We have received from this highly popular publishing house, the two volumes of this excellent History of Ireland. The work is issued in a style which reflects much credit upon the enterprising publishers, and will add to their well-earned fame. We shall take an early opportunity of fully reviewing this History, and in the mean time commend it to the attention of our readers.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—Burke strongly attacked Lord North. Entering into a comparison between the relative splendor and expenses in the reigns of William III. and George II., he argued that, in royal magnificence, both these princes, with less money, made more show than George III. He argued that, while the grants so lavishly given were neither hoarded nor seemed to be spent, they were employed in purposes that the Ministers durst not avow. Honest Alderman Sawbridge afterwards expressed plainly what Burke had only significantly implied. The revenues of the Civil List, he strongly asserted, had been spent in corruption. Even pensions had been given to Members of Parliament during the royal pleasure. Loud cries of 'Name! Name! Take down his words!' and other indications of disapprobation came from the Ministerial benches. Some persons called upon him to repeat his statements. The worthy Alderman appeared quite confounded at the uproar. Burke came to his assistance. The excuses he made were

gravely ironical, but he could not openly be refused. The fashionable term on such occasions, he said, was 'influence.' But the Alderman being a plain citizen, had not graduated in polite arts so much encouraged at the west end of the town. He had erred through ignorance, and was to be pitied. What a refined courtier might call influence, the alderman had, with his gross mode of expression, most improperly called corruption.—[Life and Times of Edmund Burke.

MISCELLANEA.

When is a fish like a wall? When it is sealed.

A father called his son into a crowded stage—
'Ben-jam-in!'

The most effectual way to secure happiness to ourselves is to confer it upon others.

No woman should paint except she who has lost the power of blushing.

It was once said of a beautiful woman, that from her childhood she had ever spoken smilingly; as if the heart spoke joy from the lips, as they turned into beauty.

'My German friend, how long have you been married?'

'Vel, dis is a ting vat I seldom don't like to talk about, put ven I toes it seems to pe so long as it never vas.'

A wag was one day speaking of two of his acquaintances who had gone West, where the newcomers were usually attacked the first season with the ague, and said he—

'Neither of those two men will be afflicted.'

'Why not?' inquired a bystander.

'Because,' was the reply, 'one of them is too lazy to shake, and the other won't shake unless he gets pay for it.'

The learned Professor and Principal of the Academy of Saumur, used to spend five hours every morning in his study, but was very punctual at dinner. One day, on his not appearing precisely at the dinner hour, his wife entered his study, and found him still reading.

'I wish,' said the lady, 'that I was a book.'

'Why so?' said the Professor.

'Because you would then be constant to me.'

'I should have no objection,' rejoined the Professor, 'provided you were an almanac.'

'Why an almanac, my dear?'

'Because, I then should have a new one every year.'

Some time ago, on the Sabbath day, we wended our way to one of our churches, and, instead of a sermon, heard an address upon some missionary or other benevolent subject. After the address was concluded, two brethren were sent round with a basket for contributions. Parson L., who was one of the basket-bearers, taking the side upon which we sat. Immediately in our front and upon the next seat, negligently reclined our friend, Bill H., a gentleman of infatinate humor, and full of dry jokes. Parson L. extended the basket, and Bill slowly shook his head.

'Come, William, give us something,' said the Parson.

'Can't do it,' replied Bill.

'Why not; is not the cause a good one?'

'Yes, but I am not able to give anything.'

'Poh! poh! I know better; you must give me a better reason than that.'

'Well, I owe too much money; I must be just before I am generous, you know.'

'But William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe anybody else.'

'That's true Parson, but then he aint pushing me like the balance of my creditors!'

The Parson's face got into rather a curious condition, and he passed on.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE IRISH MISCELLANY

PICTURE GALLERY.

INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

On Saturday, the 3d of July next, we shall present to each subscriber to the Irish Pictorial Miscellany, a splendid Lithographic Engraving, representing the glorious scene, which occurred shortly before the capture of Limerick, when General Sarsfield, who commanded the Irish horse, having learned that a large supply of heavy siege guns was on the way to the camp of the Prince of Orange, resolved to capture them. Crossing over the country by a difficult and circuitous route, so as to intercept the convoy, he came up in front of it at Killynamanna, attacked William's troops, defeated them and compelled them to retreat before the Irish horse, leaving their artillery in the hands of Sarsfield.

Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the mountain passes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands. A train being laid, the spark was applied and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William was shattered into innumerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to the great popularity of the gallant Sarsfield. The explosion was heard for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

It is at the moment of the explosion of the English artillery which our artist has seized upon for the subject of his picture.

This memorable event will be faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as we can learn to any of our Irish artists, and shall now have ample justice done to it, and make a beautiful picture. We shall present it to our readers on a sheet of fine drawing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

It will at once be seen that we cannot do this without a great outlay of capital. We expect to be reimbursed by a very large addition to our subscription list, as no person will be entitled to it who has not paid on or before the 3d of July next one year's subscription in advance, dating from our first number.

Non subscribers will be supplied at \$1.50 for each plate.

We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a 'picture gallery' worthy of the events we propose to commemorate. This will be the first of a series of NATIONAL PICTURES we propose presenting gratis to our regular subscribers the second picture of the series will be ready early in October, the subject of which is not yet decided on. We should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess old pictures of remarkable events in Irish history, or portraits of distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They shall be taken good care of, and returned.

Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually supersede the wretched darts which are often met with.

Our arrangements for the first picture are almost completed. It will be absolutely necessary that we should know immediately the number of plates we shall want. Let our subscribers therefore, send in their subscriptions without delay, and be careful to give us their correct address. We shall not strike off any more copies than are ordered before the above date.

Will our friends of the press please notice this new feature in our publication, and will take care that their sanctums are adorned with choice copies of this national picture.

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PROSPECTUS.

IRISH MISCELLANY. Prospectus. On Saturday the 13th day of February 1855, was published the first number of a new weekly periodical, with the above title, dedicated to the diffusion of true and intimate knowledge of the literary and political history of Ireland, and to the mental, moral and political elevation of the Celtic race on this continent.

The "Irish Miscellany" will contain 16 pages of closely printed matter, on fine paper, of a size similar to this prospectus. Price 4 cents a copy, payable on delivery; or \$2 a year to mail subscribers—invariably in advance.

In asking for public support for the *Irish Miscellany*, it is proper to say, that it is not our intention to trespass upon the ground already occupied by any of our contemporaries. We have marked out for ourselves a course entirely new and original—one not occupied by any other publication in this country. We propose to cultivate a field which, although naturally rich and fertile, and capable of producing the choicest flowers and fruits of literature, has, hitherto lain comparatively barren and unproductive. Into this field we shall enter with a full confidence of its capabilities, but with a modest diffidence of the skill which we shall bring to its culture.

It has long been a reproach to our race here, that while the publications of the day, and with few exceptions, teem with caricatures of us and of our country—while we are continually held up to public gaze as everything that is foolish, absurd and vicious—but little effort is made to place the true character of our people before the public eye, or to vindicate our name and race from the calumnies with which English hate everywhere pursues us.

To correct, in some measure, this crying evil, it was at first intended to gather together a number of Irishmen distinguished in the walks of literature, and to publish monthly a review, which, for sterling talent, should be second to none published here or in Europe. The great expense consequent upon an undertaking of this magnitude, deterred us from the attempt, compelled us to relinquish our design, and to substitute instead thereof, our more unpretending "Miscellany."

We propose to re-produce in our weekly periodical the writings of many of the great minds who have gone before us, while we shall also cull from the current Irish literature of the day, such productions of merit as cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers. Our country is rich in legendary lore, and the legends of the old land, while they amuse, serve to instruct and to elevate.

We shall therefore publish such instructive tales and legends of a high moral tone, that will remind us of the happy times when we—

"Sat by the fire of a cold winter's night,

Along with our friends telling tales of delight."

We shall give faithful and interesting illustrations of Irish antiquities—of our ruined monasteries, our plundered abbeyes and churches; and our pictorial illustrations of Irish scenery and antiquities will present to loving minds many familiar scenes of our childhood. We shall also avail ourselves of the services of talented artists, and each number of the *Miscellany* will contain numerous illustrations executed in the best style of art.

We shall keep constantly before our readers the ancient glory of our country, and while we ponder with pride upon the moral and intellectual superiority of Ireland, when England and the rest of Europe was sunk in ignorance and barbarism; we shall point to the past as an incentive to the future.

The biographies of distinguished Irishmen will be an important feature in the *Irish Miscellany*, as we shall give biographical notices of Irishmen distinguished in every department of literature, science and art—of men distinguished on the sea and on land; in the church the senate, and at the bar.

It is our intention to republish the works of Irish writers now out of print, in such a manner that they may be preserved to future time as a memento of the old land, and serve to inculcate, in the minds of the rising generation, a filial regard for the land of their fathers.

We propose commencing with the *Dublin Penny Journal*, a work which in its day enjoyed unbounded popularity. We shall devote one half of the *Miscellany* to our plunder of that national publication. To do this we have ordered a font of type in Irish characters, so that the poems printed in that Journal in the Irish language can be reprinted in Irish characters with the same fidelity. The editorial department of the *Miscellany* will be in the hands of an Irish gentleman every way competent to the task.

The remaining eight pages of the *Miscellany* will be devoted to the current news of the day to original articles, tales, essays, poetry, &c. In politics we shall endeavor to avoid those questions which have divided our countrymen, or discuss them in a manner void of offence.

The *Irish Miscellany* will be thoroughly independent of all political parties—the slave of none. Such questions as affect our countrymen here, we shall discuss with freedom, and zealously labor for their moral, intellectual and political elevation.

The editorial labors will be divided among several gentlemen of ability, and we trust to make the *Miscellany* a welcome guest at the fireside of every family. With these remarks we commend our sheet to the support of every well wisher of our race. We feel there is room for such a publication and promise that nothing shall be wanting on our part to make it worthy of the public patronage.

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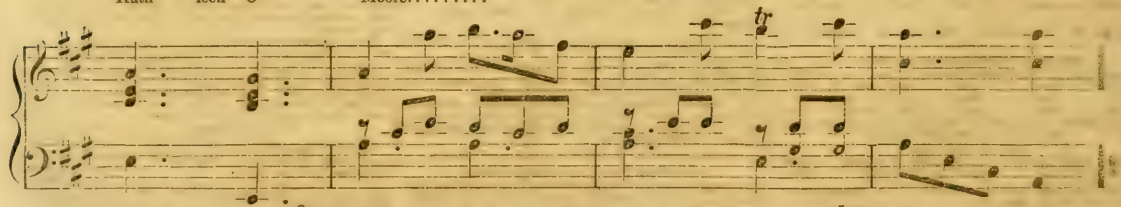
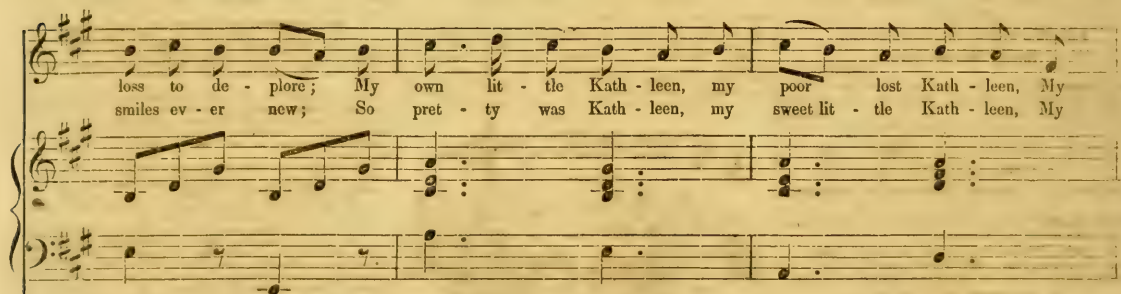
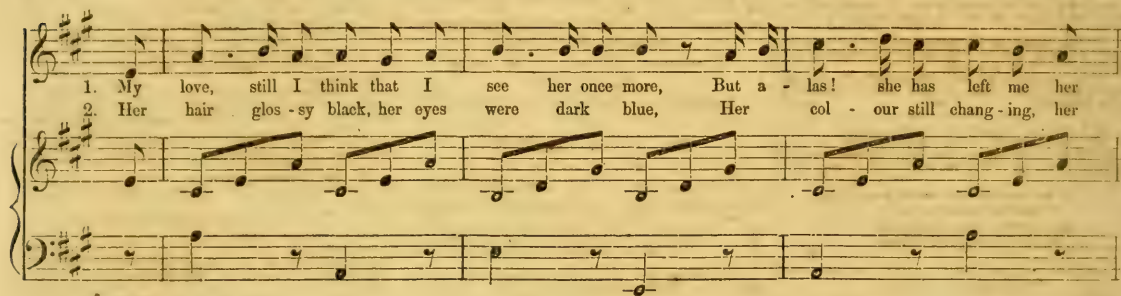
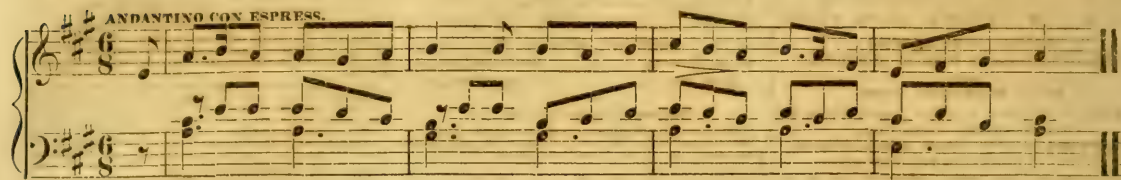
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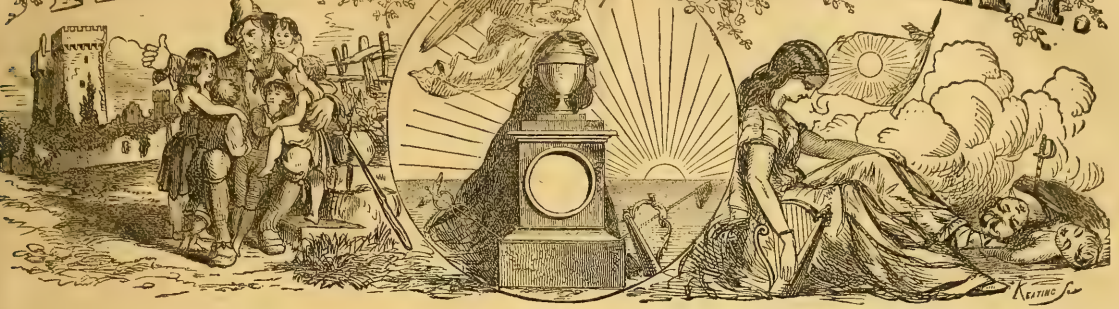
3.
 She milked the dun cow that ne'er offered to stir,
 Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her;
 So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O' Moore.

4.
 She sat by the door one cold afternoon,
 To hear the wind blow and to look at the moon;
 So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O' Moore.

5.
 O cold was the night breeze that sigh'd round her bower,
 It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she droop'd from that hour,
 And I lost my poor Kathleen, my dear little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O' Moore.

6.
 The bird of all birds that I love the best,
 Is the robin that in the church yard builds its nest,
 For he seems to watch Kathleen, hop - lightly on Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O' Moore.

IRISH MISCELLANY.



VOLUME I—NUMBER 16.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

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ANTRIM ROUND TOWER.

On a spacious plain about half a mile from the town of Antrim, stands one of those round pillar-towers, the date of erection and primitive use of which continue to attract alike the attention of the curious, and the dissertations of the learned. This tower is ninety-five feet in height, and at one yard from the ground is fifty-three feet in circumference. It is divided into three stories, with holes in the wall for joists to support lofts, and loopholes for the admission of air and light. Those near the top correspond with the four

cardinal points, and near them a beam of oak extends across the tower, evidently for the purpose of supporting a bell. A little above these the tower tapers in the form of a sugar-loaf, and was formerly surmounted by a conical covering of granite, resembling in shape a cap or bonnet. Being shattered, as it is supposed by lightning, in 1822, it was taken down, and replaced by a covering of freestone.

At the base are two rows of stones projecting about eight inches, and nine feet above these is the door, fronting the north; it is four feet three inches in height

by two feet wide; the wall at the sill is two feet nine inches in thickness. The outside lintel of the door consists of one large stone, as does that inside; and between those is a beam of oak across the door, which must have been placed there at the erection of the tower, as it appears impossible to have been fixed there since. On a large stone over the outside lintel, is a cross in bas relief, which clearly indicates that our pillar-towers were erected since the Christian era, and that their having been watch-towers, or fire-temples, are the whimsies of disordered minds, or the wild theories of



THE ANTRIM ROUND TOWER.

those who, solely from singularity, affect superior knowledge.

Camden informs us, that St. Durtract, a disciple of St. Patrick, founded a monastery at Antrim. A few years ago, in removing some old houses in the vicinity of the tower, extensive foundations and many human bones were discovered, which would lead us to conclude this to have been the site of the Abbey mentioned by Camden. This is the more likely, as our towers always stand near some ancient place of worship; the writer is not aware of a single instance of their being found apart from some religious foundation, and in a few instances they are even ingrafted on those buildings. Tradition ascribes the erection of this Tower, as well as others in the north of Ireland, to the celebrated architect called the 'Gobban Saor,' or 'Gobban the Builder,' and who is believed, in this part of the country, to have been a woman. It would be highly interesting to ascertain if there be any historical evidences of the celebrated person, whose name is thus popularly connected with the erection of so many of these remarkable structures. A tradition so general could hardly be without foundation: and, if we could determine the period in which 'the Gobban' flourished, we should have much light thrown on this hitherto mysterious subject.

It is not a little strange that we should still be without a correct list of these towers, so that even their numbers have not been ascertained. About 1791, a list was published by the Rev. Edward Ledwich, which is, however, very imperfect. In the County of Antrim he only notices the tower just described, and that on Ram Island; those of Ardmoy and Trumery are omitted. At Dun-a-man, near Croom, County Limerick, and Rosennalis, Queen's County, are also round pillar-towers, which are not given in his catalogue.

S. M'S.

[NOTE.—We have hitherto refrained from offering any opinion of our own on the long unsettled question of the origin and uses of our Round Towers, lest we might be suspected of a desire to influence the Royal Irish Academy in their decision on the merits of the prize essays submitted to them on this national subject of antiquarian inquiry. As that decision has been finally made, we have no longer a motive for maintaining silence, and avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us by the foregoing notice of our ingenious correspondent, Mr. M'Skimin, to state that our conclusions are those arrived at in the essay which received not only the prize proposed by the Academy, but also the additional honor of their gold medal. These conclusions are, that the Round Towers are wholly of Christian origin, and erected for the twofold purpose of belfries and towers, in which the religious communities to whom they belonged deposited their books, sacred vessels, &c., and into which they themselves retired on occasions of sudden predatory attack. As Mr. Petrie's essay is now in course of publication, we do not consider it fair to anticipate his proofs, which, we have no doubt, will be found satisfactory, and worthy of the award given by the Academy—an award, which, it should be borne in mind, it was only entitled to on proofs that were deemed conclusive on the subject. That award, too, it should be observed, was all but unanimous; for, though one gentleman dissented, who considered as more satisfactory the evidences which were offered in Mr. O'Brien's essay, to prove that the towers were temples and emblems of the god Budh, and erected previous to the foundation of Solomon's Temple, (!) it may be questioned how far that gentleman was a perfectly disinterested judge, in as much as he had previously written and published his own theories on the subject, the evidences for which were analyzed and rejected in Mr. Petrie's essay, and lauded to the sun in various passages in that of his competitor. The Royal Irish Academy, in having taken the most judicious steps for bringing this long-contested subject of antiquarian inquiry to a satisfactory termination, are entitled to the most unqualified praise.

To Mr. M'Skimin's account of the Round Tower of

Antrim, we have to add, that its reputed architect, Goban, of whom we have given several traditional notices, and have many still to give, was equally celebrated in our ancient ecclesiastical histories, as in our popular traditions. The historical notices relative to him have been collected into Mr. Petrie's essay, from which we learn that he flourished early in the sixth century, and was the most famous artificer in Ireland for his skill in building both of wood and stone. In the ancient life of St. Abban, given in Colgan, it is prophetically said that his fame in arts shall exist in our island to the end of time.

'Quidam famosissimus in omni arto lignorum et lapidum erat in Hibernia nomine Gobbanus cujus artis fama usque in finem sæculi erit in ea.—(Acta SS. p. 619.)

ANNALS OF DUBLIN.

Translated from the Autograph of the Four Masters in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy.

[Concluded.]

1536. Many virulent diseases raged this year, viz. a universal plague, galar breac,* dysentery, and fever, which swept away a large portion of mankind.

1537. S. Patrick's crozier, which was held in the highest veneration from S. Patrick's time, was burned this year in Dublin.†

1543. O'Donnell (Magnus) attended the Great Council in Dublin, together with his brothers Egnéchan and Donogh—they were taken and cast in prison and in chains, where they remained for a long time. They were afterwards set at liberty by advice of the Lord Chief Justice and the chiefs of Ireland, and peace and friendship made between them.

1545. A part of Christ's Church, in Dublin, was thrown down, and a stone coffin was discovered, in which was found the body of a bishop in episcopal dress, with ten gold rings, on his ten fingers, and a golden chalice standing by the side of his neck; the body when removed from the coffin was found perfect and sound, and it did not fall asunder when removed from its place; it was placed in a standing position supported by the altar, and left there for some time. No part of his dress faded or decayed, which was a great sign of sanctity.

1546. Mac-Giolla-Phatraic (Fitzpatrick) (Brian) made a prisoner of his own Teige, who was a select leader,‡ and sent him to Dublin with his crimes written along with him, and the English put him to death by order of his father.

New coin was introduced into Ireland this year, i. e. copper; and the Irish were compelled to use it instead of silver.

The rebels were defeated at Baile na d-tri g-Caislen, (town of the three castles) by the English and by Brian an Chogaidh, the son of Terrence O'Toole; the sons of James, the son of the Earl of Kildare, viz. Maurice and Henry, were taken prisoners, together with twenty-four of their people, who were afterwards brought to Dublin, and all cut in quarters, except Maurice, who was confined in the King's castle until it should be determined what death he should receive. These rebels were thus cut off, and although their power was of short continuance, yet they did great mischief.

* Galar breac, literally the speckled or spotted disease. In Connaught it means the small pox, but in the south of Ireland it signifies the spotted fever.

The disease is called *variole* in Latin, from the word *varium* which signifies various, for it assumes various colors, such as white, reddish, yellow, black and green, and Gilbertus says that the more this disease approaches a black or green color, the more dangerous it is.

† Colgan gives a long account of this staff in Tr. Thom. p. 263, 264. St. Bernard speaks of it in his life of St. Malachy, and describes it as covered over with gold, and adorned with the most precious gems. Giraldus Cambrensis says that in his time it was removed from Arinagh to Dublin.

‡ Keatinge calls Moses the select leader of the Children of Israel.

1547. Maurice Anfeadh, (of the wood,) the son of the Earl of Kildare, was executed in Dublin.

1548. O'Melaghlin (Teige Roe,) brought Edmund White, (a Paic,) and his Leicester forces, with him into Delvin, to plunder it. Melaghlin, the son of Art O'Melaghlin, was taken prisoner by Edmund White, and sent by him to Dublin.

Calvach O'Carroll went to Dublin to the Great Court, but he was treacherously taken prisoner and confined in the King's castle, and none of his friends obtained any information why he was incarcerated, or how he could be ransomed.

1550. Anthony St. Leger arrived a second time in Ireland, as Lord Chief Justice, and many of the Irish chieftains repaired to Dublin to meet him at the Great Court.

1551. The Lord Chief Justice marched at the head of an army into Ulster, and dispatched the crew of four ships to the island of Reachrainn,* to plunder it. James and Colla, the two sons of Mac Donnell of Scotland, were on the island to defend it. A battle ensued, which ended in the total defeat of the English, not one of whom survived the battle excepting the lieutenant who commanded them on this excursion, when the Albanians (Scots) kept as a prisoner until they got in his stead their own brother, Sorley Boy M'Donnell, who had been imprisoned in Dublin a year before that time, besides other ransoms.

A Great Court was held in Dublin, upon the return of the Lord Chief Justice from England. O'Neill, (Con, the son of Con,) Earl of Tirone, was taken prisoner through the intrigues and complaints of Ferdoragh, the Baron, upon which the son of O'Neill waged war with the English and the Baron, to revenge the incarceration of his father. Great evils were done between them.

1552. The Lord Chief Justice marched at the head of an army into Ulster, against O'Neill of Clannaboy, and the Scotch. The son of Savage of the Ardes, and a party of the English, went first before them to plunder the country. But they were met by the son of O'Neill at Belfairste,† who made a vigorous attack upon them—put them to flight—and killed the son of Savage, together with forty, or according to others, sixty of them. Howbeit the Lord Chief Justice advanced, and commenced to erect a castle at Belfast; but they gained no victory, took no spoils or hostages on this occasion, and their pride was very much humbled.

Ferdoragh O'Neill, the Baron, marched his troops to aid the Lord Chief Justice and the English, but was unable to come up to where they were on that night, but he pitched his camp at no great distance from them. Shane Dongaileach O'Neill pursued the Baron, his brother, with another army, made an attack upon his camp that night, and killed great numbers of his people.

William Brabazon, the King of England's Treasurer, perished on this expedition. His body was brought in a ship to Dublin, and his heart was afterwards sent to the King of England, as a token of his loyalty and truth towards him.

1552. Teige, the son of Morogh O'Brien, made his escape from Dublin, where he had been for some time incarcerated.

1554. O'Donnell (Calbhach) and O'Boyle (Torloagh) repaired to Dublin to the Lord Chief Justice, to confer with him. On this occasion the Lord Justice treated O'Donnell with great honor and respect.

* This Island is situated about seven Irish miles off the north coast of Antrim. It is called Rathlin on all the modern maps of Ireland, but pronounced Rathlery by the natives. The west end of the Island is called Ceanu Kumar or the thick head or promontory, and the south end was anciently called Ceanu Chas or slender head, being a small point of land pointing to the north coast of Antrim.

† Now Anglicized Belfast. Belfairste signifies the mouth of the ferry or pass.

1575. Great heat and extreme drought happened in the summer of this year; it did not rain for one hour from the 1st of May to August. In consequence of this drought, loathsome diseases and most afflicting maladies were generated amongst the inhabitants of England and Ireland, but more especially at Dublin, Naas, Ardee, Mullingar, and Athboy. Many a castle was left without a guard—many a flock without a shepherd—and many bodies, even of the nobleman, were left uninterred.

Sir Henry Sidney came to Ireland as Lord Chief Justice in the autumn of this year. He landed in Ulster, and found all Ireland one scene of war and intestine commotion. He established peace, friendship, and anity, between the Tironnallians and Tironians, and throughout the province of Ulster. He banished to England the Earl of Essex, who had invaded Ulster, and acted treacherously towards Con O'Donnell and Brian O'Neill.

Con O'Donnell and Con, the son of Niall Oge O'Neill, who had been imprisoned in Dublin, effected their escape from it about this time; and Con O'Donnell remained hidden in the wilds and deserts of his country, until the Chief Justice sent him a pardon. The Chief Justice went in the commencement of the ensuing winter through Bregia and Meath and from thence to Forthuaitha Laighean, (the country of the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles) and he made peace between the English and Irish of East Munster and Meath, and the descendants of Rosfalghe,* and the descendants of Connall Cearnach.† He then successively proceeded south-west to Waterford, Youghall and Cork, about Christmas, and destroyed and beheaded a vast number of rebels and had subjects throughout these districts.

1580. James Oge, son of James, who was son of John, who was son of Thomas the Earl, went upon a predatory incursion into Muskerry; but Cormac M'Carthy being apprized of his designs, assembled all his troops on a plain to oppose him. M'Carthy being told that James had passed him by, advanced to a sequestered spot by which he thought James would pass. M'Carthy had not been long there before he perceived James coming on with great spoils; whereupon he charged the army—slew great numbers—took James himself prisoner, and sent him to be incarcerated in Cork. Here James remained two months, occupied in preparation for death, performing penance for his sins, and begging forgiveness for his evil deeds; but at the expiration of that time a writ arrived in Cork from the Lord Chief Justice and the Council of Dublin, ordering the mayor to have him executed and cut in quarters. This was accordingly done.

J. O'D.

* Ros Falghe, from whom *Ui Falghe* or *Ophaly* is named, was the ancestor of O'Conor Faly.

† The O'Mores of Lagisla, now of Queen's County

THE CARVARRY.

'He rose—and slowly, sternly, thence withdrew,
Rage in his eye, and threat—'

'I'll love it to my death, Nancy, me or mine never done im or one belongin' to im a pinsworth of harum,' said the Widow Kelly, one day while gossiping at the house of Nancy Brady.

'Nera bit but its a wonder what makes him be so much agin ye,' replied Nancy.

'The Lord forgive im, an' every body that leans on the widdy and the orphan, Nancy; but there's one above lookin' at all this,' resumed the widow.

'The Mother of God look down on every poor sinner thats in distress,' said Mrs. Brady, with a glance of secret satisfaction round her well filled and furnished house.

'Och amin, achiernah,' replied the widow, 'an' the Lord maintain goodness to every one that has it.'

'A then, Mary, myscl doesn't think the masther's a real gentleman at all; the ould sort is ever an' al-

ways good to the tenants an' the poor,' said Nancy. 'Faix an' ye're not wrong,' replied Mary. 'I know more about im nor ye can, that's only a new comer; sorra one dhrop of gentle blood in his body, good or bad.'

'Musha is it in earnest ye are,' cried Mrs. Brady; and suspending the evolutions of her spinning-wheel, drew her stool closer to that of the widow, who continued.

'Nera word of lie I'm tellin' ye, shure I'm lookin at im since he was the bulk of a sod of turf.'

'Well, well,' replied Nancy, 'an' as grand as he is.'

'Troth an' it's just so,' resumed the widow. 'His father was a poor man, an' lived out of the end of the house* wid my father, God rest his soul an' as I hard, for I wasn't very big at the time, Paddy Brian hadn't cow or calf.'

'Its lek that's this man's father,' interrupted Mrs. Brady.

'Yis dear, yis, his father shure enough; an' they say a coire (kind, friendly,) man he was, that struggled hard to rear the family.'

'An' what way did they get all the riches?'

'Ner a one of me knows; some says the man here, that's Jemmy weused to call'm got a purse of money in a fair green; more says they catched a leprehaun; an' more that says it's what they got a crock of gould in unther a big stone on the bottom of an ould ditch.'

'Any way they have the money,' said Mrs. Brady.

'Sorra doubt,' replied the widow, 'an' cute enough they wer in the beginnin' by gettin' up by degress muryagh, (as it were,) until they tuk land, an' got cows, an' calves, an' sheep, an' horses.'

'O wirra what luck some has beyant others,' cried Nancy, with a long drawn sigh; 'but Mary, dear, how did the man here get it all?'

'Ye see a hegar, he was ever and always cute, so afore they let an to have money, he got the brothers an' sisters all marret an' out of the way; the ould couple died—he left the place, tuk this land an' built the house, an' from plain Jemmy Brian, he's now James O'Brian, Esquire?'

'Its lek, Mary, ye're from the same place.'

'Sure, dear, didn't I tell ye his father live out of the end of the house wid us.'

'I mind ye did; an' to be shure ye cum wid him to this land.'

'No, avourneen, I mas marret an' livin' here long afore he got it, forreer that iver he cum to it at all.'

This man's rise in life had been fully as sudden as described by the Widow Kelly; how he came by the means was only known to himself, though various rumors were afloat relative to it. He took leases of large tracts of land, which he again set to others, and became an extensive middle-man, as they term it in Ireland.

Though an illiterate man, Brian was clever; and as wealth poured in, he wished to have his humble origin forgotten, but the residence of Kelly's wife on his land was a bar to that, and like the wicked Haman, his wealth and affectation of gentility availed him nothing, so long as Mary Kelly lived near to remind him of what he had been; It was a canker to all his enjoyment. But though in other respects a clever man, in this instance Mr Brian acted foolishly; instead of conciliating this woman, he took every opportunity of oppressing and irritating her, trying all means to get them off his land but in vain. At length Kelly died, and the unrelenting landlord resolved to get rid of the widow. His cruelty need not be detailed; suffice it to say he succeeded in turning the poor woman and her son adrift on the

* Living out of the end of a house, means that one cabin is joined to the other.

† A leprehaun is said to be a liliputian figure, with a scarlet coat and red night cap. If any person could be fortunate enough to lay hold on one of those beings, he would be made rich, for they have an intimate knowledge of concealed treasure.

world; and he chuckled in the idea that all traces of his origin would now be obliterated.

But the Mighty Being who has said, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me,' did not forsake this victim of oppression. A farmer in the neighborhood, though far from rich, and with a large family, could not look at this act of cruelty, in the depth of winter, unmoved. He gave the widow a cabin with a small garden, and took her son into his employment, and thus defeated O'Brian's plan of sending her out of the country. She endeavored to assist her son in supporting themselves, by spinning, and buying sheep skins in the season, the wool of which she sold at the different markets in the neighborhood. At this period, Pat, the widow's son, was a lad of seventeen, sober and well conducted, esteemed by all who knew him.

Some short time after the conversation above mentioned between the widow and Mrs. Brady, the latter lost a grown up son; and as they were people considered well to do in the world, crowds came to the wake, knowing that it would be a plentiful one, and they were not disappointed, saying to each other, 'Any way Phil Brady was givin' his little boy a raal decent wake, and no doubt there'd be a fine funeral.'

Now Nancy Brady, who sat at the head of the table on which the body of her son was laid out, declared to all who addressed her with the unvarying salutation, 'I'm sorry for yer throuble; that the heart idin her was broken' out an' out; and och, och, what did she do to deserve such a crish!' But still Mrs. Brady could cry with the criers, smoke with the smokers, and talk with the talkers.

As the persons, conduct, and affairs of their neighbors, usually form the subject of conversation among the lower orders, and indeed to their shame be it recorded, even of many in the higher classes of life, on the second night of the wake, one subject that occupied a group of idlers around Mrs. Brady, was Mr. Brian and his family.

'A then d'ye tell me so, Darby,' said a man, at the same time handing him a pipe; 'an' they're of that great lord's family; friends no doubt?'—[Friends, as thus used, means relations.]

'Sorra word of lie in id, Ned,' replied Darby, 'I hard the masther tellin' id to a gentleman.'

'What's that ye hard, Darby?' asked Mrs. Brady, who only caught the latter part of what he had said.

'The masther tould a gentleman, an' I by,' replied Darby, 'that he's related to the great lord of the same name that lives some place in Munster.'

'Nough more a rubbhan than ig ma chauth,' (what a tail my cat has,) exclaimed Nancy; 'related to a lord, anagh,' [an expression of doubt and scorn.]

'An why nat,' exclaimed another woman, 'some of the lords themselfs is no great things.'

'Great things here or there,' replied Mrs. Brady, 'sorra one dhrop of lord's blood in his body.'

'How d'ye know, did ye ever see the color of id?' asked Darby.

'No nor yersel, no more nor me, avourneen,' she answered; 'an' after all its truth I'm tellin'.'

'Maybe ye know, as they know the horses, be the mark of mouth,' returned Darby.

'No, dear, nor as ye know the sheep,' she retorted: 'an' faix its asy to know the good ould stock, the raal blood, from the upstart.'

'Sure, Nancy Brady, ye wouldn't be after allegatin' (afirming) sich a thing of the masther,' said Darby.

'What?' she demanded.

'That he's an upstart.'

'Mind it was yersel said id, Darby Dolan,' interrupted Mrs. Brady; then in a lower tone she addressed the woman next her; 'an may be if it was sed it's no lie.'

'Why so?' asked the woman.

'Belass,' replied Nancy, and she entered into a half-whispering detail of the conversation she had with the Widow Kelly.

Darby, who was Mr. Brian's shepherd, and pretended to be greatly attached to him, listened intently, and hearing some half sentences, exclaimed:—

'This is more of Mary Kelly's lies an' stories; may I never die in sin but she'll be sorry for id yet.'

'What lies?' said Mrs. Brady. 'Who knows what Mary Kelly could me?'

'Many's the one'll know id the night,' replied Darby; 'but mind I tell ye, that gabby lyin' hag'll be sorry, an' may be more wid her.'

'Christ chistha er in! Darby,' said Nancy, 'sure ye wouldn't go for to tell the master that I sed any thing agin'm. Ooh, ooh, God forbid avourneen: an' I didn't think it no harum to tell what Mary Kelly sed on my own flure.'

'Sed here or sed there,' replied Darby, after having heard all and much more than was advanced by the widow, 'I wondher, Nancy Brady, ye'd sit by an' listen to sich lies of a man that's givin' ye good bread.'

A day or two after the wake, the shepherd took the opportunity of his master looking at some sheep, to enter into conversation. After the usual commendations of the stock, and praises of his own carefulness, he began:—

'That was a sore crish the Brady's got, sir, God look on them.'

The master gave an assenting nod, and Darby continued:—

'An' maybe they hadn't a great wake an' a fine funeral, sir, God rest the poor boy's soul.'

'Had they,' was the concise reply.

'Well, well, sir, any way but the women's gabby; may never hard the like's of them fur lies and stories.'

'What lies and stories, Darby?' said Mr. O'Brian, seating himself in an attitude that the shepherd well knew was the prelude to a regular gossip; for though usually keeping his people at a great distance, there were times when Mr. O'Brian could lay aside his dignity, and return to his old vulgar habits; and the servants knew how to lead him to this; for it is astonishing how quick sighted they in general are to the foibles of their employers. Darby did not reply till his master had repeated the question, then with a knowing shake of the head, he answered:—

'Faix it'd be possible to mind the half of what a body hears, an' God knows there was a power of talk at the wake.'

O'Brian perceiving the shepherd had something to tell, remarked:—

'But sure, Darby, you might remember part of what you heard; no doubt the women were talking of their neighbors.'

'Ye may say that any way, sir; and may be of them id didn't become them to minton. Musha what mather to me or the like's of me who a body's related to, or about family at all at all.'

'Was there any person speaking of my family?' interrupted Mr. O'Brian, for on this point he was very sensitive.

'There's no use in talkin, sir, any way, ye may defy the gabbiest in the parish.'

But O'Brian's curiosity was completely aroused, and he insisted on knowing what was said. This was just the point the wily shepherd wished to bring him to; and, with seeming reluctance, he told all, and much more than the Widow Kelly had said to Nancy Brady, and also that it had been a public subject of conversation at the wake.

Scarce able to articulate, so much was he overcome with rage and mortification, Mr. O'Brian declared that he would give fifty pounds, nay a hundred, to have it in his power to punish Mary Kelly.

'An sure ye em do id for a very little, sir,' said Darby. 'Can't ye put her in the Bishop's Court, for delimation an' lies; and at the same time he put his tongue on the other side of his cheek.'

To this gibing speech, the master made no reply; but, on turning away, he reiterated his former declaration that he would do anything to punish the Kellys, and drive them from the country.

Immediately after this, there was a new subject of conversation in the neighborhood; two of Mr. O'Brian's fat sheep had been stolen; and Darby, according to his own account, said nothing of it for a time, until he searched the bounds, and made every inquiry, but to no purpose. It may be imagined the master was greatly exasperated; he insisted his people should clear themselves. With one voice, they all declared they would take the Garvarry* on their innocence.

'And the Garvarry you shall certainly take,' said O'Brian; 'I'll send for it this day.'

A young man, who witnessed the swearing, was thus accosted by his mother on his return:—

'Well, Jack, ye wor at Mr. Brian's the day.'

'Yes,' replied he; 'an' a sore place it was. The Garvarry cum in it (was brought there), and great swarin there was.'

'Musha, Jack, dear,' said another, 'What sort of a thing is id at all?'

'The very moral (model) of a walking staff, only longer, an' a crook of brass on the top, wid an' ugly smush (face) on id. O wirra! if ye seen it!'

'An' they say,' remarked a third, 'that if a body swears in the wrong wid that about his neck, his face'll be turned to the back of his head, God bless the mark!'

'Sorra a word of lie ye heard,' replied Jack.

'A-then, did Darby Dolan put in his nick?' asked the young man's mother.

'Sure enough he did,' said Jack.

'Well, well' she replied, 'but that bates the little dish! The Lord keep us, any way.'

'What makes ye say that?' inquired her son.

'Nothin, dear—ooh, nothin, avourneen. God forbid I'd say anythin of e'er a one.'

'Isn't them two fine skins I bought for ye?' says Pat Kelly to his mother, one evening, after returning from work.

'Ne'er a better, acushla,' she replied; 'there's great work on them; from who did ye buy them?'

'Sorra one of me knows—I never seen him afore.'

'Well, the morrow, God willin, I'll go to the market, an' its little of the wool I'll have back wid me, an then, Pat, a hashki,t ye can buy new breeches at the fair.'

'Ne'er a one of me very bad for them, mother; it's yersel wants a cloak comin on the winter. Sorra stitch I'll buy till ye get it.'

'Och! the Mother of God reward ye, avourneen, that always thinks more of the old woman nor yersel. Och! the Lord forgive the man that left the widdy an' the orphan this away.'

'Never heed, mother; he'll not be a pinsworth better, nor we worse, the last day, for this.'

'Och, Pat, alanna ma chru (child of my heart), the Lord fit and prepare us for that day, any way.'

'God save all here!' said Darby, who entered at the same moment.

'God save ye kindly,' replied the widow. 'Wont ye cum by the fire, Darby.'

'Sorra bit of me could, Mary; id's a fine evening, thank God. The woman wants a couple of pound of wool; have ye e'er a grain.'

'There isn't two bether skins in the country nor

* St. Barry's Staff, commonly called the Garvarry, it is firmly believed can detect perjury, and that whosoever has the hardihood to swear falsely with it around his neck, is punished by having his face disfigured, so that few are found bold enough to perjure themselves on the Garvarry.

† A term of endearment.

the little boy bought yesterday', and she brought forth one to show the length of the wool.

'I'll tell the woman,' said Darby, and left the house. He had not been long gone, when Mr. O'Brian and another man returned with him, demanding entrance to search for stolen goods. The poor widow was thunderstruck, and could scarcely say, 'Cum in; the nera haporth ever we stole.'

'Who says there's anything stole here?' cried Pat, seizing and brandishing a stick. 'I'll tell them to their teeth, they're liars.'

'Ay, Pat, alanna—ay, avourneen; don't do any thing rash; let them come in, what do we care, an' nothin they want here?' said the widow, holding her son's arm.

'Come, come, fellow,' cried Mr. O'Brien, 'we have a warrant to enter. Constable, do your duty.'

The constable entered, and seizing on the sheepskins, took them to Mr. O'Brien, who, pointing to the letters, J. O'B., with which they were branded, said they were branded, said they were his property.

'They're mine; I ped for them,' replied Pat.

'You'll answer that to the justice,' said the constable; 'so come along.'

And taking Pat by the arm, with Darby carrying the skins, they set out to the magistrate, who lived within a short distance. Here both O'Brien and his shepherd identified the skins; and, as the young man could not tell who he had bought them from, he was committed to prison, to abide his trial for stealing sheep, the skins of whom were found in his possession.

'And now,' thought O'Brien, 'I'll at last get rid of this woman and her son; he will, at all events, be transported for life.'

It would be vain to attempt a description of what the widow Kelly suffered during the period that elapsed between her son's imprisonment and the assizes. Most people thought his conviction certain, because he could not prove the purchase of the skins, or who he bought them from. Pat Kelly bore an excellent character, and was pided by the whole neighborhood. They knew O'Brien's dislike to the widow, and there were some who feared this was a plan laid by wicked people to gratify him by having them sent out of the country.

The wretched mother ceased not night and day to implore the succor of heaven. 'Och! she would say, 'we have no other dependence now. My boy, my fine boy, that never did nothin out of the way, to be murdered this a-way.' And Nancy Brady affirmed that, 'only they all tuk the garvarry, she'd say some of the min about the land done id, but sure, if they did, their face id be turned round—the Lord save every one.'

So that, though all thought Pat Kelly innocent, they agreed that appearances were greatly against him. 'An God look on poor Mary,' they said; 'she'll not live one day after him.'

'Good news! good news!' cried a young man, son to the farmer under whom the widow Kelly lived, rushing into the house almost out of breath. 'Good news! Poor Pat Kelly's freed; he's innocent.' He could utter no more.

'God be thanked!' said his mother; the widow and orphan, as well as the innocent, are in His blessed keeping. I knew the poor boy had no hand in it. But how was he cleared, Harry?'

'Its little short of a miracle, mother; you'll hardly believe me when I tell you.' And he went on to narrate the incidents which were briefly thus:—A man, who lived not far from O'Brien's, was, on the evening previous to the assizes, sitting at the fire with his wife; he appeared to labor under much uneasiness; she asked what ailed him, and he replied, by desiring her to go into the room for a little, and not come out till he called her. She wondered at this, but obeyed. Now the room was a small space, close to the fire, the partition wall of which was little more than breast high. The woman had scarcely got inside this frail inclosure, when the man, in a tolerably loud voice began thus—

'Wall, dear wall, listen to me; an' mind every word I say; I'm in great trouble, wall; there's somethin on my mind that I swore not to tell to man or woman; but, wall, dear, I'll tell id t'ye. Oeh, oeh! wall, I'm afraid the Widdy Kelly's little boy 'ill be kilt for stealin them sheep, and not doing id at all. Darby Dolan is the man that done id; I'll leave id to my death, wall, but he is; he kilt the sheep, and tuk the meat to a fair, an' he swore me to bring the skins to a market, an' get a strange man to sell them to Pat Kelly, an no one else, for he heard the master say, he'd be bether pleased nor twenty sheep to get somethin again them Kellys, to hunt them, like red shanks, out of the country, bekase Mary Kelly cud tell he was no gentleman. An' this is the truth, wall, dear, an' ids but little Darby give me for helpin 'im; but oeh! I'll never go to heaven if anythin is done to the poor boy, an' me knowin all about id. So, wall, dear, save him if ye can; it'll save my poor soul, an' I'll leave ye my blessin.*

The wcmn lost no time in taking the necessary steps to save Kelly. Darby was apprehended on the above testimony and convicted; he made no defence, and to the joy of the whole court, a very severe sentence was passed upon him.

Mr. O'Brien was so much ashamed of the whole transaction, that he left the country for some time, and ceased to persecute the widow, who, with her son, was more than ever respected by the neighbors. And, from this circumstance, the garvany fell considerably in the estimation of the upholders of its infallibility.

W.

* The murderers of a gentleman in the county of—were discovered by a man's telling the circumstances to the wall, his wife being within hearing.

A TOUR TO CONNAUGHT.

LETTER VI.

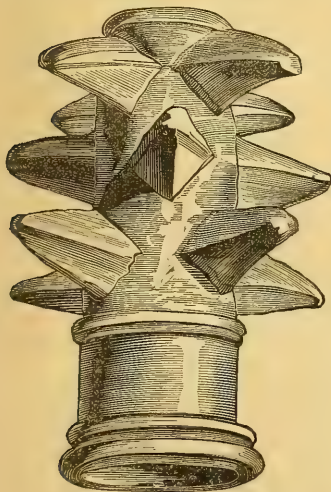
To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal:—

Sir—'What a pity it is that these bogs cannot be turned to some use,' was the remark of one of my fellow travellers, as we looked southward across some thousands of acres of red bog that stretched towards the Hill of Croghan. 'I remember once a near-sighted Englishman, on approaching a gentleman's house in Munster, congratulating the proprietor on the immense quantity of fallow land he was preparing for a crop of wheat—the worthy Briton mistaking the red bog for the red soil he was accustomed to in Worcestershire.' 'Wont you have patience,' said I, 'until these wastes are brought under cultivation, according to the process not long ago described as adopted at Chatmoss.' 'Pooh, pooh—fiddle-de-dee with your Chatmoss; convert, forsooth, the quagmire on which nothing can stand, and in which nothing can swim—which is even too wet for a snipe or a grouse to feed on—into arable land, producing crops of wheat—sir, I would as soon expect my cook to turn a dish of porridge into roast beef, as to expect that the Bog of Allen should be made arable. No sir, it is only a great system of combined and national drainage—it is only the slow process of solidification subsequent to this drainage, that can change those at present growing, or, as I may say, living bogs, into refectories for seed corn—into enclosures where the plough and the spade can operate. At the same time,' continued he, 'I much wonder that a use obvious enough, and very practicable, has not been made of the black, and of the soldier skirts of the red bogs, to manufacture charcoal—a fuel so portable, so convenient, so valuable, not only for culinary purposes, for the different arts and manufactures. Any one who had been at Paris, and saw the Seine covered with barges laden with the charcoal that feeds all the culinary fire and all the furnaces of that city, might wonder why the citizens of Dublin, and more especially the poor, instead of receiving as they do, cumbrous and expensive loads of smoky and strong smelling peat or turf, do not receive their fuel in the shape of charcoal. Besides, what a material is here for iron forges. What is the reason that England, with all her science and capital, cannot produce iron equal to that of Sweden or Russia? Why is it that for all strong or safe purposes, artists of every sort must still purchase, even at double the price, the iron of Scandinavia? Because that in the smelting and working of English iron, the orseneal and sulphureous fumes of the pit coal, still injure the material; and neither in the form of metal, bar iron, or steel, can iron manufactured with pit coal, be perfect. And England, when in former days she worked with charcoal, and Ireland, too, produced as good iron as that of Sweden, and it is only necessary to resort to the old smelting with charcoal, to produce the good old material. Now what the woods of Sweden and Russia supply, we have in abundance in Ireland. I hold it is nearly as easy a process to dry and burn peat into charcoal, as to cut down and cleave timber, and surely iron ore is very abundant in our mountains—yes, and at the bottoms of our bogs, too—and limestone, another necessary, is still more abundant. What then hinders that we have not iron founderies and forges in Ireland? What but the want of quietness, security, and commercial confidence, by means of which we might and may yet take advantage of the capabilities of the island.'

This conversation brought us to the top of a hill which commanded a fine prospect westward and northwards. Immediately in front was the pretty hill and dale country of Tyrrells-pass—which is ornamented with much natural oak wood, and improved by hedge-row planting—presenting in the variety of its surface, and in the number of its gentleman's residences, a country, not unlike some parts of Shropshire. Northwards, you could see that beautiful oval expanse of water, Lough Ennel, with the narrow Brusna flowing forth and sweeping its tortuous way towards Kilbeggan. This fine lake, full of wooded islands—indented

with picturesque promontories, and thickly adorned with gentleman's seats—presents a rich, soft, smiling picture, such as Claude or Wilson might paint, or such as Dyer or Shenstone describe. A very pleasant sight, one Geoffrey Greendrake, has published Piscatory Excursions to the lakes of central Ireland. His rows or his rambles round these waters are almost as amusing to the readers as they were pleasant to himself; no one speaks more knowingly of May flies, greendrakes, or black hackles than he. I remember throwing my line, also, in yonder waters—to be sure I did not catch any thing that I remember but a cold, nor did I bring home much beyond disappointment—sooth to say, my rod might well fit Johnson's description of that of most fishermen—a fly at one end, and a fool at the other—still I remember, as I rowed out in my single cot in yonder lake to some noted fishing ground, and as I then, while falling down with the wind, cast forth my line, and trusted to my single rod, I was partaking of an honest and more sportsman-like amusement than that which I subsequently practised on the Shannon, where with cross lines suspended between two boats, the waters are swept greedily, and the occupation partakes more of a profitable employment than a sportsman's game—a pursuit more for the pot than for pleasure. Westward again, and on a higher level, sparkling like a silver line on the verge of the horizon, appeared Lough Ouel, in my opinion one of the prettiest of Ireland's lakes. It is of a lowland character, and partakes of the soft 'paysage' style of picturesque beauty; no one would presume to compare the gentle naiaid of Ouel, with the magnificent deities that preside over Killarney, or Ulleswater; or Kathrine—but after all it is a precious 'bijou' of a lake, and though there are no sublime peaks, from whence tumble the thunder-riven rock and the avalanche—though no clouds, rolling in awful masses, break on the mountain side, and send down the tumbling cataract—yet here are the smooth, verdant lawns, the softly swelling, sheep-depastured hills, the wooded banks, the island, timbered and consecrated by all the mournful associations connected with ruined churches. I don't know whether I exactly expressed these identical sentiments and words to my coach companion, but I certainly praised, as well I might do, the very beautiful Westmeath waters along whose banks I have often wandered, moreover, I do not say that it was any of my fellow passengers who related the following legend respecting this lake, which, as I have before said, reflected the sinking sun as a distinct but distant mirror.

Playful and fantastic was the being who once dwelt and had power over the sweet valley through which the waters of Lough Ouel now flow. The times alluded to were those when the Tuatha-Danans possessed Ireland when magical power was very prevalent—and a fine town, older still than Kilmallock, and worthy of its ancient dwellers, covered the bottom of the valley. The fisherman, as he in modern days pushes his boat from the shore, and is disappointed in his venture—by the heavens becoming sultry, the winds still, and the calm mirror of the lake assuring him he will cast his line in vain—it is then when he looks down, for want of something else to do, into the translucent deep, that he sees stacks of chimneys, ridge-poles, and the gables of houses, and even a round tower—Ireland's most ancient edifice—and he calls to mind the ditty that his nurse has sung about the drowning of Old Mullingar. Well, what a purely mischievous person must she have been, that caused this subversion. Yet so it was that a female caused it. It is very much to be doubted, whether in any case, power should be entrusted in the hands of women. They are quite too capricious, and they do things too much by the jerk of impulse. So it was in this instance. The Tuatha-Danans, who preceded the Milesians in Ireland, were great magicians. So the writers of our patron saint assure us, there are remains of their feats in the land even yet, that can only be accounted for in the way of supernatural power. Could any one but a magician take a bite out of a mountain



ANCIENT IRISH WAR CLUB.

The unique and hitherto undescribed implement of war, of which the above woodcut is an exact representation was found some years since, in the county of Roscommon, and is now in the possession of Mr. Underwood, of Sandymount. It is of bronze, hollowed, so as to receive a handle at one end, and perhaps a ball or spear at the other. Like all our very ancient weapons, its workmanship is of distinguished excellence; and we have not found anything resembling it in the published antiquities of any other country.

That the ancient Irish had war clubs called crannab, appears from old authorities: in an inscription in the Friary of St. Saviour, (county of Dublin,) in 1381, we are informed that some of the brethren were armed with clubs. (Mon. Hip. p. 208.)

P.

in the County of Tipperary, and drop the mouthful at Cashel, where in now-stands as the notorious rock. In the same way with respect to Lough Ouel. Some call her a fairy, others a witch—anyhow she had more power than I would like my wife to possess, and on a day she travels off to the County of Roscommon, to visit a witch of her acquaintance, who resided on the borders of a very pretty lough there; and every night in which witches may disport, she spent her time in fishing for Gillaroo trout, and when she was in bad humor, in turning a flat stone washed by the waters of the lake, and as ever the ninth wave passed over it, in cursing her enemies. No doubt she was very proud of her way of life; for, said she, I have here what few possess, that is, fowl that have gills, and fish that have gizzards. Now hither the Westmeath wise woman bent her way, and after certain days' entertainment and converse, such as witches alone can enjoy, she says—'Cousin, I'll be lonesome when I go back to Leinster, without the sweet sounds of the wave-beating waters of this lough; will you lend it me until Monday. I will just borrow it for the sake of seeing how it will look in my own pretty valley.' 'With all the pleasure in life,' says the Connaught woman, mightily accommodating, 'but how, deary, will you take it with you or send it back?' 'Oh, easy enough—in my pocket-handkerchief.' Ladies carried no reticules in those days—and so she did, cleverly enough, and full sure it must have been a rare sight to behold it hurrying eastward, high over the hills of Knockro-kery—acqueducting itself over the broad Lough Ree—disdaining to delay on the plains of Kilkenny-west—and then by a slip of one corner of the kerchief, coming down and settling itself, as if it was born and bred there, in the valley of [O]uel. No child was ever prouder when paddling in a puddle, than the Westmeath witch was of her borrowed water, and like all wayward and unthrifty ladies, its little it troubled her that thousands of acres were drowned to provide my lady with a looking-glass. But what was to be done when pay Monday came? was the lake to be gathered up again in a shawl, and sent back? By no manner of means. I have you, my pretty pond, and never again shall your soft murmuring waves kiss a Connaught shore. But where's your honesty, Lady Westmeath? Oh, how ancient is equivocation—how long has the practice prevailed in Ireland of not paying just debts? Was it from this witch that so many here have found out that it was not their interest to pay the principal, nor their principle to pay interest? Of course the Connaught woman came in due time, huffingly, and demanded her lough. 'Did you not,' says she, 'promise to return it me on Monday last?' 'Yes, to be sure I did,' says the crafty witch, 'but as the Irish have it, it was on the Monday after the Sunday of Eternity; or, as the English say, it was on Monday come never in a wheelbarrow.' Bad treatment this of an honest, confiding, generous Connaught woman. But it was to no purpose she stormed and wept; and anger-breathing magician as she was, she could not blow back the lake, nor could all her tears create it; what is worse, she had to sit down contented in as ugly a hollow, where once those sweet waters used to flow, as ever Christian laid eyes on—all covered with limestone flags, as waste and as ugly as the grave-yard. The place is the Barony of Athlone. I have often passed it—people dig there for pipe-clay; small comfort in those early days, for the loss of her lough, seeing as how tobacco pipes and smoking to drive away sorrow, was not yet invented. The lough itself, it would appear, did not like to stay on the Leinster side of the Shannon, and as well became it, sent forth two streams, one from its northern, another from its southern end, both of bounding westwards, and called by the people the gold and silver hands, stretched out towards Connaught, forming the head waters of the Inney and the Brussa, and making a very pretty island of the Baronies of Kilkenny west and Garrycastle. It may be supposed that the Westmeath witch, with the malice that ever belongs to such a magical race, did not stomach this hankering after Connaught, so on a day she says, 'My pretty water,

I'll teach you how to long for that land of bogs and limestones—which Cromwell thought only a little better than hell—I'll show you, that like a Roscommon spalpeen, you shant be ever scheming to go back to be buried in the land you were born in.' So what does my fairy woman do, but goes and makes a bargain with the Royal Canal Company, to sell Lough Ouel to them as a summit level, and she never rested until she cut off both her golden and silver hands, and sent the soft sweet waters through deep-sinkings, locks, and levels, in canal boats to Dublin. I do not care whether any one besides myself believes my story; all I know is, that it is not my own invention; and this I can assure you, that contrary to the natural tendency of these waters to flow westwards, they now, as forming the finest summit level to any canal in Europe, flow eastwards, into the tea-kettles of the citizens of Dublin.

I would not desire or expect to meet a much prettier village in England, than Tyrrell's-pass—wood-crowned, hilly, dry gravel roads, neat whitewashed cottages, comfortable and well-dressed gentlemen's demesnes, a very beautiful new church and steeple—these all meet the eye in and about Tyrrell's-pass; but all these interested me not so much as the old castle that stands a little way westward of the village, and which, placed at the extremity of a line of gravel hills that rise out of large bogs which skirt it on either side, guards the only passable road leading towards Athlone. This pass—often the scene of bloody contest—has got its name from the ablest partizan soldier that ever Ireland produced, and who lived in the stormy times of Elizabeth, so fertile in every description of great men. This noted soldier was not only remarkable for the courage and devotedness with which he inspired his followers, but also for, in the days of unusual treachery, the faithfulness with which he adhered to his cause. True to his employers, attached to his friends, he never despaired of what he thought the cause of his country, which he was the very last to desert. I do not desire it to be understood that I at all approve of Tyrrell's siding with the King of Spain against his natural sovereign; but treating historically of him, I cannot but speak of him as a valiant soldier, and a consummate guerrilla chief. Of English descent, when Tyrone rose in arms against Elizabeth, he took the command of the light-footed and light-armed Irish Bonaughts, and there was not a mountain pass from Malin Head to Slieve Loughen, nor a togher across a bog from Philipstown Fort to Galway that he did not know the intricacies of. When in the year 1597, the new deputy, Lord Burroughs, laid the plan of his campaign against Tyrone, O'Donnell and Maguire, it was arranged that the lord deputy, attended by the Earl of Kildare and the lords of the Pale, should march direct upon Ulster, whilst Sir Coniers Clifford, the president of Connaught, should, with a force of 2,000 men, proceed into his province, and passing through it, turn in on Ulster by the head of the Shannon, taking Maguire's country in flank, and so proceed to form a junction with the deputy. Tyrone, one of the wildest of men, was not long in ascertaining the details of this plan, and in taking measures to counteract it, and to that purpose he despatched Tyrrell, with 500 picked Bonaughts, to proceed through the Brenny, into Leinster, to raise the O'Moore's of Leix, Pheagh, M'Hugh O'Byrne, and my own namesakes, who from the mountain glens were ever ready to rush as fit Tools for fighting or plundering, and so with these united forces oppose and check Sir Coniers Clifford. Tyrrell, on his way to effect these junctions, was reposing his men in the woods that lie around Lough Ennel, when Sir Copiers, whose army lay at Mullingar, hearing of the Irish partizan being in his vicinity, despatched young Barnwell, Lord Trimleston's son, with half his forces, to destroy Tyrrell, who, aware of his approach, fell back until he gained this pass, which he made more dangerous by felling trees and fixing them on either side of the bogs that flanked the road, and he directed half his little army, under O'wney M'Rory oge O'Connor, to secrete themselves in a deep hollow in the ground, covered with oak copse,

near which the English were to march in order to gain the pass and assault Tyrrell. Young Barnwell, observing that Tyrrell was making a show of retreating onwards towards Kibbegan, hastily advanced, leaving O'Connor in his rear, whereupon the Irish rose from their ambuscade, sounding their bagpipes—which was the concerted signal of the English placing themselves between the two fens—upon which Tyrrell turned about, and both he and O'wney M'Rory fell on. The English, assailed in front and rear, and unable to deploy—as enclosed between the two bogs and the abatis of felled timber—fought gallantly, as they always did, but were completely defeated and annihilated. Barnwell was taken prisoner, and not a man escaped to tell Clifford the disastrous tale, except one man, who plunged up to the neck in a quagmire, amidst reeds and sedge. O'Connor, who fought on that day like a very madman, had his hand so swollen with fighting and fending, that it could not be removed from the guard of his sabre until the steel was separated with a file. Clifford, with an army diminished to one half, now found himself surrounded by Irish insurgents on every side, was obliged to return on Dublin, and it required the greatest prudence and skill to effect his safety. This was not the only action in which Tyrrell was concerned in this vicinity. A little to the south, and occupying a similar pass in O'Moore's country, he surprised the most consummate of Elizabeth's generals, the Lord Mountjoy; on which occasion the deputy was in imminent danger of his life, and had a horse shot under him. Any one who reads the history of that terrible struggle between the English and Irish in those wars, will recognize what an important part Tyrrell took in them—how he was mainly instrumental in assisting O'Donnell to pass into Munster, in spite of all Lord Mountjoy's precaution, who had supposed that he had every practicable road guarded, but which Tyrrell and O'Donnell evaded by passing safely over the hitherto impracticable mountains of Slieve Phelim, and so then gained the valley of the Shannon, when the English supposed they had enclosed them in the vale of Suir. Tyrrell led on the vanguard of the Irish forces, at the, to them, disastrous battle of Kinsale. He protected Dunboy as long as it was possible; thought often tempted by the English generals, he constantly refused to betray his cause, though thereby he might have saved from an ignominious death, his nearest and dearest friends. Often betrayed, and often thereby defeated, yet too vigilant to be taken—too fertile in resources to be vanquished, he still held out; when even O'Donnell, in despair, retired beyond the seas, and Tyrone bargained successfully for his pardon, and when at last all was over in Munster, because the country was turned into a wide waste—Tyrrell, instead of surrendering, effected, along with his faithful followers, his retreat out of Desmond, and passed in hostile array, from the farthest mountains of Kerry, through the midst of traitorous Irish and watchful English, until he arrived in the fastnesses of the County Cavan, and there history leaves him, for I find no record of his subsequent life or death, after the Lord Mountjoy had the honor to announce to his sovereign that he had pacified Ireland.

TERENCE O'TOOLE.

CURIOUS FACT.—Many years ago, a man named Owen Cunningham, was employed by a gentleman in Mourne, to dig up a sallow tree of considerable magnitude that encumbered a particular part of his garden. In the course of the work, the man was surprised to find at the bottom of the tree, a vessel which adhered firmly to its roots. On raising it up, it proved to be an anker of Geneva, which some person had buried there at a remote period, and had forgotten to remove. The hoops of this anker were made of green sallows, one of which had vegetated and produced the tree, which Cunningham had then rooted out. This curious circumstance was narrated to the writer of this article by Cunningham himself, who was esteemed a man of veracity.

THE LAMENT OF CERES.

A free translation of the Four Concluding Stanzas of Schiller's 'Klage der Ceres.'

Now the autumn dies, and winter's blast
From the north is chillily returning;
Leaf and flower their brilliant hues have cast,
And in nakedness the trees are mourning;
Therefore from Vertumnus' lavish hand
Slowly, silently, the gift I take,
Overcharged with life,—the golden corn,—
As mine offering to the Stygian lake.
Into ear I sink the seed with sadness,
And it lies upon my daughter's heart;
Thus a symbol of my grief and gladness,
Of my love and anguish I impart.

When the handmaid hours, in circling duty,
Once again lead round the bowery spring,
Then upbouding life and newborn beauty,
Unto all that died the sun shall bring.
Lo! the germ that lay to eyes of mortals
Longwhile confined by the earth's cold bosom,
Blushes as it bursts the clayey portals,
With the dyes of heaven on its blossom!
As the stem in triumph skyward towers,
Bashfully the fibres shun the light:
So, to rear my tender ones, the Powers
Both of heaven and earth in love unite!

Halfway in the realm where life rejoices,
Halfway in the nightworld of the tomb,
These to me are blessed herald-voices
Wafted earthward from the Stygian floom.
Yea, though duncaged in the hell of hells,
Would I, from the black abyss infernal,
Hear the silver peal whose music swells
Now from these my blossoms young and vernal,
Singing that where old in rayless blindness
Gloomily the mourner-phantoms move,
Even there are bosoms filled with kindness,
Even there are hearts alive with love!

O, my flowers! that round the mead so sunny,
Odor-loaded, freshly bloom and blow,
Here I bless you! May ambrosial honey
Ever down your chalice-petals flow!
Flowers! I'll step you in celestial light,
Bient with colors from the rainbow borrowed,
All your bells shall glisten with the bright
Hues that play around Aurora's forehead!
So, whene'er the days of springtime roll,
When the autumn pours her yellow treasures,
May each bleeding heart and loving soul
Read in you my mingled pains and pleasures!

THE DOLOCHER.

What old inhabitant of Dublin does not recollect the Black Dog Prison, which stood in Corn Market? There happened to be a prisoner confined in this prison of the name of Olocher. He was under sentence of death for committing a crime, which, alas! not unfrequently stains even the criminal calendar—violation of female purity, accompanied by murder. The morning on which he was to undergo the last sentence of the law, he found means to commit suicide, and thus escaped (if escape it can be called) the disgrace of being conveyed through the streets, exposed to the silent execrations of the multitude, on a cart to Gallows Green, now Baggot street, then, the common place of execution.

On the night after, the sentry, who stood at the top of a long flight of steps, that led into Cook street, was found lying speechless, with his gun by his side. When removed to the jail hospital, his senses and speech returned, but one side of his body appeared quite dead and powerless by a paralytic stroke, which he declared was caused by an apparition in the shape of a black pig. The next night another sentry alarmed the guard, and confirmed the statement of the former. For several nights the guards were regularly called out, who all declared that they had seen this strangely frightful and unnatural appearance, and many people of the neighborhood also affirmed the same. The alarming rumor which this caused was augmented still more by an extraordinary circumstance which took place one night at the Black Dog. When the relief went round about twelve o'clock to the different sentries, they found the sentinel at the awful station had deserted his post! He could not be found. Looking behind the sentry box, they perceived the figure of a man—but on closer inspection it was found to be the

fated victim's gun dressed up with his clothes, even to his shirt, and fully accoutred. He had been devoured! Consternation and terror spread on every side. The most sensible people of the day were of opinion that Olocher had taken the shape of a black pig, and had left the mark of his infernal vengeance on the first sentry, and had carried off this last one, body and soul!

The next day a woman came before the magistrates, and made oath that she saw the Dolocher, (by which name it ever afterwards went,) in Christ Church lane—that it made a bite at her, held fast her cloak with its tusks, and that through fright she fled and left it with the monster.

Night after night the alarm was continued. One pregnant woman was attacked by the monster, and on reaching home she miscarried; and at last no woman would venture out after nightfall, for fear of being assailed by this demon in pig's form. It was now shrewdly suggested, and whispered about that, as the wretched Olocher was to suffer death for a particular crime, his hatred to women tormented him after his suicide, and that he roved the earth to annoy them, for the assaults of the monster were particularly directed against the fair sex. Thus the demon reigned triumphant, and upheld his power over people's minds by the terror he inspired.

At last a set of brave, resolute fellows banded themselves together to rid the city of such a tormentor. They sallied out one night from a public house in Cook street, at a late hour, armed with clubs, rusty swords, knives and all such weapons as they could lay hands on, determined to slay every black pig they met. The slaughter commenced—such a breaking of legs, fracturing of skulls, stabbing, maiming, and destroying, was never heard of before. When any old pig would be difficult to kill, the women in the houses would shiver and exclaim, 'Oh! they have him now—they are the boys—the devil's cure to the ugly beast,' and such like tender expressions. Yet all the while, neither man, woman or child dare put their heads outside the doors to assist them.

At this time Dublin was infested with such a multitude of pigs running about the streets, that the bailiffs were obliged to go through the main streets, and even kill them with pikes, and throw them into carts to carry them away. After such a night's slaughter, then, we might naturally expect that the streets were strewn over with dead bodies of pigs. No such thing. When morning came, not a pig, white or black, could be seen. How were they carried off? It must have been in the same way that the soldier was made away with. Infernal agency must have been at work in removing the carcases. It was horrible.

However, no Dolocher appeared again that winter. It was conjectured that he must have fallen in the group, and those who had lost a pig, even though they had but one, did not show regret, as it had fallen in the glorious attempt by which the city had been delivered from a worse plague than the Dragon of Wantley.

Human expectations are to often like

'—the snow falls on the river,
A moment white—then melts forever!'

Next winter the Dolocher reappeared! A young woman passing by Fisher's alley on the Wood quay, was pulled in, and a bundle of clothes which she had in her hand, beside her cloak, dragged from her. The alarm spread again; the Dolocher re-commenced his 'reign of terror'; women fled the streets, especially about Fisher's alley and Christ Church lane, and even the stouter hearts of men trembled within them at thought of encountering so direful a combatant. Yet strange, very strange to say, the demon-beast confined his assaults to that lovely portion of the creation whom we might have expected that even such an awful, 'grizly king of swinish race,' would have respected, if not adored.

One day a blacksmith, who lived at the outlets, came into Dublin on business. He was a brawny fellow, with a heart as hard and impervious to fear as his study, while his fist was as a sledge-hammer. After

despatching his business, a friend or two detained him over a 'drop,' and night was advanced before he prepared to return home. The rain was descending in torrents—he had no great coat, and two or three miles were before him. In a merry mood, he wrapped himself up in a cloak belonging to his friend's wife, and she, to complete his masquerade guise, laid on his head an old black beaver bonnet, and out he sallied. 'Take care of the Dolocher!' she whispered, half in jest, half in earnest.

Just as the blacksmith reached Hell*, out rushed the Dolocher, pounced on its victim, and pinned him against the wall. The blacksmith was not a man to die easy at any time, and especially with a drop of the rare stuff in his noddle. He raised his muscular arm, 'Be ye Dolocher or devil, or what ye may, take that!' letting fall a thumper that would have staggered Dan Dannelly. Down dropped the Dolocher. The blow was followed by a kick, the Dolocher groaned—another, and he screamed; while standing on the monster, the valiant blacksmith shouted out, 'Halloo—hallo! I've killed the Dolocher!' A crowd cautiously collected; the dying and groaning devil was lifted up, and out of a black pig's skin came the very man who had been carried off, body and soul, from his post at the Black Dog. The Dolocher was thus laid in the Red Sea, but it was a sea of his own blood. He was removed to the jail hospital, where he died next day; but before death confessed, that, by his assistance, the prisoner, Olocher, had committed suicide, that a low female spread the first report of the black pig, that he was the ringleader in the slaughter of the pigs, and that as fast as they were killed they were removed to a cellar in School-house lane, and that thus he had kept up the delusion for the purpose of robbery.

* Christ Church yard, popularly so called.

MONASTERY OF ST. GALL.—The town of St. Gall, in Switzerland, in the Upper Thurgow, which constitutes a republic in alliance with the cantons, and contains about 10,000 inhabitants, owes its origin to St. Gall, an Irishman, who founded the monastery here in the 7th century, and filled it with his countrymen. The abbot is a prince of the empire. Here are still preserved many Irish MSS. which were carried thither by its first occupants.

Quintilian was found in the bottom of a tower of the monastery of St. Gall, by Poggio, as appears by one of his letters written from Constance while the council was sitting, A. D. 1417. The monastery was about twenty miles from that city.

INGENUITY.—In 1819, Thomas Hall, a linen weaver in Ireland, finished a shirt entirely in his loom. It was woven throughout without seams, and very accurately and neatly gathered at the neck, shoulders and wrists. The neck and wristbands were doubled and stitched; there was a regular selvage on each side of the breast, the shoulder-straps and gussets were neatly stitched, as well as the wrists. In short, it was as perfectly finished, as if made by an expert seamstress. The shirt was exhibited to several persons in the linen trade, who completely satisfied themselves that it was actually the production of the loom, without any assistance from the needle.

POTATOES.—Gerard, an old herbalist, thus speaks of them, in 1297:—'Potatoes grow in India and other hotte regions, of which I planted divers roots, (that I bought at the Exchange in London,) in my garden, where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted.' Speaking of the mode of cooking this exotic, he says:—'They were roasted in the ashes, and some, when they are roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine, and others, to give them greater grace in eating, do boil them with pruns, and so eat them. And likewise others dress them (being first roasted) with oil, vinegar and salt, and every man according to his taste and liking.' It was little imagined then that they would become so valued an article in the British dominions, and latterly on the continent of Europe.



THOMOND BRIDGE, LIMERICK.

THOMOND BRIDGE, LIMERICK.

Among the various interesting objects which the scenery of the Shannon presents to the lover of the picturesque and antiquarian, the several bridges thrown across its mighty stream, to connect the opposite provinces, are not the least conspicuous or imposing. The former will look with pleasure at the picturesque variety and irregularity of form observable in their rude arches, and their long and low horizontal length of outline will remind him forcibly of one of the most frequent incidents in the classic compositions of the great Italian landscape painter, Claude Lorraine. The latter will view them with no less interest as being generally the most ancient and important of remains of their kind now existing in Ireland.

The origin of stone bridges in Ireland is not very accurately ascertained; but this much at least appears certain, that none of any importance were erected, previous to the 12th century. In that age our annals record the erection of two bridges over the Shannon and one over the Suck, by the monarch Turlough O'Connor. There is reason however to conclude that those bridges were of wood, and that the first structures of the kind, of stone, were erected by, or after the arrival of, the Anglo-Normans.

Of these, the subject of our prefixed illustration ranks as one of the most ancient, having been erected by the English adventurers as a necessary step to their intended subjugation of the ancient province of Thomond, and when we observe the rudeness and apparent unskilfulness of its construction, and consider how comparatively short-lived many of the noblest structures of the kind have been, we may wonder at its power in resisting for so many ages the destroying hand of time, and the giant force of such a great and rapid river.

Thomond bridge has the merit of being perfectly level. It crosses the main arm of the Shannon from the N. E. extremity of the English town, and is built on fourteen arches, under each of which some marks of the hurdles on which it was erected are said to be still visible. According to tradition, the original expense of this venerable structure was but thirty pounds.

Connected with the locality of Thomond bridge, there are many historical recollections of a deep and saddening interest; but the presiding spirit of our little journal bids us beware of bringing them into notice—

and we gladly obey the mandate. To see our countrymen of all classes and denominations, 'united in the bond of peace,' is our first wish—our most ardent aspiration, and the page of history that would mar this consummation, by exciting one painful recollection, or one ungenerous exultation, we desire—as it should be the desire of all good men—to leave buried in oblivion. In lieu of such, let the reader take the following beautiful sonnet to the Shannon—the composition of a gentleman of rank, and what is better, of patriotism and talent, who resides upon the bank of noble stream he apostrophizes.

THE SHANNON.

River of billows! to whose mighty heart
The tide-wave rushes to the Atlantic sea—
River of quiet depths! by cultured lea,
Romantic wood, or city's crowded mart—
River of old poetic founts! that start
From their lone mountain-cradles, wild and free
Nursed with the fawns, lulled by the wood larks glee,
And cushat's hymenial song apart—
River of chieftains! whose baronial halls,
Like veteran warders, watch each wave-worn steep,
Portumna's towers, Bunratty's regal walls,
Carriek's stern rock, the Geraldine's grey keep—
River of dark mementoes!—must I close
My lips with Limerick's wrongs—with Aughrim's woes?
A de V—

A CHINESE DEAD FEAST.—The Butte (Cal) Record gives a graphic description of a demonstration recently made by the Celestials in those diggin's, which is almost equal to the performances of an Abolitionist anniversary meeting. The Record says:

Yesterday the dignitaries, musicians, (or rather disorders) merchants, gamblers, servants and frail China vessels, who constitute the community of Chinatown, in Oroville, turned out in great numbers and in all sorts of vehicles, and provided with liberal stores of fireworks and provender, went in procession to the old burying ground to feed and fumigate the illustrious dead. The procession was preceded by a stalwart Celestial mounted on a horse and bearing a white cotton flag bedecked with yellow and red streamers, and rendered perfectly unintelligible to white folks, by great Mongolian hieroglyphics.

Next after the standard bearer came a Concord wagon, filled with gong-beaters and hot tea; then

there was a wagon filled with Chinamen and roast pigs; then came more Chinamen in another vehicle, and they had about a ton of sweatmeats, doughnuts, dried fish and firecrackers; then came more Celestials and more cooked swine; then more Chinamen and mutton, and Chinamen and more hog, whole hog; then came a bamboo chief with a red top knot, in a buggy; then followed a wagon filled with teapots and gongs; then lay members with flowers and fan and fish and fireworks; and then more wagons filled with Mongolians and swine, and last, but not least, either in numbers or noteworthiness, were big lumber wagons crowded with frail dead feeding nymphs, rubbing their faces with red bandanna handkerchief and weeping (in a horn). These last were the mourners; and they are the last mourners we would choose to howl over our cold corpse.

Following this funny procession were crowds of outside (but sympathizing) Celestials, white men, niggers, diggers and dogs, and they filled the street and made much noise and kicked up a terrible dust. There must have been about a thousand Chinamen forming the procession and following it. There were several distinguished strangers in the party; among them was the one we have alluded to as the 'bamboo chief.' He had a very distingue and decidedly priestly appearance, and is, we conjecture, one of their great leaders. There were some five or six others arrayed after his fashion, but as they rode together, and in wagons, we take it that they are his attendants. The crowd of people on the streets made it look like a regular Fourth of July.

King Charles asked Bishop Stillingfleet, how it came about that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed he always preached without a book elsewhere? He told the king that the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not superior to himself, made him afraid to trust himself. 'But pray,' said Stillingfleet, 'will your majesty give me leave to ask a question too? Why do you read your speeches to parliament, when you can have none of such reasons?' 'Why truly, doctor,' replied the king, 'your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked them so often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face.'

applied at the earliest possible moment.

Written for the Miscellany.

THE BARD OF ERIN.

BY MAOLMHAUDU.

He is lost to us ever, for in peace he slumbers,
The Minstrel whom Erin did love as her best!
Oh! when shall the harp-strings with soul stirring numbers,
Awaken again in the Isle of the West.

He was true to his Isle when tyrants oppressed her,
Who cast all her sages and patriots in chains;
Though traitors betrayed and factions distressed her,
He ceased not to warble for Erin his strains.

Though the Minstrel is dead, yet his fame as a beacon
At liberty's dawning shall shine on our shore,
To guide the fair goddess of freedom, then seeking
In Erin her home and away to restore.

Sleep on, Bard of Erin! in honor and glory—
Thou art prized as the star of thine own native Isle;
Thy songs have caused nations to weep o'er its story,
And curse tyrant England, the heartless and vile.

Baraboo, Sauk Co., Wisconsin.

THE SHAMROCK.

A blessing on the Shamrock sweet,
That springs so lowly at our feet,
Our emblematic Shamrock;
Where'er you go you'll see it grow,
It wakes in Irish hearts a glow
Of Love and Faith—our Shamrock.

It grows upon the loftiest hills,
And springs beside the murmuring rills,
In verdure bright; our Shamrock.
It fears not storm, or rain or hail,
It is uninjured by the gale;
Our hardy little Shamrock.

Just like the hearts that round it dwell,
The true, brave hearts, that love so well
Their treasured little Shamrock;
Who, tho' oppressed by woe and wrong,
In Hope are rich, in Faith are strong,
Enduring as the Shamrock.

Proud England's rose doth soon decay,
Whilst thou art ever fresh and gay,
Our smiling little Shamrock.
The thistle is a prickly thing,
But thou wouldst rather heal than sting,
Like Irish hearts; sweet Shamrock.

Saint Patrick's smile doth on thee glow,
As when he blessed thee long ago,
Our famous little Shamrock:
Oh! may our tyrants ever dread,
Upon thy triple leaves to tread,
Our own beloved Shamrock.

Then next our heart we will thee wear,
Thou'lt teach us how our wrongs to bear,
Our bright, tho' trodden Shamrock:
We'll join in love—a faithful band,
And make the oppressors fly the land,
Of those who wear the Shamrock.

Then we will twine our harps once more,
With thee, as when in days of yore,
Our ancient little Shamrock,
And list that tale their tomes shall tell
Of Patrick brave, who loved so well
To guard their land of Shamrock.

Oh! when our souls are called above,
Then may we see the Saint we love
Crowned with immortal Shamrock;
And when we're laid beneath the tomb,
Wilt thou not on our green graves bloom?
Our ever faithful Shamrock.

E. E. F.

Written for the Irish Miscellany.

INK DROPS:

FROM THE PEN OF THE 'QUEER COVE.'

No. 6.—He inveigheth against model artists.

I appeal to you, Mr. Editor, under the supposition that you are a moral man, (or at least you ought to be, if you are not) as to whether you think the thing is right—whether 'in these weak piping times of peace,' when the outrages on American vessels by the British, prove to be a 'fizzle,' and the chances of a war between England and France, are like the leg from which the young lady, spoken of by the poet Thompson, was taking 'the inverted silk,' 'fine by degrees, and beautifully less'—(for you know, Pellesier, at the dianer

given him by the Army and Navy Club, gave as a toast, 'the imperishable union of the armies and navies of England and France,' which seems for the present to set that matter at rest)—Yes, sir, I appeal to you, if 'tis not a 'crying shame' for our civic papa's to allow that individual on the Common, who revels in the joint proprietorship of a sandy beard and a big spy glass, to have posted on a placard, in sight of all our budding maids, just gliding into their teens; and our modest young men, (one of whom I flatter myself I am,) the words

VENUS EXHIBITED!

Is it come to this at last, that the Common—that 'flower in the button hole of Massachusetts,' as Nat. P. Willis very daintily calls it, is to be made the scene of a model artist exhibition! and that, too, when the use of a telescope is brought into requisition, the more clearly to behold the dramatis personæ!

Venus, the loveliest, but the lightest of her sex—the wife of Vulcan, the celestial blacksmith, who received this frail lump of beauty, as a reward for services rendered to the gods, but the leman of any on whom her roving fancy might, for the moment, chance to alight—Mars, Adonis, and like her more modern representative, Lucretia Borgia, her own son Cupid, besides many others who were not her sons, successively had a place in her heart. What odds if she was like the wife of Caius Marcus Coriolanus!—

'Chaste as the icicle,
That's curbed by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple';

then the exhibition might be worth witnessing, for 'tis a refreshing sight to see, as William Wordsworth has it:—

'A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.'

But to exhibit a worn out debauchee to the eyes of our 'young men and maidens,' appears to me to be 'treading on the heels of the pall bearers.' Oh! individual with the huge spyglass, and the stereoscopic views; how can do so, in open violation of the statute in that case made and provided?

'Oh, where, and oh, where is'

your shame gone? In what shape do you exhibit her? Is it Venus at the bath, Venus with the shell, or Venus in any of the multifarious ways in which she has been served up by sculptors and painters?

'No, forsooth,' saith a voice at my elbow; 'tis only the Planet he exhibits.'

An' one of her father Jove's thunderbolts had 'flooded me' I could not have been more astounded.

Here have been pouring out my virtuous indignation to no effect whatever. In sooth, I am as badly off as the boarding school miss, who, on being home on a visit, was sent up stairs by her mother, to indite an epistle to her aunt. After an absence of some two hours, her 'anxious mama' went up stairs to see what progression had been made. A sheet of paper was observed, on which was penned the three words—'my dear aunt.'

'What,' said the 'enraged parent,' 'have you been shut up here two hours to call your aunt a pismire?

So I have been pouring the vials of my wrath, on what after all turns out to be a very harmless affair.

Oh, man with the big lorgnette, continue your exhibition! Oh, planet Venus continue to 'spread' yourself, while in the language of good Dr. Watts, I sing:

'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high—
Like a diamond in the sky.'

Come, Mr. Editor, let us go and 'shed a tear.'

Our Dublin Letter did not come to hand in season to ensure its insertion in this paper. We trust our readers will be amply compensated by the abundance of matter presented, and we will make up the deficiency in our next.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AID FOR DONEGAL FROM CANADA.

Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

Sir,—Judging by the interest which you have hitherto manifested on the subject, I have no doubt it will be pleasing to you, as I feel assured it will to many of your readers, to learn that a subscription in aid of the Donegal fund, is now being taken up in the 'Rock city,' the ancient capital of Canada. The movement was inaugurated by a lecture delivered last evening in the hall of the St. Patrick's Catholic Institute, by the Rev. J. N. Campbell, who cheerfully complied with the request of that body to lecture in aid of the fund. Unfortunately, however, about half an hour before the time announced for the commencement of the lecture, the rain began pouring, and during the entire time of its delivery continued coming down in torrents, thus preventing the presence of hundreds who would otherwise have been there. Notwithstanding, the attendance was numerous and respectable, and the amount taken at the doors not bad.

Immediately on the conclusion of the lecture, a short address was made by the Rev. D. McGauron, pastor of St. Patrick's church, and a subscription list opened. It is hoped that a respectable sum will be made up, notwithstanding the hard times, and the long and extremely dull winter from which we are but just emerging.

Yours very truly,

BRANNAUGH.

Quebec, May 10th 1858.

DETROIT, Mich., May 21, 1858.

Editor of Irish Miscellany:—

Sir,—Will you please forward your journal to the 'Young Men's Catholic Association,' of this city. If you can send the back numbers you will oblige us. This society has been recently formed in this city, and is commencing its career under the most favorable indications of success. We have already written for and received the principal journals of the country, and the commencement of your enterprise is, let me say, most opportune. It is just what was desired, and meets a want that was widely felt. Other Irish journals will be welcome in the family circle, or wherever they may be read, but the pages of the Miscellany are fraught with additional interest, which cannot but meet with the most flattering success. Your engravings show superior execution, and are of no common order. I have had time to read but little of your Dublin correspondence, but 'Avonmore' cannot fail to become a favorite.

At our last meeting I was instructed to write for your paper, and hope you will commence its regular transmission.

Yours respectfully,

DAVID LANIGAN, Sec. C. Y. M. A.

WATERLIET CENTRE, N. Y., May 20th, 1858

Editor of Irish Miscellany:—

Sir, Enclosed I send you two dollars, as my subscription to the Irish Miscellany for one year, from the date of its first publication. You will therefore please send me the back numbers to this date. I have been a constant reader of the 'Miscellany' since its first appearance among the Literary messengers of the day, and I must say that my interest in it increases weekly, as I peruse its well filled pages of useful and interesting matter.

The re-publication in its columns of that deservedly popular periodical, the 'Dublin Penny Journal,' is a most pleasing feature in your paper; while your pictorial illustrations of Irish scenery, and her ivy-clad ruins, mementoes of her former greatness, will cause many to revisit in memory, the dearly venerated scenes of boyhood, and will serve to foster

and perpetuate an honorable and patriotic love of fatherland.

It certainly supplies a want which heretofore existed among our Irish American journals, and I sincerely hope it may receive that hearty support to which it is entitled, from all true Irishmen, who love their native land, and desire to see a healthy literature which is racy of the soil. Please forward the paper regularly to the address of

Yours respectfully,
SAMUEL GRAHAM.

WESTWARD HO!

Out of the many letters we have received, upon migration to the West, we select the following, because the writer is personally known to us, and we can vouch for his fidelity:—

PHILADELPHIA, May 15, 1858.

Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

Sir,—Your leader, 'Go to the West,' I suppose will have the effect to prompt some of our people to migrate westward. Let these words 'Go to the West' echo throughout New England in particular, and for the very reasons that you have given in last week's issue of the 'Miscellany.' I endorse every word and sentiment written in that article. I have been west, northwest and southwest; and though I am now southeast, it is for a short time, I hope. I confess I am one of that class who is not qualified for a new country, such as you have recommended in your editorial—not having ruggedness sufficient to contend with forest or prairie life, that for which the great majority of our countrymen are adapted, so well inured are they to endurance and toil; yet to me, the 'wide west' possesses attractions of a most agreeable kind—the sociability of its heterogeneous population, and the almost entire absence of that blighting intolerance which characterizes New England in general—that proscriptive feeling which has almost nipped that profound love and adoration which I have cherished from my childhood, for the land of Washington. In the West, I am happy to say, this false sentiment is nearly evanescent; even among the emigrants from New England, no more kindly people are there; they love their old homes with as fervent a devotion, as we do the 'land that bore us;' and always evince a warmth of feeling for those of us who have had a temporary home in the east. Would that no 'misunderstanding' ever interrupted that fraternity which binds us, native and adopted citizens, to our common country; as all were necessary to one another in the battle fields of the revolution, so are all necessary to one another in the fields of industry and peace. We have proof positive of this. Let us take Wisconsin. It is delightful to witness the fraternal feeling that prevails among the citizens of that growing young state. Long may it be exempt from that ignominious strife which has left dark clouds over Louisville, Baltimore, and which hovers near your Bunker's Hill. How flatly the city of Milwaukee contradicts the imputations which are frequently cast on the emigrant population—that whenever this element prevails, society has no peace. Here, then, is the 'fair white city,' as Mr. Meagher truly designated it; and two thirds of its people foreigners, German and Irish, the most moral and peaceful city in the union. May the tongue and hand of the political and religious fratricide never poison or sully the spotless escutcheons of that lovely city of the Lake.

To emigrants westward bound, I would say, do not take the railroad time-table in the newspapers, for your guide, or you will be taken in as I was, on the road from Cincinnati to Wheeling. Railroad Agents ought to correct their advertisements when they take off some of their cars. In order to luxuriate in the untamed grandeur of the scenery on the Ohio and Baltimore Railroad, I took the accommodation train for Columbus, which the advertisement

stated would connect there at ten o'clock, P. M., with a train for Wheeling, via Zanesville. There was no connection, the accommodation train on the Central Ohio, was withdrawn, for some time, off that road, so I had to remain in Columbus for the Cincinnati train of next morning.

Continue, Mr. Editor, to send the 'Miscellany' to my former address, in St. Louis, till the expiration of my subscription; I have presented it to a friend. Be so kind as to forward me, to the address given underneath, the first and ninth numbers to complete my file, and you will oblige an ardent lover of your literary and Pictorial Weekly.

Fraternally yours,

ST. MICHAN'S.

LYNN, Mass., May 21st, 1858.

Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

Sir, at the semi annual meeting of the Irish Literary Association of Lynn, held May 3d, for the election of officers, the following were chosen:—

President, Daniel Mullen; Vice President, Patrick Walsh; Secretary, Daniel Donovan; Book-keeper, Daniel Fenton; Librarian, Peter Murphy; Treasurer, Peter Brown; Directors, Michael Lenox, William Roland, John Kennedy, Thomas Green, James Riley. The report of the Treasurer shows the financial affairs of the society to be in a most prosperous condition, which gives us pleasure to record. We hope the young Irishmen of Lynn will give it active support; it certainly deserves it at their hands.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

Sir, Being one of the many who are anxious to establish an Irish organization in this city, for the benefit and friendly unity of the sons of St. Patrick, and having read the reports of the different processions in New York and elsewhere, in the Irish-American newspaper and seen your engraving in the Miscellany, think that we Innisfail Bostonians are altogether in the background. Verily you were correct in saying that we had imbibed a good deal of the cold puritanical feeling of our Yankee fellow citizens. This society was in existence some short time before last Patrick's day. I hope the next will not appear to Irishmen as gloomy as the preceding one. I am happy to say that our number of members already amounts to about 100, all sober, honest, upright and peaceable citizens, with a weekly increase of members. The other body, I believe, has about an equal number, so that I hope we will on the next 17th, be worthy of ranking with all our fellow countrymen in doing honor to the day we should always venerate. We meet in Boston and the other division holds its meetings in Charlestown.

Your success in the field of journalism gives much pleasure to all true Irishmen. Wishing continued success and prosperity to your paper and advocacy of our rights, and admiring the sterling talent used in our behalf, I remain your humble servant,

MICHAEL LEYDON.

Boston, May 12th, 1858.

From the Dublin Celtic Union.

THE BRIDAL OF DEATH.

Andy Nowlan stood beside the fresh clay of his father's grave; himself the only mourner of his last and only friend. The young man had lived the simple life of an Irish peasant, and crime had brought no blackness on his heart; his mild blue eye beamed with a glance as innocent as that of childhood, and though the visitation that had fallen on the land had brought sorrow to his own hearth, it had not furrowed his brow or blanched his cheek; A few months before he had deposited in the same grave the remains of his mother and sister, to-day his tears fell upon the coffins—he had just heard the hollow sound of the clods fall on his father's, and now he stood weeping by the fresh mound, friendless and alone. In that grave was laid

all that was endeared to him by the ties of memory and blood: he could never hear their voice, or glance into their eye, or feel the warm pressure of their hand again—but the blessings they had breathed over him from the bed of death seemed to fleet in the air around him, like angel messengers from another world, and he fancied he heard the dead ones' whispering borne on the evening's sigh.

The neighbors who attended the funeral had stolen away out of respect to the young man's grief; two of the companions of his younger years only remained to accompany him to his desolate home. Neither, conscious of his own weakness, would approach the spot sacred to death and sorrow till evening had set in, but then at length summoning up courage, they forced young Nowlan rudely though goodnaturedly away. None of the party would, however, commence conversation till as they neared Nowlan's cottage, Dinny Hickey, who prided himself much on his knowledge of human nature, and the things of the world in general, at last broke silence.

'Andy,' asked Dinny, solemnly, 'do you remember what your poor father said afore he died, regardin' your dealins wid ould Hardrade, the landlord?'

'I remember it, for certain Dinny, though it's little I care about the lan'lord now, an' I'll give him up the holdin' any time he likes.'

'In throth it 'ud jest be as well, shure,' put in Larry, the other of Nowlan's companions, 'for now that you're a single boy, there's no boll an you like uz that has the wives, God help us, and if I wor you I'd never live a day under a lan'lord—the naygurs—but thry my luck in America.'

'To be sure, what the Danes else would the boy do,' said Dinny, 'an' if he could get a few pounds out of ould Skinfint—bad luck to him—for givin' up the laise, it 'ud be the luckiest day for him that ever shined.'

'In regard o' the laise,' observed Andy, 'I believe it was broke a long ago, but at any rate it inds wid my poor father's death, God be merciful to him.'

'Amin, Andy ashore,' said Larry, 'though, I think, he's in no need y our prayers; sure if he's not happy how will it be wid uz?'

'There wasn't an honest or a daicenter man in the five baronies, or for that matter from say to say,' said Dinny with vehemence, 'and it'll be a wee day for you, Andy, the day you neglect his advice.'

'God forbid I ever should, Dinny.'

'An' don't forget what he said regardin' the bailiffs, because you'll soon want to put it in practice.'

'Och its little I'll have to do wid the likes o'thim, for I'll go to Hardrade to-morrow an' settle,' replied Andy.

'Hardrade is before hand wid you, my poor fellow,' said Dinny sympathetically. 'Och its little you know the sort y a world you'll have to deal wid, wait till you suffer as much as I did.'

'What do you mane, Dinny,' asked Nowlan, eagerly.

'Mane, why he manes,' says Larry, 'that the bailiffs are at home in the house wid you.'

'Bailiffs at the house! sayzed on all—all gone!' said Nowlan wildly, 'oh, I'm ruined. But I'll tear them—I will—'

'Tear nor kill nothin, Andy Nowlan,' said Hickey leaving his broad hand on the other's shoulder, 'I heerd your father wid my own ears commandin you to be peaceaf an' makin' you promise to be as quiet as a lamb in case the bailiffs kilm, and now will you bring pain on your father's sowl!'

'Oh no—no—no, Dinny, not for worlds. I'll be quiet, though its hard for flesh an' blood to bear it.'

The two friends had performed the great office of friendship in informing young Nowlan of the visitors that were before him in his cottage. The wretched landlord: hearing of the death of old Nowlan, had sent bailiffs accompanied by a sheriff's

officer, who mingled with the crowd at the funeral, and when the corpse was lifted from the door, slipped into the house and seized all it contained, as well as the little stock that was on the farm. When the three friends entered the house, the officers of the 'law' were enjoying themselves before a large turf fire, and grinningly offered young Nowlan a seat at his own hearth. This he declined, and with his friends retired to a distant room, and all thought of sorrow forgotten, to advise upon the best course to be adopted.

'Be gannicks,' suggested Larry, 'I think the best way would be for the three iv us to give the artichokes at the fire below, a warm reception beway iv a do sure, an' it'll soften the bargain wid ould Hardrade.'

'Howld your prate, you poor ig'rant bocceagh,' said Dinny, 'what do you know about sich a thing—oh wait till you harrow what I ploughed an' you'll know more iv the world.'

'Divil a one of me wants to put in my prate at all, Dinny, you have all the lingo to yourself, on'y whin a man is persecuted an' harrished, like poor Andy here, it's but a fair bill he should punish him, an' be gorty I'm not the man to stop from givin' a bailiff a whallickin, for the Pope o' Room.'

'Never fear,' retorted Dinny, 'you're for what's neither right or lawful, becaise you know no better, an' how would you know it, that never was three perch from a cow dung all the days o' your life, not all wan as me. No, but what I say, that knows the differ, an' stood more thials in coort than ever the Counsellor did, God be good to him, an' to all them that's gone afore us,—what I says is what ould Dan used to say, stand 'ithin the barriers o' the law, an' then they'll never ketch howlt o' you. But you, you poor—'

'Well,' interrupted Nowlan, who feared an altercation between his two friends, 'I'll tell yiz what I'll do. I'll sind over for Frank Doolin to-morrow, he's a second cousin once removed o' my mother, an' he'll come settle all wid ould Hardrade.'

Next day Frank Doolin obeyed the summons of his relative, and trotted a distance of nine miles on his little nag on his mission of friendship. Hardrade lessened his demand on it represented that young Nowlan wished to retain as much as would pay the expenses of his father's funeral, but when the young man had discharged this debt he was not owner of a single shilling.

Doolin looked sorrowfully at poor Nowlan, 'I tell you what, Andy,' said he, 'write to your uncle in America for assistance to bring you out, an' come over to my place till spring, an' sure I won't defraud you out of whatever wages you can earn.'

Young Nowlan gradually lost, in the various employments on Doolin's farm, every deeper trace of his recent sorrow. If sometimes, indeed, an accidental word or tone would recall the remembrance of the dear ones gone, and if, on a Sunday evening, he would take a walk to his native parish, to drop a silent tear upon their grave, this momentary gloom was soon dispelled in the smile of Ellen Doolan. She was the only child of his benefactor and a year or so younger than himself. Her lips wore a smile which, though wanting in none of woman's softness, spoke a firmness and energy unusual in her sex. Her black glossy locks were parted over a brow of a mould in which was blended that mystic speaking beauty that commands rather than invites our admiration. But it was the large dark eyes that gave the character to her countenance—eyes which reflected the shadowings of the soul that looked through them, which changed with its changes, sometimes filled with the soft meekness of love, and again with the haughtiness of pride, now excited in the pursuit of this world's interests, and now illumed with a mild, angelic light, as if her glance pierced to the life of the world beyond.

This spirit so haughty and yet so loving, was made to exercise a deep influence over one of a temper like Nowlan, naturally quiet and still more subdued in the world's hard battle. And to her haughty soul which could not bear contradiction, the young man's child-like affection was enchantment, while her generous heart loved to dwell on the tale of his sad history. In a few weeks the young couple became necessary to each other, they worked, laughed, wept together.

'Thin bad cess to Peggy Byrne,' she would say to her mother, 'that didn't come over to put down the seed and we in such a hurry gettin' in the practices, wid the spring a'most out; what I was just thinkin', mother, was that I ought to lave the shirts here an' go out and help the sethers, for the min is all idle.'

'You have enough to do to stay widin' an' mind the affairs o' the house like any daicint girl that can afford it,' replies the mother; 'in throth I think your father is sowin' too much o' him rascally practices this year, after they destroyin' the world.'

'Thin the more need for more o' him to be sowin', as my father said to you this mornin', an' begor he won't be plaised whin Peggy did not come over. I ought to go out to the field myself, ma'am, jist to keep him in good humor.'

'Musha, child, you're not fit for workin' out; what notion is takin' you; you're too delicate a hatur.'

'Too delicate urro! arrah, mother, sure it's not a lady's maid you're goin' to make o' me. Too delicate to work in the field in a busy saison—Ha! here's Andy, and I hold you for sixpence it's comin for me he is. Well, Andy, how are yiz goin' on out there.'

Bad enough 'idout you, (in an under tone,) bad enough 'idout Peggy Byrne that disappointed us to day, an' Mr. Doolan is goin' out of his senses about it, an' is sendin' me over for her.'

'Then you may spare yourself the trouble, for I'm goin' out in her place, an' besides, I know Peggy is workin' beyant at Dawsons.'

'Arrah more power to you,' says Andy, 'we are all stendin' idle for some body, an' sure it's yourself that'll make us work in earnest.'

'Wait, Andy, till I get my bonnet; which would you like, my ould tusean or the new sun bonnet?'

'Troth you look well under either o' them.'

'Go out o' that you flatterin' cologin' rogue, go out o' that, I sav,—throth I'll break your mouth,—you ugly—oh gracious.'

'Nelly, don't hurt yourself, now,' shouted the mother after her fond daughter, as she scampered off to the field on her lover's arm.

Love comes like spring! First, even in the cold, a flower peeps up here and there, and then, myriads decorate the lawn,—then is the music of the streams and the wild dreamy rustling of the forest foliage—then are showers and sunshine, and at last, even unknown to ourselves, we are lost in the fervid heat of summer. And so in love, a warm glance excites a warmer emotion, soon our heart gives birth to more—one whisper echoes for days, till at last an atmosphere born from our hearts rises, and matures the hot passion in our brain.

It was a mild evening towards the end of May, that Andy, after making one of those visits which we have said he was accustomed to make to his parents' grave, found himself by a happy chance, of course, alone with Ellen Doolan. It was in the haggard in the rear of the dwelling, and the young man looking pensively around him, said, with an air of embarrassment which he attempted to conceal by plucking a straw from a stack:—

'Now that I'm goin' to America, I never thought I'd be so sorry for lavin' Ireland.'

'Sarry! Arrah what 'ud make you sorry!' replied Ellen, in a tone equally embarrassed. 'Well,

I declare that corn is a'most destroyed—chopped in pieces wid thin villains o' mice,—Sarry how wot you! what have you to be sorry for?'

'Tis thrue,' said the young man, 'all belongin' to me is laid in the grave; but—'he paused.

'But what,' asked Ellen anxiously.

'Oh, nothin'; I 'only wish I'd gone to America afore I kim to live here.'

'An sure we didn't take a bite out o' you—ha! ha! ha!'

'Don't spake to me that way, now, Ellen,' said the young man, somewhat reproachfully; 'spake softer to me, Nelly, you know I'm goin' away to-night.'

'Thin keep up a high heart,' said the girl, still preserving her forced manner, 'you're goin' to a place where they say fortunes is aisy made, and when you're there, you'll soon forget Ocha an' all that's in it.'

'Oh, no, no; never, Nelly, never; I couldn't forget you, for your face is some how wond, entangled in the chords iv my heart!'

'And oh, Andy,' exclaimed Ellen, relaxing her compressed smile, and throwing herself suddenly into the young man's arms, 'how will it be wid me whin you are gone?'

He pressed her affectionately to his bosom, and for a few moments neither attempted to speak through their sighs and tears. At last she murmured—

'How will it be at our hearth whin you that are it's only comfort have deserted it? Oh, I don't care for anything now—I used to take delight in bein' out in the fields, but now I hate them—and the young lambs you minded for me, Andy, an' that I was so fond of for your sake, they may take an' kill them afore my eyes!'

'I will work, work hard, Ellen, in America, an' earn hat-fuls o' gold an' come home and ask your father for you.'

'An' why not ask him now?' said the girl, brightening up.

'I—a beggar—ask your father's child? Oh, no, Ellen.'

'We've enough for all, an you must stay.' Here she wound her arms more closely around his neck, sobbing 'you must stay; we'll not let you go away to a strange land!'

'Arrah, childher,' said Mrs. Doolan, who now made her appearance and lighted upon the young couple accidentally—'Arrah, childher, is it cryin' yiz are—oh it's on'y natural, but go in, Nelly; you'll get cowlid in the fallin' dew.'

'Come here, mother,' said the daughter, looking with her dark eyes full upon her mother, 'come here; say now, will we let Andy go?'

The mother, who readily divined the cause of her daughter's question, and who always feared to arouse her haughty spirit, paused for a moment, somewhat startled at her wild manner.

'No pause, mother; do you see that sun?' and the girl extended her white arm towards the sun, which, enveloped in a golden cloud, was dipping behind the hill—'no pause; do you see that sun? you must answer before it sinks—will Andy leave our roof?'

'Oh, no, no, Nelly,' said the mother at last, 'not if you like it, sure; but we'll speak to your father about it.'

The acquiring of anything, whether knowledge or wealth, creates a thirst in the mind that can never be satiated. It was thus with Denny Doolan. He had commenced life in humble circumstance, but by prudence and industry, added to advantageous terms in which he stood with his landlord, (rarely the case with the Irish peasant) he had amassed so considerable a share of this world's goods as made him be looked upon in the three surrounding parishes as a highly respectable man. But though generous and honest, Doolan loved to add more to his wealth, for he was used to say, unless you still keep adding more, what you have will soon waste away. Among the means he had proposed to gratify himself in this respect, was

a rich alliance which he had contemplated between his daughter and the son of a neighboring farmer, which, as it was an advantageous match, gratified at once his avarice and affection. When therefore he heard of his daughter's strange wish that young Nowlan should remain to share their fortunes, the worthy man was nigh horrified to death, and though both mother and daughter threw themselves on their knees before him, it but the more excited his wrath, and he even went so far as to hasten Nowlan's departure from the house. Towards midnight, the young man, seeing his young hopes withered, departed alone on his long journey, for he was a stranger in the locality, and none of his acquaintances were there to bear him company even for a few hours on his pilgrimage. Two hours after, all Doolan's household were locked in repose. All but one. She arose, folded herself in her large dark mantle, and packed in a small portmanteau, a few of the more necessary articles of female apparel. She stole on tip toe to her parents' chamber. The white moon smiled in on their features, stilled in the calmness of sleep. The rustling ivy without the window threw its flickering shadow on the counterpane, looking like a crowd of little spirits hovering over the bed. She knelt by the bedside. One hot tear from her burning brain fell on the old man's grey locks—a soft kiss was pressed to her mother's cheek, and she stole again from the apartment as she had entered.

On, on the vessel walked, on the bosom of that mighty flood, to which the red savage has given the name of the Father of Waters. On one side a prairie, decorated with myriads of flowers of every hue, and breathing an atmosphere of perfume, stretched far as the eye could reach out towards the setting sun. On the other an undulating landscape covered with patches of forest, from whose dales peeped white cities, where a few years before had echoed the yell of the jaguar and the war whoop of the Indian warriors.

On, on the vessel moved like a thing of life in the world of life around. But there is a grim master on her decks. The Demon of Pestilence has flown over her and shaken the blast of death from his burning wings. Within, a young man, wasted in an hour by the terrible distemper, is stretched apparently in the last agony of death. A young woman fondly grasps his neck and bends over him to whisper those words of comfort and hope which a love like hers could alone suggest.

Andy awoke as if from a stupor into which he had fallen.

'Ellen,' said he, faintly, 'I know I'm goin' to die. I seen a white hand in the clouds beckonin' me away; an' God's will be done!'

'God's will be done, Andy, ashore machree,' said Ellen firmly, 'an' prepare to give yur soul into His hands.'

'I—will—oh I will, Ellen dar—ling,' faltered the dying man, 'bekaite you bid me—an—an—thank God—Ell—en—there's no sin—or—shame—'

'Oh no, no, no, my darling husband, nothin' but what God an' the world have blessed.'

'An'—yet—Ell—en, I can't—die—die—oh God o' marcy, must I die—an' lave the wife o' my heart alone in a strange land.'

'Hush, Andy darlint; don't think o' me now, think on'y iv your own soul!'

'Think iv you,' said he with energy, 'think iv you, who left house an' home to folly—oh God—to folly me—me—a beggar—to a strange land—think iv you—with my last breath I'll breathe your name.'

'Peace Andy, don't be strivin' to spake, 'twill on'y weaken you the more, ashore.'

'The effort of the dying man to speak had exhausted his strength and he sunk back, apparently lifeless; she bent her cheek close to his, his heart still throbbed, he still breathed, and firmly opening his eyes, he murmured her name. She perceived that his last moments had arrived, and recited a prayer common in her church; the sounds so familiar fell upon his ear, and his lips moved in response. He made another

effort to speak; her name was all poor Ellen heard, and pressing again her lips to his, caught his last sigh.

As the vessel neared the next town, the proud banner of the great Republic was replaced by the black ensign of Death. A few persons who had collected on the wharf, seeing the standard of the grim king, hurried away from the spot. One man, an Irishman, Jack Nowlan, who by appointment had come to meet his nephew, had after some hesitation summoned up courage to board the boat. In reply to his inquiries he was directed below, and in the middle deck picked his way through scores of lurid corpses strewn miscellaneously around. In one end of the boat, a beam of the hot sun fell in through a port-hole over the features of two corpses which even in death bore a smile of surpassing beauty. One was that of a male, and was stretched out on the bare plank, the other that of a female, which leaned affectionately against its companion. Her long dark locks straggled back behind, her cheek pressed fondly against his brow, one arm was clasped around his neck, and the other, bare and glancing in the sunbeam, was thrown tenderly over his bosom. A large dark mantle partially covered the corpses, and in its drapery the visitor found a slip of paper which had apparently fallen from her bosom. It set forth that they both, Andrew Nowlan and Ellen Doolan, had at New Orleans been married, but that morning, and so concluded in the usual phraseology of such documents.

'Poor craythurs,' said Jack, good-naturedly, wiping his eyes, 'they thought it would be a happy marriage, but it was a Bridal of Death.'

GREAT CLOCK.—Henry C. Wright, in a letter to the Liberator, thus describes the great clock in the Cathedral of Strasburg:—

'The priests and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock—from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet, and about 30 feet wide and 15 feet deep. Around me are many strangers waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes to twelve. The clock has struck and the people are gone, except a few whom the sexton or head man, with a wand and sword, is conducting round the building. The clock has struck in this way: The dial is some twenty feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub, or little boy, with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell; the cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, that on the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet over the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in his left, a scythe in the right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of Time, and then turns, and then glides, with a slow step, round behind Time, comes out an old man with a mallet, and places himself in front of him.

As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet, and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building, and is heard all round the region of the church. The old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on readily to perform his part, as the time comes round again. Soon as the old man struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion some twenty feet higher still. It is thus: there is a high cross with the image of Christ on it. The instant twelve is struck, one of the apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, facing the cross, bows, and walks on around to his place. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, bows and passes in. So twelve apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow, and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, stretches forth its neck, and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside of the

church for some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is as silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1671, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years when it stood out of repair.'

OF WHAT STUFF NOBILITY IS SOMETIMES MADE. England is a pure aristocracy, says the Albany Times. It prides itself upon the legitimacy of the blood of its royalty and nobility. It contends the idea that base blood has ever been permitted to enter the veins of its aristocracy. But not all the laws of men can prevent the course of nature, nor can the utmost safeguards avoid the chance of a commingling of base natures with high-born tastes and inclinations. The record of the genealogy of its nobility may show a pretty clean record and a general freedom from the admixture of base ingredients, but now and then history and tradition point to a case in which the rule and law of high words has been broken in upon and violated.

The following curious and historical fact strongly illustrates this point. Aside from that consideration the case is one full of romance.

The wife of the celebrated Lord Clarendon, the author of his History of the Rebellion, was a Welsh pot-girl, who being extremely poor in her own county, journeyed to London to better her fortune, and became a servant to a brewer. While she was in this humble capacity, the wife of her master died, and happening to fix his affections on her, she became his wife. Himself dying soon after, left her heir to his property, which is said to have amounted to between £20,000 and £30,000. Among those who frequented the tap at the brewery, was a Mr. Hyde, then a poor barrister, who conceived the project of forming a matrimonial alliance with her. He succeeded, and soon led the brewer's widow to the altar. Mr. Hyde being endowed with great talent, and now at the command of a large fortune, rose in his profession, became the head of the Chancery Bench, and was afterwards the Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. The eldest daughter, the offspring of this union, won the heart of James, Duke of York, and was married to him. Charles II. immediately sent for his brother, and having first plied him with some very sharp railery on the subject, finished by saying, 'James, as you have brewin, so you must drink,' and commanded that the marriage should be legally ratified and promulgated. Upon the death of Charles, James II. mounted the throne, but a premature death frustrated this enviable duchess. Her daughters, however, were Mary, the wife of William II., and Queen Anne, both grand-children of the cidevant pot-girl from Wales, and wearing in succession the crown of England.

THE GULF STREAM.—Lieut. Maury thus forcibly describes the Gulf Stream:—

'There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of water. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked, that the line of junction with the common sea water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common waters of the sea.

Hope, is the blossom of happiness; gratitude, the memory of the heart.

MISCELLANEA.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.—Mr. Mackay, a gentleman from the other side of the water, and a man who writes poetry, has been lecturing in the States and Canada on the poets of England, Ireland and Scotland.—At a lecture in Toronto the other evening, he reported to have said that 'Ireland's poet has yet to be born.' We are always prepared to hear precisely such sentiments from one who is himself by nature an unmitigated toady, and one who has been filled with vanity, absolutely to bursting, by the folly of toadies on this side of the water. Charles Mackay may be a poet, and has doubtless written a few verses which might pass for genuine poetry, but he has also written more trash in that line than any other man whoever claimed the homage of American funkeys, except, perhaps, Tupper, of Proverbial Philosophy notoriety. Mackay came over here to be toaded and to take advantage of the funkiness of such persons as Belle Britian, and others, to make money. We hope he has succeeded, and in that event he will return to England and write a book, in which we shall be only moderately abused; but if he has failed—why, we shall catch it—that's all. We need no better evidence of such a man's incapacity to form a correct opinion of our own institutions, than the evidence which the above remark shows of his entire ignorance of Irish literature. It is a well known fact that the literary supremacy of the British Empire culminated in the reign of Queen Anne, and long since passed out of English hands. During the past century it has resided in Scotland and Ireland, while even Wales has contributed no small share to the general wealth of English literature. The man who says that Ireland's poet is yet to be born, is either a downright fool, or an insufferable egotist, such as we take Charles Mackay to be. As well might he say that the sun of Italy is yet to rise. Why, Ireland is a nation of poets. Poor and degraded as many of them are, we will do them the justice to say, that among no people in the world are poetical ideas so common, and poetical language so much a matter of every day use as in Ireland. We hazard the assertion that any one of our free and independent electors who hails from the bog, will let drop in one hour's conversation, more real gems of poetry, than Charles Mackay and his funkeys ever dreamed of penning. There is no necessity for specifying any particular Irish poet to show the absurdity of Mackay's sentiment. The whole land is filled with poetry and song, and better poetry and richer song than ever emanated from the darkness of a London fog. The poetry of Ireland is just beginning to be appreciated. Her dramatists, novelists and statesmen, have long since been acknowledged, and when the writings of Charles Mackay will have been swept away among the rubbish of the nineteenth century, into the waters of oblivion, the name of Tom Moore will be as familiar wherever the English language is spoken, as a household word.—Buffalo Express.

SERFDOM IN RUSSIA.—A report lately presented to the Emperor Alexander, contains the following statistical returns relative to landed property and serfs in Russia: The number of families who are landowners amounts to 127,000. Out of these 2000 possess from 1000 to 10,000; 2000 from 500 to 1000; 18,000 from 100 to 500; 30,000 from 21 to 100; and 75,000 have less than 21. The total number of peasant serfs of the nobility amount to 11,750,000, and those of the Crown to 9,000,000. There are therefore 20,750,000 persons anxiously waiting for an improvement in their condition.

An auctioneer, at a sale of antiques, put up a helmet, with the following candid observation—'This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder; but whether he was a brass or iron founder, I cannot tell.'

A lawyer asked a Dutchman in court, what earmarks a pig had that was in dispute. 'Well, he has no ear-marks except a very short tail.'

An exchange has discovered that Scottische is a corruption of the words 'Scotch itch,' and that the famous dance owes its name to a person afflicted with the Scotch plague aforesaid.

'You'll have to bear the responsibility,' said a mother to a bright eyed young daughter of our acquaintance, who thought of marrying without the maternal approbation. 'I expect to bear several, ma,' said Fanny.

'Ah, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company,' said a gay young wife to her frugal husband.

'Plenty of chairs, ducky; but a little too much company,' replied Mr. Simpkins.

Among the numerous casualties recently detailed, the following is very melancholy, 'The young man who went on a bridal tour with an angel in book muslin, has returned with a termagant in hoops.'

'Now, spos'n you was going to be turned into an animal,' says Jem, 'what would you like to be Bill?' 'Oh, I'd like to be a lion,' replied Bill, 'because he's so—' 'Oh, no, don't be a lion, Bill,' interrupted little Tom, who has had some recent painful experience at school; 'he's a wasp, and then you can sting the schoolmaster.'

A Western pettifogger once broke out in the following indignant strain:—

'Sir, we're enough for ye, the hull of ye. Me and my client can't never be intimidated nor tyrannized over; mark that! And sir, just as sure as this court decides against us, we'll file a writ of propagander, sir, and we—'

Here he was interrupted by the opposite counsel, who wanted to know what he meant by a writ of propagander.

'Mean! Why, sir, a writ of propagander is a—a, its—a—wal—wal, I don't jis remember the exact word, but its what'll knock thunder out of your one-horse courts, anyhow.'

A Southern gentleman owned a slave, a very intelligent fellow, who was a Universalist. On one occasion he illustrated the intellectual character of his religion in the following manner:—

A certain slave had obtained a licence of the Baptists to preach. He was holding forth in the presence of many of his colored brethren, at one time, when he undertook to describe the process of Adam:

'He stoop down, scrape up a little dirt, wet a little, warm it a little in his hands, and squeezes it the right shape, and den lean it up against de fence to dry—'

'Top, dere,' said our Universalist darkey, 'you say dat ar de fustest man eber made!'

'Sarten!' said the preacher.

'Den,' said the other, 'just tell a fellar whar dat ar fence came from?'

'Huah,' said the preacher, two more questions like dat would spoil all the feology in de world!'

A good story is told of a Bostonian's first appearance in polite society in Arkansas, which might be applicable to this city:—

The company were engaged in dancing, but the loveliest female present occupied a chair near the window without a partner. Stepping up to the lady with a palpitating heart, his mind greatly agitated for fear of a refusal, he exclaimed:

'Will you do me the honor to grace me with your company for the next set?'

Her lustrous eyes shone with unwonted brilliancy, while her pearly teeth glistened in the flickering candle light, her full snowy bosom rose and fell with joyous rapture as she replied:—

'Yes-sir-ree! for I've sot, and sot, and sot, till I've bourt tuk root!'

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On Saturday, the 3d of July next, we shall present to each subscriber to the Irish Pictorial Miscellany, a splendid Lithographic Engraving, representing the glorious scene, which occurred shortly before the capture of Limerick, when General Sarsfield, who commanded the Irish horse, having learned that a large supply of heavy siege guns was on the way to the camp of the Prince of Orange, resolved to capture them. Crossing over the country by a difficult and circuitous rout, so as to intercept the convoy, he came up in front of it at Killinunnah, attacked William's troops, defeated them and compelled them to retreat before the Irish horse, leaving their artillery in the hands of Sarsfield.

Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the mountain passes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands. A train being laid out, the guns were exploded and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William was shattered into innumerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to the great popularity of the gallery. The explosion shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

It is at the moment of the explosion of the English artillery which our artist has seized upon for the subject of his pencil.

This memorable event will be faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as we can learn to any of our country artists, and shall now have ample justice done to it. It will make a beautiful picture. We shall present it to our readers on a sheet of fine drawing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

It will at once be seen that we cannot do this without a great outlay of capital. We expect to be reimbursed by a very large addition to our subscription list, as no person will be entitled to the picture on or before the 3d of July next one year's subscription in advance, dating from our first number.

Non-subscribers will be supplied at \$1.50 for each plate.

We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a 'picture gallery' worthy of the events we propose to commemorate. This will be the first of a series of NATIONAL PICTURES we propose presenting gratis to our regular subscribers the second picture of the series will be ready early in October, the subject of which is not yet decided on. We should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess old pictures of remarkable events in Irish history, or portraits of distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They shall be taken good care of, and returned.

Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually supersede the wretched dangle which are often met with.

Our arrangements for the first picture are almost completed. It will be absolutely necessary that we should know immediately the number of plates we shall want. Let our subscribers therefore, send in their subscriptions without delay, and be careful to give us their correct addresses. We shall not strike off any more copies than are ordered before the above date.

Will our friends of the press please notice this new feature in our publication, and we will take care that their sanctuaries are adorned with choice copies of this national picture.

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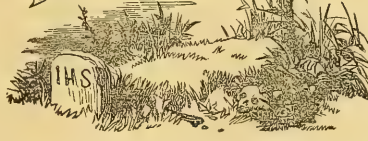
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* Clubs of ten will be supplied with the paper for \$15.

PROSPECTUS.

IRISH MISCELLANY. Prospectus. On Saturday the 15th day of February 1868, was published the first number of a new weekly periodical, with the above title, dedicated to the diffusion of a more intimate knowledge of the literary and political history of Ireland, and to the mental, moral and political elevation of the Celtic race in this continent.

The "Irish Miscellany" will contain 16 pages of closely printed matter, on fine paper, of a size similar to this prospectus. Price 4 cents a copy, payable on delivery; or \$2 a year to mail subscribers—invariably in advance.

In asking for public support for the Irish Miscellany, it is proper to say, that it is not our intention to trespass upon the ground already occupied by any of our contemporaries. We have marked out for ourselves a course entirely new and original—one not occupied by any other publication in this country. We propose to cultivate a field which, although naturally rich and fertile, and capable of producing the choicest flowers and fruits of literature, has hitherto lain comparatively barren and unproductive. Into this field we shall enter with a full confidence of its capabilities, but with a modest diffidence of the skill which we shall bring to its culture.

It has long been a reproach to our race here, that while the publications of the day, with but few exceptions, teem with vile caricatures of us and of our country—while we are continually held up to public gaze as everything that is foolish, absurd and vicious—but little effort is made to place before the character of our race, but to place before the eye and vindicate our name and race from the calumnies with which English hate every where pursues us.

To correct, in some measure, this crying evil, it was at first intended to gather together a number of Irishmen distinguished in the walks of literature, and publish monthly a review, which, for sterling talent, should be second to none published here or in Europe. The great expense connected with an undertaking of this kind, however, deterred us from the attempt, compelled us to relinquish our design, and to substitute instead thereof, our more unpretending "Miscellany."

We propose to re-produce in our weekly periodical the writings of many of the great minds who have gone before us, while we shall also culled from the current Irish literature of the day, such productions of merit as cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers. We shall also record the legends, and the legends of the old land, while they amuse, serve to instruct and to elevate.

We shall therefore, publish such instructive tales and legends of a high moral tone, that will remind us of the happy times when we—

'Sat by the fire of a cold winter's night,

Along with our friends telling tales of delight.'

We shall give faithful descriptions and illustrations of Irish antiquities—of our ruined monasteries, our plundered abbeys and churches; and our pictorial illustrations of Irish scenery and antiquities will present to long exiles and to familiar scenes of early childhood. We have secured the services of talented artists, and each number of the Miscellany will contain numerous illustrations executed in the best style of art.

We shall keep constantly before our readers the ancient glory of our country, and while we ponder with pride upon the moral and intellectual superiority of Ireland, when England and the rest of Europe was sunk in ignorance and barbarism; we shall point to the past as an incentive to the future.

The biographies of distinguished Irishmen will be an important feature in the Irish Miscellany, as we shall give biographical notices of Irishmen distinguished in every department of literature, science and art—of men distinguished on the sea and on land; in the church the senate, and at the bar.

It is our intention to republish the works of Irish writers now out of print, in such a manner that they may be preserved to future time as monuments of the old land, and serve to calculate, in the minds of the rising generation, a filial regard for the land of their fathers.

We propose commencing with the *Dublin Penny Journal*, work which in its day enjoyed wonderful popularity. We shall devote one half of the *Miscellany* to each number of that national publication. To do this we have ordered a font of type in Irish characters, so that the poems printed in the *Journal* in the Irish language can be reprinted in Irish characters with English translation in ours. This department of the *Miscellany* will be in the hands of an Irish gentleman every way competent to the task.

The remaining eight pages of the *Miscellany* will be devoted to the current news of the day, to original articles, tales, essays, poetry, &c. In politics we shall endeavor to avoid those questions which have divided our countrymen, or discuss them in a manner void of offence.

The Irish Miscellany will be thoroughly independent of all political parties—the slave of none. Such questions as affect our countrymen here, we shall discuss with freedom, and zealously labor for their moral, intellectual and political elevation.

The editorial labors will be divided among several gentlemen of ability, and we trust to make the *Miscellany* a welcome guest at the fireside of every family. With these remarks we commend our sheet to the support of every well-wisher of our race. We feel there is room for such a publication, and promising that we shall be wanting on our part to make it worthy of public support.

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BOSTON.

SILENT, OH MOYLE!

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany,

POETRY BY THOMAS MOORE.

ARRANGED BY SIR J. STEPHENSON, Mus. Doc.

AIR.—MY DEAR EVELEEN.

SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

1. Si - lent, Oh Moyle, be the roar of thy waters;

MOURNFULLY.

Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose, While mur - mur-ing mourn - ful - ly, Lir's lone - ly daughter, Tells to the night-star her tale of woes,

When shall the swan, her death-note singing, Sleep, with wings in darkness furled, When shall heaven, its sweet bell ring-ing,

Call my spirit from this storm - y world.

2.

Sadly, Oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.

When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our Isle with peace and love?
When shall heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above.

* To make this story intelligible in a song, would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first son of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.



VOLUME I—NUMBER 17.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

THE POET MOORE.

Ireland has done her duty in erecting a statue to her great poet. His memory will endure as long as the language in which he wrote, and assuredly his best monument is his works; but it was well that his country should give expression to its gratitude. If Ireland has been rarely ready with tributes to its worthies, here at all events is one: others may follow, and the heaviest of its reproaches be thus, in time, removed.

The introduction into the Miscellany of an engraving from the statue of Moore, by his namesake and countryman C. Moore, M. R. I. A., affords an opportunity to offer some remarks concerning one of the most estimable of the many great men it has been our lot to know; our readers will not consider out of place such observations as may occur to us, derived from the perusal of his 'journal,' and from a personal acquaintance which has long been among the happiest and most refreshing memories of our life.

If the dust of this charming poet, companion and friend could be reanimate—and if the great man could read all that has been written concerning him since his death—he would record, as a sad and solemn fact, the lines, which perhaps he uttered only as a sentiment—

'Who would not seek or prize
Delights that end in sighing;
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking.'

During his life the poet Moore was truly

'The poet of all circles and the idol of his own,'

yet the 'vanity' so frequently and so wrongfully attributed to genius, and which in him was so universally fostered, was never apparent; while the play of his expressive features, and the sweet tones of his voice, rendered his wit more fascinating, and his gentle kindness more captivating; he was ever anxious to make prominent the talents of others—ever seeming oblivious of his own: indeed Moore never forced the personal pronoun into society—it was always difficult to induce him to talk of himself, of what he said, or did or wrote.

His stern independence might have



yielded to temptations such as few receive, and very few resist: he preserved it to the last under circumstances such as many of his great and wealthy friends would have called 'poverty.' Of luxuries, from the commencement of his career to its close, he had literally none—his necessities were never published to the world; nay, even never known to those who could, and perhaps would have endeavored to make them less. In all the relations of life he was faithful, affectionate, and considerate; 'at home' he was ever loving and beloved; then he was happiest by rendering his limited circle happy.

The biographers of poets are almost proverbial for diminishing the giant to the dwarf. With a few grand exceptions we find the loftiest precepts humiliated by the meanest examples; social intercourse degraded by frequent inebriation; poverty callous to the 'glorious privilege,' condescending to notoriety instead of suffering in solitude; so mingling the vices with the virtues, that worshippers eagerly draw the veil over genius in private life, willing to 'make allowances,' and content with the bare record—'they are not as other men are.'

How few of the great men we have known are heroes in their daily communications!

The poet Moore is one of the very few of whom we may think, and speak, without a blush. The cavils and sneers of those who do not or cannot understand him, are limited to the crimes of his dining with lords and delighting in the courtesies of flatterers in rags.

Had he been a sensualist like —, a drunkard like —, a pitiful borrower like —, a truckler for place like —, critics might have been less severe, and the world accorded to him purer justice.

How little do we know of the inner life of the author with whose works we are familiar—every line. Those who read the brilliant Melodies of the poet Thomas Moore, give but small heed to the man as he was 'at home.' Simple as a child and as easily pleased as a child with a toy; sympathising ever, and with everything; sensitive as are all whose 'spirits are finely strung,' and to 'fine issues'; generous in thought, and word, and act; seeking and finding pleasure

in all the common things of earth, 'the meanest flower that blows,' gracious to all within his reach—to the humble even more than to the lofty independent—as much so as to any man who ever lived; never borrowing, never incurring pecuniary obligations, never requiring luxuries; never possessing even a pony carriage, resting over rather in lodgings, or a dwelling small and inexpensive, and rendered comfortable only by order and taste. He preserved his self-respect; breathing no property, but having no debts, having had no 'testimonial' of acknowledgement or reward seeking none, nay, avoiding any; sacrificing what would have been to him wealth from a point of honor; and never lending to 'party' that which was meant for 'mankind'; his career from the beginning to the close was a continued struggle with 'straitened means' that was at times embarrassing; yet there was not only no sale, but no 'bid' for, that true nobility of soul which he kept unblemished from the cradle to the grave. There is no blot upon his name, no word of reproach can be written on the stone which covers 'the earth that wraps his clay.' No marvel that such a man should have been loved almost to idolatry in his own immediate circle. But 'society' nothing of all this; and the readers of his poetry knew as little. There are, however, a few by whom the memory of Thomas Moore is cherished in the heart of hearts: to whom the cottage at Sloperon will be a shrine while they live; and the village church, the spire of which is seen from the gravelled walk—his 'terrace walk,' as he used to call it—a monument better loved than that of the other sons of genius by whom the world is enlightened, delighted and refined.

The statue we have engraved is the work of an Irish sculptor, a namesake, but not a relation of the poet. He has chosen a passage in the Diary of the latter for the feeling or sentiment intended that the statue should convey; it is this:—'Having expatiated more than enough on my first efforts in acting and rhyming, I must try the reader's patience with some account of my beginnings in music—the only art for which, in my own opinion, I was born with a real, natural love, my poetry, such as it is, having sprung out of my deep feeling for music.' Thus the poet is represented, as if listening to the air of one of those exquisite Irish melodies with which he has made us all so familiar—listening, too, as if the strains brought with them the very words he has united to them.

The statue is erected opposite the House of Lords, College street, Dublin: it is of bronze, and was cast in the foundry of Messrs Elkington & Co., Birmingham, who have also, we believe, an establishment in Dublin.

A TOUR TO CONNAUGHT.

LETTER VII.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal:—

Sir—The country from Tyrrell's-pass to Kibbegan is improved. The hills are generally well-timbered, the low grounds are drained, and gentlemen's seats are to be seen on either side of the road. One in particular caught my attention, as well remembered, having, in my younger days enjoyed the hospitality of its then owner. It has since more than once changed masters; on enquiring who now possessed it, I was informed by one of my fellow travellers, that its present proprietor was not satisfied with his bargain; and he mentioned, as the common report of the country, how an ingenious trick was played off, in order to induce him to effect the purchase. 'The land,' said he, 'is naturally very light—the upland a dry, hungry gravel—the lowland such as reclaimed long generally is, wet, rushy, and inclined to return to its original unproductiveness. The gentleman, struck with the beautiful forms of the grounds, and with the tasteful way in which it was planted, appointed a time on which he

would come and view the house and land, and previous to that day the owner proceeded to some neighbouring fairs, and bought up some forty or fifty of the fattest heifers he could meet—these were, of course, grazing on the land the day the visitor arrived; accordingly, in passing along, he put the question, whether the land could provide good beef and mutton for the table. 'My object, sir, is, if I take a country place, to live within myself, to go to market for nothing, to buy as little and sell as much as I can.' 'Right, sir,' says the owner, 'that is what I have always done—look yonder, pray, the proof of the pudding may be in the feeding, as well as the eating; do sir, come over with me and handle a few of these heifers—there is nice beef for you, fit for any market—not better made up cattle from this to Kells.' The stratagem was successful—the admiring gentleman struck with such convincing proofs of good land, soon concluded the bargain. But alas! since he became possessed of the title deeds, he has never yet been able to have a good sirloin on his table from his ground! 'Confound the blockhead!' exclaimed a farming man, who was listening to the story, 'he must have been some soft cit to be taken in so—could he not have looked at the blackheads and fairy flax and the traunces, and they would have told him that he could not expect a fat goose, let alone a fat cow, from such sunburnt hills.' 'Sir Henry Piers, in his account of Westmeath,' observed I, 'written 160 years ago, describes the inferior Westmeath farmers as follows:—"The Sculloges, which may be Englished farmers, or boors, are generally very crafty and subtle in all manner of bargaining, full of equivocation and mental reservation, especially in their dealings in fairs and market, where, if lying and cheating be no sin, they make it their work to overreach any one they deal with, and if by slight or fetch they can hook in the least advantage, they are mighty tenacious thereof." If the story just told has any foundation, which I trust it has not, this Westmeath gentleman played a very scullogie trick.

We now arrived at Kibbegan, situated on the Upper Brunsa river, a small town, though before the Union, returning two members to parliament. This was in old times the chief town of M'Geoghagan's country, and there were two religious establishments here, one an abbey, founded by St. Beccan, a cotemporary of St. Columbkille, and in the year 1200, another religious house, called the Abbey of the River of God—why so called I have not ascertained, was founded by the D'Alton family, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin; this was supplied with monks from the Abbey of Mellifont, whose mitred abbot could ride straight forward on lands belonging to his house, from the sea near Drogheda to the Shannon. In Elizabeth's reign, the Dillon family had the property of the suppressed abbey; in the following reign, Oliver, Lord Lambert was seized of the monastery lands of the Blessed Virgin, and his descendant, Mr. Gustavus Lambert, is now in possession of the property. Passing rapidly through the town, some circumstances connected with it came vividly to my recollection; the inn of the town I must remember as long as I live—its titled landlady I well recollect—the Lady Cuffe; never did the fountain of honor play off such a ludicrous prank, as when it showered its spray on the head of an innkeeper, yet so it was, when about sixty years ago the Viceroy of Ireland dubbed mine host of Kibbegan a knight. Lord Townshend, the then lord lieutenant, a man addicted to the most dissolute habits, and who, by the satirical writers of that day, was represented as one perfectly regardless of pomp, dignity, or parade—one, who as he walked the streets, used to scatter his ribald jests among the common passengers, whose festivities were often degraded down to disorder, and his recreations to indelicacy; he, on occasion of a journey to Connaught, was, by some accident that occurred to his equipage, obliged to stop at Kibbegan for the night, and partake of such accommodation, as Mr. Cuffe, the innkeeper, could afford. In those days good claret was not an unusual thing to be had even in small country inns; and it

so happened that Mr. Cuffe was able to send up some fowl and fish well cooked and well served, and that the claret was in its bouquet and flavor adapted to his excellency's taste; accordingly the great man unbent himself amongst his boon companions, so as while losing sobriety, he forgot decorum; and as he on another occasion, introduced his fox-hounds into the Council Chamber, now as a half-witted bacchanalian, he ordered the host to make his appearance, and when he came into the presence, the viceroy, in an affected grave speech, returned him thanks for his excellent cheer, and announced that he would not repay the obligation in any other but in conferring on him the order of knighthood; and accordingly, in spite of some of the more sober of the party, who remonstrated against this act of whimsical licentiousness, he actually forced mine host to kneel down, and duly dubbing him in proper phrase and form, said—'Rise up thou mirror of innkeepers, and be from henceforth Sir Thomas Cuffe.' The astonishment of the innkeeper may be well supposed, as he returned to his wife to inform her of her new honors. The viceregal visitor, as usual, retired to rest, utterly reckless of what he had done, and rose in the morning altogether forgetful, until reminded of the transaction, of which, when informed, he was not a little annoyed, but plucking up courage, he said to his aide-de-camp, 'It certainly was carrying the joke too far, but curse the fellow, sure he will not take any advantage of it. Call him before me, and I'll persuade him to hush up the matter. Accordingly, the man was introduced—'Mr. Cuffe,' says his excellency, 'a circumstance occurred last night, which I am sure you understood in the proper light; it was, it is true, carrying the joke too far; I hope, sir, you feel as becomes you, and that you will say no more about it, nor let the thing get wind. 'Oh! indeed, my lord, the honor you have conferred on me, though I am right sensible of its importance, is still what I, for one, would have no objection to forego, under a proper consideration, but, please your excellency, what will my Lady Cuffe say?'

The innkeeper and his wife were sir and my lady all their lives. The man died long before I ever passed through Kibbegan, but I perfectly remember my Lady Cuffe. But the remembrance of an ennobled tavern keeper is not what has fastened the inn so much on my memory, as a still more personal occurrence; for, be it known, and the part most concerned tingle when I tell it, I got the greatest kicking ever man got in Lady Cuffe's yard. Blood of the O'Tools, where hast thou retreated, while my pen records the frightful transaction! A descendant of the Mountain Kings of Glendalough and Glen Malur, and Imale—son of the chieftains, whose bones repose in the lofty cairns that crown the tops of Toulmagoe and Lugnaquilla—for thee to make the confession that you were kicked in the yard of an inn. Is the man alive who lifted his foot and left his mark on that sensitive seat of honor? Truth to tell, reader, I cannot inform you, but the lamentable event was in this wise:—I, in the summer of 1799, the year after the rebellion, was travelling from the county of Westmeath to that of Tipperary, and on my way rode into my Lady Cuffe's inn at Kibbegan; there I saw sauntering about the house, and smoking as they reclined here and there, a set of outlandish soldiers—gigantic looking fellows, with terrible moustaches and other marks denoting them to be foreigners. I was a young, spare, lathy lad at that time, much under twenty, and like a gaping greenhorn, I must needs proceed to the stables to inspect the horses and accoutrements of these much dreaded men, whom I was told were Hessians; suppose me then standing in the stables, 'sicut most est Milesianorum,' as is the custom of Irishmen, with my mouth open, admiring all the stirrups, saddles, and bridles, &c., &c., of the Germans, moreover, be it recollected, that it was a token of loyalty in those days to carry a quare or tail pendant from the back of your neck, and that those who neglected or lost such an accompaniment were counted disaffected—they were Croppies. Poor innocent Croppy then as I was, there I stood unconscious of coming evil, when I all once found myself seized on

from behind, by the grasp, as it were, of a giant—my arms pinioned with one hand, the poll of my neck searched for the deficient tail with the other, and my seat of honor assailed with an immense jack boot, whose toe did horrible execution, such as a battering ram would inflict on a very weak postern, and then a terrible cry was shouted close to my ears, 'You be one Croppie rascal, vat the devil bring te yong rebill here?—take dat—and dat—and dat.' So he kicked me in the stable, and he kicked me in the yard, and he kicked me in the street, and kicked me up the front steps of the inn, and there the cruel monster, who was at least six feet six inches in height, then left me as a bound would let drop a hare out of his mouth, pounded in body and wounded in mind. Oh! the toe of that terrible jack boot, never can I forget the infliction—what was I to do? Take vengeance of course. Vengeance on whom?—a common soldier—have the fellow punished—stay in town until you lodge the complaint before his officer—have him tried, flogged, and what not—oh! but that would take time—I should stop with my Lady Cuffe, that would take money, with which I was not overburthened, so I thought it better to take patients, call for a chaise and putting plenty of straw under me, for air cushions were not then invented, proceed in a very delicate state to the end of my journey, my only consolation being, that though a kicked man, the disgrace and pain were not inflicted by a countryman—by a rale O, or a true Mac, but by a brutal Hessian. Proceeding through Kilbeggan, our next stage was Horseleap, where a church stands crowning an adjoining height, and where are the ruins of one of the first of the castles built by the Norman conquerors to quell the Irish. Sir Hugh de Lacy, the great grantee of Meath, commenced the erection of this stronghold, but it was not his fate to see it finished, for while this great man, the favorite of his sovereign, and one of the most valiant of that extraordinary race, who came over with Strongbow, was inspecting his rising fortress, and stooping down to give directions to a workman, an Irish laborer, deeply imbued with a sense of his country's wrongs, clove his head with a single blow of his mattock. Tradition has it, that though the most active, valiant and sage of men, De Lacy was but small in stature and was called Le Petit; and from hence the Le Petits of Westmeath derive their name and origin. Small men have often been found, not only wise in counsel, but brave leaders in the field—their energies seem to act with more power, as more concentrated; and Sir Hugh De Lacy Le Petit, as well as Napoleon Bonaparte, together with thousands of other little but great men have shown that the mind—the immortal mind can nerve a little body to achieve great things. Sir Hugh was an extraordinary horseman—his leap over the drawbridge of his fortress is yet recorded, and the spot yet shown, and the name of place and village will record as long as time lasts, this feat of a Norman knight. Alas! for the De Lacys—like the De Courcys and Tyrrells of that day, they did not respect the prejudices of the people; the castle he was building he dared to found on the site of an ancient abbey. The Irish were shocked at the profanation, the act therefore of the assassin was applauded by all, and even the avenging peasant's deed was counted religiously meritorious, as exciting the anger of St. Columbkille on him who was the usurper of his abbey and the spoiler of his churches. Be it as it will, the De Lacys were a valiant and noble race. Hugh, the founder of Ardnachar, or Horseleap Castle, left two sons: Hugh, the eldest, one of the most politic of men, contrived to supplant John De Courcy, the conqueror of Ulster, in the favor of King John, and eventually succeeded in driving him out of his province, and assuming the government. The story of the rivalry of the De Courcys and De Lacys might be made the subject of a very interesting historical romance. I have often wondered that Sir Walter Scott, after introducing the De Lacy into an English story, did not follow up the subject, by making use of the materials which Irish history affords of this noble race—their strange vicissitudes of fortune—now favorites—now rebels—defeated to-day by De Courcy—and

in a short space of time supplanting him and driving him from Ulster—again falling under the displeasure of their monarch, and obliged to fly for refuge to France, and there forced to work as gardeners on the grounds of a Norman abbot—and again, when, unable to conceal their noble bearing, they were detected by the good ecclesiastic, and by his intercession recommended to the king, and restored to their fiefs, we find the weak and vacillating John writing a letter to Walter de Lacy, entreating him to forget all animosities, and assuring him of future favor and protection.

TERENCE O'TOOLE.

LENDING A CONGREGATION.

AS TOLD BY AN OTTER-KILLER.

When I was young, priest and minister were hand and glove. It seems to me but yesterday, when Father Patt Joyce, the Lord be good to him! lent Mr. Carson a congregation.

'Eh! what, Antony,' said the Colonel. 'A congregation appears rather an extraordinary article to borrow.'

'Well,' said the otter-killer, 'it's true. I was there myself, and I'll tell you the story. It was in the time of Bishop Brecsford, that beautiful old man,—many a half-crown he gave me, for I used often to bring game and fish to the palace from the master's father. He was the handsomest gentleman I ever laid my eyes on; and, oh, hone! it was he that knew how to live like a bishop. He never went a step without four long-tailed black horses to his carriage, and two mounted grooms behind him. His own body-man told me, one time I went with a haunch of red deer and a bittern to the palace, that never less than twenty sate down in the parlor, and in troth, there was double that number in the hall, for nobody came or went without being well taken care of.'

Well, it came into old Lord Peter's (grandfather to the present Marquis of Sligo,) head, that he would build a church, and settle a colony of northern men away in the west. Faith, he managed the one easy enough; but it failed him to do the other, for devil an inch the northernmen would come; for, says they, 'Hell and Connaught's bad enough, but what is either to Connemara?'

Well, the minister came down, and a nice little man he was, one Mr. Carson. Father Patt Flynn had the parish then, and faith, in course of time the two became as thick as inkle-weavers.

Everything went on beautiful, for the two clergy lived together. Father Pat Flynn minded his chapel and the flock, and Mr. Carson said prayers of a Sunday too, though sorrow a soul he had to listen to him but the clerk; but sure that was no fault of his.

Well, I mind it as well as yesterday, for I killed that very morning two otters at Loughnamuckey, and the smallest of them was better to me than a pound note. It was late when I got down from the hills, and I went to Father Patt's as usual, and who should I meet at the door but the priest himself.

'Antony,' says he, 'ceade fealtcaigh, have ye any thing with you, for the wallet seems full?'

'I have,' says I, 'your reverence,' and I pulls out two pair of graziers, (young rabbits,) and a brace of three-pound trouts, fresh from the sea, that I caught that morning in Dhulough. In these days, I carried a ferret, besides the trap and fishing rod, and it went hard, if I missed the otters, but I would not rabbits, or kill a dish of trout.

'Upon my conscience,' says the priest, 'ye never were more welcome, Antony. The minister and myself will dine off the trouts and rabbits, for they forgot to kill a sheep for us till an hour ago; and you know, Antony, except the shoulder, there's no part of the mutton could be touched, so I was rather bothered about the dinner.'

Well, in the evening, I was I brought into the parlor, and there were their reverences ascur cuddigh

(comfortable) as you please. Father Patt gave me a tumbler of rale stiff punch, and the devil a better warrant to make the same was within the province of Connaught. We were just as comfortable as we could be, when a carrier (courier) stops at the door with a letter, which he said was for Mr. Carson. Well, when the minister opens it, he got as pale as a sheet, and I thought he would have fainted. Father Patt crossed himself.

'Arrah, Dick,' says he, 'the Lord stand between you and evil! is there anything wrong?'

'I'm ruined,' says he; 'for some bad member has wrote to the Bishop, and told him that I have no congregation, because you and I are so intimate, and he's coming down to-morrow with the Dane, to see the state of things. Och, hone! says he, I'm fairly ruined.'

'And is that all that's frettin' ye?' says the priest. 'Arrah, dear Dick,' for they called each others by cristen names, 'is that all? If it's a congregation ye want, ye shall have a decent one to-morrow, and lave that to me; and now we'll take our drink, and not matter the Bishop a fig.'

Well, next day, sure enough, down comes the Bishop, and a great retinue along with him; and there was Mr. Carson ready to receive him.

'I hear,' says the Bishop, mighty stately, 'that you have no congregation.'

'In faith, your Holiness,' says he, 'you'll be soon able to tell that.'

He walks him to the church, and there were sitting threescore well-dressed men and women, and all of them as devout as if they were going to be anointed; for that blessed morning, Father Patt whipped mass over before ye had time to bless yourself, and the clonest of the flock was before the Bishop in the church, and ready for his Holiness. To see that all behaved properly, Father Patt had hardly put off the vestment, till he slipped on a cota more, (a great coat,) and there he sat in a back sate like any other of the congregation. I was near the Bishop's reverence; he was seated in an arm-chair belonging to the priest.

'Come here, Mr. Carson,' says he, 'some enemy of your's,' says the sweet old gentleman, 'wanted to injure you with me. But I am now fully satisfied.' And turning to the Dane, 'By this book!' says he, 'I didn't see a cleaner congregation this month of Sundays!'

THE POTEFN.

Ireland has long been famous—or as the Temperance Society men would say—infirmous—for her love of the bottle. Now, without declaring ourselves on the side of the abstinent folks—without saying that we ought never to take a drop, and without binding ourselves never to be hearty over a tumbler of whiskey punch—we may venture to say that it would be decidedly better for Ireland, in the long run, if she never had a distillery in the island. We say this on looking at the mischief which ardent spirits have always created. The misery, the degradation, the fightings and even the murders which it has been the fatal origin of, may well justify such a wish—if our countrymen could be brought just to take it temperately. A great alteration for the better has already taken place in this respect, and we sincerely trust that the improvement will be progressive. We extract the following account of a visit to a potent distiller, from 'Sketches in Ireland,' published by Curry & Co., of Dublin, and printed in 1827.

'One morning in July, as I was dressing myself to walk out before breakfast, I heard a noise at my back door, and observed one of my people remonstrating with a man who was anxiously pressing into the house. I went down and met the man, whose demiguent dress and peculiar cut marked him to be a ganger.

'Oh, for mercy's sake,' cried the man when he saw me, 'let me in to your house—lock me up somewhere—hide me, save me, or my life is lost!'

So I brought him in, begged of him to sit down, and offering him some refreshment, requested him to recover his courage, and come to himself, for there was no danger. While I was speaking, an immense crowd came up to the house, and surrounded it, and one man more forward than the rest, came up to the door and demanded admission. On my speaking to him out of the window, and enquiring what his business was, he replied,

'We find you have got Mr. —, the gauger, in your house; you must deliver him up to us, we want him.'

'What do you want him for?'

'Oh, doctor, that's no business for you to meddle in; we want him, and must have him.'

'Indeed, that I cannot allow; he is under my roof; he has come, claiming my hospitality, and I must and will afford it to him.'

'Doctor, there are two words to that bargain; you ought to have consulted us before you promised; but to be plain with you, we really respect you very much; you are a quiet and a good man, and mind your own business, and would make the man, sore and sorry that would touch the hair of your head. But you must give us the gauger; to be at a word with you, doctor, we must tear open or tear down your house, or get him.'

'What was I to do! what could I do! Nothing. I had not a gun or pistol in my house, so, says I—'Boys, you must, it seems, do as you like, and mind, I protest against what you are about; but since you must have your own way, as you are Irishmen, I demand fair play at your hands. The man had ten minutes' law of you when he came to my house; let him have the same law still; let him not be the worse of the shelter he has taken here. Do you, therefore, return to the hill at the rear of the house, and I will let him out at the hall door, and let him have his ten minutes' law.'

I thought that in those ten minutes, as he was young and healthy, that he would reach the river Leman, about a quarter of a mile off, in front of the house, and swimming over it, escape. So they all agreed that the proposal was a fair one; at any rate they promised to abide by it, and the man seeing the necessity of the case, consented to leave the house; I enlarged him at the hall door, the pursuers, all true to their pledged honor, stood on a hill about two hundred yards in the rear of the house, a hanging lawn sloped down towards a small river that in all places at that season of the year was fordable—about a quarter of a mile further off still in front of the house, the larger river, Lennan, ran deep and broad between high and rocky banks. The gauger started off like a buck, and as a hunted deer he ran his best, for he ran for his life, he passed the little river in excellent style, and just as he had ascended its further bank, and was rising the hilly ridge that divided the smaller from the broader stream, his pursuers broke loose, all highland men, tall, loose, agile, young, with breath and sinews strong to breast a mountain; men, who many a time and oft, over bog and brae, had run from the gauger, and now they were after him with fast foot and full cry. From the hall door the whole hunt could be seen—they helter skelter down the lawn rushing, he toiling up the opposite hill and straining to crown its summit; at length he got out of sight, he passed the ridge and rushed down to the Lennan; here, out of breath, without time to strip—without time to choose a convenient place, he took the soil, in the hunting-phrase, and made his plange—at all times a bad swimmer—now out of breath, encumbered with his clothes, the water rushing dark, deep, and rapid, amidst surrounding rocks; through whirls, and currents, and drowning holes, the poor man struggled for life; in another minute he would have sunk forever, when his pursuers came up, and two or three of the most active and best swimmers rushed in and saved him from a watery grave. The whole party immediately got about him; they rolled him about until they got the water out of his stomach, wiped him with their frieze coats; twenty warm hands were employed rubbing him into warmth; they did

everything humanity could suggest to bring him to himself. Reader, please to recollect that we are not describing the feats or fortunes of Captain Rock or his myrmidons; we are not about to detail the minutiae of a cold-blooded, long-calculated murder; we are not describing the actions of men who are more careful of the life of a pig than of a human creature. No, the Donegal mountaineers had a deed to do, but not of death; they were about a deliberate work, but not of murder. The moment the gauger was restored to himself, and in order to contribute to it an ample dose of the pother that he had persecuted was poured down his throat, they proceeded to tie a bandage over his eyes and they mounted him on a rahery, or mountain pony, and off they set with their captive towards the mountains. For a whole day they paraded him up and down, through glens and defiles, and over mountain sides, and at length, towards the close of a summer's evening, they brought him to the solitary and secluded Glen Veagh; here they embarked him in a curragh or wicker boat, and after rowing him up and down for some hours in the lake, they landed him on a little island where was a hut that had often served as a shelter for the fowler, as he watched his aim at the wild water birds of the lake, and still oftener as the still-house for the manufacture of the irrepressible, unconquerable poteen; and here under the care of two trusty men was he left, the bandage carefully kept on his eyes, and well fed on trout, grouse, hares and chickens; plenty of poteen mixed with the pure water of the lake was his portion to drink, and for six weeks was he thus kept cooped in the dark, like a fattening fowl, and at the expiration of that time his keepers one morning took him under the arm, and desired him to accompany them; then brought him to a boat, rowed him up and down, wafted him from island to island, conveyed him to shore, mounted him on the poney, brought him as before for the length of a day here and there through glen and mountain, and towards the close of night, the liberated gauger finds himself alone on the high road to Letterkenny. The poor man returned that night to his family, who had given him over as either murdered or gone to America. But he stood not as a grimly ghost at the door, but as fat and sleek, and as happy as ever.

Now wherefore all this trouble—why all these pains to catch a gauger, fatten him and let him loose? Oh, it was of much and important consequence to these poor mountaineers. A lawless act it surely was, but taking into view that it was an act big with consequences affecting their future ruin or prosperity, it might almost be pardonable. Amidst the numerous parliamentary enactments that the revenue department of the country enacted to be passed in order to repress the system of illicit distillation in Ireland, one was a law as contrary to the spirit of the British legislation as to the common principles of equity and conventional right—a law punishing the innocent in substitution for the guilty. This law made the townland in which the still was found, or any part of the process of distillation detected, liable to a heavy fine, to be levied indiscriminately on all its landholders. The consequence of this law was, that the whole north of Ireland was involved in one common confiscation. It was the fiscal triumph of gaugers and informers over the landlords and proprietors of the country. They were reaping their harvest of ruin, under a bonus offered for avarice, treachery and perjury. Acting on this anti-social system, the gauger of the district in question had information to the amount of £7000 against the respective townlands of which it was composed. These informations were to be passed or otherwise at the approaching assizes, and there was no doubt but that the gauger could substantiate them according to the existing law, and thus effect the total ruin of the people.

Under those circumstances the plot laid for the seizure and abduction of the revenue officer was laid. It was known that on a certain day about a month prior to the assizes he was to pass through the district on his way to the coast—it was known that he kept those informations about his person, and therefore they waylaid him, and succeeded in keeping him out of sight

until the assizes were over, and shortly after this imprudent and unconstitutional law was repealed.

But to return to Glen Veagh—as we were rambling along its rocky strand, admiring the stillness of its waters—the sublime solitariness of its mountain shore—here a ravine, climbing up amongst the hills; its chasms and its dancing waterfalls, fringed with birch and stunted oak—there a white silicious peak, protruding itself on high, over which the hawk cowered, as if priding itself on its inaccessible nest—before us the sleeping lake extended itself—

'Blue, dark, and deep, round many an Isle.'

and these isles set like precious gems, with just enough of trees for ornament—the birch, the rowan ash, the service, the holly, and high from the central, largest, and most distant island arose a blue and wreathed smoke, that bespoke the manufacture of mountain dew—the smoke certainly added much to the picturesque accompaniment of the scene, and we could just discern a small cabin or sheeling in the island, half concealed amidst the copsewood in which it was enveloped.

I could not help expressing a wish to see the process whereby this admired liquor was compounded, that in the estimation of every Irishman—aye, and high-born Englishman too—is so superior in sweetness, salubrity, and gusto to all that machinery, science and capital can produce in the legalized way—and which verifies the observation of the wise man, 'that stolen waters are sweet. Just as we were conversing in this way, a man turning the point of a rock, stood unexpectedly within a few yards of us. He was one of the largest men I have ever seen amongst the Irish commonality. He was tall, that is not unusual; but he was lusty, his bones and muscles were covered with flesh—there was a trunk-like swell in his chest, and a massiveness in his body—a pillar-like formation of limbs bespeaking that he was a man moulded to be a giant, and was fed up to the full exercise and capability of his frame. He had a bull-like contour of head and neck, short crisp curls appeared from under a small hat which seemed unable to settle itself over his ears, from the full development of the organ of combativeness that protruded itself in the region of his cranium.

The man stood before us with the assured look of one who was prepared saucily to say, what business have you here?—two greyhounds were at his heels, and a lurking, grisly cur, half bull-dog, half terrier, showed his white teeth and began to growl.

'Oh, how are you, Teigue,' cried my friend, (who, I believe, knows every one in Donegal,) 'how are you, my gay fellow, I am glad to see you, for you are just the man in all these mountains that I wanted to see.'

'Why, then, your honor, I am entirely obliged to you, and in troth when I just came upon you now, I did not know your honor—for as I was just walking over the mountain, I saw some strange unco people, and I only slipped down to see the cut of their countenances.'

'Ah, Teigue, I know rightly you do not like unco people, for fear that a gauger might be amongst them.' 'Ah, then, now, is it I fear a gauger? Teigue O'Gallagher fear a gauger!—no, nor a commissioner from Dublin Custom-house, barring he had army and guns at his back—not I by my troth, for his little I'd matter just taking one of them by the waistband of the breeches and filiping him, do you see, into the middle of the lake, and there leave him to keep company with the trouts—no, no; but the likes of you—no offence, master, the likes of you, I mean, not in the inside, but the teeth outwards, might come and give information, and put decent people to trouble, and be after bringing the army here to this quiet place, and put us out of our way and all that.'

'Well, Teigue, you know me, don't you?'

'I do, your honor, and am certain sure that you are true and of the right sort, and every inch about you honest.'

'Well, Teigue, I want to get this gentleman, who is

a friend of mine, on the lake; he desires to get into a boat to see its beauties more conveniently, besides, he has a longing wish to see how the heavy drop is made, can you indulge him?"

"That I will, as a thousand welcomes," so away he went towards the point of the rock which jutted out into the water, and putting his finger to his mouth, he sent forth a whistle that sounded over the lake, and thus reverberating, echoed from bay to bay, and multiplied itself through the glens and gorges of the mountains; at the same time he made some telegraphic signal, and in a minute he saw a boat push off from the island of Smoke. While Teigue was absent, I asked my friend who he was? Why, says he, that is one of the most comfortable and independent fellows in all this mountain district—he exerts a muscular and moral influence over the people; he has a great deal of sense, a great deal of determination; a constant view to his own interest; and luckily he considers that interest best promoted, by keeping the country in peace. Those that fall out he beats into good humor, and when the weight of his argument cannot prevail, the weight of his fist enforces compliance with his wishes. Then he is the patron of illicit distillation—he is co-partner in the adventure, and is the watchful guardian over its process; there is not a movement of a guger that he does not make himself acquainted with; there is not a detachment leaves a village or town that he has not under watch, and before a policeman or a red coat comes within three miles of these waters, all would be prepared for them; still and worm sunk; malt buried; barrels and coolers disposed of, and the boat scuttled. There is not a man in Ireland lives better in his own way than Teigue; his chests are full of meal, the roof of his kitchen is festooned with bacon; his byre is full of cows; his sheep range on a hundred hills; as a countryman said to me the other day, 'Teigue O'Gallagher is the only man of his sort in Donegal that eats white bread toasted, buttered, and washed down with tea for his breakfast.'

In the meantime the boat came near, and joined us, and after some difficulty in getting aboard from the rocks, and adjusting ourselves in proper trim in the most frail bark that perhaps was ever launched on water, we rowed out into the lake; and here really the apparent peril of our situation, deprived me of the pleasure that might otherwise be enjoyed in the picturesque scenery around; the bottom of the boat was covered with water, which oozed in through a sod of turf, that served as a plug to a hole in its bottom, the size of my head; and Teigue O'Gallagher, who sat at the head of the boat surrounded by his dripping dogs, almost sunk it to the gunwale, and every now and then, the dogs uneasy at their confinement, tumbled about and disturbed our equilibrium; if a gust of wind had come, as often as it does on a sudden from the hills, we should have been in a perilous state. As it was, the two young men who rowed as, and who it was to be supposed could swim, enjoyed our nervous state, and out of fun told us stories of sudden hurricanes, and of the dangers and deaths that have happened to navigators on this lake; we, therefore, declined a protracted expedition, and only desired to be landed on the island, where we arrived in a short time, and then had opportunity of witnessing the arena of illicit distillation. The island that at a distance looked so pretty with its copsewood, its sheeling, and its wreathing smoke, when we reached it, presented as ugly and disgusting a detail as possible; and a Teniers or a Cruikshank, could only do justice to the scene, and present a lively picture of its uncouth accompaniments.

A half roofed cabin, in which was a raging fire, over which was suspended the pot with its connected head and worm; two of the filthiest of human beings, half naked, squalid, unhealthy looking creatures, with skins encrusted with filth, hair long, uncombed, and matted, where vermin of all sorts seemed to quarter themselves and nidificate; and where (as Burns says) 'horn or bone ne'er dare un-

settle their thick plantations;' these were the operatives of the filthy process which seemed in all its details, to be carried on in nastiness.

'John Barleycorn, though hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
When Irishmen distil his blood,
They cleanness despise.'

The whole area of the Island was one dunghill composed of fermenting grains; there were about twenty immense hogs either feeding or snoring on the food that lay beneath them; and so alive with rats was the whole concern that one of the boatmen compared them in number and intrusiveness to flocks of sparrows on the side of a shelling-hill, adjoining a cornmill. I asked one of the boatmen where the men who attended the still slept. 'Och, where should they sleep but on the grains with the pigs; they have never been off the island these six months, they have never changed their clothes, and I believe, though they are convenient enough to the water, they have never washed themselves.' 'And are they not afraid?' 'Why would they be afraid of but the rats.' 'And do they never go to divine worship?' 'Ah, that they don't, it's little they care about religion—one of them is a Protestant, and he curses so much that it's enough to keep ghost, angel, or devil off the place—and it troth the Catholic is not much better, may be the Priest wont have work enough with him yet.'

I was truly disgusted with the whole scene, and anxious to quit it.* I was vexed and disappointed to find such a romantic and beautiful spot so defiled, so desecrated, I might say, by a manufacture, that has proved of incalculable mischief to the peaceful habits, the moral character, and religious duties of the people of the country—but we would not be allowed to part before we partook of the produce of the pot. With all his faults, Pat is not deficient in generosity, and he is ever ready to share—yes, and often to waste the liquor which he has a peculiar delight in manufacturing; because, perhaps, the undertaking is attended with risk, and gives birth to adventurous engagements, and escapes; and as the song says,

'An Irishman all in his glory is there.'

To the above description, we add a few reflections, from 'Letters from the Irish Highlands.'

'Among all the striking peculiarities which arrest the attention of an English stranger, on his first visit to Ireland, there is none, I have often thought, that must at once excite such surprise, and lead the mind to such sad and sober reflections, as the hostile feelings of the majority of the people towards the law of the land. They will make use of its strong arm occasionally to oppress an inferior, or to wreak their vengeance on an equal; but they never look to it with the feelings which an Englishman cherishes; they have not learned to regard it as the protector of their persons and properties, and the guardian of their dearest rights and liberties. From the rebellious code of Ribandism, which dooms him to destruction who ventures to appeal to the tribunals of justice against the hand of midnight violence, to the easy good nature of the peasant, who without advantage to himself, assists his neighbor in concealing the keg of illicit whiskey, or the bale of smuggled tobacco, the spirit is the same. The hand of the law has been against every man—and now, every man's hand is, in turn, raised against the law. But it is not for me to lead you back in the trodden path of history, to point out the wrongs which poor Ireland has received at the hands of her conquerors. You know that her sons were once hunted, like wild beasts, through the woods of Connaught; and where is the wonder then, if they failed to recognize a benefactor, when they beheld, it is true, laws and civilization in one hand, but in the other a frightful accompaniment of whips and scourges? Need I remind you that until the reign of James I. who, perhaps, never

more truly than on this point deserved the title of the English Solomon, the poor Irish pleaded in vain to be governed by the English law? This was a favor granted only to a few; while the majority of the natives, the mere Irish, as they were disdainfully termed, were denied a participation in the rights and privileges of English subjects; and were thus compelled to govern themselves by their own barbarous usages and customs; while they were exposed, almost without protection, to the outrages of their more favored neighbors.

A more enlightened policy has at length succeeded to these days of darkness; and let us hope that after a time the governors and the governed will form but one people. As they carried on a continual warfare against the law, and all its ministers, it became necessary that they should be acquainted with its intricacies, and estimate well the terrors of its sanctions. And this they have done. The lower orders of Irish, though an uneducated, are not an uninformed people; and upon this subject, which is of such vital importance to them, they often show a knowledge, not only of the common points, but also of the technical niceties, which is far beyond any thing that would be met with in an English peasant. They understand exactly how far they may go without hazarding the animadversion of a magistrate; and often as the exceed the bounds of moderation, yet still offend no they venture upon the very verge, and there stop short, to the surprise and admiration of all spectators.'

POMPEII.

The following fine passage is taken from the poem on 'The Universe,' which, though published under the name of Maturin, was really written by another Irishman—the Rev. James Willis:—

Thus deep, beneath
Earth's bosom, and the mansions of the graves
Of men, are graves of cities. Sunk of late
From its long sleep of darkness disinter'd
Pompeii, with its low and buried roofs,
Rose dark upon the miner's progress, like
A city of the dead! A tomb perchance
Where living men were buried! Tyrant death!
How didst thou triumph then!—thou us'd'st to steal
Behind thy shadow harbingers, disease,
Or take thine open and determined stand
In battle's ranks, with danger at thy side,
Forewarning gallant breasts prepared to die;
But there—thy spectral visage darken'd forth
Amid the joyous bosom scenes of life,
From its invisible ambush! There—it found
The myriad fantasies of hearts and brains;
Young loves, and hopes, and pleasures, all abroad,
Spreading their painted wings, and wantoning
In life's glad summer breeze, from flow'r to flow'r,
And, with the fatal spell of one dread glance,
Blighted them all! How sunk the tender maid
Then silent in the chill and stifling clasp
Of her dead lover! Echo had not ceased
To catch love's inarticulate ecstasies,
Strained in a first embrace—for ever then
Fix'd statue-like in death's tremendous arms,
A hideous contrast!—one fell moment still'd
Lovers and foes alike;—workers of good,
And guilty wretches!—then the statesman's brain
Stopp'd in its calculation, and the bard
Sunk by his lyric,—the loud procession
Before the temple—all the cures of life
With action and contrivance, the street
Through'd multitudinous, in their busy time
Of bustle and magnificence,—and all
Life's thousands were abroad, and the high sounds
Of civic pomp rose audible from far;
But louder rose the terrible voice of ruin
Over their mirth, 'He still,' and all was hush'd!
Save the short shuddering cries that rose unheard,
The upturn'd glances from a thousand homes
Through red closing surge! the awful groan
Of agitated nature—and beneath
Ten thousand victims turn'd to die; above
Bright sunbeams in the plain—a nameless tomb!

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull, than did an honest John Bull, who being asked by a friend, 'Has your sister got a son or a daughter?' answered, 'Upon my word I do not know whether I am an uncle or an aunt.'

* The visit to Glen Veeagh took place some years ago. I have reason to believe, that in consequence of better arrangements in the revenue department, illicit distillation has ceased long ago in Glen Veeagh.



NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

LAURENCE STERNE.

We can hardly claim Sterne as a countryman. He certainly was born in Ireland, and was here at intervals during part of his childhood; but from the period of his going to school, he never again visited this country. His family too was altogether English, being originally of the county of Suffolk. His great-grandfather was Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York, in the time of Charles II., having been elevated to the archiepiscopal see after the Restoration, in reward for his sufferings and imprisonment during the commonwealth. His son settled at Elvington in Yorkshire. Roger Sterne, the second son of this latter gentleman, and the father of Laurence we find in the most straitened circumstances; a lieutenant in the army, in November, 1713, quartered with his regiment at Clonmel, then a small town in the South of Ireland, where Laurence Sterne was born, as he himself tells us, on the 24th of that month. It has been said that some passages in the life of his parents, and the hardships and poverty, with which they had to struggle, in maintaining a family on the slender support his father's pay afforded them, furnished Sterne with some hints for his beautiful episode of *Le Ferre*. His father, having for several years carried his wife and children about with his regiment to various quarters in England and Ireland, they at length enjoyed an interval of repose, remaining for nearly the entire of 1720 in barracks, in the town of Wicklow; from thence they removed to the house of a Mr. Fetherson, a clergyman, who being related to Sterne's mother, invited them to his parsonage, at Annamoe, in the same county. During their stay here, Sterne relates that he had 'a wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt.' 'The story,' he says, 'might be incredible, but was known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to see him.' Now to our humble apprehension, the most incredible part of the story is, not that he escaped unhurt; but rather that such a mighty astonishment should have been excited by so simple an occurrence. About the beginning of 1723, his father put him to school at Halifax in Yorkshire, previous to his going out with his regiment to the defence of Gibraltar. During the progress of the siege there, he received a severe wound in a duel with a Captain Phillips, which originated in some quarrel about a goose. With much difficulty he survived, and shortly after being ordered out to Jamaica, whither he went, with an impaired constitution unequal to the hardships he was exposed to, in that climate he was attacked with fever, to which he quickly fell a victim, and died there in March, 1751.

Sterne has recorded an occurrence which took place while he remained at school, and which should

not be omitted here. 'His master having had the ceiling of the school room newly white-washed, one unlucky day, the ladder remaining there, he mounted, and wrote with a brush, in large capital letters, *LAU. STERNE*—for which he got a sound whipping from an usher. The master, however, was very much hurt at this, and said before him that never should that name be effaced, for that he was a boy of genius, and would surely come to preferment; this expression made him forget the stripes he had received.' We are free to confess, that to us this story appears to exhibit something of that egotistical turn which develops itself also in his relation of his earlier adventure at Annamoe, and is still more preposterously displayed through every part of his correspondence with his friends, published after his death, by his daughter.

To the University of Cambridge, where he was admitted of Jesus College, in 1732, he was sent by his cousin Mr. Sterne of Elvington, who, he says, acted like a father to him; how he occupied himself during his residence there, does not appear. In January, 1736, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and that of Master, in 1740. In the interval between the two last mentioned periods, he was ordained, and by the interest of his uncle, Dr. Jacques Sterne, Prebendary of Durham, obtained the living of Sutton near York; the income arising from this could not have been very considerable, as his wife, to whom he was about this time first introduced, long resisted his solicitations to unite herself to him on the ground of the inadequacy of even their united means. In 1741, however, they were married, shortly after her recovery from a severe illness, during which she had given a most striking proof of her affectionate regard for him, having, at a time when she believed her recovery hopeless, left to him by her will, the entire of the fortune at her disposal. About this time, his uncle, with whom he yet continued on good terms, got him a prebendal stall in York cathedral, but soon after, 'he quarrelled with him, and from that period became his bitterest enemy, because, (according as Sterne tells the story,) I would not write paragraphs in the newspapers, for though he was a party-man, I was not, and detested such dirty work, thinking it beneath me.' Shortly after, he obtained by his wife's interest, the living of Stillington; and from that time for nearly twenty years, he continued to do duty there, and at Sutton, residing at the latter place. During the greater part of this period, his publications seem to have been confined to a Sermon for the charity schools in York, in 1747, and another preached before the Judges of Assize, in 1756. In 1759, appeared the two first volumes of his *Tristram Shandy*, which speedily excited so much attention, and had such a rapid sale, that the following year, having taken a house in York for his wife and daughter, he went up to London for the purpose of publishing a second edition. Of this singular book it is impossible justly to pronounce any general, decided, or summary opinion either in its favor, or the contrary; there certainly are many parts of it which possess great beauty and elegance, others contain the most piquant strokes of wit and humor, and at the same time evince a thorough knowledge of character; some of the episodes are exquisitely touching, and indicate a mind full of the finest sensibility; but it abounds with passages containing such gross and indelicate allusions as are utterly indefensible, and appear to have met with most deserved reprehension immediately on the appearance of the first volumes of the work. Yet Sterne, though fully apprized of this, seems to have totally disregarded every consideration but that of sordid profit; in one of his letters from London, he says, 'one half the town abuse my book as bitterly as the other half cry it up to the skies—the best is, they abuse and buy it, and at such a rate, that we are going on with a second edition as fast as possible.' Indeed on one occasion,

when he was plainly told that 'his work could not be put into the hands of any woman of character,' his only defence was a miserable attempt at ribald and indecent jocularities, coupled with an admission that he wrote 'to make his labor of advantage to himself.' *Tristram Shandy* can in truth only be characterized as the most extraordinary mélange of intelligent and reflective observation of human nature, and of the most profound absurdity, of highly wrought feeling, and of the most unmeaning and vicious frivolity that ever was, or is to be hoped, ever will be presented to the world.

It has been repeatedly said, and some treatises have been written to prove not only that Sterne was in a great measure a copyist of the manner of Rabelais, Montaigne, Bishop Hall, and some other old writers, whose works are but little read, but that whole passages in his *Tristram Shandy*, and *Sentimental Journey* could be pointed out, which, with very little alteration, are transcribed from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and other works of a remote period. There certainly were arguments brought forward almost amounting to proofs of this, yet even if we admit them to their fullest extent, enough of what is purely his own, will be found in Sterne's works to entitle him to the name of an original writer.

In the commencement of 1761, he was presented by Lord Fauconberg with the curacy of Coxwold, which produced some increase to his income, but obliged him to keep a curate for the parishes of Sutton and Stillington. He now came to reside at Coxwold, which he calls 'a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton.' Here too, he draws a charming picture of the domestic occupations of his family:—'I am scribbling away at my *Tristram*; my Lydia helps to copy for me—and my wife knits and listens, as I read her my chapters.'

His health about this time, appears to have been very precarious; he had burst a blood-vessel in his lungs, and was otherwise so delicate, that he was advised to try the South of France, and from the Archbishop of York, he, without difficulty, obtained permission to be absent for a year or two. That he was an improvident man, and notwithstanding the income of his several church preferments, frequently much in want of money, is a circumstance pretty well known, and a tolerable sample of this is exhibited in the following letter which he wrote to Garrick, shortly before he set out for the Continent, the autograph of which is preserved in the collection of Mr. Upcott of London:—

'Dear Garrick,

Upon reviewing my finances this morning, with some unforeseen expenses, I find I should set out with 20 pounds less, than a prudent man ought—will you lend me twenty pounds.

Yours

L. STERNE.'

He would have the world to believe, that while at Paris, where he arrived in January, 1762, he was courted and his society sought in the most flattering manner, by all the men of rank, as well as of wit and learning there, by the Duke of Orleans, (who, he says, got him to sit for a portrait for him), the Count de Choiseul, Baron of Holbach, Crebillon, and many others. Although it has been very generally said that his treatment of his wife through life was unkind in the extreme, yet this is by no means indicated by several letters which he wrote to her from Paris, pressing her to come over to him with his daughter, and to accompany him in his tour to the South. His journey thither was hastened, in consequence of having been nearly carried off by again breaking a blood-vessel internally, just before the arrival of his wife and daughter, in July. Accordingly, about the end of that month, they set out for Toulouse, where they took a house for a year. The winter was passed by Sterne, very agreeably in the society of some English families, who

were resident there, and who found in him a valuable auxiliary in getting up some private plays at Christmas. About the month of June following he began to grow tired of Toulouse, and he removed to Montpellier, and took up his residence there during the winter of 1763. Early in the following year, though not much improved in health, he determined on returning home, but his wife preferred remaining after him in France. Some people were so ingenious as to represent this, even at the time, as a 'separation for life,' but there does not appear to have been any grounds for such a supposition, especially, as they were again together at Tours, in 1766, and as in 1767, she rejoined him in England. About June, 1764, he returned to England, where he was for some time chiefly engaged in the printing of the concluding volumes of Tristram Shandy, and the publication by subscription of two volumes of Sermons. About this time, probably, he sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds for the portrait, an engraving of which we give at the top of this article. His health again beginning to fail, he hastened to Italy in the latter end of 1765, and spent the winter at Naples. In his journey thither, through France, he does not appear to have gone to see his wife or daughter, although they were then living at Tours; yet his letters to them from Italy do not show any alienation, or even unusual coldness, and on his return, in the May following, he paid them a short visit. His health after he got back to England, began rapidly to sink, and we find him for some time at Scarborough, trying the efficacy of the waters there. In 1767, he came up to London to publish his *Sentimental Journey*, and while there, had a violent return of his old complaint which proved very nearly fatal. From this attack, he never perfectly recovered. His wife and daughter returned from the continent in the month of October, and settled in York, and the society of his daughter, to whom he was much attached, seemed to give him new vigor for a while, but his disorder was too firmly rooted in his constitution, now enfeebled by repeated attacks, and on the 18th of March, 1768, after a short but severe struggle, he died at his lodgings in Bond-street, and was interred in the new burying-ground belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover-square.

Of Sterne's general character, enough may be gathered from the preceding sketch to enable one to judge that his standard of morality was not very high. Many passages in his writings would, no doubt, tend to the conclusion that he was of a most benevolent turn of mind, and had a heart very susceptible of compassionate feelings; yet it seems to be the universal opinion, that the whole tenor of his life went directly to contradict all this. His correspondence with Eliza (Mrs. Draper) seems to tell nothing to his advantage, or hers, though she seems to have been a woman of strict virtue. But no defence can be attempted for a clergyman, writing letters of the kind, to a married woman for the purpose of establishing what has been amiably termed, a Platonic affection! a phrase manifestly, but a cloak for a criminal passion. Walpole has given us his opinion with a harshness which we fear is but too justly called for. (Walpolian, 95.) His friend Garrick has taken him in the best point of view, in the epitaph which he wrote for his tomb:

'Shall pride a heap of sculptured marble raise,
Some worthless, unorned titled foot praise:
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where Genius, Wit and Humor sleep with Sterne?'
O'G.

A street sweeper the other day, hearing some praises bestowed on the clan state of one of the crossings, at which a brother officer some craft officiated, somewhat petulantly observed, 'Well, now, I don't think him any such great shes after all. He can get through common straight-forward jobs well enough; but it isn't them that tells a man's abilities. Just put him to a bit of fancy work; let him try to sweep round the posts, and then see how he'll manage that.'

THE GERMANS IN IRELAND.

It has been mentioned that the two light battalions and the first and second line brigades of the legion were ordered to Ireland. On the sixth of May these regiments sailed for Cork; but scarce had they lost sight of the English coast, when a violent gale of wind sprung up and drove them into the Atlantic. The gale lasted three days, and finally obliged the transports to put into Bantry bay, on the south west coast of Ireland, where, in the harbor of Benhaven, they anchored on the 12th.

So long a voyage not having been anticipated, the stock of provisions proved here deficient, and recourse was had to the inhabitants of the coast for supplies. To their dismay the Germans found that the peasantry of these parts providently reserving any cattle which they might possess as a means of paying the rent of their tenements, subsisted almost entirely upon fish and potatoes, and were consequently little qualified to provide the strangers with more substantial nourishment. From this state of abstinence the troops were however relieved on the 20th, when, the easterly wind subsiding, they sailed for Cork, and anchored in Cove harbor on the following day.

The greater part of the legion had now been removed to Ireland, and found no reason to be dissatisfied with the change. To both officers and men Ireland presented advantages which her sister island did not afford them. The hospitality of the inhabitants; the cheapness of the provisions; the readiness with which a stranger, and particularly a military man, was admitted into the family circles of the gentry—formed an agreeable contrast to the parallel circumstances in England. There, indeed, the country towns were so crowded with troops, that general attention to the military could scarcely be expected from the residents;—and he who was not fortunate enough to be provided with letters of introduction, had little chance of being invited to partake of their hospitality. In Ireland, on the other hand, the garrisons were smaller, and the gentry, ever more ready to form acquaintances than the English, make those advances which are so agreeable to a stranger, and could not but prove highly gratifying to the officers of a foreign corps. The Hanoverians became acquainted with Irish hospitality to its fullest; the house of the more wealthy residents were open to them; at the grand entertainment, or more humble family party, they were equally welcomed; the ladies taught them English, and the gentlemen bore with their German; festivities denoted their presence, and lamentations their departure.

That this friendly intercourse should have led to more near alliances may well be imagined, and the subsequent change of condition of several officers of the corps proved that the fair daughters of Erin were not insensible to the merits of their foreign guests.

With more complete satisfaction could we dwell on the sojourn of the German legion in Ireland, did not an unfortunate event, which about this time occurred, mingle some painful recollections with this period of their history.

The light companies of some Irish militia regiments had been formed into a brigade, and stationed at the town of Birr, in the King's County. In the month of July, this brigade was broken up, and the second companies of which it was composed were ordered to join their respective regiments. Agreeably to this order, four companies, being those of Derry, Monaghan, Limerick and Sligo regiments, marched into Tullamore, where, as has been stated, the first light battalion and one squadron of the first dragoons of the legion were quartered. On their entrance into the town, the militia officers were met by a deputation from those of the legion, who, wishing to return a similar civility which had been paid to one of their battalions by the Irish officers at Birr, begged that they might be favored with their company at dinner. The invitation was declined under the plea of fatigue, and the militia proceeded to take up their quarters in Tullamore for the night.

About seven o'clock in the evening a man belonging to the German light battalion, who was peaceably cross-

sing the bridge which formed one end of the militia street of the town, was knocked down by one of the militia, who was immediately joined by one of his comrades. Three other Germans who were accidentally passing, and came up to see what was going forward met with a similar fate.

Major General von Linsingen, who commanded the district, happening to be at the moment about to leave the officer's dinner room in the adjoining hotel, was attracted by the noise which this outrage occasioned, and seeing from the inn window that two or three of the German light infantry were surrounded by a crowd of militia soldiery, hurried to the spot, and in the best English he could command, entreated them to desist. For the moment, his interference was effectual, but two of the Germans had been already wounded with bayonets and stones, and a determination to repeat the assault appeared evident on the part of the militia. The Major General, therefore, sending to the barracks for a patrol, repaired to his quarters and made the officer who commanded the militia acquainted with what had occurred. This officer immediately waited upon the General, who ordered him to parade his men forthwith for roll-call, and sent similar instructions to Colonel von Alten for the light infantry of the legion.

The patrol from the barracks now came up and seized one of the militia, who appeared to be ringleader in the business. About twenty of his comrades then collected for the apparent purpose of rescuing him, and were about to charge the Germans with fixed bayonets when Captain von Düsing moved his company down upon the assailants, and caused them to retreat beyond the bridge. Here they faced about and fired, and seven of the Germans were wounded. Upon this Captain Düsing pressed forward, and drove them into the lanes beyond the bridge; meanwhile Colonel von Alten's battalion had been formed in the main street.

The militia had now nearly all retired from this part of the town; but taking shelter in the houses, and at the corners of the streets, they still continued to fire upon the Germans, and Lieutenant Baron Marschalk was dangerously wounded by a musquet ball in the chest.

General Linsingen now appeared with the cavalry, and charged the only body of the militia which still held out. The German dragoons felt naturally irritated at the unprovoked treatment which their comrades had received, and showed little mercy towards the aggressors. These, however, received them with a heavy fire; but not being able to withstand the violent reprisal of the cavalry, soon dispersed, and here the affair terminated.

Three officers, twenty-two men, and five horses were wounded on the side of the legion; and Baron Marschalk, who had been shot through the lungs, was for a length of time not expected to recover.

Of the militia, only nine were wounded, one of whom died afterwards, which small number of casualties in proportion to that of the Germans, was owing to the latter being unprovided with ammunition, while the militia were all loaded with both.

Various reasons have been given for the hostile feeling of the Irish towards the Germans;—revenge for a punishment which had been inflicted upon one of their body for stealing a pipe from one of the legion; a belief that the arrival of the latter in Ireland was the cause of the militia light brigade having been broken up, the faithlessness of some former 'sweethearts' of the Irishmen in Tullamore, on the arrival of the legion in that town, have been severally stated as the cause of the aggression, and taken collectively, will probably account for the affray.

A violent opposer of railroads was one day fiercely talking against them, and among other arguments, equally forcible, observed that no person would trust himself twice on such a road. 'For,' said he, 'I once rode a mile or two on a railroad, (meaning the rails or logs thrown across roads in marshy places,) and came near having every bone in my body dislocated by the jolting of the carriage.'



ATHCARNE CASTLE.

ATHCARNE CASTLE.

Of the many fine castles or castellated houses erected by the descendants of the old English settlers of the Pale, one of the most interesting in many particulars, was that which is the subject of our prefixed illustration; for though of no higher antiquity than the reign of Elizabeth, it preserved, till lately, without change, its original form and character, a peculiarity which bad taste and love of change has rarely permitted our ancient buildings of this class to retain.

This very interesting specimen of Elizabethan architecture is situated in the county of Meath on the Ashbourne new line of road, about 17 miles from Dublin and 5 from Drogheda. It consists of an extensive mansion and a lofty castle, united together, and of coeval erection, presenting in every point of view a picturesque variety of outline, rarely found in modern domestic architecture. The pleasing little river Nanny water, which nearly washes its base, lends its beauty to the ancient mansion, which is also adorned by traces of equal antiquity and venerable appearance.

From inscriptions which appear over several of the doorways, we find that Athcarne Castle was erected for William Bathe and his wife Janet Dowdall, in the year 1590. This William Bathe was a person of much distinction in his day, and a younger branch of the ancient and respectable family of the name of Knightstown, in the same county, now represented by the worthy Sir William Plunket de Bathe, Bart., who still is in possession of that place, being a part of the original grant to his ancestor in the year 1172, and who has re-assumed, by his majesty's sign manual, the ancient family name of De Bathe, after its having for upwards of three hundred years fallen into disuse. The Athcarne branch of the family is, we believe, represented by Mr. Joseph Henry Bath of Galway and Dublin, who also represents the Baths' of Bremore Castle, which, to the discredit of the present proprietor, has been recently taken down; but neither of those places are now in the possession of the family. The history of the Athcarne property is, we believe, as follows:—

By the act of settlement, vol. ii. sec. 225, p. 347, A. D. 1661, it was provided that Luke Bath of Athcarne, (Athcarne) amongst several others, 'who, or

their respective fathers, have eminently suffered for their adhering to the authority of his majesty, or his father of blessed memory, in this kingdom, against the Nuncio and his party, shall be forthwith restored to their former respective estates, and whereof they, or any of their said fathers were dispossessed by the late usurped power, and be therein settled and quieted in possession to them, and to their heirs respectively, as fully, finally, and beneficially, and with the same advantages, benefits and assurances to all intents and purposes, as the Lord Netterville, and the Lord Viscount Galmoy, and the rest with them in the Declaration herein before mentioned, ought, by virtue of the said Declaration, and this present act, to be restored to their respective estates, anything to the contrary notwithstanding.' This Luke Bath was immediately afterwards created a baronet; but notwithstanding all this great favor towards him, it appears by a record in the Roll's office, that on the 10th of February, 1663, (the very next year after the above enactment) by an inquisition post mortem, the jurors, after finding that Athcarne, and several other towns and lands, were the property of James Bath of Athcarne, (the deceased father of Sir Luke,) 'and who being of the said lands possessed, was since indicted and outlawed of high treason by him committed against his majesty Charles I., in his kingdom of Ireland, by reason whereof, the jurors aforesaid, do find the said premises to be forfeited to the king's majesty, his heirs and successors, and are now held in custodiam by Sir Luke Bath.' However, by the subsequent explanatory Act of Settlement, vol. iii. p. 117, A. D. 1666, Sir Luke was restored to, or rather continued in the possession (which he never lost) to the time of his death, in which also, his son, Sir Peter continued to the time of his death: after which, (he having left no male issue) a collusive proceeding took place between the then Duke of York, (afterwards James II.) and Lady Cecilia, the widow of Sir Luke, and Lady Margaret, the widow of Sir Peter, and their trustees, George Aylmer and Launcelot Dowdall, (brother of Lady Cecilia) which collusion was established for the purpose of defeating the rights of the male heir of the Bath family, who being thus despoiled of his right, made, as did also his descendants at several periods, frequent, but in consequence of the

poverty, ineffectual attempts to recover it. The property was sold at Chichester house, in the year 1703, to Mr. S——e, a woollen draper in High street, Dublin, (subject, however, to the lease of 99 years, allowed in 1700, in the Court of Claims, executed by the Duke of York to the above trustees, at a pepper-corn rent!) for the sum of £403.

The counties of Meath and Louth are rich in antiquarian remains of this respectable family, and in future numbers of the Miscellany we shall give illustrations of several of the magnificent votive stone crosses erected in various parts of the country to the memory of William Bathe of Athcarne, by his widow, and which are the finest monuments of their kind now remaining in Ireland P.

ALLIGATOR FIGHT IN AFRICA.—Earlier, the traveller states that one day while at anchor off an African town, he witnessed one of the most ingenious ways of killing an alligator that could be imagined. He was observed by two natives in a canoe, who immediately paddled to the opposite side of the bank, and having landed, crept cautiously towards him. As soon as they were near him, one of the natives stood up from his crouching position, holding a spear about six feet long, which with one blow he struck through the animal's tale into the sand. A most strenuous contest immediately ensued—the man with the spear holding it in the sand as firmly as his strength allowed him, and clinging to it as it became necessary to shift his position with the agility of a monkey; while his companion occasionally ran up as opportunity offered, and with much dexterity gave the animal a thrust with his long knife, retreating at the same moment from within reach of its capacious jaws as it whirled round upon the extraordinary pivot which his companion had so successfully placed in its tail. The battle lasted about half an hour, terminating in the slaughter of the alligator, and the triumph of his conquerors, who were not long in cutting him into pieces, and loading their canoes with his flesh, which they immediately carried to the shore, and retailed to their countrymen. It was evident that the success of the plan depended on the nerve and dexterity of the man who pinned the animal's tail to the ground.

NOS. 4 AND 5.—Owing to the great demand for the earlier numbers of our paper, we have entirely exhausted all our nos. 4 and 5. We shall, as soon as we can complete the necessary arrangements, issue extra editions, and our numerous friends can rest assured that their wants will be supplied at the earliest possible moment.

Written for the Miscellany.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY GERALDINE.

Remember, my country, our unmarked tomb,
On which should be written the Sassenach's doom;
Beneath your green sod thy dead martyr is laid—
Enter into the light and be not afraid;
Rely not on others but do it alone,
To raise him a monument stronger than stone.

Erin in past days, was not wont to be cold,
Men at that time were not bought for gold;
Mighty she can be if once more she will try;
Entering united, to conquer or die,
Till from her soil she make the foreigner fly.

STANZAS.

I would not quit my native land, nor further wish to roam;
Fond as to me its billowy strand and dear my childhood's home,
And dear to me those hallowed plains that nursed so many
brave,
And dearer still the ivy'd ruins, where lies my father's
grave.

I would not quit my native land, nor roam beyond the
tide—
While scenes so dear lie all around—with friends on every
side;
But ah! those scenes in memory's ear, ring back sad tale
of woe:
They tell of famines, war and strife, that laid my kindred
low.

They tell of strife 'twixt man and man and many a heart-
less deed,
Enforced by laws on Cromwell's plan, to nourish discords
seed,
They tell how rancorous bigotry has crushed fair virtue's
train;
Then why not rather quit the land than raise a hand in
vain?

In vain to stem the tide of ills that threaten Erin's plain,
Where shophen strive for landlords sway, and all sink all
for gain;
Where churchmen sleek—no odds what creed!—in pageant
wealth take pride;
Then who'd not rather quit the land, than wait what these
betide?

Degenerate sons of nameless sires usurp our native soil,
Flee in bands our useful hands, insured to cheerful toil,
In well tilled plots and smiling cots they'd show their mot-
tled kine,
And change the hamlet's e'er-tide song for grunt of Ger-
man swine.

Then say not 'away!' the words 'away' beyond the Atlantic
wave,

Where freedom's banner found a sod, I'll find a freeman's
grave;

Where hostile church nor landlord clutch no 'first fruits'
dare to claim,
I'll make a home, 'twill be my own—my own—how sweet
that name.

B.
Cabirciveen, county Kerry.

I SIGH FOR THEE MY MARY DEAR.

I sigh for thee my Mary dear,
This witching hour of moonbeam's light;
I breathe thy name and wish thee near
To cheer my lonely heart to-night.

Till time unfolds the future morrow,
While absence veils my longing sight,
Hope's sweet wreath from love I'll borrow
To cheer my lonely heart to-night.

Far, far from country, home and thee,
Thine eyes—those beacons pure and bright—
I softly dream they look for me
To cheer my lonely heart to-night.

I sigh for thee, my Mary dear,
As fancy fondly wings its flight,
And waits thee on its memory here,
To cheer my lonely heart to-night.

☞ Owing to a large share of other matter the la-
cubrations of the 'Queer Cove' are unavoidably left
over till next week. In our next he will be redivivus,
and it is expected, will spread himself like a green
bay horse. Look out for him, for he's an 'unter.

Written for the Miscellany.

'THE MILITARY ELEMENT IN THE IRISH
CHARACTER.'

ILLUSTRATED FROM HISTORY.

PART 3.

When the treaty of Limerick, that ineffaceable record
of British perfidy was signed, Ireland witnessed a sad-
der sight than ever since through all her misfortunes,
has stirred the heart of the nation with a throb of sor-
row;—sadder than the scene of that 'dark ship' bound
for a southern sea, fading on the horizon and bearing
within its convict hull the noblest citizen of Ireland
'clothed and fettered as a felon;'—sadder than the
most sorrowful parting in that fatal exodus, impelled
by the gaunt hand of famine, which robbed the coun-
try of its bone and sinew, and flung upon a strange
land millions of her people, to become the instruments
of that land's prosperity, but of the ignorant and big-
otted portion of its masses the butt and scorn.

No gleam of sunshine chequered the waters of the
lordly Shannon that day, when depressed with sorrow
and the incertitude of the future, but sustained by the
consciousness of duty well fulfilled, and faith preserved
in spite of temptation and in contempt of treachery,
the Irish army were borne away from the shores of
their beloved country to sanctify with the blood of
heroes the field of many a victory; but still animated
by the hope that they were destined to return ere long,
and measure swords with their ancient enemy in the
expedition then fitting out at Brest. But that hope
was not to be fulfilled; and—

'On far foreign shores, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.'

Oh! it was a sorrowful sight that flight of the 'Wild
Geese.' There, upon the deck, stood Sarsfield, his
lofty forehead gloomy with the presage of his coming
fate, when, on the field of Landen, he poured out his
life-blood, not leading an Irish squadron on Irish soil,
but at the head of a band of strangers in a foreign ser-
vice—having sacrificed rank, title and wealth for his
country, when, by one flash of his sword, he might
have obliterated every trace of that treaty, ratified at
a moment when the arrival of the French fleet in the
Shannon could have transformed defeat into victory.
And there too, stood the chiefs of many a princely
house,—O'Reilly, of Cavan, Mr. Mahon, of Mona-
ghan, O'Donnell, of Tyrconnel, Mc Guire, of Ennis-
killen and O'Rourke, of Breffin, going forth from afflu-
ence and power to serve, without rank or pay, as mere
volunteers in a foreign service;—half-clad, half-starved
—their claims cruelly neglected by their new master—
sustained alone by the brave heart and stern integrity
which ever carries the Irish gentleman through the
difficulties of exile—supports him in spite of ruined
fortunes and broken hopes, and the scoffs of ignorant
and vulgar arrogance.

Through all the bloody conflicts in which the Irish
exiles participated it would be in vain to follow them.
It is enough that impartial history has allotted to
them the foremost place in every danger, and that the
fortunes of a battle were never entrusted to them that
victory did not perch upon their standard. It is
enough that all Europe acknowledged their title to
carry on their banner the motto 'semper et ubique
fideles'—faithful always and everywhere; that almost
every nation in Europe, when directly threatened, sought
eagerly the aid of Irishmen within their ranks; that so
desperate was their valor, so damaging to the enemy,
that the Puritans of England, when assailing the Irish
under Stafford at Carlisle, declared, 'no quarter for
the Irish,' that Prince Eugene, at Lugara, paid the
highest honor to Irish heroism, when, after he had
formed his line of battle, discovering by their scarlet
uniforms the position in which the French Marshal,
Vendome had placed the Irish of the brigade, he was
compelled to change the order of his forces, by mov-
ing the elite of his army, then stationed on the left, to
the right wing, opposite the Irish, for he knew by bitter
experience, learned at Embury and Guillestre, that
the point of danger was where the Irish troops were
posted, that the van was the right of the Irish Brig-
ade.' And the delay caused by this change in the

formation of his line saved the French from a disas-
trous defeat, the necessary result of a surprise as rare
as it was inexorable.

Independent of their resistless power in a charge,
and their unexampled steadiness under fire, the Irish
troops were prized for their value in irregular warfare,
the peculiar science of the Rapparee. Thus at the
siege of Barcelona the French, nearly worn out by the
constant sallies of the garrison, having lost ten thou-
sand men in the trenches, were about to abandon the
siege in despair. The hills around were filled with
Spanish troops, who at intervals poured into the town
and re-inforced the garrison. It was evident that
unless they were dislodged it would be impossible to
reduce the town. The French troops were unequal to
the task and the siege would have, undoubtedly, to be
raised; but the dismounted dragoons of Dillon and
Clanearthy were on the field; the difficult passages
and rude crags of the mountains were no obstacles to
them. It was just the service they coveted, so rushing
up the sides of the mountains they soon drove the
Spaniards from their fastnesses, grappling with them
on the summit of every crag, and forcing them impet-
uously through each narrow defile. Thus also, when
in the year 1703 Marshal Vendome attempted to make
a junction with the Elector of Bavaria, in the Tyrol,
the frowning precipices that hung over the Lago
Guardo brought his ten thousand splendid troops to a
stand. Irresistible in the open field, they were daunt-
ed by the frozen terrors of the Alps, where every de-
file was then transformed by the hardy mountaineers
into an impregnable fortress, where the quivering ice-
crags trembled beneath the light step of the chamois,
and defied the firmer foot of man. Vendome, in this
emergency, despaired of advancing. His orders from
his superior to make a junction with the Bavarians,
who were braving equal dangers on the German side
of the mountains, were peremptory; yet he exposu-
lated, declared the feat impossible, and asked permis-
sion to withdraw his troops. Sterner mandate to
press on was the reply from headquarters; and in this
last extremity he appealed to Dillon—pointed to the
inaccessible paths above them, and bade him lead his
hardy Irish into their rugged recesses. Dillon obeyed
with alacrity. From crag to crag he pursued the Ty-
rolese, hunted them like their native deer across the
dark abysses, and where the entrenchments were im-
pregnable the Irish scaled the face of lofty cliffs that
no living thing but the wing of the eagle ever touched
before, and by a dashing onset turned the flank of the
mountaineers. The historian, O'Conner, gives a
graphic description of these fearful passes. He says—

'The passages were closed by entrenchments, con-
structed by Austrian engineers and guarded by peas-
ants and regular militia. On viewing them they were
found impregnable in front; and in the rare, steep
precipices lifted their summits to the clouds, accessible
only to the wild animals of the Alps. There the eagle
built his nest, the chamois bounded from cliff to cliff,
and the boniquin gambolled in the wantonness of his
freedom; but man had never been seen on these inac-
cessible summits. The Irish scaled these lofty cliffs,
and appearing in the rear of the entrenchments, so ter-
rified the armed peasantry and a few regular troops
who were with them, that after a few discharges, they
abandoned the entrenchments with the utmost precipi-
tation.

Dillon caused several fires to blaze on the summits
of the mountains, in order to magnify his detachment
into a large body, in the eyes of the garrison and in-
habitants of Riva. The lieutenant-colonel command-
ant, having marched out a regular body of troops to
reconnoitre, and finding Dillon's detachment consid-
erable, returned to defend the town; but the citizens,
apprehensive of the horrors of being taken by storm,
shut their gates, and sent a deputation to Dillon with
the keys. He entered in triumph. His detachment
was regaled with refreshments, and possessed them-
selves of several pieces of cannon and considerable
ammunition.

It was thus that the Irish distinguished themselves
in this mode of warfare. What they were capable of
accomplishing in other branches of the service we shall
see as we follow the brigade into Italy.

[To be Continued.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN, May 6th, 1858.

There is but little news in the political world, possessing much interest for your readers. In Ireland, everything is 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' The tenant-right bill is staved off to a day so remote, that it is equivalent to a decision not to dismiss the question. Yet, we are asked to look to the parliament of England, for a redress of grievances. It is, thank God, becoming a potent fact, that Irishmen have no need to apply to this parliament for a redress of the evils under which we groan; and the sooner we come to a determination to take our affairs into our own hands, the better it will be for us. 'Tenant-right,' at present, is tenant humbug. It is a delusion, a mockery. It is an infringement upon the 'rights of property,' and will never be conceded so long as those 'rights' are respected.

The 'rights of property,' as understood here, are the right of a landlord to do whatever he thinks proper with the land of which he, or his ancestors, has robbed the rightful possessor. Until it is clearly understood that the landlord has no such right—that the right of the tenant to live by his labor upon the soil is more sacred than that of the landlord—that the foundation of all property is labor—that the landlord has no right of extermination—until this is thoroughly understood, it is vain to expect compensation or justice for the tenant. The truth is, we have a high, but false notion as to the rights of property. Our ideas and laws require a revolution in this as in other respects; and until we learn to trample upon the so called 'rights' of the landlord, it is in vain to expect a proper settlement of this question.

Exterminations in the north are the order of the day. The 'crowbar brigade,' are in full employment, and our poor people are being drawn, in large numbers, from the soil their sweat has made profitable. This is the old tale, and will have to be repeated until we drive England and her laws from the island.

France looks upon England with jealousy, and quietly prepares for the coming struggle. Pelissier toasts the eternal alliance of the two great nations, with the same sincerity that his Master swears to maintain the republic. We shall have fun one of these days, at least such is the hope of

AVONDHU.

DUBLIN, May 13, 1858.

In my last communication, I ventured upon an intimation that the capture of Lucknow would not, after all prove such an important acquisition as was expected. The problem remains to be solved, if Lucknow has not captured an immense army with England's ablest commander. I can assure you, from the tone of the press, and recent discussions in parliament, that considerable apprehension is felt for the army which so recently battered the beautiful city of Lucknow to pieces. It is somewhat singular that we do not get the exact numbers of troops engaged in the assault. The numbers of certain Brigades and Divisions are given, but those of others omitted. However, we learn enough to say that the British troops mustered in overwhelming numbers, and England had an army engaged in the contest of which she might feel proud. What has she effected by it? She has seized a deserted city, the garrison with all the honors of war, retiring to renew the fight again and again.

The hot season is coming on; indeed, the natives here have already cast off their winter garments, and assumed those of lighter fabric, more adapted to the season. What is to become of poor Europeans under the burning sun of India in a few weeks hence? Our noble lords and commoners may well fear for the army in India. The destroying angel, in the form of sickness and pestilence, will shortly become

a more terrible enemy to cope with than Sepoys. Death will thin the ranks of British battalions, and thousands of our own countrymen will whiten the jungles and ravines of India with their bones, yielding up their lives for a government which oppresses and plunders them at home, and denies them the consolations of religion when expiring on its battle fields!

The poor fellows, thirteen in number, who have been so long imprisoned upon a charge of stealing English and Scotch sheep, in the county of Donegal, have at last been admitted to bail; it now appearing that there is no positive testimony against them; the Solicitor General wishing to keep them several months longer in jail, with the hope that something would 'turn up' against them. Such is 'English law' in Ireland!

A series of important papers upon the relations between France and England, are appearing in the 'Moniteur,' the organ of the Catholic church in France. It is well known that such could not appear in a French paper, without the consent of the French government. This, and the important truths so eloquently told, gives much force to them. One translated for the 'Catholic Telegraph,' I send herewith.

The weather is becoming fine, and the young wheat looks promising. Indeed, everywhere we have indications of an abundant harvest. This, as you know, is our only hope and dependence, when this fails, all is lost to us. We are purely an agricultural nation, none finer in the world for its size; yet it is very common to meet here with very bad farming. Our farmers could teach the world the business of farming, but owing to the grasping, avaricious feelings of needy landlords, and bad agents, they are compelled to leave the land comparatively untilled. The tenant knows that his improvements would be no profit to himself, that they would all be absorbed by the landlord, and consequently, he leaves his land neglected. If we had a different system of landlordism, or if it was abolished altogether our country would be a beautiful garden, and teem with nature's choicest productions. But, alas! this I am afraid, is not to be for some time to come.

There is not much emigration taking place from here this season; our people begin to discover that in a time of general panic it is not a bad place to live in.

AVONDHU.

THE GREAT BOGS OF IRELAND.

BY R. H. HORNE.

'A certain man dying left a hidden treasure to his sons, which he said was buried in the lands round about their home. So they dug and delved, and tilled and toiled, to find it; and by degrees the harvests improved and brought them much gold. And the sons felt an honest pride in the reward of their labors, and the success of their search.'—Old Fable.

The late Leman Rede, the dramatist, who suffered many painful difficulties for some time before his decease, used to say 'Work day and night—exert your power to the utmost—ruin your health—struggle to the last—it very seldom brings you any success, and never any permanent relief, if ruin has once got hold of you;—but only cease to make the slightest effort to help yourself—do nothing whatever to deserve success—and throw yourself flat upon your back, with your heels kicking in the air, and cry quack! quack! and you at once excite sympathy, admiration, and benevolence, and get plenty of assistance!' Though ludicrously exaggerated, there is no doubt some truth at the bottom of this so far as relates to individuals; but most certainly it does not apply to nations. Nations in distress, like Italy, Poland and Mexico—and above all, Ireland, may obtain assistance for a time, by crying aloud for it—by showing their wounds and their wants, and by doing nothing (and perhaps without help, being able to do nothing,) for themselves; but to

obtain any permanent and progressive good, nations must work for their own redemption.

It is of Ireland that we would speak; not in the hopeless or the reproachful tone in which she is almost universally addressed, not even in the tone of commiseration (though feeling it nevertheless,) nor as 'that unfortunate country,'—a country to which Providence has been so bountiful, and man so blind;—but in the voice of congratulation and of exhortation, since the means of her gradual emancipation from her present misery, and ferocity, and folly, and degradation, are now hopefully within view. 'Help yourself, and your friends will love you,' is a bitter satire upon friends, in the ordinary acceptance of that much abused term; but it also contains the soundest practical philosophy of action. Not in the position of a man lying flat upon his back and kicking wildly in the air; while he cries aloud for help, must Ireland lie; she must no longer remain prostrate, to shame us and herself, and all civilized nations; she must be 'up and doing,' and one of the best things she can possibly do by way of beginning, has been, we think, very clearly demonstrated by the 'Irish Amelioration Society,' in its project with regard to peat-fuel and peat-charcoal.

In order to make the practicability of this design apparent—a design which has for its chief object the constant employment of tens of thousands of the peasantry, and the revival of manufacture and trade in Ireland—it will be requisite first, to show that the means for effecting this are of the most extensive and almost inexhaustible kind. Let us therefore begin with some account of the Irish bogs, from which all this incalculable mass of peat-fuel and peat-charcoal is to be produced.

It is not generally known, among the various Government Commissions, in the prosecution of which indefatigable inquiries are made, countless evidences written down, and elaborate reports printed—whereupon the government does 'nothing,'—that there have also been Bog Commissioners. These gentlemen performed their arduous task with much care and assiduity, and their reports are before us. From these, and the admirable work of Sir Robert Kane, 'On the Industrial Resources of Ireland,' (added to personal travel through many of the great bog districts) the following account is abstracted in as few words as possible.

In the formation of bogs, a certain moss, of the kind kind called sphagnum, is universally regarded as a principal agent, and a superabundance of moisture, as the inducing cause. Various opinions have been entertained and argued, in order to account for the presence of this moisture, but into these we must not enter. Suffice it to say—a shallow pool induced and favored the vegetation of aquatic plants, which gradually crept in from the borders towards the deeper centre. Mud accumulated round their roots and stalks, and a spongy, semi-fluid mass was thus formed, well fitted for the growth of moss, which now, especially sphagnum, began to luxuriate. This, absorbing a large quantity of water, and continuing to shoot out new plants above, while the old were decaying, rotting and compressing into a solid substance below, gradually replaced the water by a mass of vegetable matter. 'In this manner,' says the Bog Reports, 'the marsh might be filled up, while the central, or moister portion, continuing to excite a more rapid growth of the moss, it would be gradually raised above the edges until the whole surface had attained an elevation sufficient to discharge the surface water, by existing channels of draining, and calculated by its slope to facilitate their passage, when a limit would be in some degree set to its further increase. Underneath the bog, or close upon its borders, springs are sometimes found, which might still favor its growth, though in a decreasing ratio; and here—if the water proceeding from them were so obstructed as to accumulate at its base, and to keep it in a rotten fluid state—the surface of the bog might be ultimately so raised, and its continuity below so totally destroyed, as to cause it to flow over the retaining obstacle, and flood the adjacent country. Such is the process over the level, and the undulating surfaces.'

The progress of the phenomenon in mountainous districts is similar. Pools, indeed, cannot in so many instances be formed, the steep slopes facilitating drainage; but the clouds and mists, resting on the summits and sides of the mountains, amply supply their surface with moisture, which comes, too, in the most favorable form for vegetation—not in a sudden torrent, but unceasingly and gently, drop by drop. It will hence be understood, that the great bogs of Ireland cover many hills and lofty mountains, and sometimes rise to the very summits of the highest, so that their dark crowns of bog-peat may be seen above the driving clouds.

The Bog-Commissioners have published bog-maps as well as reports; an excellent bog-map has been made by Mr. Jasper Rogers, and a very neat little map, distinguishing the red bog of the lowlands from that of the moor or mountains, is also given in Sir Robert Kane's work. The appearance of these maps is very striking, and shows at a glance the immensity of these two millions of acres; and of these two millions eight hundred and thirty thousand acres are of bog. Of these bogs there are 1,576,000 acres of flat bog, and 1,254,000 are mountain bog. Subsequent measurements give a yet larger extent, showing that the total area of bogs in Ireland may fairly be estimated at 3,000,000.

Now, when it is stated, in conclusion, that the depth of this vast expanse averages eight feet of solid bog-peat; but that it varies from four feet to twenty feet deep, and occasionally reaches the extraordinary depth of thirty or forty feet of bog, the enormous mass must at once be understood as too large for calculation. If, therefore, this mass can be worked upon, so as to be turned to profitable account, no one can deny but there is abundance of 'raw material' for the purpose.

Since the main qualities of the bog-peat are the same in every district, if one portion can be turned to profit, in several forms for which there is certain to be a continuous demand, it may follow that the whole can be turned to a continuous profit; and at the same time relieve the famine and miseries of the peasantry. This remains to be shown.

Let us first consider the bog-peat as a fuel.

Turf, or bog-peat, is no doubt extensively used in Ireland as a fuel, but by no means to one tithe of the extent to which it is applicable. No proper means have hitherto been adopted for drying it. The peasantry, and all those who prepare it for sale, simply dry it in the open air, so that the result is often of a very different kind from the desired one, and is always at the mercy of the weather. A single night of drenching rain may defeat the labor of months, and postpone if not destroy, the chances of profit for weeks to come, during which the laborers are half starved. They are too poor to dry it by any artificial means, or to protect the peat-ricks from the rain. Here there is a large field for certain and easy practical improvement of an important kind.

Peat, when properly cut into the usual turf bricks, and properly dried, can be used as a fuel for all domestic purposes. It is peculiarly economical for cooking, as it ignites sooner than coal, and surrounds the vessel with a general heat, while coal acts principally upon the bottom of the vessel. For household uses, and trades, such as brewing, sugar-refining, soap-boiling, distillation, &c., it is peculiarly applicable; and equally so for kiln purposes, such as drying grain, malt, hops, peas, beans, as shown by the Irish Amelioration Society.

Of equal importance, moreover, in this our age of steam-boats and railroads, are the advantages to be derived from the use of peat for steam-boilers. It gives out a greater quantum of steam from a given surface than coal, by reason of the equality of its heat; and as it emits no sulphurous vapor, a boiler heated by it will last a much longer time. Besides this, Sir Robert Kane says, that 'there is no liability [to that burning away of the metal, which may arise from local intensity of the heat of coke or coal.] These facts have all been established by the experiments of Mr. Burstall, of Bristol, in the use of turf with a high pressure en-

gine; by the experiments of Mr. C. W. Williams, of the Ireland Navigation Company; by those of Mr. Wickstead, of Cornwall; and by its exclusive use by the steam-boats of the Upper Shannon, together with various distilleries and mills.

The importance of peat, as a fuel for all household purposes, and for the operations of innumerable arts and trades, has been fully recognized on the continent, and even in Russia. It may be seen, from the 'Petersburgh Journal of Manufactures,' of 1842, that there is an association in Russia, expressly for the manufacture of turf; and there is now an immense quantity raised every year from the marshes in the vicinity of Moscow, and from other places. This is not effected without many difficulties, independent of the fact, that the bottoms of these marshes remain frozen till nearly the end of June so that no turf can be raised till the month of July. Yet here is Ireland, with thick layers of turf, covering upwards of one seventh part of the whole surface of the country, and with a climate so mild that the process of cutting it may be carried on during nine months in the year; here is Ireland, leaving these enormous masses of her native fuel comparatively unused, and draining away from her impoverished and half-starved people the sum of nearly £2,000,000 sterling a year, paid to England for sending her coals! 'It may be ascertained,' says Mr. Jasper Rogers, 'from the custom house entries of Ireland, that she has imported coal within the last half century, at the cost of above seventy millions of money!' every shilling of which she might have kept at home, giving herself, while she did so, a much cheaper fuel, and giving her people employment.

In describing the various conditions, and the specific gravity of the turf, which increases with the compactness of the structures, as the bog descends, Sir Robert Kane says, 'near the surface it is light-colored, spongy and contains the vegetable remains, but little altered. Deeper it is brown, denser, and more decomposed; and finally, at the base of the greater bogs, (some of which present a depth of forty feet,) the mass of turf assumes the black color, and nearly the density of coal, to which it approximates very much in chemical composition.' It only remains to add, that all experiments have proved that this peat, when properly cut and prepared, can be used with an equal or superior effect to coal, and at half the price. This result has been apparent even with the present very defective methods of cutting, drying, and preserving the turf.

We have now to consider the uses of peat in its conversion into charcoal.

If it can be shown that this peat is capable of being converted into a charcoal of a very fine quality, its importance in the making of iron—in fact, as a fuel for the smelting and manufacture of all the metals, will at once be apparent; more especially as this can be done at a much less price than by any process at present employed.

'An erroneous impression exists, that carbonized peat is so friable and volatile, as to be unfitted for the purposes for which charcoal of wood is generally used; and hence the belief that it cannot be made available for that grand object to England, the smelting and preparation of iron; but for which it is in fact eminently fitted. Peat charcoal can be made even more dense than that from wood; its purity is fully equal; and the cost about one-fourth. Its value, therefore, for the production of iron, is almost incalculable, not alone on the score of enabling the iron-master to command the English market, to the exclusion of foreign iron.'

The foregoing remark is pregnant with meaning; nor is what follows less worthy of serious attention:

'Just in proportion to the quantity of peat and peat-charcoal used in the general preparation will be the stability of iron and the safety of the public generally; for it is impossible to know when even the best coal-made iron may have become unsound by an over-action of sulphur in its preparation. The

value of peat-fuel for making iron has been long proved on the continent, and England has been behind hand, merely because of her abundance of coal. Had she felt the slightest want of fuel for her furnaces, she would long since have sought that which the Irish bog can give her so abundantly.

'For the manufacture and forging of all description of iron-work, peat-charcoal possesses singularly desirable qualities: the iron is improved by the action of the carbon, and its strength and malleability increased; while the calorific effect of the charcoal being considerably greater than any smith's coal, the cost is not more in reality. In fact, inferior iron, forged by peat-charcoal, is more capable of being worked into difficult forms, than superior; forged by coal; and is sounder, and more fitted for resisting concussion; a circumstance invaluable at the present time, when the want of strength and soundness in iron-work upon the railways may cause such fearful loss of life.'—See Jasper Rogers, on Commercial Advantages.

Nor is this use of peat-charcoal a novel experiment, rife with doubt, and liable to be classed with visionary schemes and wild speculations. It has already been employed in metallic manufactures in France, in Germany, in Bavaria, in Bohemia. Why is England, who is generally first in the art and practice of war, one of the last countries in most of the arts of peace? In war she commonly leads, while in nearly everything else she follows:—with hasty blindness in matters of taste, and often with a sort of mania in respect of some of the fine arts, but very doggedly in all scientific, commercial, and social improvements. Nevertheless, she has all the capacities in her people and in her native resources (wealth inclusive) of being foremost in all good things. Why so frequently the last? Because her 'freedom' is a comparative rather than a complete and positive possession, and the vital energies of her people are repressed on many sides. We are not allowed to move on half as fast as the increase of knowledge warrants and demands.

In France (in the department of Landes) there are works producing the finest kind of iron, and using nothing but peat-charcoal as fuel in its manufacture. In Bavaria there are iron-works which employ it; one of them (at Königsbrunn) carries on the whole operation of fusion, puddling, re-heating, and rolling, solely by peat fuel. Similar operations are carried on in Bohemia, particularly at Ransko; and M. Muller, of Wadenhammer, as well as the conductor of the iron-works at Wachter-Neunhammer (Germany,) both leading manufacturers, have proved by repeated experiments, that when an equal quantity of peat-charcoal was used instead of wood-charcoal, there was a greater produce from the ore; and that this increase was also obtained when peat-charcoal was mixed in an equal portion with wood-charcoal (instead of using wood-charcoal only,) and the iron was excellent in both cases. A full account of all these experiments will be found in the report of the French commissioners, entitled *Voyage Métallurgique Angleterre*.

Why do our manufacturers send to Sweden and Russia for such large quantities of iron? and why is the bar of English iron sold at £6 per ton, while the bar-iron of Russia and Sweden produce £15 per ton, or £25 per ton, and, for the finest quality, £35 per ton? Why do dreadful accidents, occasioning a loss of many lives, so often occur from the breaking of iron-work on our railways and bridges, and the bursting of boilers? and why are iron steam vessels likely to be abandoned, after so many great hopes and such prodigious sums having been expended upon them, both with a view to them as vessels of commerce, of transit, and of war? The solution is easy.

England possesses coal-pits to an extent almost inexhaustible; all our great smelting operations

are, consequently, carried on by the use of coal. But all iron smelted by coal must be impure, because coal emits a sulphurous vapor. In all cases, therefore, the iron will be more or less impure, unmalleable, and brittle, in some part or other. 'The simple action,' says Mr. Jasper Rogers, 'of a jet of sulphurous vapor, issuing from the coal that either makes, or forges the iron which composes a railway axle, or a rail, may cause the loss of life of hundreds, although no human eye can see the evil in the work. And this is within proof of all who please to try it. Wherever this jet strikes, as it issues from the fuel, it perfectly deprives that part of malleability; and subsequent concussion, acting upon it in this state, makes it fracture with almost equal certainty to cast-iron.' It appears that iron steam vessels will be abandoned, and all the cost of invention, experiment, and outlay wasted, because the iron readily splits upon rocks, contrary to the scientific opinion, and because a cannon ball splinters the plates, instead of making a round hole, contrary to the expectation of men of science. But science was right; the bottom of an iron vessel ought not to split readily upon rocks, and the hole made by a cannon ball in the plates of her sides ought to be round (with ragged edges inside,) provided always that the iron were pure and malleable. Why it is otherwise, has been shown; and thus a new class of shipbuilding of very great importance seems likely to be set aside, merely 'for want of an explanation of facts.' We trust it is not too late.

Ireland possesses the means of preparing irons of superior quality, if not equal to the finest, at least to the Baltic iron, which is regularly imported. All that is needed are pure ores and a vegetable fuel of peculiar kind. Both of them are abundant in Ireland. 'It can easily be understood,' says Sir Robert Kane, 'that the manufacture of iron by turf is not thought worthy of notice in England. On the continent, however, where the promotion of native industry is an object of primary importance, and where the limited development of the coal districts oblige them to economise every source of fuel, it has been not merely tried, but is extensively carried on at present in France, in Prussia, and in Bavaria.' To this testimony may be added, that not only has fine iron been produced by this process, even with the inferior turf of Scotland, but iron sufficiently pure for the finest cutlery, as evidenced by the manufacture of razors on the Scotch estates of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby. That nothing whatever of the kind has yet been effected in Ireland, with all her prodigious advantages close at hand, on almost every side, must be chiefly attributed to what the Rev. G. H. Stoddart (honorary secretary to the United Relief Association) so aptly characterises as a 'perfect infatuation of despondency in men of science, patriotic capitalists, and political economists.' There is but too much truth in the remark.

It has now been shown, thus far, that the objects of the Irish Amelioration Society are likely to prove of the most practical as well as the most extensively benevolent and important kind; and they will also prove, if fairly and thoroughly carried out, of an equal importance to England, groaning as she does under the burden of Ireland's ancient wrongs, her present miseries, and imperative wants; her fits of madness (which is no wonder, but a natural result of such a condition;) and now again the blight of her potato-crop, and the certain starvation of thousands, with insurrections and disease, and a worse state of things in their train than we have yet witnessed in that most fertile and mismanaged country.

Are we never to do anything of a permanent kind for our own sake in this matter, as well as for that of Ireland?

The offices of humanity are debts that we owe to all mankind.

From the Catholic Telegraph.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FOREIGN JOURNALS.

ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AND ASIA.

In the question of the refugees, as in all others, the secret of the English policy towards France is principally in Asia. A future is in preparation there, of which England wishes to constitute herself sole mistress, persuaded that she will find not a maintenance, but an increase of her limitless fortune. For England merely to keep what she has is nothing. She is compelled to increase it. Pride and ambition have created wants for her in proportion as means are given to her to satisfy them; she fears not to irritate them, and place herself under the necessity of still more amply gratifying them. She therefore requires to devour new peoples, new worlds. Asia is the prey which she reserves for herself. She is wildly dreaming of playing the part in China which she has already performed in India. She calculates on this; her plans, formed long ago, are in a fair way of execution. She will follow them up with that tenacity that shrinks not from the employment of any means whatever.

Nevertheless, a rival is rising up in the face of England as powerful as herself, as ambitious, although of an ambition more lofty, not less persevering, and capable of pursuing a policy no less crafty; that rival is Russia. Up to this, Russia has consented to share the prey with her, merely waiting for an opportunity to seize the entire of it. A third partner and participator of the immense possessions which the East is, as it were, compelled to disgorge, would be one too many. England won't hear of France's interfering in Asia, except in a subordinate character, solely as a help and vassal of British power, to concur in its designs, that is, to subvert its interests. Besides, the interests of England in Asia are so personal, and, to use the proper term, so barbarous, that France would not pardon herself for being connected with them. Doubly humiliated by playing a part with a power that makes the question of civilization and humanity subordinate to the question of lucre. France conceives in her soul one of those profound mortifications and feelings of remorse which other nations do not experience and which incense her even to madness against herself.

No doubt, France might stand aloof, and confining her action to Europe, leave England and Russia to carry on their struggles thus far away from her empire. Despoiled of our finest colonies, inferior in maritime strength, overwhelmed by the spirit of revolution, continually re-plunged into troubles the moment we imagine ourselves safe out of them, unable to form or preserve any alliance, reduced during the last three quarters of a century to the necessity of living by expedients, we allow ourselves to be very easily persuaded against distant enterprises. What have we to do with them? We have neither the means nor the spirit of great merchants. That is the proper sphere of the English, because they are islanders. We are essentially Continental. Let us remain on the Continent. Some fortunate windfall may enable us to obtain something on the frontier; one canton in Europe is worth an empire in Asia.

If, thanks to Heaven, we have not contrived to strike out entire peoples from the world, we cannot forget our numerous colonies, obtained by the courage, wisdom, and humanity of our forefathers, but which the violence of the stranger, profiting by our divisions, has alone wrested from us. If we do not possess the means of great merchants, what prevents our acquiring them? Up to the period of the first revolution, the French marine was at least equal to that of the most powerful state. It has perished through the folly and impiety of our dis-

cords, but it was the wish of France to raise and re-establish it again, and for this end, four thousand millions have been voted and paid since the time of the patriotic appeal of Baron Portal, Minister of Marine, under the Restoration. What! with ports on two seas, with maritime populations so intelligent and so valiant, with officers so daring, with engineers so skillful—with such brilliant recollections, with such bitter defeats, and in fine with so much eagerness amongst us to multiply the necessary sacrifices—with all these advantages, we are nevertheless condemned to possess merely a second-rate marine! France submits to this reduction, but she does not accept it; she submits to it with an uneasiness which changes alternately into suffering and delirium, because an instinct from above, as it were, continually exclaims that she ought to be delivered from it. To this sentiment of a becoming self-regard or rather honor, which, far above all material advantage, urges her not to remain inactive in the immediate changes and the future partition of Asia—to this sentiment of self-esteem there is added another of an order infinitely more noble—namely, a prescience, seemingly inspired by Heaven, of the just interests which are at stake in the future. This sentiment is new. It has been born, and has grown without the knowledge of statesmen. It is, in brief, the Catholic sentiment. We perceive whilst writing this, the disdainful smile of certain sages, let these deign to listen.

WHY ENGLAND DESIRES TO EXCLUDE CATHOLICISM FROM CHINA.

But this just and honorable demand England cannot allow us to obtain, because the opium affair is mixed up with it. The English Minister of the gospel is also a commercial agent. The conscience of the catechumens of the College of St. Paul at Hong Kong, a kind of Anglican imposture, is constituted in precise conformity with the instincts of the city of London and the East India Company of which they will be the factors. The Catholic missionaries, considering that the smokers of opium commit suicide by means of debauch and brutalization, excommunicate them. When a Catholic gives himself to this vice, which becomes at once incurable, he is cut off from the number of the faithful. This remedy is alone efficacious against a contagion which everywhere produces incalculable ruin, and which has already killed, and will yet kill, millions of men. So that if an entire Chinese province were to become Catholic, it would be a province entirely closed against opium by the only customs' house which British cannon are unable to destroy. England cannot, therefore, permit the progress of the church in the Chinese empire.

Hence the religious interest, which it is the duty of France to protect, is an additional reason why the English interest should keep France away from China. Now let us see what is the state of European interests on the vast theatre of Asia. Let us dare to view more closely the future which the abstention to which the English policy dares to confine us will bring us in Europe.

We shall soon discover that the pretended equilibrium established by the treaty of 1815, to the detriment of Catholicity still more than of France, and which has weighed so cruelly upon our foreign affairs, exists no longer. The enormous expansion of England and Russia has destroyed even the empty form of equilibrium. It has produced, and will produce to a still greater extent for France and every other Catholic nation a position of inferiority from which honor, good sense, nay, even the interests of civilization, equally call upon them to emancipate themselves.

'Mr. B.'s compliments to Mr. C.; thinks it unnecessary his pigg should go through his grounds.' Reply—'Mr. C.'s compliments to Mr. B.; thinks it equally unnecessary to spell pigs with two gees.'

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

When Lord — was governor-general of India, the 117th regiment (I give this cypher because such a regiment was never seen in Bengal, and I don't choose to give the real number,) was quartered in Fort William.

Lord — was a very good man, probably a very great man, but he was a sad tyrant, and sometimes was apt to fancy that, instead of the representative of royalty, he was royalty itself. This was a mistake, which occasionally led him into errors.

Now, Colonel S —, who commanded the 117th, was about as good an officer as ever wore a pair of epaulettes; the regiment under his command, one of the most distinguished in his majesty's service, were proud of him, and loved him dearly; because, although he drilled them daily till they almost fainted, he never suffered any one to pass a slight, or do anything against the corps that he commanded. He is now a K. C. B. or G. C. B. Few officers have better deserved this often ill-bestowed honor. Col. S — is a soldier, as the world expresses it, 'a soldier every inch of him.'

My Lord —, who, by the way, was a civilian, ordered a grand review. The troops were drawn out on the Esplanade. The day was burning hot. The governor-general could see from his vice-regal mansion that they were awaiting him. His excellency chose to remain longer than usual at tiffin; the troops, having drooped for nearly two hours beneath the lingering rays of a tropical sun, were nearly worn out, when Lord — came prancing out to look at them. It is a great honor to be looked at by a great man; so the troops presented arms, and the officers dropped their swords. In a moment, however, the eagle eye of Lord — beheld a flag, stiff, bolt upright. He instantly despatched an aide-de-camp to command that it should be lowered. Colonel S — respectfully declined, on the score that it was the king's color of the 117th regiment, and could only do homage to a member of the royal family.

'Am I not the representative of majesty?'

'You are, my lord.'

'Then I desire that the flag may be lowered.'

'I extremely regret, your excellency, that I am compelled to decline complying with your order. The king's ensign can only be lowered to royalty itself.'

'Sir, I insist!'

'My lord, I will not give an order contrary to the rules of the service, and the directions given me when I had the honor of being placed at the head of this gallant corps.'

'You shall repent this disobedience. I shall instantly refer the question home, and if you are wrong, I'll have you dismissed the service.'

The enraged governor-general, thwarted for the first time in his life, galloped back to his palace, where his anger considerably impeded his digestion. The 117th regiment marched into Fort William, well knowing they had made a dire and powerful enemy.

During the twelve months which elapsed for an answer from Europe, no officers of the marked corps were invited to his excellency's banquets. Many petty slights were shown them; in a word, they suffered all the little grievances which superior authority can, when it chooses, inflict.

At length the answer came. Colonel S — was right. He had acted strictly according to regulations; but a request was conveyed to him, that in future, as his excellency seemed to make a point of it, he would lower the king's color to the governor-general.

Each considered he had gained a triumph; and the 117th were marched down to Calcutta again, to prove before the world at large that Lord — was to receive a bow from a red and blue flag, ycleped the king's color.

A review was ordered. The salute was given, and all went off well.

That evening the governor-general gave a grand party. He, as usual, commanded the band of the European regiment in the Fort (the 117th) to be in attendance; it being the custom, in those days, always to strike up 'God save the King,' the instant the great man emerged from the drawing-room; occasionally, 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' was thrown in as a delicate compliment, while a flourish of trumpets announced each course in succession, and the military musicians delighted the ladies during the meal with several pretty airs.

On the evening in question, Captain C — (the aide-de-camp) stepped out of the room and audibly pronounced, 'His Excellency.' This was a signal that Lord — was handing down the first lady in company, and should have been followed by the opening crash of the national anthem. But, alas! not a sound responded to the appearance of his lordship.

'What's this, what's this, eh? Is there no band?'

'Yes, my lord,' tremblingly replied C —, 'the band of the 117th regiment.'

'Why don't they play? Go and see. These men are sadly drilled, I fear,' blandly remarked his excellency to the pretty Mrs. P —.

The aide-de-camp returned. He actually looked pale with horror.

'Well, well,—why don't they play?'

'They have not brought their instruments.'

'Not brought their instruments! Stupid fools! Tell them to go instantly and fetch them; and if they are not back in half an hour, I'll have them all punished. Here, you sir, you band-master, do you hear what I am saying? Quick!'

'Please your excellency, I can't.'

'And why? Do you presume to bandy words with me?'

'No, my lord; but—'

'I'll have no buts. Be off, sir, directly, and fetch your instruments. What could Colonel S — mean by sending the band here like a parcel of sticks? I don't want the men—I want the music.'

'Please you, my lord, I was ordered to say, the men of the band are under your lordship's command, and attend according to orders. But the instruments belong to the officers, who purchase them of subscription out of their pockets, and they refuse to lend them to you.'

'What,' roared the irritated governor-general.

'It's not my fault, sir,' ejaculated the poor band-master.

We shall not paint the anger of the great man, or the joy of the officers at finding they had fully succeeded in conferring the 'retort courteous' on the proudest, the haughtiest man that ever landed in Bengal.

A MAN STRONGER THAN A DRAY HORSE.—At the close of a police case in Galway, on Monday, the defendant, Redmond Jennings, was mentioned as a brewer's drayman, of whom a solicitor in court stated a curious fact—which he said many respectable persons were personally cognizant of. He said that Jennings was the strongest man in the province of Connaught, or, probably, in all Ireland; that on one occasion, when his horse failed to draw a heavily-laden dray with barrels of porter up a hill, he untackled the horse, fixed himself between the shafts, and drew up the load to the top of the hill. Many persons in court stated that they knew this to be a positive fact, and several added, that they knew also that he could load a dray with heavy barrels of porter in less time than it would take three ordinary men to do it.

EUROPEAN POLICE STATISTICS.—In London, with 2,200,000 inhabitants, there is one policeman to every 362 of the population. In Paris, with 1,300-

000 inhabitants, there is one to every 650. In Berlin, with 450,000 inhabitants, there is one to every 340. In London, the expense per head of the police force is £78, in Paris it is £200, in Berlin, it is £60. Thus the French police is comparatively the smallest, but best paid, while the English and the German police are nearly on a level in numbers, as well as in pay—the difference in the latter, when prices are considered, being rather in favor of Germany. The secret service costs in France about £60,000; in England, £30,000; in Prussia, £12,000. Each inhabitant of London has to pay 4s for the police; each Parisian, 6s; and each Berliner, 3s 7d, a year.

In the Austrian Empire there are twenty-nine millions of Catholics, three millions of Protestants, and 2,700,000 Schismatic Greeks.

MISCELLANEA.

Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

'Is that clock right over there?' asked a visitor, the other day. 'Right over there?' said the boy, 'taint nowhere else.'

An infamous old bachelor being asked if he had ever witnessed a public execution, replied:—'No, but I once saw a marriage.'

The hoop question, like most others, has two sides to it. The ladies take the inside, and of course we must take the other.

A parishioner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line in Scripture: 'He was clothed with curses as with a garment.' 'It signifies,' replied the divine, 'that the individual had got a bad habit of swearing.'

It often happens that those are the best people whose characters have been injured most by slanderers—as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit, which the birds have been picking at.

'I say, mister,' said one Yankee to another, 'how come your eyes so crooked?' 'My eyes? Why, by setting between two girls, and trying to make love to both at the same time.'

We are curious to know how many feet in female arithmetic go to a mile, because we never met with a lady yet whose shoes were not, to say the very least, a mile too big for her.

Impudent little boy (to fat old gentleman, who is trying to get along as fast as he can, but with very indifferent success.) 'I say, old fellow, you would get on a jolly sight quicker, if you would lie down on the pavement, and let me roll you along.'

A beggar posted himself at the door of the Chancery Court, and kept saying: 'A penny, please, sir! Only one penny, sir, before you go in.' 'And why, my man?' inquired an old country gentleman. 'Because, sir, the chances are that you will not have any when you come out,' was the beggar's reply.

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On Saturday, the 3d of July next, we shall present to each subscriber to the Irish Fictal Miscellany, a splendid Lithographic Engraving, representing the glorious scene, which occurred shortly before the capture of Limerick, when General Sarsfield, who commanded the Irish force, having learned that a large supply of heavy siege guns was on the way to the camp of the Prince of Orange, resolved to capture them. Crossing over the country by a difficult and circuitous route, so as to intercept the convoy, he came up in front of it at Kilsannina, attacked William's troops, defeated them and compelled them to retreat before the Irish horse, leaving their artillery in the hands of Sarsfield.

Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the mountain passes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered the guns to be changed to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands. A train being laid, the spark was applied and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William was shattered into innumerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to the great popularity of the gallant Sarsfield. The explosion shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

It is at the moment of the explosion of the English artillery which our artist has seized upon for the subject of his piece.

This memorable event will be faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as we can learn to any of our Irish artists, and shall now have ample justice done to it. It will make a beautiful picture. We shall present it to our readers on a sheet of fine drawing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

It will at once be seen that we cannot do this without a great outlay of capital. We expect to be reimbursed by a very large addition to our subscription list, as no person will be entitled to it who has not paid on or before the 3d of July next one year's subscription in advance, dating from our first number.

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We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a 'picture gallery' worthy of the events we propose to commemorate. This will be the first of a series of NATIONAL PICTURES we propose presenting gratis to our regular subscribers the second picture of which will be ready early in October, the subject of which is not yet decided. We should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess old pictures of remarkable events in Irish history, or portraits of distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They shall be taken good care of, and returned.

Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and we hope, eventually supersede the wretched daubs which are often met with.

Our arrangements for the first picture are almost complete. It will be absolutely necessary that we should know immediately the number of plates we shall want. Let our subscribers therefore, send in their subscriptions without delay, and be careful to give us their correct address. We shall not strike off any more copies than are ordered before the above date.

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THE FOUR LEAVED SHAMROCK.*

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY SAMUEL LOVER.

MODERATO.

1. I'll seek a four leav'd Shamrock, In
all the fairy dells, And if I find the charmed leaves, Oh how I'll weave my spells, I would not waste my magic might On diamond, pearl, or gold, For
Espress.
treasures tire the weary sense, Such triumph is but cold; But I would play th' enchanter's part In casting bliss a-round, Oh!
Ritard. **Ad lib.** **A tempo.**
not a tear nor aching heart Should in the world be found, Should in the world be found.

Colla voce.

Ad lib.

2. Should meet again like parted streams, The heart that had been mourning
And mingle as of old; O'er vanish'd dreams of love,
Oh thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, Should see them all returning,
Thus scatter bliss around, Like Noah's faithful dove,
And not a tear nor aching heart, And Hope should launch her blessed
Should in the world be found. On Sorrow's dark'ning sea, [bark

3. And Mis'ry's children have an Ark,
And sav'd from sinking be;
Oh thus I'd play th' enchanter's part,
Thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found.

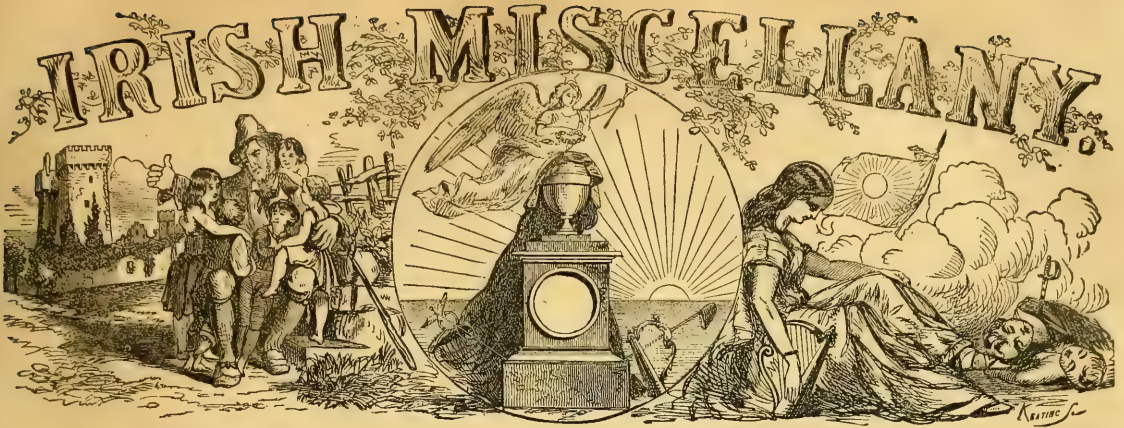
To worth I would give honour,
I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall
The smile of happier years,
And hearts that had been long estrang'd,
And friends that had grown cold,

Should meet again like parted streams,
And mingle as of old;
Oh thus I'd play th' enchanter's part,
Thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found.

The heart that had been mourning
O'er vanish'd dreams of love,
Should see them all returning,
Like Noah's faithful dove,
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Thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear nor aching heart,
Should in the world be found.

* A four leaved Shamrock is supposed to endue the finder with magic power.



VOLUME I—NUMBER 18.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

THE RUINS OF CLONMACNOISE.
THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

There is nothing strikes the lover of Irish antiquities with more force, or gives greater fervor to his researches, than the ancient ruins of ecclesiastical architecture which are so frequently met with in our island of sorrows. Their splendor, even in decay, attests the love of the beautiful, which so largely characterized the minds of our forefathers; the pious ardor with which they sought to adorn the temples dedicated to the worship of God, attests their pure devotion to His faith. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, we are informed, that the population of Ireland was about three millions;—this is the period at which commences our only correct data. We are left by our statisticians to infer that a couple of centuries previously the population must have been small indeed.

In contemplating the ruins of our ancient convents,

abbeys, monasteries, hospitals, schools, colleges and churches, the mind inadvertently wanders back to the period when those ruins were the abodes of scholars and of saints innumerable—when they teemed with living souls, and were made vocal with the praises of the Great Architect of the Universe. From this we wander to the world without, and dwell upon the numbers of the population which could erect edifices, the ruins of which attest their great extent. Thus, even amid the ruins of our old abbeys, convents and churches, we find the strongest testimony of the great population Ireland formerly contained, and of the wealth, power and piety, she then enjoyed.

In perusing the annals of the Diocese of Clonmacnoise, and looking with loving fondness upon the accompanying representation of some of the magnificent ruins of that ancient abode of wisdom and religion, we have been led into the above brief reflec-

tions upon Irish ecclesiastical ruins in general. It is impossible to dwell upon any of them without feelings of sadness; how, then, can we gaze upon that ancient cross, so artistically sculptured, around which a number of pious souls are pouring out their prayers to Him, whose sufferings and death it forcibly calls to mind, without feelings of pious emotion? It is with these feelings, then, we set down to give a slight sketch of the annals of the Diocese of Clonmacnoise.

The founder of this Diocese was St. Kieran, who, in 548 became the spiritual pupil of St. Senanus of Inniscathy, an island of the Shannon, into which no female was permitted. Kieran was a native of Meath, but his parents came from Ulster, where his father was a carpenter, hence he was usually styled the 'son of the carpenter.' Like many of our early saints, it is difficult to trace the exact year of his birth, but the most probable account is,



CLONMACNOISE—THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

that he was born in 507. He was baptised by St. Justus, and received from him his early education. Having been for some time a disciple at Clonard, of St. Finnian, and received his parting benediction, he retired to the monastery of St. Nennidius, which was situated in an island of Lough Erne. Kieran was received with joy, and afterward, that he might become more perfect in monastic discipline, he went to the great monastery of Arran.

St. Enda then presided over it, and receiving him very kindly, employed him seven years in threshing corn, during which time he was considered a model of sanctity, piety and humility. Having incurred the displeasure of some monks for his liberality to the poor, he went to an island of the Shannon, Inisangini, Lough Ree, where he founded a monastery. Having left the care of this place to one Admann, a native of Munster, he removed to the western bank of the Shannon, and on a piece of land given by King McDermot, founded the celebrated Abbey of Clonmacnoise. The works he undertook, his constant fasts and vigils, at length proved too much for his constitution, and a plague setting in he became one of its earliest victims. He died in 548. In Clonmacnoise were nine churches, sometimes called 'the seven churches,' built by the kings and princes, as burying places.

The immediate successor of Kieran, was doubtless, Oena, although Ware mentions St. Tigernach, as bishop of Clonmacnoise. The Four Masters say that Oena died in 570; he is called Angus or Aneas. The following is the chronological order of the bishops of this Diocese. Baitanus Mac Cuanach, the son of Cuanach, who declared in favor of the Roman computation of Easter. Ware says, he was born in Ballinahinch, county of Galway. He was eminent in piety and virtue; was a monk, abbot, and finally, bishop. He died in 562.

Maelarius, bishop, died in 886. Coprey Crom, or the crooked, succeeded. He obtained the character of being 'the head of religion in Ireland, and the principal ornament of his age and country.' He died in March 899.

Colman Mac Ailidh was abbot and bishop of Clonard and Clonmacnoise. It is said that he was the founder of the Cathedral of Clonmacnoise, and the 'wisest of the doctors' of Ireland. He died February 7th 925.

Cormac O'Killeen who was abbot of Roscommon, and bishop of Clonmacnoise, and died in 964, was esteemed as a man of learning.

Tuathal, abbot and bishop, died in 969.

Dunchad, or Donatus O'Braoin was elected successor, but it is not clear from the annals, whether he was merely abbot or bishop. It is most probable that he was consecrated, as without his consecration we have a void of ninety-eight years between the death of Tuathal in 969, and that of Calcair, in 1067. His office he worthily filled for some years, but preferring a solitary life he abdicated and repaired to Armagh in 974, where he died with a high reputation for sanctity, in January 986. Dunchad is said to have performed many miracles, and to have restored a widow's infant child to life.

Ectigern O'Ergain, successor of Kieran of Clonmacnoise died at Clonard, while there on a pilgrimage in 1052. Christian O'Heetigern died in 110.

A. D. 1088, the abbot and annalist, Tigernach O'Braoin, who by his talents and industry, cast new light on the ancient records of his country, died at Clonmacnoise. He belonged to an ancient sept that inhabited an eastern part of Connaught, and was abbot of Roscommon before his election to that of Clonmacnoise. It was here he compiled his celebrated annals of Ireland, which he brought down to the year of his death. This work has proved of much value to modern historians and much facilitated their enquiries. It is somewhat noticeable that it contains frequent quotations from Latin and Greek authors, such as Horace, Virgil, Pliny, Eusebius, Origen, Saint Jerome, Julius,

Africanus, Anatolius, Bede, &c., given with great accuracy, and displaying much critical acumen.

In 1130 the jewels which were stolen from this abbey twenty-two years previously, were found in the possession of one Gille Comdhau, a Dane of Limerick, who was taken by Conor O'Brien, King of Limerick and delivered to the authorities of Clonmacnoise. He was afterwards executed, and in his dying confession, stated that he had made innumerable efforts to quit the country by sea, but was always prevented by contrary winds, while at the same time other vessels could leave their harbors with fair winds.

Donald O'Dubhai died in 1136. Moriartach O'Melider, Bishop of Clonmacnoise, assisted at the council of Kells, in 1152. He died at a very advanced age, in 1188.

Tigernach O'Marcoin died in 1172. In this year money was coined at Clonmacnoise.

Murreach O'Muireachan succeeded. He was a man of learning and died in 1213.

From this period down to 1729 when Stephen Mac Eagan was bishop, we find the names of twenty-nine bishops, who filled the see of Clonmacnoise; the periods of their births and deaths not being of interest to the reader, we shall proceed to matters of more general interest. In 1201, during the reign of Henry II., when England, bear it in mind, was Catholic, that monarch undertook to reform the 'rude and barbarous church of Ireland.' His vassals, accordingly, sallied out from Melick, on the Shannon, and plundered the church of Clonmacnoise on the feast of St. Gregory, and on the following day, after plundering the abbey of Melick, returned to Clonmacnoise. Not content with their previous rich booty, they forcibly carried off every article which remained, plundering the church of its holy vestments, sacred utensils, books, &c., and robbed the abbot and monks of all the provisions, flesh, corn, &c., belonging to the community. Not content, even with this, they laid waste the whole of the growing crops, gardens and houses in town. This is a fair specimen of the treatment which Catholic Ireland received at the hands of Catholic England and its 'reforming kings.'

In 1204, William Burke, the Conqueror of Connaught, ravaged this monastery.

In 1205, Melaghlín O'Melaghlín erected an altar of stone in the great church of Clonmacnoise.

In 1230, the abbot of Moylemoor O'Moelin died. He was a good man and remarkable for his great hospitality.

In 1552, the English garrison of Athlone plundered and devastated the abbey of Clonmacnoise. The act is thus described by the four masters: 'They took the large bells out of the cloisteach, (the steeple or belfry) and left neither large nor small bell, image, altar, book, gem, nor even glass in a window in the church, that they did not carry away with them, and that truly was a lamentable deed to plunder the church of Clonmacnoise, the patron saint.'

The situation of this monastery is on the right bank of the Shannon, and within ten miles of Athlone; it is, perhaps, the most delightful and picturesque which could have been selected, commanding a fine view of the Shannon and the broad Atlantic beyond. There are two round towers, as shown in our engraving, elegantly built of hewn stone. The larger one to the left has lost the conical roof with which it was formerly covered in. It is called O'Rourke's, is sixty-two feet in height and fifty-six in circumference. It is said this tower was erected by Fergal O'Rourke, who was king of Connaught about the 10th century. But there can be little doubt that it existed centuries before this period. The family of O'Rourke had their cemetery near it, and as the annals of the four masters state that this tower was injured by lightning, in the year 1135, it doubtless received the name of that monarch from his having repaired it.

The other tower, to the right of our engraving, is seven feet in diameter, the walls three feet in thickness, and fifty-six feet in height, including the conical roof on top, it is called McCarthy's tower. The cathedral of the ancient abbey is the building on the

right, and from the massive walls and great extent visible in the distance, our readers may form some idea of the splendor and magnificence of this holy temple, before it was despoiled by the stranger. The doors of the abbey are richly carved. There are, we recollect, other extensive ruins of ancient buildings, standing considerably to the left of the larger round tower, whose pointed arches, and massive walls still towering high above earth, show that they too must have been the abode of one of those holy communities which flourished throughout Ireland previous to the English invasion, shedding the blessings of religion upon society and dispensing with prodigal hands, the products of their own industry upon the widow and the orphan. Verily, there was no need of English poor laws in Ireland in those days.

This monastery belonged to the canons regular of St. Augustine. It was uncommonly extensive and greatly enriched by kings and princes. Thus, the kindness of its benefactors became the cause of its overthrow; its great wealth attracted the attention of English and Danish freebooters, and it alternately suffered at the hands of both. Its landed property was so great and the number of cells and monasteries subject to it so numerous, that its possessions would almost seem fabulous.

The cemetery of Clonmacnoise contained about two Irish acres, on which ten churches were erected by kings and princes. Temple Righ, built by O'Melaghlín, King of Meath; Temple O'Connor, built by O'Connor Don; Temple Kelly; Temple Finghan, supposed, though erroneously, to have been built by McCarthy of Munster. Tigernach, the annalist, says this church was dedicated to St. Finnian, one of the first Irish saints, whose grave is beside the church and is still resorted to by the pious, as one of the principal penitential stations of this famed sanctuary. His well is still held in great veneration and bears the name which Tigernach O'Braoin gave it, 'Tipoid Fingen.' Here repose the ashes of Malichi the Fris.

We feel that in tracing the interesting annals of this holy place we have already exceeded the space to which we are, in justice to the other contributors of the Miscellany entitled, and must hasten to bring them to a close. The round tower which is attached to the church, and which forms an integral part of the building, has its entrance doorway within the chancel, and on a level with the floor, a circumstance which some think throws much light upon the use of round towers. The chancel of St. Fingen's church was lighted by a single round headed window in the eastern wall, in the south wall there is in perfect preservation a curiously ornamented piscina. Temple Kieran, the church of the holy founder; Temple Gauny; Temple Donlin, and lastly, Temple MacDermot, before the doors of whose church stands the large cross represented in our engraving. It is cut from one entire stone, and has an inscription in antique and unknown characters. The north doors are very low, but guarded with small pillars of fine marble, curiously wrought. Another of these churches has within it an arch of greenish marble, flat wrought and beautifully executed, the joints of which are so close that the whole appears to be of one entire stone. In the cemetery beside the cross of Temple MacDermot, there are three other crosses.

We must for the present bring our labors to a close, yet hope on some future occasion, to have the reader accompany us still further in our researches among these ancient and holy monuments of the dead.

Clonmacnoise, that is the parish of the present day, contains an area of 22,417 acres, and in 1841 had a population of 2,349. Clon, from Irish Cluan or Clain, signifies a lawn, or piece of pasture land, or more specially, a fertile piece of land surrounded by bog or moor, or on one side by a bog, and on the other by water. Clon-mac-noise, or Clusin-mac-nois is said to signify the retreat of the sons of the nobles from the number of the princes of Ireland who were educated at its schools. There are eighty-four places in Ireland the names of which begin with Clon.

THE CHARM.

A TRUE STORY.

'He would
Cure warts and corns with application
Of medicine to the imagination;
Fright agues into dogs and scare
With rhymes the toothache and catarrh.'

In the vicinity of the chief town of a north-western county in Ireland, resided a widow, with a large family, two of whom were sons. The father of this family had been a laborer with a gentleman, on whose property he resided. At his death, the widow was not disturbed, though unable to pay the usual rent for her house and garden.

The landlord's wife who was a benevolent woman, endeavored to benefit the lower orders by every means in her power, and took much interest in the family of the widow Morriss; but they were so ignorant and averse to be instructed in any way that she despaired of being able to do anything for them. She frequently employed the boys about the house and endeavored to impress them with habits of industry; but her good counsel was undone by the folly of their mother. In her walks the lady of the manor frequently called at the different cottages, and one day entered the cabin of the widow Morriss.

'Good day, Betty, how are your family?' was her salutation.

'Musha, then, mistress dear, ye're hundred welcomes. Nelly, brin a chair; fwhy but ye rub yer apron to it, ye ignorant ape,' replied Betty, as she dressed up the fire. 'Won't ye cum by, madam, an take an air iv the fire—the day's cowl.'

'Thank you, Betty, my walk has completely warmed me. What are your boys employed about to-day?'

'Faix, mysel doesn't know, ma'am; its little they are, and less they're inclined for, barrin runnin to town ather sport. God help them, and all the poor iv the world!'

'Don't you know, Betty, it is wrong thus to permit your children to roam about in idleness, which will certainly lead them into wickedness?'

'Acushla machree, how can I help them, as has nothin for them to do tal the prates is diggin.'

'During those seasons when work is slack, could you not send them to school?—it would keep them out of mischief, and in the end, be beneficial.'

'Send them to school! Arra, madam, avourneen, fwhat way could I find them, an' hasn't one penny to pay the mather? To school, anagh!'

'You cannot be ignorant, Betty, that there are free schools, where the children are provided with every necessary, and attended by good masters. In the town is one of these, where your children may be educated without expense.'

'Lord reward them that's good to the poor! But, mistress a cushla, fwhat would the leks iv my little boys want wid larnin?'

'It is not burdensome, Betty, and is frequently the means of putting young men forward in the world.'

'Faix, an that's thrue for ye, ma'am,' said Betty, with a short pipe in her mouth, and speaking between the puffs. 'There's the widdy Kennedy's son, they say, has the life iv a gentleman in farrin parts; and fwhat is he better nor my own little boys.'

'You have been rightly informed; the young man has a good situation, and is much esteemed. What do you suppose has raised him thus? Education and good conduct.'

'Well, well; but some people is lucky, an he only a poor scholar after all.'

'And surely, Betty, this does not lessen his merit.'

'Troth, an mistress dear, its not every one id lik

to sind the childer to a poor school, and maybe have it cast up in their teeth.'

'This is nonsense, Betty; you should be rejoiced such places are open for the benefit of your children and send them there.'

'Ah, then, madam, I was thinkin to do that same, only the neighbors crassed me an that's the truth entirely.'

'In my opinion, Betty, you should not let what any person says, prevent your benefitting your children; and depend upon it, if they are not usefully employed in some way, they will be doing wrong.'

'Thrue for ye, ma'am dear—och! och! thrue for ye any way,' was Betty's reply. And after some further conversation, the lady finding she could effect no good, left the house.

'Wirra! wirra!' muttered Betty, after her departure, 'but the mistress is bad about the schoolin. Their father an all afore them had no larnin, and fwhy but they cud do 'idout it? Sorra poor-school thrashel (threshold) ever they'll crass wid my will.' And she kept her word.

Her sons consequently continually in bad company; and the younger, who was infinitely the most wicked, while a mere boy, received sentence of transportation for life, for being concerned in sheep-stealing. This was a sore affliction to Betty, nor could she be persuaded by her mistress to believe that she was, in a great measure, the cause of this fatal event by denying the boy the opportunity of improving his mind.

It might be supposed that, after this melancholy example, Betty's repugnance to education would give way, and that she would wish to see her remaining son usefully employed; but no such thing. The fate of her younger son was not imputed to his own bad conduct, but to the extreme severity of the laws; and the elder son was allowed still to go on in the same way, frequenting the dance-house, cock-pit, bull-alley, and the toss-pit, until he attained the age of nineteen, when in a drunken brawl at one of those places, his leg was so much injured by a fall that he was laid up for months. The wound was not properly treated—Betty preferring the quick remedies of all the old women in the parish, to sending the young man at once to the infirmary.

'Bad seran to them fur aspirals' (hospitals,) she would say, 'fwhat good was in them at all? Nera one ever wint in cum out alive; and maybe ids fwhat they'd cut off my little boy's leg an shure he might as well be dead entirely—sorra good id be in him ather.'

And, in consequence, though the wound appeared to heal, on the least exertion it broke out again, and for a time remained very sore. However, in process of time, the young man married, and still continued to live in his mother's house.

About three years after her son's accident, Betty and her daughter-in-law were one day seated at their wheels, when a man in rusty black clothes, an old hat, and a bundle in one of his hands, entered the cabin with the usual salutation.

'God save all here!'

'God save ye kindly!'—was responded by the old woman, and a seat offered by the young one.

After a short silence, during which the stranger cast keen glances around the house from a pair of sleepy looking eyes, almost concealed beneath a heavy brow. Betty said:

'A fine day, sir, God be thanked.'

'Very fine,' replied the man, and paused, still looking about, as if in expectation of seeing some other person.

'Great weather for dryin the turf,' continued Betty, 'an' plentiness there'll be iv id the year; and the prates and the oats look finely, the Lord be praised!'

The man murmured something, and Betty proceeded:

'Happy for them that has the turf an' prates, an

oats growin for them in lashins! God look down on the poor widdy that has none, and every poor crathur in the world.'

'No cattle, no care,' was the dry response of the stranger.

'Thrue for ye, dear; but its hard for the poor to knock the bit and the sup, let alone the rags iv clothes, out iv the dozens,* and they so chape, and flax dear.'

'There's nothing but grumbling in the world,' said the man; 'rich or poor, its all the same with them.'

'Och! och! sir, dear, shure its the poor that's smashed entirely, an' has nothin at all but the daylight and the wather, God comort (comfort) them.'

'There's plenty of water in this country, any way,' replied the man.

'A reasonable share,' said Betty. 'Ids like, sir, ye're not of this country.'

'No,' was the answer.

'Humph! no doubt ye're a thraveller,' continued Betty, and, without waiting his reply, took the pipe from her mouth, rubbed it with the disengaged hand, and held it to him adding, 'Will ye take a blast, sir? To be shure ye cum a good piece the day.'

He took the pipe, put it in his mouth, and said, 'I am indeed a great traveller—seldom off the fut.' 'I'll warrant ye're a dealer; they're ever an always walkin. God prosper thim an' every sinner that's athriven to arn in honesty,' replied Betty.

'I'm not a dealer in the way you mean,' said the man.

'Well, dear, in fwhatever ye are, its no harum to say good luck t'ye. Maybe ids for the good of yer sow! ye're a thraveller.'

'For that and for the good of others,' he said.

'The mother iv God reward ye the last day,' responded Betty.

'Isn't some person sick in the house?' asked the man, after a pause.

The women exchanged a rapid glance of astonishment, and Betty answered:

'Och, forreer (alas!) there is, sir, dear; my little boy is very bad entirely, and sorra one iv uz knows fwhats the mather wid 'im at all.'

'What does he complain of?'

'All in the leg, avourneen—all in the leg. He got a hurt in id three years agone, but that was cured an' he was finely tal this turn.'

'Can I see him?'

'Sir, dear, his gone to the spensary (dispensary) the day.'

'Why does not the doctor tell you what is the mather with him?'

'Nera go from them for doctors; there's no satisfaction out iv them. Fwhen one goes to the spensary, sorra haporth they get barrin a powder or a pill, and bid ye go home, iv ye ax what ails ye.'

'What would you give to one who could cure your son?'

'Och, sir, acushla, any thin at all, an' my blessin to boot.'

'Give me a shilling, and I'll do it.'

'O, wirra, wirra, sir, dear, there's not a pinny, gould, silver, nor brass in under one roof wid me this day; och hone! I'd give ye tin iv I had it.'

'I'm sorry for it; I can do nothing without touching silver,' replied the man, standing up, and taking his bundle as if to depart.

'Och, avourneen machree,' said Betty, also leaving her seat, 'iv ye can do any thin, for the love iv God, don't go.'

'I told you, I could not, except I touched silver; you say you have not any, so there's no use in my staying longer.'

* An expression of doubt, used here to imply impossibility.

* Hanks of yarn are called dozens, in allusion, we suppose to their containing twelve cuts.

'An' sorra word iv lie I toul (told) ye, dear. O wirra! it's hard for the poor to have money; an' iv a poor widdy doesn't get somethin' for the love of God, fwhat'll she do.'

The man remained, standing but made no reply, and Betty, who seldom continued long silent, resumed.

'An' ye eud cure my little boy, iv ye got a shillin'?

'I have no doubt of it,' replied the man.

'Arra, Judy, dear,' said Betty, turning to the young woman, 'd'ye hear that, an' fwhat'll we do at all, an' hasn't a pinny'?

'Maybe I'd borry (borrow) id from Winny Berne, an' pay her fwhen we sell the dozens a Thursday,' returned Judy.

'I doubt she wout have id,' said Betty. 'She's not a good warrant to sarve a neighbor on an amplash (nonplus.) Thady Carty is far reddier only its a piece off.'

'Iv the gentleman's not in a hurry,' replied Judy, 'I'll not be a fwhip away, an' be shure to have it back wid me.'

'I'll wait a little longer,' said the man; 'though in a hurry, I'd like to serve you if I can; its more for that than the value of the money, but I'm sworn not to perform any cure without touching silver.'

'The heavens may be yer bed, avourneen, answered Betty. 'Run, Judy, ahegar, an' iv ye can't get a shillin, maybe a tester id do—its silver, ye know.'

'I cannot take less than a shilling,' said the man.

'I'll do my best, sir,' replied Judy, as she left the house, and set over the fields in a half trot, the usual pace of our countrywomen.

Betty, who delighted in hearing herself talk, was no sooner left alone with the man, than laying aside the wheel, and putting a coal in the pipe, she began:—

'A then, sir, dear, fwhat way did ye know my little boy was sick—maybe the neighbors toul ye?'

'I did not speak to any of your neighbors,' he replied.

'Wirra, wirra! but that's quare; an' no one toul ye.'

'Not one.'

She then plied him with questions, as to where he came from—whether he was a doctor, and such like, in every form her ingenuity could devise; but received very laconic answers; he evidently was not disposed to be communicative.

After waiting some time he asked, whether the woman had far to go.

'Ilooh! don't be unasy, dear,' replied Betty; 'its only a little piece wid a mile, she'll not be a minit away.'

But the 'little piece wid a mile' extended to somewhat beyond two, so that Judy returned not so quickly as her mother-in-law said. The man began to grow impatient, and was just on the point of departing, though Betty used all her efforts to detain him, when the messenger returned out of breath with speed.

'Fwhat luck, acushla?' exclaimed Betty, as Judy came to the outside of the door.

'Good luck! good luck!' answered the other.

'Didn't I tell ye Thady Carty is a good man on a pinch,' continued Betty.

'Sorra sight I scen iv 'im good or bad; he went to the corp-house,' said Judy.

'Christ christha erin! who's dead?' interrupted Betty.

'A first cousin to his aunt's husband's uncle, in the manor,' was the reply.

'Sau well dea er in, I freckoned,' said Betty; 'an Judy, avourneen, fwhere did ye get id?'

'Comin back iv me, I slipped over to Winny Berne; fwhen I toul the amplash we wor in, she borrit id from a neighbor tal Thursday. I kep id in

my mouth all the way—there was a hole in my pocket; and she gave the shilling over to her mother-in-law.

'The Lord reward Winny Berne any way,' said Betty, and handing the money to the man, who seemed impatiently waiting to touch it, added,

'Here, sir, may God give you good luck iv id, an' prosper fwhat ye're goin to do. Amin, achiermah!'

The operator deliberately rubbed the shilling over the palms of both hands, then deposited it in his pocket, and said:—

'I want two clean plates and some spring water.'

These were given; he placed them on a stool by him, and pausing a few moments continued:—

'I must have three clean articles of clothes belonging to the sick man, or his nearest relation, before I can do any thing.'

The women looked at each other in some surprise, and Betty said:—

'Is there any thin clean belonging to 'im in the box, Judy?'

On inspection, Judy reported that 'the nera fagget was in id, barrin one handkecher.'

'Fwhat'll we do now?' cried Betty.

'If there is any thing clean belonging to his nearest relation, I said it would do,' remarked the man.

'Here's my new coat an' my red shawl,' said Judy.

'Are you a relation?' asked the man.

'Shure, isn't she the little boy's wife,' exclaimed Betty.

'Oh, then, they'll do just as well—give them to me.'

The three articles were handed to him; he folded and placed them on the stool by the plates. He then said:—

'Now turn round to the fire, and be sure don't look at me until I speak.'

They turned their backs on him; but the younger female possessing a good portion of mother Eve's frailty, could not resist an occasional side peep, and perceived that he first took off his hat; then searched his vest pocket, and produced something rolled in paper; his lips were moving as if he spoke to himself. She was afraid to look steadily, for he frequently turned to try if they were observing him. She saw that he tied up the clothes they had given him in his bundle, and that he kept rubbing one of the plates for some time with his finger. Betty never once looked round, but continued repeating her prayers with great vehemence.

At length he called. 'See, there is your friend's blood dropping from the plates; you may depend upon it he'll soon be as well as ever, the cure is granted to me.'

They were not long in obeying the summons, and beheld some liquid, like blood, falling drop by drop from the plates, which were placed one over the other.

'Christ christha erin! an' is that my little boy's blood—Lord save 'im!' said Betty.

'Certainly,' returned the operator.

'And he's cured now' exclaimed the wife.

'All as one,' replied the man. 'I'll see him in the morning, and finish it. Let no one look into these plates till I come to-morrow.'

He placed them on the top shelf of a dresser that stood near, put on his hat, and taking up his bundle, was quitting the house, when Betty said, 'The Lord reward ye, sir, avourneen, ye'll shurely come the morra mornin; the little boy'll be at home then any way.'

'You may be sure I wout leave the thing half done,' replied the man, as he went from the door.

He was not many minutes gone, when Betty, being reminded by Judy, ran after him, exclaiming, 'Sir, dear, ye forgot to leave the rags the little girl giv ye—the coat, an' the shawl, and the handkecher.'

'I did not forget them,' he said, 'I'll bring them in the morning, the cure cannot be finished without them—don't fear.'

'No, dear; only be shure to bring them; she has nera dacent stitch but the one.'

The man did not wait to hear what she said, but hurried on; and she returned to the house assuring Judy the things would be brought back in the morning; however, Judy was not sure of this matter, but made no comment.

Betty was so firmly persuaded the charm would effect her son's cure, that when he returned from the dispensary, she scarcely permitted him to enter the door ere she called out to know whether he did not feel himself much better.

'I'm not so long away that I could know whether or no,' he replied.

'Any way,' she said, 'ye're not worse, an'll soon be better entirely, thanks be to God.'

'How do you know?' returned the son. 'Ye're not a witch nor a fortune-teller.'

'No, agrah, forer! I haven't that luck; only I am shure ye'll soon be well, thanks and praise be to the Lord.'

The man began to imagine his mother was either drunk or doting; he looked to his wife; she felt the appeal, and told what had occurred, only omitting what related to the clothes, fearing they had been too credulous. The man set up a loud laugh, when he heard the tale; and Betty, rather indignantly, asked why he laughed.

'A then is id any wondher,' he replied. 'Shure no one ever heard iv two sich own shaughts, to give a shillin to a common steeler, (stroller) that's after makin a hare (fool) iv ye.'

'Ye needn't speak that away,' said Betty; 'shure didn't he show us yer blood droppin from betune two plates; and them that cud do that id do more.'

'Show ye the devil!' returned the son. 'Did ever ye see fwhite blood comin from the cat? An' he'll come back the morra! O, yes, to be shure, fwhat a fool he is! See now the way ye'll pay the shillin ye were so ready to borry.'

The women looked rather blank at this speech, but were wise enough to be silent. They were in a feverish state of anxiety all that day, and never did day and night appear of such interminable length. But the longest term must have an end; the next morning dawned, and they were up with the sun, hour after hour flew by; the breakfast was eaten and still no man appeared. Betty's confidence began to waver.

'Fwhat'll we do' she said to her daughter-in-law; 'Jemmy id be mad entirely if he heard iv the clothes.'

'Nera one iv me knows,' replied Judy. 'I dread we'll never see a stitch iv them.' Then, after a pause, she added, 'I'll slip over to Billy; maybe he'll tell me fwhat to do.'

'Rum, acushla; tell 'm the amplash we are in. O, wirra, iv the clothes is gone; Jemmy will kill us out.'

Judy lost no time in consulting her friend; his advice was to follow the charmer without delay, and he offered to accompany her.

They set out, and at a little town, a few miles off, traced him; and following the route they heard he had taken, were fortunate enough to come up with him two miles farther on. Billy at once seized on and carried him before the nearest magistrate, who committed him to the county jail. The clothes were secured, but the shilling had been spent, except twopence, and the only other article he had on his person was a paper, containing a small quantity of rose-pink, with which he caused the appearance of blood that had deceived the women, as the sediment was found on the plates.

The principal events of the foregoing were, as nearly as I can recollect them, given in evidence before the assistant barrister of the county of ——. When the swindler, or charmer, whichever term may seem most appropriate, was brought to trial he made no defence, and appeared to care very little for the sentence of imprisonment passed on him.

Judy recovered her clothes, much to the satisfaction of Betty, who declared she never would put faith in steelers no more. They were obliged to spin hard for some time to repay the shilling. And, in the end, poor Judy was left a widow, her husband soon after dying of a mortification in the sore leg.



TOMB OF THE ST. LAURENCE FAMILY.
ABBAY OF HOWTH.

In the south aisle of the Abbey of Howth, near the east window, stands a tomb, on the slab of which is represented, in a recumbent posture, in high relief, the figure of a knight, and by his side that of a lady. The heads of both are supported by tasselled cushions; the feet of the knight rest upon a dog, and those of the lady on a cushion similar to that under her head. The hands of both are raised and laid flat on the breast, the palms inwards; the countenances are peculiarly placid and agreeable. The knight is in complete armor from crown to heel, and belted with his trusty sword. His lady love is attired in a fanciful head dress, a close bodice, wide sleeves, terminated at the wrists by cuffs; and from the waist is enveloped in an elegantly plaited tunic, the train of which descends in graceful folds below her feet; a nondescript ornament hangs in front, on which a cross may be traced. On the levelled edge of the slab there has been an inscription now defaced; the sides and ends are beautifully sculptured; the head and foot represents the figures of saints in Gothic niches. And on the sides the armorial bearings of the family and its connexions are displayed, surrounded by rich and florid tracery; among these escutcheons the arms of St. Laurence and Plunket are the most conspicuous.

There is a peculiarity in this tomb I have not seen generally noticed—the lady on the slab and the Plunket arms occupy the place of honor, namely, the dexter side. Can this be satisfactorily accounted for?

There are some other monuments, but none of any particular interest. On the floor, close by the south wall, are two freestone flags, with ornamented crosses in relief; they, perhaps, mark the graves of some of the ecclesiastics.

R. A.

WITCHCRAFT IN KILKENNY.

Sir—I take the liberty of acquainting you with the satisfaction I derive from the perusal of the Dublin Penny Journal, feeling that the expression of approbation (however humble the individual it may come from) must be cheering to an editor. That much good may be done to Ireland by your work if conducted in the spirit which it has hitherto exhibited, no one can hesitate to believe, and that it will receive the encouragement, it appears to me to merit, I sincerely trust.

The sketch of witchcraft by Sir Walter Scott, recently published in Mr. Murray's family library, is, indeed, to use his own expressive phrase—"the history of a dark chapter in human nature." Cervantes says, 'That witches do nothing which lead to any object,

yet it appears evident that that which the tortured imagination of these unhappy persons can confess, leads through so troubled a stream to the fountain of fairy legends.

The persecution of the Lady Alice Kettell, at Kilkenny, for witchcraft, is, perhaps, one of the earliest upon record. The Bishop of Ossory, is stated to have been her accuser, and to have charged her and two companions with various diabolical acts; among others, that of holding a conference, every night, with a spirit called Robin Artisson, to whom, as you have related, they were said to sacrifice nine red Cocks, and nine Peacocks' eyes.

In this ecclesiastical persecution, the object of which appears to have been to extort money to cover the roof of St. Mark's Church, in Kilkenny, the connexion with the fairy creed is obvious from the name of the evil spirit. The appellation of Artisson, any Irish scholar will at once perceive has had its origin in the sacrifice said to be nightly offered up, as the translation of it is chicken flesh, and with respect to the name of Robin, I cannot help thinking when Sir Walter Scott tells us, that 'by some inversion and alteration of pronunciation' the English word goblin and the Scottish gogle, come from the same root as the German Kobold, he may as well have added poor Robin, if only for the sake of good-fellowship as Robin's punning namesake, Thomas Hood, would have said.

That Robin, however, was the popular name for a fairy of much repute, is sufficiently well-known; but since the mention of his name has accidentally occurred with that of Hood, I may be allowed to observe that the title assumed by, or applied to the famous outlaw, was no other than one which had been appropriated to a denizen of fairy land. Hudikin or Hodekin, that is little hood, or cowl, being a Dutch or German spirit, so called from the most remarkable part of his dress, in which also the Norwegian Nis and Spanish Duende were believed to appear—

'Un cucurrucho tamano.'

to use the words of Calderon. There is in Oxford street a well-known Coach office, distinguished by the sign of 'the green man and still,' but why so called I have never had satisfactorily explained by the curious in such matters. The derivation of the Bull and Mouth, the Belle Savage, the Talbot, (old Chaucer's Tabart,) and many other signs, which may be quoted in proof of the mutability of things, are familiar to all, yet the origin of the aforesaid Green Man and Still, remains involved in the most mysterious obscurity. I have, however, always been inclined to consider it as remotely derived from Robin Hood; and leaving fancy to fill up the chasm, have found myself willing to translate it as 'the forrester and fairy,' or the green or woodman, and the still folk or silent people, as the supernatural beings which we call fairies, were not unusually termed—'Das still Volk' being the common German expression.

This long digression, like the treacherous Friar Rush, might readily lead me on from 'the merry green wood,' until I became bewildered in the mazes of conjecture. Allow me, therefore, to return to Kilkenny, the scene of Alice Kettell's conjurations. That town appears to have been peculiarly fatal to witches. Sir Richard Cox, in his history of Ireland, mentions the visit of Sir William Drury, the Lord Deputy, to it, in October, 1578, who caused thirty-six criminals to be executed there, 'one of which was a black-a-moor, and two others were witches, and were condemned by the law of nature, for there was no positive law against witchcraft in these days.' From that it would appear that the Statue of the 33rd of Henry VIII. against witchcraft had either become a dead letter, or had not been enacted in Ireland.

Ireland has been, in my opinion, unjustly stigmatised as a barbarous and superstitious country. It is certain that the cruel persecutions carried on against poor and ignorant old women was nothing in Ireland when compared with other countries. In addition to the three executions at Kilkenny, a town, the inhabitants of which were almost entirely either English settlers or of English descent, I only remember to have met with an account of one other execution for the

crime of witchcraft. This latter took place at Antrim, in 1699, and it is, I believe, the last on record. The particulars of this silly tragedy were printed in a pamphlet, entitled 'The bewitching of a child in Ireland,' and from thence copied by Professor Sinclair, in his work entitled 'Satan's Invisible world discovered,' which is frequently referred to by Sir Walter Scott in his letters on Demonology.

I have to apologize for the length to which my letter has extended, and to subscribe myself,

Your very humble servant,

T. CROFTON CROKER

A TOUR TO CONNAUGHT.

LETTER VIII.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal:—

Dear Mr. Penny Journal,—In answer to your note requesting to know whether I intended to proceed with my Tour of Connaught, I desire to tell you, that along with the influenza, a disease still more unusual has come over me, and untrue to the characteristic hardihood and nonchalance of an O'Toole, I have been induced to think that my trivial remarks, caught up as driving along the dusty road to Athlone, are little worthy of your sober, useful, and instructive periodical. However, as you properly suggest that as I undertook to travel in your pages at all, I ought to touch Connaught before your present volume is concluded, I shall make a push to get to Athlone, and there, perhaps, the Shannon may revive my self-respect, and a dip in its translucent waters act with the efficacy for which it is proverbial, and wash away the modesty that is so foreign to my Milesian nature.

I recollect, sir, what perhaps has escaped the recollection of your readers, that I had got beyond Horse-leap, and was on the road to the next stage—Moate; formerly called the Moate of Gren-oge—the Moate of young Grania or Grace. Some legend there is concerning a Milesian princess taking on herself the office of a Brehon, and from this Moate adjudicating causes, and delivering her oral laws to her people. At present it is a neat and pretty place, as all towns in Ireland are that are much inhabited by Quakers. It is really refreshing, after having your senses of sight, smelling, and hearing, outraged in passing through an assemblage of mud cabins, pig-sties and dung-hills, as Killoch and Kinnegad present, to see the cultivated fields, the slated cottages, and the whitewashed dwellings in and about Moate. I have often, since the hot blood of the O'Toole's has begun to run cooler in my veins, supposed that Ireland might be advantaged were its people to turn Quakers. What a change my fancy contemplates—a nation of fighters turned into a community of friends; but how cruel would it be thus to cut up the trades of distillers, publicans, pike-makers, and policemen; and then, as these Quakers are neither Protestants or Catholics—as they care little for priest or parson—can they be Christians? I confess I know little of their specific doctrines, but methinks their practices are more gospel-like than those even of my own believing race; and I am tempted to suppose that Captains Rock or O'Toole have not, with all their faith and all their exploits, done as much good in their generation, as these smooth, and snug, and easy-going people. To be sure, they, too, had their hot times as well as others, and the steady, demure, barrel-bodied Friend, with his single-breasted surcoat, scarcely able to girth in his abdominal protuberance, or the pale, placid, dove eyed and sadly-attired sister of the present day, are but cool contrasts to the stern, burning, fervid, bareboned, proselytizing fanatic of George Fox's time, who roamed the world testifying against parsons, priests, and steeple-houses. When John Parrot, moved by mighty impulse, went to convert the Doge of Venice, and Samuel Fisher rushed to Rome to testify the truth before rosetate cardinals, and instead of kissing the pope's toe give it a bite, and told his holiness he was anti-Christ—nay more, when the fair Mary Fisher appeared in her simple garb and sweet, solemn face before the Turkish Sultan, in the presence of his

mighty army at Adrianople, and there spoke what she had on her mind with such simple solemnity and unveiled modesty, that Mahomet heard her with gravity and attention, and though he might have wished to have such a variety of womankind in his harem, he dismissed her with admiration and respect; so much so, that she passed through hordes of Paynims without a guard, and arrived at Constantinople without scoff or hurt—I say, the quiet, sedate, unmeddling Quakers of the present day, are as different from their progenitors as the Frigid from the Torrid Zone, and occupying now the cool, sequestered character of those who mind their own business; we see them prosperous in themselves, and not interfering with others, except in a temporal sense, to do them good.

Moate a Gren-oge is surrounded with ruined castles and churches, moats, raths, and memorials of the wars, the feuds, and ferocities of former times. It has had also its day of great Quaker prosperity, which is, I fear, passing away; for the manufactures of linen and cotton which these good people encouraged, and which they upheld perhaps longer than any other class of employers, are now undersold and almost ruined by the overwhelming power of British machinery. The pretty, grassy and well-cultivated hills around this town, surrounded as they are by large bogs, have, as a good military position, been the scene, in the wars of Ireland, of many a skirmish and battle. Here, in the wars of the Revolution, a severe battle was fought between the forces of King William, under General De Ginkle, and of James, under Brigadier Clifford. The Irish attempted to defend the town, which was merely ditched and palisaded, but were forced to evacuate it and fall back on Athlone; the horse retreating by the road, the infantry through the bogs and fastnesses with which the country abounds. Here the Raperees—who, in those days, were so numerous and so effective, and who seemed to be actuated with the same spirit, and to put in practice the same warfare as the Spanish Guerrillas, to the no small astonishment of the English army, had recourse to a manoeuvre with which they were familiar—a large party that had skirmished with the British regiments, and given them no small annoyance by their bush-firing and desultory attack, driven by the bayonet, fled to the red bog on the left of the town, and there, as if by enchantment, hundreds of men, in the open day, instantly disappeared—they were gone as ghosts—and not a single runaway could be seen as a mark for a bullet or a butt for a bayonet or pike. Storey, in his interesting account of these civil wars, thus describes this evasion—"The Raperees escaped to the bog, and in a moment all disappeared, which may seem strange to those who have not seen it; but something of this kind I have seen myself, and it is thus done:—When the Raperees have no mind to show themselves upon the bogs, they commonly sink down between two or three billocks grown over with long grass, so that you may as soon find a hare as one of them, and they conceal their arms thus—they take off the lock, and put it in their pocket or hide it in some dry place; they stop the muzzle close with a cork, and the touch-hole with a small quill and then throw the piece itself into a bog-hole. You see one hundred of them without arms, who look like the poorest, humblest slaves in the world, and you may search until you are weary before you find one of their guns; but yet, when they have a mind to do mischief, they are all ready at an hour's warning, for every one knows where to go and fetch his own arms, though you do not."

The road from Moate to Athlone passes over a country, as I have before observed, consisting of ranges of limestone gravel hills, rising from moors and red bogs; the hills in general range from east to west, and seem formed by currents of subsiding waters falling towards the great drain of central Ireland—the Shannon. Wherever (as is the case in a great measure between Moate and Athlone,) the hills are planted and the morasses drained, the country is beautiful, and more especially about Moate, the patient industry of the Quakers has done much. As you approach the Shannon, the country presents a flat and gloomy as-

pect; the western horizon exhibits nothing but a monotonous line, unrelieved by mountain or wooded elevation, and the kingdom of Connaught does not smile on you as a land of promise; and though it may be rich in flocks and herds, and may flow with milk, and for aught I know, honey, I think from a first view of it, I can enter into the feelings of that lord of the Pale—some Plunkett or Barnwell, I forget which—who desired to have it engraved on his tomb in the Abbey of Kilkenny, that as his 'summum malum,' he was banished by the usurper Cromwell, into the kingdom of Connaught. As you approach Athlone, high lands to the northwest do not allow you to see the broad expanse of Lough Ree; but on casting my eye in an opposite direction, at the distance of about seven miles—just at the termination of a line of picturesque hills—the round tower of Clonmacnoise, rose like the terminus of a kingdom, to mark, as it were, the limit of some royal or ecclesiastical frontier—the boundary pillar between O'Melachlin, King of Meath, and O'Connor, King of Connaught. At the period of this coach expedition of mine, I had not seen, nor had I formed any conception of the importance, in an antiquarian or picturesque sense, of the ruined churches of Clonmacnoise; but as a descendant of O'Toole, the guardian of Glendalough, I determined to see whether St. Kieran had done as much for Clonmacnoise, the river sanctuary, as St. Kevin had done for the mountain retreat of my native hills, and subsequently, Mr. Penny Journal, I did carry my resolution into effect; and if allowed in your forthcoming volume, I will describe what I saw there; in the meantime let me get to Athlone, concerning which I have as much perhaps to say, as will find admittance into this number.

As you approach the town you do not see much of it, because it is sunk in the hollow through which the Shannon forces its way in order to reach the flats to the south, and nothing in or about the town impresses you with the idea of beauty, industry, or prosperity. It contains distilleries, whiskey-houses, soldiers, and few Quakers. The coach stops at the Westmeath side; and neither in the street outside, or inside of the inn where you put up, do you find much that may administer to your pleasure or comfort; neither is there any thing in the town, when you walk abroad, to catch your attention; no antique buildings—no marks of ancient power or splendor; when you wish to see the Shannon, you go through a narrow street, or rather lane, towards the bridge, which you find narrow, and encumbered with mills and houses, besides sundry annoyances movable and immovable—but still if you can with any safety, amidst the rush of pigs, cars and Connaught men, stand on this important bridge, and observe the huge volume of the Shannon rushing rapidly and clearly under its many arches—look upwards, and you will perceive how the stream bristles with staked eel-weirs—and above them, the cots of fishermen, and the pleasure yachts of the officers of the garrison; look across the river, and you will see the old castle, commanding the river-pass, once the residence of the Lord President of Connaught, and the well-defended position maintained for the English in the rebellion of 1641, by the Lord Ranelagh—and for the Irish, still more resolutely, by Colonel Grace, in the war of the Revolution; who forced General Douglas to raise the siege in 1690, and in the following year defended it with a vigor and tenacity which, if supported as he should have been by the French auxiliaries under St. Ruth, must have foiled his adversaries. Perhaps modern warfare does not present an instance of greater intrepidity and devotedness, than was exhibited on this occasion; a great interest, indeed, was excited by this siege; the attack, supported by the whole force of Great Britain in Ireland; the defence sustained by the whole combined power of the Irish and French army, led on by a general who had acquired a great name in the wars of the continent. This old bridge on which I now stand, built by Sir Henry Sidney, in the reign of Elizabeth, had one arch next the Connaught bank broken down. The powerful artillery of De Ginkle had battered the castle covering the bridge on the western side, into a heap of ruins; every thing sunk

before the shot and shell of the well served British artillery. The Irish labored incessantly to repair the breaches in the walls; the workmen fell as fast as they came to work—but as they were swept away, others took their places, and still men were found ready to labor at a task that brought certain death. But the English general was not yet the nearer to his point; there was the hitherto unfordable Shannon, and there was the bridge with its broken arch; gun and mortar had done their worst, but Athlone was not gained. It was resolved, then, to force the position, by throwing a wooden gallery across the chasm.

The British, under the shelter of the fire of their tremendous artillery, had constructed a breastwork on the bridge, at their side of the broken arch. The Irish had one on their part, composed of wattles and earth; but this was set on fire by the continual shower of shot and grenades; and while it was fiercely burning, the English concealed by the flame and smoke, succeeded in pushing large beams across the chasm, and now it was only necessary to place boards over the beams, and the river was crossed! when an Irish sergeant and ten men in complete armor leaped across the burning breastwork, and proceeded to tear up the beams and planks. The British were astonished at such hardihood, and actually paused in making any opposition—but the next instant a shower of grape shot and grenades swept these brave men away, who, nevertheless, were instantly succeeded by another party, that in spite of the iron hail storm tore up planks, beams and all, and foiled the enterprise of their foes. Of this second party only two escaped—there is scarcely on record, a nobler instance of heroism than this deliberate act of these Irish soldiers, who have died without a name.

General De Ginkle made another unsuccessful attempt to throw a gallery across the broken arch; when, foiled in all his attempts, a circumstance came to his knowledge which saved him from the disgraceful alternative of raising the siege, and which perhaps turned the fortune of the whole war. The river, for the first time in the memory of man, was found fordable a little below the bridge—two Danish soldiers, who for some crime had been sentenced to be shot, on promise of pardon tried the pass, and returned safe. It was then given out and believed by both armies that the siege was to be raised; and when the Irish saw the English motion, they lay in perfect security, and the French camp, a mile beyond, was equally still. St. Ruth and his officers had been gambling and dancing all night in a house, the unroofed walls of which are still standing, some distance from the town; they had retired to rest as happily secure as if they had been in Paris. On a sudden, at morning's dawn, and with no other music than the tolling of St. Mary's bell, sixty chosen men in armor plunged into the stream, twenty a-breast, and in a very few minutes the opposite bank was gained—the bridge possessed—and with cool and steady bravery they set about reconstructing the gallery, whereby their comrades could follow them. The Irish were taken by surprise, and had only time to escape out of the town, some without arms, some without clothes, and many were taken asleep on the ramparts. The British soldiers did not slaughter the sleeping men, and Mackey, their general, who led them on—a man whose religion was equal to his valor—felt it more necessary to reprove his men for the daring blasphemies which they uttered, as they struggled over the difficulties presented by the ruined masses of the fortress, than to reproach them for want of humanity and courage.

The first express which reached St. Ruth, that the British were passing the river, found him dressing for a shooting excursion. He gave the messenger a deaf ear, and when urged by some one present to take instant measures, he replied that he would give a thousand louis to hear that the English durst attempt to pass. 'Spare your money and mind your business,' was the gruff retort of Sarsfield, 'for I know that no enterprise is too difficult for British courage to attempt.'

One would think that I was a veteran captain or

bold dragon, in thus evincing such a predilection for describing scenes of blood and battle. But show me the man, woman, or child who loves not to hear and read of battles. I much question whether even a demure quaker of Moate or Mountmellick would not take pleasure in reading a bulletin of Aughrim or Waterloo, or some spirit-stirring memorial of the tented field. But I am wandering from the bridge, though not yet done with it.

There is a curiously sculptured monument on it bearing an inscription rather difficult to read, which records that 'in the 9th year of the reign of our most dero sovereign ladie Elizabeth, this bridge was built by the device and order of Sir Henry Sidney, Knt., who finished it in less than one year, bi the good industrie and diligence of Peter Levis, Clk. Chanter of the Cathedral Church of Christ, Dublin, and steward to said Deputy.' The inscription goes on to state that 'in the same years the bridge was finished, the newe worke was begun in the Castel of Dublin, besides many other notable workes in sundrie other places. Also the arch rebel, Shane O'Neil, was overthrowne, his head set on a gate of the said Castel; Coyne and Livery abolished, and the whole realm brought into such obedience to her majestie as the like tranquillitie hath no where been seen.' In a compartment of this monument is the figure of Master Levis, attired in his Geneva gown; in his right hand is something which is said to be a pistol, though it is twisted, and more calculated to represent a screw than an instrument of death. On this pistol is the figure of a rat, appearing to bite the thumb which is holding it.

Peter Levis is said to have been an English monk who turned Protestant, and coming over to Ireland, was made a dignitary of Christ Church; being a man of great scientific and mechanical knowledge, Sir Henry Sidney sent him to superintend the erection of this important bridge; but being a turncoat, a righteous rat, vexed with such tergiversation, followed and haunted him—by day and night, at bed and board—on horseback or in boat, the disgusting vermin pursued him, slept on his pillow, and dipped and dabbled its tail or whisker in all he eat or drank—the church itself could not save him from the persecution. One day in the church of St. Mary's, Athlone, he ventured to preach, and lo, this unclean beast kept peering at him with its bitter, taunting eye, all the time he was holding forth; and when he descended the pulpit, after having dismissed the congregation, the cursed creature still remained with his reverence. This was too much—Master Levis presented a pistol, which he had always about him, to shoot it—the sagacious and unaccountable creature, to avert the shot, leaped up on the pistol, as represented on the monument, and seizing the parson's thumb, inflicted such a wound as to bring on a locked jaw, which terminated in his death.

I will not stake my veracity on the truth of this story, but at all events, this much will I assume, that here we have most satisfactorily explained the origin of the phrase, 'to rat,' as applied to changelings; and without wishing to cast my stigma on Master Levis, who may have been a sincere and honest, as he certainly appears to have been a clever, man, I may add, that the conscience-stricken state of those who change their opinions for worldly advantages, is well typified by the molestation of that unclean, nasty, voracious reptile, the rat.

Now, Mr. Penny Journal, I have complied with your request, and finished my Tour to Connaught, by leaving your readers at the Bridge of Athlone. A tour in Connaught is a different matter, and I do not say that it will never appear.

I am, &c., &c.,
TERENCE O'TOOLE.

Let ancient or modern history be produced, they will not afford a more heroic display of sentiment, than the reply of Yankee Stonington to the British commanders. The people were piling the balls which the enemy had wasted, when the foe applied for them. 'We want balls—will you sell them?' They answered, 'We want powder—send us powder and we'll return your balls.'

THE DROWNED SHEPHERD.—In 1821, when the western part of Ireland was afflicted with greivous famine, and when England stepped forward nobly, and poured forth her thousands to save those who were perishing for want, a depot of provisions was established on the sea-coast, for the relief of the suffering inhabitants of this remote district.

A solitary family, who had been driven from their lowland home by the severity of a relentless middle-man, had settled themselves in this wild valley, and erected the clay walls of that ruined hut before you. The man was shepherd to a farmer who kept cattle on these mountains. Here, in this savage retreat, he lived removed from the world, for the nearest cabin to this spot is more than four miles distant.

It may be supposed that the general distress afflicted this isolated family. The welcome news of the arrival of succors at Ballycroy at length reached them, and the herdsman set out to procure some of the committee-meal to relieve the hunger of his half-starved family.

On arriving at the depot the stock of meal was nearly expended, however, he obtained a temporary supply, and was comforted with the assurance that a large quantity was hourly expected.

Anxious to bring the means of sustenance to his suffering little ones, the herdsman crossed the mountains with his precious burden, and reached that hillock where the stones are loosely piled.

But during his absence at Ballycroy, the rain had fallen heavily in the hills; the river was no longer fordable—a furious torrent of discolored water rushed from the heights, and choked up the narrow channel. There stood the returning parent, within twenty paces of his wretched but dearly loved hovel. The children with a cry of delight rushed from the hut to the opposite bank to welcome him; but terrified by the fearful appearance of the flood, his wife entreated him not to attempt its passage for the present.

But would he, a powerful and experienced swimmer, be deterred? The eager and hungry looks of his expecting family, maddened the unhappy father. He threw aside his clothes, bound them with the meal upon his back—crossed himself devoutly, and 'in the name of God,' committed himself to the swollen river.

For a moment he breasted the torrent gallantly—two stroke more would bring him to the bank—when the treacherous load turned, caught him round the neck, swept him down the stream, sank, and drowned him. He struggled hard for life. His wife and children followed the unhappy man as he was borne away—and their agonizing shrieks told him, poor wretch, that assistance from them was hopeless. At last, the body disappeared, and was taken up the following morning four miles from this fatal place. One circumstance attended this calamity: to philosophers I leave its elucidation, while I pledge myself for its accuracy in point of fact. A herd of cattle galloped madly down the river-side at the time their unhappy keeper was perishing—their bellows were heard for miles, and they were discovered next morning grouped around the body of the dead shepherd, in the corner of a sandy cove where the abated flood had left it.

LISMORE CASTLE. COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

Lismore, or properly Lios-mor, the great habitation, (translated Atrium magnum in the ancient life of St. Carthagh) a town now chiefly remarkable for the beauty of its situation, and its magnificent castle, was anciently a city of considerable distinction, and eminent above most others in Ireland for the splendor of its cathedral, the celebrity of its college, and the great number of its religious houses.

As the history and antiquities of this celebrated and truly interesting place will furnish us with matter for more than one article, we shall confine our notices in

the present number to the immediate subject of our present illustration, which is characterized by an accomplished English traveller, Sir Richard C. Hoare, as presenting, in every point of view, a bold and imposing object, and affording the best subject for the pencil of any building he had seen during his Irish tour.

This fine castle was originally founded by the young Earl of Moreton, afterwards King John, in the year 1185, and is said to have been the last of three fortresses of the kind which he erected during his visit to Ireland. In four years afterwards it was taken by surprise and broken down by the Irish, who regerded with jealousy and fear the strong holds erected by the English to secure and enlarge their conquests. On this occasion the garrison, with its commander, Robert Barry, were put to the sword. Being afterwards rebuilt, it became for a considerable period an Episcopal residence, until the celebrated Milner Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel and Bishop of this See, sometime before his resignation in 1589, by the consent of the Dean and Chapter, granted to Sir Walter Raleigh the manor and other lands of Lismore, at the yearly rent of £13 6s. 8d. From Sir Walter, the estate and castle passed by purchase into the hands of Sir Richard Boyle afterwards Earl of Cork, who considerably beautified it as a residence, and added thereto many buildings, some of which were afterwards destroyed in the rebellion of 1641. At the commencement of this unhappy civil war, the castle was closely besieged by 5,000 Irish, commanded by Sir Richard Beling, and defended by the young Lord Broghill, third son to the Earl of Cork, who by his conduct and bravery obliged the Irish to raise the seige. It was on this occasion he wrote to his father the letter which has been so often quoted with admiration and applause—a feeling in which we should not be disinclined to concur, if the character of the writer had been as eminent for humanity as it unquestionably was for courage. It runs as follows:

'I have sent out my quarter-master to know the posture of the enemy; they were, as I am informed by those who were in the action, 5,000 strong, and well armed, and that they intended to attack Lismore; when I have received certain intelligence, if I am a third part of their number I will meet them to-morrow morning, and give them one blow before they besiege us; if their number be such, that it will be more folly than valor, I will make good this place which I am in.

I tried one of the ordinances made at the forge, and it held with a pound charge; so that I will plant it upon the terras over the river. My lord, fear nothing for Lismore; for if it be lost, it shall be with the life of him that begs your lordship's blessing, and styles himself your lordship's most humble, most obliged, and most dutiful son and servant,

BROGHILL.'

The town and castle were again attacked by the Irish with a superior force, in 1643, of which the following circumstantial account is given in a manuscript diary of the Earl of Cork, now preserved in the Castle:

'1643, July 10. This day the rebel Lieutenant, General Parcell, commanding again in chief, in revenge of his former defeat received at Cappoquin, reinforced his army to 7,000 foot, and 900 horse, with three pieces of ordnance, and drew again near to Cappoquin, and there continued four days, wasting and spoiling the country round about, but attempted nothing of any consequence. And when the 22d at night, that the Lord Viscount Muskrie came to the Irish army with some addition of new forces, they removed from Cappoquin in the night before my castle of Lismore, and on the Saturday morning the 23d July, 1643, they began their battery from the church to the east of Lismore-house, and made a breach into my own house which Capt. Broadripp and my warders, being about 150, repaired stronger than it was before, and shot there till Thursday, the 27th, and never durst attempt to enter the breach, my ordnance and musket shot from my castle did so apply them. Then they removed their battery to the southwest of my castle, and continued beating



LISMORE CASTLE.

against my orchard wall, but never ventured into my orchard, my shot from my turrets did so continually beat and clear the curteyn of the wall. The 28th of July God sent my two sons, Dungarvan and Broghill, to land at Yougal, out of England, and the 29th they rode to the Lord of Inchiquin, who with the army were drawn to Tallagh, and staid there in expectation of Colonel Psyn, with his regiment from Tynmoly, who failed to join, but Inchiquin, Dungarvan and Broghill, and Sir John Powlett, the Saturday in the evening (upon some other directions brought over by Dungarvan from his Majesty,) he made treaty that evening with Muskrie and others, and the Saturday the 30th, they agreed upon a cessation for six days. Monday night, when they could not enter my house, they removed their selge and withdrew the ordnance and army—two or three barrels of powder—two or three pieces of ordnance of twenty-three pounds, and killed but one of my side, God be praised.

Finally, however, it was taken by Lord Castlhaven, in the year 1645. Major Power at that time defended it with 100 of the Earl of Cork's tenants, who, according to Cox, before they surrendered killed 500 of the besiegers, till all their powder being spent, they capitulated upon honorable terms.

On the restoration of peace, the castle was again repaired and inhabited by the Boyle family until in 1753, on the death of Richard, third Earl of Burlington, and fourth Earl of Cork, the most considerable part of that nobleman's estates, both in England and Ireland, devolved upon his daughter, Lady Charlotte Boyle, who married in 1748, William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire, in the possession of whose descendant, the present Duke, it now remains, by whom it has been greatly restored and beautified, and made a truly princely residence for the agent for his Grace's estates in Ireland.

Among the distinguished persons who received hospitality in Lismore Castle at different periods, may be noticed, the Earl of Clarendon, who in his progress through Munster, in 1688, passed a night here—King James II., who dined in it in 1689, and of whom it is

related, that on going to a window which overlooks the river, he started back, appalled at its fearful height—and lastly, in 1785, the Duke of Rutland, then Lord Lieutenant, who held a council. But the castle derives but little interest from such visitors, in comparison with that of being the birth-place of the celebrated philosopher, Robert Boyle.

In conclusion, we shall add the following correct description of the present state and appearance of the castle, from the Rev. Mr. Ryland's excellent History of Waterford :

'The castle of Lismore is one of the most magnificent of the ancient Irish residences, and is seen to great advantage from being built on a very elevated situation on the verge of a hill, the river Blackwater running close to the foundation.

The circular towers which flank the northern front are partly concealed by trees, which seems to grow out of the river, and which throw into shade large intervals of the rocky base of the building these remarkable objects, combined with the abrupt position of the castle which is seen hanging over the dark and rapid stream, compose a romantic and striking picture, which has scarcely ever been adequately represented. The first door-way is called the riding-house, from its being originally built to accommodate to horsemen, who mounted guarded, and for whose reception there were two spaces which are still visible under the archway. The riding-house is the entrance into a long avenue shaded by magnificent trees, and flanked with high stone walls ; this leads to another doorway, the keep or grand entrance into the square of the castle. Over the gate are the arms of the first Earl of Cork, with the motto, 'God's providence is our inheritance.' The castle and its precincts were regularly fortified, and covered a large space of ground, the bounds of which may still be traced by the existing walls and towers. It is highly interesting to examine the various parts of the defences so minutely and vividly represented in the first Earl of Cork's diary. 'My orchard,' and my 'garden' and 'the turrets, which did so continually beat and clear the curteyn wall,' all are religiously

preserved, and have been recently brought to view and cleared of the obstructions which time and neglect had accumulated about them.

The great square of the castle has rather an unfinished appearance, and, from the introduction of modern doors and windows, offends against all the rules of uniformity and architectural consistency. The sombre appearance of the building around the square is admirably contrasted with the interior of the castle. The rooms are fitted up with all the convenience of modern improvement ; the doors are of Irish oak of great thickness and beauty ; and the windows, composed of large squares of glass, each pane opening on hinges, combine accommodations with harmony of appearance. The drawing-rooms are ornamented with tapestry, and contain some good oil paintings. One of the towers is still retained in its rude and dilapidated state, serving as a contrast to the modern adornments, as well as showing the great ingenuity and taste which have been displayed in combining the luxuries of the present day with the romantic beauties of so ancient a building.

An anecdote which is told of James II. who is said to have visited the castle, and dined in the great room, has given one of the windows the name of king James' window. It is said, that on looking out of this window, the monarch was so struck at perceiving the vast height at which he stood, and the rapid river running beneath him, that he started back with evident dismay. To look unexpectedly upon the river immediately under the apartment, is indeed a startling prospect, and might naturally excite surprise from the great depth of the rear building compared with the level ground at the entrance. From King James' window, and more particularly from the flat roof of the castle, the view is magnificent and beautiful. The eye embraces a vast extent of country, and receives the impression of a splendid picture, realizing all the vivid coloring, and all the variety and contrast, which the imagination of a painter only conceives.

Under the castle there is a very extensive salmon fishery.

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'To the Editors of the
Irish Miscellany,
Boston, Mass.'

We cannot take any notice of communications intended for insertion, if written on both sides of the paper.

Correspondents must furnish us with their names, in confidence, or their favors cannot be published.

We cannot return any manuscript sent us for publication.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS should forward communications intended for insertion in the *Miscellany*, not later than the Saturday before the day of publication, as our increasing circulation compels us to go to press every Monday morning.

'DOBSON.' Received. This seems a singular nom de plume for an Irishman to adopt. It is the most Saxon like name we have heard for a dozen years. We shall have to 'dissolve your soul in tears.'

'MONONIA,' shall appear in our next.

'FRANK,' Providence, R. I. Many thanks. Your letter shall appear in our next number.

'AN IRISH SERVANT GIRL.' We have received a letter under this signature, in reference to an article upon 'Biddyism' which appeared some time ago in the *Journal*. We had an article prepared in reply to the low-bred slanders of that paper upon this useful class of female domestics, but the want of space compels us to omit it. Let our virtuous countrywomen pay no attention to the sneers of the ignorant and the rude. There are but few 'Yankees' in New England who would employ an Irish servant girl, if their own countrywomen could do the work. A Yankee servant

girl would soon be mistress of the house and take her mistresses' position, in more places than one. The American ladies know the virtue of our females, and that neither wealth or frowns can tempt them from the strict moral path—hence their preference for them. The article in the *Journal* was not editorial; its editors would not have allowed the insertion, we are sure, if they had seen it. How old was the writer when his mother was married?

IRISH MISCELLANY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858

THE RECENT BRITISH OUTRAGES.

The topic which continues most to absorb public attention, is the continued outrages committed by British cruisers upon American vessels. Our opinions upon this matter are already well known to our readers, as we have twice previously addressed them upon the subject, and in our last, expressed our warm approval of the dignified and patriotic stand taken by Senator Douglas, in vindication of the national honor. The wonderful unanimity pervading the Senate, will astonish England. That country foolishly supposed we were on the eve of a civil war on the question of slavery, and that she had only to make an active anti-slavery demonstration on the high seas, to secure the support of the entire north, and north-west States.

A number of vessels have been sent out in pursuit of the British cruisers, but up to the time of this writing, we have no report from them. What instructions the commanders of these vessels have received, we cannot say, but hope they are such as to ensure prompt redress. Should the 'Styx' or 'Buzzard' be met with by one of our national vessels, we have some hope that justice will be done. If they escape, then our hope of justice is gone; the matter will fall into the hands of the British dunkey Dallas, reams of paper and quantities of red tape will pass between the two governments—England will express her regret—the commanders of the Styx and Buzzard will be 'punished'—that is, removed for a time, from their commands and afterwards promoted—Lord Granville will assure Mr. Dallas of his 'distinguished consideration'—the 'friendly relations' will be restored—Mr. Dallas will make a 'no popery' speech at the first able meeting in Exeter Hall, and there the matter rests.

Now, we confess, we have more faith in one of the professional descendants of 'saucy Jack Barry,' than we have in all the red tape in Washington, and believe more in a broadside from beneath the stars and stripes, than in all the speeches in Congress. Let one of our sea captains but come within gun shot of the Styx or Buzzard, provided he has proper instructions, and the whole matter will be taken out of the hands of diplomacy; peace will be impossible,—the insults to our nation must be atoned for 'in the best blood of the Briton.'

We are sorry to see in a portion of the press, a desire that England will 'apologise' for these outrages, and back out of the position she has assumed. To be sure she will. Lord Napier has sent instructions to the various British Admirals on the coast and in the Gulf, to haul off the guilty vessels. If these instructions can be acted upon before collision takes place, England will apologise. She will declare that her commanders totally misapprehended her instructions; she will order them, every one of them, home, and affect to disgrace them. The rule in the British navy is so strict, that no officer dare defend himself by falling back upon his instructions. He must submit in silence, to what he knows is wrong, and when the storm has blown over, he will be rewarded for his submission by promotion to a superior command.

Let us, however, seize two or three English vessels, bring them into one of our ports for trial; if England repudiates their doings, then we punish the guilty individuals. Should she on the other hand, avow her instructions and adopt the acts of each commander, then war is inevitable. America cannot brook the insult, it must be resented, actively and promptly; and the nation will cheerfully yield its treasure and its blood in defence of its honor.

THE STATUE OF MOORE.

The engraving of the statue of Moore, which we gave in our last, in obedience to the wishes of many of our subscribers, is a correct representation of the statue recently erected in Dublin to the memory of Ireland's poet. We gave it as it is. The design is the one adopted by a committee of artists, in preference to that offered by Hogan. Having seen the one selected by the committee, our readers will not wonder at the sensitiveness of Hogan, who took the rejection of his design so much to heart, that it brought on a severe attack of apoplexy, which so impaired his health that he never fully recovered, and his country now mourns his untimely end.

NEW CLOTHING.—Persons in want of new clothing should read the advertisement of Smith & Co., in another part of this paper, and give that popular house a call before purchasing elsewhere. We can assure them they cannot invest their money to better advantage. Their place is corner of Elm street and Duck square.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE CONSTITUTION OF Women and Children among the Celtic, Gothic, and other nations, by John McElhannon, M R C S E. With Illustrations designed and drawn on wood, by the author. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

If we recollect rightly, the author of this work first became known to the public, through a series of very able letters addressed to the editor of the *London Times* in defence of his countrymen, against the attacks of that malignant sheet. Strange to say, the *Times* gave insertion for a time, to those letters, and thus established the name and fame of Dr. McElhannon, not only as a patriotic Irishman, but as one of the most scientific writers of modern days upon the natural history of the human race.

The work before us is divided into XVI chapters, commencing with the natural history of man, and tracing the condition of the family among various nations. He then enters into a comparison of Celts and Saxons. Taking the position of the wife and her child as the best test of the condition of a race of men in the scale of humanity and civilization, he pursues the condition of the family through the various races, and from indisputable authorities, chiefly English, establishes the fact, that in the Celtic race only, did woman occupy her true social position, and the family exist free from that tyranny and degradation which characterized it among the other races of the world, more especially the Saxon.

The Celts, throughout the world are under weighty obligations to the talented author of this work, for his scientific defence of our ancient race, against the assaults of the Saxon, and every man free from the blood of an English boor, should possess the work immediately.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

The next number of the *Miscellany* for the week ending Saturday, June 19th, will contain large and accurate views of the City of Londonderry, the West Gate of Derry, and Clontarf Castle—three engravings executed in the highest style of art. Music—'Sweet Girls of Erin,' with Piano Forte, accompaniment. The usual variety of original and selected matter will be presented and the number will be a great one. Send in your orders at once. The paper will be issued on Monday, the 14th inst., and will be sold by all periodical dealers and newsmen generally—at only four cents a copy.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

Some misapprehension has arisen in the minds of our readers as to the terms on which they will be entitled to our Gift pictures. We beg to allay all misapprehension by informing them that every person who has taken our publication from the first, either from ourselves or from any of our agents, will be entitled to all our gift pictures—it being our intention to present our subscribers with a picture, with each new volume of our paper. Every person who has not hitherto been a subscriber to the *Miscellany*, must subscribe in advance, in order to be entitled to our National Picture Gallery.

New subscriptions can commence at any time previous to the publication of our first picture, which will be issued the first week in July.

A casual purchaser of our paper cannot expect to receive a picture worth \$1.50. We again ask our agents and subscribers to send in their orders immediately?

CLUBS! CLUBS!! CLUBS!!!

There is no town or village so small, but a club of six or more subscribers for the *Irish Miscellany* can be easily obtained. Will those of our friends who are well-wishers of the land of their birth, do us the favor of getting up Clubs. Our terms will be—

To a club of six persons sent to one address,	\$10.00
To a club of twelve,	19.00

The whole of the money must invariably be sent at one remittance, and in advance.

In addition to this great reduction of price, each member of a Club will be entitled to copies of all our splendid Gift Pictures. Let our friends exert themselves, and by their patronage make the *Miscellany* the foremost Irish journal on this continent.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the *Miscellany*, from the commencement of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 4 Water street, Boston. Will our friends in want bear this fact in mind?

Nos. 4 and 5.—Owing to the great demand for the earlier numbers of our paper, we have entirely exhausted all our Nos. 4 and 5. We shall, as soon as we can complete the necessary arrangements, issue extra editions, and our numerous friends can rest assured that their wants will be supplied at the earliest possible moment.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. James Doyle, will be in Rhode Island this week, on business for the *Miscellany*.

Written for the Miscellany
THE GOOD PASTOR AND HIS WIFE.

BY TOLAND.

Hail, dawn of Aurora! the chariot of morning,
 Thy orient sovereign smiles from his throne,
 With radiant effulgence dawns nature adorning—
 Whose incense ascendeth to thy heavens bright dome;
 Aroused from the soft, balmy influence of Morpheus,
 My humble orisons shall soar to the sky
 In anthems harmonious and sweeter than Orpheus—
 Conjoined with my bride we will praise the Most High.

In a circle of love with her sisters' array'd in
 Chaste robes, and bedeck'd with the fairest of flowers,
 My wife is the centre, majestic maiden!
 Who cheers and consoles me in all my lone hours;
 Most amiable consort still peerlessly shining,
 More bright than the sun in meridian pride,
 How sweetly thy influence gently entwining
 Around those dear orphans bereft of their guide.

Thy exquisite beauty's celestial reflection
 Subdues and endears the most obdurate heart,
 Thy heaven-born zeal—thy maternal affection
 For those of thy children shall never depart.
 Humility's handmaid and teacher of sages,
 How ardent thy love for thy juvenile son,
 How faithful thy plights to thy spouse through dark ages,
 Embalmed in thy tears, thou art still fresh and young.

The prodigal truant who roams from thy pasture
 Is fed upon husks, in a strange barren clime;
 How fondly again thou'lt embrace him, alma mater,
 When seeking thy arms, repentant of crime.
 Heaven's complex expance embellish'd with martyrs
 Whose thirst has been quenched from channels of grace,
 Celestial praise and due homage impart her
 From thrones where her beauty encircles all space.

Then sweet virgin consort, divine consolation—
 I tender thee homage, obedience and love;
 Though scourged and imprisoned in every nation
 Thou laugh'st at thy foes from realms above.
 Dethroned rebel chief, sip the gall of thy chalice,
 The plan of redemption thy cunning despise—
 The Lady Elect has triumphed o'er thy malice
 And fills up the void you had left in the skies.

* Faith and hope.

Here is our old friend 'Darby the Blast,' whose visage we have made so often welcome. Darby is a bit of a wag, and thus vents his waggery upon John Bull, whose forlorn condition he seems to have much sympathy for.—Ed. M.

Written for the Miscellany.

PADDY'S LAMENT FOR JOHN BULL.

BY DABBY MCKEON.

Musha, Mr. John but it grieves me to hear,
 You've a rogue of a troublesome naylor so near;
 So mighty provokin' wid his army purrades,
 And the devil of it all, counts his prayers on the beads.

Falx I'm tould he be passing his min in review,
 And fightin' sham battles so near Waterloo—
 Bad luck be far from him, the vile popish knave,
 But he's full of his fun, and the Duke's in his grave.

I thought when you last did the Bourbon restore,
 And by bribery and fraud steep'd France in her gore,
 When the old iron Duke and cut-throat Castlereagh
 Through Grouchy's deception, for you gained the day;

When you plundered her bosom, and chained her
 Loved chief
 To that rock in the ocean, to die in sad grief,—
 That your nod was supreme on the sea and the shore,
 That no Bony could reign there in France any more.

Frend robb'd on land, greatest pirate on sea,
 Mou sin dhou, what a stand you made in the Crimea!
 Despoied by the Russian, and nursed by the French,
 Your proud Saxon vaward oozed out in a trench.

At Balaklava, where 'black bottle' ran,
 Together with your victory at the Redan,
 Where proud Albion's power was tumbled pell mell
 Down from the ramparts to 'Connaught or hell.'

Since that wid grief, I perceive it quite plain,
 The power of your Saxonship's quite on the wane,
 The Brute you boasted you'd whip the world through
 Is now fondly caressed by Johnny Crapeau.

* Lord Cardigan is charged with running away when the Light Brigade was going to that fatal charge, by a British officer.

The people's you plundered must weep for your fall,
 By gorrah! the Irish will cry worst of all;
 Confess it I must, wid small grief on my brow,
 No nation on earth cares one fig for you now.

Keep an eye to Napoleon, for I will go bail,
 He will go for a blessing to Dr. Mellale;
 And then take a ramble the green Island o'er,
 To see your mild rule there in blooming Gweedore.

Wid his long bearded Frenchmen, the devil knows
 what
 He may do for the landlords, so kind to poor Tate!
 Perhaps sweep the State Church from sweet Donegal,
 With its soupers, fat parsons, tithe proctors and all.

If you get in a hobble, by gorrah! I think
 You will have the good manners to give us a wink;
 We owe you a debt, and our clergy do say
 That when we are able, just debts we should pay.

Nabokklish old friend, we will lend you a hand,
 And square up old scores in our dear native land—
 The principal all, with good interest too;
 Lord send us a chance soon, to settle with you!

Written for the Miscellany.

'THE MILITARY ELEMENT IN THE IRISH CHARACTER.'

ILLUSTRATED FROM HISTORY.

Part 4.

The surprise of the city of Cremona, by the allied armies, under Prince Eugene, proved the capacity of the Irish for street fighting, their unflinching courage in moments of danger, and their wonderful powers of endurance, as well as their individual valor; all of which qualities were remarkably displayed in this almost unparalleled conflict.

Never did soldiers fight under more adverse circumstances. Startled from their sleep at the dead of night, when they supposed that they were resting in perfect security—clothed only in their shirts, under a frosty sky—in darkness—without order—not knowing friend from foe, and deserted by the French portion of the garrison, who were caught in the midst of their drunken orgies and made no resistance to the troops of Eugene who had entered the city by an acqueduct, the Irish troops stationed at the Po gate fought manfully against the besiegers for ten hours. They met without dismay the charge of the enemy's cavalry in the dark, narrow streets; maintained the ramparts in the face of an overwhelming force; and, though all the city, except their own quarter was actually in possession of the enemy they kept their ground so obstinately and showed so gallant a resistance that the allied troops were afraid to risk the chance of a contest in broad daylight with so desperate a foe and they retreated from the town as they entered it, by the acqueduct, or more properly by a common sewer, for the surprise of the city of Cremona was effected through that channel. But they left the city with the loss of two thousand men, and their bravest officers.

Examples of Irish valor might be multiplied a hundred fold from the pages of European history, if the character of these articles would warrant us in pursuing the subject, or if it was necessary to enter into more minute details, in order to establish the assertion with which we set forth, that the military element was predominant in the Irish character.

Long after the glorious achievements of the Irish Brigade had wrought such changes in the destinies of Europe, but while the memory of their services were still unforgotten, in France at least, the Irish people—always true to their instincts, attempted to free themselves from the foreign yoke which oppressed them as insufferably as in Sarafeld's time, relying too unfortunately upon the French aid for the successful accomplishment of their designs.

The Wexford campaign of '98 is too familiar a story to need elaborate illustration. The victories of Oulart Hill, Gorey and Ross; nay, the very defects at Arklow and Ballynahinch prove what desperate feats of valor a determined people can accomplish, fighting on their own soil, and after their own fashion. Without arms, ammunition or officers, the peasantry of that one county of Wicklow kept the British army at defiance, and seriously imperilled the very existence of

British power in Ireland. At that last sad fight on Vinegar Hill what Spartan fortitude the people exhibited under a deadly fire of grape shot and shells—without a charge of powder in their pouches to return a shot—and answering back the thunder of the British artillery only with gallant shouts of defiance! Surely the daring bravery which at Fontenoy sent the picked squadrons of England battered and reeling down the hill, through dying heaps and over trampled flags, is not more worthy of admiration than the cool courage which can stand in an emergency a galling fire, and neither flinch nor precipitate the moment of action by a rash impetuosity.

Wherever the sword flashed or the artillery waved—no matter on what battle-field, or under what banner—in the front rank ever stood the Irishman; the first in every charge, the coolest in every danger. In the annals of every modern nation some Irish soldier's name emblazons the page. Scattered through the English chronicles, says O'Connor, we find sad proof that the Irish served the aggressions of the Edwards on Wales and Scotland; that their blood rained on the Red and the White Roses, and under the flag of the Tudor kings they distinguished themselves in France. At the close of Hugh O'Neil's war, Spain received her first recruits from Ireland, and ever after sought them eagerly. During the wars of the Commonwealth the Irish served the Stuarts in England, in Scotland, as well as in Ireland. A division of Strafford's Irish army garrisoned Carlisle, and so efficient were they that the Republicans proclaimed that the Irish soldiers captured in England or at sea should receive no quarter. The strength of Montrose's army in 1644—6 consisted of 1500 Antrim Irish in three regiments, under Alistair McDonald (the Colkito of Milton), and their steady fire won his chief battles. Marshal Browne, the conqueror of Frederick of Prussia, and Marshal Lacy, the organizer of the Russian army and conqueror of the Crimea, were both Irishmen. The Pennsylvania line, Washington's surest troops during the American war of Independence were five-sixths Irish, and in a native of Donegal (Montgomery) the young republic found her second general. Nor need England complain of the services of Ireland to her enemies. Throughout the war with Napoleon, from Assaye to Waterloo the Irish battalions maintained their name and her flag, and high in services and renown, above all her generals who ever drew sword in her name, was the Irishman (though an unworthy one,) Arthur Wellesley.

And may we not add to the scenes of their renown the battle-fields of Mexico? Shall we not point to the Irish citizen soldiery of this county as the best conservators of the law, the most obedient in peace, and the bravest in war, when the honor of the Republic is in danger.

But we fancy that we hear the critics say, what is the value of all this talk? There is no moral in it; we have heard it all before; we are filled to repletion with this 'egotistical arrogance'—that is the favorite phrase applied now to the Irishman who presumes to speak of the ancient glories of his country or cherishes a hope for her freedom. But, we answer, there is a moral in it, and a right good one too. It is this, that the people who, generation after generation, have borne the standards of every nation in Europe to victory—whose coolness in moments of danger is proverbial—who have saved the honor of so many kingdoms in desperate emergencies must be, and are, able to do as much for themselves. And they may, perchance, at no distant day clear off the soil of Ireland the locusts who now devour the fat of the land, as their forefathers of Clontarf drove the Dane into the sea, and the enemies of France from the plains of Flanders; they may, even in our time and generation accomplish this, and claim the country for themselves. What a glorious consummation! The time has been when the hopes of the nation were higher, and the prospects no brighter than at present. What with the Indian difficulty, which, even in its most favorable aspect for the British arms, promises no lengthened tenure to British supremacy in Hindoostan, and the threatened

rupture with their French ally, and the hostile position in which the recent outrages on the American flag has placed our own country, England is menaced just at this moment more seriously than when she coped with the Russians in the Crimea, and we know that it is not only on her difficulty but her destruction that the opportunity of Ireland hangs.

Think of it, ye who in your fresh boyhood sported in the daisy-spangled meadows of Ireland; who shared as fair a dream as ever shepherd did in old Arcadia, beside the silvery streams of Innisfail, upon whose waters fell the shadows of her ancient churches;—her own when their Sabbath chimes awakened to prayer a nation of saints—when the cross which glittered on their turrets was more respected than the ledger and the waste-book—think of it, ye who in the genial south wood and won the fondest treasure of your lives upon the banks of the Suir, the Shannon and the Lee, wandered in the fairy realms of arbutus-clad Killarney, where the eagle rules on Mangerton, and the red deer treads the heather of the Tomies; in glorious Glengarriff, in whose soft embrace the fretted waves of the Atlantic are soothed into a calm and placid lake; ye who often breasted the surf that beats the rugged coasts of Donegal and Antrim, where Nature in her fiercest aspect is still most grand;—think of it, ye whose kindred gorge the famine graves from Skibbereen to Connaught—think of the day when Nemesis shall be the sole goddess worshipped in Ireland, and cheered by her presence, we shall pull down that robber flag—the symbol, wherever it floats, of cruelty and fraud, and leave no vestige of it within the four seas that girdle Ireland! And why not?

Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died and Wolfe Tone sank serene,

Because they could not bear to leave the Red above the Green;

And 'twas for this that Owen fought and Sarsfield nobly bled,

Because their eyes were hot to see the Green above the Red.

And 'tis for this we think and toil and knowledge strive to glean—

That we may pull the English Red below the Irish Green, And leave our sons sweet liberty, and smiling plenty shed Upon the land once dark with blood—the Green above the Red.

And have we not hope that even in our own day we may see once more tested on their own soil, the military element in the Irish character?

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN, May 21st, 1858.

My Dear Miscellany:—

Your very excellent little sheet, and not so little either, when opened out in full, comes regularly to hand. I am delighted with its contents, although I candidly tell you there is much room for improvement. However, my dear fellows, console yourselves with the idea that 'Rome was not built in a day';—very common saying that—almost a vulgarism—but trite and true. You cannot expect to have the Miscellany all you wish it to be at once. I have had some experience in newspaper and literary productions, and am well aware of the desire publishers and editors feel to have everything as correct and perfect as possible, and well know the vexation and pain at noticing the errors, mistakes, neglects, bad paper, bad press-work, &c., which they too often experience on taking their bantling into their hands.

I am glad to hear that you are well sustained by the public—that you are now perfectly safe. That is one load of care and anxiety from your mind. You must now place it beyond the possibility of any future contingency. To do this, keep improving in matter. You have a host of talent in yourselves, but you must bring it out of that others. After a time, an editor, or several editors, cease to produce anything new; they only reproduce themselves. The mind, like land, requires rest as well as cultivation. Go ahead. I see clearly that your publication will become a perfect success!

Fresh news from India! More victories and so forth. That is, if we are to believe the telegrams of government. These telegrams seldom tell the truth, and often 'cut up' strange capers with the blessed English of her gracious majesty. For instance, in a conflict with the Sepoys a whole British regiment was 'cut up,' but the telegram said the regiment had been 'shut up.' A material difference truly.

The truth is, England's power in India was never in a worse position than at the present moment, notwithstanding the great victory of Sir Colin at Lucknow. I told you in one of my former letters that the 'victory' would prove a defeat. I am right; the fact is now conceded. It is admitted by all that in a military point of view the capture of Lucknow was a mistake, that it may prove the destruction of the splendid army of Sir Colin Campbell.

Lucknow is the capital of Oude, so lately annexed to the British possessions in India. As it is 'the last hair which breaks the camel's back,' so this last act of British rapine and plunder in India, has brought on the present state of things in that unfortunate country. It was considered of the last importance to secure possession of Lucknow; it was supposed its political effect upon a 'rebellious' kingdom must prove highly beneficial. Accordingly, the commander-in-chief was ordered to capture it at all hazards; he has done so; its effect has been 'nil'; its gallant defenders most gallantly marched out, and eight thousand British troops are now required to garrison it. Sir Colin is censured by all parties, because he did not capture the whole of the Sepoys defending it. This would have taken an army twice as numerous as his, and, besides, from the peculiar position of Lucknow, it was impossible to accomplish. The censures cast upon the commander-in-chief are something like the fable of the mice in council. If they could only 'bell the cat,' then they could practice upon Dame Dudgeon's cheese with impunity. If Sir Colin had only captured all the Sepoys in Lucknow, what a glorious thing it would have been!

Sir Colin's health is failing. He now comprehends the difficulty of his position and sees his future with despair. He has become morose and petulant in temper. His most intimate friends are fearful of speaking to him, and he calls loudly upon the home government for more reinforcements. The summer's sun is now shedding his terrible rays upon the unfortunate army; a campaign before October next will destroy the British forces.

The season which enervates and destroys the European, gives strength and elasticity to the Hindoo. He knows that now is his time. He has waited for it, and you may depend he will take advantage of his glorious season. Allah! May God defend the Sepoy.

We have a fearful political contest going on in Limerick for the honor (?) of representing that city in the foreign parliament. Major Gavin was unseated for bribery, and his former opponent, Mr. Ball, a Sadlerite Whig Catholic, is in the field opposed to a good liberal Protestant. Mr. Ball is a Whig, nothing more, and while he prates about 'independent opposition,' 'tenant right,' &c., he wishes only to make the necks of the voters of Limerick a stepping stone to office. Although a Catholic, he is ready, like his confrere Fitzgerald, the Catholic Attorney General, to prosecute every priest in the country, at the bidding of his Whig masters. The Catholic Bishop of the diocese, who has not hitherto interfered in politics, is out with a letter in favor of this Irish traitor. On the other hand, several of the parish priests of the rural districts, have issued an address repudiating the bishop's dictation, and call upon the people to stand true to their country and reject the base Whig. The contest is growing fearful, and lives may be lost. There are rumors that Ball will retire from the struggle; I am afraid he will not. Long before you receive this, the contest will be over. I hope the brutal Whigs will be taught a lesson that the 'priest hunters' and their candidate Ball, may not soon forget.

We have had a fearful storm along portions of our seaboard, and many lives are reported as lost. The weather is charming. Oh, it is delightful to rise with the sun these glorious May mornings, and stroll into the Park and hear the black bird, and thrush and linnet, sending forth their morning carols.

I have no 'Irish news' to send to you unless I should fill your pages with reports of 'aggravating outrages,' tales of blood and other matters of the like. I am glad to see that you do not prepare a weekly feast of this garbage to spread before your readers. If Irish-American readers must have 'Irish news,' I will not make a show of my unfortunate countrymen by placing their vices and their follies (the consequences of oppression) before a strange people. If this must be done, leave it to our Saxon enemy, who for ages has been striving to make us the scorn of the world.

Smith O'Brien's ninth address is out. I shall have something to say upon these addresses in a future letter.

AVONDHU.

From the Dublin Celtic Union.

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND COSSIPINGS.

NEW SERIES—NO. 2.

The Chapel at Kilbenny.

The Chapel at Kilbenny stood on a slight declivity of one of the many undulating hills and valleys gradually approaching the mighty Galtees. It was a little rustic building in the form of a Cross, and was so situated as to be seen from every point of the compass. On one side it was sheltered by a thick grove of young fir trees—on the other, by a high double ditch, crowned by dense clumps of broad yellow furze, under which ran a rapid stream that made its way through a tract of soft and healthy bog-land. The unpretending house of God was covered by a thatch of straw and fir branches, on its outside—and the boles of the same trees acted as pillars within—the altar was primitive, and merely covered by a white cloth—and behind it, the vestry boasted of a little fire place, a shelf, which supported a bowl and spoon, from which the good old pastor breakfasted on Sundays—for his parish was large and he had a long way to come. The neighbors contended who should supply him with his quantum of fresh new milk in the summer—or lift his fire in the winter, to boil his eggs, and have his meal hot and comfortable, when the Mass was over; the fir trees again doing duty in the matter of fuel, as well as their many other services.

It was on a Sunday morning, that all the folk in the neighborhood and from all parts of the surrounding district were assembled, attending the holy mysteries.

The Chapel was crowded, the old people occupying the place nearest to the rails of the sanctuary—the men, with their snow-white heads bowing down in meek reverence—the matrons, in adoring silence, clothed in their wide, long mantles—with their hair bound up in large red kerchiefs, the ends of which hung down loosely behind them.

The younger portion of the population occupied the middle of the building—young men and women—whilst behind them knelt the married generation, with their young offspring, whom they endeavored to keep in order by many and seasonable admonitions, as they, time after time, stopped their devotion to look after their proceedings. One little urchin caused his mother very many distractions, by his marked admiration of the evolutions of a swallow, which was eddying about the roof, and in a thousand noiseless flights, visiting every nook and crevice that might possibly afford a site for his projected nest-building. The child might be eight or nine years old, with black straight hair hanging down on his shoulders, cheeks brown and ruddy, with rude health and mountain ramblings, eyes black as coals, and large, liquid and lustrous. Whilst

under the immediate surveillance of his guardian, his little hands were piously joined and raised in seeming prayer—but the moment her attention was called away, and her beads resumed, those innocent large orbs went once more in search of the headlong flight of the bird, and were lit up with joy and admiration at its many feats of investigation. A look from the gentle peasant mother soon again fixed his wandering gaze, and an appealing whisper into his ear, entirely subdued him; he looked up straight into that kind and benevolent face that never wore anything but a smile for him—the tears rose in his eyes, and the obedient boy set in earnest about saying his little stock of the prayers of childhood, only looking now and then for another approving glance—for another commending smile, as a reward for his ready and willing compliance.

The mass was over—and the venerable pastor, Father Michael Maher, was just uttering solemnly, and with raised arms, the *Benedictus* vs, *Omnipotens Deus*, when a woman rushed wildly into the chapel, crying out at the top of her voice—

'Father Michael! Father Michael! the Wolf is outside—his troopers are lopping the trees and hacking the furze-bushes, to set fire to the roof over your head!'

The men sprang to their feet—the women screamed. 'My people—my people—my own people!' implored the priest, in a loud, impassioned voice, 'hear me—hear God's minister, and your old guide, before you move a foot from this sacred house.'

The men stood still.

'God bless ye,' cried out the grateful priest, 'God bless ye! now I will go myself and remonstrate with these violent intruders.'

'They'll hurt you, Father Michael, remonstrated many of his flock. 'They'll hurt you if we are not by your side.'

'God Almighty will be by my side, and between them and me,' devoutly replied the fearless priest.

He then hid the chalice in a secret part of the wall, made for the purpose, (a necessary precaution in those sacrilegious times,) and solemnly walking down from the altar, proceeded along amongst his flock, and firmly strode out into the open air, holding a small wooden crucifix raised in his hand.

In the meantime, a very significant movement was made by the peasantry; one body of men rushed to the door leading from the chapel by the vestry, there they stood watching narrowly the result of the mission of their beloved pastor, and determined to be ready to aid him if there was need—another body of men stood within the larger doorway, armed with heavy sticks, and resolved to oppose the troopers, if necessary, before they could get on their horses; each woman stood close behind her husband, and would not leave her position for any entreaty; poor faithful women, they thought that if there should be a bloody battle, that they might shield their husband's bodies with their own.

The children were all placed on the altar-steps, and the old men congregated about the immediate vicinity of the front door, with the positive order, not to let the enemy close it when the fray began. This order at once will show the reader what manner of men these red-coated military heroes were, when the peasantry were convinced they would shut up as many men, women, and children, as they could, and set fire to the building to consume all together. Hence, the order to the old men was absolutely necessary.

Let us now accompany Father Maher on his perilous enterprise, and see how the Minister of the Lord confronted the emissaries of the devil.

About forty soldiers were busily engaged dragging furze and branches of trees towards the chapel. Some of the troopers held the horses of these merciful workmen, in the shade of the fir-grove, whilst the wolf himself, sitting quietly in his saddle, superintended the whole operations.

The priest advanced, and caught his eye in an in-

stant, 'Ha! ha!' laughed the wolf of the Galtees; 'is the old fox unearthed already?'

'Earl of Kingston!' exclaimed the holy and venerable man, 'Earl of Kingston! I adjure you in the name of the living God, not to desecrate this sacred Sabbath morning with murder and sacrilege!'

Here, the little boy already described in the chapel, stepped quietly out, and stood between the two speakers, looking at each curiously and alternately.

'How dare you impose your commands upon me, Father Detard,' retorted the wolf, reddening with rising anger.

'I dare say anything in the name of God, and under the shadow of his Holy Cross,' replied the priest steadily.

'I dare do more,' he continued, advancing towards the hardened soldier.

'At him, Lion,' cried the Earl, 'at him!'

A huge black dog bounded from amongst the horses, and standing with head erect and blazing eyes, looked about for his victim. Some of the men at the vestry door stepped out to be in time, but the little boy slid gently up to the excited animal, and put his two tiny arms around his horrid shaggy neck. The brute acknowledged the kindness by lowering his head and wagging his tail.

The Earl foamed, and putting spurs to his horse, rode up, calling fiercely to the dog to come to him.

But the noble brute crouched only closer to the child, who patted his great head, and fondled him the more kindly.

'Here, Lion,' now fairly roared out his exasperated master; the dog loosened himself away reluctantly from the arms that still embraced him, and crawling towards the horse's feet, seemed to look up to the rider for pardon. But the wolf never pardoned, and had no mercy; he drew a pistol and fired the contents of it into the crouching animal's body, he then drew a second pistol, but before he could make any use of it, there was a cry from the chapel, 'Draw in Father Michael amongst ye!' 'Take care of the child!'

'To horse! to horse!' roared Kingston.

It was too late, about twenty stalworth peasants had already sprang forward, and getting between the industrious furze-draggers and their horses, quickly overwhelmed the men who held them, and possessed themselves of all the holster pistols, and the short carbines which were stacked upon the ground. Then taking their stand behind the animals they quietly waited the further proceedings of the enemy.

The wolf was thunderstricken; his men had now but their swords, which they had been using in cutting down the furze to set fire to the chapel.

To add to his discomfiture, the now confident peasantry heard his order, 'To horse,' and replied to it by a loud laugh.

Father Maher again appeared as a peacemaker.

'Give them their horses, boys,' he said, 'and let them go their ways; we are not going to follow their example, either in plundering or murdering, give them their horses, they cannot harm us now, and for heaven's sake let us be quit of them.'

'Father Michael, they do not deserve it from us, nor a less thing.'

'No matter now, my good friends, let them go, let them go, for God's sake, for my sake.'

With a bad grace, and not without much grumbling, the people relinquished the horses; and the crest fallen soldiers quickly remounted, and sat in their saddles, awaiting the commands of their leader.

'Let my men have their arms, now, Sir Priest,' demanded the Earl.

'Hold the arms for your lives,' exclaimed Father Maher.

A loud cheer of gratified acquiescence followed this wholesome advice, at which the wolf writhed with impotent rage.

'Take my knightly honor,' said he, scornfully, 'that no use shall be made of the weapons against ye.'

'My children,' said Father Mather, addressing the people in turn, 'never mind the knightly honor of a man who would burn to death both you and me, in one merciless flame in our poor chapel yonder.'

A shout of denial and defiance followed this second and most palatable recommendation.

'Go on, Sir Earl,' commanded the priest sternly, 'and repent of your crimes and pride while there is yet time. We forgive you, and may God forgive you your meditated massacre this blessed Sabbath morning.'

'Forward!' cried the wolf savagely, to his men, 'forward!' and as they spurred after their lord and master, the poor mangled dog attempted to follow also; he succeeded in reaching the Earl's boot with a feeble bound, but he poured over it a mouthful of his heart's blood. The sight seemed to touch even that cruellest of men, and as the dying animal fell back, and tumbled under his horse's feet in his last agony:

'Poor Lion,' he muttered, as he bent down for an instant, and saw him expire with a single convulsive shudder.

Yes, even that wolfish heart succumbed to a feeling of human nature, although but for a brute beast. Thus, history tells us, that some solitary hand strewed flowers upon the grave of Nero.

It was not, however, in accordance with his habit, that the haughty and intolerant earl should return to his castle, without satisfying to some extent, at least, the innate cruelty of his disposition. Accordingly, as he and his men rode furiously through the country, exasperated at their late defeat, and thirsting for vengeance on somebody or anybody, or anything, to allay the fever of their baffled malice. They set fire to hay and haggard, to roof-trees and corn-stacks—they hacked the cattle, and pursued their flying owners—and in fine, perpetrated any outrage that chance put in their way, or that their too retentive memories dictated to them. They were the rulers of the land—the rulers and the law-givers!

Unfortunately, in their furious headlong course, they came up with a travelling peasant who was journeying from one part of the country to the other. He was instantly stopped, questioned and assaulted. The man's name was John Galwey—an Irishman and a Celt to the back bone. He knew the intolerant despots he had to deal with, and that he had no mercy to expect at their hands. Accordingly, his demeanor was firm and resolute, and neither insult nor violence could exact from him that slavish whine of terror and cowardice which his persecutors expected their presence should inspire.

After rising his person for a long time in search of some testimony of crime or treason—as luck should have it, one of the party found a paper concealed in his hat—a shout of triumph announced the discovery, and the document was forthwith presented to the earl. The gallant commander, however, was no scholar—at least he was not able to make any hand of the important manuscript. The sergeant of the band thought it was Greek. An old drummer who had served in the line, and was for a number of years on foreign service, pronounced it to be French—that was enough. Of course it was rank treason, and the wolf ordered the prisoner, off-hand, to be flogged to death. From a neighboring farm-yard a horse and car was at once procured, and the man strapped thereto by the belts of the yeomanry; but now there occurred a little difficulty—the cats were wanting. That very necessary implement of torture was for once forgotten in the outfit of the morning—an unusual oversight. 'Break down some of the boughs from

that tree yonder, and scourge him with them,' cried the wolf.

'It is an elder tree, my lord.'

'Well, Judas, they say, hanged himself from such a one, the better then it is to flog a rebel.'

Accordingly they pulled the boughs, and having stripped their victim, commenced the work of torture in right down earnest. One of the party driving the horse along, whilst all the rest, in turn, one after one, dismounted to inflict the punishment, taking the bloody rods from the hands of their tired companions. The sufferer bore all with scarcely a groan, although the flesh was peeling away from his bare back with the unceasing flagellation.

The wolf eagerly listened for a cry or even a murmur, but no, the helpless man never winced—never even moaned. At length they came to a narrow mountain stream with a clean channel of sand and stones, and whilst the horse stopped to drink, the yeoman amused themselves by rubbing handfuls of the gritty alluvia into the wounds they were so mercilessly inflicting. This was too much for human nature to endure in utter silence, and so, the poor fellow fairly cried out, 'O Lord! O Lord!'

'I do not pity you a bit, you damned rebel,' scoffed the wolf of the Galtees, thinking that the man addressed himself to him.

'You!' exclaimed the bleeding rebel, scornfully, and looking up into his face. 'You! I do not mean you, you cowardly tyrant!'

'Untie the fellow—untie the fellow,' commanded the discomfited earl, afraid of a repetition of such contemptuous language in the hearing of his vassals, 'Untie him, and we'll hunt him through the country.' This was an admirable thought—a sport indeed, frequently practised by the heroic corps of whom we write.

The prisoner was unloosed.

'Now—fly for your life, you dog, for the first man who overtakes you will cut you down.'

The mangled wretch was one pool of blood; but, nevertheless, his indomitable spirit was still alive. He stooped, and taking up the gory sticks with which he was tortured, in one hand, he picked up a heavy stone with the other, and letting fly at the wolf, he missed him, but struck his horse's head such a violent blow that the animal bounded into the air and threw his rider backward upon the earth. In the confusion away sprang the fugitive, still holding the crimsoned sticks within his grasp, and making for a boggy land which he knew must baffle his pursuers. On he ran, panting and bleeding, but still bearing up, as the hope of escape became stronger and stronger. He gained the morass, popped over it lightly, just stopped to raise some water in the hollow of his hand to wet his parched lips, and to cool his throbbing temples; then forward once more, though now more ploddingly and wearily; he was becoming weaker and weaker. He was now on the banks of the Fun-

cheon; the tramps of the trooper's horses were momentarily audible and more audible—well, he could crawl no further, he dropped down into the river, just by a thick clump of rushes, and submerging his whole body, hid his head amongst them. At that moment, the horsemen rode up—they rode past!—he was safe! He thanked God fervently, as their wild halloos echoed through the mountains, and their footsteps died away upon the wind.

Some time elapsed after those events, and not a very long time neither, when it was whispered throughout the country that the 'wolf of the Galtees' was no more. Many thought the report too good to be true, others disbelieved it altogether, whilst the great majority hoped that if the event did not actually take place, that it soon would. In reality, and in good truth, the stormy earl's life was ended—there was no longer any doubt of it; the long trailing black flag was hoisted on the battlements of his castle, and his domestics appeared all in mourning. The earl was dead—the earl was dead! The news spread like wild-fire all over the land. A cry of joy and exultation followed the announcement wherever it was related, and even more; the peasantry forthwith prepared to celebrate the glad tidings by lighting a prodigious bonfire on a high hill very near, and commanding a full view of the dark stone walls where their arch-enemy was lying a cold and livid corpse.

On that hill, on that sultry night of mid-summer, was assembled as picturesque a group of mortals as ever was painted by the magic pencil of Michael Angelo.

In the background was a body of pike-men lying on the grass, each man with his weapon by his side, and the remains of a rude feast scattered about between them. Near them, moved about a number of women and girls, who had of late been evidently engaged in a series of culinary operations, for a large pot, hung from a triangle of poles, was still boiling merrily away, whilst the smouldering embers of turf and brambles were fuming beneath it.

The foreground, or brow of the hill, was occupied by an enormous pile of furze, brushwood, and other combustibles, ready for the application of the torch, and promising a formidable blaze that would mount up furiously into the heavens. About these materials of a gigantic bonfire, gambolled in continuous circles, numbers of men and boys, all clad in their holiday costume, and as merry and excited as if they were about to celebrate some annual rustic fete. They were waiting for the waning of the moon, in order that their fire should shine with greater brilliancy and effect; besides, the darkness was to be the signal for other fires to be kindled simultaneously with their own. At length the propitious moment arrived, and a faggot of flaring furze was seen moving rapidly towards the ready pyre; in another instant a vapory cloud of waving smoke crept up lazily into the air, swaying about in gusty volumes, and now and then darting forth a rapid serpent-like tongue of flame from its dark throat, then a thin pillar of light stood up straight in the midst of the dull murkiness, and at last, like a great sun, out opened a broad red sheet of unmingled light swallowing up all the dense darkness, as if at a single gulp, and making it mid-day all over the heathery hill. A loud shout heralded in the glorious conflagration, and was repeated again and again, as the reflection of the red glare danced upon the window panes of the distant towers.

At that moment a man was seen toiling laboriously and swiftly up the side of the hill and making towards the burning beacon—he came nearer and nearer—the people above recognized him—another deafening cheer followed the discovery—it was John Galwey.

Now he was in the midst of them, but to their many warm welcomes and congratulations, he made no reply.

In his arms was a bundle of dried crisped boughs. Nobody there knew their significance—he cast them into the midst of the blazing mass, and then watching them as they quickly burned into ashes.

'There ye go!' he muttered;—'follow him, follow him—into ashes, into nothing. God forgive us all, unfortunate sinners.'

The sticks thus reduced to embers were branches, saturated with blood, with which poor Galwey had been nearly scourged to death.

CAROLAN.

NEW POST OFFICE BILLS.—Mr. English, of the sub-Committee on the Post Office Department, has presented the points of a bill proposing, first, that the Post Office Department be made to pay its own way as far as can be done with proper regard to the postal wants of the country, and without materially increasing the present rates of postage.

Second, To that end that the franking privilege should be abolished or materially abridged.

Third, That the printing of the department should be restricted.

Fourth, That ocean mail service to foreign countries should only be established where there is need for postal purposes, and where the postage on the mail matter to be carried would be sufficient, or nearly so, to pay expenses.

Fifth, That ocean routes should be established by Congress substantially in the same manner as the service now is on land, and that the contracts for carrying the mail on such routes should be made with the lowest responsible bidders, after advertisement.

Sixth, That no power shall be allowed the Postmaster General to contract for ocean service except on routes established by Congress, and then only to the lowest responsible bidder, after advertisement.

Seventh, That if the lines be established mainly with the view of encouraging commerce or providing vessels suitable for war purposes, and when the postal service would be an incident rather than the object, they should be charged to and devolved upon the Navy Department, and not to the Post-office department.

And Eighth, That stringent provisions should be adopted to prevent mail matter being carried outside the mails.

AMERICAN TEA A FAILURE.—Those who have made the experiment of raising tea in this country, say that the plant will grow well enough, but wages are too high. They cannot afford to pick, roll up, and dry any sort of leaves here for half a dollar a pound. In China, where a man is hired for a dollar a month and boards himself, it may be done.

Two officers observing a fine girl in a milliner's shop, one, an Irishman, proposed to go in and buy a watch ribbon, in order to get a nearer view of her. 'Hoot, mon, there's nae occasion to waste siller,' said his companion, 'let us gang in and speer if she can gi' us twa sappenies for a shilling.' It is notorious, that in one of the duke of Marlborough's battles, the Irish brigade, on advancing to the charge, threw away their knapsacks and everything that tended to encumber them, all of which were carefully picked up by a Scotch regiment that followed to support them.

A gentleman one day argued in company, with much warmth that diet invariably affected the dispositions of persons, and that they would naturally partake of the disposition of the animal on which they fed. 'If that be the case,' observed a lady present, you must be a great lover of pork.'

A member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, closed a speech on a militia bill with the following pathetic appeal:—'Mr. Speaker, if this bill is postponed, I shall be as crazy as a bad bug.'

* The following is a translation of a few of the stanzas of the ballad found on the person of John Galwey—a ballad well known even to this day in the South of Ireland, which in rude verse may run somewhat after this fashion:—

A MESSAGE FROM MUNSTER.

Friend and ally—on to Munster—

Take this letter—and away—

And, this trial that awaits them,

Fully, in this language say:

That many a mild and beauteous maiden—

And male-child fair, with hair of snow,

And many a stalworth youth is rotting—

Lying in our grave-yards, low.

A thousand ills befall thee, Munster,

That did not light the battle-fire—

Sure, ye had weapons bright and sun-like—

As any warriors could desire.

Dnt, sick and girt with myriad foemen,

Munster let us in our woe—

Hark! the bands of war-like Leinster,

Now, are dashing on the Foe!

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH MARINE.—The following article, translated from the 'Courrier des Etas Unis,' gives the comparative strength of the navies of France and England, as at present organized:—

The discussion which has recently taken place in the British Parliament apropos of the naval estimates, has already shown with what an eye of jealousy and solicitude they watch in England the development of the naval forces of France. Great Britain has been so accustomed to an undisputed supremacy,—the cause of so many of our disasters—that she cannot see without profound spite this ancient supremacy thus newly disputed. Perhaps, the umbrage of national dignity, we should find the secret of all that has recently transpired. The following article has been published in a Leipzig Review entitled *Notre Temps*—a work which enters intimately into the question, and which offers much matter of extreme interest.

The work which contains the comparative statistics of the French Marine, prepared with extreme care, goes to prove, by figures, that in more than mere words the French Marine, may be placed today on the same footing as that of England.

In 1815 England possessed 177 ships, 17 of the line, 238 frigates and 327 vessels of smaller dimensions; in all 743 ships-of-war; while France possessed but 60 ships, mostly of an inferior rank, and partly not in a fit state to put to sea.

On the other hand, what is the state of things in 1857?

England possesses 556 ships of war; partly sailing, partly screws, 162 gun-boats. France 450 ships-of-war, and 30 boats.

The numerical superiority seems to be still with England, but the individual inventory of the two marines soon shows, says the author of the statistics, that this superiority is more apparent than real.

In fact, the haughty English Admirals bring into their reckoning all the vessels that they possess, good and bad, old and new—of which some are a half a century old, and even more. The French marine, of which the organization did not seriously commence until 1840, has not any vessel, so to speak whose age exceeds twenty years. When we deduct from the effective marine of England the old vessels unfit for service, as was done by Admiral Napier, in 1849, the navy will probably be brought to the same figure as that of France.

The French ships-of-war, says the German writer need not fear to-day a comparison with English ships-of-war, neither in solidity, convenience or rapidity of motion. France possesses 25 magnificent screw transport vessels, capable of embarking a thousand men each; she has 22 steam frigates, of which number, one transported in 1849, in the space of thirty hours, a regiment of cavalry from Toulon to Civita Vecchia. For the transport of 10,000 men to India, England has already been under the necessity of engaging private vessels.

The personnel of the French marine is now perfectly organized; in time of peace 60,000 sufficing—in time of war 130,000 being necessary to complete the armament of all the vessels. Now the population of the French coasts can furnish 162,000 sailors, without reckoning a special corps of 20,000 regularly organized marines, for a disembarkation force.

England would have need of 150,000 men to complete the equipage of all her ship-of-war; she has them not. The budget of 1852 specifies the personnel of her navy at 53,700 men, which includes 15,000 marines. In the debate of the 12th of April the House fixed on 59,380 sailors and cabin boys as the number for this year.

During the last war were the French inferior to the English in their naval evolutions and manœuvres? Most unquestionably no; neither in the

Black Sea nor in the Baltic. Lastly, the author of the remarkable work in *Leipsc Review* finishes by quoting the testimony of competent men, and after them all those who have been able to compare the two fleets, that they deserve to be placed on the same footing.

A CHINESE THEATRE.—The Chinese theatrical troupe, whose entertainments in their vernacular, we have noticed on various occasions heretofore, are again in our midst. They have engaged a building on Dupont street nearly opposite the Adelphi, their former theatre, and hold forth nightly. Persons passing in that neighborhood, between the hours of 7 and 11 o'clock any evening, will be likely to hear a horrible medley of sounds from gongs, rattling bones, banjos, fiddles, drums and screaming voices, which it may be necessary to state, is Chinese operatic music and singing. Enter the place and you will find an audience of several rows of Chinamen ranged behind several rows of Chinawomen, all smoking, or eating pea-nuts, or laughing and talking perhaps, but still keeping their attention upon the drama.

On one side of the stage are the orchestra, smoking and drumming away at their instruments; and at the other, a lot of stage instruments in the shape of huge swords, battle axes, flags, tables, chairs, and whatever else may be needed in the course of the play. There are no shifting scenes and no drop curtain; but the audience is called upon to imagine the scene by large signs in Chinese characters, which are changed with each change of scene. The actors make their entrances at a door at the back part on one side of the stage, and make their exits at a similar one on the other side. The plays are generally operatic, if they may so be termed, consisting of songs and dialogues, all with musical or orchestral accompaniments. The language is said to be the Court language, and for that reason, as well as because it is difficult to understand singing at the best, many of the audience have trouble in keeping along with the thread of the story. The actors are bred up to their professions from youthhood, and are all males, those who represent women having, however, very feminine appearances. They never make blunders in their parts, and never forget or hesitate over a word.

A STEAM ENGINE EXPERIMENT.—A SCARED CLERGYMAN.—The first English model of a steam carriage was made in 1787, by William Murdoch, the friend and assistant of Watt. It was on the high pressure principle, and ran on three wheels. The boiler was heated by a spirit lamp, and the whole machine was of very diminutive dimensions, standing very little more than a foot high. Yet, on one occasion the little engine went so fast that it outrun the speed of its inventor. Mr. Buckle says that one night, after returning from his duties in the mine at Redruth, in Cornwall, Murdoch determined to try the working of his model locomotive. For this purpose he had recourse to the walk leading to the church, about a mile to the town. The walk was rather narrow, and bounded on either side by high badges. It was a dark night, and Murdoch set out alone to try his experiment. Having lit his lamp, the water began to boil, and off started the engine with the inventor after it. He soon heard distant shouts of despair. It was too dark to perceive objects; but he shortly found, on following up the machine, that the cries for assistance proceeded from the worthy pastor of the parish, who, going towards the town on business, was met on the road by the hissing and fiery little monster, which he subsequently declared he believed to be the Evil One propria persona. No further steps, however, were taken by Murdoch to embody his idea of a locomotive carriage in a more practical form. Fancy a clergyman on a dark night in a deserted road, seventy years

ago, meeting a little locomotive engine without driver or attendant, whizzing directly at him! This was fifty years before George Stephenson, by combining the experience of the world with his own idea, made a practical working machine of the locomotive.

MISCELLANEA.

He who lives only to benefit himself gives the world a benefit when he dies.

What kind of sweetmeats were most prevalent in Noah's ark? Preserved pairs.

The last excuse for crinoline is, that the 'weaker vessels' need much hoops.

'Please, sir, I don't think Mr. Dosim takes his physic reg'lar,' said a doctor's boy to his employer. 'Why so?' 'Cause vy, he's getting vell so precious fast!'

A man sentenced to be hung, was visited by his wife, who said; 'My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?' 'No,' replied he. 'That is just like you,' said she, 'you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment.'

Sheridan being on a Parliamentary committee, one day entered the room as all the members were seated and ready to commence business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said, 'Will any gentleman move that I may take the chair?'

A short time ago, at a school in the North of England, during a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question:—'Can any boy name to me an animal of the order edentata—that is, a front tooth toothless animal?' A boy (whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark, replied) 'I can.' 'Well, what is the animal?' asked the teacher. 'My grandmother!' replied the boy, with great glee.

Rees, the great mimic, once appeared in the Court of King's Bench as bail for a friend. Garrow examined him, and said. 'You are, I believe, an imitator; are you not?' 'So they tell me,' replied Rees. 'Tell you, sir!—you know it; are you not in the habit of taking people off?' said the judge. 'O yes,' was the reply, 'and I shall take myself off the moment you are done with me.'

A few days since a country fellow entered a bank, and marching up to the counter, exclaimed, 'Here I am; I want you to take a fair look at me.' Without a word further he strode out. The next day the same customer appeared, uttered the same words, and again disappeared. The third day, at about the same time, he walked in, and advancing to the counter, threw down a draft, payable three days after sight. 'Now,' said he, 'you have seen me three times, I want the money for it.'

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Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the mountain passes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands. A train being laid, the spark was applied and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William was shattered into innumerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to the great popularity of the gallant Sarsfield. The explosion shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

It is at the moment of the explosion of the English artillery which our artist has seized upon for the subject of his pencil.

This memorable event will be faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto been depicted on paper, as far as we can learn to any of our Irish artists, and shall be a noble picture done it. It will make a beautiful picture. We shall present it to our readers on a sheet of fine drawing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

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Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually supersede the wretched engravings which are often met with.

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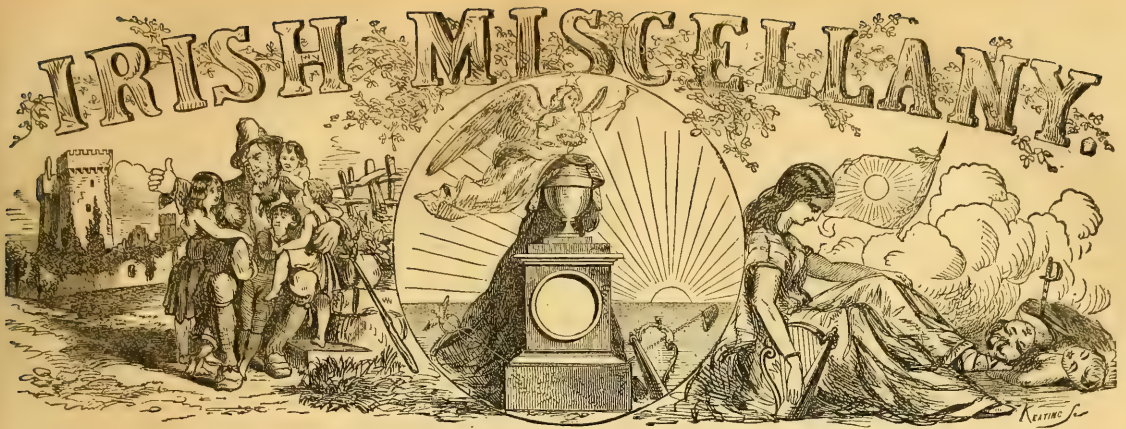
New York, march 27

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MUSIC BY F. N. CROUCH.

*Honey Wine.



VOLUME I—NUMBER 19.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

LONDONDERRY.

Londonderry is the name of a city and county of Ireland, in the province of Ulster. The prefix London was of no earlier date than the colonization of a part of the county, in the reign of James I., prior to which period, it was called by the English the country of Coleraine. Derry is a word of the Irish language, corrupted with an English termination, and might be translated oaklands; it may also mean a dry, insulated spot.

The city of Londonderry is beautifully situated on the banks of the Foyle, chiefly on a piece of elevated, and almost insulated land, which is connected with the county of Donegal by a flat of boggy, loamy land, and perhaps the ancient passage of the river. It is thus mentioned in the ancient Book of Howth: 'Five ye greatest towns yt were in ancient times in Ireland; that is to say, Ardmagh, Dere, Columb-Kille, Drumcloo, Kellsin, Meath, Foyle-mew.' And the chiefs of

the land on the same western bank were called Hy-daher-teagh, that is; the 'chiefs of the oak habitations,' now generally written by the names O'Dougherty and Dougherty; and from the abundance of oaks in former times, it well merited the appellation. The ancient records of the place are little known, prior to Columb-Kille, whose history and actions form a predominant part of them.

Our limited space will not permit us to enter much into detail of the history of this place. Both the abbey and town were burned, A. D. 783 and upon being rebuilt were consumed 29 years afterwards, by the Danes, who massacred the students and clergy; but they were, in the year 832, driven from the place with great slaughter, by Neil Clane, monarch of Ireland; yet they made afterwards many successful attacks on it, in one of which, Maol Leaghline, in 935, carried away the shrine of St. Columb, and returning at periods of four, six and eleven years afterwards, committed

great depredations on the town and its inhabitants.

O'Brien, prince of Munster, with his people made several incursions into this district, and in the year 1134, succeeded in burning most of the town, and all the sacred edifices in it.

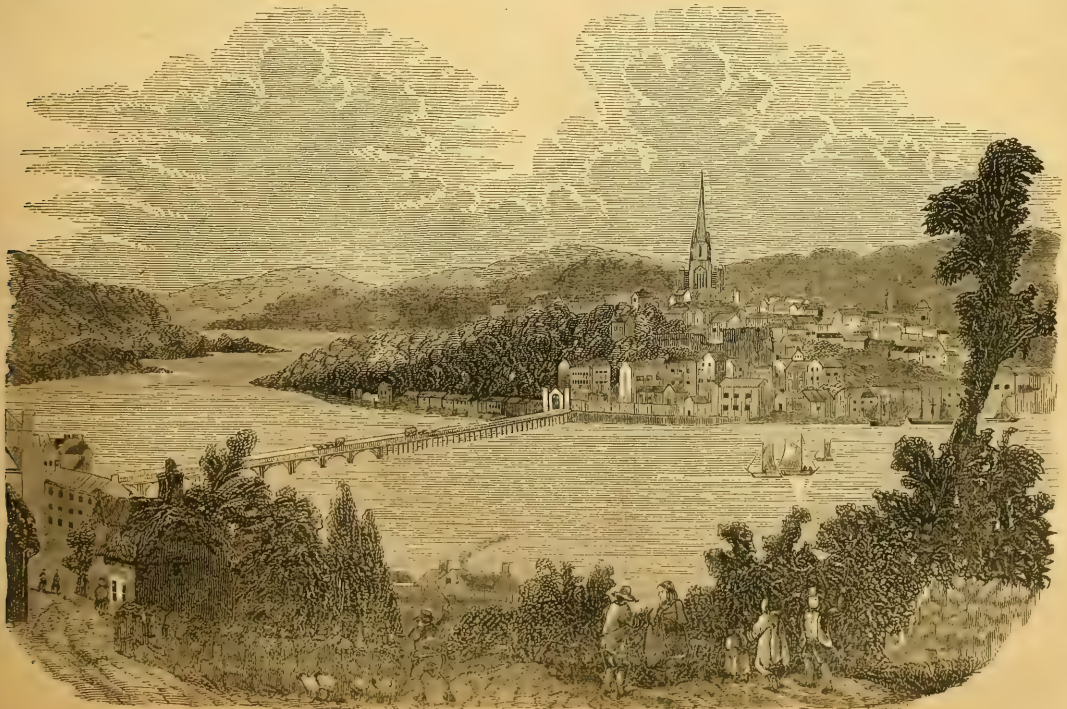
Having been repaired by Abbot O'Brachain, it was, in 1158, made an Episcopal see, and the abbot consecrated bishop.

Six years hence was erected the cathedral on a large scale: conflagrations happened again in 1170 and 1203.

In 1218 a nunnery was erected, and in 1274 a priory.

The charter was granted to the London Company in 1515; the battle of Randolph, with O'Neil of Ulster took place in 1565; and the forfeiture of the place by Sir Henry Doherty, in 1600.

Seven years afterwards this place, with six counties, were escheated, and though Sir Cahir O'Dogh-



THE CITY OF LONDONDERRY.

erty, the chief of Innishdown, treacherously seized and burned the town in 1608, yet as soon as peace was restored, the walls of the city were erected.

In 1611, then length was 3124 feet, besides four gates, each 21 feet, the thickness 6 and the height twenty-four.

[For a more minute description of the walls, see the article entitled the 'Walls of Derry.']

The families at this time were 102.

The place was again besieged and rescued from the Irish in 1614.

It was in 1649 besieged by the same party, but the attack was unsuccessful.

In 1688 it was attacked by the whole Irish force under King James, from the month of December 1683 till August 1689. In this memorable siege, the apprentice boys of the city, in a paroxysm of ardor, just as the enemy appeared within three hundred yards of the Ferry gate, raised the drawbridge and locked the gates: the enthusiasm of nine boys was soon communicated to the populace, and the citizens, reinforced from the country, resolved on the most vigorous defence. After being almost betrayed by the governor, Lundy, who was on the point of giving up the city to the enemy, they chose the celebrated George Walker, Episcopalian rector of the parish of Donaghmore (afterwards killed at the battle of Boyne,) with one Major Baker, for their governor. The citizens under these commanders foiled the attacks of James' forces. The sufferings and privations of the garrison during the siege, equal anything to be found in the records of history.

Derry has four main streets within the walls, which are now its ornament, and mall, with public terrace, or diamond in the centre.

The cathedral is of the gothic style, and was first erected by Sir John Vanglin, in 1633. There are also two other Episcopal churches, two Roman Catholic chapels, six Presbyterian chapels, one Independent, and two Methodist meeting houses, the Episcopal Palace, Foyle College, Gwyn's Charitable Institution, the County and City Court House, Prison and Infirmary, Corporation Hall, the Custom House, the District Lunatic Asylum, and those indispensable English institutions in Ireland—a Union Workhouse and a barrack.

The central market or town hall dates from 1622, and contains the guard-room, &c., upon seven neat arches. There is a large and commodious yard, and an elegant court house. A school for the education of the poor was built at the expense of the Board, Erasmus Smith, and the bishop. An infirmary has lately been erected on a large scale, at the expense of the county.

In 1790 an elegant wooden bridge was thrown over the river by Samuel Coxce, of Boston, U. S.

The corporation consists of 12 Aldermen, one of whom is Mayor, 24 burgesses, 1 chamberlain and 2 sheriffs. There is a military governor of the fort of Culmore.

The city is situate on a hill, 119 feet above high water. The population in 1857 was 12,888, which is about 400 less than in 1841. Londonderry returns one member to the British Parliament.

THE EMIGRANT.

In the west of Ireland, some ten years ago, the spirit of emigration made rapid strides among the better order of the lower classes, owing to the false prospects held out to them by those speculating adventurers, who had no care how many families they involved in ruin provided their miseries paved the road for their own advancement. Among the number of those who lent a willing ear to their machinations, was Denis Costello. Now Denis was a particularly great man in the part of the country he inhabited, being proprietor of a small farm of seventeen or eighteen acres, which had been handed down, with considerable profit-rent, from father to son, before the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant' of the village. He generally drove half a score of

wethers, and, at times, a fat cow, to the fair of the neighboring town, which was distant about four miles; and never sat down to a worse dinner than bacon of his own saving, and a smoking dish of flat-dutch cabbages. Owing to these and other prudent considerations, the priest of the parish generally favored the mansion of the lucky Denis, by holding frequent stations therein; and made it a point to breakfast with him every sabbath, after having held mass in the little chapel, which, fortunately, lay at but a short distance. Denis had, however, another very considerable source of profit in his trade, which was, that of cart, plough, and harrow maker general, to the nobility and gentry of Ballybooleghan; so that, altogether he considered himself, and probably was, as independent a man as the squire who whipped his four bays every Sunday to the parish church.

At the early age of seventeen, according to the usual custom of Irish peasants, he had married a neighbor's daughter, still younger than himself, and the pride of the village for beauty, fortune, and accomplishments; in fact, no marriage in high life was ever more talked over than that of Denis Costello with Nancy O'Neill. The elders of the village met in conclave, generally twice or three times a week, at some appointed place, and, voting the schoolmaster in the chair, argued the point with as much zeal as so many ambitious members of Parliament.

As to Denis, he was young, strong, and in love, and did not care a sheaf of oats, so as he secured his bride, whether she brought him fifty pounds or pence; but the old folks could not be brought to consider the matter at all in this light, and reversing Denis's sentiments, merely considered the girl in the secondary light of a something attached to the fortune. After a month's deliberations, in which much argument was expended, it was at length, settled that the bride should bring the lucky Denis twenty-five guineas in hard money; two milch cows, and a second hand plough.

Manifold were the rejoicings in the village of Ballybooleghan, on the day that Denis, tricked out in a new broad-cloth coat, (in the bright gilt buttons of which the meridian sun saw reflected his jolly face unshorn of a single beam,) led his blushing bride to the hymeneal altar, surrounded by a concourse of as happy faces as ever danced at a holiday festival. The bells would have infallibly rung a loud and merry peal, as bells are wont, did it not unluckily happen that there could not, in the whole village, be found one of even the smallest dimensions; however, in lieu thereof, they laughed, sung, danced, quizzed, and got drunk, in demonstration of their joy—and inducted Denis and his bride into all the mysteries of the nuptial chamber, with a due regard to the usual forms and ceremonies practised on the occasion.

Now Nancy, beyond the uncertain and transitory possession of beauty, possessed uncommon shrewdness and sense, and a heart teeming with all the softer sensibilities of her sex. At the period to which we would allude, the delicacy and playfulness of her youth had been exchanged for the maturer charms, and staid demeanor of womanhood; she had been eight years a wife, during which period four children had blessed her union with Denis, and strengthened the ties which at first linked them faithfully to one another. As she had been in her maiden days the prettiest and best girl in the village, so she was now equally remarkable for being the most attentive mother and attached wife; when others lay sluggishly a-bed in the cold winter mornings, Nancy was never known indulging similar sensual propensities, but, in the common parlance of the country, was always 'up and stirring' to get her husband's breakfast ready before going to his labor. The remainder of the day was occupied at her wheel, or in knitting stockings, or employed in some other useful thrift. In the evening she met

him with smiles of welcome and affection—his children climbed his knee with infantile emulation—his hearth blazed—his dinner smoked luxuriously before him—and even the old house-dog shared in the enthusiasm of the moment, and looked as happy as the best of them.

Thus far all went on well. Denis prospered and grew rich—his friend, the priest, paid his visits even oftener than of old—and the squire, who, by the way, was also the county member, had latterly begun to exhibit extraordinary solicitude about him, taking care to ask 'how his good friend, and family did,' whenever he chanced to meet him at fairs or elsewhere. About this time the squire's steward, a Scotchman, and gifted with even more than his just share of national craft and penury, took it into his head that, having amassed a considerable sum of money, it would be a most prudent speculation to try his luck with it on the other side of the Atlantic. In forwarding this plan, he conceived it would be highly beneficial to his interest if he could prevail on a few families of comparative independence and accredited industry, to accompany him; and with this view had latterly begun to sound some of the better class of the neighboring peasantry on the subject of emigration, and, among the rest, Denis. By degrees he led them on, till he at last induced them to listen, with silent admiration, to the mighty prospect of the 'El Dorado' he held out to them; shewed letters from his friends, who had gone out paupers, and were now driving their carriages—(anglic, wheel-barrows;) and, in fact, taught them to believe that the very rocks exuded with some imaginary wealth. The astonished rustic drank in the information with the greedy ears of unlettered ignorance, and gathered round the man of words, as he advanced towards their place of evening rendezvous, under the big oak tree of the cross-roads, with evident symptoms of satisfaction. Even Denis came under the infectious influence of his machinations, and began at length to look with a jaundiced eye on the now despised luxuries of his homely cottage, considering it a very unwise thing to fling away the prospect of such amazing wealth, for the want of a little proper spirit; and, from at first merely listening with a degree of common interest to the lucubrations of the wily Scotchman, at last conceived a distempered longing for the Yankee dollars. He concealed, however, his wishes from his wife, who, nevertheless secretly and with concern perceived the turn his mind had taken, but without in the least hinting her suspicions—prudently considering that opposition only makes things worse.

Poor Denis loved his wife with the most tender affection; and, for her sake alone, had determined to devote himself to labor in a strange land. He thought it incumbent on him to pursue a path which seemed so easy of access, and which promised so speedy an attainment of comfort and independence. But, on the other hand, his heart fluttered with many wild emotions when he considered that they could not be purchased by a long absence from all he loved, and at best but an uncertain prospect of return. His days now became indolent and moodish, and his nights passed in sleepless reveries—his farm became neglected—his corn was no longer the most healthful and earliest of the season; and while his plough gathered rust in the out-house, his two work horses cropped the scant herbage of his neglected pastures, in all the indolent enjoyment of an unexpected holiday.

Nancy, however, still kept matters right within doors; and the more apparent the consequences of his neglect became, the more strove she to conceal them. His children still climbed his knee—his hearth still blazed—and his dinner smoked with its wonted regularity before him; yet he was no longer the happy man he had been. At length one evening as he sat after dinner before the fire, enjoying his half hour's smoke—which, amid all his cares,

he had never omitted—he all at once formed the dreadful resolution of informing his wife of his wish and decided intention to emigrate. He felt his color come and go ten several times during his meditations; and his determination, like Bob Acre's courage, was beginning to 'ooze out fast through the tops of his fingers,' when, taking his pipe from his mouth, and shaking off the ashes on the hob beside him, he opened his mouth to commence, when a mechanical effort of his arm, returned his pipe to its original position, and he smoked away some minutes longer. At length, after a few preliminary hems, he said:—

'I'm beginning to think, Naney, somehow or other, that this same country is no place for a man to better himself or his family in.'

'Why, thin,' rejoined Naney, 'thank God, Denis, we've no great reason to complain—we're as well off as our neighbors, and want for nothing.'

'Aye, but Naney,' answered her husband, 'my father and my grandfather, and his father before him again, have all been working like slaves at this little patch of ground, and here am I now in possession of the fruits of their exertions, and yet no richer, nor half as rich as Mike Delany that went to 'Merica only two years ago as poor as a rat.'

'Oh, thin, if that's what your for,' said Naney, 'we certainly hear great talk of riches and all that with them that's going out, but you see no great signs of it on them that come back.'

'Well, well,' muttered her husband, 'at all events land isn't what it used to be—our landlords are poor and want high rents: we can't pay high rents, and ever look to be anything better than we are.'

'We're rich enough, Denis, honey,' said the affectionate Naney, drawing her stool near her husband, and taking his hand with a smile of love and contentment; 'we're young and strong, and this fine fellow,' added she, placing a chubby boy of five years old on his knee, 'will soon be able to turn as good a day's work as yourself.'

'Blessings on his little heart,' cried the happy father, as a tear had started to his eye; 'sure 'tis to save you and him Naney dear, the trouble of laboring from morning till night, just to keep soul and body together, that I'd leave you at all at all.'

Naney had many arguments to make use of, but forgot them just in the very moment she should not she remarked her husband's emotion, and shared it with a genuine female sympathy; and, as her tears were not meant to affect an audience, she retired to the little bed-room of the kitchen, to weep them away unseen and in silence. In one or two subsequent conversations, Denis more fully communicated his intention of joining Mr. Duncan's expedition, which was to sail about the middle of the spring, and it was now February. In the meanwhile old time kept his accustomed pace, and brought round the weeks and days with wonted regularity. All was now in readiness for the voyage—the ship was freighted and provisioned—implements of husbandry were laid in—and cattle of various kinds purchased for the purpose of breeding. Matters had been arranged by Denis to provide for his family's maintenance during his absence—he himself, in the plenitude of his expectations, taking little more than what he calculated would set him afloat in the new world; he had also taken care to solicit the schoolmaster (at an ample premium) to write an account of all that would occur, and how Naney and the children did.

It was now the day before that fixed for his departure. Naney bore the prospect of separation with a silent sensitiveness, which was infinitely more distressing than if she had given loose to her feelings in the womanly resource of tears, and had latterly given up all remonstrance. His plan was, to walk to the nearest post town, carrying his little box, which contained all the property he meant should accompany him, and proceed from thence to

Dublin, where he was to join Mr. Duncan, who with others of his friends, had previously gone up to arrange matters.

Poor Denis grew more and more sad as the hours flew quickly by that now remained for him to spend with his beloved family; yet, considering the step he was about to take as an imperative duty, he never wavered in his resolution. As was customary in the country, he had invited all his neighbors, to the number of nearly one hundred, to spend the last evening of his stay amongst them with him, and drink success to his undertaking. The company were too benevolent and sincere in their good wishes to let slip such an opportunity for testifying their respect towards a man whose character for probity and every other rustic virtue stood so high; they accordingly assembled at an early hour to a homely entertainment of corned beef, bacon, cabbage, and roast and boiled geese, ad libitum—the priest sitting at the head of the table, and regulating their potations; and as he wisely conceived that it would befit the solemnity of the occasion to drink in the direct ratio of the intensity of their grief, the company, on the whole, had no great reason to find fault with their master of the ceremonies, and would in all probability, at their breaking up have passed him a vote of thanks for 'his dignified demeanor in the chair,' did it not occur that there could not be found one among the assembly capable of either proposing or seconding the resolution in sufficiently comprehensible terms; the host alone seemed sad, and answered many a maudlin 'God bless you,' with a vacant look, that plainly told how far different were the subjects of his thoughts. The parting hour at length came round, and the last guest had blubbered forth his compound of grief and intoxication upon his breast, when Denis retired with his wife to enjoy the few hours of repose now left them; their hearts were too full to speak, but falling into one another's arms, the man was forgotten in the husband and the father, and the sturdy peasant wept like a tender girl. His trunk had been left at the kitchen door, the bolt of which remained undrawn as he meant to steal out softly while his wife slept, and thus escape the more bitter pangs of separation which the sight of her tears would cause him.

The hazy light of the morning had begun to break its way gradually through the crevices of the window shutters, when Denis, who had not once closed his eyes, rose softly from his wife's side; leaning over her he listened to her quiet breathing, and in that hopeless loneliness of heart which the prospect of separation from all who are near and dear to us cannot fail to produce; his youngest child lay in her arms, and seemed mutely to chide his desertion of them; the other two lay together in a bed in the far corner of the room, their little lips meeting as if they loved and kissed even in their dreams; a thousand indefinite sensations rent his heart, as he gazed on his infants and pictured to himself the despair of their mother when she would wake 'and find him no more.' Still, however, his resolution remained unshaken; and, having dressed, he was about leaving the room, when Naney caught his arm, (having risen unperceived from her bed) with a convulsive grasp, and with her large black eyes suffused with tears, that ran slowly down her cheeks pale with excitement and anxiety, and a voice trembling and broken, said:—

'Look you, Denis Costello, when you first said you would leave us to go look for wealth we didn't want, I did not say against you, for I saw 'twas your humor;—but don't think I'll stay behind the father of my children, and let him wander in a strange land, and among strange people, with no one to take care of him, or comfort him in sickness or in sorrow—you that knew nothing but kindness and love since you were the age of this creature, that you'd give up all for a little gold and silver. You may go now; but, so help me God! I'll never

part you till death come between us—and what will then become of those poor babies that we ought to love and stand by?'

'Then,' cried Denis, as he flung himself with tears of joy on his wife's neck, 'may I never sow a ridge of potatoes, but though every acre in that same America was paved with gold an inch thick, if I'll leave you my darling, or you, or you, ye little jewels,' as he kissed the drowsy children all around, who, being by this time awakened, were looking on with astonishment at the domestic drama that their parents had been acting in the middle of the room.

Having stripped, Denis returned to bed the happiest man in the parish; and when the neighbors called in the morning to condole with Naney, they found him whistling 'the cruiseken lawn' behind his long neglected plough.

Little more remains to be said, than that Denis returned to labor with renewed zeal, and in a few years his harvests were again the best in the country round; and to increase his satisfaction at the conversion his wife had wrought, he was shortly after this given the stewardship that Mr. Duncan had held, and resigned for his trans-Atlantic speculations.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

Having in the article on Clontarf Castle given some idea of the interesting district of Fingall, the following slight sketch of the rise, progress, and final destruction of the Knights Templars, to whom the Castle of Clontarf formerly belonged, may not be unacceptable.

This society took its rise during the period of the first crusade at Jerusalem, about the year 1118; and although formed at a period later than the other military order of the Knight Hospitalers, or of St. John of Jerusalem, soon outstripped it in wealth and power, and was also the earliest abolished. The name assumed by the knights had, according to some, a reference to vows entered into for the defence of the holy temple against infidels; and according to others, from the accidental occupation of some chambers adjacent to the temple, by the original members of the order. The knights were ecclesiastics; differing in this from those of St. John, who although bound by strict monastic rules, were not in orders; their vows were very strict, enjoining celibacy, poverty, humility, and inveterate war against infidels; to the latter it must be admitted they adhered pretty steadily, but the former injunctions were often interpreted with great laxity. Their dress in peace consisted of a long white robe, having the cross of St. George on the left shoulder, and worn after the manner of a cloak or mantle; a cap turned up, such as heralds call a cap of maintenance, covered the head; and the staff or abacus of the order, having at its extremity an encircled cross, was borne in the right hand. Their panoply in war did not differ from that of the knights of that period, except the distinctive cross, the badge of the order being emblazoned on the cuirass, and the Agnus Dei was displayed on their banners.

Their superior, elected for life, chosen by the order, and styled the grand master, took rank as an independent prince. Immediately under him were the preceptors or priors, each ruling over his peculiar district, and subject to the grand master and the statutes of the order. The number of the knights' companions were unlimited; they were each attended by two esquires, who were usually candidates for admission into order, into which none were enrolled but those who could prove their nobility of descent for two generations.

Their preceptories or priories were usually surrounded by what was called a peculiar; that is an ecclesiastical jurisdiction, independent of the bishop of the diocese, and were generally erected near a river, often on a slope, or at the bottom of an eminence; they were sometimes built with that jealous regard to strength and security usual in the baronial residences of the day, but frequently were of a moderate size, ca-

pable of accommodating from twenty to thirty knights; the dread of the order, who were accounted the best lances in Christendom, serving them for ramparts and fosses. There was always a chapel, and sometimes a church attached, and the surrounding meadow served them as a tilt yard and place of exercise.

Few of these buildings have escaped the wreck of time; many of them have merged into private residences, and of those which remain, Clontarf Castle is, we believe, the most perfect specimen extant in this country.

The institution of the Knights Templars exactly suited the taste of an age inured with all the elevating spirit of romance, and heightened by the spirit of religious enthusiasm, and the Christian world was so well pleased with the unexampled valor and Christian virtues displayed by the first members, that in the space of 126 years from their first institution, they were possessed of no less than nine thousand manors in Christendom; and at the time it was determined to put a period to their existence, they were in actual possession of sixteen thousand.

But these times of their prosperity passed away. Corrupted by luxury and profusion, they degenerated from their austere simplicity and original purity and uprightness, and instead of illuminating the world by their good example, they became the model and standard of every vice that could disgrace humanity. Pride, covetousness, cruelty, and infidelity, aggravated by every species of tyranny and oppression, were the distinguishing marks of their character; and independent of all authority, and trampling on all laws, human or divine, they became the objects of universal hatred and detestation, and their character, as given by Matthew Paris, fully presents the picture which Sir Walter Scott has so admirably portrayed of them in his novel of Ivanhoe.

Philip, King of France, was a prince naturally avaricious and jealous of his prerogative; he beheld their rising greatness with a malignant eye, and their possessions with envy, and taking advantage of the general feeling against them, he determined, in conjunction with the pope, to suppress the order.

Luxury, intemperance and cruelty were crimes too general in that age to bear particularly hard upon the Templars—they were, therefore, accused of sorcery, unnatural lusts and idolatry—charges so monstrous as almost to exceed belief; but which were readily credited in that credulous age, and the people being prepossessed against them, Philip found it easy to carry the iniquitous transaction through his courts; and upon the proofs adduced, their estates, houses, and effects were seized, and their persons simultaneously secured in castles, prisons, &c.; their estates and effects were sequestered into the hands of commissioners; and the grand master and several of his knights were subjected to the torture, under the extremity of which they gave vent to expressions which were wrested into a confession of their guilt, and they were publicly condemned and burned alive in Paris, in the year 1307.

In England, Edward the Second, tempted by the amazing accession of property consequent on this persecution, followed the example of Philip—the designs of both being alike favored by the pope. It was, therefore, publicly ordained by the king and his council, that all of the order throughout his dominions should be seized, and in the year 1307, the order for their suppression was transmitted to John Wogan, Justiciary of Ireland, on the Wednesday immediately after the feast of the Epiphany, enjoining him to have the same executed without delay. The mandate was accordingly obeyed, and on the morrow of the purification they were everywhere seized and committed to prison—Gerald, fourth son of Maurice, lord of Kerry, being then grand master of the order in Ireland.

It does not appear that the Templars of Ireland were as hardly dealt with as those on the continent; perhaps their conduct was not so flagrant; they had fought and bled in defence of the English power in this country; for in the year 1274, William Fitz Roger, the prior of Kilmalnaham, was taken prisoner with sev-

eral others, by the Irish at Glyndelory, when many of the friars were slain, and in the years 1296 and 1301 William de Rosse, the then prior, filled the honorable situation of lord deputy of the kingdom, and in 1302, but a few years before their ruin, he was appointed chief justice of Ireland; this argues that he at least was a man of unblemished reputation and acknowledged probity, and, perhaps, may account for a degree of lenity with which they appear to have been treated by the authorities here, as we find the king, Edward the Second, found it necessary by his writ, dated September the 29th, 1309, to farther command the said Justiciary to apprehend without delay, all the Templars that had not yet been seized, and them to safely keep in the castle of Dublin, together with those who were before apprehended.

Their doom was not finally fixed until 1312, in which year, on the morrow of Saint Lucia, the virgin, the moon appeared variously colored, on which day it was finally determined that the order of Knights Templars should be totally abolished.

The trial of those who were seized was conducted with great solemnity in Dublin, before friar Richard Balybyn, minister of the order of Dominicans in Ireland; friar Philip de Slane, lecturer of the same, and friar Hugh St. Leger; among other witnesses were Roger de Heton, guardian of the Franciscans; Walter de Prendergast, their lecturer; Thomas, the abbot; Simon, prior of the abbey of St Thomas the Martyr, and Roger, the prior of the Augustinian friary in Dublin. The depositions against them were weakly supported; yet they were not condemned, and their lands and possessions of every kind granted to their rivals—the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, an order still represented by the Knights of Malta.

In England many of the knights were committed to monasteries, there to do penance for their supposed offences, with a daily allowance of four pence to each. The grand master was allowed two shillings per day. To many of their chaplains the king allowed three pence per day for their diet, and twenty shillings yearly for their stipend, or livery; their servants had two pence per day, and inferior servants one penny, and either five or ten shillings yearly for their livery; and for this allowance they were to perform the same services they had before done for the knights; and in Ireland the king, on petition of the master, granted the manors of Kilcloghan, Crooke, and Kilbarry for their support.

The possessions of the order in Ireland were very considerable; they had, in addition to their chief seat of Kilmalnaham, the prior of which sat as a baron in parliament, two other commanderies in this county, viz—Clontarf, which furnishes the present illustration, and Baldunagh, in the barony of Balrothery, besides many others in various parts of the kingdom.

In conclusion, the Knights Templars, after figuring a brief space on the stage of life, and astonishing the world, first by their virtues and afterwards by their vices, have passed away like a falling meteor, and sunk into eternal night, are now only remembered as

'The baseless fabric of a vision.'

FLEMISH HOUSES OF INDUSTRY.

At Strasbourg, and in most of the great towns in Flanders, houses of industry are established, with a view to extirpate idleness, beggary and mendicancy. These work-houses are in every respect masterpieces of political economy.

In one of the largest of the suppressed convents, they have fixed in the kitchen a kiln to prepare cheap soups. In the rooms of the ground floor are set up looms for weaving. In the galleries and sleeping rooms are placed wheels and machines for spinning; and where the size will admit of it, they form eating-rooms, and reserve a part for chambers, in which some slight works, such as plaiting of straw and making hats may be performed.

At eight in the morning the gates are opened, and there enter men and women of every age, who have no work in the town; mothers with their families, ser-

vants out of place, laborers who have no masters and children whose fathers and mothers, because of the labors necessary for their subsistence, cannot have an eye over them. After this voluntary entrance, the police officers traverse the town; and send every beggar and idle person they meet with to the house of industry.

As each person crosses the threshold of the door an account is taken of him for a share in the distribution of the soup, bread and water. There is no need of strength or talent to give right to this barely necessary refreshment; but afterwards every person who is able is put to work, and receives wages and an augmentation of food. His pay is proportioned to his capacity; but nevertheless, it is fixed below what is given in private manufactories, that the bait of a little higher wages may rouse the workman, and engage him, by removing to a manufactory, to leave his place vacant in the workhouse. Every attention is paid to the proper distribution of labor according to the ages of the individuals. If a woman enters with five children, the eldest sits down at the wheel; the second, at some paces distant, picks wool or cotton; the third, whose arms cannot reach to turn the wheel with one hand, and to stretch out the other to carry the thread round the bobbin moves the wheel, while a little comrade carries the wool or cotton to the other end of the beam; the fourth child, scarcely two years old, is in a cradle, which the mother rocks with her foot; the fifth hangs at the breast, and she supports it with her left hand, while with the right she turns a spindle.

In some houses of industry, that the children may not disturb the workmen, they are put all together in the winter into a chamber, and in the summer into a garden. The old women have the charge of them, and divert and scold them. In the intervals between the hours of labor, the mothers visit them, and those who are nurses, at the proper times give the little ones suck.

So the days run out. At eight in the evening the doors are opened and all withdraw. They come again the succeeding days, having acquired more aptitude for work; or the manufactories wanting more hands, the workmen quit the school of industry to attach themselves to a manufacturer. In the meantime, the habit of begging is lost, and a habit of labor is formed, and so he who was a degraded being, a burden to himself, and injurious to society, becomes a man useful to himself and others.

IRISH SOLDIER.—During the war in Portugal and while the army was on its march to Merida, an Irish soldier having drank rather freely, quitted the ranks. He had scarcely done so, before he fell into a sound sleep, from whence he did not awake till very late in the evening. Alone, and in an uninhabited part of the country, the poor fellow knew not whither to turn himself. He upbraided himself for his misconduct, and fancied himself already condemned by a court-martial and the sentence ready to be executed. To a village on his left, he directed his steps, to see if some friendly individual would plead for him at head-quarters. In this village he was informed there were two French soldiers concealed. A thought darted across his mind, that if he could get them secured, he would be able to carry them into Almeida as prisoners and thereby secure his pardon. In an instant he loaded his musket, proceeded to the house where the Frenchmen lay, disarmed them, and in two hours after marched them off in triumph. Some officers of the 71st regiment seeing a British soldier with two Frenchmen as prisoners, coming from the opposite side of the river, where none of the allied troops were at that time quartered, asked the soldier—

'What men are those you have got?' He replied, 'By St. Patrick, your honors, I cannot tell, but I believe they are Frenchmen, and it's myself had the devil's own work in catching them.'

THE WALLS OF DERRY.

It is a melancholy reflection to an individual possessing anything of real patriotic feeling, that in looking over the map of our Island, there is scarcely a spot the contemplation of which is not embittered by some painful recollection to some portion of the community. From time immemorial the demon of discord appears to have taken up his favorite residence amongst us. Brother has arisen against brother—and friend against friend; and, in the midst of the petty commotions which have thus taken place, our island, which appears to have been formed by Providence as a spot in which as much of comfort and enjoyment might be experienced as on any other portion of the habitable globe, has, age after age, presented to the gazer's view, little else than one continued scene of misery and distress.

How different from what it now is for instance, would the sensation be of the various classes of our community, if, in gazing on such a spot as the walls of Derry, the reminiscence were such as a Greek must experience in beholding Marathon or Thermopylae, where his forefathers chose rather to form a rampart of their bodies than allow the foot of a foreign enemy to pollute their native soil. If in contemplating scenes in which deeds of noble daring and endurance have been exhibited, equal to any ever displayed by the bravest name.

From no other place that we know of can so just a conception be formed of the manner in which the chief towns and cities throughout the country were fortified in former times—as the walls, which are rather more than a mile in circumference, though built in the year 1617, are still in a good state of preservation; and the gates and bastions still present much the same appearance as they must have done at the time of the siege. The walls, which form a noble terrace, and are now the great promenade for the fashionables of the city, consist of a thick rampart of earth, faced with stone and flanked with bastions—a parapet breast high running round them. They are from fourteen to thirty-seven yards in breadth, and from twenty to twenty-five feet in height. Within the walls are four main streets, the centre forming a kind of diamond or square, and at the termination of each a massive archway with portullises were attached. The main streets within the walls are intersected by numerous lesser streets and lanes—the houses,

* The siege was maintained for one hundred and five days, and from the following note of the price of provisions, some idea may be formed of the sufferings of the besieged, and the degree of heroism which animated them in their refusal to surrender:—Horse flesh, each pound, one shilling and eight pence; a quarter of a dog, fattened by eating dead bodies, five shillings and six pence; a dog's head two shillings and sixpence; a cat, four shillings and six pence; a rat fattened by eating human flesh, one shilling; a mouse, six pence; a pound of graves, one shilling; a pound of tallow, four shillings; a pound of salted hides, one shilling; a quart of horse blood, one shilling; a half-drum of sea wreck, two pence; the same quantity of chicken weed, one penny.

When the garrison was relieved, they had only nine lean horses left and one pint of meal to each man. Hunger and fatigue had so prevailed among them, that of seven thousand men regimented at the commencement of the siege, they had then alive but about four thousand three hundred, of whom at least one-fourth part were rendered unserviceable.



THE WEST GATE OF DERRY.

which are built of brick, being generally of good description. Outside the walls there are a number of other streets, principally composed of houses of a middling and poorer description—a few of a better class being observable in different directions.

The view of the city of Londonderry from a little distance is extremely fine. From the magnificent sweep which the Foyle takes around it, it appears as if standing on an island completely separated from the mainland. It is built on a hill—on the very summit of which stands the cathedral, with its towering spire, and being surrounded with its high battlemented walls, has the appearance of a regular fortification. The passage to the city across the Foyle, is by an uncommonly handsome wooden bridge, one thousand and sixty-eight feet in length, and forty in width, constructed in America by Samuel Cox of Boston, brought thence in the year following—the expense of it having been upwards of £11,000. In order to allow the passage of vessels up and down the river, there is a draw-bridge nearly midway, which is worked by machinery of rather a curious construction, and on either side there is a footway for passengers, along which a number of lamps are ranged—the entire presenting a very pleasing appearance.

MAXIMS FOR THE MARRIED.

CODE OF INSTRUCTION FOR LADIES.

1. Let every wife be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family; the first is by the expression of that which will belong to force; the second to the power of mildness, to which every strength will yield. One is the power of a husband; a wife should never employ any other arms than gentleness. When a woman accustoms herself to say, she will, she deserves to lose her empire.

2. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell of a rose, it is to imbibe the sweets of its odor; we likewise look for everything that is amiable in

sons of Greece or Rome, the painful feeling were not induced, that in many instances the record is but one of civil discord, and of party feud, in which the victory achieved was but the triumph of one individual over another of the same family, assisted perchance by some foreign ally—the common enemy of both—who rendered his aid in the hope of raising himself on the ruins of either. Such are the reflections which have been forced upon us by the contemplation of the engraving before us—a gate and a portion of the wall of the city of Londonderry, a place rendered notorious in story, as having endured one of the severest and most prolonged sieges of any city or town in the dominions of Great Britain.*

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Sir Henry Dockwray founded the city of Londonderry, from which time it was esteemed a place of considerable importance; we find however, mention made of it in history so early as 646. In the rebellion of 1606 it was surprised, and the governor, Sir George Powlett, with the entire garrison put to the sword. Three years after this, king James made a grant of it, together with 210,000 acres of land, to various companies in the city of London, on the condition that they should fortify Derry and Coleraine, and also colonize the country with English settlers—from which circumstance the former place derived its

woman. Whoever is often contradicted feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time; and, whatever be her good qualities, is not easily destroyed.

3. Occupy yourself only with household affairs; wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance, and do not give your advice till he asks it.

4. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, and do not read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example, and practice virtue yourself to make him in love with it.

5. Command his attention by being always attentive to him; never exact any thing and you will obtain much; appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more.

6. All men are vain; never wound this vanity, not even in the most trifling instances. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it.

7. When a man gives wrong council, never make him feel that he has done so; but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness; when he is convinced, leave him to the merit of having found out what is just and reasonable.

8. When a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him; if he is abusive, never retort; and never prevail over him to humble him.

9. Choose well your friends, have but few, and be careful of following their advice in all matters.

10. Cherish neatness without luxury, and pleasure without excess; dress with taste, and particularly with modesty; vary the fashions of your dress, especially in regard to colors. It gives a change to the ideas, and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things may appear trifling, but they are of more importance than is imagined.

11. Never be curious to pry into your husband's concerns, but obtain his confidence at all times, by that which you repose in him. Always preserve order and economy; avoid being out of temper, and be careful never to scold; by these means he will find his own house pleasanter than any other.

12. Seem always to obtain information from him, especially before company, though you may pass yourself for a simpleton. Never forget that a wife owes all her importance to that of her husband. Leave him entirely master of his own actions to go or come whenever he thinks fit. A wife ought to make her company amiable to her husband, that he will not be able to exist without it, then he will not seek for pleasure abroad if she do not partake of it with him.

CODE OF INSTRUCTION FOR GENTLEMEN.

1. There are two ways of governing a family; the first by force, the other by mild and vigilant authority; the first is brutal, and you certainly lose your happiness in adopting it; the second will occasion you to be respected, and your directions to be observed. A husband deserves to lose his empire altogether, by making an attempt to force it by violence.

2. Never contradict your wife; you never did so before marriage, and do not begin it now. There is something so harsh about contradiction in a man that it always generates an unkindly feeling. It prevents that confidence which ought to exist between married persons; and confidence destroyed, we cannot hope for much good afterwards.

3. You cannot possibly have a better or truster confidant than your wife. She will always advise for the best, and very safely too. Trust her wholly.

4. Be strictly moral in your conduct; how can you pretend to be guide to your house if you are not? Consider what you would think if your wife would become immoral in her conduct.

5. Be as attentive in reason after marriage as you were in courtship. Attention to your wife is respect to yourself; it is her due, and shows clearly that you do not regret your choice.

6. Pride yourself only on those qualities which a man ought to possess, and give your wife credit for hers. You ought to have a manly understanding, but remember that infers no superiority over the lady's.

7. When your wife has given you council, which, from your knowledge of the world, you judge cannot safely be acted on, do not reproach her, but convince her by mild reasoning that it is inappropriate. Give her always the merit of good intentions.

8. Should your wife be out of temper, do not see it; there are many little vexations you know not of; never speak harshly to her, nor be rude.

9. Be careful in your choice of friends; you have one that will never desert you: cherish her.

10. Dress well according to your station in society; be neither a sloven nor a dandy. Commend your wife's taste in dress, and you may keep her heart as long as you like. Nothing so much secures a lady's good will as this, and it is a very slight sacrifice made at the altar of her vanity.

11. Never meddle with domestic or household concerns, they are not for a man's care. Be careful in your expenditure, and waste nothing, though you must be liberal to the poor. Never swear, nor storm, nor blow up. Let your home be the pole star of your affections, and always spend your evenings there.

12. Always pay attention to your wife in society as well as in private, and show yourself fully aware of her good qualities. All your happiness is reposed in her. Never show anything like indifference or slight; she will repay your kindness by that tenderness of affection which is worth all the world beside. Seek no pleasure to which she cannot be made a party.

THE DYING ENTHUSIAST TO HIS FRIEND.

Life—like a dome of many-colored glass—
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until death tramples it to fragments.—Shelly.

Speak no more of life—
What can life bestow
In this amphitheatre of strife,
All times dark with tragedy and woe?
Knowest thou not how care and pain
Build their lampless dwelling in the brain,
Ever as the stern intrusion
Of our teachers, Time and Truth,
Turns to gloom the bright illusion
Rainbowed on the soul of youth?
Wouldst thou have me live when this is so?
Oh! no—no!

As the flood of Time
Sluggishly doth flow,
Look how all of being and sublime
Sinks into the black abyss below!
Yea, the loftiest intellect
Earliest on the strand of death is wrecked,
Nought of love—nothing glorious
Lives to triumph o'er decay;
Desolation reigns victorious—
Mind is dungeon-walled by clay.
Could I bear to feel mine own laid low?
Oh! no—no!

O'er the troubled earth
Thronging millions go—
But behold how Genius, Love and Worth,
Move like lonely phantoms, to and fro!
Suns are quenched, and kingdoms fall,
But the doom of these outdarkens all!
Die they then? Yes Love's devotion,
Stricken, withers in its bloom;
Fond affections, deep as ocean,
In their cradle find their tomb.
Shall I linger but to count each throw?
Oh! no—no!

Prison-bursting Death!
Welcome then, thy blow!
Thine is but the forfeit of my breath,
Not the Spirit—not the Spirit's glow!
Spheres of Beauty! hallowed Spheres,
Undeafened by time, undimmed by tears,
Henceforth hail! Oh! who would grovel
In a world impure as this,
Who would dwell in cell or hovel
When a palace might be his?
Dare I longer the bright lot forego?
Oh! no—no!

SAINT MONDAY.

What Irishman—what Englishman—ay, what cautious Scotchman, does not know Saint Monday? It has long been a ruinous day—except to the publicans. One day of rest and relaxation is not enough—the drinking and excess begun on Sunday must be followed up on Saint Monday, and on Tuesday, the exhausted mechanic returns to his employment, begins gradually to recover, and on Wednesday is in working order for the week. We hope this old custom is breaking up—a custom so injurious to the health, the morals, the purses, and the comfort of the working classes. Every honest mechanic ought to frown on the custom of keeping Saint Monday. And if every sober, industrious man would combine—morally combine—to put it down, more work would be done, more money would be made and saved—health would be preserved and lives would be prolonged.

We quote the following to show that Saint Monday was not formerly, as now, peculiar to the British Islands.

'A custom had prevailed for a long time in Germany for persons who were employed in the lower kinds of trade to consider Monday as a day set apart for idleness; nor could any inducement prevail upon them to apply themselves to work on that day. This was not only the custom of master-tradesmen, but they also indulged their journeyman and other servants in the same privilege. On these occasions, the common people had recourse to drinking and every species of debauchery. The injurious practice of keeping Blue Monday, as it was called, prevailed to such a degree, that this day was distinguished by outrages, tumults, and riots of every description. All means for restraining such licentious behavior were ineffectual; menaces

of punishment were disregarded, and the rioters took every opportunity of abusing those who opposed them. At length they dispersed the following declaration throughout the principal cities of the empire:—

'Brethren,
'We inform you that no man who is a brave fellow (ein braver kerl) will ever work in any city or town on the Blue Monday; if he does, he may expect the consequences, and that soon. We have been under the necessity of adopting this measure to preserve our rights.'

This atrocious conduct excited so general an alarm, that the emperor, Joseph the Second, the diet and the minor potentates of Germany, foreseeing the baneful and fatal consequences it should of necessity produce in trade, published an edict, by virtue of which, not only every abuse was remedied, but the custom of keeping Blue Monday was entirely abolished. The punishment inflicted on the delinquent was—six years in irons, and hard labor during that time on the fortifications.

In some places the journeymen at first paid no attention to this edict; the punishment, however, was immediately put into execution, and more than twenty of the ringleaders experienced the force of it. The other trades-people, when the execution of this rigorous but necessary law was inflicted on their comrades, returned to order; and since that salutary measure took place, Blue Monday is hardly ever mentioned or thought of.

LEGEND OF FIN M'COUL.

In days of yore, Cormac, son of Art ruled Ireland, and a hospitable prince was he. His house was always open, many were the retainers kept in his hall; and thereby, like more modern princes, his expenses outran both his ready money and his tardy credit; and he was at his wit's end how to supply with meat and strong drink, those who honored his quality by feeding at his expense.

After all the most obvious recipe that can occur to any prince, when desirous of aggrandizing himself is to go to war with one of his neighbors. The grand monarch of Versailles, and the celestial sovereign of Ashantee, have had recourse to the same expedient, and why not Cormac son of Art? Now, Fiachadh Muillathann, King of Munster, had some fat pasture lands along the banks of the Suir, which preserve their credit for fertility unto this very day, and go under the name of the Golden Vein; on these plentiful plains Cormac cast his longing eye, assuring himself that were he once possessed of such mensal lands, he should never want a sirloin or baron of beef to grace his board. Go to war therefore, he should; but withal, Fiachadh of Munster was potent and wise, and he valued those very fields as the apple of his eye; and his merry men of Ormond and Desmond, were as fond of fighting as their descendants are to this very day.

In this difficulty Cormac resorted for advice to a Druid, who was a Caledonian; for even in these early days the Scotch itched after foreign travel, and were everywhere at hand to give advice to those who could pay for it; and he being an enchanter and depository of old prophecies, told the king that in one of those rivers that run under ground in the western land, now called Mayo, and not far from that lofty mountain, now named Crough Patrick, there was a salmon, which, if caught and eaten, would communicate such wisdom, prowess, and good fortune to the eater, that from that day forth, fame and prosperity would attend him in all his wars. You may be sure Cormac lost no time in setting out on his fishing excursion into Connought, and attending to the directions of his adviser; he came to the banks of a river that rises in the mountain chain surrounding the rock of Crough Patrick, and pursuing that river's course through a fertile valley, he at length came to where the turbulent stream falls into a fearful cavern, and is lost to be seen no more, and whether it seeks by some unknown passage

the depths of the ocean, or whether it plunges into the earth's abyss and goes to cool the central fires, was never yet ascertained; but close to the jaws of this engulfing cavern, there is a dark, deep pool, where the stream, as if in terror, whirls about in rapid eddies, and here, amidst multitudes of fish it was supposed the salmon of knowledge spent its days. On the banks of this pool Cormac and his Caledonian adviser sat day after day, and complain they could not of want of sport, for many a fine fish they caught and broiled on the live coals which they kept for their accommodation on the bank; but still Cormac became not a whit the wiser, and after feeding on salmon firm and curdy enough to satisfy the 'gout' of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, he at length grew so tired of fish, it palled so much upon his appetite that the Milesian monarch began to sigh after the fat mutton that the broad pastures of Tara supplied.

At length the fish were caught with such rapidity, that if he got thereby the wisdom of Solomon, he could not be brought to taste of every one taken in this populous pool. And now he and his adviser presumed to make selections; and applying the arbitrary principles of physiognomy to fish, ventured to throw back some into the stream, while others, as more plump and well favored, were elected to the honor of being broiled; and here methinks the discretion of the King and his Druid was not evinced; for many a time and oft, ugly heads contain capacious brains, and sleek skins fail to enclose shining intellects; so it proved here, for one evening a little fish was taken—a poor, long, lank, spent thing, with a hooked snout, just such another as a poacher spears by the light of a blazing wisp of potato stalks, on a dark night in October. Now who would suppose that any one who had his pick and choice would think of feeding on a spent salmon; so this good-for-nothing fish was thrown on the bank, leaving it to its own fancy to bounce and wriggle back into the river; and just as it was in the very act of eloping into the stream, an idle 'gorsoon' who was looking on, caught it by the gills, and says he to himself, 'though this be not plump enough for a King's palate, it may not come amiss to me,' so choosing a snug place behind a rock, just within the cavern's mouth, he blew up a fire and set about to broil his fish.

Now it is time to tell who this boy was, for questionless, his match Ireland has not produced from that day to this. No one else he was than the famous Fin, the son of Cumhall, and grandson of Trein the Big, who was sent to these shores of the Western Sea, from his native halls of Almuin, in order to save him from the enchantments of the tribe of Morni, that sought to take his life, and here he lived sporting along these wild hills, and here he might have died, unknowing and unknown, were it not for the circumstance I now record; thank, therefore, he may, his stars, that he was not so squeamish in the choice of a fish as King Cormac; so having lit up his fire, he was not long in clapping his salmon, all alive as it was, on the coals; for, alas, sportsmen as well as cooks, think little of the pain they may inflict on fowl or fish, and thus on the live coals the poor animal was not long, until a great swelling blister arose by the force of the fire, on its heretofore bright and silver side; and Fin seeing the broiling salmon, was uneasy, not at its sufferings, but in apprehension lest all the nutritious juices of his game should be wasted in the fire, if the blister should rise any more; so pressing his left thumb to it, he caused it to burst, and the said thumb feeling a sensation of burning, he claps it into his mouth to cool; and oh, what a change—he, who until that moment was as little troubled with knowledge as with care, and, as the saying is, 'knew not a B from a bull's foot'—the instant his thumb came between his teeth he felt as wise and prudent as if he was a hundred years old—all his future glories—all the failures of his foes, and all his own achievements flashed before his eyes, and he saw prospectively how that Ireland and Caledonia would ring with his fame, and both contend for the honor of giving him birth.

Thus it was that Fin M'Coul instead of King Cormac, happened on the salmon of knowledge; and time and your patience, good reader, would fail me, to recount all his succeeding renowned deeds.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FANATICISM.—The structure of the brain, and the investigation of the phenomena connected with matter and mind, have long employed the researches of the most celebrated philosophers. A Mr. Herman Goltz passed many years in anatomical investigations of the brain, and in endeavoring to trace the connection between its marvellous and its important uses. At last despairing of attaining the end of his long and wearisome investigations, he hung himself in his dissecting room, and was nearly devoured by the rats before his loss was discovered. His work on the topography and nomenclature of the cerebral mass is still extant, though of the utmost rarity. Before he committed suicide, he wrote on a slip of paper the following remarkable words: 'For more than twenty years I have pursued a phantom—an ignis fatuus—that has decoyed me into misery and ruin: My vision has become so dim that I can no longer distinguish the objects of my research—my hand is too tremulous to hold the scalpel. Confined in this charnel house, I have been estranged from nature's fair and inviting prospects—I have cultivated no man's friendship, nor sought the affection of women. I have, indeed, read of the charms of society, the exhilarations of wine, the delights of domestic partner, and the blessedness of children; but I have been a solitary student; water has been my only beverage; no female can reproach me with attachment, nor can a child curse me for its existence. To live longer is useless—the past has been misemployed, the present is wearisome, and I will anticipate the future!'—The Doctor.

ANTIQUITY OF SMOKING IN IRELAND.—The custom of smoking is of much greater antiquity in Ireland than the introduction of tobacco into Europe. Smoking pipes made of bronze are frequently found in our Irish tumuli, or sepulchral mounds of the most remote antiquity, and similar pipes made of baked clay are discovered daily in all parts of the island. A curious instance of the bathos in sculpture, which also illustrates the antiquity of this custom, occurs on the monument of Donogh O'Brien, king of Thomond, who was killed in 1267, and interred in the abbey of Corcumroe, in the county of Clare, of which his family were the founders. He is represented in the usual recumbent posture, with the short pipe or dudden of the Irish in his mouth!

A DAY'S RAMBLE ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY.

Reader—Should you have a desire to diverge from the confined and fetid atmosphere of our crowded metropolis, with its unvaried scene of bustle and activity, to enjoy the relaxation of an agreeable morning or evening's ramble in a delightful district, and inhale the pure and vivifying air of the country, impregnated with the balmy fragrance of the sweet wild flowers of the field, come with us to Fingall, where you can enjoy the sea-breeze of Clontarf, a ramble by Merino, or a saunter on the Goose-green road, without experiencing the suffocation or the annoyance occasioned by the driving of the jaunting-cars, jingles, &c., on the opposite side of the city—the danger of being overrun by a drunken jockey from Baggot street, or the fatigue of a long walk, to breathe in country air.

The north side of Dublin may truly be termed classic ground. In former ages it was the scene of many fierce contests, some of which occupy a proud page in Irish history. Fingall, the land of the white stranger, a name which it still retains, was obtained from having been possessed by the Fionn, Gael, or Norwegians,

who held in their iron grasp a great portion of the kingdom for two or three centuries. The district so named extended, according to Lanigan, from the broad and fertile plain that stretches north of the Liffey, until it meets the highlands that hang over the Boyne.

The district is now one of the most beautiful and improved about Dublin. It is one delightful, wide-spreading plain, studded with elegant seats, and no straggling, disorderly villages to mar the beauty of the prospect; with Dublin Bay, the bold and rugged promontory of Howth and Ireland's Eye—the residence of the sons of Nessan, in the prospective.

The Goose-green road, which strikes into the country from the Richmond road, is but a short distance from Drumcondra bridge; fifteen minutes walk will bring you to it from Mountjoy square, by Drumcondra or Ballybough. Opposite this road, on the town side of the Tolga,* which rolls along calmly and unbroken, save by the cascade at Waterfall avenue, is Fortex grove, the late picturesque retreat of Frederick Jones, Esq., formerly patentee and manager of the Crow street Theatre.

Passing up a gentle ascent to the left, on an eminence stands Clontarf house, a plain, yellow building, celebrated as the residence of the enterprising Dhuvall, who speculated on converting this place into a second Vauxhall. Here he had fire-works, rockets, bombs, swing-swags, hobbies and a mineral well. Oh, the reminiscences of 1819. The well, by the aid of sulphur, nails, old iron, &c., &c. was made to possess a chalybeate quality; and never were Abernethy or St. John Long more sought after. Crowds of belles and beaux, the hale, and the unhealthy, came to taste those halcyon waters; and oh! the bright eyes that glistened around that fount of health and life. Poor Dhuvall! whilst your speculations lasted, what an able auxiliary thou wert to Gretna and old Hymen. Opposite Clontarf house, on the left, is Belvidere, the seat of Sir Coghill Coghill, a handsome brick building, formerly occupied by Lord Chancellor Lifford; and on the right, Drumcondra castle; a square castellated building, the residence of Richard Williams, Esq., formerly inhabited by Sir James Galbraith. Further on to the left is Drumcondra house, a magnificent square building, of Portland stone, erected by the late Earl of Charleville, now in the occupation of William Stewart Hamilton, Esq. Further on, at a serpentine curve in the road is Hampton lodge, the residence of Mrs. Williams, widow of the late Thomas Williams, Esq., secretary to the bank of Ireland. The neatly-cropped hedges, nicely-gravelled walks, and precise arrangement of the grass-plots, give these well regulated grounds a neat appearance. At some distance forward, down an avenue which strikes off an another turn in the road, is Upton Lodge, formerly occupied by Major Upton. From this forward, and, indeed, in general, the road wears the appearance of an extensive walk in a nobleman's demesne; not a cabin is to be seen, while tall rows of stately trees overhang and meet across the road. A few perches forward from Upton Lodge, beyond a square ivy-covered observatory, a few figures, rudely carved on the trunks of three trees, mark the spot on which a young lad, assistant game-keeper to Lord Charlemont, some time since lost his life in a scuffle with a young gentleman who had been shooting in his lordship's demesne, which lies a short distance to the eastward of this road. A cairn of stones, according to ancient custom was raised on the spot where he fell, but has been removed. The road now ascends in a gentle acclivity, at the top of which, to the left, is Sion hill, the residence of Mrs. Courtney, formerly occupied by Colonel Mason. It is an antique brick building, commanding a magnificent view of Dublin, the Wicklow mountains and the Park.

Opposite to it is High Park, the residence of Robert Grey, Esq., a respectable merchant in Lincenhall street. The house is a very tasteful building, and the grounds judiciously and tastefully laid out; the late Master

* Commonly called the Finglass river.



CLONTARF CASTLE.

Ball, and Major Brownrigg were successively proprietors of this place. Next to High Park is Hartfield, the residence of Neel John O'Neill, Esq. This house was erected by the late Colonel Hart, from whom it passed, about the year 1773, into the possession of the family of the late Hugh Hamill, of Dominick street, Esq., uncle to the lady of its present proprietor. The high castellated walls and embrasures by which the approach on the front is guarded, although a modern house, carry the mind instinctively to the contemplation of the scenes of strife that shook those plains in other days, amid the war-cries of the native Irish and their Danish invaders.

Next to Hartfield, on the opposite side, is Thorndale, the handsome residence of David Henry Sheridan, Esq., formerly occupied by Mrs. Twigg, of Merion square. Next we come to Bell-field, a beautiful cottage lately occupied by the Hon. Major Jones, opposite to which is Elm Park, the residence of Hutton, Esq., of Summerhill. The next, and last in this direction, is Beaumont, the beautiful seat of Arthur Guinness, Esq.

But it will be considered almost time to say something relative to the Castle of Clontarf, the engraving of which lies before us.

What Irishman has not heard of Clontarf; and who is it does not feel his pulse beat high, his brow elevate, and his soul expand with conscious pride and exultation at the recollection of the glorious struggle which took place at this spot? when, after a well fought battle, the gallant Brian Boiromhe drove the proud invaders—the enemies of his country—before him into the sea, or strewn the surrounding shore with their lifeless bodies.

The Castle of Clontarf, it is commonly supposed was erected in the reign of Henry the Second, by the Netterville family, and was originally a commandery of the Knights Templars. It still retains from the introduction of Gothic windows, a semi-eccelesiastical appearance, and so far coincides with the character of that order; and although it has suffered considerably from the effects of modern improvement, yet its general character and the noble and venerable timber that surrounds it, impress it with the stamp of hoar antiquity; and the recollections associated with its name and former destination, make it an object of peculiar interest to the Irishman and antiquarian.

The village of Clontarf is situated two miles from Dublin, on the shores of the delightful bay. It consists chiefly of a long street, extending from the seashore to the castle, and forming a noble vista in front of that building. At a short distance was situated 'a royal charter school,' opened in 1749 for the reception of one hundred boys, but now closed forever; and the building, which was ornamented with a fine portico and pillars, tower, cupola, clock, &c., is now converted into private dwellings. Near the castle stands the church, erected on the site of a monastery founded A. D. 550; a neat, plain, modern structure; in the cemetery attached are several enclosed tombs, but no ancient inscriptions.

It was in the year 838 that the 'Northmen' first invaded this country. They entered the Liffey with a fleet of sixty sail, and took possession of Dublin. The *dubhgael*, (the 'dark strangers,') or Danes, possessed themselves of the southern parts, and the *flong-gael*, ('white strangers,') or Norwegians, extended themselves northward. Previous to their invasion this district was called *Bregbi*, and possessed by a people denominated the *Bregii*. In 896, Flanagan, king of *Bregbi*, was killed by the Danes. From thence up to the eleventh century Fingall was the scene of continual struggles between the Danes and the native Irish. It was reserved for the renowned monarch, Brian Boroinhe, on the memorable plains of Clontarf, in 1014, to break their power.

Of this celebrated conflict, in which Brian and his son lost their lives, it is unnecessary here to mention any of the particulars further than to state that it was occasioned by Maelmurry Mac Morrogh, son of Murchart, who usurped the crown of Leinster in the year 999, having in 1013, with the *Lageninians* and Danes, entered Meath and ravaged it. Maelseachlainn, in retaliation, set fire to the adjacent parts in Leinster, and ravaged Fingall as far as the Hill of Howth, where he was met and defeated by Maelmurry and Sitric, the Danish king of Dublin.

Brian marched from Munster to his assistance, and encamped at Kilmainham, where he remained from August to Christmas without bringing them to battle, and retired again to Munster, but returned in the following Lent, and passing by Finglass encamped at Clontarf, until Good Friday, 1014, when the battle took place on the plain at Clontarf. The result of this battle did not

immediately extinguish the Danish power in Ireland; for we find that in 1052, Maelnambo plundered Fingall, and burned the country from Dublin to a place named Albene. The Danes of Dublin made opposition, and a fierce engagement took place outside of the fortress of Dublin,* where many fell on both sides. Eachmarcash, son of Reginald, Lord of the Danes, fled across the sea, and Maelnambo assumed the lordship of the Danes.

In 1162 Mortough O'Loughlin plundered Fingall.† The early ecclesiastical establishments in this district, within the more immediate vicinity of Dublin, are St. Doolagh's, on the Malahide road, which is one of the most ancient churches in Ireland.‡ It was erected by St. Doulach or Dulech, an Irishman, son of Amalgad. It was anciently called *Clochar*.

In 665, the year of the great pestilence in Ireland, St. Malaga (Molua) had a church and religious establishment at a place called *Laon-benchaire*, in Fingall, near Dublin. It is conjectured the site was in the now townland of Clontarf, and within the demesne of Drumcondra house, the residence of William Stewart Hamilton § There is still in existence there the ruin of an old church, which tradition says was an abbey; but ancient ecclesiastical writings do not set forth any abbey in Fingall so near Dublin; with the exception of St. Mary's Abbey, near the Liffey. It is supposed to have been erected in 948 by the Danes, for Benedictine monks.

Baldoyle, Raheny, and Portrane were given to Christ Church, as appears by a document in the black book belonging to it, which runs thus:—'Sitricus, King of Dublin, son of Ableh, (Aulof), Earl of Dublin, gave to the Holy Trinity, and to Donatus, Bishop of Dublin, a place where the arches or vaults were founded, to build the church of the Holy Trinity on, together with following lands, viz., Balldulek, Rechen, and Portnahern, with their villans, cattle, and corn.' In 1014, Donatus was named bishop of this see.

* In a map of Dublin of 1610, 'Fiann's castle is shown at the verge of the Liffey, opposite Wood quay.

† Mortough was prince of Tyrone and monarch of Ireland, of the Hy-Nial line.

‡ Lanigan, iii. p. 329.

§ To this place we shall have occasion hereafter to allude more particularly.

Nos. 4 AND 5.—Owing to the great demand for the earlier numbers of our paper, we have entirely exhausted all our Nos. 4 and 5. We shall, as soon as we can complete the necessary arrangements, issue extra editions, and our numerous friends can rest assured that their wants will be supplied at the earliest possible moment.

Written for the Miscellany.
AN EXILE'S THOUGHTS.

BY MONONIA.

Away those thoughts which sway thy breast,
Thy weary, troubled soul be still,
And bid the wrathful tempest rest,
Which makes thy bosom chill.
Forgotten all those dreams should be,
Which bound thee once with magic chain;
Nor moan those times, when wildly free
Thou roamed thy native plain.
What though the hopes be blighted now,
Which once were warm, and gay and bright?
Though marks of sadness o'er thy brow
Have dimmed their rosy light!
You say you weep for joys long gone—
Your dearest friends you've left behind;
That you an exile here alone,
Nor peace nor rest can find.

You sigh, and long to live again
Those days of sweet and simple youth,
When naught you knew of care or pain,
But hope, and joy and truth.

An exile's lot is hard, 'tis true—
In crowds he still is all alone;
Though seems more fair his eyes may view,
No country does he own.

Still, still his yearning, longing thought
Transports him back unto that land,
Whose freedom he has ever sought
To win, with heart and hand.

Then live, and strive to work that end,
And labor on, unceasing ever,
Nor to base thoughts thy spirit bend,
But work, unite, despair—O never.

No! while this arm can wield a brand—
While freedom's fire yet burns in thee,
There still is hope, thy native land
A Nation yet may be.

From the Irish Literary Gazette.

THE TWO PATRIOTS.

There stood a blue-eyed, fair-haired boy
Beside his mother's knee,
His hands a goodly volume held—
'Twas Erin's history;
'Mamma, I'll read,' the youngster said,
'That famous tale of yore—'
How Brian broke the Danish yoke,
On Clontarf's sandy shore.

It must have been a glorious sight—
'It was my child,' quoth she,
'To view, with banners, swords and spears,
Old Erin's chivalry
In full career sweep proudly o'er
That memorable plain.
While wild and high arose the cry—
Death! death unto the Dane!

O but it was a gallant sight!
And yet a saddening one:
Though victory crowned King Brian's arms,
Alas! 'twas dearly won;
For in his tent where Brian sat—
Too old to join the strife—
Some coward hand, with murderous brand,
Bereft him of his life.'

'Base, cruel foes, mamma, they were,
The poor old king to kill,
If I had been a man and there,
His blood they should not spill.
To shield the aged monarch's life,
I would the wretches fight,
For scripture says that God always,
Mamma, defends the right.

But if my sword preserved the king,
How proud, mamma, I'd be,
When he before his warriors bold
Would praise my loyalty
Or if I failed his life to save,
I'll tell you what I'd do,
Then bravely I would fighting die
Along with King Boru.

I hope that they who murdered him
Did not unpunished go;
Rejoiced I'd be to hear, mamma,
The cowards were laid low.'

'His death, my child, was well avenged,
As well it ought to be,
For every Dane who was not slain
Did perish in the sea.

And Denmark did long, bitterly,
That bloody fight deplore;
Her bravest sons were strown that day
Like pebbles on the shore.
That morn they were a gallant host,
That eve a ghastly crowd,
The ocean's swell—their funeral knell,
The ocean waik—their shroud!

And now, my child, the story read,
The text I shall explain,
Well-pleased, I know, you'll be to hear
How Brian beat the Dane.
And centuries since have floated by
On Time's impetuous wave,
But Erin does not yet forget
The memory of the brave.'

The following 'Notes' are from the journal of a correspondent in Lowell, who recently visited his native country:—

Written for the Miscellany.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

BY J. E. F.

No. 1.—Blarney Castle.

On a warm day in last July, my fellow-tourist and the writer, left Cork to visit the far-famed Blarney Castle, a distance of four miles from the city. Before examining the castle, we were shown through the beautiful

— groves of Blarney
That are so charming;

and found them indeed all that the poet says. Here are many objects of curiosity, and among them the Druidical altars, and the witches stairs, the latter said to be natural, and the lucky visitor here is said, if he wishes while descending, to have his wish granted by the spirits of the witches who hover around them. If this is so, are not we lucky dogs? Leaving 'sweet Rockclose,' as it is more properly called, we crossed the road and summoned the old woman who kept the key of the castle to open its door, which by the way, is a curiosity, for there is scarcely an inch of it left whole from the constant cutting of names on it by visitors, and among the rest I noticed the name 'Millard Fillmore, Ex-President of the U. S.' The door opened—we rushed up the winding stairs, and stopped not until we reached the highest point; and here, carefully plastered round, is a flat stone, the world renowned 'Blarney stone,' so well known, owing to the legend, which gives to the person kissing it, a freer use of the tongue, (the softer sex have no need to kiss it.) If he happens to be a man, he has the privilege thereafter, of kissing whom he pleases. Bearing this in mind, we kissed the stone at least a dozen times, and I am of the opinion we left our mark on it, so hard was it 'smacked.' Cromwell, in his work of destroying the splendid castles of Ireland, seems to have visited Blarney. There are a number of parapets near the top of the castle, and his soldiers made a breach in one of these. This was in a tottering condition for many years, and its present owner, I believe, caused two iron bars to be fixed, to support the large stone that the parapet rests on. Many visitors seeing this stone, suppose it to be the real Blarney stone, and endanger their lives by kissing it, as the greater part of their body is above the castle, and their whole weight is on the breach. My companion, a Yankee, for fear of missing the right one, kissed this, and with all my Irish blood, when I got within an inch of it I gave it up. The rooms in the castle did not differ materially from others we had seen, so we did not stay long among them.

Upon coming out, the old woman who acted as cicerone, told us it was customary to kiss her, after kissing the Blarney stone. Here was a poser. The woman was over 40, ugly! and not a bit good looking, and we were asked to kiss her. This too, after all the bright visions we called to mind when kissing the stone, of pretty faces and rosy lips with whom hereafter we should have no trouble. However, we thought it might be ungallant in us not to go through the ordeal, but she generously forgave us the pittance if we would give her a shilling. Ye stars! here was luck. Money was never paid with greater zest than was that, and our tongues, which were never to be mute after rubbing them to the stone, could not find words to thank our cicerone. I would suggest to Mr. Jeffries, the owner of the castle, the propriety of having a younger woman for conductress, and then there would be less shillings!

[To be Continued.]

Written for the Irish Miscellany.

INK DROPS:

FROM THE PEN OF THE 'QUEER COVE.'

No. 7.—Shakespeare's Irishman—and 'such like.'

I say it, and with grief too, Mr. Editor, that few, very few, of that class of readers who call themselves Shakspearian Scholars, are aware that the 'great bard' numbers an Irishman among his characters, and yet, sir, such is the fact. As an excuse for these 'scholars,' I must say, however, that their knowledge of the works of the immortal William, are derived wholly from the acting editions,—jumbled up messes, hashed up for effect, by such individuals as Colley Cibber, who, according to Macaulay, 'mutilated the plays of two generations,'—and not from the unadulterated writings of the poet himself. Now if you say to one of these characters that Shakspeare wrote up an Irishman, what is the result; why, in the language of Dogberry, you are

'Writ down an ass.'

But let us look up our evidence. We will take the second scene of the third act of Henry 5th, before the besieged town of Harfleur, and extract:

'Gower. The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, 'i faith.

Fluellen. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheut, he is an ass, as in the 'orld; I will verily as much in his beard; he has no more directions in the true discipline of wars, look you, of the Roman discipline, than is a puppy dog.

Enter Macmorris and Jamy at a distance.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given over?

Mac. By Chris! I, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chris! save me, I, in an hour.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseach you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chris! save me, the day is hot. It is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach: and we talk and do nothing, and there is throats to be cut, and wars to be done.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? Isha villain, and a bastard, and a knave and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

There, most valiant Celt, let us, as the sailors say, 'put a stopper on our jaw.'

Now, although Mr. S. had a very poor opinion of the brogue, yet he had a high opinion of the qualities of this 'very valiant gentleman,' whose tongue was evidently in his sword, and who would much rather 'fight than talk,' a qualification directly opposite to that of the leek eating Taffy, Fluellen, whose only merit seemed to lay in disputations on the Roman wars.

Make a note of this, Mr. Editor, and give, at least one English author the credit of doing justice to an Irishman, in his valor and love of country.

—Fortified by 'tswi glass lager,' I, one evening last week, in company with a couple of Indian chiefs, Fi-hi-yah, the Old Dog, and Hoop-de-doodle-doo, the Mustang Colt, who are at present enjoying the hospitalities of the city, dropped into the various places of amusement, to note, as the Artful Dodger observes, 'what was up.' At the Boston, Charlotte Cushman was doing Meg Merrilies. Did you ever see her? No. Then let me give you my ideas of her performance, at the same time, giving you to understand that,

'I am nothing, if not critical.'

Well, sir, Charlotte's performance is unnatural and spasmodic. It is wonderful in its way, but seems to me to be like some of the late George Lip-pard's tales, composed entirely of exclamation points!! It is not the Meg of Sir Walter, but a creation of Miss Cushman's, and is just such a monster as a man might suppose to be after him, when he had been suffering with delirium tremens, 'for a few days.' The Old Dog said 'Old squaw scare all the papooses,' an opinion shared by the Mustang, and concurred in by myself. Still the performance was a great one, and I advise you to see it sometime and I think you will be of my opinion.

More lager—The Old Dog becometh excited and expresses a desire to 'stand certain parties on their heads'—a mode of amusement frequently indulged in on the prairies. Into the Howard, where jolly John Brougham dispenses his refreshing draughts of wit and wisdom. I am sorry to say that John does not believe in the advice of Hamlet to the players of 'speaking no more than is set down for him,' for he takes fearful liberties with his authors. Every actor who 'struts and frets his hour upon the stage,' is not the wit that Mr. Brougham is, and as a matter of course, falls far short of the first wit in the country in repartee. Do, Mr. Brougham, 'speak the speeches as they are set down,' and my word for it, pleasing and refreshing as they always are, your performances will give more universal satisfaction.

Large quantities of —. The Old Dog dancing the war dance, and the Mustang Colt in the gutter uttering a series of unintelligible grunts.

Into the Museum, where we always have the best performances in the city, and at a price within the reach of all. I see a bit of 'Speed the Plough,' with Harry Smith's inimitable 'Farmer Ashfield.' Leave with the crowd, and lose my aboriginal friends, who, I believe, are scraping acquaintance with a 'charley'—drop in somewhere and take my 'night-cap,' and bid good night to 'biting cares.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN, May 25th, 1858.

I take advantage of the departure of the Kangaroo, which sails to-morrow from Liverpool for New York, to inform you that John O'Connell is dead. Thus has departed another of the sons of the great O'Connell, not one of whom, with the exception of Maurice, were worthy of their illustrious sire. John O'Connell must have been about forty-eight years old. His death has come upon the community like a flash of electricity. We had not previously heard of his illness, and had no cause to suspect his sudden demise. But the Lord wills, and we must bow in humble submission to His divine will.

The Freeman's Journal says:—'On Sunday week he attended mass with the members of his family at Kingstown church. This was the last day Mr. O'Connell was out of his house, and on Monday he was attended by Drs. Trant and Kavanagh for an affection of the chest, resulting from a cold. In the course of the week his indisposition assumed a more serious character, and disease of the liver became apparent, but no alarm was excited until Sunday last, the day previous to his death, when symptoms of a dangerous character set in, and the attendant physician deemed

it necessary to call in Dr. Corrigan, who, we are informed, on examination pronounced the malady fatal. The melancholy intimation was communicated to him at once, and he received it with the resignation becoming a Christian. The Rev. Mr. Kavanagh was in close attendance upon him up to his death, which took place at six o'clock on Monday evening, surrounded by all the members of his family. His departure was marked by most perfect calmness, and he died apparently free from all suffering.

There was, perhaps, no living man who brought greater injuries upon his country than John O'Connell. The 'best beloved son' of the liberator, brought up a spoiled child, he soon gained a powerful ascendancy over the mind and actions of his great father. The unhappy secession of '47 was caused by him, and when O'Connell sent for Dr. Miley, the morning after the great meeting of the secessionists in the Dublin Rotunda, and gave him full powers to bring back 'young Ireland' upon its own terms, John O'Connell stepped in and declared he would have no union with them, and caused his father to take back the instructions given to the Rev. Dr.

Thus it was, that the fell demon of discord once more became dominant in our national party, and the arrogance of the son spurned the wise councils of the illustrious father. A short period elapsed and this would be leader of Ireland became a recruiting sergeant for England, receiving as his reward a snug berth in the Hanaper office.

He is gone; death marked him for his own; the truth of history requires this short notice of his betrayal of Ireland. I trust he is gone to another and a better world. May he rest in peace.

Turning from this melancholy and painful topic, I have to inform you that we are likely to have immediately a direct communication between the port of Galway and the great city of New York. A company of English merchants have undertaken the enterprise, and we are assured that a first class steamer will take her departure from Galway for the metropolis of the west about the middle of June, to be followed by other steamers of the same line. If this is correct, it will lead to important results, and confer great benefits upon our country, more especially on the western part of it. I have, however, my fears; I have a great dread of all English speculations in Ireland. It may be a 'ruse' to frighten the Cunard company and induce them to buy a number of steamers which cannot otherwise be disposed of. Besides, I would much rather have seen the enterprise brought to a successful issue by a company of Irishmen. The truth is, we have not yet learned sufficiently the great lesson of self-reliance. We have to be taught dependence upon ourselves, to put our own shoulders to the wheel and not call upon Hercules. There is sufficient capital in the county of Galway alone, lying in the hands of the people unproductive, to establish an Irish line of steamers between Galway and the United States, but we lack the energy and patriotism necessary to call it forth.

If Ireland wishes for freedom from British misrule, she is instructed to depend upon the quibble of a lawyer, or to wait until the 'French are on the sea.' Is any important commercial enterprise suggested, England is looked to, and our wealthy merchants and public men are not ashamed to go cringing and fawning at the ministerial crib for a few thousands of pounds, (which are always pocketed,) instead of putting their hands into their own pockets. After several efforts to establish this line by Irishmen, it was abandoned, and, I blush while I write it, Englishmen are now doing for the sake of gain that which neither patriotism or profit could induce us to do.

You have doubtless noticed in your Irish exchanges the case of the Mc Cormicks who were executed for the murder of Mr. Ellis. They died upon the scaffold, to the last moment protesting their innocence. Now I do not attach much importance to some of the dying statements of criminals, but I cannot believe that men, who, previous to their arrest, led irreproachable lives, who, for a long time previous to death were

attended by their clergy and received the sacraments of their church, will rush into the presence of their Maker with a lie upon their lips. The mystery surrounding their conviction is likely to be cleared up, as Burke, one of the informers, has been arrested in Liverpool, on a charge of perjury, and brought back here. Important developments are looked for, but these cannot bring back the Mc Cormicks to life.

DUBLIN, May 28, 1858.

In one of my previous letters I stated I was afraid that Ball, the Sadiettie candidate for the representation of Limerick, would not retire from the contest. I was mistaken; he has fled, disgracefully fled, ignominiously defeated by the 'city of the violated treaty.' His opponent Spaight, an honest, liberal Protestant, is elected triumphantly.

The scene at the hustings was rich. There was father Kenyon, the modern Junius who was proposed as a fit and proper person to represent Limerick in Parliament! This was done to give the Reverend Father a right to address the electors, which he otherwise would not have, not being an elector of the city. As a candidate then, he addressed them, and told them that if they elected him he would be most negligent of his duties, and that in fact he would stay at home. He next entered into the political character of 'Ball, the Catholic candidate, denouncing him as a traitor, compared him to Judge Keogh, a Catholic, who sentenced the McCormicks to be hung, after he had secured their conviction by an infamous charge to the jury, and said that Catholic interests would be safer in the hands of an honest Protestant, like Spaight, than in the hands of such swindlers as Ball, and Fitzgerald and Judge, alias Billy Keogh.

That sterling and incorruptible patriot, John O'Donnell, has worked night and day in bringing about this happy issue. He entered the breach almost alone, and nobly has he been sustained by the national priests and citizens of Limerick. All honor to John O'Donnell! All honor to the men of Limerick who preferred a Protestant patriot to a Catholic slave.

I wish to caution you against placing faith in telegraphic dispatches relative to affairs in India. Wait for the details of the news, and you will find them very different from the lightning dishes so carefully cooked for the British public. England's power is in a most critical position in India. Centuries of wrong are now bearing their legitimate fruits. She has sown the wind and is reaping the whirlwind. Sir Colin Campbell calls for 50,000 more troops, and they cannot be supplied. The rebellion is spreading and the troops are menaced in every quarter. A new chief has arisen among the Sepoys and has commenced a guerilla war. The British troops are marching and counter-marching, under a burning sun: the decrepit factory operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire, sent to fight England's battles in India, are melting before its terrible rays, like snow on the mountain-top.

The Russian fleet returning from the Baltic is to appear shortly in the English channel and harbor at Brest, on the northwest coast of France. The French fleet (singular coincidence, isn't it!) is to make a great display at the same time. England is alarmed and has given orders for her entire fleet to be put into the most active condition without delay, so she can have a grand naval review at the same time. What does this mean? Is she afraid of a naval coup d'etat on the part of her august 'ally' and her old Crimean enemy? Smith O'Brien has issued his tenth and last address to the people of Ireland, upon the topics on which he has of late addressed them. It is, in my opinion, the ablest paper he has issued and possesses more of that true patriotic fire which we had a right to expect from him than any of his former addresses.

AVONDHU.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June, 1858.

Editors of the Miscellany:—

Our evangelical brethren were startled recently, by the announcement that prayers and the use of the Bible had been interdicted in the public schools,

in District No. 3, North Providence. Such an event, they say, was entirely unlooked for, and deem it an arbitrary stretch of power to overthrow this Protestant usage; and, as a matter of course, charge it upon one of the Trustees, who is a Catholic. It appears that Catholic children have been punished for not sufficiently humbling themselves at these Protestant prayers, amongst the number was a child of Mr. John Treanor, one of the Trustees. This gentleman went to the school as a parent, (not as a Trustee) for a conference on the grievances complained of. He recommended that the cause of offence be removed, and the opinions of those who could not conscientiously conform to the regulations, be respected. The cause of offence was removed, and our evangelical friends grew furious, and talked much about the encroachments of 'popery' on the liberties of this Republic!

A meeting of the voters of the District, was held Monday evening, May 31st, pursuant to a call of the Trustees, for the purpose of taking a vote upon the question. Having disposed of the other special business before it, the subject of prayers and the use of the Bible, came up.

Mr. H. E. Dodge, moved that the whole subject be indefinitely postponed, on the ground that the District had nothing to do with the matter. That the regulations of the school in all particulars were in the hands of the school committee.

Mr. Philip B. Stiniss concurred in the remarks of Mr. Dodge, and hoped the whole matter might be suffered to drop.

The vote was then taken, and Mr. Dodge's motion passed, not a single person voting nay.

In this attack upon us, our enemies have signally failed to effect their purpose. The funniest of it is, that the parties who made the charges against Mr. Treanor, were ignorant whether prayers and the use of the Bible were interdicted in the school, or not. The member of the school committee who had the school under his charge was no wiser than the rest.

The General Assembly met at Newport last week, for the purpose of counting the votes for State Officers at the last annual election; for the election of the civil officers of the State for the ensuing year, and a U. S. Senator to succeed the Hon. Philip Allen, from the 4th of March next. The Hon. Henry B. Anthony was elected to that office.

As I do not intend to mingle in partizan politics, I shall draw no party lines, but speak independently of men and measures.

FRANK.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE IN NINETY-EIGHT.

Part 1.

Fifty-four years have now elapsed since the Irish rebellion in 1798, and though at that time I made no inquiry into the merits of the quarrel, and knew little of the actors in it, and cared nothing either for them or their motives, I have reason to remember the hot summer of that eventful year as if it were but yesterday. I was residing in my father's house, in Dame street, Dublin, and was an undergraduate of Trinity College, which I had entered in '97. In the city we heard little of the rebellion and its concomitant miseries, and I seldom spent a thought upon it, except when reminded of its existence by the sight of the various corps of yeomanry, which had been formed by the lawyers and other public bodies. Prisoners were occasionally dragged in by the military, and handed over to the tender mercies of Major Sirr, in the Castle, who dealt with them as to him might seem fitting.

'Poor devils' was the only exclamation either in pity, sympathy, or antipathy, which ever escaped me or my companions on meeting with them. Politics, I remember, I considered 'confounded humbug,' and 'uniting,' as forming a connection with any of the secret associations of the day was called, the height of

folly; but a good dance at an evening party I looked upon as a very serious business, which ought to be attended to in an earnest spirit.

My sisters were both older than myself, and were fully imbued with the half sentimental, half traitorous notions so ripe at the time, and watched every movement with painful anxiety, either from some vague feeling of romance, or the instinctive sympathy which most women feel for the weaker side in every quarrel. But I laughed at their notions, and lost no opportunity of heaping such ridicule as I had at command upon the 'patriotic' party. Once only were my feelings fairly roused to such a pitch, that I cursed the rebels in my heart, and wished them every one hanged, drawn and quartered, and that was on the memorable night in May, when the whole Protestant population of the city turned out in expectation of an attack from the south. I had been invited to a ball in Merriion square, but in consequence of the alarm it was postponed 'sine note.' Hinc illa lachryme.

I had an uncle living at Wicklow, about nine miles from the town of Rathdrum, upon a small landed property, most of which he farmed himself. He was an old man, and a widower, and his family consisted of one son and two daughters, who had been at school in the neighborhood of London for nearly three years; but after their mother's death, which had occurred but recently, they had remained at home.

Floating rumors of the beauty and accomplishments of my fair cousins had occasionally reached me through my sisters, with whom they corresponded. I remembered nothing of them myself, as I had not seen them for six years; but every one knows, and I knew, too, what a difference six years make in a girl who has already reached fourteen. From listening to conversation about them I at last began to join in it, and my interest was increasing day by day, when an invitation to spend the summer with them came from my uncle. Enamored as I was of the joys of a city life, I felt strongly disposed to accept of it. Not so my father, who feared to allow me to travel in the disturbed state of the country; but his glowing representations of the dangers of the way only roused my ardor, and I was already, in imagination, a victor over hosts of 'base lackey peasants,' whom I fancied myself leading captive to Grana Hall, and presenting to my cousins as the first fruits of my valor.

My uncle assured us that his neighborhood was still very peaceable, and, with true Orange fervor, expressed his conviction, that if any disturbances did arise, the loyal yeomanry of the neighborhood would put them down in a manner that would strike terror into the hearts of all evil-minded persons. Animated by these assurances, I redoubled my solicitations to my father for permission to set out; but when a letter from Lily, the younger of the two Misses Gilbert, expressed the warm desire which herself and her sister felt to see me, my importunity knew no bounds. I was not to be denied any longer.

'Well, Charles,' said my father, after a long controversy one evening, 'go, if you will; but if you are shot or hanged, don't blame me. We had better, however, give you as good a chance as possible, and as my friend, Captain Hudson is going down to the town of Wicklow, with a troop of dragoons, on Wednesday, I will drop him a note, and ask him to take you under his escort thus far.'

Nothing could have pleased me better. The following day was spent in practising the broadsword exercise in a hay-loft over the stables; I had no need for practice in pistol-firing; I could already snuff a candle at twelve paces. The night before my departure, I was charging, in dreams, in the ranks of the dragoons in a heady flight, scattering the rebel forces.

'Like thin clouds before a Biscay gale.'

and was highly complimented by Captain Hudson.

The eventful morning came. My portmanteau was sent over early, and placed on the military baggage-cart. At breakfast I was too excited to eat much, and my attention was, at all events, distracted by the innumerable messages which my sisters charged me to de-

liver, and one third of which I never did deliver, and cautions from my father as to how I was to demean myself on the way.

At last I started! I was mounted on a 'bit of blood' from my father's stables, a little bay mare, which we called 'the Lyanna,' an Irish word, meaning pet, or darling, and in truth, I loved her as my life. She was small—in fact, rather below the middle size, long in the body, and rather hollow in the back, with short symmetrical limbs, broad, but compact, though by no means clumsy hoofs, and possessed great width of chest. But it was in her head that I delighted; it was the perfection of symmetry, and was surmounted by small, delicate, silky ears, that were ever in motion. Her two large dark eyes beamed with almost human gentleness and docility. She was at this time about six years old. I am thus particular in describing, because, as will be seen presently, she played a prominent and important part in my tale.

Captain Hudson was a man of about fifty years of age, thirty of which he had spent in the field, in every part of the world. His iron-grey hair and moustache, bronzed features, calm but piercing grey eye, tall, erect and sinewy frame and a deep scar on his cheek, made him in appearance the beau-ideal of a veteran soldier of fortune. He had commenced his military career in the East Indies, and the only sparks of enthusiasm or deep feeling I ever noticed in his conversation, although he was a constant visitor at my father's house, was when he recounted the exploits of Clive, that marvellous man whose wondrous genius and daring made a handful of European soldiers more than a match for countless hosts of the fiercest chivalry of the east.

From India he had passed to America, and was there engaged during the whole of the war of independence, often wounded, twice made prisoner, and suffering at times incredible hardships from cold, hunger, and fatigue, but enduring all with a sort of phlegmatic indifference, as if the worst misfortune that could befall him was incidental to his profession, and consequently not to be complained of. He had received a collegiate education, and had been a fellow-student of my father's, and still retained a strong love for the Greek and Roman classics, the only tie that bound him to his youth, for all his relatives were dead many a year before his return to Europe. He had been very successful while at the university, and still devoted his leisure hours to study.

On arriving in Rathdrum we stopped for the night. The captain and I put up at the hotel, and the dragoons were billeted in various houses through the town. On the following morning he resumed his march to Wicklow, where he was to stay for a few days, and if all remained quiet he was to proceed to Hackestown, a small town on the confines of the counties of Wicklow and Carlow, there to await further orders. Grana Hall was but ten miles distant, in another direction, however, across the hills, so here we separated.

He advised me not to set out until the following day, when a corps of yeomanry would be marching part of the way, as the news had arrived a few days previously that a strong body of the rebels, under the command of Hilt, had passed Wicklow Gap, and were dispersed in small parties in the vicinity. I promised to abide by his instructions; but after an hour's wandering through the little town, then no better than a hamlet, I felt so lonely and dull, and withal so impatient to reach my journey's end, that I ordered my horse, and despite my landlord's warning and entreaties, set out alone, leaving directions to have my portmanteau sent on with the yeomanry. This was the commencement of my misfortunes.

For six miles I rode in safety across wild hills and romantic glens, the people on the wayside 'clamping' their turf, and moulding their potatoes, and the children sporting in the fields, or lounging at the cabin doors in the sun—the pictures of happiness and contentment. I began to think the rebellion was a sham, and all the stories I had heard about it were lies, and that in short there was no rebellion.

About mid-day I arrived at the village of Aughrim, in the midst of a barren district, surrounded by grim

hills, of savage aspect, thickly covered with grey rocks that looked stern and forbidding, as the hot sun gleamed fiercely upon them. Here I fed the Lyanna, and had a tumbler of whiskey-punch, an Irishman's beverage at all times and in all seasons. In summer he drinks it 'to keep out the hate,' and in winter 'to drive out the cold.' Thus fortified, we again proceeded. A crowd of the villagers assembled to see me start, observing me apparently with great curiosity, and I noticed that the women shook their heads and looked at me with a pitying expression of countenance—but nothing was said.

My road now lay along the banks of a mountain stream amidst the same wild uninteresting scenery, but after about two miles it turned abruptly at right angles into a wide and rather romantic glen. The hills on each side were well wooded, or covered with heather, and rose from the river's brink almost perpendicularly. The water boiled fiercely along amongst the huge boulder stones which from time to time had rolled down from the mountain side, and the willows along the bank leaned over, waving in the evening breeze, like a lover drinking in the music of his mistress' voice.

The road was cut in the side of the hill, and was full of windings, caused by the irregularities of the ground. The long arms of the mountain ash threw their shade across it, save where, here and there, the sun flung in a fostering ray upon green banks covered with bluebells and daisies. He was already sinking in the west, and his light, as it fell athwart the hill side, shed a golden hue on the tree tops beyond the stream, while the clear, rich notes of the blackbirds were gently wafted across through the balmy air. There was no extended prospect—I could at no point see more than ten yards in advance, on my right the hill rose perpendicularly; on my left was the river, more wood, and another steep ascent. It was exactly the time, the clime, and the spot for lovers to whisper their vows, or children to sport and gambol.

A sudden and rather steep incline brought the road almost on a level with the river, and at the bottom, the latter was spanned by a small rustic stone bridge, across which a sort of lane led up into the wood on the other side. Lounging in various attitudes at the corner, were five or six men; some smoking, but all armed, as I could see the steel gleaming in the sun, while still at some distance.

At the first moment of surprise, I felt considerably alarmed, and, I am free to confess, rather disposed to turn and fly. But further reflection convinced me that my safest course was to advance boldly, as if unconscious of danger, for if the objects of fear were friends, flight would make me ridiculous; if enemies, it would be useless, as one well-aimed ball would cut short my career long before I could reach the turn of the road. I rode on; a short thick-set man, with thin pale face, but rather intelligent features, and a black beard of at least a week's growth, advanced, armed with a musket and bayonet, and planted himself in the centre of the road, straight in my way, looking at me with the calm, imperturbable air of one who had a duty to perform, and meant to perform it, though it was a matter of no personal interest in the world to him.

This was encouraging; these are a yeomanry piquet, thought I, stationed here as a measure of precaution to examine all passers-by; but it's curious that they are not all in uniform—ah, perhaps it's not necessary unless at head quarters. It took but a second to console myself with reflections like these. I was roused by a peremptory order to stop. I pulled up; the party on the bridge stared at me in silence, while their companion seized the horse by the bridle, and said in a tone phlegmatic as his manner—

'Where are ye from, an' where are ye goin' to?'

'From Rathdrum last.'

'Ye'er an Orange-man!'

'No, I'm not; I know nothing and care nothing about orange or green.'

'Well, thin, it ill becomes a cunych that's nayther

wan thing nor t'other to be ridin so nate a baste, when honest min's thrampin on foot. An' if your nor an Orange yerself, ye belong to the breed, anyhow, for how the devil else would ye get into sich a nist o' Tory hanters as Ra'dhrum! 'Get down, I tell ye,' and suiting the action to the word, he pulled my left foot from the stirrup, and with a smart push, sent me sprawling on the road at the other side. I rose, covered with dust and boiling with rage. But what happened afterwards I must reserve for another chapter.

[Conclusion next week.]

DEATH OF HENRY VIII.—The termination of Henry VIII.'s existence had much in it which resembled the death of Herod and Tiberius. As with the Jewish and the Roman tyrants, his body had become, from his excesses, one mass of foul disease and putrid corruption, and like Herod, Henry was committing murder as he lay on his death bed. Herod, it is well known, beside having his son executed five days before he expired, ordered that the principal men of the Hebrew nation should be enclosed in the Hippodrome, and that, while he was giving up the ghost, they should be slaughtered, to ensure a general lamentation among his people when he was dead. How nearly similar was the conduct of Henry. Nine days before he breathed his last, he caused the barbarous execution of his relative, the gallant, gentle, Earl of Surrey, who ranks among the last ornaments of England's chivalry, and the first of her poets. The charge against Surrey was that he had quartered on his shield (as he had a perfect right to do,) the arms of Edward the Confessor. On the same accusation, Surrey's father, the Duke of Norfolk, the first man in the realm, was speedily attainted by an obsequious parliament, and the tyrant, while at the verge of his mortal agony, on the morning of his last day, issued orders that the aged duke should be beheaded. Providence, however, interfered to prevent both the ancient and the more modern accumulation of atrocity. The prisoners of the Hippodrome, and the inmate in the Tower, were alike rescued by the deaths of their respective oppressors.

The actual demise of Henry occurred thus. The king had lain for some time in mortal sickness, apparently unconscious and regardless of his immediate danger, but for several days all those near him plainly saw his end approaching. He was become so froward and fierce, that no one durst inform him of his condition; and as some persons during this reign had suffered as traitors for foretelling the king's death, every one was afraid lest, in the transports of his fury, he might, on this pretence, punish capitably the author of such friendly intelligence. At last Sir Anthony Denny ventured to disclose to him the fatal secret, exhorting him to prepare for the fate which was awaiting him, and advised him to send for Archbishop Cranmer. He heard the announcement with courage, though rather impatiently, and said, 'There is time enough yet, let me sleep awhile. When he awoke, he felt the grasp of death upon him; there was an end to further delay. 'I will have Cranmer now,' groaned the wretch; 'send a messenger for him.' When Cranmer came the king was speechless, but evidently still retained his senses. What a fearful sight it must have been for the archbishop to contemplate. There was his own work before him—the monarch whom he had served in all his lust and cruelty, whose blackest sins he had suggested, or, at least sustained with heavenly show—there he was, his regal patron, an object of horror, as the hand of God fell upon him.

Unvarying prosperity had attended Henry while living; his cup of vicious desires had overflowed the brim; all he wished he had, and yet look at him dying! The peasant, nay, the meanest of mankind—the very beggar whose soul might perhaps have to wing its flight from a dunghill—would have shrunk in terror from such royalty, coupled with such conclusion. No doubt Cranmer stood aghast at the spectacle. The prelate implored the king to give some sign of his dying in the faith of Christ; it is said that he squeezed

the archbishop's hand, but even this is a matter of doubt; he expired just as the exhortation fell from Cranmer's lips. And this was the end of a king, who had indeed never spared man in his anger, nor woman in his lust. He died in the fifty-sixth year of his reign; his life had been to himself one undeviating course of good fortune, which may be accounted for by the fearful consideration that crimes such as his are too heavy to meet with any earthly retribution. By his will Henry VIII. left money for masses to be said for delivering his soul from purgatory.

TASTE IN DRESS.—No female should despise studying dress as an art; by which we mean that exercise of taste and judgment which teaches what style and color of dress is most becoming to the figure, age, &c., and also what fashions and customs best blend and harmonise with each other. The following rules illustrating this subject may be confidently relied on advantageously applied. Short women should not wear flounces to their dresses, because the undue breadth which it gives to the lower part of the person tends to diminish its height. For the same reason they should not wear large check patterns or stripes running round the dress. Tall woman, as a matter of course, may wear their dresses on principles diametrically opposite to this. Stout women, should wear dark-colored dresses and simple patterns, as they diminish the apparent size of the figure; the skirts also should have few or no flounces, except where the figure is above ordinary height. Thin women should wear light-colored dresses, and patterns displaying breadth of design, such as large checks, broad stripe, &c.; flounces may also be freely adopted, as they serve to diminish the angles of the figure, and to impart a certain degree of roundness. Young women have a wide latitude allowed them for dress; gay colors and more fanciful styles may be indulged in, so long as they do not amount to over-dressing or unsuitableness. Elderly women should attire themselves in a neat, quiet manner; the materials of their dress should be substantial, the colors dark, and the designs small. Above all things they should avoid a juvenility of style, since, instead of making old people look younger, it has an immediately opposite effect, and only serves to bring out more prominently, and to contrast more painfully, the youth of the dress with the age of the wearer. Dark women look best in light colors, which supply a pleasing contrast to the complexion; or in yellow, which sheds a subdued violet hue favorable to brunettes. Fair women appear to the best advantage in black, on account of the contrast which is derived from it; or in light green, or sky blue, both of which colors possess the power of imparting to pale or fair complexions what are called complimentary tints.

The late Duke of Orleans, father of the last King of France, having been condemned to death by his associates, was guillotined at the same time with a number of minor culprits. His grace is said to have died with some courage; he, however, had no ambition for precedence; and, on the scaffold, pushed forward one of his unfortunate fellow sufferers—a fair dresser. The latter turned round, and perceiving who the distinguished individual was, that thus acted the part of usher, with a low bow and polite air, made way for the duke, saying, 'After you, my lord!'

A backwoods editor, edifying his readers with a description of a mammoth cherry, which had well nigh proved more than a match for his 'devil' and himself, concludes with a great 'flourish of trumpets,' by ejaculating, 'we defy the world besides, to produce a cherry measuring thirteen inches in 'circumstance.'

A philosopher, who married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call his wife 'Brown Sugar,' 'because,' he said, 'she was sweet, but unrefined.'

LITERATURE.

THE LIFE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, by Henry Bradford, A.M. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.; Boston: William Hickey, 128 Federal street.

This work cannot fail of being read by the Catholic community most extensively, giving us a true narrative of the life and labors of the illustrious St. Vincent De Paul, the founder of that holy order, which even the world looks upon with reverence—the Sisters of Charity.

During the war in the Crimea, the feat of Miss Nightingale, a wealthy English lady, who abandoned the pleasures and enjoyments of home, from feelings of patriotism, that she might minister to the wants of her country's soldiers, was made the theme of the most fulsome panegyrics by writers in prose and verse. Her name was upon every English speaking tongue, and laudations to her honor were incessant.

During all this time, a number of the pious Sisters of Charity were attending in the same hospital, dressing the wounds of the troops and performing not only with pleasure, but with love, the most menial offices for the sick and disabled; yet not a single newspaper recorded their praises, or held up their heroic deeds to the admiration of the world. Miss Nightingale left the world, as it were, for a time from patriotic motives. These pious ladies, many of them born in the lap of luxury—ladies of wealth, and rank and title, left it forever, for the love of God, that they may minister to the wants of suffering humanity. The life of their founder, his early struggles, his great difficulties, his final triumphs, are stranger than fiction.

THE CATHOLIC LIBRARY MAGAZINE, for May, published monthly by the Newburgh, N. Y., Catholic Library Association.

The pleasure with which we always take up this interesting and well-conducted serial, is this month much changed by the address to its 'subscribers,' from which we make the following extract:—

'We have published this serial through ten months of its second year, making regular cash payments of all its expenses, and two-thirds of our entire subscribers have not yet paid the trifling sum we demanded from them. We asked some months since, that all who wished to discontinue the Magazine would inform us of their desire, and it should be promptly effected. We have received such notice from about ten; the remainder, it is fair to suppose, wish to continue it. They doubtless intend also to pay for it, but instead of doing this promptly, they put it off from month to month. We must now reluctantly say, that unless our subscribers pay at once, we shall have to discontinue the publication.'

This is really too bad. The only true principle on which the publishers can hope to succeed, is the cash 'in advance' principle. Subscribers generally, have no idea of the vast outlay requisite to sustain even the monthly publication of a work like the Catholic Library Magazine, and ought to pay up instantly. We trust our contemporary's subscribers will do by him what is honest, and that he will be able to continue his useful labors in the field of journalism. We cannot afford to lose him. 'The harvest is plenty, and the laborers few.'

Many people fancy that a little fly is only little because it is young, and that it will grow in process of time to be as big as a blue-bottle. Now this idea is entirely wrong; for when an insect has once attained to its winged state it grows no more. All the growing and most part of the eating is done while in its previous state of life; and indeed, there are many insects which do not eat at all from the time they assume the chrysalis state, till they die.

DEATH SCENES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.—

Nelson, who in the arms of victory encountered the grasp of death, preserved to the latest period of his ebullient life, the same ardent and unwearied zeal for his country's glory that, throughout his career, had characterized his unmatched achievements. Repeatedly, and with fretful impatience, during the slow progress of his mortal agony, he demanded of his attendants 'whether the French admiral had struck his flag?' nor seemed to bestow upon his own hopeless condition a moment's consideration, until the glad tidings of triumph had been made known to him. The last words of the hero were, 'Anchor Hardy, anchor!' the very command which most precisely suited the circumstances of the moment, a proof of the tenacity with which, on the very brink of the grave, his unconquered and mighty spirit embraced all the duties of his position.

Dessaix, when he fell mortally wounded at the battle of Marengo, exclaimed: 'Go tell the First Consul that I die with the regret of not having yet achieved enough to entitle me to live in the estimation of posterity.'

The brave and gallant Duc d'Enghien, ignominiously massacred in the ditch of Vincennes, was summoned in the middle of the night to meet his fate. Upon observing the preparations for his execution, he exclaimed: 'Heaven be praised! I shall die a soldier's death!' Upon requesting to be allowed the spiritual ministrations of a clergyman, he was greeted with the insulting reply: 'Have you a mind to die like a capuchin? You want a priest! pshaw, they are all in bed at this time!' Without replying to this infamous speech, the unfortunate prince knelt down, prayed fervently for a few moments, and then rising exclaimed, 'Let us proceed.' When they were about to fire on him, he said to the gendarmes appointed to perform that duty, 'Now then my friends!' to which an insolent and ferocious voice rejoined, 'You have no friends here?' He who uttered this brutal gibe was Murat, who when meeting many years later, with a precisely similar fate, may have remembered with some feeling of compunctious visiting, having been present at the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. 'Spare my head, aim at my heart!' was the ex-king of Naples' own dying request.

When Marshal Ney was awakened on the morning of his death, by an officer who proceeded to read him his death warrant, which were enumerated all his titles, he remarked: 'Why not rather simply say Michael Ney, now a French soldier, and soon but a heap of dust.' Having performed all his religious duties, and taken an affecting leave of his family, he exclaimed, just before the moment of his execution, 'I declare, in the presence of God and man, that I have never been a traitor to my country. May my death render her happy! Long live France!' Refusing to have his eyes bandaged, he bared his breast, gave the word to fire, and fell.

The murdered Duc de Berri's chief concern, during the last hours of his life, seemed to be how he could bespeak mercy for his assassin. To the king, who visited him on his bed of death, he thus expressed himself: 'Let the man's life be spared, that I may die in peace; it will soothe my last moments! Uncle, I implore you to spare that man's life.'—The Metropolitan.

EDITORS.—A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or a poet—born, not made. Exercise and experience gives facility, but the qualification is innate, or is never manifested. On the London daily papers all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists and writers of travel, have been tried and nearly all have failed. We might say all; for after a display of brilliancy, brief but grand, they died out literally. Their resources were exhausted. 'I can,' said the late editor of the

Times to Moore, 'find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense.' The 'thunderers' in the times, therefore, have, so far as we know, been men of common sense. Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer and D'Israeli failed; Barnes, Sterling and Phillips succeeded. In England editors rarely write for their journals. They read, select, and 'cut out the work.' In this country, with a few exceptions, editors have not only to read, select and 'cut out work,' but do the writing too. On the whole, the American editors are the hardest writing men in the world.

MISCELLANEA.

The man that cannot control his temper is more to be pitied than ridiculed.

What kind of bands do young ladies like best? Ahem! Why husbands, to be sure.

What gentleman can, with any sense of propriety, ask a fat woman to lean on his arm?

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet—those he receives nearest his heart.

Whenever you see persecution, there is more than a probability that truth lies on the persecuted side.

A year of pleasure passes like a fleeting breeze; but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

A duel was fought in Mississippi last month by Mr. T. Knott and Mr. A. W. Shott. The result was that Knott was shot, and Shott was not.

A gentleman sat down to write a deed, and began, 'Know one woman by these presents.' 'You are wrong,' said a bystander, 'it should be, 'Know all men.' 'Very well,' answered the other, 'if one woman knows it, all men will soon know it, too.'

Being determined to introduce myself, I walked up, hat in hand, and said, with a respectful bow, 'Mr. Charles Lamb, I believe.' 'Ye-e-s,' said Lamb slowly, feeling and coaxing at the same time his short, thin, gray whiskers, 'yes, they call me Lamb, yet, but I am old enough to be a sheep.'

'Daddy,' said a young hopeful, 'let's go up to the nine pin alley and roll.'

'Roll! boy, what do you know about rolling?'

'Me know about it! Why, I can roll your darn'd old eyes out in less than ten minutes.'

Mr. P.'s daughter came running to her aunt one day saying, 'Aunt Kate, little Mattie has swallowed a button.' Seeing her terror, her aunt calmly replied, 'Well, what good will that do her?' Said the child very seriously, 'Not any good, as I can see, unless she swallows a button hole!'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

On Saturday, the 3d of July next, we shall present to each subscriber to the Irish Pictorial Miscellany, a splendid Lithographic Engraving, representing the glorious scene, which occurred shortly before the capture of Limerick, when General Sarsfield, who commanded the Irish horse, having learned that a large supply of heavy siege guns was on the way to the camp of the Prince of Orange, resolved to capture them. Crossing over the country by a difficult and circuitous route, so as to intercept the conveyance, he came up in front of it at Kilkennou, attacked William's troops, defeated them and compelled them to retreat before the Irish horse, leaving their artillery in the hands of Sarsfield.

Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the mountain passes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands. A train being laid, the spark was applied, and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William was shattered into innumerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to the great popularity of the gallant Sarsfield. The explosion shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

It is at the moment of the explosion of the English artillery which our artist has seized upon for the subject of his pencil.

This memorable event will be faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as we can learn to any of our Irish artists, and shall now have ample justice done it. It will make a beautiful picture. We shall present it to our readers on a sheet of fine drawing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

It will at once be seen that we cannot do this without a great outlay of capital. We expect to be reimbursed by a very large addition to our subscription list, as no person will be entitled to it who has not paid up before the 31 of July next one year's subscription in advance, dating from our first number.

Non subscribers will be supplied at \$1.50 for each plate. We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a 'picture gallery' worthy of the events we propose to commemorate. This will be the first of a series of NATIONAL PICTURES we propose presenting gratis to our regular subscribers the second picture of the series will be ready early in October, the subject of which is not yet decided on. We should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess old pictures of remarkable events in Irish history, or portraits of distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They shall be taken good care of, and returned.

Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually supersede the wretched daubs which are often met with.

Our arrangements for the first picture are almost completed. It will be absolutely necessary that we should know immediately the number of plates we shall want. Let our subscribers therefore, send in their subscriptions without delay, and be careful to give us their correct address. We shall not strictly ask any more copies than are ordered before the above date.

Will our friends of the press please notice this new feature in our publication, and we will take care that their publications are adorned with choice copies of this national picture.

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THE SWEET GIRLS OF ERIN.

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY E. J. LODER.

MODERATO.

1. Oh ! the sweet girls of E - rin, there's love in their smile, Which teaz - es the heart, yet enslaves it the while ; From their

eyes' jet-ty fringe their looks flash as bright As the planets above, thro' the man-tle of night. To their thoughts feel'ng lends its most

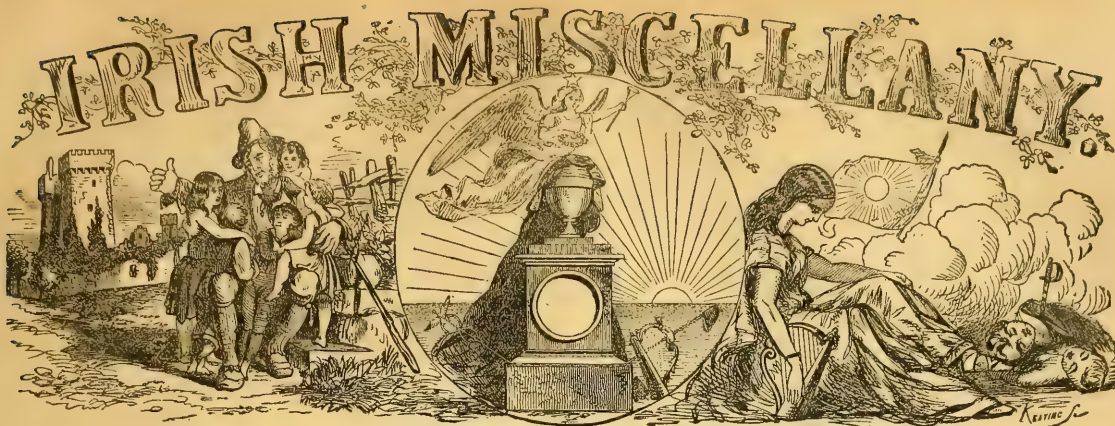
el - o - quent spell, And a glance more than words their deep passion will tell, For the charm that bestows so resistless a grace, Is the

soul that beams out from each beauti - ful face. Oh ! the sweet girls of Erin, there's love in their smile, Which teazes the heart, yet enslaves it the while.

2.

I have seen ruddier lips in a sunnier clime,
And eyes flash as bright, maids of Erin, as thine ;
But they wanted the spell which virtue bestows,
As the flower art bath painted, the sweets of the rose.

Then fair girls of Erin, let me roam where I will,
Your fond image shall dwell in my memory still ;
As the sun kisses all ere he sinks to his rest,
So my last wish is breathed to the maids of the west.
Oh ! the sweet girls of Erin, &c.



VOLUME I—NUMBER 20.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

Below, is a view of part of the south front of the Castle of Dublin, including what is called the Record Tower, which is now occupied by the records of Ulster King of Arms, those of the late parliament of Ireland, and of Birmingham tower. The range of apartments to the west of the Tower, are those of the Lord Lieutenant, looking to the castle garden and St. Patrick's Hall; at the end of which is the Birmingham tower, rebuilt by Lord Harecourt, the under part of which is the castle kitchen; the second floor, the Round Room, commonly called the Board of Green Cloth; and the room above is that formerly appropriated to the custody of the records of Birmingham Tower, now divided into sleeping apartments.

The road along from the chapel to Ship street gate, was formerly the castle ditch, which was form-

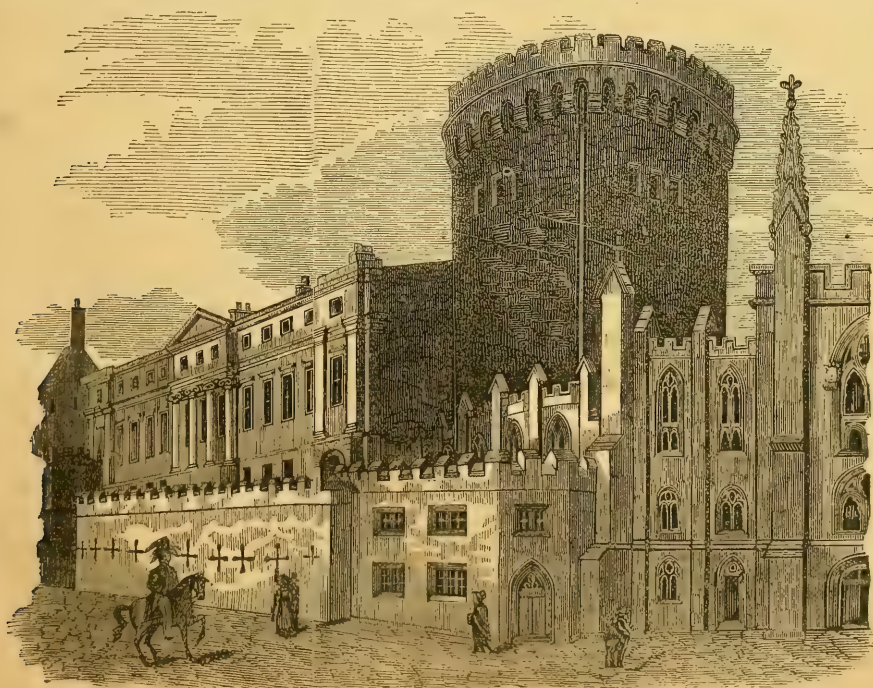
ed here by the Poddle river, on which, in the olden time, stood two water-mills, turned by that stream, which now runs underneath an arched passage, and at about the middle of the lower castle yard divides into two branches, one of which runs at the back of the houses, on the west side of Palace street, and the other along Palace street, down into the Liffey, where the old Custom House formerly stood.

The Record Tower was the dungeon or prison of the castle of Dublin, and was coeval with its foundation; the walls are of great thickness—it is built on a rock of black stone. It was formerly called the Ward tower, and in it, for upwards of five hundred years, were incarcerated all state prisoners. The last there confined, were Arthur O'Connor and his revolutionary companions, in the year 1791.

The history of the unfortunate imprisoned in this tower would supply materials for as many stories as

are to be found in the Arabian Nights', and many of them romantic in the extreme, of which we may occasionally afford our readers the means of judging. The story of Red Hugh O'Donnell, already published by Sir William Betham, and will be by us, is not a bad specimen. These memoirs cannot fail to excite much interest, as they will tend, to a considerable extent, to illustrate our ancient manners and history.

The tower has in more recent times been appropriated and fitted up for the safe custody of the records, which have little to complain of at present, being well attended and kept in good condition; and from their testimony we shall be enabled at some future time to speak of those prisoners, who, unfortunately, during former periods, pined away many solitary and unhappy years in those narrow and wretched apartments.



DUBLIN CASTLE—THE BIRMINGHAM TOWER

The Castle is situated on the highest ground, and nearly in the centre of the city. It is divided into two courts, the upper and the lower. The upper court, which contains the apartments of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, is a quadrangle, two hundred and eighty feet long by one hundred and thirty feet broad, with uniform buildings on every side. Over the principal entrance from Cork-hill, is an elegant statue of Justice, and over the other gate a statue of Fortitude. The Viceroy's apartments occupy the whole of the south side, and part of the east end; the remainder of the court being occupied by the apartments and offices of the Chief Secretary and various other officers of the household.

The grand approach to the viceregal apartments is a colonnade, at the termination of which is a handsome flight of steps, which leads to the yeomen's hall, and from thence to the presence-chamber, which is furnished with a throne and canopy, covered with crimson velvet, and richly ornamented with gold lace and carved-work, gilt. The object which attracts the greatest attention is the ball-room, or St. Patrick's hall, so called since the institution of the Order of Knights of St. Patrick. This noble room, which is eighty-two feet long, forty-one feet broad, and thirty-eight high, is decorated with some fine paintings, particularly the ceiling, the flat of which is divided into three compartments, an oblong rectangle at each end, and a circle in the middle. In one of the rectangles, St. Patrick is represented converting the Irish to Christianity; and in the other, Henry II. seated under a canopy receives the submission of the Irish chieftains. In the circle, his late Majesty King George III. is seen, supported by Liberty and Justice, while various allegorical representations allude to the happy effects resulting to this country from his auspicious reign. The cornice of the room is also richly painted. At either end is a gallery for the musicians and spectators.

The lower court, though larger, (being two hundred and fifty feet by two hundred and twenty,) is more irregular in form, and very inferior in appearance. On the north side are the Treasury, the Munster, Register, and Auditor-General's Offices. The Ordnance Office, which is a modern brick building, stands at the east end, where is also the arsenal, and an armory, containing arms for forty thousand men, with some cannon and mortars, besides guard-houses, riding-house, stables, &c. There is a small lawn, adorned with trees and shrubs, called the Castle garden, with which the vice-regal apartments communicate by a large flight of steps from the terrace before the garden front.

This building was first intended to be a fortress or citadel to secure the English interest in Ireland, and was deemed a place of considerable strength. The entrance from the city on the north side was by a draw-bridge, placed between two strong round towers from Castle street, the westward of which subsisted till the year 1776. A portcullis, armed with iron, between these towers, served as a second defence in case the bridge should be surprised by an enemy. A high curtain extended from the western tower to Cork tower, so called after the great Earl of Cork, who, in 1624, expended a considerable sum in the rebuilding of it. The wall was then continued of equal height until it joined Birmingham tower, the strongest and highest of the whole. This tower which was afterwards used as a prison for state criminals, was taken down in 1776, and the present building erected on the site, for preserving part of the ancient records of the kingdom. From this another high curtain extended to the Wardrobe tower, which served as a repository for the royal robe, the cap of maintenance, and the other furniture of state. From this tower the wall was carried to the North or Store house tower (now demolished,) near Dame's gate, and from thence it was continued

to the eastern gate-way tower, at the entrance of the Castle. This fortress was originally encompassed with a broad and deep moat, which has been long since filled up. There were two sally-ports in the wall, one towards Sheep (now Ship) street, which was closed up in 1663, by the Duke of Ormond, after the discovery of Jephson and Blood's conspiracy. The other, which afforded a passage to the back-yard and out-offices, north of the Wardrobe tower, remained till the curtain on that side was taken down to make room for a new pile of buildings, where the Council-chamber and a new range of offices for the secretaries stand.

The Castle of Dublin is generally supposed to have been commenced in 1205 by Meyler Fitzhenry, Lord Justice, natural son to king Henry II. and finished in 1220 by Henry de Loundres, Archbishop of Dublin, but did not become the royal seat of government until the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Previous to that period, the Chief Governors sometimes held their court in the Archbishop's Palace at St. Sepulchre's, sometimes at Thomas court, but more frequently at the Castle of Kilminalham. A tempest having damaged this house in 1559, Queen Elizabeth issued her mandate for preparing the Castle of Dublin for the reception of the Chief Governors; and the work was completed by Sir Henry Sidney in 1567, and from that period it has continued to be the town residence of the viceroy. The custody of the Castle was formerly entrusted to a constable, gentleman-porter, and a body of warders, consisting, previous to the invention of gunpowder, of archers and pikemen.

A guard of horse and foot, with regimental music, mounts at the Castle every morning, at 11 o'clock, in the same manner as at the Horse Guards in London.

Numerous interesting narratives might be collected relative to transactions which occurred from time to time within the precincts of the Castle of Dublin, of individuals, who, as state prisoners, were confined in its strong holds. There can be no doubt that sufficient materials exist for a work, fully as interesting as any of those published by Sir Walter Scott, in reference to the olden times of the sister kingdom, which have been perused by thousands with such interest and pleasure.

The following is an account of a judicial combat, being an appeal at arms to support the justice of a cause, which was decided in the presence of the Lords Justices, in the inner court of the Castle, at so comparatively recent a date as the 16th century:—

In the year 1583, Connor Mac Cormack O'Connor impeached Teig Mac Gilpatrick O'Connor, before the Lords Justices Adam Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin, and Sir Henry Wallon) and Council, for killing his men under protection. Teig, the defendant, pleaded that the appellant's men had, since they had taken protection, confederated with the rebel Cahir O'Connor, and, therefore, were also rebels, and that he was ready to maintain his plea by combat. The challenge being accepted by the appellant, all things were prepared to try the issue, and time and place appointed, according to precedents drawn from the laws of England in such cases. The weapons, being sword and target, were chosen by the defendant, and the next day appointed for the combat. The Lords Justices, the Judges, and Councilors, attended in places set apart for them, every man according to his rank, and most of the military officers, for the greater solemnity of the trial were present. The combatants were seated on two stools, one at each end of the inner court of the Castle. The Court being called, the appellant was led forward from his stool within the lists, stripped to his shirt, and searched by the Secretary of State, having no arms but his sword and target; and taking a corporal oath, that his quarrel was just, he made his reverence to the Lords Justices and the Court,

and then was conducted back to his stool. The same ceremony was observed as to the defendant. Then the pleadings were openly read, and the appellant was demanded, whether he would aver his appeal. Which he answering in the affirmative, the defendant was also asked, whether he would confess the action, or abide the trial of the same. He also answered, that he would aver his plea by the sword. The signal being given by the sound of trumpet, they began the combat with great resolution. The appellant received two wounds in his leg, and one in his eye, and thereupon attempted to close the defendant, who, being too strong for him, pummelled him till he loosened his murrion, and then with his own sword cut off his head, and on the point thereof presented it to the Lords Justices, and so his acquittal was recorded.

THE COUSINS.

Two brothers of the name of Sullivan, some years previous to the time at which our story commences, had quitted the North of Ireland to reside in the South. They were skillful, honest, and industrious; and the work of their hands naturally prospered. After the lapse of a few years they were universally looked upon as among the most substantial yeoman of the county, and were respected alike by rich and poor. Cornelius, the younger of the two, had established a bleach green, on the banks of the stream that turned the elder brother's mill. The bleacher's dwelling stood—always neatly white-washed, and surrounded by wild roses—at the bottom of a little dell, through which the clear water murmured and sparkled on its course; while the cottage of the miller was built by the mill-side. Corney had been blessed with only one child; and, without the aid of poetic imagination in any way, she might truly be pronounced a most interesting if not a beautiful girl; her childhood had been one of delicacy and suffering—and if the almost blighted bud did at last blossom, it still seemed unable to bear the cold breath of winter, or the scorching heat of summer; but Mary's kind parents shielded her alike from both, and she increased in loveliness and innocence beneath their roof, even as her own water-lilies were shaded and nourished by the moist and fostering bank on which it grew.

Mary's father, though an honest, industrious man, had no very exalted ideas of the necessity of giving a female education, and therefore saw no defect in his daughter, who was, to use his own phrase, 'as clean-skinned—as right-handed—as honest, and as pretty a woman, as you'd see in the country side.' Had it not been for the miller's son, her cousin Alick, I really think she never would have learned even to read; but Alick proved himself the very model of a tutor. The boy would sit, hour after hour, pointing with a crow-quill to the half legible words and letters of 'read-a-made-asy,' coaxing, explaining, entreating—but never even reproving his gentle little pupil. It was, however, astonishing how rapidly Mary improved when she could once get fairly through a book; she soon became teacher in her turn—would read aloud the Seven Champions, and the adventures of the robber Freney, with so much effect, when only thirteen, that Alick, who was three years older, absolutely began to deliberate whether he, in his own proper person, would become the eighth champion or Freney the second.

Alick had only one brother—an elder but not a wiser youth; for poor Walter—or, as he was usually called Watty—was considered so devoid of intellect as to be unable to render assistance to his father in any way; he was impatient of control, idle and restless; but shrewd withal, and often keen of speech—sometime as just as severe in his remarks; scrupulously honest, and full of truth; he loved wandering, and submitted to the restraint of a moderate quantity of clothes with evident reluctance;

had a deep, melodious voice, and in early boyhood, a deadly hatred to his brother—changed, however, by a simple circumstance into as strong an affection. The two youths were passing through a distant village where Alick had been sent to transact some business for his father; strange boys gathered round and mocked at Walter, who, with a wreath of scarlet poppies in his black and flowing curls, presented to their unholo feelings a fit subject for mirthful scorn; the color deepened on the cheek of the insulted lad, but before he could retaliate, Alick turned on the tormentors, and wielded a shillalah with so much spirit that they fled in all directions; one, however,—a cowardly, ill-conditioned fellow—suddenly turned, and directing a stone at the hero, felled him to the earth; in another moment Walter was bending over his brother, uttering the most piercing shrieks, and wringing his hands in bitter agony; the effects of the blow were merely stunning, but the afflicted youth never forgot Alick's interference in his behalf; he became troublesomely officious and affectionate, and would weep like an infant if reproved by him, or prevented from following wherever he went.

Alick and Mary were, from the circumstance of their birth and education, attached to each other with all that kind and cordial affection which can subsist between two delicate and sensitive minds. But there was another individual who never dreamed that Mary's heart was not her own, and who imagined that his claims would at once receive unquestioned submission. This was Stephen Cormack, the nephew of the parish priest. His character will be best appreciated by his conduct.

Mary and her cousin Jessie Armstrong, a good humored, thoughtless girl, who had been at a boarding school in Dublin, and of course knew the 'fashions,' strolled out one fine evening to take a walk, and—either by accident or otherwise—Alick joined them. This was not unobserved by Stephen Cormack, who happened to be in the neighborhood; and he followed, at some distance, though he did not seem in a particularly happy mood, for he swung his stick from side to side, and most industriously decapitated every plant and little shrub within his reach. As he passed under the branches of a lofty oak, and raised his arm for the purpose of destroying some scores of juvenile acorns that clustered above his head, his weapon of destruction was wrested from his hands, and, at the same moment, a wild and singular figure dropped from the branches. The man of the oak might have served as the model of Hercules; he had on neither shoes nor stockings, and his pantaloons hardly descended below his knees; a short, tight jacket was girded round his waist by a broad belt of untanned leather; his shirt collar was thrown open, displaying a brown but superbly moulded throat, on which a fine head was well and firmly set; he wore no hat, but his hair was bound with a scarlet handkerchief, that, tied at the side in a large knot, added to his picturesque appearance. Though there was much of wildness there was no indication of poverty about this wayward being; and as he laughed and bowed in mimic humility to the priest's nephew, a good deal of keen satiric humor played around his well-formed mouth, and danced in his large brown eyes, which in general were painfully lustreless to look upon.

'And had ye no better amusement this fine summer evening, Mr. Stephen,' he said at last, after many extraordinary contortions, and having deliberately broken the thick stick with his fingers, as if it were merely a hazel twig—'Had ye no better amusement than mooking about like an ill-contrived spirit, smashing and killing the sweet flowers, that the moonbeams kiss and the merry bees breakfast on? And then ye must attack the holy tree that the birds—the blue wood-queest, and my spotted lady-thrush—nestle in, and,' (he added in a low

tone) 'the good people themselves dance under, all the long summer nights! Go home, young man; keep the holy father's books, and attend to your duties; an Irishman should scorn to strike any thing that couldn't strike agin. Come, turn back, my tight chap, for I was just going to visit madam wood-queest's young family, when ye stopt me.'

'Is there a nest in the tree, in earnest, Watty?' enquired Stephen, looking up amid the branches; 'I can't see it!'

'Ye gawking gomeral!' said Watty, d'ye think the ould parents, that to my knowledge have brought up honestly nine nest-fulls of as pretty birds as ever stretched wing, would make a shew of their childre' to please you? The longer the wild animals live in the world the wiser they get—and that's more nor can be said of you or I, Mister Stephen.'

Stephen did not much relish the compliment; but he put his hand into his pocket, and extracting sixpence held it up before Watty, who he supposed had all the love of money that frequently characterizes those who, although endowed with quickness and susceptibility, are devoid of the stronger powers of reason.

'I'll give ye the sixpence, if you'll bring me the young birds,' said the tempter; 'and it'll be doing good, too, for the queests are the ruin of the corn fields. I won't hurt them,' he continued, seeing Walter's looks of distaste; 'I'll give them to your cousin, Miss Mary, as a present.'

'I'm jist thinking,' replied Walter, after a brief pause, as he folded his arms, and gazed, not angrily, but scornfully, upon the countenance of Stephen—'that ye're the very moral of Ould Nick, except that ye haven't his courage—he's a powerful deal of courage, that same cratur, as all must who go against God—ye're afraid of hurting y'er purty limbs and fine duds to go after the innocent birdeens themselves, so ye keep one of the devil's pocket-tokens, to tempt others to the mischief! Is it the corn they ate? And ye think a nest o' featherless birds, followed by the wails and the cries of their broken-hearted mother, a fit present to make a tender woman; and ye think, may-be, she'd love ye the better for having the heart to tear the childre' from the parents? Ba! ba! Mister Stephen.'

Without further query, or waiting an answer, he sprang into the tree; and as he mounted amid its highest branches, his full round voice trolled out the old song:—

'Lady I will give you the bells of Londonderry,
When you are sad, to ring, to make me merry,
If you'll be my true lover.'

'Sir, I'll not accept of the bells of Londonderry,
When I'm sad, to ring, to make me merry,
Nor will I be your true lover.'

'The wild nettle chap!' muttered Stephen, as he proceeded along the tangled pathway; 'the fellow's always stinging—he's more knave than fool; fine time he has of it, spying about the trees like the squirrel; the hares and birds know him so well, they'll hardly take the trouble to get out of his way!'

Stephen went on, but stopped to make observations as he perceived the party he was dodging seated on a bank.

'Mary! Alick!' exclaimed Jessie, 'as I live, yonder comes Mister Stephen—don't blush, now Mary! Come, Alick, you and I will run away, and leave the lovers to themselves, which is only manners, you know—as we say in Dublin.'

'Whatever you may say or do in Dublin, I don't know,' replied Mary, rising; 'but I take it very unkind in ye to trate me after that fashion; the young man is nothing to me beyant a neighbor's son—so behave, Jessie, if you please.'

'Behave, Jessie, if you please!' persisted the lively girl, mimicking Mary's serious manner—'an't I going to behave like an angel? Come, cousin Alick!'

and she seized the hand of Alick, who certainly did not seem disposed to move.

'Jessie! Alick!' exclaimed Mary, evidently much moved, 'Do not make me appear foolish! you know, Jessie, right well, that I have neither love nor liking for him.'

At this moment, Stephen, who had remarked that he was observed, joined them, which increased Mary's confusion, and Stephen's jealous eye discovered, that as cousin Alick's sparkling glance met hers, the deep, quick blush told unconsciously of more than cousin's love.

The party rose to return homeward, and when they came within sight of the Bleach House, Jessie, at a turn of the lane, relinquished Mary's arm; Stephen, lover-like, availed himself of the opportunity, and placed it within his.

'The path is too narrow for three, Stenie,' observed Alick, somewhat sharply.

'Walk behind or before, thin, if you like,' retorted the other quietly.

'I'll do neither the one nor the other,' replied Alick; 'but keep y'er own place, and make way for y'er betters.'

'I will, when I see them,' was the cutting reply. Mary pressed her cousin's arm to enjoin silence, but in vain.

'If the girls weren't here, I'd soon show ye the differ, for all ye carry y'er head so high—offering freedoms where they're not acceptable, Stephen Cormack!'

'Stephen! Alick!—for the sake of the holy saints!' exclaimed both girls at once—as the young men regarded each other with menacing looks.

'Whir—a-booo—boo!' shouted Walter, separating the thick and thorny furze hedge that bounded the pathway, and springing between the contending parties. 'What's the breeze now? and what are ye frightening my white lily for? And circling his cousin's waist with his arm, he waved a huge branch of oak over his head.

'Saint Stephen, if you offer to lay hands on Prince Alick, I'll make as nate a little cock-throw of ye, as ever Saint Patrick pitched at.'

'For mercy's sake!' said Mary—rousing all her strength for the effort, and disengaging herself from her wild cousin's support—'do not quarrel for nothing. I have known you both all my life, and I never asked favor from either; but promise me, Alick—Stephen—promise to forget this foolish—'

'To be sure they'll promise!' exclaimed Walter. 'Prince Alick will do it for—I know what; and Saint Stephen will do it for—' He seized Stephen by the back of the neck, and again waved his bough, laughing and singing:—

'Oh, brave King Brian! he knew the way
To keep the peace, and to make the hay;
For those who were bad, he knocked off their head,
And those who were worse, he killed them dead.'

'Oh, I'll promise,' said Stephen, doggedly, 'any thing to oblige Miss Mary Sullivan; not that I fear or care about a bit of a spree, more than any other boy living; it's fine exercise, and keeps a body in practice; only to oblige her——' He held out his hand, which Alick frankly took; and peace restored, they proceeded to the Bleach Green—Walter jumping and singing with evident glee, but continuing, at the same time, a cat-like inspection of the party.

'Come in, and take supper, Stephen; I see the potatoes are up, and my aunt promised us some beans and bacon, as a treat, to-night,' said the kind hearted miller's son; but Stephen declined, while Walter went to him, and, with a solemn look, pretended to brush something off his shoulder.

'The black boy sticks off a buz on ye, astore—wash him off, Stephen, when ye go home,' observed the half-witted creature, and then sprang over the rude palings that separated the green from the neat courtyard.

Stephen felt that Alick had a greater share of Mary's affections than he had before imagined; and like all persons of ungenerous dispositions, resolved to be revenged.

Leaving him to indulge his spleen, we can return to the Bleach Green. The events of the evening were visible in the agitation and reserved conduct of Mary and her cousin; the anxious inquiries of the parents were aided by the loquaciousness of Jessie; and after various preliminary observations and sage consultations—after adjusting all difficulties, which Alick, in his ardor, soon overcame, it was determined to get a Dispensation, and let the cousins be married as soon as possible.

The inmates of the Bleach House had long retired to rest, when Mrs. Sullivan started from her sleep, and shaking her husband violently, asked him if he had not heard a scream. Before he could reply, 'Father!—Father!' was shrieked—and, merciful Providence!—in Mary's voice. He rushed to his room door, and endeavored to force it open, but he strained every nerve in vain. Like many doors in Irish cabins, it opened from the outside; and it was evident that heavy pressure had been resorted to, to prevent its being pushed forward.

Again the mournful wail, 'Father!—Father!' burst upon his ear. He stormed in impotent rage—he conjured those without, by every holy and sacred tie, to let him go forth. He then bethought him of the little window that opened on the thatch. Alas! his head could hardly pass through the aperture. With frenzied eagerness he endeavored to tear out the casement, even as a maniac attempts to rive his fetters. At length he succeeded, and the mud wall crumbled beneath his hands. He listened—the affecting words were not repeated; within, the sound of footsteps had ceased, but suddenly without all was bustle; and as he renewed his exertions the tramp of horsemen came heavily upon his ear.

Again he flew to the door; it was unfastened; extended on the earthen floor of the kitchen, he beheld Jessie, in a state of perfect insensibility; he rushed to the fore-court; even the sound of the horses' hoofs had died in the distance; he sped to his brother's house; they were not long in coming to his assistance, and accompanied him, speedily to the plundered nest. His wife's state of mind may be better conceived than described, and the only account Jessie could give of the outrage was, that she was roused from her sleep by masked and armed men entering their chamber, and that, despite her efforts, they rolled a horseman's cloak round her cousin and dragged her forth.

To rouse the neighbors—saddle, spur, and away after the lawless plunderers, was the universal resolve. It may readily be believed that Alick was foremost in exertion, but the ruffians had anticipated pursuit. The saddles in the sheds, dignified by the name of stables, at both houses, were cut to pieces; and a brown farm-horse, with the exception of Alick's poney, the only good roadster in their possession was cruelly maimed.

The grey morning had almost dawned, before a party consisting of seven tolerably well-mounted and well-armed men, sallied forth in pursuit of the lost treasure. Various were the conjectures as to the probable authors of the abduction, and the course the miscreants had pursued. The Sullivans were silent on the former topic, but seemed to opine that Mary had been carried towards the very lawless neighborhood of Keenahan's wood.

Keenahan's wood showed darkly in the distance, as it crept up the Silvoath mountain, whose craggy top frowned amid the thin and fleecy clouds.

It was agreed that one of the party should take charge of the horses, while the others proceeded slowly and cautiously on foot, under cover of the wood. They could not expect any information from the beings who inhabited the dreary and dangerous district they now entered, as they were generally believed to subsist by plunder; for, in times of national tumult, suspicious persons always found shelter in the fastnesses of Silvoath, and many bloody acts of violence had been perpetrated under the dense trees.

A broad and brawling stream, occasionally bubbling and frothing over the impediments that huge stones and ledges presented to its impetuosity, divided the path (if the course they had pursued might be so called,) and formed an opening, where the air, relieved from its wearisome confinement, rushed in a swift, pure current over the waters. The banks, on the opposite side, were steep and dangerous. Huge masses of the mountain rock, round whose base the stream meandered, rose abruptly from the surface; some were fringed by the thorny drapery of the wild briar and ragged nettle; others were bleak and barren, and the sunbeams glittered on flints and portions of red granite, that, like many of the worldly, basked in the sun of prosperity, and yielded nothing in return.

The party followed the course of the mimic river, and the mountains grew higher and higher as they proceeded. The depth of the water, too, had evidently increased, probably owing to the late rains; for it washed over a rustic bridge, well known, in the district by the name of 'the friar's pass.'

Above this simple structure, that consisted of two huge trees tied together, a portion of the mountain jutted, and formed a semi arch of wild and singular beauty. Its summit was thickly imbedded in bright and shining moss, and its glittering greenery was a delightful relief to the eye that had so long dwelt on noisome weeds and rugged rocks.

While the little party were gazing on the fairy spot a loud shout thundered on their ears; for a moment they were petrified; and then involuntarily rushed to cross the bridge. Their progress, however, was arrested by the scene that presented itself, in what, as they gazed for a moment upon, appeared in mid air; Walter Sullivan—his black hair streaming like a pennon on the breeze—in eager pursuit of Stephen Cormack, who seemed anxious to gain the path that descended to the stream; but with another shout, or rather howl, Watty sprang on him, as the eagle would on a hawk, and both engaged in a fierce and desperate struggle.

Neither were armed, but the fearful effort for existence gave strength to Stephen's exertions. With the ferocity of tigers they clutched each other's throats, and, as they neared the edge, the half-maniac redoubled his exertions to throw his weaker antagonist over it. Alick and his father flew up the cliff. Nothing but the supernatural energy with which Walter was imbued could have saved Cormack's life. He had succeeded in loosening the hold upon his throat, and then, taking him round the waist as if he had been an infant, upheld him for a moment over the abyss, and hurled him forward; had he been pushed over, his doom must have been instant death; the pointed rocks would have mangled him into a thousand pieces; but the crime that would have attached to the hitherto 'harmless innocent,' was providentially prevented, and Stephen fell into the stream.

The combat I have taken so long to relate only occupied but a few seconds—before the worthless youth's associates in crime were able to effect a rescue.

How had Walter thus been able to rescue so providentially, the sweet girl from the grasp of the ruffians. He had slipped out of the house in a restless mood, a little before the abduction was made; and having come near one of the party in the dark, without being observed, saw enough to convince his untutored mind that all was not right. But so rapid were the motions of the gang, that Walter was totally unable, even though fleet of foot than they, to obstruct their designs by alarm or otherwise, until by a circuitous route, he came down suddenly upon them, as they were forcing his sweet cousin up the narrow and winding path. 'Conscience doth make cowards of us all,' when Walter rushed upon them, they thought they had been overtaken by the rescue party, which they were aware would muster before the morning dawn; but it was well for the poor fellow that his friends were so near, for in his eagerness to punish Stephen Cormack, the other ruffians recovered their surprise, and might have had little scruple in despatching him.

Mary was soon surrounded by her friends, for her father and the men who had taken the other road, joined them shortly after the rencontre had taken place.

Alick's poney was invaluable; the creature seemed to know its way by intuition, and had now the honor of carrying Mary. Alick guided the bridle, while her father supported her with his arm. Stephen's object had evidently been to force a marriage; and had the rescue been delayed a few minutes longer, his plan might have been successful.

Need we relate the result of this adventure? Stephen Cormack was never seen in that part of the country again; a dispensation was procured, and the happy and attached cousins were united, to the delight and happiness of all who knew and estimated their characters.

THE COMMON SEALS AND DEVICES OF THE VARIOUS MUNICIPAL BODIES OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal:—

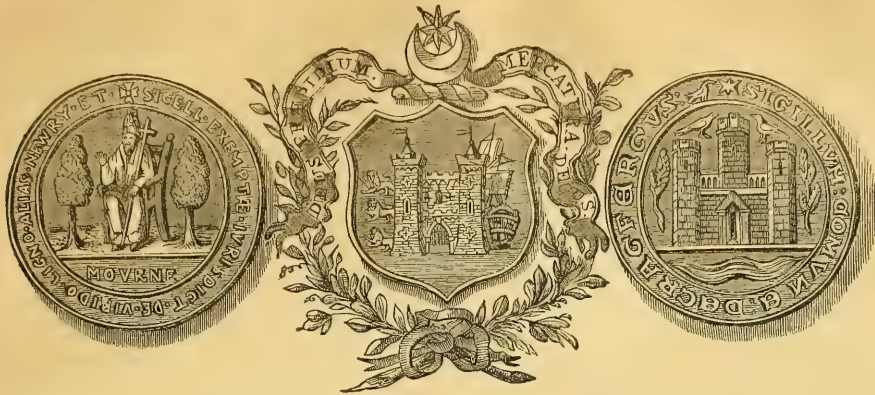
Sir,—The use of seals has from the earliest period formed the strongest evidence of civilization; we read of them in the history of almost every country, and under every dynasty; they form the strongest rivet in the social compact, and have been invariably used as the bond and sign of authenticity in the most important transactions between man and man; they speak a language that cannot be misunderstood, and not only represent the actual personal identity of the owners or users, but also their most firm resolves and determinations; and the affixing of the sigillum has been, and still is, the fiat of life or death, peace or war, affluence or poverty, honor or dishonor.

There is a class of this description, which, I believe, has never yet (at least in this country) been fully brought before the public, namely, the common seals or devices of the different corporations or communities in Ireland; the study of them is calculated not only to interest the enquiring mind, but also to throw much light on our history, and customs; and a regular collected series of them, I am convinced, would be highly acceptable to the antiquarian or virtuoso. The matter has occasionally occupied my attention, and your readers having been presented, in one or two instances, with copies of those of some of the ancient religious communities, I have ventured to take up the subject in a tangible form, and relying for assistance on the contributions of many of 'good men and true,' denizens, citizens, and freemen of the various cities, boroughs, and towns corporate of Ireland, I offer to my fellow-countrymen, through you, No. 1 of the Cabinet of National Seals and Devices.

It is reasonable to suppose, that at the period the charters, and consequently the arms and insignia of the different municipal bodies, were granted, the devices chosen or conferred were selected as applying in some measure to the character of the place or its relative importance in the commonwealth, and, in some instances to its local situation or history. We also observe that some of these seals consist only of a single device, while others are perfect emblazements of arms, with escutcheon, crest, motto, &c. Examples in point are here adduced, premising that, although it might be supposed the arms of the city of Dublin should occupy the first place, yet I am inclined to give the post of honor to the most ancient, and shall begin with that of the Lordship of Newry and Mourne, which jurisdiction presents the phenomenon in Irish history of a charter, conferred by an Irish monarch, still in force and still acted upon in its full primeval power and authority.

The seal of the Lordship of Newry and Mourne represents a mitred abbot in his albe, seated in a chair, and supported by two yew trees—the motto, 'Sigillum exempti Jurisdictionis de virido ligno, alias Newry et Mourne.'

Newry was anciently called by the several names of Monasterium Nevoracense; Jubh-chin-Traigh; in the barbarous Latin of the age, Monasterium de viridi Ligno; and in Irish, Na Juar, or Na Yur, signifying the



yew trees. A tradition exists to the effect that 'two large yew trees formerly grew within the precincts of the abbey, from which the place was called, in old English, the Newries. The accuracy of the tradition is singularly confirmed by the extract from the annals of the Four Masters, also quoted there, which records that, in the year 1162, 'the monastery of the monks of Nevry was burned with all its furniture and books, and also the yew trees, which St. Patrick himself had planted.'

The next I shall advert to are the arms of Drogheda, one of our oldest corporations, enjoying that distinction since the reign of King John, and held in such repute by the heads of the English power in the country, that the various chief governors, until the reign of Charles II., made it their occasional residence, and there performed many of the most important acts of their government. The arms are azure, a crenelated gate of two towers argent, portcullised sable, surmounted by pennons gules; on the dexter, a ship appearing to sail behind the gate, having St. George's ensign displayed over her stern—on the sinister, three lions of England, issuant or. Crest, on a wreath a crescent and star, argent, motto, 'Deus Præsidium Mercatura Decus.'

These arms are a strong evidence of the former strength and importance of this town; and point out the security afforded by its possession to the commerce of England, represented by the ship bearing her flag—

and to her military power, signified by the cognizance of their king—both equally secured and guarded by the embattled gate, which also points out the possession of this fortress as the key of the north, and the sallyport from which they might issue, to curb and restrain the province of Ulster, in which division of the kingdom the Country of Louth was formerly considered.

Of the crest, viz., the half moon and star, I cannot speak so clearly. The crescent was usually assumed by those who had distinguished themselves in the crusades—is now, in heraldry, the distinctive mark of the second branch of a family; but although we learn from ancient records, that the townsmen of Drogheda often distinguished themselves in the battle field in support of the English power, yet we never read that they, as a body,

'Tore the crescent from the impious Turk.'

On the other hand, it may refer to the influence of the moon on the tide, by which the commerce of this town is maintained and supported.

That this commerce was, from the earliest period, considerable, is incontestably proved by the motto, and long may the citizens of Drogheda have cause to say—

'God is our safeguard, and merchandise our glory.'

The last I shall on the present occasion instance, is the common seal of the county of the town of Carrickfergus, to which I am indebted to Mr. M'Skimin's

very valuable history of this town. This represents castle, crenelated and turreted, the base washed by the sea, with a palm branch on each side; the birds I take to be merely ornamental. This device refers entirely to the situation; for although Carrickfergus is undoubtedly a very ancient corporation, yet it was so exposed to the assaults and insults of an implacable enemy, that it never arrived at any particular importance. Mr. M'Skimin states, that it is said to have been incorporated by King John, and says, that as 'it is certain sheriffs were appointed in those counties and cities held by the English, by Henry II., who were confirmed by King John on his visit to Ireland, the 12th of his reign, some of those princes may have created it a county.' The sheriffality was held jointly with that of the county of Antrim. The most ancient patent existing respecting them, it is dated September 11th, 1326, the 20th of Edward II.; the words are—'The King to his beloved John de Athye, greeting. Know ye that we have committed to you the office of Sheriff of the Counties of Carrickfergus and Antrim to hold during pleasure.' In the Down Survey, it is called the 'County Palatine of Carrickfergus.' Counties Palatine were erected immediately after the conquest of the country by the English, and were endowed with 'great privileges,' in order that the inhabitants, who were 'subject to continual invasions,' might defend them against 'wild Irish.'

R. ARMSTRONG.

THE IRISH FIDDLER.

What a host of light-hearted associations are received by that living fountain of fun and frolic, an Irish fiddler! Everything connected with him is agreeable, pleasant, jolly. All his anecdotes, songs, jokes, stories and secrets, bring us back from the pressure and cares of life, to those happy days and nights when the heart was as light as the heel, and both beat time to the exhilarating sound of his fiddle.

In Ireland it is impossible, on looking through all classes of society, to find any individual so perfectly free from care, or, in stronger words, so completely happy, as the fiddler.

He is in truth a man whose lot in life is happily cast, and whose lines have fallen in pleasant places. The phase of life, which is presented to him, and in which he moves, is one of innocent mirth and harmless enjoyment. Marriages, weddings, dances and merry-makings of all descriptions, create the atmosphere of mirth and happiness which he ever breathes. With dark designs, the crimes and outrages of mankind, he has nothing to do and his light spirit is never depressed by their influence. Indeed, he may be said, with truth, to pass through none but the festivals of life, to hear nothing but mirth, to feel nothing but kindness, and to commu-



nicate nothing but happiness to all around him. He is at once the source and centre of all good and friendly feelings. By him the aged man forgets his years and is agreeably cheated back into youth; the laborer snatches a pleasant moment from his toil, and is happy; the care-worn ceases to remember the anxieties that press him down; the boy is enraptured with delight and the child is charmed with a pleasure that he feels to be wonderful. Surely such a man is important, as filling up with enjoyment so many of the painful phases in human misery. He is a thousand times better than a politician, and is a true philosopher without knowing it. Every man is his friend, unless it be a rival fiddler, and he is the friend of every man, with the same exception. Every house, too, every heart and every hand, is open to him; he never knows what it is to want a bed, a dinner or a shilling. Good heavens! what more than this can the cravings of a human heart desire? For my part, I do not know what others might aim at; but I am of opinion that in such a world as this, the highest proof of a wise man would be, a wish to live and die an Irish fiddler.

William Carleton.

The accompanying cut is from a drawing made expressly for the Miscellany, by W. J. Hennessy, Esq., of New York.

POPULAR LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH.

ST. LATERIN.

'When the slunshoe[†] appear in lonely dell,
And revels a life when mortals dream,
And wizards behold—but dare not tell
The spells that are wrought by haunted stream:

When the sheegee[‡] rolls its loding cloud,
And arrows unseen in vengeance fly;
When the voice of the keener is wild and loud
O'er the maiden that died by the evil eye:

When the art of the midwife fails to save
The young mother doomed to fairy fort;
When the traveller's lur'd beneath the wave,
Where Donall na Geela keeps his court:

What saves in the hour of fairy,
When goblins awake and gnomes have sway?
What scatters the ranks of the dread slunshoe,
That circle the midnight traveller's way?

Supreme o'er the spirits of earth and sea,
When blessed Laterin's name is spoken—
The Druid enchantments fade and flee,
And the spell of the midnight hour is broken.

Through regions remote extends her fame,
And many a clime and age can tell,
What pilgrims invoking her holy name,
Drank health at the flow of her sainted well.'

These lines are a literal translation of the fragment of a song, which rose to a wild and melancholy air amid the tombs and gravestones of Cullin, as I passed through that little village on a fine evening in autumn. The abrupt and irregular spirit of the original Irish, which I have vainly endeavored to preserve in these stanzas, the stillness of the evening air, the echoes of the holy ruins around, the voice where strength and wild sweetness blended, and which to a fanciful mind, would seem that of some supernatural being, (for this singer among the tombs remained unseen,) all conveying an impulse to my heart which the boasted art of a Catalini would fail of communicating. Alighting from my horse, I clambered over the stile into the churchyard, towards the quarter whence the voice proceeded, and discovered my supernatural vocalist in the person of a wild-looking country fellow of twenty-two, wearing a broad-brimmed hat made of that particular grass called thraneen, and equipped in a tight pair of sheepskin inexpressibles. He was stretched at full length along a grass-grown monument, and beat time with a formidable cligh-alpeen, to the music of his wild song on the time-worn slab that surmounted this ancient tomb.

I had travelled across the steep mountains, along the course of the river Arigin, and was anxious to procure the assistance of a smith, the horse on which I rode having left a fore-shoe in one of the deep swamps of Pobble O'Keefe—'Hillo, friend!' said I, 'have the kindness to direct me to the next smith's forge.'

He ceased his song at the sound of my voice, and seeing a well-dressed person before him, mechanically as it were, started on his legs and took off his broad leaved hat. I always detest that prostration of spirit which our peasantry too frequently betray, by doffing the caubeen to broad-cloth, without reference to the merit of the wearer, so I bid him be covered, with a rather bitter remark upon his meanness of deportment, that sent the glow of sensibility to tinge his deeply-embrowned cheek.

'Bless your soul, sir,' said he, upon repeating my interrogation respecting the smith's forge, 'from whence did you come to enquire for a forge at Cullin? Sure everybody knows that all the coals in Cork, and the bellowses o' Munster wouldn't hate iron after the curse of the blessed Laterin.'

'Who is blessed Laterin, and why did she give the curse?'

'O! its myself knows all about it—often an' many's the time I heered the Deerboght[‡] tell it to the strangers

* Slua-shee—Fairy host.

† Sheegee—Fairy tempest—those whirling eddies which raise dust, straw &c., and are supposed by the country people to be caused by the fairies.

‡ A Deerboght is an old woman that takes care of the well and shows others the manner of paying the rounds. She is supported by the donations of the pilgrims.

that ped rounds at the well forninst you there; but sure a poor spalpeen like me, saving your presence, aint fit to talk to a dacent jantleman about blessed saints and sich things.'

I took my seat on the old tomb, and bidding him sit beside me, encouraged him to proceed.

'Why, sir, long ago, when saints and monasteries were in vogue, three blessed sisters lived in this country, the eldest at Kilmee, the other at Drumtariff, and Laterin, the youngest, at Cullin. She kept in a skelp here where the ould walls of the church are, an' her business, night an' day was praying to God and curing all the six that were brought to her far an' near.'

Here he called my attention to a clear spring in a small meadow, contiguous to the churchyard. It was shaded by an ancient white thorn, which presented a strange appearance, every part of it being covered with threads of various colors, which were fastened to the branches by the numerous crowds that had fulfilled their votive pilgrimages to the well.

'That well, they say, sprung up to give her water; and when she wanted to cook the dinner, for she couldn't always be fasting and praying, she would bring the seed of the fire in the fould of her petticoat from the smith's forge, for the houses were very scarce at Cullin thin, by all accounts. The three blessed sisters visited each other wance a week; and the holy angels of heaven, honor and praise be to 'em, made a fine road one night from Kilmee to Cullen through Drumtariff, because the poor ladies wint barefooted, and the passage was full of wild brakes and deep quagmires.* After Laterin wint to heaven, the blessed well got great virtue from God in the cure of all disorders. The 24th of July is her pateron day, and, ma-vrone, thin the blind and the lame get their walk an' see here; sure it was only the last pateron that a poor disabled crather left thin' crutches there at the wall behind him, and galloped home on two good legs like a Mayboy.'

'But about the curse?'

'O! is it the curse you mane? Musha, you're right, sir, didn't I tell you afore, I have no gumption, and am a mere omadhaan at telling a story. Laterin, sir, was the youngest of her sisters, as I said a while ago, and, as they say, was a purty, tidy woman, considering a saint, and when she wanted a spark of fire, she always put the coal in her petticoat. The smith could not forbear noticing her legs, that for all her fasting were as smooth and white as ivory, but respect for she blessed saint kept him silent a long time. But one day as she put the living coal into her petticoat as usual to light her fire, the smith said, 'Laterin, you have a beautiful pair of legs.' The poor saint, who never thought of her beauty afore, looked down to see if the smith spoke the truth, when, God bless us! the petticoat caught fire, and her garments blazed about her. In her grief and lamentation for this fault, she prayed that Cullin might never again have a smith to tempt the innocent to sin, and though many made the attempt, no iron would redder in all the towmland from that day to this.'

I arose and pursued my way towards Mill street, and have only to add that I made close inquiry respecting this strange opinion, and found that though the place is well situated for a smithy, being a country village, and a place of much resort, having a chapel, a burying-ground, and some public houses; it is said that every attempt to carry on the smith's trade at Cullen has proved ineffectual, nor has any forge been seen there within living memory.

* The remains of an ancient paved way may be traced between the places—it extends to the distance of ten English miles.

A beggar in Dublin had been a long time besieging an old gouty, testy, limping gentleman, who crustily refused his mite. 'Ah, please your honor's honor,' said the mendicant, 'I wish your heart was as tender as your toes.'

ANECDOTES OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT OF HORSE.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.

Sir,—Taking a walk a few days ago towards the Phenix Park, I had the good fortune to see a cavalry regiment marching out to a review on the Fifteen Acres, and casting my eye on the staff of officers in front I was absolutely dazzled with the splendor of their attire, glowing with gold lace. Each seemed to me a representation of Plutus, the god of wealth, or of Mars, the god of war. Thinks I to myself, it is a pity that this millinery and brocade should ever be exposed to the rude shocks of war—surely such finery belongs more to the band-box than to the tented field! I was tempted forthwith to consider that such plummage does not belong to the eagle or the falcon, but to the popinjay, the peacock, and the cockatoo. But then I corrected myself, and assumed that these gallantries were only displayed in the piping time of peace—that these puppy youths were now reposing in the lap of their softer conquests, like Rinaldo in the gardens of Armida, or Achilles masquerading among the handmaids of Dëidamia. But still I could not help contrasting these gay trappings with the regimental accoutrements of my five grand uncles, whom, in my youth, I remember to have seen in the full costume of the Ligonier Guards, and which said accoutrements are kept with great veneration by an old bachelor relative. These old spoilia have a different cut and character from the golden gauds that decorate our modern chivalry. Why, sir, the old iron helmet, crested with red horse hair, would weigh down the head of one of our present striplings, while the basket-hilted Andrea Ferrara would sprain the wrist of a modern pretty officer. To be sure, my grand uncles were not sons of noblemen, who choose the army, 'pour passer le temps,' but sons of an Irish gentleman, who had nothing to give them but their swords, and thus sent them to win their way through the world, like true Irishmen, by fighting those whom they never saw before, and cutting away, right and left, all before them. They enlisted as privates in Lord Ligonier's Regiment of Black Horse, and in that boasted assemblage of 'gentlemen,' as their commander with pride termed them, they passed through the gradations of wounds and promotions, and shared fully in the dangers and 'hair-breadth 'scapes,' which entailed the only remaining one who came home alive, with his skull trepanned, to retire as a 'major.' In order to show the contrast between the cavalry of the present day and that of a century ago, I call your attention to a paper published in the Dublin Literary Gazette some time ago, which, as that periodical did not gain the circulation it deserved, you might give a place in your extensively read Journal. I believe it was furnished by that excellent Irish antiquarian, Mr. Hardiman.

His Majesty's fourth regiment of horse, commanded by Sir John Ligonier, continued upon the Irish establishment from the conclusion of Queen Anne's wars to the year 1742. This long period of thirty years, naturally brought the corps to be composed almost entirely of Irish, as I do not recollect at any time more than two or three private men in it of any other country. A regiment eminently distinguished at the revolution, and in the queen's wars under Marlborough, found no difficulty in recruiting. It was in general composed of the younger branches of ancient and respectable families, nor was it uncommon to give from twenty to thirty guineas for a trooper's place. In the summer of 1742, the regiment was ordered for foreign service, and so very unexpectedly, that the troop horses were taken up from grass, and the clothing of the men was in the last month of the period for which it was to be worn; under these disadvantageous circumstances was the regiment embarked for England, and upon their march for embarkation for Flanders, was reviewed without respite or preparation, at Hounslow, by the king, in the centre between the Oxford Blues and Pembroke's Horse, newly and completely appointed, and which had only marched from the

neighboring cantonments for that purpose. No wonder that there was a manifest disparity in the appearance of the corps, the meagre horses of the 'Blacks' being scarcely able to crawl under the raw-boned, half naked Hibernians who rode them. The old king, however, had judgment to discern the cause, and generosity to make the proper allowances, and wishing to afford their dejected colonel (who no doubt experienced not a little uneasiness on the occasion,) some consolation, he good-humoredly said,

'Ligonier, your men have the air of soldiers, despite of their clothes, their horses indeed look poorly—how is it!'

'Sir,' replied he, 'the men are Irish and gentlemen—the horses are English.'

The regiment shortly afterwards embarked for Germany, and in the ensuing campaign, in June, 1743, was one of the brigade of English cavalry at the battle of Dettingen. The army being surprised into action, and not having an opportunity of calling in their outposts, the regiment was but 180 strong in the field; after having sustained a very heavy cannonade from three batteries for an hour and forty minutes, they charged the French gendemerie, drawn up six deep to sustain the weight of British horse. From a failure of one of the flank regiments of the brigade, of which the enemy promptly took advantage, the regiment was surrounded and overpowered, and forced to fight their way back through the enemy, as the only means of preventing their total annihilation. In this charge the regiment had fifty-six men, and six officers killed and wounded,* making nearly one third of the whole. For the remainder of the campaign the regiment did duty but as one squadron.

Many had hitherto been the taunts and sneers which the two English regiments had thrown upon the Virgin Mary's Guards, (for so the Blacks were termed, being mostly all Roman Catholics,) but from this period the tables were turned, and St. Patrick protected the honor of his countrymen. Having served in that engagement in the 33rd Regiment of foot, (Johnston's) I had fortunately an opportunity of preserving the life of a French nobleman, and having occasion to fall into the rear of the line, to protect my prisoner, I came immediately behind the Blacks, and I then saw an old veteran corporal, and half a dozen comrades, who had fought through the enemy, and were literally covered with wounds; he addressed his companions with observing their present wretched condition, that they had begun the day well, and hoped they would end it so, and collecting this small squadron of heroes, they recharged the thickest of the enemy, and in a second of time not a man of the little band survived. Cornet Richardson, who carried a standard, received seven and thirty cuts and shots upon his body, and through his clothes, besides many on the standard, and being questioned how he contrived to save the colors, he observed, (like a true Hibernian,) that if the wood of the standard had not been made of iron, it would have been cut off. The regiment being provided with new standards the ensuing winter, each Cornet was presented with the particular standard he had himself carried, as an honorable testimony of his good behavior. In 1745, the Regiment was at the battle of Fontenoy, and on that field there was not a man or horse wanting of their full complement. One man indeed had been left at Brussels, wounded in a duel, but there having been brought up to the Regiment, in a number of recruits, one man more than was wanting, the General had ordered him to be kept at his own expense till a vacancy should happen, so that in reality the Regiment was by one man more than complete in its number. In this action there was a trooper in the regiment, named Stevenson, whose horse had been shot early in the morning. The regiment saw no more of him till next evening, that he joined them at Ath. The men of his troop insisted that he should give an account of himself; that he was unworthy of being a Ligonier,

and that he should not attempt to stay in the lines. Stephenson demanded a court-martial next day, it sat, and the man being questioned what he had to say in his justification, he produced Lieutenant Izard of the Welsh Fusiliers, who declared that on the morning of the action, the prisoner addressed him, told him that his horse being killed, he requested to have the honor of carrying a firelock under his command in the grenadiers, which was complied with; that through the whole of that day's action he kept close by him and behaved with uncommon intrepidity and conduct, and was one of nine grenadiers that he brought off the field. Stevenson was restored to his troop with honor, and next day the Duke presented him to a lieutenancy in the regiment in which he had behaved so well.

Quarter-master Jackson was the son of a quarter-master in the regiment. His father, not having the means of providing for him, the young fellow went on board a man-of-war in a fleet going to the Mediterranean. A party of the crew made a descent on the coast of Spain; this was in 1734. The party was surprised, and Jackson made prisoner by the Spaniards. In order to obtain his liberty from a gaol, after twelve months captivity, he enlisted in the Spanish army, and the year following, being in command on the coast of Spain, his party was surprised by the Moors; he was made prisoner, carried to Oran, in Barbary, and exhibited as a slave for sale; the English Consul seeing something in his appearance that made him suspect he was his countryman, spoke to him, and finding him a British subject, purchased him, brought him home to his house, and made him superintendent of his family. After some years, he obtained his discharge, returned to Ireland, and found his father still living. Lord Ligonier permitted the old man to resign his warrant to his son.

Some time after this, the regiment being upon Dublin duty, Jackson, in passing through the castle yard, observed a soldier standing sentinel at the gate, and perceived that as he walked by, the soldier turned his face from him as if to conceal himself. Jackson, returning to the barrack, found himself unusually distressed. He could not banish the idea of the same sentinel out of his mind; he had an anxiety that he could not account for or suppress, to know who he was, and going next morning to the castle, he waited the relief of the guard, and found the man that he wanted. Jackson addressed him, told him that his face was familiar to him, and begged to know where he had seen him before; in short, in this soldier, he found his protector, the Consul of Oran, who had redeemed him from slavery. The account that he gave of this extraordinary reverse of fortune, was, that shortly after they had parted, his affairs ran into confusion; he had out-run his allowance; had overdrawn, was recalled, and obliged to return to England, where upon his arrival he enlisted with the first recruiting party that he met, and now was a soldier with his fortune in his knapsack. Jackson made every return in power to his benefactor, obtained his discharge from the infantry, had him appointed a trooper in the Blacks, and shared his pay with him. But in the course of six months the unfortunate Consul died of brandy and a broken heart.

I returned with the regiment to Ireland, in March, 1747. From the time of their leaving Ireland, there never was an instance of a man's having deserted—there never was a man or horse belonging to it taken by the enemy, nor a man tried by a general court-martial. There were but six men who died a natural death, and there were thirty-seven men promoted to commissions.

REMARKABLE STORY OF A SEAL.—About forty years ago, a young seal was taken in Clew bay, and domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea shore. It grew apac, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the family. Its habits were innocent and gentle; it came at its master's call, and, as the old man described, was as fond as a dog, and as playful as a kitten. Daily he seal went out to fish, and after providing for its

own wants, frequently brought home a salmon or a turbot to his master. His delight was in summer to bask in the sun, and in winter to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, to creep into the large oven, which at that time formed a regular appendage to an Irish kitchen.

For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when a disease called in the country the crappawn, a paralytic affection which attacks the limbs of cattle, attacked some cattle belonging to its master. Some died, others became infected, and the customary cure failing, a wise woman was consulted, who assured the credulous owner that the mortality amongst the cows was occasioned by his retaining that unclean beast, the seal, in his habitation. It must be made away with immediately, or the crappawn would continue. The superstitious wretch consented to the hag's proposal, and the seal, put on board a boat, was carried out beyond Clare Island, and there committed to the deep. The boat returned, the family retired to rest, and the next morning the servant awoke his master, to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven! The poor animal had by night come back to his beloved home, and crept in through the window.

Next day another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now finally be removed. A Galway fishing boat was leaving Westport, on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him overboard until he had gone some leagues off the isle of Boffin. It was done—a day and night passed—the second evening closed—the servant was raking out the fire for the night—something scratched gently at the door—it must be the house dog—she opened it, and in came the seal, wearied with his long and unusual voyage. He testified by a peculiar cry his delight to find himself at home, and stretching himself by the glowing embers on the hearth, fell fast asleep. The master of the house was immediately apprised of the unexpected return, and in the exigency the beldame was awakened and consulted. She averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and then again committed to the waves. To this proposal the besotted wretch who owned the house consented, and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight, and next morning, writhing in agony, taken to the outside of Clare Island, and for the last time committed to the sea.

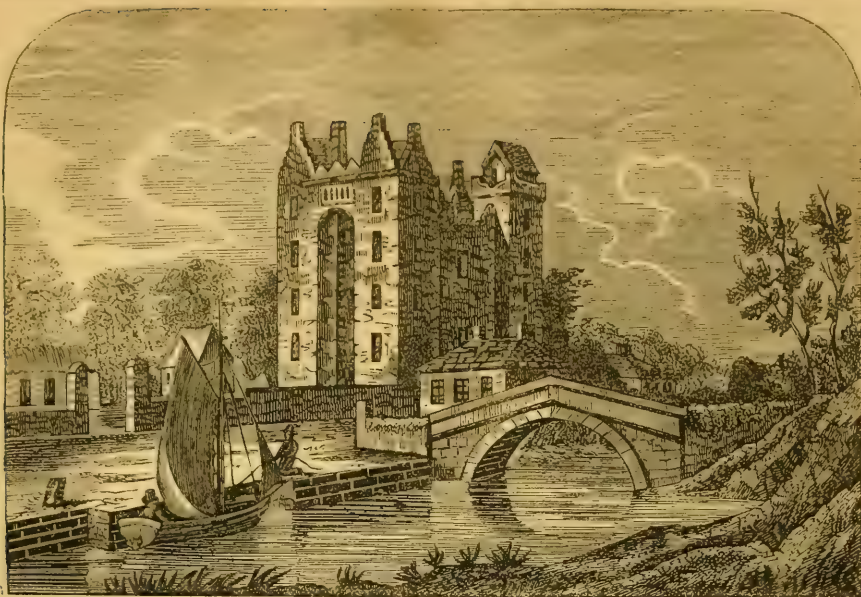
A week passed over, and things instead of better became worse. The cattle of the cruel wretch died fast, and the infernal hag gave him the pleasurable tidings that the visitation on his cattle exceeded her skill and care. On the eighth night of the seal's being committed to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise was heard at the door the servant concluded it was the Banshee had come to forewarn of approaching death, and they hid their heads in bed. When the morning broke, the door was opened, and the seal was found lying dead on the threshold!

The once plump animal was a mere skeleton. The poor beast had perished of hunger, being incapacitated from blindness to pursue its customary food. It was buried in a sandhill; and from that moment misfortune followed the perpetrator of the cruel deed. The old hag was hanged for murdering the illegitimate offspring of her own daughter—while everything about the man's house melted, as it were, away. His sheep rotted—his cattle died—his corn was blighted—and none of his children came to maturity. He survived everything he loved or cared for, and died not only miserable but blind!

It takes four things to make a thorough gentleman. You must be a gentleman in your principles, a gentleman in your tastes, a gentleman in your person, and a gentleman in your manners.

A wag, speaking of the embarkation of troops, said: 'Notwithstanding many of them leave blooming wives behind, they go away in transports.'

* Colonel Ligonier, Captains Stewart and Robinson, Lieutenant Cholmley, Cornet Richardson and Quarter Master Jackson; Robinson and Jackson died.



BUNRATTY CASTLE.

BUNRATTY CASTLE.

This once celebrated castle was situated on the Clare side of the river Shannon, a few miles distant from Limerick. From the remains of the castle, it appears to have been a strong square pile of massive architecture, and, like many other edifices of a similar kind, to have suffered much from various attacks of an enemy. In many places its walls have been deeply indented with cannon shot.

On the division of the conquered lands in Ireland among the Anglo-Norman invaders, the territory of Thomond, which comprised within its limits the present county of Clare, fell to the lot of Richard and Thomas de Clare, younger sons of the earl of Gloucester; with whom was joined Robert Muegros, as joint proprietor. Muegros obtained from Henry the Third, about the year 1250, the privilege of holding a market and fair at Bunratty, and in 1277, erected the original castle of Bunratty, near the banks of the Shannon; but in a short time he surrendered it to King Edward; who granted it, together with the whole territory of Thomond, to Richard de Clare, who made it his principal residence.

In 1305, the native Irish, jealous of the increasing power of their invaders, besieged de Clare in this fortress; but their undisciplined bravery, and the rude munitions of war, were unequal to the task of subduing the mural defences, and superior skill of their adversaries; and the Castle of Bunratty remained unvanquished. Nor were the Irish the only enemies de Clare had to contend with. The invaders were divided among themselves, and in the year 1311, Richard Burke, Earl of Ulster, commonly called the Red Earl, came with a great army to besiege him in Bunratty, but the invading forces were met by the valiant de Clare, and under its walls defeated with great slaughter; John, the son of Lord Walter de Lacie, and many others being slain, and Lord William Burke, and the Earl of Ulster himself, being among the prisoners.

The natural result of this state of unnatural contention and unceasing strife, speedily followed. Richard de Clare, although now victorious, was shortly afterwards slain; and the native Irish again taking courage, attacked the English settlers, drove them from their possessions, and in 1315 burnt the town of Bunratty to the ground.

It appears the castle held out for some time longer, for we find that, in 1327, the King had assigned to Robert de Wells, and Matilda his wife, one of the

heiresses of Thomas de Clare deceased, among other possessions, the Castle and lands of Bunratty; and had appointed Robert de Sutton constable of the castle, and guardian of the lands. The charge must have been considered of importance from the amount of the salary assigned; namely, £40 per annum and other appurtenances, a considerable sum in those days; but his endeavors to preserve his trust were ineffectual, for in the year 1332, the castle was taken and sacked by the Irish of Thomond.

Bunratty Castle was subsequently recovered, and re-edified, and became one of the principal seats of the Earls of Thomond, in whose possession it remained until the civil dissensions of the seventeenth century, when it became again the object of contention to the conflicting parties. In it the Earl of Thomond was closely besieged during the year 1642, and in 1649 it fell into the hands of the overwhelming Cromwell, in whose power it remained during the usurpation; and in it General Ludly resided for some time during the year 1653; the effects of these successive attacks are still visible, in the shattered appearance of the walls; and several cannon balls have been found about it, one of which weighed thirty-nine pounds.

Bunratty gives name to a barony and parish, in the diocese of Killaloe, is situated near the town of Mollack, and is distant from Dublin about ninety-seven miles.

THE BISHOP OF ROSS.—The Siege of Clonmel, in the year 1550, is one of the most memorable in the annals of Ireland. Hugh O'Neal, a spirited young man, with twelve hundred provincial troops maintained the town in so gallant a manner that Cromwell's temper, arts and military strength were fairly put to the test. Ormond, it is true, did everything in his power to succor the besieged, but with little effect, Boetius M'Eagan, (Baiothghalach M'Aodghagan, as it is written in Irish,) the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross, was particularly active in collecting, animating, and leading on the remains of the troops that Cromwell had put to flight in different engagements. This patriotic prelate, who might well be called the soul of his party, at length fell into the hands of Lord Broghill, one of the ablest of the parliamentary generals. His lordship knew the value of his captive, and prudently resolved to turn a man whom the fortune of war had thrown into his hands, to the greatest advantage. He knew that the influence of his prisoner over

the loyalists was unbounded, and that a few words from him would have more effect than all the artillery he had collected. His Lordship therefore offered him his life on condition that he would exercise his authority with the garrison of a fort called Carrickdrogid, near the field of battle. He promised to use his influence, and so he did, for being conducted to the fort he conjured the garrison, in the name of Heaven, their religion, love of country, and the spirits of those who had fallen in support of all that was dear to them, to maintain their post, and to bury themselves in its ruins, before they would yield it up to an implacable enemy. As soon as he had done, he turned around, looked on Lord Broghill with a smile of complacency, and desired to be led to the scaffold. He was accordingly executed on the branch of a tree, within view of the fort! Coxe, Leland, and other historians of Ireland, take notice of this circumstance with the cool indifference of an annalist; nor did they think it worth their labors to record even the name of a man who acted so gallantly from principle, and who nobly and undauntedly sealed the cause he espoused with his blood.

RAPIDITY OF PRINTING.—On the 7th of May, 1850, the Times newspaper and Supplement contained 72 columns, or 15,500 lines, made up of more than 1,000,000 pieces of type. Of the matter thus 'set up,' two-fifths were written, 'set' and corrected after seven o'clock in the evening. The Supplement was sent to press at 7:50 P. M.; the first form (page of type) at a quarter to five. On this occasion, 7,000 papers were published before a quarter past six, 21,000 before half-past seven, and 34,000 before a quarter to 9 A. M. The whole impression was thus printed in about four hours. In other words, there were printed one million and twenty thousand columns, of which the matter was unwritten at seven o'clock on the previous evening! The greatest number of copies printed in one day has been 54,000; and the greatest printing in one day's publication was on the 1st March, 1848, when the paper used weighed seven tons! The surface printed every night is stated to be over thirty acres. The weight of type in constant use is seven tons; and 110 compositors and 25 pressmen are constantly employed.

'A penny for your thoughts, madam,' said a gentleman to a pert beauty. 'They are not worth a farthing, sir,' she replied; 'I was thinking of you.'

NOS. 4 AND 5.—Owing to the great demand for the earlier numbers of our paper, we have entirely exhausted all our Nos. 4 and 5. We shall, as soon as we can complete the necessary arrangements, issue extra editions, and our numerous friends can rest assured that their wants will be supplied at the earliest possible moment.

Written for the Miscellany.
AWAKE ERIN'S WAR HARP.

BY MAOLMHAUDH.

Let the Sunburst of Erin wave proudly again,
Unruled from its bondage, unsullied by stain;
And then let the western wind wait o'er the sea;
To the Exiles,* these tidings—We strike to be free.
Awake Erin's war harp and let England see
That the sons of the Green-Isle dare strike to be free.

Shall Irishmen tamely submit to be slaves,
And live 'neath the rule of vile bigoted knaves?
No, no! when the war harp shall sound its alarms,
The sons of the Green Isle will stand to their arms.
Awake Erin's war harp and let England see
That the sons of the Green Isle dare strike to be free.

Up, up with our banner, for with it hope springs
From the depth of dependence, on liberty's wings;
Let her sweep o'er the Isle of the shamrock and song,
To cheer the faint hearted and make the weak strong.
Awake Erin's war harp and let England see
That the spirit of '98 still lives in thee.

Though the day star of freedom should sink into night,
And the flower of our nation should perish in flight;
Though the tyrants who rule us should double enchain
The Isle that we love, we will free it again.
Awake Erin's war harp and let England see
That the sons of Milesius† dare strike to be free.

* Meagher, Mitchell, McManus and the rest.

† Milesius, father of the Milesians.
Baraboo, Sauk county, Wis.

From the Dublin Celtic Union.

LEE MOUNT.

These wide spreading laurels that bend to the Lee,
How snugly they shelter my Mary and me!
Now May brings her showers of white blossoms to view,
And bathes the green sod in a noontide of dew;
The red-breast builds here on this moss-covered mound;
Here purple, and yellow and white shrubs abound;
Here wavelets glide by, with a murmur of glee,
At foot of my cot, in this bend of the Lee!
Oh! white is the bosom of Mary Macree!
And round is the form of my Mary Macree!
And low is her voice, and her song sweet and free
As chaunt of the red-breast that sings to the Lee!

The cottage fire guiding my pathway at night—
The sparkling faggot, so cheery and bright—
The round robin here, on this bank by the Lee—
All speak to my heart of my Mary Macree!
The star that falls back of the dark heaving cloud
Cares less for the love of the star gazing crowd;
The flower that breathes sweetest where dark shadows be—
My Star—and my Flower—my Mary Macree!
Oh! white is the bosom of Mary Macree!
And round is the form of my Mary Macree!
And low is her voice, and her song sweet and free
As chaunt of the red-breast that sings to the Lee!

And here are the kind words embosomed in truth;
The downy cheeks bright with the blushes of youth;
The footstep, as light as these soft summer showers
Which gleam through the sunshine and freshen the flowers.
The bud of the daisy, all crimson and white,
The strawberry blushing, half hid from the sight,
The trout, seeking shades in the clear-flowing Lee,
All speak to my heart of my Mary Macree!
Oh! white is the bosom of Mary Macree!
And round is the form of my Mary Macree!
And low is her voice, and her song sweet and free
As chaunt of the red-breast that sings to the Lee!

Written for the Miscellany.
NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.
BY J. E. F.

No. 2.—Environs of Cork.

Our first visit to-day was to the Botanic Garden, or, as it is more properly called, 'Father Mathew's Cemetery.' This is said to be the prettiest cemetery in the world, with the exception of Pere le Chaise in Paris; and, with Greenwood and Mount Auburn in America, fresh in my memory, with their many beauties, I must say this surpasses them. There is one fault, however, with this, and that is, the bad state of repair in which the paths are kept, the visitor sometimes being uncertain as to whether he is on the path or heedlessly treading on

the grave of some loved one beneath, so thick are the walks overgrown with weeds.

This cemetery was purchased by Father Mathew, out of his private purse, for the Catholic citizens of Cork, and laid out under his supervision. His own grave stands in the centre, surmounted by a simple cross, with only his name and age inscribed on a plain slab. There were several persons here, who, barheaded and barefooted, were taking the pledge over the grave of the Apostle of Temperance, and surely he who kneels here and pledges himself, with the Divine assistance, to refrain from using intoxicating drinks, will have the approving smile of Father Mathew on high. There is a handsome monument to his brother, a sea-captain, who died off the coast of Africa, and a neat and costly monument to Father Mathew's secretary, Thomas McKenna, who died in 1846. There are many pretty epitaphs here, but I have only room for the following, but whether original or not, I cannot say:

'If to fulfil the duties of our state
Makes us both truly good and nobly great;
If modest worth and virtue form the man,
Then bright and stainless the career be ran.
Yet such was he who now lies 'neath this sod,
An honest man, the noblest work of God.*

Leaving these palaces of the dead, we returned to the city, and took the train for Passage, four miles distant, and then crossed over in the steamer to Cove, or as it has been called since Her Majesty landed there, Queenstown. Opposite here, is Spike Island, used as a convict station for some years, and where Mitchel was at one time imprisoned. There is a gorgeous hotel in Queenstown—the 'Royal Victoria,' its flunky owner giving it that title, because, forsooth, Queen Vic condescended to tarry beneath its roof.

Seeing flaming handbills about the streets, giving notice that the 'Royal Alice' steamer, with a band on board, would make an excursion down the harbor, we procured tickets and jumped aboard, and were soon streaming it down below Queenstown, passing two British men-of-war, with their grim looking cannons peeping from the port holes. Our steamer was gaily decked out with flags and streamers innumerable, but the 'stars and stripes' the flag of the free—was not among them. However, that ship yonder has it flying from her mizenmast. All eyes were directed towards the proudest flag that ever waved, the 'stars' to guide her onward, and the 'stripes' for the castigation of her enemies. My Yankee friend left me, and whispered in the ear of the leader of the band, when lo! 'Hail Columbia' and 'Yankee Doodle' were pealed forth in spirit stirring strains, and I think they must have found an echo in many an Irish heart on board the 'Royal Alice.' After a delay of about an hour at Crosshaven, where they landed us in order to eat our cold dinner, (if we had any) the steamer started off and ascended the mouth of the Carrigaline river; and here the scenery equals, if not surpasses Killarney. Both sides are thickly wooded, and the steamer passes quite close to the shore on either side. Returning, we ascended the mouth of

'The pleasant waters of the river Lee.'

The entrance to Cork is said to be the most picturesque in the world, and certainly, if a stranger first lands there, he will be impressed with a good opinion of 'the dear little Isle.' There are many splendid mansions on both sides of the Lee, but it is needless to particularise them. The steamer landed us at the foot of St. Patrick street at 6 P.M., and after a dinner at the 'Globe' we visited the Cork barracks, said to be the best in the United Kingdom. The walls are all covered with pictures of dashing dragoons on horseback and 'bold soldier boys' decorated with medals, coupled with strong

* The last line is borrowed from the fourth book of Pope's 'Essay on Man.' The preceding lines, however, are doubtless original.—Ed. I. M.

inducements to take the 'Saxon shilling,' but not a word is said about sending them to India to be shot down by the revengeful Sepoys; to whom I say—success attend you.

[To be Continued.]

¶ The following is the first of a series of papers written for the Miscellany by an accomplished writer. They will be found interesting as they proceed. This it will be seen, is merely introductory.

WALKS AND TALKS.

BY VERNON.

'As I walked by myself,
I talked to myself,
And thus myself said to me.'

Here, in the pleasant city of Washington, the serene seat of the Senate, and, at the same time, the tumultuous hive of the House, I have walked and talked for sundry years, indeed ever since that memorable period of the world's history when I first acquired those accomplishments. Therefore, though the City of Congress hath great extent, (at least on the map thereof,) it may be supposed that I have seen and said much about it. And now it appears to me that some of these things may interest the States. I commission you to deliver them. For Washington is the child of the Union, and, as better known, will be better loved. Moreover, a love of the 'little one' is often the strongest bond of matrimony.

'And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands'—and walk.

First to the Capitol, of course. A crowd is hurrying in that direction. We may be in time to witness the adjournment of Congress. Do not stop to examine Pennsylvania Avenue, the Broadway of the city, though it would give you pleasure to do so, for the world has no street so grand—but, with eyes intent on yonder height, where stands the temple of Freedom, in its unfinished condition appearing like a ruin of old Rome,—let us pass right on—through the beautiful garden now, now up the steep steps, and now into the Hall of Representatives. Ha! you are weary, you are nearly breathless! We have climbed, indeed; we are far above every roof of the city. But here, the gallery extends its cushioned seats. Rest, rest; and gaze on the glorious architecture around, and on the animated scene below. The light enters only from the ceiling, which is nearly all of glass, emblazoned with the coat-of-arms of each state. Rich colors and gold glow and glitter there: rich colors and gold cast back the glow and glitter from every wall. From every wall the penciled scenes of our noble history and the marble-immortals of the Revolution, will soon appear, as panels and niches shall reveal the genius of Art. This gorgeous Hall, though now incomplete, is full of promise of unprecedented beauty. Those who condemn it, as gaudy, speak too soon. Let them wait the perfected work. This much is at once evident: that it is thoroughly lighted and ventilated, cool in summer and warm in winter; that the Members can be seen and heard; and that convenience and luxury are found. Listen now—it requires no effort—nor any to speak. Every word comes to us as distinctly as if we were in our own small parlor. The only effort at this moment, is not to hear, for the jubilant Congress sends forth shout after shout, as the announcement is made that 'the House is now adjourned!' Desks are put in order, or disorder; the great red-cushioned chairs are wheeled back; friends are exchanging kind wishes and farewells, and all is like the joyous confusion of a school dismissed, with charming anticipations of the holiday. Go again to your homes, ye chosen of the land, and bear within your hearts evermore to be guarded sacredly, the good feeling, the respect, the love which your mingling here has taught ye; and, in your turn, teach others friend-

ship and charity; that we are brothers; and that 'in union there is strength.' So ends the session of Congress.

And so must end our walk and talk of to-day. There is much I would show you, much I would say to you, yet, even on the subject now before us; but we must take the advice of an anonymous philosopher, and 'wait a week.' Thus far is scarcely an introduction. The curtain has risen but a little; you have had merely a glance at the scene. Not the first act is over. Ere the end I trust your interest will be excited, your fancy pleased, your admiration secured; and, here and there, a profitable thought be captured, which like a sweet bird, shall sing to you pleasantly many a day, and nestle on your breast through many a night of happy dreams. Farewell.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTRE DAME, ST. JOSEPH'S Co., Ia.

Editors of the Miscellany:—

Gentlemen, In the prospectus of the first number of the Irish Miscellany that fortuitously came into my hands, I was glad to see that one of the principal objects of your Miscellany was to place before the American public another side of that picture at which it has so long looked with scorn and contempt; to place before the public that side which has been and is maliciously and wantonly concealed from the view by the enemies of our creed and our race; to place, in a word, before the numerous readers of our country, Ireland and the Irish, in a literary point of view, and thus effect at one and the same time, the admirable results of counteracting the libellous circulation, that Ireland is a land of slaves, and the Irish an ignorant and besotted race, and of showing many an unhappy youth, who, otherwise, on account of his ignorance of the contrary truths, might be tempted, as many others have been, to deny his country and his race. Since the perusal of that prospectus, I have been a constant, and I flatter myself, a very attentive, reader of the Irish Miscellany, and it is with more than ordinary satisfaction, gentlemen, that I am able to say in strictest truth and justice, that you have worthily adhered to your object. And it is with the conviction that your columns are always open for matter, in how unworthy soever a garb it may present itself, that will tend to stem the current of prejudice against every thing Irish, that I undertake to give you a brief account of a recent celebration, prepared chiefly by Irish youth, or youth at least of Irish descent, at which it was my very great happiness to be present.

On the 3d of June, by special invitation from the members of the St. Aloysius Nocturnal Adoration and Archconfraternity Societies of the University of Notre Dame, I found myself in company with a most social collection of youths, on my way to the sylvan scene where the social board was laid. Through pleasant paths and delightful foliage, we arrived at the destined place, where we were met by the Rev. Clergy and Faculty of the University. A moment after our arrival, all being invited to their places, we were hailed by a lively and delightful air from the College Brass Band. Seated at the festive board, so neatly and tastefully arranged, we were supplied with a variety of viands that would almost seem to border on prodigality, and so orderly and tastefully was this part of the entertainment conducted that it reflects the highest credit on the young gentlemen of the committee. Having partaken with the utmost satisfaction of this charming repast, the scene was enlivened by another air from the band, after which the toast-master arose and read the following toasts:—

1st—Notre Dame. Music.

The Very Rev. Superior was called upon to respond but declining the honor, called upon Prof. G. Jones, who, in a brief discourse, graphically portrayed the feeble beginning, the almost incredibly rapid growth, and the present eminence of that institution, a toast to which he felt proud and honored to respond. You behold, said the learned professor, on the opposite

bank of yonder lake, the sight of a small log hut, not much larger than an Indian wigwam; there it was that the present University of Notre Dame was nursed; there it was that fifteen winters ago a small colony of Holy Cross first arrived with frozen feet; there it was on that snow-covered spot, whose whiteness was a fit emblem of the purity of her under whose patronage it was placed, that it first took its rise, and from which not only against the persecutions of enemies, but what is more cruel, more treacherous, the oppositions and contradictions of false friends, it has arisen to that eminence—to that distinction which it holds in the estimation of a patronizing public. The learned professor concluded by thanking the Very Rev. Superior for the honor he had conferred upon him, and took his seat amidst a loud and hearty applause.

2d—The Church. Music.

Responded to by Rev. F. Granger, S. S. C., a pathetic, and very happy discourse.

3d. The American Hierarchy. Music.

Responded to briefly and worthily by Rev. F. Gilispie, S. S. C.

4th—The Flag of our Union. Music—The Star Spangled Banner.

Prof. Jones was called upon to respond to this toast, which he did in a masterly and patriotic manner.

5th—The Hoosier State. Music.

Responded to by Mr. G. A. Goldsberry.

6th—The American Press. Music.

Responded to by Mr. W. H. Drapier.

7th—Classical Literature. Music.

Responded to by Prof. A. B. Downing, LL.D., in a learned and lengthy discourse.

8th—Eloquence. Music.

Responded to by Mr. John Collins, a youth of very promising abilities.

9th—Civil and Religious Liberty. Music.

Responded to by Father J. Dillon.

To give you, gentlemen, a more lengthened detail of the intellectual treat, a mere skeleton only, of which is presented in the foregoing, would afford me intense pleasure; and would, I have no doubt, be interesting and instructive to many of your numerous and intelligent readers, for the responses were replete with matter the most interesting and instructive. From being more lengthy, however, I am deterred by the fear that I have already trespassed too long on your kind indulgence. Suffice it then, to say, in the words of one of the learned guests: 'I have attended many celebrations, and scarcely with any have I been better pleased, with none more edified.'

The fact, gentlemen, that the foregoing details might be interesting to your readers, suggested itself to my mind, and for this reason, that in the same Journal wherein is graphically portrayed the learning, the genius, the patriotism of Irishmen of other days; that there, also, they may see and read with pleasure, that in a land where Irish is synonymous with anything but what is honorable, there are youths—Irish youths—preparing themselves to walk worthily in the honorable foot-prints of their immortal ancestors. M.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE IN NINETY-EIGHT.

Part 2.

I found myself tramping on foot through a wild mountainous district, within half an hour after the occurrence described at the close of my last chapter. I was surrounded by the party who had so abruptly arrested my progress—the leader, who was styled by his companions Tom Hackett, being mounted on my mare, and maintaining a rigid silence. With the exception of occasional remarks upon the state of the roads, and the genealogy and worldly wealth of the farmers on the road along which they were marching, little was said by any of them. Immediately after my ignominious overthrow, my pockets

had been rifled of their contents, and, amongst other things, of letters from my father to Mr. Gilbert, in which the conduct and character of the rebels was commented upon in no very favorable terms. This discovery, though I was unable at that time to perceive its importance in relation to my own prospects, was anything but agreeable, as it led to my being set down as a spy and deceiver, and liable to all the consequences which such a character entails upon him who is found bearing it in a time of war. That weary night stamped itself too truly on my memory ever to be forgotten. I think we must have tramped on at least twenty miles along rough mountain roads, stormy and precipitous, my thin town boots torn, my feet blistered and bleeding, and my bones aching with fatigue. Once or twice we stopped at cabins on the way-side; the inmates were rudely roused, and compelled to furnish us with food which they had at command, and this, with copious draughts of whiskey and water, partially supported my faltering strength. When the sun began to peep above the horizon, I was blindfolded, and after another half hour's march, the bandage was taken off, and I found myself at the door of a long, low-lying thatched farm-house, with a huge yard, containing a heap of manure of almost equal size in front. Three or four men were sleeping upon stone benches by the wall, and raising themselves up at the noise made by the opening of the door, lay down again to snore, upon the leader of our party exclaiming, 'Fair an' aisy goes far in a day.'

Upon entering, I was detained a moment in the walled-off passage, which in most Irish farm-houses shields the fire from the draught of the door, whilst one of my captors went forward into the room. I could hear a conversation carried on for a few minutes in a low tone, and then a loud stern, order:—

'Bring him in.'

'Yis, giniral,' was the reply; and rounding the corner, I found myself face to face with the famous 'General' Holt, or as he was better known, 'Giniral Hoult.'

He glanced carelessly at me for a moment, and then drew aside his coat tails, and stood with his back to the fire. I was struck upon the instant by the tremendous energy in his lips, and the sharp, piercing glance of his grey eye. He was not above the middle height, but the exquisite symmetry of his limbs, displayed fully by tight fitting buckskin breeches and top-boots, the breadth of his chest, and the lofty and commanding air with which his head was perched upon his shoulders, gave him all the dignity which one generally connects with six feet and a half. A green coat and epaulettes, a cocked hat and feather, and a heavy broadsword, made up the sum of his equipments. A small table with writing materials stood in the corner of the room. A few muskets and pikes were piled on a table near the lower end of the room, and on the stairs, chairs, and a settle, some dozen men were lounging wearily.

'What's your name?' said he, eyeing me sternly for a few moments. I gave it.

'Where d'ye come from?'

'Dublin.'

'An' where wor ye going to?'

'To Mr. Gilbert's.'

'An who wrote this letter?' pointing to my despatches, which lay open on the table.

'My father.'

'Well,' striking the table, 'you'll never carry any more letters for him nor any one else, and nather will ould Gilbert resave any. Ye'll die the death of a thrasher this very evenin. Take him away.'

I was forthwith dragged away, and confined in a sort of garret, on the first and only floor of which the house could boast, except the ground one. The heat, as the sun rose and shone fiercely on the roof, was stifling. After several hours of painful anxiety and horrid misgivings, my breakfast was brought me by a young woman, very fat, and very ruddy, but anything

but handsome. She was coarse and deeply pock-marked, but there was a kindly beam to her eye which made my spirits rise for the moment. There was no guard upon my room except the locking of the door, but I was effectually secured, from the fact that there was no window, save a small one through which I could hardly drag my leg. I ventured to open up a conversation with her whilst she was placing my meal, consisting of mutton chops, a little too much done, upon the top of a chest, which, with a bed, formed the only furniture of the room. 'Don't be cast down, alyanna bawn,' said she, using a freedom which my extreme youth made excusable; 'but bore a hole in the thatch and run along the roof o' the house, and ye'll find yer little horse tied to a three at the far end of the grove, at sunsit this evenin'. The road to Grana Hall is straight up the hill, and ride for your life, for the boys is goin to burn it over the old masher's head this very night. Don't make a noise, an' ye'll be all safe. Sure they're drinkin' an' carousin' below like wild bastards.'

She ran out and locked the door without giving me time for an answer. Towards afternoon, however, instead of thinking of making my escape, I was in momentary expectation to be dragged forth to execution, but by the sounds of merriment proceeding from the kitchen, I concluded I had been forgotten, and instantly roused myself. After breaking through the dry sod, called the 'scraw,' which is immediately over the rafters, it was no difficult matter, though a very dirty job, to get through the thick coating of rotten thatch which formed the roof. I dropped into the grove, found the Lyanna attached to a tree about the place mentioned, galloped away for my life. Towards the evening I rode up to the door of Grana Hall, and dismounting in hot haste, told my story. Old Mr. Gilbert instantly set about making preparations for his defence. Old fire-arms were routed out and furnished, the furniture piled up in back rooms, the beds heaped up close to the windows ready to be used as a bulwark. The servants were all called in, and such of the tenantry as were supposed to be still untainted by revolutionary principles; a cow was killed and salted, and every other measure which prudence or experience could suggest, was taken to prepare for a long siege. The ladies were placed in the cellar, with a carpet, a bed, a table, and a few chairs, and some refreshments. All this was done before nine o'clock, and then for the first time I had a few minutes leisure for rest and conversation. The Misses Gilbert were dreadfully alarmed, their father was blustering and blowing like a porpoise and the retainers, some a little pale at the thought of a fight in earnest, and others panting for the fray. The house was a large square building, covered on all sides from the roof to the ground with slates. A grove of trees at the end was felled to prevent its affording shelter to the besiegers, and all the doors firmly barricaded.

But it was evident that if we were attacked by a strong force, and that they possessed any ordinary amount of bravery and perseverance, it was impossible that we could hold out, considering the state of our defences. We came to a resolution, which I am now surprised we did not think of sooner, and that was to despatch a special messenger to Hacketstown for assistance from the garrison. He mounted and rode off, and we watched him from the window riding down the avenue to the road. He had not reached the gate, when we heard the sharp crack of a musket, and saw him fall heavily from his horse. In a moment afterwards the rebels were seen advancing along the lawn in a dense column and at a rapid rate.

We all ran instantly to our posts, and had no sooner done so than a shower of bullets rattling on the slates told us that our only hope now lay in our courage. Upon coming up within musket shot the besiegers scattered themselves behind the hedge-rows, ditches, out-offices, and haystacks, those who had guns firing as often as they could reload, and those who had not 'doing' the yelling and execration for the others. The scene now became really awful; to any one not engaged in the conflict it would have been splendid. To a day

of unclouded splendor had succeeded a night of murky darkness. The clouds lay on the sky in heavy black masses, or moved lazily before a breeze rising with a low murmuring sound, and through this gloom the flash of every musket, in those days of flint locks, was seen with the distinctness of a watch-fire. Ever and anon, as our party yelled out, 'Croppie, lie down!' 'Orange, lie down!' came back with rueful loudness from behind the walls and trees. We had divided ourselves into parties for each room, the best shots taking their places at the windows, and the others loading. The marksmen sheltered themselves behind a pile of bedding, and strictly reserved their fire until there was a tolerable certainty of hitting—a precaution rendered absolutely necessary in consequence of our limited supply of ammunition. Despite our care, however, it was not long before two of our best men were struck down by the deadly skill of the Shilmaleer marksmen, who abounded in the ranks of the rebels, and whose long guns, used in shooting the wild ducks in the marshes on the Wexford coast, carried certain death at one thousand yards.

The firing went on for two or three hours, and at last that of the besiegers totally ceased; but I believe the pause was more dreadful to us than the fury of an engagement. The darkness, the silence, the uncertainty, the fear of a 'coup de main,' and the distinctly heard groans of the wounded men from the adjoining room had each something terribly disheartening. The cause was soon made apparent by the approach of two parties at a swinging trot, each carrying a ladder covered with long planks to protect them from our fire. They succeeded in planting them against two windows, and a great number began to mount, every man, to our great surprise, having a pillow in front of him, which he pushed up to shelter him as he ascended. This device, however, proved futile, as we picked off the pillows with the point of a long pike, as soon as they got near the top, and then shot down their bearers.

It was just midnight, and the rain was beginning to descend in fearful torrents, when we discovered that we had only six rounds a man of powder and ball remaining. Old Mr. Gilbert began to lose heart, and offered twenty pounds to any man who would ride to Hacketstown, and bring on a troop of dragoons to our assistance, and, if he felt to provide for his family, or any one who was dependent on him. There was a general pause. None liked to run so fearful a risk as running the fire of an unseen enemy scattered all over the fields, for half a mile round, and doubtless in great force along the whole line of road. Whether it was infatuation, or foolhardiness, or want of sleep that made me volunteer to undertake this duty, I have never been able to tell; all I know is that it was not really devoted courage.

The horses had been brought into the kitchen, and were there standing in a profusion of straw. The Lyanna had been well rubbed down, and from what I knew of her mettle, I felt assured she was gain ready for the road. In the excitement of the moment I hurried off, and in a few minutes she was saddled, led out into the yard, and I mounted. I took a hurried leave of the old gentleman, the gates were suddenly opened; and I dashed. The yells and execrations that met my ear when I issued on the lawn, and the moonlight fell on me through the drizzling rain, sounded like my death knell; and throwing myself forward on the mare's neck, galloped for dear life. I had nearly reached the gate, and was congratulating myself upon my escape, when a dozen men started up like ghosts, shut the gates, and closed to receive me on their bayonets. Luckily there was still room for presence of mind; and suddenly turning aside I galloped for a few strides across the green sward, and clearing the wall at a bound, fell out upon the road. I rose with the blood streaming from my head, scrambled on Lyanna's back, and away we went once more, the bullets flying pretty thickly, but gradually decreasing, until a stray shot, fired at random from a Shilmaleer gun, was the only evidence of the close proximity of an enemy. But on coming round a sweep of the road which

brought me in the rear of the hall, the noise of the firing came distinctly up the glen, and I could hear the faint cheer of the besieged, which was almost the only thing they could now send back to the crashing volleys which rained upon the house, which entering at the open windows struck the plaster of the walls and ceiling in crumbling masses.

I tied a handkerchief round my head, which stopped the bleeding from the cut received in my fall, and galloped on. I suddenly heard the sound of a horse's footsteps behind me. I put the Lyanna to the top of her speed, but still my pursuer seemed to gain on me, and, at last when he seemed to be within pistol-shot, he roared in a hoarse voice, 'Ride aisy, I tell ye; ain't I old Nick Timmins, that was born an bred in Grana Hall; bear yer mare down the hill, and take the ditch at the cross roads, or ye'll go right into Darby Kelly's old house, and be spitted afore ye know where ye are. Pull aisy, I say.'

Thus adjured, I did 'pull aisy,' and was very soon joined by the speaker—a thin, tall, wiry man of about forty-five, mounted upon an equally gaunt, light-shouldered, rough-going horse, one of those old Irish hunters, which, for courage and endurance, particularly in crossing a rough country, have perhaps never been surpassed. He told me that he feared I might go astray, and fall into the hands of some of the roving bands of brigands which had now overspread the country, and had therefore broken cover soon after my departure and followed me.

The moon soon broke out in splendor, and we crossed the ditch at the turning at full speed, and struck out boldly through the meadow below, taking every fence and hedge, as if following the hounds in broad noonday. At the foot of the hill we plunged into the river, with a splash and dash which roused the cattle in the adjacent fields from their midnight slumbers, and sent them cantering wildly about in every direction. After two miles we once more reached the road, and in half an hour thundered up the silent streets of Hacketstown; and after answering the sentinel's challenge, were admitted into the presence of old friend, Captain Hudson. He hastily donned his uniform, the trumpet sounded a reveille, and in fifteen minutes we were once more on the road, going at the top of our speed towards Grana Hall. When we reached it, the Lyanna was well spent; the out-offices were in flames, and a heap of burning straw piled up at the hall-door had already sent the flames up the staircase and through the dining-room. We charged up the lawn with loud hurrahs, the rebels slowly retired—the terrible Shilmaleers knocking many a fine fellow out of his saddle as they retreated, and rushing into the house, we soon extinguished the fire, and put all to rights. The troops remained till morning, and then a company was left en permanence. I went to bed and slept soundly, and in the morning, I received the hearty thanks and congratulations of father and daughters. Before the end of the summer one of them was my wife.

AN ADVENTURE IN BALAKLAVA.

It was the first week in October, 1854. The weather was delightfully warm during the day, but cool at night, and there fell occasionally a slight shower, which served to tighten our tent-ropes and stretch the canvas, sometimes, indeed, to an inconvenient degree. But still on the whole, the weather was delightful. Part of the allied army had gone up to the front, as it was then beginning to be called, and had occupied the plateau overlooking the great town, soon to become the theatre of war's most horrible events. Being off duty one day, a shooting excursion was arranged, and I started with a friend to enjoy some recreation, and with the hope of breaking the monotony of salt-meat dinners.

The shore of the Black Sea, in the immediate neighborhood of Balaklava, particularly to the east, is very precipitous, and rises to the height of 800 or 1000 feet. On the west, the land is even higher; but there is a space between Cape Aia and Balak-

la va, which seems to have been produced by a landslide. The cliff has apparently slid down into the sea, and left some thousand acres of land sloping gradually, but in extreme irregularity, down to the water's edge. This land is covered with trees and shrubs, intersected by ravines, and altogether unromantic. It was over this piece of land we intended to shoot, having heard from the inhabitants of Balaklava that game was to be found there. There was a difficulty, however, in reaching the place, for the heights immediately behind the town were guarded by some of our people, and it was permitted to no one to pass a certain line, beyond which, in fact, our shooting ground extended. We therefore chartered a Maltese boat to get to it by sea.

All things being ready, about eight o'clock in the morning we rowed out of the harbor, turned to the left, and made for an eligible landing place. We had been warned that there was danger in the enterprise, for small parties of Cossacks and Russian infantry had been seen from the heights in the neighborhood; but we had made up our minds for a day's enterprise, and we felt we could trust to our legs if it really became necessary to run for it; besides, we could always keep near our boat, and in fact, we imagined, as is usually the case, that the danger in question had been greatly exaggerated. However, we landed and arranged our plans for the day, taking care to warn the boatmen to keep a good look-out, and to whistle in a peculiar way if they should see any thing like strangers approaching. At the entreaty of the boatmen, we had disembarked in a small creek, beneath some overhanging rocks, which protected us entirely from view by any one approaching over the ground we intended to cover; but finding, on climbing to the top of those rocks, that a good prospect of the whole could be obtained, we posted one of the Maltese here, and advanced.

Having been out now for some hours, and no sign of opposition or danger appearing, we abandoned slightly the caution we had at first observed; we still kept near together, however, and avoided the open country as much as possible. Once already, I thought I had heard the preconcerted signal-whistle; but on listening attentively, I did not hear it repeated. The blackbirds were numerous; and it was probably one of them that I heard. Still, I thought it well to be prudent, and paced slowly back over the ground by which I had advanced, so as to lessen the distance between myself and our boat.

Just at this juncture a hare started from nearly under my feet; I turned, took aim, fired, and poor puss rolled over; but before I could secure my prize, I heard the low signal-whistle within a few yards of me. I could not relinquish the hare, but as soon as I had secured her, I returned to the spot whence the whistle had proceeded, and there I found my friend.

'Do you see those Cossacks up yonder?' said he. 'No: where?'

'Why up there on the cliff.'

On looking more closely, I could distinguish some forms between the bushes.

'So there are; we had better retire.'

'Yes, I fancy we had; I have been whistling for you ever so long, and just now I think I heard voices near us.'

'Well, then, we had better get to the boat.'

And so off we went, scrambling through the bushes, perhaps rather faster than we came. Still we did not see any immediate danger, as the enemy were a long way off, and, as we imagined, out of shot. On arriving at an open space, at the top of a mound, we determined to reconnoitre: but we had scarcely emerged from the bushes, when on looking up to the cliff, we saw distinctly, three puffs of white smoke, and the instant after, and before we could hear the report of the pieces, several branches

were cut off the bushes in our immediate neighborhood. The peculiar 'ping' of the ball told us plainly that our enemy was armed with a rifle. We were soon down, of course, and hidden by the rising ground. Here we held a council of war, the result of which was that, considering that the people on the cliff had seen us, it was probable they had been watching, and they might have sent some men down near us. M. had heard a rustling in the bushes, and, as he thought, voices too. To make for the boat, without knowing whether we might not be intercepted, was not to be thought of; so we agreed to gain another height, and look around us, and, if we saw any one near, we were to go in a direct line for the beach. To deceive the enemy, we thought it better to approach rather than get away from their position; so, on hands and knees, we scrambled up a height and looked round.

'Here they are, sure enough,' said M., 'off with you!'

I looked round, and, at less than two hundred paces, as I could judge, some six or eight Russians were clearly seen.

To rush down the side of the hillock, and plunge into the thicket in the wake of M., was the affair of a moment. But rapidly as the movement was effected, the Russians had seen us and had time to fire. A whole volley of shots whistled over our heads; but this time they were not rifle balls. M. made directly for the shore, leaping from crag to crag with the agility of a goat; nor was I slow in following him. Unfortunately, on nearing the beach, we found ourselves on a precipice, the height of which precluded all possibility of leaping, and it was far too precipitous to slip down.

Here was a position! What was to be done! We stood still to listen, imagining the enemy was close behind; but we could hear nothing. Evidently they were coming on cautiously, imagining we were more numerous than we were. Go on to the boat we must; it was not far; but to get down to the beach we must come out from the bushes and expose ourselves, on a bare spot, to be once more shot at, unless we retraced our steps; but then we should risk meeting the enemy face to face. So there was no help for it, and out we went. We were seen, of course, and fired at; two balls struck the ground within two feet of each other and of us. One false step, and we were lost! We gained the ravine, which was awfully steep; but down we plunged. M. in his precipitation, lost his footing, fell, and rolled to the bottom; his gun went off by the shock, and for a moment I fancied he was killed. I shall never forget the horror of that moment. I rushed to the sea, moistened my handkerchief, and applied it to his temples. He slowly revived, opened his eyes, took a dram of spirits and sat up. Fortunately no bones were broken.

We were now, I felt assured, within a short distance of our boat, but I had not had time to look after her, and did not know whether we had over-shot the mark or fallen short of it. A sharp whistle at length apprised me that the boatmen were aware of our danger, which was not less theirs, and my fears were intense lest they should abandon us. I feared to make much noise too, or even to reply to the signal; but I made for the beach intending to call them up, and get M. carried into the boat. Imagine, then, my consternation on finding that the rock which hid the boat from view projected so far into the sea as to prevent our reaching it without swimming. I returned to M., who by this time had so far recovered as to be standing up, still a little confused, but conscious and pretty ready for action. He speedily saw our position, and all his energy at once returned; he was a good swimmer, and felt able, he said, to round the point. I knew I could, but I still feared for him. He said the cold water would do him good, and I thought perhaps it might; but that awful 'perhaps!' Of the alternative I

dared not think. Time pressed, too; the boatmen's signals were frequent and louder, and we could not communicate with them, although it was clear that they were quite close. Accordingly, hiding our guns in a crevice of the rock, M. plunged into the sea. I followed him, and a few strokes took us round the rock in sight of the boat. They had already put off, and at first were evidently afraid it was the enemy; but in answer to my shouts, they looked up and recognised us, and in a few seconds we were saved. What a gush of thankfulness to God rushed from our hearts at that moment!—Graham's Magazine.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S VALUATION OF HIS LIFE.—At the time when party spirit and active hostilities were raging in Belgium at the close of the fifteenth century, certain soldiers of the Spanish army happened to be taken prisoners by the Dutch; and by way of martial retaliation for a similar act of cruelty practised upon some Dutch prisoners by the Spaniards, all of them were ordered to be hanged. Humanity, however, suggested that it was unnecessary to put the whole party to death; and of the twenty-four who were taken, eight only were eventually destined for the halter. For the purpose of ascertaining who were to be the sufferers, twenty-four lots were made, eight of which had the figure of a gibbet described upon them, and the remaining sixteen were in blank. The whole twenty-four lots being shaken together and cast promiscuously into a helmet, each prisoner was ordered to draw out one; those who drew a blank lot were immediately discharged, but those who drew the fatal symbol were hanged on the spot. The conduct of those who were compelled to set their lives upon so desperate a cast, varied according to the nerve and temperament of each; but terror and lamentations prevailed. The most conspicuous object was a Spaniard, who could scarcely be urged to the helmet, and whose tears and exclamations excited both ridicule and compassion. Among the captives was an Englishman, who seemed wholly unmoved at his danger, and quietly looked on until his turn arrived; and when called upon by the Dutch officer, walked up to the helmet with the utmost unconcern, and without flinching or changing a feature, drew forth his lot, which was a blank. Thus favored by fortune, and himself free from danger, he told the trembling Spaniard, who still held his hand in the helmet dreading to draw forth his fate, that for ten crowns of gold he was ready to draw his lot for him, and stand to the consequence. The Spaniard joyfully agreed, and the Englishman, having received the money, coolly requested the Dutch officer to allow him to fulfil his part of the contract by drawing the Spaniard's lot; and permission being given, he drew again, and again was fortunate. 'A strange caprice of fortune,' says the historian, 'which could thus favor a man whose cheap estimate of his life made him unworthy, not only of this double escape, but even of a single lucky cast!'

This story is taken from a description of England in the reign of James I., contained in a satirical Latin work written by a Scotchman named John Barclay, under the assumed denomination of Euphormio Lusinius.

LIMERICK GLOVES.—It used to be the custom in the southwest of Ireland to slaughter many cows while in calf. The skins of these unborn calves were of extraordinary fineness and delicacy, and from such was prepared the leather of which the celebrated Limerick gloves were made. This practice, however, is now almost discontinued, and whatever merit the Limerick gloves may still possess is owing to the skill of the manufacturer, and not to the superiority of his raw material.

CEAD MILE FAILTE.—It is perhaps not generally known from whence the famous expression of Irish hospitality, *Cead mille Failte*, was taken. It occurs in the concluding stanza of 'Eileen a Roon,' and is thus translated by Furlong:—

'A hundred thousand welcomes
Eileen a Roon!
A hundred thousand welcomes
Eileen a Roon!
O, welcome evermore
With welcomes yet in store,
Till love and life are o'er,
Eileen a Roon!

There are two songs entitled, *Eileen a Roon*, 'Eilen, the secret treasure of my heart.' The old version, from which the above stanza is taken, bears internal evidence of antiquity. The first line of the second stanza of it, 'I would spend a cow to entertain thee,' proves that it was composed before coined money was in general use. The following is esteemed the most probable account of the circumstance which gave rise to it:—

Carol O'Daly, commonly called Mac Caomh insi Cneamha, brother to Donogh More O'Daly, a man of whose consequence in Connaught, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in music. He paid his addresses to Ellen, the daughter of a chieftain named Kavanagh, a lovely and amiable young lady, who returned his affection, but her friends disapproved of the connexion. O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for some time, and they availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded, of impressing on the mind of Ellen a belief of his falsehood, and of his having gone to be married to another; after some time they prevailed on her to marry a rival of O'Daly. The day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening before. Under the first impressions of his feelings, he sought a wild and sequestered spot on the sea shore, and, inspired by love, composed the song of *Eileen a Roon*, which remains to this time an exquisite memorial of his skill and sensibility. Disguised as a harper, he gained access among the crowd that thronged to the wedding. It happened that he was called upon by Ellen herself to play. It was then, touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his 'softened strain,' the very soul of pensive melody.

In the first stanza he intimates, according to the Irish idiom, that, 'he would walk with her,' that is, that he would be her partner, or only love for life. In the second, that he would entertain her and afford her every delight. After this he tenderly asks, will she depart with him, or, in the impressive manner of the original, 'Wilt thou stay, or wilt thou come with me, Eileen a Roon.' She soon felt the force of his tender appeal, and replied in the affirmative,—on which, in an ecstasy of delight, he bursts forth into his 'hundred thousand welcomes.' To reward his fidelity and affection, his fair one contrived to 'go with him' that very night.

Handel is said to have declared that he would rather be the author of *Eileen a Roon*, than of the most exquisite of his musical compositions. Yet it has been painted upon the public under the name of Robin Adair, as a Scotch melody! Burns asserted that it and *Molin Astore*, which he termed *Gramachree*, were both Scotch! He was in error; but the circumstance is a proof of their merit, and his taste. Robin Adair himself was an Irishman; he was ancestor of Viscount Molesworth; lived at Hollypark, in the county of Wicklow, and early in the last century was a member of the Irish parliament.

We should educate the whole man—the body, the head, and the heart; the body to act, the head to think, and the heart to feel.

ROYALTY REBUKED.—When Moore the poet's celebrity was in its first glow, he received a flattering invitation to dine with the Prince of Wales. His Royal host was delighted with him, and after dinner fell into familiar chat, directing the greater portion of his remarks to the 'poet of all circles,' and exhibiting the most gracious interest in all that concerned him. Amongst other points, the Prince, assuming that his illustrious visitor must be of high descent, questioned him respecting the particular family to which he belonged, naming in turn several ancient houses in Ireland, begging to know whether he was not allied to one of them? To each of these inquiries the poet, at first, simply replied in the negative. The Prince, whose strong prepossession that 'gentle blood' flowed in his accomplished visitor's veins, made him, in effect, less polite than he was wont to be, reiterated his question, turning from one point to another, in the hope of hitting his mark, thus creating unintentionally the curiosity of all present towards the questioned party. All at once it occurred to his Royal Highness that his guest must, as he told him, be the son of a certain Mr. Moore, (a man of large fortune and distinguished birth) of —. Thus pressed, Anacreon Moore put an end to his Royal Highness's persevering inquiry, and, with admirable and magnanimous simplicity, replied to the last suggestion:—

'No, sir, I have not the honor of being descended from any of the distinguished families you have named: I am, sir, the son of one of the honestest tradesmen in all Dublin.'

PELICANS.—Pelicans are residents upon the banks of rivers and lakes, and upon the sea coast. They habitually feed on fish, although they will sometimes devour reptiles and small quadrupeds. They are capable of rapid flight, and have an extraordinary power of ascending on high. This power is called into action by their mode of fishing. When they perceive, from their elevated position, a fish, or fishes, on the surface of the water, they dart down with inconceivable rapidity, and flapping their large wings so as to stun their prey, fill their pouches, and then retire to the shore to satisfy their voracious appetites. The fish thus carried away in the pouch undergo a sort of maceration before they are received into the stomach, and this grinding process renders the food fit for the young birds. No doubt the sanguinary traces which this operation leaves upon the plumage of the mother, have given birth to the fable that she feeds her nestlings with her blood.

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN.—The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. Dr. Johnson used always, in coming up Bolt court, put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. South, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. An eminent living writer can never compose without his slippers on. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his braces off. Reisig, the German critic, wrote his Commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schlegel lectured in latin, with his snuff box constantly in his hand.

STRANGE AND REVOLTING CUSTOM.—A recent communication to the Indian office, from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at San Francisco, reports a strange but shocking custom that prevails among almost all the Indians of California. This is that of burying alive. When a widow dies and leaves young children, rather than trouble themselves with their support, the tribe to which she belonged will bury the orphans alive. The Superintendent states, that he will use all his efforts to put an end to this

cruel practice, but it has been impossible to prevent it entirely as yet, even on the Government reservations.

MISCELLANEA.

'Come out here and I'll lick the whole of you,' as the boy said when he saw a jar of sugar sticks in a shop window.

Patrick O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for 'whin I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she's covered with 'em.'

'You musicians ought to be happy fellows,' said II., the other day, to a bandmaster. 'Why?' said the leader. 'Because you need never want for money; for when your funds run short, you have only to put your instrument to your lips and—raise the wind.'

The best and most conclusive reason for an effect that we ever remember to have heard was given by a Dutchman, in reply to a friend, who remarked; 'Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen.' 'Oh, yaw,' was the reply; 'I know the reason for dat—my mother was a woman.'

'My wife tells the truth three times a day,' remarked a jocose old fellow, at the same time casting a very mischievous glance at her. 'Before rising in the morning, she says, "Oh, dear, I must get up, but I don't want to." After breakfast, she adds, "Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to;" and she goes to bed saying, "There, I have been fussing all day, and haven't done anything."

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
Boasters are cousins to liars.
Confession of a fault makes half amends.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.
Foolish fear doubles danger.
God reacheth us good things by our own hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.
It costs more to revenge faults than to bear them.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
Modesty is a guard to virtue.
Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.
One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.
Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.
Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.
Richest is he that wants least.
Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.
The boughs that bear the most hang the lowest.
Upright walking is sure walking.
Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.
Wise men make more opportunities than they find.
You will never lose by doing a good turn.
Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

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PICTURE GALLERY.

INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

On Saturday, the 2d of July next, we shall present to each subscriber to the Irish Miscellany, a splendid Lithographic Engraving, representing the glorious scene, which occurred shortly before the capture of Limerick, when General Sarsfield, who commanded the Irish horse, having learned that a large supply of heavy siege guns was on the way to the camp of the Prince of Orange, resolved to capture them. Crossing over the country by a difficult and circuitous route, some to intercept the convey, he came up in front of it at Killeenunna, attacked William's troops, defeated them and compelled them to retreat before the Irish horse, leaving their artillery in the hands of Sarsfield.

Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the mountain passes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands. A train being laid, the spark was applied and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William was shattered into innumerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to the great popularity of the gallant Sarsfield. The explosion shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

It is at the moment of the explosion of the English artillery which our artist has seized upon for the subject of his pencil.

This memorable event will be faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as we can learn to any of our Irish artists, and shall have ample justice done it. It will make a beautiful picture. We shall present it to our readers on a sheet of fine drawing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

It will at once be seen that we cannot do this without a great outlay of capital. We expect to be reimbursed by a very large addition to our subscription list, as no person will be entitled to it who has not paid on or before the 3d of July next one year's subscription in advance, dating from our first number.

Non subscribers will be supplied at \$1.50 for each plate.

We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a picture gallery worthy of the events we propose to commemorate. This will be the first of a series of NATIONAL PICTURES we propose presenting gratis to our regular subscribers the second picture of the series will be ready early in October, the subject of which is not yet decided on. We should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess old pictures of remarkable events in Irish history to send them to distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They shall be taken good care of, and returned.

Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually supersede the wretched daubs which are often met with.

Our arrangements for the first picture are almost completed. It will be absolutely necessary that we should know immediately the number of plates we shall want. Let our subscribers therefore, send in their subscriptions without delay, and be careful to give us their correct address. We shall not strike off any more copies than are ordered before the above date.

Will our friends of the press please notice this new feature in our publication, and we will take care that their notices are adorned with choice copies of this national picture.

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OH! BAY OF DUBLIN?

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LADY DUFFERIN.



1. Oh! Bay of Dublin! my heart you're troublin', Your beauty haunts me like a fever - dream, Like fro - zen fountains, that the sun sets



hub - bling, My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name; And nev - er till this life - pulse ceas - es, My ear - liest,



latest thought you'll cease to be: Oh! there's no one here knows how fair that place is, And no one cares how dear it is to me.

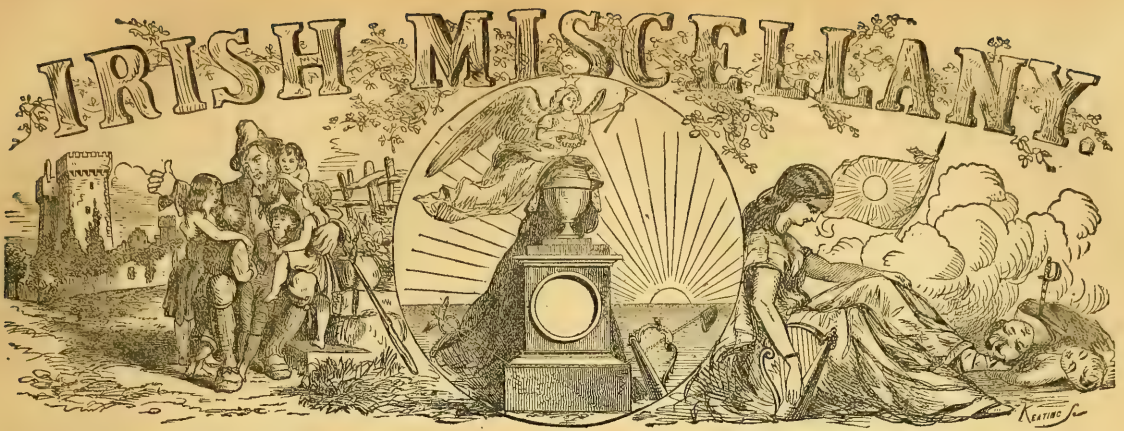


2.

Sweet Wicklow mountains! the sunlight sleeping
On your green banks, is a picture rare,
You crowd around me, like young girls peeping,
And puzzling me to say which is most fair,
As though you'd see your own sweet faces,
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea.
Oh! My blessing on those lovely places,
Though no one cares how dear they are to me.

3.

How often when at work I'm sitting,
And musing sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my Katie knitting,
And the childer playing around the cabin door;
I think I see the neighbours' faces
All gathered round their long lost friend to see.
Oh! Though no one here knows how fair that place is,
Heav'n knows how dear my poor home was to me.



VOLUME I—NUMBER 21.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

KILDARE.

Kildare, although the capital of a county in Ireland, and giving name to a bishoprick, is a very inconsiderable place, not containing more, according to the last census, than 1753 inhabitants. It is twenty-eight miles from Dublin, and is a borough governed by a sovereign, a recorder, and two portreeves. It is pleasantly situated upon a rising ground; but the buildings are of an interior description, forming one tolerable street and a few lanes leading therefrom. The place has no trade, and is chiefly supported by the horse-races, which are held on an extensive common in the neighborhood, called

the Curragh of Kildare. This is a large plain, formerly surrounded by a wood of oaks, which gave the name of Chilledair to the town, and was anciently the seat of Druidical worship until the time of St. Bridgid, whom we shall presently have occasion to mention. It is esteemed as fine a common as any in Europe, containing about 5000 English acres, and forming a most beautiful lawn, on which large numbers of sheep are pastured. This is the Newmarket of Ireland, and in some respects is considered to exceed our own. The meetings are held in April, June, and September, when king's plates are run for by Irish-bred horses. These plates were origin-

ally given at the suggestion of Sir William Temple, who, among other schemes for the benefit of Ireland, recommended this, with a view to the improvement of the Irish breed of horses. The place was, however, remarkable for its horse-races long before king's plates were established.

Although of little importance at present, Kildare contains some interesting evidences of its former consideration. The principal of these is the cathedral, the greater part of which is in ruins, the choir only being now in a fit condition for religious services. The ecclesiastical establishments for which, more than for any thing else, Kildare was formerly



RUINS OF KILDARE CATHEDRAL.

distinguished, owe their origin to St. Brigid. This lady, who was the illegitimate daughter of an Irish chieftain, was born in the 458. In her fourteenth year she received the veil from the hands of St. Patrick, or one of his immediate disciples. She afterwards visited the abbey of Glastonbury in Somersetshire, and on her return (or at any rate, before 384) founded a nunnery at Kildare. About the same time an abbey was also founded under the same roof for monks, but separated from the nunnery by walls. The monks and nuns had but one church in common, which they entered by different doors. St. Brigid presided as well over the monks as the nuns, and, 'strange to tell!' exclaims Archdall, the abbot of the house remained subject to the abbess for many years after the death of the celebrated foundress, which took place on the 1st of February, 523. She was interred at Kildare; but her remains were afterwards removed to the cathedral church of Down, and laid beside those of St. Patrick and St. Columb. This St. Brigid or Bridget became quite the Virgin Saint of Ireland, and next to the names of the Virgin Mary and St. Patrick, her name obtained more reverence than any other in the calendar.

The amount of the influence which this extraordinary female acquired may be estimated from the fact that she is represented as the foundress not only of the monastery but of the see of Kildare. It is stated that she appointed as bishop a person variously called St. Conleth, Conlaid, and Conlian, who, with her assistance, erected the cathedral. Some writers, however, contend that there were bishops of Kildare before this personage; but Sir James Ware prefers the authority of the persons who have written the life of St. Brigid. One of these gives this account of the transaction:—'Conlian, an holy bishop and prophet of the Lord, who had a cell in the south part of the plains of Liff, came in his chariot to St. Brigid, and abode with her; and the holy Brigid elected him bishop in her city of Kildare.' In the next century, Aod Oubh, or Black Hugh, the abbot of Leinster, withdrew to the monastery of Kildare, of which he in time, became abbot, and afterwards bishop of the see. The first Englishman who occupied the see was Ralph of Bristol, who died in 1232. This prelate went to great expense in repairing and ornamenting the cathedral. In the reign of Henry VII. it had again fallen into decay, and was repaired by the bishop Edward Lane, who died in 1522. It was a fine old Gothic building, now mostly in ruins. The walls, however, are still standing, together with the south side of the steeple and the walls of the nave, which has on the south side six Gothic arches and six buttresses. The north side of the steeple is level with the ground, and is said to have been beaten down, with other parts of the building, by a battery planted against it during the disturbances in 1641. The choir, in which the church services are still performed, affords little matter for remark. It is kept in decent repair, and a handsome Venetian window supplies the place of an old Gothic one, which was much admired. The south wing, which was formerly a chapel, is a mass of ruins; but two statues in alto-relievo may still be noticed. One of them represents an ancient knight of the Fitzgerald family, clad in very curiously cut armor, and surrounded by heraldic escutcheons; and the other a bishop with his pastoral staff and mitre, supposed to be the Bishop Lane already mentioned.

At the distance of about thirty yards from the west door of the cathedral stands a very fine specimen of those 'Round Towers,' which so frequently occur in Ireland, and have occasioned a vast quantity of unprofitable speculation. The round tower at Kildare, which is included in our wood-cut, is one of the best finished and most skillfully built structures of the kind in Ireland. It is built of white granite to above twelve feet above the ground,

the superstructure being of common blue stone. It is about 130 feet in height, and battlemented at the top, and has, about fourteen feet from the foundation, a large arched aperture, apparently intended for a door. At no great distance from this tower is seen the pedestal of an ancient stone cross, the upper part of which still lies near it on the ground.

In the neighborhood of the tower are the remains of a building called the Fire House, in which the 'inextinguishable fire' was formerly kept by the nuns of St. Brigid, and of which Giraldus Cambrensis gives the following account:—

'At Kildare, which the glorious Brigid rendered illustrious, are many miracles worthy of notice; and the first that occurs is 'Brigid's Fire,' called the 'inextinguishable fire;' not that it cannot be put out, but because the nuns and religious women are so careful and diligent in supplying and recruiting it with fuel, that from the time of that virgin it hath remained always unextinguished through so many successive years.' It had been well if the matter had stopped here; but Giraldus goes on to say:—'Though so vast a quantity of wood hath in such a length of time been consumed in it, yet the ashes have never increased.' It seems also that this fire was never blown by human breath, lest it should be contaminated; but fans or bellows were employed for the purpose. This fire was put out by the Archbishop of Dublin in the year 1230. What were his reasons does not exactly appear; but Ware says: 'Perhaps the archbishop put out the fire because the custom not being used in other places, it might seem to have taken its original from an imitation of the Vestal Virgins, whom Numa Pompilius first instituted, and dedicated to the holy mysteries of Vesta for the preservation of a perpetual fire. He instituted a fire (says Lucius Florus, speaking of Numa) to be preserved by the Vestal Virgins, that a flame, in imitation of the celestial stars, might for ever watch as a guardian over the empire.' Whatever was the object of this fire, it seems to have been afterwards kindled and kept burning until the suppression of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII.

MURTOUGH OGE, THE OUTLAW.

Murtough Oge O'Sullivan was the descendant of a princely line of ancestors, whose wide possessions extended along the rock-bound shores of Bearhaven. He had just arrived at manhood—was above six feet high—and his frame combined gigantic strength with the most faultless symmetry. His immediate relations were dead, and the heritage of his fathers in the occupations of strangers. The world was all before him;—but among the various pursuits that engrossed the attention of the multitude, he saw no occupation within his reach. The sword afforded the only method of cutting through the gordian knot that bound his lot to poverty. He embarked for France—and after ten years of active service he saw himself raised to proud eminence in the military profession, and possessed of a competence, the reward of his merit, sufficient to render his future life free and independent.

When O'Sullivan left his native country, his nearest relations there were a widowed aunt, and her orphan son. At the period to which we have alluded above, the son was grown to man's estate, and, like most of his countrymen, was brave and unthinking. The practice of smuggling was then carried on to a great extent along the south and western coast of Ireland; many of the respectable Irish families embarked in the illegal traffic, and to defraud the revenue, in the estimation of the Irish of that period, was considered a matter of boast, and certainly by no means, of disgrace. Unfortunately for young Denis he became attached to a gang of smugglers. They wanted such a leader—his great popularity in that wild district could secure them a safe asylum for their persons and merchandize; and his resolu-

tion in danger, and headlong bravery in action, were most necessary to men who had to evade the pursuit, and frequently brave the attack, of the revenue cutter on the deep, and of the excisemen, with their train of red-coats and busy informers on land. He realized their fondest hopes. The brig he commanded was the swiftest sailer—and his perfect knowledge of the coast always enabled him to baffle the vigilance of the king's vessels, as he sought to introduce the wine and brandy of France to the palates of his countrymen. Indeed, it often happened that when the cutter gave chase and the smuggler seemed to shorten sail, as if tired in the pursuit, or panic-struck by the occasional shot which cut along her rigging, or boomed harmless over the waves from the deck of the pursuing cutter, that she unaccountably disappeared at the instant. The armed boat sent to explore the bay or creek where the smuggler might have sought temporary shelter, returned unsuccessful from the search. The flight and disappearance of the brig afforded strange matter of cogitation to the cutter's crew, according as their minds were imbued with education or wild superstition; those declared the matter to be wholly unexplicable; and these averred that this was no other than a phantom ship sent by the fairies of the ocean to lure them to their doom on the fearful rocks of that iron-bound coast. A tall cliff that projected its slanting side into the sea, hid from observation the narrow mouth of a cove within which the brig suddenly glided, and was completely land-locked. The sea-lane (if I may use the word) that led into this cove ran obliquely between cliffs so close and precipitous, that a few brave men, couched on each side, could, without risk to themselves, destroy a dozen armed boats attempting to force an entrance, by only hurling down the loose masses of rock which surmounted the granite walls that overhung, with fearful threatening, the dark waves below. It required the utmost stretch of pilotage to guide the brig along this narrow way, for the rigging of the vessel almost touched the opposite rocks, but within the cove afforded complete shelter. Here was also a cave, the joint effort of nature and art, in which the contraband cargo was stowed in safety till the proper time arrived for transporting it to the different places of destination. The mouth of this cave was overflowed at high water, and led by a gentle ascent to a vault strewn with the finest sand; and the interior received light and air from a fissure in the rock above to which art had given a funnel-like shape. This cave was the brig's place of concealment, and this cave the safe retreat of the smugglers, and the depository of their store, where they could set all the harpies of the revenue at complete defiance.

At length Denis O'Sullivan reached the goal of his desperate career. One night, in the Month of October, he prepared to escort a quantity of French brandy to a neighboring town. About ten pack horses conveyed the illicit liquor, and his party consisted of twelve stout fellows, who often before achieved a service of danger. But a person in the confidence of one of the party, who got intimation of this midnight excursion, was induced by the hope of reward, to betray the route of the smugglers to one Puxley, a revenue officer. The road led through a rocky district, and upon arriving at a particular pass in which the road winded round the edge of a precipitous descent, where the rough rocks rose above, and a mountain torrent foamed and fretted its winding course below, the moon suddenly shewed her round orb emerging from the sea, and shedding her first faint light on the smugglers, tinged the purple cliffs that rose above them with a silver shade. Then was a human form observed to rise above the tall rocks that overhung the narrow way—he bore in his hand a long gun—his height seemed above the usual stature of men, as he drew up his figure to its full length on the high cliff, and bid the smugglers stand and surrender in the king's name.

'And who art thou,' said O'Sullivan, 'that presume to utter that audacious command?'

'I am,' said he, 'a revenue officer; I wish to apprise you of your present situation, and thereby to prevent the effusion of blood. The road is lined with soldiers—your retreat is cut off—and you rush forward to certain destruction. I again request that you will submit to the king's mercy.'

After a moment's consultation with his followers, the leader of the gang answered:—

'We know the tender mercies of your king, and none of my party are yet ambitious of gracing a gibbet;—we are well armed, and the boldest of your soldiers may rue our unerring aim. At the worst it is but to die—and better to die like men than base-ly yield without a struggle.'

'Your blood then be upon your own heads, infatuated men,' said Puxley, retiring beyond the cliff.

In proportion to the magnitude of their danger did the reckless bravery of these desperate men appear. They rushed forward, with a wild and piercing shout, in front of the horses, which might otherwise have served to screen them from the fire of the military. The next brief moment brought them in view of the soldiers, who poured an ill-directed fire upon them, for not a man fell. The smugglers fired in return—the soldiers recoiled—those pursued the advantage till the guns of the opposing parties met muzzle to muzzle. In that hour of strife, Puxley, the revenue officer, who the moment before evinced so laudable an anxiety to prevent the flow of human blood, and who did not mingle in the fray, but lay couched on a ledge of the rock, presented his long gun at O'Sullivan, and fired with sure and murderous aim. The fatal ball pierced his side, and as he felt the mortal stroke, he sprang from the ground to a considerable height, then descending in the struggle of death, he reeled to the earth—and as his head met the flinty rock, the butt end of a musket in some ruffian hand, unnecessarily scattered his brains about. When his party saw their leader fall, they resigned all thoughts of maintaining the fray; with one wild effort they broke through the enemy, and escaping under favor of the night, left their leader and two others of their party dead, while the military had six killed and as many more desperately wounded.

The remains of Denis O'Sullivan were conveyed to his mother's house; and as the woe-struck woman poured her maternal despair over the remains of her unfortunate son, in the cione which is usual on these mournful occasions—she besought heaven that the wild fox of the hill would lap the heart's blood of her orphan's murderer!—and the raven of the valley flap her sable wing over his lifeless carcass! This dreadful imprecation reached the ears of Puxley: filled with cruel revenge, he assembled a party that surrounded the house of the wretched woman, and set it on fire. As the flames rose through the roof, one, more compassionate than the rest, suffered the almost suffocated inhabitant to escape through a window. A cat was the only living thing that remained inside; and as the devouring flames cut off every place of refuge, the screams of the poor animal, which strongly resembled the shrieks of human despair, were heart-rending; and Puxley mistaking them for the death-cries of his human victim, ferociously exclaimed:—

'Now the old witch may utter her curses in hell.'

A year after these dreadful transactions took place, Murtough Oge O'Sullivan came to reside in his native country, and learned the sad fate of his cousin, and the cruel wrongs of his aunt, from her own lips. She urged on him her blessing to revenge the death of her son—and the soldier but too faithfully kept the injunction. The usual mode of seeking to slay an enemy in single combat he could not resort to, for a penal statute prohibited him the use of fire-arms, or even the sword, which was at that time worn as the common mark of gentility. But Murtough Oge, spurred on to

vengeance, waylaid Puxley, and shot him through the head. The body of the revenue officer lay where it fell, undiscovered for some days; and the tradition of that district has it, that the wild fox and the raven literally fulfilled the malediction of the widow. The government immediately outlawed the murderer, and set a price on his head. He defended himself in a castellated residence on the border of the sea, and such were his personal bravery and mode of resistance, that the numerous parties which the hope of reward had led to attempt his capture, were always repulsed. The outlaw led this precarious and desperate life for many years, in utter defiance of the legal authorities.

One night as Murtough Oge and a few trusty friends kept watch in his stronghold, he felt an unusual depression of spirits. The fire that erewhile blazed brightly on the ample hearth, now decayed in its own ashes, and the occasional light of the dying embers, as it shed a faint glare upon the tall forms and ferocious features around him, was not calculated to dispel the gloom of his heart. Plunged in a deep reverie, he brought to his mind's eye all the varied scenes of his past life, and he sighed at the sad retrospect. Among the faithful few that shared his desperate fortunes, was a harper—a last lingering child of the interesting minstrel race. This son of song had fallen on evil days; but he found himself in the house of his natural protector, for the O'Daly's were, in the olden days, the hereditary bards of the O'Sullivan Bearer.

'O'Daly,' said the outlaw, 'my heart is desponding and low; the music of your clarseach might lay the spirit of melancholy; but let your song be one of sadness, for your strains of joy must be reserved for happier hours.'

The hoary minstrel took his harp, and after a short, irregular prelude, he played a wild, melancholy strain, which he accompanied with his voice, and this was the burden of his song:

'Once upon a time there lived in a strong castle on a tall cliff by the wild sea, a chieftain, and his name went through the remotest ends of the land—he was the scourge of the oppressor, and the hope of the defenceless. But these noble qualities drew upon him the hatred of certain great men, who bore evil report of him to the high king; and the king gave credit to the report, and summoned the chieftain before him to answer for his alleged crime; but the chieftain refused to obey, for he saw that to comply would put his life in danger, and then he was outlawed and a price set upon his head.'

'Then the chieftain fortified his castle, and set watchmen in the towers to give notice of the enemy's approach; and foiled in all attempts to take him captive, till one of his own followers at last betrayed him for gold, and the enemy surprised him, and he was taken and put to death.'

At this part of the song, one Scully, a confidential domestic of the outlaw's, groaned deeply. It was not a groan caused by bodily pain, but such a groan of mental agony as might be produced by the keenest sting of remorse.

'Then the betrayer of his master rose to distinction, and he became rich, and fitted out a strong ship, with which he traded to foreign parts.'

'And as he was returning from a distant port with his vessel richly laden, a dreadful storm arose; the raging winds tore the sails to shreds, and the masts were shivered to splinters. The sailors manfully braved the storm, and struggled hard for life; but a cry of horror burst from the crew when they perceived a small boat ahead of the ship, in which sat a figure of fierce and threatening aspect, and eyes that seemed to glare ruin on them all. The small boat glided unharmed in the storm towards the rocky shore, and the ship, by some strange attraction, followed in its wake.'

A second groan, which roused them that heard it into fearful alarm.

'As they rapidly approached the rocks, the boat that bore the spectre approached the ship, and in a voice that rose above the tempest of the deep, he threatened to sink them to the bottom of the sea, if the captain were not given up to him without delay.'

'The sailors, for their own safety, bound the devoted wretch, and lowered him into the small boat, and as the dreadful spectre and his guilty victim retired through the troubled sea, the tempest abated; and while the despairing shrieks of the mortal, and the exulting yells of the spectre pierced the vault of heaven, the boat and its freightage sunk beneath the yawning waters.'

Here the feelings of Scully were excited to madness he sprung from his seat, exclaiming, I am that murderous traitor!—I have betrayed my master, and sold the precious blood of an O'Sullivan; then falling at the outlaw's feet, and presenting his dagger, 'Sheath this,' he said, 'in my perjured heart, and rid the world of a ruffian.'

At this brief moment the trampling of feet gave meaning to Scully's incoherent language, for the house was surrounded with armed men. Its inmates were determined to fight to the last extremity, but this desperate resource was denied them. The villainous Scully, whom the strangely coincident song of the bard had roused to a horror of his treachery, had betrayed his master, and rendered all the fire-arms useless by soaking their contents with water. Here we are enabled to record an act of devoted attachment on the part of the outlaw's fosterer's, whose name likewise was O'Sullivan. In this hour of peril he generously resolved to procure his master's safety by his own death. Having attired himself in the usual dress of the outlaw, he rushed, sword in hand, against the soldiery—every musket was levelled at the brave man, and he fell beneath a shower of bullets. The work of destruction was but begun, the house was fired in every direction, and as the inmates rushed from the flames, the leaden messengers of death arrested their farther flight. No trace of the miserable Scully was ever after found; and it is supposed that his despair induced him to perish in the flames. As Murtough Oge himself attempted to escape at a private outlet, a gentleman of the neighborhood, who guided the troops thither, lying in wait near the spot, and recognizing the noble figure of the fugitive, shot him through the heart. The principal actors in this affair now prepared to convey the outlaw's remains to Cork, and a passage by water was deemed the most eligible mode of reaching that city. A boat was accordingly procured but owing either to hatred of the unfortunate Murtough Oge, or to some superstitious observance, or perhaps to a union of both, they would not permit his bloody corpse on board; but the body was bound with a rope to the stern of the vessel, and in that manner trailed along the deep from Bearhaven to Cork. On arriving thither, his head was fixed on the goal of the south gate and the headless trunk exhibited for many days to the greedy gaze of the multitude, and finally thrown into a pit. Such was the end of Murtough Oge O'Sullivan; his fine natural endowments and social qualities would have dignified any station; but his lot was cast upon evil days, and in the pursuit of revenge, he spurned the laws of God, and incurred the vengeance of that government within whose iron grasp he met his untimely fate.

An unfortunate son of genius, the late Mr. Callanan, has given a translation of an Irish elegy on the death of Murtough Oge O'Sullivan, from which we select the following stanzas:—

The sun on Ivera
No longer shines brightly,
The voice of her music
No longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens
The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling,
O'Sullivan Bear!

Scully, thou false one!
You basely betrayed him
In his strong hour of need—
When your right hand should aid him;
He fed you—he clad you—
You had all could delight you;
You left him—you sold him—
May heaven requite you!

Had he died calmly
I would not deplore him;
Or had the wild strife
Of the sea-wave closed o'er him;
But with ropes round his white limbs,
Through ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter,
'Tis therefore I wail him.

In the pit which the vile hands
Of soldiers had made thee,
Unhonored, unshrouded,
And headless they laid thee;
No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to deplore thee!

Dear head of my darling!
How gory and pale
These aged eyes see thee
High-spiked on their gaul;
That cheek in the summer's sun
Ne'er shall grow warm;
Nor that eye e'er catch light,
Save the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessed ocean!
Be on thy green wave,
From the haven of Cork
To Ivera of slaughter—
Since thy billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear,
Of Muirtech Oge,
Our O'Sullivan Bear!

DARBY AND THE RAM.

'Twas one of those days when the sun in its perpendicular altitude looks at two sides of the hedge at once—a lovely midsummer day—when nature was laughing till her sides ached, and mother earth, in her gayest mood, was lavishing her promises and her smiles to her often ungrateful children, the lambs were skipping to and fro within their enclosed pastures, and the cows, with grave and matron aspect, were lolling in the sun, and ruminating their already gathered repast—every thing seemed happy except the Shepherd Darby.

Poor fellow! A 'green and yellow melancholy,' had settled on his manly cheek; his grief he revealed not, but let 'concealment, like a worm' the bud, prey upon his spirits; he stalked about the field like a ghost, or leaned upon his crook in silent despair.

Lord Amplefield and Squire Buckthorn were riding past to dinner.

'I wonder,' said his lordship to the squire, 'what can be the matter with my shepherd Darby. He seems in a galloping consumption, and were I to lose him, I would not see his like again for many a long day. He is the most honest, steady, careful creature in the world, and never told a lie in his life.'

'Never told a lie in his life! Good! Why, my lord, do you really believe such nonsense?'

'Decidedly I do. I know your opinion is not very favorable as to the moral character of our dependents, yet there are some among them not unworthy of trust.'

They now advanced nearer, and his lordship held up his whip as a signal and over bounded Darby.

'Well, Darby, that shower we had last night served the pastures.'

'It did, my lord, and the cows will give a larger meal, and require milking earlier this evening through means of it.'

'Darby, bring over my favorite ram, that this gentleman may see it.'

'Yes, my lord. Hallo, Sweeper, away for Ball-face.'

In a few minutes the dog hunted the ram up from the flock.

'That's a clever turn, my worthy,' said the squire, 'here's half a crown to drink.'

'Thanks to your honor,' said Darby, 'but the worth of that in strong drink will serve me a year, and yet I'll spend it on drink all in one night.'

'Explain this riddle, Darby.'

'Why, sir, when I feel myself merry enough without it, where's the use in taking it? That stream can slake my thirst as well. Yet I'll not speak for others—many a one there are, who must have strong drink to give them false spirits. On them will I spend it to open their hearts, and make them forget their day's toil.'

'You are a worthy fellow, and a philosopher,' said Lord Amplefield, with a look of triumph, as he and the squire rode off. 'What say you to my shepherd now?'

'A mighty plausible fellow, indeed! Yet proud as you are of him, my lord, I bet a score of sheep that before two days I'll make him tell you a barefaced lie, out and out.'

'Done!' said his lordship, the wager was laid, and the squire set out on his lie-making expedition.

He soon ascertained the cause of Darby's melancholy. There had been a quarrel between him and the girl of his heart, the lovely Cauthleen. Pride prevented a reconciliation, though both would have given the world to be in each other's arms. To her the squire bent his steps, succeeded in drawing out the secret that she loved Darby with a heart and a half, and then artfully upbraiding her with unkindness in neglecting the 'worthy young fellow,' who was dying for her, contrived to inveigle her, by a series of falsehoods, into a plan to get reconciled to Darby, and while in the height of his happiness, to coax the ram from him. It succeeded next day to admiration—and the laughing girl tripped home, leading the animal with a kerchief taken from her snowy bosom.

Darby was now left to solitary reflection. The hour was rapidly approaching when his lordship usually took his round, and he would infallibly miss his favorite ram—what was to be done? To tell a lie appeared to his honest mind the very essence of degradation—to equivocate was meaner execrable—yet an excuse must be had! A sudden thought seized him—he resolved to see how a lie would look before he told it; and placed his hat on it, in order to personate himself, he retired to a little distance, and in the character of his lordship, hailed the effigy as follows:—

'Good morrow, Darby.'

'Good morrow, my lord.'

'How are the flocks, to-day, Darby?'

'Pretty fair, my lord.'

'Darby, I don't see my favorite ram—where is he?'

'Oh, my, lord, he—he—he—'

'He what, Darby?'

'He was drown'd—ed—my—my lord!'

'Darby, if I did not know your general character for carefulness, I should feel exceedingly annoyed, but I presume it was an accident. Send the fat and hide up to the castle.'

'That won't do!' murmured Darby, slowly turning away. He resolved to try again.

'Good morrow, Darby.'

'Good morrow, my lord.'

'Are the flocks well to-day, Darby?'

'Bravely, my lord.'

'And my ram, Darby, where is he?'

'My lord, he—he—he—'

'Is there any thing wrong? tell me at once.'

'He was sto—len, my—lord.'

'Stolen! stolen! I saw him this morning as I was riding past! When was he stolen?'

'That won't do either,' exclaimed the poor shepherd, as he turned away the second time. 'Cruel, cruel Cauth!'

'Something seemed to whisper to him, 'Try if perhaps the truth will do!' Fresh courage animated his desponding mind, and wheeling about, he recommenced the colloquy, and on coming to the usual interrogation, 'where is the ram,' he dropped

on his knees, and exclaimed:—

'Oh, my lord, I had a falling out with my sweetheart, and she would not make it up with me unless I made her a present of your lordship's favorite ram. Discharge me, my lord, do with me what you please, but I could not bring myself to tell your lordship a lie!'

'That will do,' shouted Darby, springing from his knees, and walking up and down with a feeling of honest exultation. He had scarcely time to compose himself when his lordship and the squire appeared. Darby, on the usual interrogation being put, dropped on his knees, and told 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;' and instead of seeing a frown gathering on his lordship's countenance, he beheld him turn with a look of triumph towards the squire, while he exclaimed:—

'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'

The ladies are informed, in conclusion, that the squire's forfeited sheep were given to Cauthleen as a dowry, and in taking the hand of her shepherd, she promised never again to put his truth and constancy to so severe a trial.

T. E.

RARE DISCOVERY.

A FACT.

Not a hundred years ago, there lived on the banks of the river Moy, county of Mayo, a person who, though neither a very well educated man or profound naturalist, was—what is perhaps, of more consequence in the eyes of the world—a wealthy farmer, and a justice of the peace for one of the neighboring counties. It happened that his worship, who was in the frequent habit of visiting his numerous farms on this beautiful river, was obliged to cross a small stream in its vicinity, and, although on horseback, he was apprehensive of wetting a portion of his dress, out of which he took no small pride, and which he denominated his 'yalla-gaiters.' He therefore, divested himself of those useful and ornamental appendages, and placing them across the shoulders of his horse, pursued his way, and after some time arrived at the town of Ballina. Here, to his great horror, he discovered that he had dropped his 'yalla gaiters,' and was pondering on the propriety of returning immediately in search of them, when his magisterial attention was attracted by a crowd of gaping rustics assembled round the caravan of an itinerant Politio, on which were depicted, in glowing colors, the various animals contained within. The magistrate forced his way into the crowd, and got in front of the caravan just as the showman, who had been delivering to the bye-standers a long catalogue of attractions, summed all up by announcing a pair of fine alligators found on the banks of the Nile.

'Yalla gaiters,' roared the magistrate, springing from his horse, and seizing the astonished showman by the collar, 'you rascal, them is my yalla gaiters, give them up to me this minute, or, if you don't, I'll cram you into jail for I'm a magistrates.'

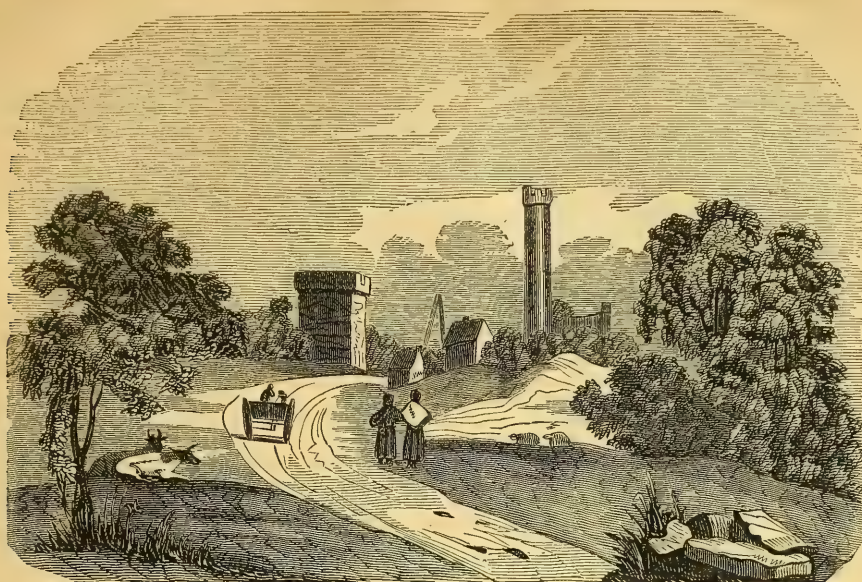
'Your alligators,' says the astonished and affrighted showman, 'why them there alligators were found on the banks of the Nile.'

'Found on the banks of the devil,' said the magistrate, 'none of your tricks upon me, you rascal, I say they were found on the banks of the Moy, and they are my 'yalla gaiters.'

All the protestations of the poor showman as to his innocence would probably have been vain, had not a friend of the worthy justice, who happened to pass at the time, and who was better skilled in natural history, explained to him his mistake, on which he slipped a crown into the hand of the terrified showman, and desired him to say nothing about the matter.

C.

He only is an acute observer who can observe minutely without being observed.



CASTLE AND ROUND TOWER OF KILDARE.

Very soon after the arrival of the English in this country, the town of Kildare came into their possession. It was then famous as a place of learning and piety; and a castle was erected by De Vesey, to whom the town and district around were granted, for the protection and defence of his extensive possessions. About the year 1290, a quarrel of a very violent nature arose between the Lord of Ophaly, and William de Vesey, then Earl of Kildare and Lord Justice of Ireland. Fitz Thomas of Ophaly offered to decide the dispute according to the chivalrous custom of the times, by single combat in the lists, and God protect and defend the just cause. De Vesey refused; and then Fitz Thomas laid his cause before the king, when the king deprived De Vesey of the town and manor of Kildare, and most of his other possessions, which he granted to the Lord of Ophaly, who then became the first Earl of Kildare of the line of Geraldine. This latter circumstance took place about the year 1316, after the De Vesey's holding the property by the right of arms for upwards of a century.

In the year 1294, the Prince of Hy Falia, called Colbrach O'Connor, invaded the English possession, and took the castle of Kildare, and burned all the records and deeds of the manor; and, as the old account has it, destroyed the tallies, a species of wooden accounts kept between lord and menial, at a time when writing was considered a very high attainment. O'Connor held possession upwards of twelve years, and was then defeated by the Lord Ophaly, and obliged to return to his own district, in what is now called the King's County, and county of Westmeath. Hy Falia was a man composed of a union of the Hy Maghlonagh, Hy Da Leigh Hy Conair, &c., or the country of the O'Malones, O'Dalys, O'Melaghlin, (now M'Loughlin,) O'Connors, &c., comprising a very extensive tract in Leinster. In 1309, a parliament was held in Kildare, but the records must have been destroyed, as there is no account of the nature of the business transacted. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this town was made the theatre of repeated depredations, being plundered several times, and the inhabitants massacred or obliged to fly. Bishop O'Daly was turned out of his house, almost naked, three times, and all his property carried away; so that the town was reduced to a heap of deserted ruins, with scarcely a single inhabitant.

In 1643, the castle was repaired and a garrison placed in it by the Earl of Castlehaven and Kildare began again to assume the appearance of a town; as

the protection afforded by the garrison encouraged the people to come and build houses again. During the wars of the period, the cathedral was nearly destroyed—having the steeple beaten down by cannon.

In 1647 this town was taken by Colonel Jones, but it was afterwards taken by the Irish forces, in whose possession it remained until the summer of 1649, when the lord lieutenant again became possessed of it. The round tower, which it situated near the cathedral, is in good preservation, and seems to have been built of two kinds of stone. From the foundation to about twelve or thirteen feet is composed of a kind of white granite, and the remainder of a common kind of stone of a dark color. The entrance or door is placed about fourteen feet from the ground, and it is full one hundred and thirty feet in height.

The present town of Kildare has improved very much of late years and seems not to be placed on the site of the ancient town, but some east, on a clear rising ground. It formerly sent two members to the Irish parliament, the patronage in the Duke of Leinster—it has four fairs in the year.

J. L. L.

A FISHERMAN'S TALE.

A curious story is told in the North, which from the time that the incident of which it is the subject occurred, and the evidence of it that remain, seems entitled to some share of credit. There was always a great plenty of bream in Lough M. till within the last sixty years, when they disappeared on a sudden, and though persons have constantly fished in the lake since, there has not been a single one taken, whilst perch and roach are caught in great abundance. On inquiring from an old man, who lives close to the lake, the cause of this strange affair, he told me the following story.

For some years before the flight of the bream, there were two men named Morris and Pat. Brady, who constantly fished here: they knew every part of the lake, and had great success in taking the bream; for several years they agreed well enough, till some men set up a still in the adjoining bog, they persuaded Morris to give up his old employment and join with them in the still—but here, says the old man, the bad work begins. It was not more than half a year after the still was set up, when some one informed against Morris and his friends, who shortly after saw their still and their all carried away

by the gauger. From this out, Morris was seldom seen sober, and though he before gave good bread to his family, he now worked but seldom, spending the most of his time in a shebeen house. Whilst Morris was thus becoming a beggar, Brady was getting prosperous, and was able to increase his stock with a cow, and to grow more flax than he used. His success made him hateful to Morris, who looked with a wicked eye, and he would even sometimes tell his friends, that Brady informed and got money for it; but to make a long story short, Morris with two others, happened to go out to fish, one night in summer, and taking too much of the potheen, they began to quarrel with each other, when one of them observing Brady, as he watched his lines seated in his cot, told his companions, who rowed up, and seemed at first friendly, but they shortly accused him of informing on them, which raised a fight, and whilst his companions were seizing on Brady, Morris took an oar and drove it through the bottom of the boat, which filled and sunk with Brady. His two companions fled from the country, but Morris being taken was tried, yet for want of proof he was acquitted; he lived in this place for seven years after, and it was remarked that as often as he went on the water, the lake became disturbed and heaved the cots about as if it blew a storm, though the day itself was calm. At length when Morris was dying, he called together his neighbors and told them the whole story, and said he, 'no person can ever catch a bream, till all who were on the lake the night of Brady's murder are dead.' As yet, says the old man, Morris's words are true, for one of his companions is, they say, alive in America, and in my memory, I never saw a bream come from the lake, though I have always lived beside it.

C. J. S.

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.—When Spenser had finished his poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day. The manuscript being sent up to the Earl he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer £20. Reading on, he cried in a rapture, 'carry that man another £20. Proceeding further he exclaimed, 'give him £20 more.' At length he said, 'turn that fellow out, for if I read farther I shall be ruined.'

THE O'SULLIVAN BEAR.

The following affecting incidents relative to a member of the once powerful family alluded to in the story which we have given in our preceding pages, we copy from an interesting volume entitled, 'Sketches in Ireland,' by C. O.

After the sack of his stronghold, O'Sullivan, with his wife, children, retainers, and cattle, took shelter in the woods of Glengarriff. Tyrrell and O'Connor Kerry held communication with him along the ridge of Slievegher. Eugene M'Egan, the Apostolic Vicar, was in the centre of the M'Carthy's of Carberry. But the lord president was not to be withstood; and his lieutenant, Sir Charles Wilmot, who was as good a guerrilla as Tyrrell, and who knew the fastnesses of Slievegher and Desmond as well as if he were the son of a Sullivan, surprised the O'Sullivans in Glengarriff. The Prince of Bear and Bantry, amidst his own rocks, bogs and woods, fought in the face of his wife, children, and people—the battle was for the defence of the cattle, their only subsistence—their all. Through the whole Munster war, never was a field so desperately contested. From rock to rock, and ridge to ridge, the Irish suffered the assault of the English; and still the well-armed and fearless assailants carried one position after another, until the O'Sullivans gave way, and scattered over the hills like sheep, leaving their herds a prey to the spoiler.

And now Tyrrell, finding the left of his position on Slievegher, turned by Wilmot—perceiving the game was up in Munster, and hopeless of further Spanish aid, with the decision and dispatch for which he was notorious, retreated along the eastern parts of Kerry, through Limerick, Ormond, and Ely O'Carroll, until he reached in safety, with all his partizans, into his own country. O'Sullivan still clung, with craving hope to his native rocks—but winter coming on, famine stared him and all belonging to him in the face—for Wilmot had wasted all Bear, Bantry, and the whole of Kerry—not a cow, garraue, goat or sheep did he leave from Slicumiss to Glenflesk. O'Sullivan, therefore, consigning his wife and children to the care of his faithful gossip, Gorrane M'Swiney, determined to follow Tyrrell's example, and retreat to the confederates that still held out at Breffny and Ulster. He, therefore set out in company with William Burke, O'Connor Kerry, and one hundred of faithful and veteran Bonnaughts.

Gorrane, whose whole soul was in his charge, returned with them to a boogie he had set up under the foot of the Eagle's Precipice at Glengarriff. This boogie or hut was so contrived that Wilmot and his Saxon devils, (as Gorrane called them,) might scour the mountain over and never see or suspect that there was in such a desert a human habitation. It was erected against the face of a rocky ridge, the roof sloped down till it touched the moor, and was covered with scraws or sods of heath, so that the place was undistinguishable from the shelving slope of the mountain, and the entrance being by a long, distant, and winding passage in the rock, and charcoal burned on the hearth for fire—it was secure from suspicion. But how was the Princess of Bear and Bantry to be supported, not one cow was there to give milk, no corn, nor root, nor pulse. Gorrane had one salted salmon, wrapped up in a cow's hide; that was all his provision when they entered the boogie, and where to go seek for food, Gorrane knew not under heaven; famine had spread over the southern land—as Spencer says, 'the people of Munster were brought to such wretchedness that even a heart of stone would have rued to see the same; for out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they came creeping forth on their hands and knees, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts, crying out of their graves, they did eat the dead carrion, happy were they when they could find them, yea, and one another, sometime after, insomuch that the very carcases they spared not to scrape out of their graves, and if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrock there they flocked as to a feast.'

In this extremity of desolation was the south-west of Cork and Desmond, when Gorrane took home his charge to his boogie, and the poor fosterer knew not what to do—all his trust was that God was good, and the Virgin Mother, his protectress, would not fail in his hour of need; and as thus one morning he was ruminating, as he rambled under the precipice, where year after year the eagles of the valley had nested and reared their young; and looking up, he saw one of these huge birds sailing on steady wing, with a hare within its talons, and now it alighted on its rock-nest, and anon the young eagles were shrieking with triumph over the divided prey.

'Arrah, now is it not the greatest pity in life that these young-hell-birds that look for all the world like the childer of these cramming, beef-eating devils, the Saxon charls—my heavy curse upon them—that these greedy guts should be after swallowing the game that nobody has any right to but O'Sullivan, and my sweet mistress and little ones, all the while starving. Now its I that have a thought in my head, which no living soul but the Virgin herself could have put into it, and it's myself knows what I will do.'

So home Gorrane went, and all day long he was busy twisting firmly with all his might a rope made from the fibres of the bog fir, and towards evening he took out from his store, his salmon, and gave the greater part of it to be broiled for supper, and long before the following daybreak, Gorrane got up from his bed of heath, and he awoke Phadrig, his son, a boy about fourteen years old:—'Phadrig, avich, get up—come along with me.'

The boy, light and active, was beside him in an instant, and out they both started—the father, with his woolen rope in his hand. Just as the day was breaking, they came to the brink of a mountain ridge that ascends from the precipitous valley, where the eagles build their nest, and just as they arrived at the verge of the chasm, they saw the old eagles soaring away to meet the sun, and to seek for their prey over land and sea.

'Phadrig a cushla, look down there,' says the father, 'look down below, and see that bird's nest; down there you must go, by the help of this rope, if you have any regard for the life of the mother that bore you, and of the sweet mistress, for whom we are bound to live or spend our blood and die. You must go down by the help of the rope, and tie these straps that I will give you, round the necks of yonder gaping greedy-guts; don't choke them for the life of you, but just tie their ugly necks so tight that not one morsel shall they swallow.'

'And now, father, sure its I myself that would desire no better sport than to get down and wring their necks off, and bring them up to you; but sure, father, the Lady O'Sullivan must be cruel hungry when she would eat eagles.'

'Oh, that would not do at all, Phadrig, jewel, that would be the spoiling without cure of the whole thing—no, my honey, handle them gently, treat the nasty things as if they were your mother's daughters—only do, Phadrig, just as I bid you.'

'Well, father, mind you hold tight and I will do your bidding.'

So Gorrane fastened well the rope about the boy's waist and between his legs, and down he lowered him, in the name of God and all the saints. The youth soon got to the nest—as he was bid, tightened well the necks of the young eaglets, so that they could not swallow, and then he was safely drawn up. For an hour or two the father and son waited near the nest, and at length were gratified with seeing the old ones come soaring down the wind, one with a rabbit, another with a grouse in its talons, which they deposited in the nest, and after a time flew away.

'Now, Phadrig, avouneen, down with you again, —and to be sure it's I that will hold you tight;—gut the game, throw the garbage to the young ones, it's right and natural they should have it, and bring up under your two arms O'Sullivan's rightful property.'

All this the boy did with address and expedition;

and in this manner were the family in the boogie fed, until the English retreated from the country, and the wife of O'Sullivan and her faithful followers could reach a place of more plenty and security.

In the meanwhile, O'Sullivan, William Rourke, and O'Connor Kerry had set out on their perilous retreat; they took their way through Murdering Glen, and around the foot of the Iveleagh mountains, and through the district of Mu-kerry. That uncertain tarmacot, Teige M'Carthy, safe with no man, and true to no party, attacked them in the passage of the Lee, and they lost some of their best men. John Barry of Buttevant, who was neither fish nor flesh, whose blood was bad because there was English in it, a false Irishman, because a mixed mongrel, he, instead of giving them welcome at Liscarrall, turned, churl, as he was, the guns of his castle on them; and moreover, he sent out all his men on garrans, to press and prey them on. Still onward they went leaving to the left the Bally-hour mountains. They descended into the plains of Limerick. Here they found for a few days food for themselves and pasture for their horses; and then northward they rode until passing under the Galtee chain, they reached the rich valley of the Suir. Here O'Sullivan and O'Connor trusted that in this very fertile vale which the Catholic church had appropriated to herself, and amidst the opulent abbeys that raised their cloistered fronts along its beautiful stream, they would have been refreshed. Thus they stopped at Athassel, but the Saxon spoiler had driven the peaceful dwellers from this splendid monument of the piety of De Burgo, the red earl—and they passed on to the Rock of Cashel. But here again was no rest for the hoofs of their horses, for the lord president had advised by his scouts, the sheriff of the Cross in the Palatinate of Tipperary, that traitors to the queen's highness were traversing his bailiwick, and the raising of the loyalty of the Palatinate was on horse to pursue the fugitives, who fled northward along the left skirts of the plain that lies between the Suir and the mountains of Clanwilliam. They saw, and only saw, the tower of Holycross at a distance, and receiving as much refreshment as the poor monks of Monachaich could supply, they turned to the left under Benduff, the black mountain out of which the Suir and Nore take their rise. Proceeding by the borders of Ormond and Ely O'Carroll, they reached the Shannon, where it spreads broad and beautiful under the old Bardic College of Terryglass; and here what was to be done? The whole English rising, headed by the sheriffs of the Cross and Liberty of Tipperary, were behind, and within a few miles of them—before them the Shannon, spreading like an inland sea; and 'shall,' says O'Sullivan, 'the Saxon churls after all our battles, and all our escapes, shall they here take us, like foxes they have driven into a bag—shall our quarters dangle from these trees, as piecemeal food for carrion crows? No; by the assistance of Saint Patrick and the Virgin, it shall not be—come, let us turn our good nags into neaves, and ride on them over the Shannon. Come, boys, out with your skins, let each man cut his good horse's throat, and more's the pity to do it, and we will make coraghs of their skins, and dress a stake to satisfy hunger even from their flesh.' Accordingly, they set to work—the horses were slaughtered in the wood of Dromina, that overhangs the ancient abbey of Terryglass, and the old forbes of the O'Griffins. They made basket boats, and covered them with their horse hides, and just as the 'possee comitatus' of Tipperary with the sheriffs at their head, were riding down the Ormond hills overhanging the Shannon, where they expected to find and overwhelm the runaways, O'Sullivan and his troop were afloat on the bosom of the Shannon, which, as in pity to their adventure, spread its waveless bosom to receive them, and across they waded themselves in sight of their surprised and disappointed enemies. And now, having landed on that moorland district of Galway, which in those days was called Tough-Killnalehem, they here rested as long as their horse-flesh lasted, and then were forced to press onwards, towards Clanrickard, where they were attacked by Sir T. Bourke and Captain Maltby, who at

that time held this portion of Connaught for the queen.

The confederates retired to a rocky fastness, protected in the rear by the precipitous ledge of a mountain range before them, and in the only accessible point of attack, was a narrow defile, overhung with wood, and from behind a rock, the confederates could see and defend all approach to their position. Maltby, in the meantime, who was a fine tall soldier, but a hot, impetuous character, rushed forward into the defile. O'Connor Kerry had known him in peaceable times, and at a banquet given by the Lord President of Munster to the assembled nobility of Munster and Connaught, O'Connor had given to this Maltby the right hand of fellowship. He therefore now called out—

'Maltby, my old friend, come not a foot farther, or you are a dead man. Captain, I have you covered with my good arquebuss which never missed its aim. I once gave you my hand in friendship—that hand would be reluctantly raised to send you into eternity. Why pursue us? Why seek our lives? Let us pass through your country in peace. Give us food and rest for a few days, and not a cow or garraun of yours shall we touch. Come, my ancient friend, open the way for us, let us pass into the O'Rourke's country.'

'What!' cried the fiery Maltby, 'shall it ever be said that I parlied with traitors. No! down, rebel, with your arms, and submit to the queen's clemency.'

'Clemency!' cried O'Sullivan, 'Oh ye spirits of my people, murdered in cold blood at Dunboy, bear witness to Saxon clemency. Fire, fire! in memory of Dunboy. Hurra—O'Sullivan, aboo—fire!'

The well-directed volley was discharged, and Maltby, struck by a bullet in the forehead, fell dead, and many of his men being killed or wounded, onwards rushed the confederates; they must fight or die, and plunging on like desperadoes, they overthrown, conquered, and dispersed the Connaughtmen, and effected their retreat unmolested into O'Rourke's country.

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.—It is recorded that a battle was fought near Newtownhamilton, in the barony of Fews, county of Armagh, between O'Neil of Ulster, denominated Black Beard (Fesog Dhu) and one of the princes of Louth, in which many were slain on both sides, and where O'Neil also fell; the quarrel is said to have originated at a feast given on the spot, by the Prince of Louth setting fire to O'Neil's beard, who did not relish so warm a reception. The beard seems to have been the seat of honor amongst the Milesians, and any affront offered to its flowing locks could only be expiated with the life of the offender. In later days the neighborhood of the Fews has been infested by robbers, and three miles from Newtonhamilton a barack was built to keep the freebooters in check. Two of their scattered party entered the country house of Mr. Kelso, in that place one evening, knowing that he and his lady had gone to dine at a friend's, and that the men servants were absent; the robbers easily secured the two female domestics and proceeded to the parlor, where Miss Kelso was alone—a girl about eleven years old; they ordered her on pain of death to show them where the plate and money were kept, and she led them to a closet which contained all the valuables; whilst they were engaged in ransacking the presses, she silently left the room and shut the door, which had a spring lock; and as there was but one small window, secured by iron bars, she felt certain that the robbers could not possibly escape; meanwhile Miss Kelso went to the kitchen and released the servant women, who were tied hand and foot, and with their assistance collected straw, dry sticks, and whatever combustibles were about the place, and making a heap of these, lighted them on an eminence which would be seen from the house where her parents were. The plan succeeded—the blaze soon attracted observation—and Mr. Kelso returned as soon as possible, with all the assistance he could assemble, to extinguish the supposed fire in his house. On his arrival, he was agreeably surprised to learn how matters stood, and seized the robbers without difficulty.

ANECDOTE OF A WEASEL:

On a fine morning in the spring of 1828, while walking on the road from Newry to Warrenpoint, enjoying the pleasure to be derived from the most enchanting scenery, and inhaling with delight the invigorating breeze, as it came fresh and bracing up the valley, impregnated with saline particles from the far-famed Lough of Carlingford, my attention was suddenly aroused, by observing, at a short distance in front, a weasel descending from a hedge and endeavoring to convey, with great apparent difficulty, the dead body of another animal towards a marsh on the opposite side of the road; on my near approach, it relinquished its burden and retreated to its former position. On arriving at the spot, I was rather surprised at finding what I had conceived to be the body of a rat, to be that of a full grown weasel, grey with age. As I never before had an opportunity of examining this animal closely, I was highly gratified with my prize, and returned homewards, intending to preserve it. I had not proceeded far, when casually looking behind me, I was astonished at perceiving the live animal within a few paces of me, exhibiting, in the most lively manner, by its gestures and appearance, the most intense anxiety and distress. I stopped, and so did it, and after looking in my face for a few seconds, it seemed to gather courage and gradually drew nearer; I then held the dead body behind me, it immediately went behind and varying its position as I changed mine, seemed determined not to lose sight of the object of its solicitude.

I had before heard of the spitefulness and venom of weasels, and own I at first felt apprehensive it would attack me, but on examining the countenance of my new acquaintance, I found in it no traces of ferocity, on the contrary it evinced nothing but supplication and despair, moving his head continually from side to side, and keeping its eyes fixed intently on what I began to consider the body of a beloved parent, it still watched my motions and followed me a considerable distance.

During this extraordinary pantomime, I was joined by several persons, the novelty of the circumstance inducing them to stop, and among others, by a gentleman of Newry, who requested me to lay down the body, that we might see the result; on my doing so, the other seized it by the back, not fiercely, but with the greatest care—and nothing disturbed by the presence of nearly a dozen spectators—with the greatest apparent labor, succeeded in bringing it under a gate into the marsh. The gentlemen followed, but, (as I felt rather chagrined at losing my prize,) I did not, and so cannot say how it eventually disposed of it.

William Needham Thompson, Esq., collector of Newry, the gentleman alluded to above, can vouch for the authenticity of this anecdote.

R. A.

INTREPIDITY OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN:

At the commencement of the 18th century, the succession to the crown of Spain was disputed by two claimants, Charles, Prince of Bavaria, son of the Emperor of Germany, and Philip, son of Louis, Duke of Anjou. Recourse being had to arms, a war, which cost both parties much, as well in blood as in treasure, was carried on for a long time with various success; but, at length, by the famous treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Philip was seated securely on the throne, and the crown of Spain thus became vested in a branch of the house of Bourbon. In the course of the war, the following remarkable instance of intrepidity and daring is recorded to have taken place, which, we think, possesses interest for our readers.

In consequence of the defeat at Saragossa, and the very low state to which France was thereupon reduced, Philip greatly apprehended that he should be obliged to relinquish his pretensions. Many of the Spanish nobility preserved a sort of dubious neutrality, and some were even suspected of being secretly in the interest of his competitor, Charles. Among the latter was one of the most distinguished and influential, the Duke of Medini Celi. To render so powerful a prince

inactive, it was deemed, would be almost equal to a victory; but to effect it appeared difficult. In this conjuncture, Sir Patrick Lawless, an Irish gentleman, then a colonel in the French army, boldly tendered his services to carry this important matter into execution, and charged himself singly to secure the person of the duke. Having previously concerted all his measures, he repaired to the ducal palace, as charged with a special commission from Philip. He invited the duke to take a walk on a fine terrace, in order to converse the more freely. As the conversation became more interesting, they insensibly rambled to a considerable distance from the suite of the duke, until they came to a passage which led to the high road, where the colonel had a carriage in waiting. Lawless now changed his tone, and in a few words, told his highness that he must directly, and without the least appearance of constraint, take a seat in the coach; as he had engaged, at the hazard of his head, to bring him to Madrid, where he would find Philip ready to receive him with open arms. The determined tone with which these words were uttered, the appearance of the man, and, above all, his character for resolution and bravery, induced the duke to acquiesce, rather than adopt the more dangerous alternative of resistance. They soon arrived at Madrid, where he met with a most gracious reception. The battle of Almanza, which happened some time after, made the duke deem his visitor his preserver, as well as that of his immense estate. Lawless was raised in a short time to the rank of lieutenant-general and governor of Majorca, and in the course of a few years, Philip appointed him his ambassador to the court of Versailles.

IRISH SOLDIERS.—1544. 'In the siege of Boulogne, the Irish stood the army in verie good sted, for they were not only contented to burn and spoil all the village thereunto adjoining, but also they would range twenty or thirty miles into the mainland, and furnish the campe with beefe. The French, with their strange kind of warfaring astonished, sent an ambassador to King Henrie, to learn whether he brought men with him or devils, that could neither be wonne with rewards, nor pacified by pitie; which the king turned to a jest. After that Boulogne was surrendered, there encamped on the west side of the towne, beyond the haven, an armie of Frenchmen, amongst whom there was a Thresonical Goliath, that came to the brink of the haven, and there challenged anie one of the English armie, that durst be so hardie as to bicker with him hand to hand. And albeit the distance of the place, the depth of the haven, and the nearness of his companie, imboldened him to the challenge, yet all this notwithstanding an Irishman named Nicholl Welsh, who after retained to the Earl of Kildare, louthing and disdainig his proud brass, flung into the water, and swam over the river, fought with the challenger, strake him for dead, and returned back to Boulogne with the Frenchman, his head in his mouth, before the armie could overtake him; for which exploit he was, of all his companie, highly commended, so by the lieutenant he was highly rewarded.—Hollinshead's Chronicle.

THE 'USES OF ADVERSITY.'—The most advantageous situation in which human creatures can be placed, is that in which they are surrounded by superable difficulties. Where there are no difficulties there is no stimulus to exertion; where difficulties are insuperable, there is no hope of success. But a due ratio between the impediments opposed to national progress and the means of removing them—between natural obstacles and the human faculties—constitutes the maximum of human advantages. It is neither just nor accurate to suppose that the best prodigality of Nature is shown in gifts which are palpable to sight. There is a richer and a dearer beauty, perceptible only to the mind, in his very parsimony; for, if she sometimes allows to nations a prosperity attained by greater labor, she makes that prosperity more noble and more secure.



BRICKEEN BRIDGE

Brickeen Bridge in the Lakes of Killarney represented above, unites the extremity of the promontory of Mucruss with Brickeen Island; it consists of one Gothic arch, whose altitude is seventeen feet, and span twenty-seven, and was built by the late Colonel Herbert. An interesting article, concerning a day's tour on the Lakes, by our correspondent, 'J. E. F.', will be found on our tenth page, to which we refer the reader.

THE BEGGARMAN AND THE BLACKSMITH.

About the beginning of the last century a wealthy farmer lived in the lonely district of Kilmaconnan, in the north of Ireland. His cottage was surrounded with hills, which were used as a sheep walk, their surface was unsheltered, except where occasional clusters of stunted hawthorn and elder trees were scattered. About half a mile from the farmer's dwelling were the 'cross-roads,' distinguished by the white-washed forge and cabin of Paddy Murphy, the blacksmith, and called from this circumstance the 'Carthan bawn.' It was late in October, 1703, when the farmer, having collected what at that time was deemed a good sum, by his sales at various fairs, was suddenly called from home to attend the funeral of an aunt, which took place at a considerable distance from his neighborhood. The money his traffic had brought him was necessarily left, in his absence, in the care of his wife. On the third evening after his departure, the servant girl was washing the potatoes for supper, when a sturdy looking beggarman approached the house.

'Mistress, mistress, dear,' cried Sally, 'there's a strange bogaugh coming; any how, I don't like the look of him at all! He's the biggest man I ever see, beats the master out and out, and more by token, he has the devil of a wicked look!'

'Shut the door then,' said the mistress of the cottage.

Sally was about to obey, when it struck her mistress that, lonely and unprotected as they were, civility was their best play; as if the beggarman should choose to enforce his admission by violent means, they would not be able to offer resistance.

He entered and unceremoniously seated himself by the fire.

'What are you getting for dinner?' he asked.

'Beef and potatoes,' replied Sally.

'If you mean that bit of meat,' rejoined the bogaugh, 'it won't be enough to give a taste to the boys.'

Mrs. Mac Gunshigan looked surprised.

'Ay, mistress, you'll have company here by and by, this is a cold, raw evening, and they'll want something comfortable.'

'Put down more then,' said the farmer's wife.

Dinner was nearly ready, when the blacksmith of the 'Carthan bawn' entered.

'Then it's myself that's proud to see you,' said Sally to him in a low voice.

Paddy Murphy's appearance did not please the bogaugh, who sturdily asked him, what brought him there.

Paddy looked astonished, but answered 'that he merely called upon his way from a neighbor's to see how his friend, Mrs. Mac Gunshigan was.'

'Then you may take yourself off again,' said the bogaugh, 'we don't want you here.'

'And who are you that orders me off?' asked Paddy Murphy.

'I'll show you in no time,' said the mendicant, flourishing his shillelah.

'And if it comes to that, begad I'll have a hit too, before I leave this house at your bidding,' said Paddy.

The beggarman aimed a blow at Paddy's head, but he dexterously avoided it, and his hammer descended with such fatal force on his opponent's temple that the huge beggarman fell dead upon the ground with a single groan!

'Oh, murder, murder,' cried the women 'you've kilt him.'

'By dad,' said Paddy, coolly, 'it would have been the murder not to kill him;' and he opened the coat of the pretended mendicant, and exhibited his belt well furnished with pistols—a whistle hung from his neck. 'Now,' said the blacksmith, 'we'll have all the murder out, if you can only fire a pistol.'

'I can fire right well,' said Sally.

'I'll try and fire, too,' said Mrs. Mac Gunshigan.

At this juncture the farmer unexpectedly returned, to the great delight of his wife and Sally.

'What lumber's this?' he exclaimed stumbling over the body of the bandit.

'It's a corpse!' said his wife.

'Lord save us! who's kilt?'

'The captain of a gang of robbers, and if I had not settled him, he and his gang would have left no one here to tell tales to-morrow,' said the blacksmith.

The farmer lifted up his hands, struck with astonishment.

'If we only manage cutely,' said Paddy Murphy, 'we'll have the other birds. The night is dark; you, and I, and the women, will take a pistol each; we'll stand outside the door, and blow the whistle; and when the gang are pressing in, we will slap at them.'

The farmer acquiesced—the whistle was blown loud, and the trampling of feet was soon heard, and half a dozen ruffians rushed in through the open door of the cottage, directed by the fire-light within. As they passed the little party, four pistols were effectively discharged at them, killing and wounding an equal number of men; the two others, terror struck at so unlooked for a reception, hastily fled through a door that opened to the farm yard—leaving their less fortunate companions behind.

The blacksmith was tried, acquitted, and honored with the thanks of the jury, for his steadiness and heroism. The grateful farmer gave him more substantial thanks.

A poor woman in the country went to hear a sermon, wherein, among other practices the iniquity of using dishonest weights and measures was exposed. With this discourse she was much affected. The next day, when the minister, according to his custom went among his hearers, and called upon the women, he took occasion to ask her what she remembered of his sermon. The poor woman complained much of her bad memory, and said she had forgotten almost every word, 'but I remembered to burn my bushel'

Written for the Miscellany.

A SONG.

BY DARBY MCKEON.

Air—'My Dear Irish Boy.'

On a calm summer-evening, by yon gushing fountain,
To view charming nature I wandered along—
Where bright sparkling rills tumble down from the mountain-tops,
And the vallies re-echo the warbler's song.

Gay nature was robed in sweet garments of glory—
The fields, vales and flowers were bathed in soft dew;
There in sweet, plaintive tones I first told my love story
And won the fond smile of my own Callien dhu.

Like the fresh blooming rose, she is mild, pure and tender
As the soft ripple flows her glossy black hair;
Her neck like the snow—and her waist is so slender:
With my peerless Mary no queen can compare.

Her smile spreads a light so lustrous and charming,
Her teeth pearly white and her eyes a sweet blue—
Like an angel so bright is the form of my darling:
My fond heart's delight, my own Callien dhu.

Her voice soft and clear, so melodious to hear,
As she sings the sweet strains of her own native Isle;
Of the chiefs, bards and sages to Erin so dear,
Ere the Sassanah did her frown bosom defile.

Mild and kind as the dove is my own gentle love,
To the cross and to green she is faithful and true;
And pure as the fountain that glides down from yon mountain-tains
In bright silver streams, is my own Callien dhu.

In a sad, gloomy hour, by that vile Saxon power,
I was forced to abandon my own native shore;
Each fond dream of childhood, by streamlet and bower
And the sweet smile that cheered me from her I adore.

But strong is the fond hope encircling my bosom,
Dear Erin, of vengeance and freedom for you;
When the green flag so glorious shall wave yet victorious,
O'er the land of my heart and my own Callien dhu.

Written for the Miscellany.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY MONONIA.

To-day Freedom's banner was proudly unfurled,
And its folds first embraced the bright sun's dawning ray,
And the death knell of tyranny over the world
Was tolled, when that flag was uplifted to day.

Ah! true hearts and bold had those men who had risen,
To suffer for ever oppression's foul chain,
And far sweeter to them was the gloom of a prison,
Than a home which was darkened by slavery's stain.

Their fame still illumines the whole earth with its brightness,
As slave as he sees it looks back to the west,
Deems that his chains are endowed with more light
Than those
And longs to be there where the sun sinks to rest.

Ah! you on whom smiles the fair goddess of freedom,
Remember and guard your inheritance well;
Let her smiles those illumine who wish for and need em,
Till the world shall be bound with the magical spell.

Look yonder, and see there your brother repining
Where perchance in the days of thy youth thou didst
rove,
Then think that on him freedom's rays are ne'er shining—
That freedom whose smile you so cherish and love.

From Poland's cold empire, to that land of bright fountain-tains
Italia, where once freedom's goddess had reigned;
On thy plains, once proud Greece, on Circeia's mountain-tains,
That goddess hath long been imprisoned and chained.

And westward a little there is a green island
Which sighs for the days when again to her shore,
Her sons shall return,—to their own, unto my land,
And bring her fair freedom to reign there once more.

Oh! that these glad eyes may see that bright morrow!
Let me live until then—let me see how the brave
Shall banish from Erin her woe and her sorrow.
And then let me sleep in my forefather's grave.

Written for the Irish Miscellany.

INK DROPS:

FROM THE PEN OF THE 'QUEER COVE.'

No. 8.—He 'detteth out' on the weather, &c.

Byron says, in Don Juan:—

'I like to be particular on dates.'

Unlike 'George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron of Rochdale,' dates are nothing to me. Although personally present at my own nativity, (a matter, by the way, in which I was not consulted or my own feelings taken into consideration) I cannot remember the exact date thereof; and why should I, when we reflect on the immature period of existence at which I had arrived, when that interesting event transpired! I repeat then, I know nothing (politically, I belong to another party) about dates, and possibly I may be out of my reckoning, if I set the present season down as that portion of the year, known by canine fanciers as the 'dog days.' I fancy that

'The dog star rages,'

for like that monarch of blessed memory (God save the mark!) James the 7th of Scotland or the 1st of England, which ever you may choose to have it, and other kinds of animals, my tongue is incessantly lolling out of my mouth, no doubt occasioned by the heat of the weather, or perhaps with a longing desire for 'juleps,' 'cobbler's,' cold punch,' (Mr. Pickwick's favorite 'tipple') or any other of those delectable compounds which are well iced, and sent down to us no doubt by Olympian Jove himself, for the express purpose of keeping us poor mortals cool during this unbearable weather. I can even now cry out with Shelley, to the celestial cup-bearer,

'Four forth heaven's wine, Idean Ganymede,'

for, as one of that race whose only glory is, that of being born within sound of Bow bells, would observe, 'I hain werry 'out.'

But it is not the heat alone which annoys me; it is the transition from rain to shine—this incessant attempt at atmospherical tears and smiles—nature, with all the years she has on her head, vainly attempting to imitate some love-sick girl, who, delighted, and enveloped in smiles and her 'best bib and tucker' while her inamorata is present, immediately on his departure, pumps up, (for no one more thoroughly understands the system of hydraulics than a woman) a few 'liquid pearls,' as one of the old poets of the Herrick and Cowley school has it, which being exhausted, she 'dries up' and—and—well, flirts with the next 'galliant so brave,' who chances for the moment to please her fancy. Of a surety, women, young ones, especially, are as Pope says of children—

'Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw'

Shakespeare tells about

'The uncertain glory of an April day.'

There is no doubt but since the time of that personage, the seasons have 'slightly' undergone a change. They have been, like the crystals, in a transition state. The 'leafy month,' as June has been termed, appears to have taken a retrograde step, to have partially lost its individuality, and in a degree, partakes, at present, more of the nature of the hydropathic month of April. If the 'rain, raineth every day,' as we are told, I feel confident, although nothing of an agriculturalist, that the green corn, (a most delicious esculent, Mr. Editor, to which I am excessively partial, and which has a stunning effect on one's commissariat department, when judiciously boiled, buttered and peppered,) will have, as whilome, in the 'merrie days' of Oberon and Titania,

'Rotted, ere his youth attained a beard,'

and thus deprive me of one of the enjoyments of life. My savage friend, 'The Old Dog' is also laboring under this apprehension, and says in 'mourn-

ful numbers' 'Rain all time Old Dog and squaw have no corn, so we live on fire water', while the Mustang Colt makes rejoinder, 'Corn be d—, me live all the time on fire water and homeopathic pills!' What a style of diet must that be.

Having thus paid my respects to the weather, allow me to do likewise by you, Mr. Editor, for I now intend to seek apartments in an ice house, with the hope that I will be able, as the Oak Hall advertisements say, to 'keep cool.'

Written for the Miscellany.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

BY J. E. F.

No. 3.—A Day on the Lakes of Killarney.

We provided ourselves to-day with a basket containing a cold dinner, and a bottle of the 'crathur' for the rowers, and at 8 A.M. our boat was shoved out from beneath the ivy-mantled and frowning ruins of Ross Castle. We were no sooner out than our boatmen commenced their stories of O'Donoghue, who is seen they say, every seven years, riding over the lakes on a milk-white steed, and those who have courage to follow him can walk on the lakes dry shod and be rewarded by him with 'lashings of gold.' Among the many objects shown us, was his pigeon house, a natural rock, with innumerable holes in it; then the pulpit from which he used to address his followers; but the most remarkable of all was his library, a number of stones which really have the appearance of books strewn around in confusion, and one of the largest was pointed out to us as his Dictionary, with the remark that there was 'a dale of hard words in it.'

We landed at the Isle of Innisfallen, where we visited the ruins of an abbey founded twelve centuries ago, and of which but a small portion remains. There are some magnificent ash and holly trees here, one of the latter being twelve feet round. The island is clothed with the richest and greenest vegetation and is certainly an island paradise. Moore's oft-quoted lines on Innisfallen are beautiful, but he, even, cannot find words to describe its picturesque scene:—

'Sweet Innisfallen, fare-thee-well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine;
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine.'

Leaving here, we soon entered Muckross or the Middle Lake, with its solitary Devil's Island. The island is said to be the piece Satan took out of the mountain near here; and it is said to be a fact, (the truth of which I do not vouch for) that it will exactly fill up the gap in the mountain. This is rather hard to swallow—the island, I mean, not the story. The Devil's Punchbowl is seen to good advantage from here.

Arriving at the Old Weir Bridge, we disembarked, as it is hard to pull the boat against the swift current, and is attended with danger. Some one who probably tried it, writes:—

'Trust not the Old Weir for the river is deep,
The stream is rapid, the rocks they are steep;
The sky though unclouded, the landscape though fair;
Trust not to the current, for death may be there.'

After rowing some time past the 'meeting of the waters,' we got opposite the 'Eagle's Nest,' the height of which is 1100 feet, and in which eagles have built their nests for centuries, two of whom we had the good fortune of seeing. It is almost inaccessible; but there is a story told, by Mrs. Hall I believe, of a soldier who at one time attempted to rob the eyrie. He watched until the old eagles departed, and was then let down by a rope from the top. While thus engaged, one of the old birds returned and spying Mr. Redcoat, immediately attacked him. The soldier begged for mercy, and it seems from the story that the Killarney eagles can talk, for the eagle is said to have asked the soldier

'What he wanted?' He replied by saying that 'he was curious to see what was in the nest.'

Eagle—'I don't believe it.'

Soldier—'Honor bright, that's all.'

To settle the dispute, it was agreed to leave it to the decision of O'Donoghue, whose spirit would answer from the opposite mountain.

Accordingly, the eagle bawled out,

'Did he come to rob the eagle's nest?' taking care to speak the first three words in a lower key than the last.

The spirit answered, or rather the echo, 'To rob the eagle's nest.'

So the eagle hurled the soldier to the bottom of the waters of the Long Range.

The echoes here are indeed beautiful, and being provided with a bugle, one of our boatmen sounded it, the effect of which was wonderful. 'The solitary note rebounds from hill to hill, from cliff to crag; now soft, now loud, sometimes in rapid succession, at other times pausing, as if for an answer, until it finally dies away in soft, faint whispers. Again the bugle is sounded—this time in a succession of rapid notes—and instantly the mountains seem alive with harmony; far and near, around, on every side, note follows note in soft, wild confusion; some reverberating loudly, others mellowed by distance, and the whole producing an effect which words cannot describe.'

The echo of 'Paddy Blake and his scolding wife,' is an amusing one, and it is said, if you ask Paddy, 'How are you?' he says 'Very well, I thank you.'

I think this is rather a stretch of the imagination; but one thing is certain: if you say to Paddy, 'You lie!' he gives you the lie back; his wife then echoes him, and we were rowed off with 'You lie,' still ringing in our ears.

In the Upper Lake, stories were again told us of O'Donoghue, and of the famous jump he took, 60 feet, and the prints of his brogues are seen on the rock he leaped upon. On one of the islands here, goats' milk is sold by women from the mountains, mixed with a 'little of the stuff that never saw a guager.'

There are yet some wild red deer among the mountains and we saw one of them grazing on the top of the Tore mountain. The bugle was again sounded, and he bounded out of sight in a moment. Landing at Dines island, we dined off fresh trout caught in the lakes, roasted on arbutus sticks, and make a capital dinner. While here, a man came up and wanted us to buy some arbutus canes, which grow on the borders of the lakes, at the same time remarking that when Abbott Lawrence, the American Minister was here, he bought six sticks from him.

It now commenced to rain, so we were obliged to get back as quick as possible, leaving, I suppose, more than half unseen. The swift strokes of the oarsmen as they approached Ross Castle, started out some ten or a dozen swans, who, with necks proudly arched, glided off in the direction of Innisfallen. Thus ended our day on the Lakes.

From the Dublin Celtic Union.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF AN IRISH ARTIST.

BY CAROLAN.

Seafaring folk speak of vessels on the ocean, tumbling, and tossing, and heaving about most tumultuously, buffeted by boisterous winds, and hoisted into the high skies, by pitch-and-toss loving billows, who, having amused themselves thus, to their hearts' content, fling their unfortunate play-things on the floor of the great sea, as a tired cat would a worried mouse, to eke out the minute portion of resistance still lingering about it, as well as the poor tormented victim is able. The result of all this merciless chastisement usually is, that the exhausted bark

drifts about for a short time, swilling water into its thirsty fevered carcase, at every opening pore, until at length, it rights itself with a last effort; settles—stands fairly upright, with the weight of death at its choked heart, and then sinks plump downwards into the terrible abyss of the insatiate main. I had just arrived at the tossed aside, and not fit for anything stage of the forgoing nautical description, and was gloomily sitting in my solitary studio, nearly settled and ready to sink; for, it was two months ago since I painted my last portrait. It was on a sunny morning, too, and a Monday morning I well remember, because my landlady's lodging bill duly advised me thereof, and I likewise remember that I was lavishing a lot of free touches on a portrait of myself which lay languidly leaning back upon my easel; and that I wore a severe, sarcastic, cynical smile upon my lips, as I thus contributed gratuitously to the wealth of a base world: 'ay, ay,' I thought bitterly; 'I have decorated the walls of the rich and of the mighty with specimens of art, which called forth the admiration of thousands, and gained for me a place and a name amongst men whose country is bound to honor and to remember, but what of that? This shadow of me on this square bit of canvas will soon be the only memento of him whom fortune first fondled, and then deserted forever' (here I broadened the temple of my portrait some two or three lines more, and concentrated the shading that gave depth to the full eye.) This last improvement was effected with an air of severity intended to add more and more poignancy to the late repentance of sorrowing mankind. Gentle reader, you may be assured that it is only a desperate state of inanity, or the other extreme of unwonted felicity, that ever induces an artist, particularly a young artist, to lay hands upon himself (I mean, to paint his own portrait!—no more,) and again, you may be equally satisfied, that when he betakes himself to eulogistic soliloquy that there is something monstrously wrong in the state of his finances as well as his fame; so that, in this confession of myself and my mental communings, I trust I will stand exonerated of the charge of egotism, and only be held guilty of the fact of 'need.'

The whole summary of the state of my affairs, was, that I found myself in what is poetically termed a 'fix,' and not likely to be a 'fixure' in my present locality, unless dame Fortune altered her tune to some more grateful melody than her present 'slow march.' In the meantime I had to live—and what was to be done? ay, that was the rub! At this juncture, and in the midst of this critical period of emergencies, I heard a measured tread leisurely mounting the staircase; 'twas my landlady's, perhaps, or some super-resolved, cold-blooded creditor, calmly resolute in his fixed and firm determination to make this his last peaceable visit; it couldn't be a client could it?

I attitudinised artistically before my easel, and the step marched into my chamber.

'Mr. O'Carroll,' said a quiet voice, enquiringly. I turned around with an air altogether dramatic, and recognised an old gentleman, with whom I had had some slight acquaintance, professionally. He held a letter in his hand, and received my salute and recognition with the greatest civility.

'I am come on rather a singular mission to you, Mr. O'Carroll,' said he, slightly referring to the document in his hand; 'and yet it is in the way of your profession.'

'A friend of mine writes to me from the country, to say that he has had the misfortune to lose a dearly beloved brother, whose death has grieved him sorely, and of whom he ardently desires to have some memorial. He wishes to have a cast of his face taken, and urges me to send to him at once an artist, such as I can confidently recommend, and that money will be no object.'

The last sentence tickled me hugely, and I instantly took out my pocket-book, most religiously to take

down the dear fellow's distinguished name, and ever-to-be honored locality.

'Not so fast, my dear sir,' said my kind patron, smilingly; 'there is something else to be said upon the matter—you must know that the deceased has been interred a full week.'

'A week!' I unconsciously ejaculated.

'Yes,' he replied, 'but the weather is not at all warm, and there may not be as yet any decomposition.'

My face reddened and my heart sunk, and I ardently wished that the old gentleman had never done me the honor of coming to tantalise me. My patron seeing my temporary hesitation, rightly divined that the design was repugnant to my feelings; so, politely intimating to me that he would leave me to consider on the matter, until next morning, and then wait upon me again, bowed and departed. 'Dead and buried a full week,' I exclaimed aloud, as I heard the last beat of the retreating steps sound in the hall, as the door slammed to. 'Money no object,' was the next consideration; I took up my hat and went out into the open air to think upon what was best to be done.

The landlady coughed as I passed out, as much as to say, 'I am here, sir, if you're coming to pay the rent,'—but I hurried away to have a marvel over my strange engagement with some of my professional brethren in the city. That night, I supped on a grilled bone with a friend, and after vainly endeavoring during the whole evening to be most jocular on my adventure of the morning, returned mournfully homeward, about eleven o'clock, still quite undetermined whether or not, to accept of the horrid proposition. However, a pressing note from Snip the tailor in Anglesea street duly deposited in my chamber candlestick, and a surly enquiry of the servant, from my landlady, as to whom it could possibly be who was coming into her house at that unreasonable hour of the night, at once convinced me of the absolute and inevitable necessity of throwing all scruples to the dogs, or of being thrown into a much more unpleasant domicile than I, at that moment, so very dubiously occupied. And so I went to bed, and dreamt all night long of grilled bones and cross bones, and death's heads, and tailors' bills, and a variety of minute statistics immediately connected with lodging-house warfare.

The next morning my amiable patron came, true to his appointment, and found me not only placable and compliant, but most eager and anxious to enter upon all preliminaries, and to set off to the work without any delay. A cheque for ten pounds to pay my travelling and other expenses opened the ball—this was followed up by an introductory letter to a police constable in the south of Ireland, who once acted under the command of the deceased officer, upon whose countenance I was now about to officiate, and who was to see the body exhumed, and to afford me every facility and assistance in the carrying out of my very novel project.

A handsome sum was then agreed upon, as a remuneration for my services upon the completion of my undertaking.

That morning, my landlady, with the characteristic keenness of all her tribe, sent up an apology for her mistake of the last night, with an assurance that she had been dreaming, and was always in the habit of speaking in her sleep, since the death of her poor dear husband, who always, poor man, kept late hours, and was very aggravating to her nervous temperament, to which was added a doucer of two real fresh eggs brought that morning from the country, and which she hoped would strengthen me on my journey.

Poor soul! she had been listening in a little side room or closet, to all our conversation; and tacked her sails accordingly, with the adroitness of a veteran, well versed in all the variations of the raising of the wind. No matter, it was wise to keep on well with the enemy, so I fraternized with her at once, so much

so indeed that she affected to weep at my good nature, as she handed me the receipt in full due to her, for occupation of her furnished apartments, up to and ending that 24th day of October, 1832. Snip, too, exhibited to me several fashionable patterns that self same morning, which he had originally deposited in his pocket for a very different person, and a very different purpose, but which, from some hints he got below stairs, when he came in armed with a certain legal document of a biting nature, he at once converted into a medicæ more consonant with my altered fortunes.

I paid Mr. Snip, however, and ordered him off the premises too, in a voice sufficiently forcious all folk within hearing (as all were, and ever were), with the romantic fact, that I was accustomed to competency, and was not to be trifled with on any account whatsoever hereafter.

Having settled these little domestic preliminaries, and re-established my very weakened prerogative, I began to think that I had forty long Irish miles to travel before night, and that I should set forward with as much despatch as possible. So, supplying myself with plaister of Paris for my cast, and some other indispensable necessities for the use of the inner man of my own individuality, I took the coach in Dawson street, and forthwith set off on my travels.

It was late in the evening when we trundled into the little town of C—, then in the zenith of its prosperity, and I lost not a moment in seeking the police serjeant, to whom my introductory billet was addressed. But at the very first police office in the town where I sought information of this very important personage, I was told that the man I wanted, and the station in which he was to be found, were full three miles away from C—.

I was now obliged to hire a car at the coach hotel, and putting upon it my little box of plaister, weighed anchor once more for the redoubtable village of Landcluff.

After nearly an hour's drive over a most execrable road, during which time my teeth and limbs were kept in a perpetual clatter. I was at length set down, and at the very door of the much desiderated police station.

The worthy serjeant received me most courteously, and after a most harmonious apology, leant on his desk of office, and proceeded to peruse the contents of my famous sesame billet. An air of astonishment which went off in a little safety-valve of the gentlest of all gentle minute whistles, expressed the utter amazement of the reader, as, lowering the letter a little, he took a full eye-gaze at me over the margin of the paper.

I was smoking a cigar, and was quite collected. 'Sir,' enquired the serjeant, with a most meaning smile, 'I believe you are exactly aware of the length of time this deceased gentleman is buried.' 'A week or so,' I remarked, quite carelessly. 'Nearly two of them,' he retorted, almost triumphantly; 'twelve days at least, to a certainty.' The cigar dropped from my lips at this most shocking announcement, and my evident confusion made the serjeant my fast friend, for he piqued himself not a little on being able to disconcert any antagonist, civil or military, and my apparent coolness had put him upon his mettle. 'No matter, Mr. O'Carroll,' he continued brusquely, 'I'll turn out the men at six in the morning, and after we exhume the body, we will then be the better judges; in the meantime, I will show you the way to our little inn, where you can have some refreshment and a comfortable bed.' I was not in much humor to make any observations verbal or ocular, as I accompanied the serjeant down the narrow and only street of this sequestered locality, but moved as mechanically forward as if I were in custody for something serious. This very moroseness advanced me more and more in the graces of my self-satisfied guide, who was, in truth, a worthy soul and a jovial one to boot, as he abundantly proved by partaking of a right substantial supper, before we parted for the night—smoking more than one half of my stock of cigars, two at a time, out of sheer wagishness, and punishing much more than a moderate

modicum of potteen punch, supplied with an air of the utmost secrecy, but subsequently charged for, in the most open and bandit-like fashion imaginable. I was aroused from my sound slumber at daybreak next morning, and awoke to a horrible consciousness of a splitting headache, and a vile taste of roasted tobacco leaf upon my tongue—however, there was nothing for it, but to be up and stirring, and up I sprang accordingly, and huddling on my clothes, found my friend the serjeant, and six of his men fully accoutred with shovels and mattocks awaiting my arrival.

It was a sad and melancholy looking morning, as we wended our gloomy way through the deserted village street, and turned into a miry bohreen leading to the solitary graveyard. The wind blew coldly and bitterly, and a light, drifting spray rain pained our cold features as we pushed along. The shriveled up leaves of autumn showered down upon us from the almost naked trees as we stepped into the open dormitory of the dead; and a horrid feeling took possession of me, as I withdrew my hand from the wet, slippery stones that formed the slenderly built stile that afforded us its narrow mode of ingress. I will not forget the churchyard, of Landcluff in a hurry—neither will I ever cease to remember my artistic performances within its melancholy precincts. It is clearly before my mind's eye, as my pen runs along the paper; its lank grass and its nettles—its shattered tombstones and its crowded graves, and the loose green-stained stone wall or rather fence, that let the damp winds rumble through it. I wished from my soul I had never come to Landcluff.

In the very midst of this most impressive desolation, was the last resting place of the body which I was about to disturb. The men dug away gallantly, whilst the serjeant superintended the operations with a quiet, satisfied sort of air, partly produced by my disastrous looking appearance. I put down my little box of plaster-of-Paris, however, and essayed to enter into an intermittent kind of colloquy, pending the lifting up of the coffin from its gloomy abode. Thump—thump—thump went the stardy strokes of the strenuous workmen. Oh! such sad and melancholy sounds as they were over that bleak little cell of death, and in the wild, grey light that struggled from the murky firmament. How awfully the long pudgy ropes dragged their tortuous lengths along the sounding boards, as the coffin grated against the sides of the opened grave; and the men labored on without ever once raising their voices beyond the earnest tones of queries and directions.

The morning light broke steadily down upon us, and the coffin was safely deposited upon terra firma. Two of the men proceeded to loosen the screws, which operation they performed with very visible repugnance—the remaining number of the party, at the same time, shifting off slingingly away, and affecting to be very busy in examining into the condition of the many mouldering grave-stones; or deeply inquisitive into the arcana of the half obliterated inscriptions—or entering into most excitable conversations about the weather, and the state of pending politics of the country; even my friend, the imperturbable serjeant, was evidently ill at ease. As to myself, I was in possession of about thirty-three pints of crimsoning blood, nearly up to the temperature (according to my own exaggerated impressions) of 212 Fahrenheit. The last screw was removed, and the men instantly removed themselves, leaving the theatre of future action fully open to my own individual performances. There was nothing for it but to dash, in medias res, or to retreat. I raised up the lid, at the feet of the corpse, hurriedly and abruptly, and a wild gust of wind which came sweeping along from the distant mountains, joined in my precipitancy; for it blew the loose shroud totally away from the naked limbs of the deceased. The flesh looked sound—I put the joint of my finger upon it—it was firm. I began to breathe more freely. The serjeant, very obtrusively, (I thought) removed the lid altogether from the coffin—and the wide white winding-sheet flapped about most dismally, in the gradually increasing gale. The face was stark, fixed and

sunken, like stained marble; and the flesh was by no means as firm as that on the limbs, but it was whole and unbroken, and likely to remain so, with the exception of a certain space about the nose, which wore a purplish decomposing tinge. No matter—it was much better altogether than I could possibly have expected; and I actually began to pluck up courage, and to be resolved to set to work in right down-carnest; so, tossing off my coat, with a bearing so assured as to make the worthy serjeant look somewhat disconcerted, I forthwith proceeded to mix up the Parisian paste, and incontinently to smear it, with all due precautions, over the pallid countenance of the dead. At this juncture, the traunt policemen began to return, and I could observe a stray head or two, cased in golden straw hats, peeping furtively over the distant walls. The ample white shroud still flapped away in the wind, as I daubed over the snowy cement with a harrying hand, and kept baling out my breath to avoid inhaling the cadaverous odor that constantly impregnated the gusty winds. At last, the process was completed, and right glad was I to come to a finale; for, between the ghastly look of the dead, the feel of the soft clay beneath my feet, and the dismantled, unnatural appearance of the aldered, and nettled, and grassy, and moss-slobbered graveyard, I was rapidly becoming heart-sick, and could not have held out much longer. It was now time to withdraw for about an hour to let the plaster 'set'; so, I resumed my garment, and accompanied by my non-commissioned friend, proceeded to the village, and to breakfast, 'with what appetite I could.'

The drizzling mist has now passed entirely away, and the bright sunlight, over the eastern barriers of Landcluff, arose majestically in the heavens—the clouds set their big broad sails, and broke off from the centre of the vast concave, leaving a deliciously blue field of ether in the midst, as the dark dampen tresses rolled scumbly backward, revealing the placid features of the ever peaceful sky. Full of the fond anticipations of being able very soon to bring my untoward undertaking to a happy issue, and gastronomically comforted, too, by a copious breakfast, garnished with spicy provocatives, to bring my collapsing nerves to something of their forenigh's level, I set out again, and almost hilariously, to the scene of action. Numerous heads bivouacked in numerous brazen-looking hats, were now planted chin deep, in various portions of the graveyard wall, the most prominent features upon the front of which were the eyes and the mouths, both being intensely open. The coffin lay uncovered still up on the grass, but the shroud now clung closely to the dead, defining the outline of the body, and rendering it doubly conspicuous in the refracted light of the arisen sun. I was afterwards told that many of the poor peasantry—cajoled, no doubt, by my friend, the serjeant—imagined I was about to restore life to all the occupants of the graves; and one poor fellow who had but lately succeeded in interring a most formidable virago of a wife, was greatly concerned at my unconscionable and unfeeling interposition. With a most confident air, I removed the white coverlid from the bust of the deceased, and directing one of the police to place his hand firmly on the top of the head, essayed to raise off the plaister—but what was my chagrin and utter vexation to find that it had not 'set,' that it had not hardened at all—that the composition was execrable—and that all my hideous labor had gone for nothing!

In this horrid emergency, the good-natured serjeant came to my relief—

'Never mind, Mr. O'Carroll,' said he, 'the morning has been damp and wet—let it alone for a few hours more, under the heat of the mid-day sun, and all will be right.'

I felt that it was a bad business, worse indeed than I wished to dwell upon, so I stood up, after carefully adjusting the shroud, and walked away with my kind sympathiser. As we passed along, my wandering eye, vacantly uninterested, caught a glimpse of a large stone cross, of a most antique shape, which occupied the very centre of the little cemetery—it was a diver-

sion to my troubled thoughts, and I wished, too, to shake off the serjeant for awhile, until I could collect my scattered senses, and think what I was to do, if my journey and its object should turn out a miserable failure. Calling his attention, therefore, to the object of my feigned attraction, I took out my sketch-book, and begged he would leave me to myself for a time, and that I should join him again at the barracks, as soon as I had finished. To this he very cheerfully assented, and I sat down before the huge stone cross, and began to draw up in my mind a brief summary of my undertaking; its ill luck—its consequences—and the absolute necessity of changing my lodgings in Dublin. In this reverie of revolving communings, my eyes were fixed on the object before which I sat, and I gradually began to become more and more conscious of its presence and its propinquity—and at last, I rivetted my gaze upon it closely—when my admiration of it as a piece of art, set everything else to flight out of my head for the time being.

It was one of those purely Celtic remains of art, only to be found in Ireland, characterised as well by the quaintness of its formation, as the beautiful artistic designs which everywhere were traced over its whole surface. It was strange as well as most interesting, to imagine the appearance and costume of the wild artificer who hewed out this huge stone from its parent block—the rude heart that had conceived its present construction—the bright, proud freeman's eye that so long had scanned its every minute proportion—and the brown, brave hand, that, with most imperfect instruments, had given a convincing record to coming ages, that both faith and art had dwelt as twin spirits, so very, very long ago in blessed Ogygia of the Saints. What added too, most graphically, to the effect which this fine pure old relic of antiquity produced upon my mind, was a group of peasants—if I may so term two females—the one, old and infirm; the other, young and interesting, who formed the foreground to that blessed emblem of Christianity.

The young woman was kneeling on the earth, her two arms and her head leaning heavily down upon a sunken, greyish, letterless stone, which I suppose marked the last resting place of some poor mortal, once dearly and tenderly beloved; her dishevelled hair, long, loose, and ravenly black, hung down in one dark screen over the back of the cold stone, and the heaving shoulders alone, which were in almost constant agitation, betokened the intensity of the too real grief that disturbed her fresh young heart.

The old woman looked mournfully on—featureless, moveless, silent, her features wasted, blank and vacant, as if the storm of sorrow had long passed over that human space, leaving all its once living sensibilities scathed and destroyed, and incapable of all farther impressions either of sunshine or of shadow.

It was a picture of intense desolation. I forgot my own mean disappointments, in the immensity of their evident afflictions, and proceeded with my sketch with a beating heart and a choking sympathy, and long before I had finished it, the love of art had so much mastered all my anticipations of my mundane exigencies, that I absolutely cared little or nothing either for the issue of my Landcliff expedition, or the utmost malice of my lean landlady in Mountpleasant-avenue, of the metropolis. Sick at heart, and much and deeply depressed in mind and body, I at last put by my sketch-book, and giving one more sympathising gaze upon the heart-broken mourners of this solitary corner of the old country, I sauntered away from the scene of graves, into the gabbling little village, determined not to revisit my work of confusion again until I had fortified myself with as much dinner as I could bolt, despite of all desire, and only in compliance with the ukase of goodly dame Nature, who has so long ago announced her unqualified detestation of that untoward interruption of her machinery called 'a vacuum.'

The serjeant was my guest, and we dined at the village inn, as afore mentioned, and upon dishes of that distinguished individual's own particular choosing and which had nigh been my death—viz: roast goose, hog's puddings, and potato-loaves, together with a flanking

plate of saffron-colored fat pork—a surfeit even in thought. I know I ate some of the goose, for I taste it still upon my palate in all its rich rankness; and my imagination will never permit me to forget, that I really and actually saw every one of the viands already enumerated—indicative, as each of them severally was, if tolerated upon the floor of an insensible stomach, of after-visitations of violent dyspepsia, of hideous nightmare, or even of mania aggravata. But the serjeant met the enemy at the point of the fork, and if not a conqueror in the main, at least discomfited the whole force, beyond even a chance of reorganization. But there was no blinking the great and odious work of the day. We returned once more to the graveyard, and, as I had anticipated, found the plaister of Paris as disinclined as ever to leave its adhesive position upon the face of the dead.

The good serjeant now again interposed, strongly advising me to let the matter rest until morning—proposing to remove the coffin into the porch of an old ruined church which was in our immediate neighborhood, and to leave a couple of his men to guard it from spoilation until the morrow.

To this, I at once assented; indeed I was ready, and with an amazing amount of alacrity, to agree to any suggestion, even if it had been that of my most implacable enemy. Accordingly, it was so arranged to the satisfaction of all parties except the men intended for the night watch; but those good souls, I afterwards found out, when nightfall came on, unhesitatingly deserted their charge, after having braced up the coffin well with sturdy ropes, to guard against the inroads of prowling dogs or vermin.

That whole night I tossed about uneasily upon my restless couch, at one time endeavoring to persuade myself that I cared not a curse for the issue of my undertaking, one way or the other; another, that it would mayhap serve as food for laughter and merriment for me hereafter; and I recollect having something like a private intention of trying a tramp, like Oliver Goldsmith, as citizen of the world; and instead of coquetting with destitution, to plunge manfully into its vortex, and become a peripatetic philosopher. But in the midst of my many and intermittent cogitations, I fell bodily and mentally off down right into the arms of Morpheus. I then began to dream away like mad; and I dreamt, again, a scene which I and a brother artist actually enacted about a twelvemonth before, in a small town in the S. E. of Ireland, not more than an hour's railway panting from my native city.

[Conclusion next week.]

DEATHS OF EMINENT PERSONS.—Edward VI. died of inflammation of the lungs after measles.

Queen Mary was always of weak and unpromising health, for which frequent bleedings and exercise on horseback were prescribed. Aloes and chalybeates would probably have been preferable. She died of dropsy, a disease easily brought on in sickly constitutions by repeated venesection.

Dr. Bate, one of the physicians of Oliver Cromwell, has given an account of his last sickness in the work entitled 'Elenchus Motuum Nuperorum in Anglia.' The Protector, encouraged by the assurances of his chaplains, imagined to the last that he should recover, and, with this expectation, consented to be removed from Hampton Court to London. On examination, there was increased vascularity of the brain and slight inflammation of the lungs, but the spleen was a mass of disease, and filled with matter like the lees of oil.

There is a report of the last illness of Charles II., drawn up by his first physician, Sir Charles Scarborough, deposited in the library of the Antiquarian Society. The fatal disease was a fit of apoplexy, under which he lingered for four days with the insensibility which forms a part of the malady. This will account for his making no answer to the religious exhortations addressed to him; a fact which seems to have surprised Bishop Burnet, who attributes it to anything but the plain, obvious reason—the stupefaction of apoplexy.

The immediate cause of the death of William III. was a fall from his horse in Hampton Court Park, by

which he not only broke his collar-bone, but detached an old adhesion of the lungs to the pleura. This occasioned inflammation and suppuration, which terminated fatally.

Queen Mary, his consort, died of the small-pox. Bishop Burnet attributes the fatal termination of the case to the negligence or unskillfulness of Dr. Radcliffe, but, in Sir Henry Hallford's opinion, without any reason.

Dryden appears to have died of senile gangrene—a mortification occurring in the extremities of aged persons from ossification of the arteries. His body lay in state at the College of Physicians for ten days.

Sir Henry thinks that Swift's irritability was of that peculiar nature which accompanies palsy. In his youth he suffered from headache, dizziness and deafness; afterwards from a plethoric state of the cerebral vessels; and he finally died of effusion of water into the ventricles of the brain, or serous apoplexy.

George I. and II. both died suddenly; the former of apoplexy, in his carriage, the latter of a rupture of the right ventricle of the heart. The disease which terminated the life of the Duke of Gloucester was seated in the liver, and produced such extreme irritability of the stomach as to incapacitate it from receiving the smallest nourishment.

PRIDE OF A COW.—A correspondent informs us that, while on a visit at the country-house of a lady, it one day happened that they were passing the cow-house just at the same time when the dairy-maid was driving home the cows to be milked. They all passed in quietly enough, with the exception of one, which stood lowing at the door, and resisted every effort of the dairy-maid to induce her to enter. When the maid was interrogated as to the cause of this obstinacy, she attributed it to pride; and, when surprise was expressed at this, she explained that, whenever any other of the cows happened to get in before her, this particular cow would seem quite affronted, and would not enter at all unless the others were turned out again, and she had an opportunity of walking in before them. This statement having excited curiosity, and a wish to ascertain its accuracy, the maid was desired to redouble her exertions to induce the cow to enter; on which she chased the animal through every corner of the yard, but without success, until she at last desisted from want of breath, declaring that there was no other remedy than to turn out the other cows. She was then permitted to make the experiment; and no sooner were the others driven out than in walked the gratified cow, with a stately air, her more humble-minded companions following meekly in her train.

ELEPHANT.—The first instance of an elephant being brought to the west was in the year 807, when the Caliph Haroun al Rashid presented one to Charlemagne. The first which came to England was presented by the King of France to King Henry III., in the year 1255; a notice of the arrival, as well as a sketch of which was preserved by Matthew Paris, in his own manuscript of his 'Chronicle,' now preserved in the British Museum. (MS. Cotton. Nero. D. I.) It arrived at Sandwich, and was conveyed to the Tower of London, where the sheriffs of London had been directed, by the king's precept, to build a house for it, forty feet in length and twenty in breadth. (Rot. liberat. 39 Henry III., m. 11, Rot. Claus. ejusd. anni. m. 16.) The animal was ten feet in height to the top of the back, and was ten years old. It lived to the forty-first Henry III., in which year it appears upon the Chancellor's Rolls that, for the maintenance of the elephant and his keeper from Michaelmas to St. Valentine's Day, immediately before the elephant died, the charge was no less than £19 13s. 1d. Its keeper was one John Goach.

Generosity, wrong placed, becometh a vice; a princely mind will undo a private family.

THE GALWAY STEAMERS.—The London Morning Herald, speaking of the advantages to be derived from the new line of steamers between Galway and the United States, says:—

'When the contract between the Post Office and the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company comes into operation, it will be easy for a passenger from London to reach Galway in thirteen or fourteen hours, and if he intends to proceed to America, he will then find himself as far westward on his journey as he would be had he left Liverpool thirty-six hours before in one of the Cunard steamers. With the new boats now constructing for the service between Holyhead and Kingstown, the passage will be made in two or three hours, and without any of the inconveniences hitherto experienced in crossing the Channel; so that, by taking the Galway route, supposing it to be established—and that will obviously depend upon the support it may receive—the passenger between England and the United States will not only get rid of nearly two days of a sea voyage, which must be esteemed a great relief by the majority of people, but will save an equal space of time in his journey. For all with which speed is essential, viz., letters and high class passengers, a glance at the map and an acquaintance with the means of rapid transport across Great Britain to Galway will suffice to show that the latter port has superior attractions. We hope, therefore, we may augur the best success to this enterprise.'

MOUNT VESUVIUS.—The following account of the late eruption of Vesuvius, is given by a correspondent of the London Times, under date of the 27th of May:—

'The entire of the lower part of the great cone of Vesuvius appeared on fire, and thick masses of smoke were thrown up, mixed with red hot stones and flakes of lava; travelling over a most rugged way of old lava, we made our way up the point whence the stones, lava and smoke seemed to rise in greatest quantities, and we arrived on a rise just over the greatest fissure. We went quite close up to the largest crater, which we were enabled to do, as the wind blew steady and strong down the valley and thus we got within eight or ten yards of the next open; from this we counted five or six distinct fountains of fire, the largest putting forth volumes of smoke, stones and lava; from another a literal fountain of burning matter was ejected, and from all lava and smoke poured forth in greater or less quantities, the whole torrent of lava uniting into a regular stream of burning liquid pouring down the incline side of the valley. The eruption evidently was on the increase, and acres upon acres seemed putting forth in fire. The stream of burning lava now in the twilight became awfully visible, and rolled along at a rapid pace to the bottom of the valley, up to the very sides of the Monte Somma. We were perfectly amazed at a sight no pencil could portray or pen describe.'

COOL HOUSES.—The Scientific American, excellent authority on the subject, gives the following method of securing cool houses during the warm season:—

'The first necessity is a thorough draft. This can always be obtained by opening every door and window in the basement, the top of every window above and by throwing each door wide open; but above all, be sure that the trap door in the roof is open, and there is plenty of air room from it down the stairs, so that whichever be the direction of the wind, there will be at least one ascending current of air in the house. Another requisite is shade. Our common slat shutters answer well for the windows, but the most cheap and convenient shelter for the roof is to cover it thickly with straw, dried reeds or rushes.

These will resist the influence of the noonday sun and keep the garret almost as cool as the basement. One of the most simple methods and at the same time cheapest means of lowering the temperature of a room, is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want cooled; let the room be well ventilated and the temperature will sink from ten to twenty degrees in less than an hour. The above hints will be useful to many; and, as a last suggestion, we will inform the reader, that in summer, it is well to keep a solution of chloride of lime in the house, and occasionally sprinkle it in the more frequented parts, as the passages and stairs.'

MEZZOFANTI AS A LINGUIST.—Looking back over the narrative of Cardinal Mezzofanti's life, we can trace a tolerably regular progress in the number of languages ascribed to him through its several stages. In 1805, according to Father Carronni, 'he was commonly reported to be master of more than twenty-four languages.' Giordani's account of him, in 1812, seems, although it does not specify any number, to indicate, a greater total than this. Stewart Rose, in 1817, speaks of him as 'reading twenty languages, and conversing in eighteen.' Baron von Zach, in 1820, brings the number of the languages spoken by him up to thirty-two. Lady Morgan states, that by the public report of Bologna, he was reputed to be master of forty. He himself, in 1826, stated to M Mazzinghi that he knew forty-five; and before 1830 he used to say that he knew 'fifty and Bolognese.' In reply to the request of M Mouravieff, a little later, that he would give him a list of the languages that he knew, he sent him a sheet containing the name of God in fifty-six languages. In the year 1846, he told Father Bresciani that he knew seventy-eight languages and dialects, and a list communicated to me by his nephew, Dr. Gaetano Minarelli, by whom it has been compiled, after a diligent examination of his deceased uncle's books and papers, reaches the astounding total of one hundred and fourteen.—Dr. Russell's Life of Mezzofanti.

CHINESE MODE OF STILLING A STORM.—The various customs mentioned by Father le Comte are still in vogue on board the Chinese junks, whenever bad weather is apprehended, and it is really curious to observe how the cunning and trickery so common in China are manifested also in their religious practices. The devotion of the Chinese appears often to consist in deceiving their gods by some artifice, doing them ill turns, and catching them in a trap, from which they cannot extricate themselves. If a storm is very violent, they say the spirit of the sea wants to swallow the ship for a prey, and then the captain, instead of animating the courage of his sailors, and manœuvring the ship in the best way he can, cunningly gives orders to make a miniature ship to deceive the wrathful spirit, and the crew set to work with an incredible mixture of simplicity and knavery. Nothing is omitted to render the deception complete; the little junk has its masts, its cordage, its sails, its flags, compass, rudder, boat, arms, even its cooking utensils, provisions, and merchandise, down to the very account books, with as many paper figures as there are of real men on board. When this absurd and disgraceful lie is complete, the Chinese physiognomies expand into cunning smiles at the success of the artifice. Then the tam-tams and tambourines sound, fireworks are let off, and the little mock ship is thrown overboard with a thousand imprecations, and in the midst of the most deafening clamor; all eyes follow it with anxiety, and as soon as it is swallowed by the waves the crew burst into shouts of laughter, and rejoice to think how nicely they have tricked the spirit of the sea.

Flowers are beautiful and significant gifts, and are seldom unacceptable or inappropriate.

MISCELLANEA.

'Why, it's as plain as two and two make four,' said a man in an argument. 'But I deny that, too,' said his disputant, 'for 2 and 2 make 22.'

'Good morning, Mr. Henpeck,' said a Yankee printer, in search of female compositors, 'have you got any daughters that would make good type-setters?' 'No, but I have got a wife that would make a very fine 'devil.'

An Irishman had occasion to visit the South some time since. When he returned he remarked to a friend that the Southern people were very extravagant. Upon being asked why so, he remarked that where he stayed, they had a candle-stick worth eleven hundred dollars!

'Why, how in the world could it cost that much?' inquired a friend.

'Och, be gorry! it was nuthin' mor'n a big nagur fellow holdin' a torch for us to eat by.'

A country fellow just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last came to a lottery office, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there, but calling to the clerk:—

'Pray, sir,' said he, 'what do you keep to sell, here?'

'Loggerheads!' cried the clerk.

'Do you?' answered the countryman, 'by jingo, then you have a special good trade, for I see you have but one loggerhead left.'

There is a common Scotch story of a conversation carried on over the counter in vowels. A matron is 'shopping,' and, on looking up from the fabric under inspection, puts the question, 'Oo?' 'A,' is the reply. 'A oo?' is the next interrogative. Again the draper replies affirmatively; and his customer has but one more question to ask, 'A' ae oo?' for she must not only know that the article is 'wool,' and 'all wool,' but that it is 'all one year's wool.'

The Duke of Marlborough passing the gate of the Tower, after having inspected the fortress, was accosted by an ill-looking fellow thus:—'How do you do, my lord duke? I believe your grace and I have been in every jail in the kingdom.' 'I believe, friend,' replied the duke, with surprise, 'this is the only jail I have ever visited.' 'Very like,' replied the fellow, 'but I have been in all the rest.' So saying, he touched his hat to the duke and walked off with the greatest sang froid imaginable. Marlborough started, as well he might.

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THE IRISH MISCELLANY

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On Saturday, the 2d of July next, we shall present to
each subscriber to the Irish Pictorial Miscellany, a splendid
Lithographic Engraving, representing the glorious scene,
which occurred shortly before the capture of Limerick,
when General Sarsfield, who commanded the Irish force,
having learned that a large supply of heavy siege guns was
on the way to the camp of the Prince of Orange, resolved
to capture them. Crossing over the country by a difficult
and circuitous route, so as to intercept the convoy, he came
up in front of it at Killenmouha, attacked William's
troops, defeated them and compelled them to retreat before
the Irish horse, leaving their artillery in the hands of Sars-
field.Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew
it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy Eng-
lish guns through the mountain passes, and determined to
destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their ut-
most capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the
whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands.
A train being laid, the park was applied and in a few sec-
onds the siege artillery of William was shattered into in-
numerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the Eng-
lish troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to
the great popularity the gallant Sarsfield. The explosion
shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an
immense distance.It is at the moment of the explosion of the English ar-
tillery which our artist has seized upon for the subject of
his pencil.This memorable event will be faithfully and accurately
portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as
we can learn to any of our Irish artists, and they have
able justice done it. It will make a beautiful picture.
We shall present it to our readers on a sheet of fine draw-
ing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for
framing.It will at once be seen that we cannot do this without a
great outlay of capital. We expect to be reimbursed by a
very large addition to our subscription list, as no person
will be entitled to it who has not paid on or before the 2d
of July next one year's subscription in advance, dating
from our first number.

Non subscribers will be supplied at \$1.50 for each plate.

We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a "pic-
ture gallery" worthy of the events we propose to commemo-
rate. This will be the first of a series of NATIONAL PIC-
TURES we propose presenting gratis to our regular subscrib-
ers the second picture of the series will be ready early in
October, the subject of which is not yet decided on. We
should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess old
pictures of remarkable events in Irish history, or portraits
of distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They
shall be taken good care of, and returned.Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our
Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gen-
tleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually
supersede the wretched dubs which are often met with.Our arrangements for the first picture are almost com-
pleted. It will be absolutely necessary that we should
know immediately the number of plates we shall want.
Let our subscribers therefore, send in their subscriptions
without delay, and be careful to give us the correct ad-
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ture of our publication, and send us their names, and their
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picture.

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I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

MUSIC BY SIR JOHN STEVENSON, WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE.

AIR.—THE ROSE TREE.

FOR ONE, TWO, OR THREE VOICES.

Tenderly.

1. I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left it too; I'd weep when friends deceive me, If thou wert, like them, untrue. But while I've thee before me, With

2. 'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis not in joy to charm me, Unless joy be shar'd with thee. One minute's dream about thee Were

loco.

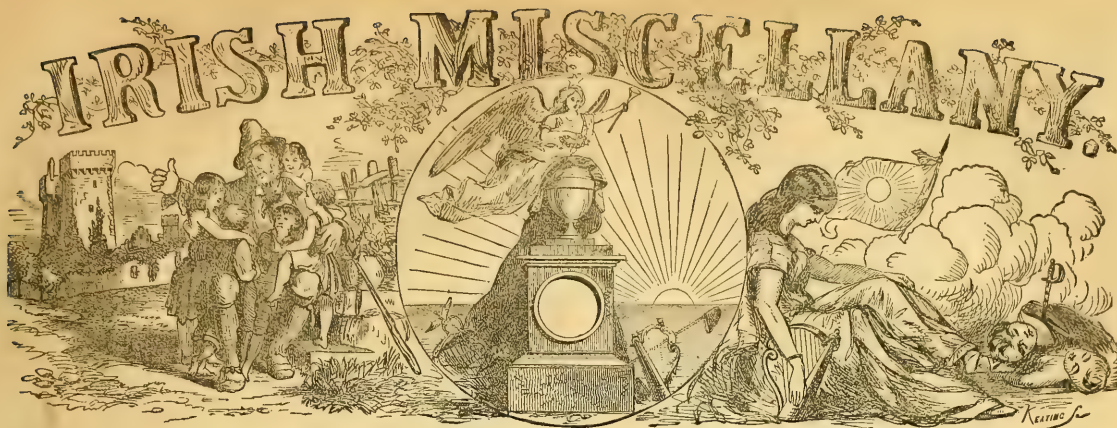
Tempo.

heart so warm and eyes so bright, No clouds can linger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light!

worth a long, an endless year Of waking bliss without thee, My own love, my only dear.

3.
And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam,
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

4.
Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The trav'ler at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt:
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he-treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds!



VOLUME I—NUMBER 22.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL ORPHAN ASYLUM.
CAMDEN STREET, BOSTON.

We this week present to our readers a view of the new and commodious building recently erected in this city at the corner of Camden street and Shawmut avenue, for the St. Vincent De Paul Female Orphan Asylum.

This institution was established in this city in 1832, under the direction of the late Rt. Rev. Benedict Fenwick, the then bishop of the diocese, by three Sisters of Charity, from the parent institution, St. Joseph's, Emmetsburg, Maryland, and from which, most of the asylums of a kindred nature throughout the country, have derived their existence.

Of the three sisters who came to this city in '32, two are still engaged in their work of charity—one of them, Sister Ann Alexis Shorb, being now as originally, the lady superior. The other, Sister Gregory, is no longer living. They first opened a free school for indigent children in Hamilton street, and after a few years removed to Atkinson street, from thence to the estate corner of High and Pearl streets, known as the Harris estate, enlarging their sphere of operations, so as to provide a home, as well as the advantages of education for such as were in need of domestic care and shelter.

Feeling the want of ample accommodations, the Sisters began to hold occasional fairs, the first being held in Concert Hall, with the hope of obtain-

ing a sufficient amount to enable them to purchase such a building as they required. Their efforts in this direction were very successful, and in due time they procured the estate on Purchase street, which they have occupied for twelve years. But even this establishment soon proved insufficient for their purposes, and they continued to hold fairs from time to time, looking forward to the erection of a building of their own, which should forever satisfy all the necessities of the institution.

In 1843, a legislative act of incorporation was granted, with a capital of \$50,000; under this act, the present building was projected, and about a year ago started upon. It is now completed and occupied by ten Sisters of Charity, and one hun-



ST. VINCENT DE PAUL ORPHAN ASYLUM.

dred and twenty children. The last legislature granted an increase of capital of \$150,000, making the entire capital \$200,000.

The corporation consists of five directors, appointed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop for life, or during good behavior. Those at present holding office are Messrs. Edwin A. Palmer, secretary; George F. Emery, treasurer; Daniel Wade, John Boman and Hugh O'Brien.

The new structure appears to be in all particulars suited to its purposes. Internally, every advantage of convenience and comfort has been provided. Externally, it is of imposing proportions, and is a public ornament. It is in fact, an establishment where the noble aims of the institution can be fully and perfectly carried out. It is built of brick, with a base of freestone, in the most massive and substantial manner. The walls, from the foundation up to the second story, are 24 inches thick, and thence 20 inches thick to the roof. The front, on Camden street is 164 feet four inches in length. Its depth is 45 feet. The lot of land on which it is located, measures 264 feet by 158 feet—about an acre. The front part of the lot is enclosed by a handsome iron fence. The main building stands back 20 feet from the street, but the tower, which is used for the main entrance and stairways, and which is 20 feet square, and 136 feet high, projects to the sidewalk. The building is four stories high with attic and basement. At the rear are three tiers of verandahs, eleven feet deep and extending the entire length of the edifice. Its entire cost will be about \$90,000.

On the basement floor are spacious and well lighted rooms for washing, ironing and storing of clothes, four large furnaces by which the building is heated throughout, and the bakery, with store room for flour, &c. On the first story are the kitchen and pantry, of abundant size and convenience, the dining room for the children, arranged with rows of long tables, the separate dining room for the Sisters, the bathing room, in the centre of which is a large deep basin, capacious enough for the little ones to swim if they choose, and around the sides of which are the wash stands, so arranged that each child may be supplied with constantly fresh water, without the possibility of one child using the water that has been used by another; and the play room about forty-five feet square. The second story is occupied by the chapel and the vestries; the infirmary, so arranged that it can be opened and made to form a part of the chapel; the reception room for visitors; private rooms for the Sisters, and one of the school rooms, forty-five feet square. The verandah of this floor, is connected with the infirmary, so that convalescent patients may enjoy the advantages of fresh air. On the third story are two school rooms, of the same size and a number of small apartments for the accommodation of the Sisters. The fourth story and the attic are wholly occupied by the dormitories, in which all possible provision is made for the children's comfort. The means of ventilation throughout the building are abundant, with twelve passages for the admission and circulation of fresh air on each floor. Every room is lighted with gas. The land surrounding the building is tastefully laid out with flower gardens at each end, and a play ground in the rear. There is ample accommodation for six hundred children.

It is not intended for the benefit of female destitute children of this city only; on the contrary, its charity will embrace all who are really orphans, as far as its limits and means will allow, of the entire diocese of Boston.

The following is a list of persons directly engaged in the construction and fitting up of the establishment:—

G. J. F. Bryant, architect; James Devine, master builder; Murphy & Bulger, master carpenters;

Robert Semple, painter; Madden & Hickey, plumbers; W. E. Nowlan, gas fitter. The marble work was furnished by Alexander Garvey; the kitchen range by W. & W. K. White; the furnaces are from Chilson's establishment; iron work by James Luchannan; plastering by Peter McCann; Venetian blinds in the tower and verandah by J. W. Fowle & Co. The freestone work was executed by John Foote. The whole building is elegant in its appearance, and is a valuable addition to the many benevolent institutions of our city.

THE STEEL BOY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Gray.

Walking, one fine day in autumn, through a retired part of the county of —, I saw, at some distance, a verdant hill, crowned by a couple of trees and something like ruins, which tempted me to turn off the road, and take a nearer view.

A genuine old Irish boreen (road,) composed, as they usually are, of large stones in a kind of irregular pavement, led from the highway to the foot of the hill, and traversing the green sward to the summit, I found, on a closer approach, that what appeared to be ruins was, in fact, a receptacle for the ruins of human nature, i. e. a burial ground; the trees, two noble ash, planted by some sorrowing children of man, to mark the spot of earth that contained the remains of a beloved object.

Somewhat fatigued by a long walk, I sat on an elevated tomb, and, from the lofty situation of the place, commanded an extensive prospect of the surrounding country, which was not remarkable for the picturesque; its features were rather wild and bare, save that on the southwest there was some planting, and the varied hues of the foliage appeared to peculiar advantage in the light of a brilliant sun and cloudless sky.

With such sad mementos as those by which I was surrounded, I naturally fell into a train of serious reflection on the vanity and uncertainty of all sublunary things; and I felt inclined to exclaim, with the poet:—

'Dust to dust concludes the noblest song.'

While ruminating on 'days of langsyne,' I was aroused to the recollection of existing circumstances by hearing the funeral cry, harmonized by distance, like the wild notes of the Æolian harp. I can well recollect when I would run any length to avoid hearing the funeral cry, from a foolish dread of it imbibed during childhood, and many years elapsed ere I became reconciled to its wild tones, which, at a distance, are not unharmonious. I cannot say so much when in its immediate vicinity. I turned round, and beheld a long procession ascending the hill. There were, in front, a number of females, in white and very light colored gowns—the two first carrying what is called a garland, viz. a pole, with hoops horizontally fastened to the upper part, covered with curled paper—with the figures of long and short gloves, cut in paper, suspended to it—surmounted by a cross. Following these, were a good many girls, two and two, each bearing a white rod tipped with curled paper. This part of the procession appeared to be regulated by a man each side, who kept the crowd from mingling with the garland bearers. There was no regularity among those who followed, save that, as is usual in this part of the country, the females take the lead at funerals.

I should have liked to witness the ceremonies of this interment unperceived; but here there was no chance; so I went forth to meet them, and returned among the crowd.

It is melancholy to witness the apathy and levity

with which most persons, both high and low, attend the remains of their fellow mortals to the tomb; but among the lower orders, whose habits are free from the restraints of etiquette, this indecency of behavior (I can give it no milder epithet) is most visible.

I joined a group of men, on one side, who seemed rather surprised at meeting a person of my appearance in such a retired spot; however, it was but momentary; for the conversation was soon resumed by the younger part of them.

'Bad luck t'ye, Barney,' said a fine-looking young fellow, with a set of teeth that rivalled the whitest ivory, 'but that was a nice trick ye pled on the girls last night; myself was kilt out wid the laughin'!

'I'm the boy to plase them,' replied Barney, a bold, dissipated-looking young man, with his hat set upon the back of his head. 'Fwhisper boys,' and he added something I could not hear, which set them a-laughing.

'Isn't a wonder but ye're ashamed iv sich behavior,' said an old man, 'an' doesn't know how soon ye'r own turn 'll come.'

'Soon enough to bid the devil the time iv day, fwhen ye meet 'im,' retorted Barney, and then, with his companions fell behind.

I suppose it was in reply to the old man's remark that another said:—

'Och! the Lord fit and prepare us for that day! amen, achienah. Arrah, Billy, had ye's a good fair? fwhat way was the pigs?'

The person addressed made a suitable answer, and these sober men entered into a discussion on the probable rise and fall of swine, which disgusted me just as much as the hilarity of the youths, and I passed on to the rear of the females.

Two young girls, who just left the criers, next engaged my attention.

'That's a purty pathern in Peggy Burke's gown,' said one. 'D'ye know fwhere did she buy it, Bid-dy?'

'Musha, then, it'd be hard for me, an' it not her own,' replied the other.

'O virra! an' as grand as she is,' continued the first.

'Aye, faix, shure its fwhat she borret (borrowed) from the cook at the big house,' said the other. 'An' after all she got from the gentleman, ye know, sorra decent faggot she has now, barrin' that red shawl, an' that same's no great things wid the constant washin'!

Two old women came between me and the young ones, talking vehemently. Now, I shall hear some sympathy for the friends of the deceased thought I.

'Molly, avourneen, the heart widin me is sore,' said one, as they pushed before me.

'Och! an' shure its no wondher,' returned the other.

'Strugglin' an' slavin' from daylight tal night, in could and wet,' continued the first, 'an' after all to think iv one's arnin' going sich a way.'

'The girls is a great throuble to us any way,' said the other.

'Ne'er a word iv lie ye say, Molly; and wid my will, sorra ring ever Barney Doyle 'll put on my little girl's finger,' replied the first.

'There worse nor him in the world,' said the other; 'he's not a bad doin' boy.'

'Sugh! bad luck to his breed,' cried the first, spitting on the ground. He'll never join any one belonging to me. I'd sooner cry over my little girl on the table, nor a beggarly Doyle id have her.'

Young and old, thought I, are the same, each solely occupied in their own concerns. I moved hastily forward, and entered the cemetery among the foremost.

The usual ceremony of going thrice round the site of the ruined edifice was performed, and then the coffin was set down on a tomb-stone, until the

grave was dug. During this process, a number of women rushed to different parts of the yard, some to scream, and some to pray at the graves of their relatives. The uproar was really astounding; and, to be as much away from it as possible, I went to the most remote corner, and seated myself, by an old man, on a stone.

'A poor sight, sir,' said he. 'God help us, and look down on the sore hearts this day.'

'Death,' I replied, 'is an awful event; we cannot tell when his stroke may fall on ourselves; we should, therefore, strive to be always ready to meet him.'

'Och, och! thrue for ye, sir—thru for ye, dear. Lord, prepare us for that hour.'

'This is an unmarried person they are interring?' said I.

'Aye, sir, as purty a young girl as you could see in the three parishes, God rest her soul! she didn't lave her fellow after her. Och! more's the pity she to be taken, and sich as me left on the world.'

'We should not question the will of God.' I remarked.

'No, no, sir; I ax his pardon. Sure, fwly wouldn't he know fwat's best. Only, sir, it's a sore sight to look at the poor young girl's mother; and she has none but her, God comfort her this day.'

'What caused her death?' I asked.

'Faix, sir, mysel' doesn't rightly know; some says one thing, and some says another; any way, I think it was trouble kilt her entirely.'

'That is strange in a young person,' said I.

'Young enough, sir—not two score out; for all that, she had trouble plenty.'

'Was she deceived by any person?'

'Och! no, sir. God forbid! It's a long story, sir. Didn't ye hear iv the night-walkers that was goin' through the counthry, callin' themselves Steel Boys?'

I replied in the affirmative, adding, that I was surprised—having imagined the country quiet.

'An' so it ought, sir, an' every counthry. Fwath's the use in night-walkin'? Ne'er a ha'porth, only bringin' trouble on all belongin' to them, as ye may see, sir, afore ye now. My heavy hatched on them that couldn't let us alone.'

My curiosity was aroused; and finding the old man went home by the way I intended to go, we set out together, and, during a long walk, I learned from him the following particulars, which I shall communicate in my own way, divesting them of the endless 'says hes' and 'says shes' that accompanied the narration.

Thomas Molloy was the youngest son of a widow, and resided with his mother, in the mud-wall cabin where he first saw the light. Tom, as he was generally called, was good tempered, sober, and industrious. I do not mean to say that he was a rare avis; he loved sport as well as most young men, and frequented the ball-alley, fairs, markets, wakes, and dances; but still he contrived to have his work regularly done, and was ready to pay the rent when called on. Moreover, Tom was a well made, handsome, young fellow, who had a good coat, black silk cravat, and other appropriate necessities for dress, which so captivated the matrons, on their way to the chapel on Sundays, that they usually remarked, 'Tom Molloy's a clane, decent boy; an' it'll be happy for the girl that gets him.'

In consequence of such remarks, the girls, one and all, were throwing sheep's eyes at Tom, but in vain—so at least thought the fair ones. However, one Sunday, at a cake he proved himself not insensible.

For the information of those who may not be erudite in country amusements, I may observe that, in rustic dialect, cake and dance are synonymous terms. When a cottage vender of the native, viz. poteen, has a good stock on hand, she (for in this

case the female is the active partner) gets a large cake made, containing plenty of sugar and carraway seeds. This, on the appointed day, generally Sunday afternoon, is covered with as white a cloth as can be had, and placed on a churn dash stuck in the ground. A fiddler is engaged, young people collect, and dancing commences.

Now, among all ranks dancing is a thrifty amusement; therefore, there are frequent demands on the native. The evening is concluded by a general drinking bout; and the young man who conceives he has most money to spend, takes down the cake, puts it into the lap of the girl he most prefers, who makes a division of it among their friends.

It was on an occasion of this nature that Tom provoked the envy of half the girls in the parish, by gallantly taking down the cake, and putting it into the lap of Mary Collins, a blooming, black-eyed damsel of eighteen. From this time they were all in all to each other. But when did the course of true love run smooth? Mary's father was averse, to the match. Collins was what is called well to do in the world, and looked higher for his daughter. He acknowledged Tom Molloy was 'a likely (handsome) cleverly boy, that no one could fault; but he'd like a young couple to have something to begin wid.'

'It's little was between yersel' an' me the first day,' his wife would reply, who was won over by her daughter's importunity, 'an' fwat are we the worse iv it now?'

'Sorra hair I care,' was the reply. 'Iv I was a fool, its no reason I'd let my child be one, nor I wont.'

But after much importunity and cavilling, and on the widow's giving up the bit of land, Collins at length was brought round. The bride's clothes were bought, and everything was settled for the marriage.

Two days before, there was a market in a neighboring town, to which Tom went on some business. He set out alone, and light of heart, whistled as he went, not for want of thought; for the delightful idea that Mary was to be his own in two days, was never absent a moment.

I have said Tom was sober; but he met many acquaintances, and could not avoid sharing in many treats of spirits; for among a certain class of our countrymen, friendship and good neighborhood are nothing, if not occasionally cemented by a glass.

When evening drew on, and he was about to return, he encountered a neighboring young man.

'Shure, Paddy,' said Tom, 'I didn't know ye wor for the market, an' we might be together.'

'I didn't know it mysel' at the time,' replied the other. 'An' fwere's this ye're for now, boy.'

'Home.'

'Whoo! I time enough this two hours; wait for me an' I'll be wid ye. Come in, and take a dhrop iv something.'

'Thank ye, kindly, Paddy, but I tuk plenty—sorra dhrop could I take.'

'Well, come in any way—shure we wont eat ye.' 'No, nor drink me, I'll warrant, fwere ye can get better stuff,' said Tom, as they entered the public house.

In one of the rooms they met a company of seven or eight men, among whom, it appeared, Paddy had previously been.

Just about this time, the hitherto peaceable country had been disturbed by parties of the deluded peasantry, assuming the name of Steel Boys, and going about at night, taking up arms.

Tom had been repeatedly solicited to join them, but always declined, which exasperated some of the leading spirits, who swore that he should be one of them by the way of no thanks.

It was into a party of these midnight legislators that Tom was now introduced; but they did not at once betray the cloven foot. His approaching mar-

riage was no secret, and for some time, furnished a theme of conversation and country wit.

Tom had already drank more than usual, and a few extra glasses put him so much off his guard, that they administered the oath which bound him to their cause.

Sometime after night had fallen they all left the town, and being neighbors, took the road that led to their own townland, but, at a certain cross-road, turned out of the direct way.

'Fwhe are ye's goin', boys?' asked Tom, who was not so much elevated as to mistake the road. 'Shure this isn't the way.'

'He's in a hurry to his darlint,' said one. 'Take id asy, Tom; many's the day in seven years.'

'Aye, faix, an' night too,' said another.

'Shure it can't be ye're goin' to do any thing the night, boys,' continued Tom.

'An' what iv we have a bit iv a spree? we're the boys that's steel to the back bone!' cried two or three together.

'Ye may go then,' said Tom; 'Sorra toe I'll go wid ye.'

'Arra, wont ye?' replied his friend Paddy. 'Be all the books that ever was shut an' opened, ye'll never sleep tal we see fwat stuff ye're med iv. Now turn back, iv ye dare.'

'Iv ye didn't like to be one iv us, fwat med ye swear, Tom?' asked one of the men.

'Swear!—an' did I swear?' said Tom. 'Shure it's jokin' ye are?'

'There's no joke like a true one; and ye swore without doubt,' replied the same man.

'That's enough, boys; no goin' beyant an oath,' returned Tom, and accompanied them in silence.

'Have a care iv him,' whispered Paddy to the next man.

'Never fere; he'll not part from us alive,' replied the other.

Surprise, at finding himself thus trepanned, completely sobered Tom; and after a train of most uneasy reflections, he resolved that this night once over, he never would be in the same situation again. 'I'll do fwat a man ought,' thought he, 'an' not lave it in any one's power to say I'm a coward.'

Their first essay, on that night, was at the porter's lodge of a gentleman's demesne, where, their scouts informed them, there were only women in the house; and so little were they expected, that the iron gate was only latched, it not being quite nine o'clock. They had no difficulty in possessing themselves of a gun, the only arms the lodge contained. The poor woman was much frightened, and offered them whatever money she had, begging of them to spare her life.

'We're no robbers,' one of them replied; 'ye may put up yer money; we're decent boys; sorra hair o' yer head we'll touch; only give us all the arms.'

At length they departed, in high glee at their success, and proceeded across the country, to another house they had set. But here they entered not so easily. The family were in bed, and the party on the outside had some work ere they forced in the door, and secured two men who were in the house; but, ere they found the arms, one of the men left to watch on the outside ran in, saying, there were some persons approaching—the night was so dark he could not say how many. Friends they could not be, as they knew not of any other party out that night; therefore, there was a general rush to the door. The last man had just gained the outside, and the light of two candles, gleaming through the open door, revealed them to the approaching party, and they plainly heard a voice exclaim, 'There they are!—there they are! Fire, boys!' And in an instant the report of more than one musket was heard, followed by a heavy fall and dead groan. The gallant Steel Boys waited not to assist the fallen, but, without delay, escaped favored by darkness.

The police, for such the other party were, headed by the gentleman whose lodge had been attacked, leaving two men to secure the wounded gave instant chase, but in vain.

In the mean while, the wounded man, for there was but one, was carried into the house in a state of insensibility, and various were the comments passed on him. An old woman, holding a candle over his face, exclaimed:—

'Och, och! but he's the purty boy!—more was the pity!—the Lord between us an' harm.'

'Is he kilt out?' asked another.

'Only wounded, I think,' said a policeman; 'he's beginning to come to. If he staid quietly at home, this wouldn't happen him.'

'Thru for ye, sir, dear,' replied the old woman; 'sorra good ever cum out iv night-walking. Forreer gar! the youngsters doesn't think so.'

'Och! God help every poor sinner that must go through whluts allotted for him,' said another old woman.

This doctrine of fatalism is too prevalent among the lower orders of our country; and one of the policemen was about to show the error of it, when the wounded man, slowly unclosing his eyes, murmured:—

'Mother, avourneen! Mary, darlint! fwhere am I?—fwhat happened me at all? Mary, ashoore machree! don't cry—I won't go from ye; we'll be marret the morra, aghra, girl. Och! the pain about my heart! and feebly putting his hand on his side, he remained silent.

The woman were greatly affected, and, with streaming eyes, frequently exclaimed, 'Wirra strua!' The men, albeit unused to the melting mood, were seen to draw the backs of their hands across their eyes.

The policemen endeavored to moralize on the occurrence, and point out the evils that this system of lawlessness brought on families and the country generally. But they talked to the winds; for the women, though they seemed to assent, saying:—

'Thru for ye, sir,' and 'Ne'er a word of lie in it,' knew not well what they said, but constantly interrupted them thus: 'Oh! wirra! wirra! God look down on your poor mother this night, but it's she has the sore heart afore her! and the little girl, fwhat'll she do if ter ye? Och, hone! The Lord purtect all belongin' to us.'

It was a considerable time before the party returned from the pursuit, and unsuccessful. On the first appearance of day-light, the wounded man was conveyed, on a car, to the next town, for the benefit of medical assistance.

The magistrate vainly endeavored to make him confess who were his accomplices. But, during the intervals of consciousness, the poor young man uttered only lamentations, calling on his mother and Mary, pleading with them, in the most heart-felt tones, not to forsake him.

The opinion of the medical man was decidedly unfavorable; the wound he pronounced mortal, and that the patient could not survive many hours.

It is to be supposed the men who were poor Tom's companions gave information to his family of what had occurred; for early in the day his mother and brother made application to see him. That the interview was a most affecting one, may be imagined; but my informant knew no more of it than that Tom bitterly lamented his folly in being tempted to drink so much; for if he had been sober he never would have joined the steel boys. And the old man added:—

'Och! my curse on the fwiskey! it's it kilt him out an' out.'

I afterwards learned, from another person, that his poor mother was like one distracted, and unable to speak or weep, sat with his hand in hers the image of despair. After the first ebullition of feeling was past, the brother appeared to think more of

the safety of Tom's accomplices than any thing else.

'Tom, dear,' he said, 'it was a sore lot was laid out for ye, an' ye must go through it. Oh, wirra! it's soon for ye to die; but there's no help for it; any way, ye'll die like a man.'

'Och, och! Ned, dear,' replied the sufferer, 'must I leave the world, an' my darlint Mary.'

'Tom, avourneen! mind fwhat I tell ye: the doctor says, there's no help for ye in this world; then die like a man—don't let any one becursin' yer bones in the ground.'

'Fwhy should they be cursin' me?' demanded Tom.

'Fwhy, wouldn't they iv ye turn informer—fwhat good will it do ye, or any one belongin' t'ye? Och, Tom, darlint, don't disgrace yer family an' yer own bones in the clay.'

His mother made no request, but she pressed his hand, and the young man groaned deeply, but did not reply. Before he spoke again, a minister of his church came to give him its last rites.

It is astonishing how anxious people, in general, are to communicate bad news. Poor Mary Collins was, early that day, abruptly informed her betrothed was killed; and, for hours, she was attacked by fainting fits. Next morning when it seemed necessary to preserve her life, her parents reluctantly consented that she should see Tom; but they had not gone more than half-way to the town, when they met his remains conveying to his father's house. He had died the evening before, and, much to his friends' satisfaction, carried the secret of his accomplices to the grave. The heart-rending scene that followed may be supposed. Poor Mary's hopes of happiness were buried with him, on the day that was to have been her bridal one. She never held up her head, and, in a very short time, followed him.

Her's was the interment I witnessed in the lonely church-yard.

PHILOSOPHY AND CONSISTENCY.

Among all the excellent things which Mrs. Barbauld has written, she never penned any thing better than her essay on the inconsistency of human expectations; it is full of sound philosophy. Every thing, says she, is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labor, our ingenuity, is so much ready money which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject, but stand to your own judgment, and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another, which you would not purchase. Would you be rich? Do you think that the single point worth sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings by toil, and diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of an unembarrassed mind, and of a free unsuspicious temper. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things, and as for the embarrassment of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of it as fast as possible. You must not stop to enlarge your mind, polish your taste, or refine your sentiments, but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside to the right hand or to the left.

'But,' you say, 'I cannot submit to drudgery like this; I feel a spirit above it.'

'Tis well; be above it then; only do not repine because you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price in your estimation? That too may be purchased by steady application, and long, solitary hours of study and reflection.

'But,' says the man of letters, 'what a hardship is it, that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto on his coach, shall raise a fortune, and make a figure, while I possess not the common necessities of life.'

Was it for fortune, then, that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and gave the sprightly years of youth to study and reflection? You then have mistaken your path, and ill-employed your industry.

'What reward have I then for all my labor!'

What reward! a large, comprehensive soul, purged from vulgar fears or prejudices, able to interpret the works of man and God. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good Heavens! what other reward can you ask!

'But is it not a reproach upon the economy of providence that such a one, who is a mean, dirty fellow, should have amassed enough to buy half a nation! Not the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, and his liberty for it. Do you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head in his presence because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, 'I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not desired nor sought them; it is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot! I am content and satisfied.'

The most characteristic mark of a great mind is to choose some one object, which it considers important, and pursue that object through life. If we expect the purchase we must pay the price.

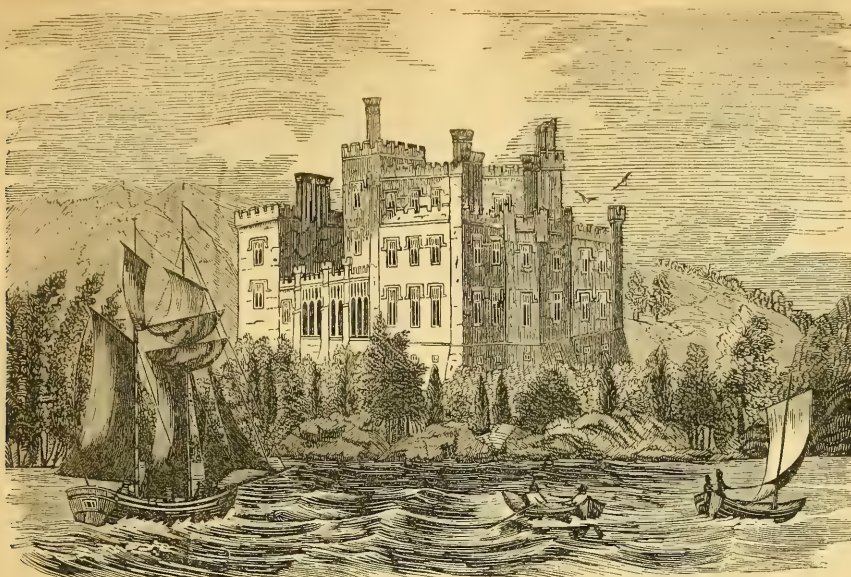
NEW VESSELS LONGER THAN THE LEVIATHAN.—While public attention has been attracted so strongly by the unusual dimensions of the Leviathan, that the name of that vessel is in every body's mouth, it happens singularly enough that two vessels of greater length and more remarkable character, have been advancing to completion in Liverpool without the general public being even cognizant of their existence. These vessels are each seven hundred feet long. They have been constructed by Messrs Vernon & Son, from the Oriental Inland Steam Company, and are intended for the navigation of the Indian rivers. The purpose of their peculiar features of construction, is to enable a large cargo to be carried at a good rate of speed upon a light draught of water. The great rivers of India, though penetrating far into the interior, and though containing large volumes of water, are, nevertheless, shallow during the dry season. The vessels navigating them must therefore float very light, and they must have displacement enough to carry a good cargo. They must have strength enough not to suffer injury if they should get aground, and they must present such little resistance to the water as to be able to achieve a satisfactory rate of progress against the stream. All these indications are admirably fulfilled in these vessels.

THE POWER OF VISION.—A shepherd upon one of the mountains in Cumberland, was suddenly enveloped with a thick fog or mist, through which every object appeared so greatly increased in magnitude, that he no longer knew where he was. In that state of confusion he wandered in search of some known object by which he might direct his future steps. Chance at last brought the lost shepherd within sight of what he supposed to be a very large mansion, which he did not remember to have seen before; but on entering this visionary castle to enquire his way home, he found it inhabited by his own family.

It was nothing more than his own cottage. But his organs or sight had so far misled his mental faculties, that some little time elapsed before he could be convinced that he saw real objects. Instances of the same kind of illusion, though not to the same degree, are not unfrequent in those mountainous regions. From these effects of vision it is evident that the pupil and the picture of an object within the eye, dilate at the same time.

'You have only yourself to please,' said a married friend to an old bachelor. 'True,' replied he, but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it.'

As we approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so we are no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth.



STRANCALLY CASTLE.

Strancally Castle, the subject of the above sketch, and residence of John Kelly, Esq., is beautifully situated on the river Blackwater, about five miles from the town of Tallow and seven from Youghal. It is a modern structure, built in the Gothic style, from the design of Mr. G. R. Payne, of Cork. From the porch front, which is high and tastily executed, may be seen the termination of the navigable river Bride. It affords a pleasing and never ending scene of countless market boats, passing and repassing between the above mentioned towns; underneath the castle there is both shelter and anchorage for ships of a heavy burthen, and from the conservatory side may be seen the river, as far as old Strancally Castle, whose once massive walls have by the hand of time, been humble and cemented with its rocky base, and forms beneath the water's surface a most extraordinary and impenetrable mass, although presenting at present little more than the traces of its former site. Leaving the 'Old Castle,' and passing up the several windings of the river, no place can boast of more variety or be more truly picturesque than the irregular embrasure towers and other ornamental parts of the new edifice, crowning the foliage of an apparently endless forest, which on the other side a still more varied scene of wild landscape terminates with the park and mansion of H. V. Stuart, Esq., opposite which is Camphier House, in the cottage style, and a little further on the town of Cappoquin. E. H.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF MATRIMONY.

The following extract from a latin work, published three or four hundred years since, on a similar subject, might not prove uninteresting to our readers. It is entitled, 'Jacobus de Voragine's twelve Motions to mitigate the Misery of Marriage.'

1. Hast thou money? You have one to keep and increase it.
2. Hast thou none? Thou hast one to help thee to get it.
3. Art in prosperity? Thy happiness is doubled.
4. Art in adversity? She will comfort—assist to bear a part of the burthen, to make it more tolerable.
5. Art at home? She'll drive away melancholy!
6. Art abroad? She looks after thee going from home, wishes for thee in thy absence, and joyfully welcomes thy return.
7. There's nothing delightful without society; no society so sweet as marriage.

8. The band of conjugal love is adamantine.
9. The sweet company of kinsmen increaseth; the number of parents is doubled, of mothers, sisters, and nephews.
10. Thou art made a father by a fair and happy issue.
11. Moses curseth the barrenness of matrimony; how much more a single life.
12. If nature escapes not punishment, surely thy will shall not avoid it.

AN ANTIPARODIA.

1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to spend it.
2. Hast thou none? Thy beggary is increased.
3. Art in prosperity? Thy happiness is ended.
4. Art in adversity? Like Job's wife she'll aggravate thy misery, vex thy soul, and make thy burthen intolerable.
5. Art at home? She'll scold you out of doors.
6. Art abroad? If thou be wise keep thee so; she'll perhaps graft horns in thy absence, and scold on thee coming home.
7. Nothing gives more content than solitariness; no solitariness like a single life.
8. The band of matrimony is adamantine; no hopes of losing it—thou art undone.
9. Thy number increaseth; thou art devoured by thy wife's friends.
10. Thou art made a cornuto by an unchaste wife; and shall bring up other folks children instead of thine own.
11. Paul commends marriage; yet prefers a single life.
12. Is marriage honorable? what an immortal crown belongs to virginity!

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.

- Man is strong—Woman is beautiful.
 Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming.
 Man is great in action—Woman in suffering.
 Man shines abroad—Woman at home.
 Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade and please.
 Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one.
 Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it.
 Man has science—Woman taste.
 Man has judgment—Woman sensibility.
 Man is a being of justice—Woman of mercy.

HIGHLAND HEROISM.—Roderick Mackenzie, a young gentleman of the north of Scotland, nearly of the same age with Prince Charles, and who strongly resembled him in person, was one of the many who knew of the Pretender's retreats, while the British government set a price upon his head, and the British soldiers hunted him through the realms of his fathers; and he was one of the few who were permitted to continue in his train, and who assisted in his numerous escapes. One day while the prince was sitting with his little band of faithful friends, in a highland cottage, the alarm was given that troops were closing around it. Escape was impossible, but he was forcibly carried by the party into a hiding place, and young Mackenzie remained firm in his stead. When the soldiers had burst the door, he rose, and walked calmly up to them, saying:

'I know whom you want—there—stab the son of your King!' and he threw his plaid off his breast.

Their swords were instantly through his gallant heart! They hacked off his head, threw it into a sack, and set off to present it, a meet and acceptable offering to their Duke. At Edinburgh, it was thought proper to ascertain that it was really the prince's head, and Robert Morrison, his barber was sent for to identify it. Fainting with horror, the poor man was shown this shocking spectacle. After examining it, he became satisfied, that it was not the head of his master; but he had the presence of mind to conceal his feelings, and said, that although he was not able to swear to the identity of the head, in that situation, the resemblance was so strong, no person could doubt that it was the head of Prince Charles. This evidence satisfied the butchers for the time; and, the fury of the pursuit abating, the prince escaped to France. What his feelings were on returning from his hiding place in the hut, and finding the mangled body of his friend, generous hearts may imagine, but few would be able to describe.

HOUSE-FLIES.—These troublesome little insects may be effectually destroyed without the use of poison. Take half a spoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of brown sugar and one tablespoonful of cream; mix them well together, and place them in the room, on a plate, where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

Promises are blossoms, but deeds are the fruit.

POPLAR LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH.

No II.

A Legend of Blarney.

'Why, thin, ye tell me you never heard tell o' the famous Castle o' Blarney, the town itself, or any of the fine sights about it,' says Paddy O'Callaghan, with a look of surprise, at the extreme ignorance of his companions, seated snug and saatha, after dinner, before a fine fire in the servant's hall of a wealthy squire in the north of England, 'never heard o' the Castle o' Blarney?' Meilla a murther, wisha may be so; why, thin, I thought, sarten sure all the world heard o' the place; the groves so charming—the sweet, silent streams—the grottos—the rock close, and the witches' stairs o' Blarney, not forgetting the lake,

'With the boat on,
So calm to float on.'

a lookin down on the fishes as they sport along. Sure I'd be tired before I'd be half done, if I was to give a description av it; ye should go there yourselves, and take a day or two to it, you should, indeed,—for, as I said, there's a world o' fine things to be seen in Blarney. Well, I'm going to tell you a story about the castle or the manshin, that's where the ould Macs used to live long ago, an sure you don't know who they were, small blame to you, but that's no matter, 'tis about the manshin, as I say, all the same as the castle, stuck up to it, as may be the wings of their house, (as you call 'im,) make part o' the court itself. Well, you know the bearings of the case as well as myself, now. Easy awhile, till I tell ye:—There was a great man there last summer, from a near these parts, as I could hear from a sister's sun o' mine, who came up here from Lannun, where he was at work, to see me, why; thin, he told me 'this gentleman come all the ways from Scotland to see Blarney,' so you see he was curis to see it. Well, a great man he was, be the powers, as Jim told me, (that's my sister's sun,) an a heef and a foot to boot. He wint to see the castle, an the town, an the lake, an all the fine sights, an sure enough, he was greatly diverted and wonderfully pleased wid all he seen, no doubt. An he wint to the top of the castle, an he seen where

'Oliver Cromwell,
He did it pown well,

And made a great brach in the battlements.'

There he seen where Oliver hot the castle a fair clout av a cannon ball, from a hill opposite, and the iron strap put there to keep the stones together, for they got a great shake be reason of the ball not haven far to travel, you see. Why, thin, the identical stone the ball hit, that's the Blarney stone, as they call it, that if any one kisses, he'll be sure to have a sweet tongue all the dear days of his life; that is, he'll have plinty o' the plain maunh on the top ov it, as they say in Ireland. Well, he walked about on the top ov the castle for some time, with his stick in his hand, taken a fine view for himself of the country round, from it, for it's murderin high, you see; so as that the highest tree does not reach half way up the walls, no indeed. Why, thin, he wint down be the dark stairs, and faix, it give him enough to do, that same, cause of their be'n very narrow and slippery for stones, an his havin a lame foot, an be'n an ungainly sort of a man that way in himself. Nevertheless, he was mighty courageous an very eager to see everything curiz, that was to be seen. He wint into the Earl of Clancarty's room, an its no easy matter to get there, as you'd know if you knew the castle as well as myself. Well, he got into it some way or other, an he see it, an he axed a great many questions about it, and he see the nails that held the velvet covering the walls, the ould people must be very grand, long ago, you'll think, an to have velvet a paperin their walls. Why, thin, so they had, for you can see to this day the little bits of velvet a hanging to the nails, is indeed; sure his honor axed Jim to draw out one av um, till he'd look at it, so he did, an he admired greatly to see the bit o' velvet a hanging to it. He was very curis in other respects about the castle, an axed Jim a power of questions, an faix, answered the half ov um himself, he was so knowledgeable a man about all concerning ould buildings, an the good times

long ago. Well, he wint out o' the castle, and down to see the caves in the prison, and have a view of the castle from the west side, for 'tis from that side it looks best; an, my dear life, all his company kept follin him, one here, an another there, admiring at every thing. But the ould gentleman himself kept close to Jim, puttin questions to him about what he knew and heard o' the place. Why, thin, they came into the rock-close to see it, an 'tis a very contrary sort o' spot that you'd go ashray in, in a minute, between the oongainly trees, an the rocks, and the sirpentine walks av it, so you would; an, sure enough, the company, one here; an another there, as their curiosity drove um, not mindin the guide, but folling their own inclinations, soon got scattered about the place, and lost Jim an the poet, who, havin seen everything worth while left the close, an walked on 'twards the castle agin. Why, thin, whin his honor got opposite the manshin, he stops, and he sees to Jim—

'James,' says he, as he was a mighty civil sort av a gentleman that was in himself, 'James,' says he to my sister's sun, 'I spose that's a ruin many a day now?'

'Wisha, faix, thin it isn't, nor long at all, at all, so it ain't; for 'twas the prisent man threw it down, sir, for a dirty trifle o' lucre, not worth the spakin about; bad manners to him.'

'Oh, dear,' says the ould gentleman, clapping his hands, 'what could ha bewitched him to do the like? Oh, my!'

'I'd know; af it were not for the lucre, it must be the spirit he seen in it, that made him do it.'

'A spirit,' says his honor.

'Is, indeed, sir,' says Jim; 'a ghost he met in the king o' Sweeden's room; there is the windey av it, right formentin you, (there it is, and the room idin it was a fine spashis one too. I was often in it; they called it the king o' Sweeden's room, after the king that dined in it an a time, sir.'

'The king o' Sweeden,' says his honor, 'and did he dine in it, ayen?'

'Faix, thin he did,' says Jim, 'an he come all the way from Sweeden to dine at Blarney Castle, never a one av him but did,' says Jim.

'An do you give belief to that, James?' says he.

'Surely,' says Jim, or how would it come to be called the King of Sweeden's room?'

'Be gosh, that's true,' says his honor.

'True, as your stannin there,' says Jim.

'The king o' Sweeden, my dear,' says he.

'The king, and nobody else, make sure av it,' says my sister's sun.

'Wisha, faix, may be so,' says he.

'Devil a doubt of it,' says Jim.

'Ecod, then, he come a good way to see the groves o' Blarney,' says he.

'Is 't'pose he did,' says Jim, 'but people come from furren parts to see the same, I can tell yer honor.'

'Why, thin, will you point out where it was to me?' says he.

'Jim did, and showed him the dimensions.'

'By gosh, thin, it must be a fine room; or, I see,' says he, 'an worthy to dine a king in,' says he.

'You may say that,' says Jim.

'Many's the fine ould anshient prince feasted in it, in the good times; is faix, good as ever the king o' Sweeden was for the life of him, dined there, I'd make bould to tell you—an many's the fine lady an gentleman 'stired the foot' to the music of the harp (for twas that instriment we used long ago,) yer honor. But no matter, thin times are gone—out glory is gone—an that av the manshin av Blarney Castle to boot.'

'Well, well,' says his honor, says he, 'there's no help for those things, James; they threw down a site ov ould castles and fine places in my country—dismantled and disordered um—bad luck to um; so, you see 'tisn't you have a story to tell. But,' says he, sidden down an beckonin to Jim to do the same be him, 'come,' says he, 'on tell me something about the ghost that struck such fear into that 'goth' of a man, as I can't help calling of him that threw down that fine ould relic ov a place.'

'Tis well you call him, or the likes of him,' says Jim,

'I spose that word 'goth' have a very ondacent signifi' cation in the Scotch tongue.'

'You may bible it,' says his honor, that any man in my country would be ashamed av called be it.'

'Why, then,' says Jim, 'more luck to your honor, to bring it over to Ireland with you, for we wanted it badly, or worse for a friend o' mine, to call him by—that deserves the title well; but no matter, the shame ov his work will follow him, an maybe that's enough.'

'Quite enough,' says the gentleman, says he, 'and now for the story, James, fore the company come upon us.'

'Very well, yer, honor shall have it as I heard it from my aunt, Nance Callaghan, that was thro-servant in the house, and knew a deal of the goings on, and no doubt to be able to gi' me a correct account; sure she hard the masher, himself tell every word av it.'

'Hy, thin, 'twas on a Saturday night, av all nights in the year, and the masher come from Cork, after selling some o' the timber there; for he was beginnin the work o' distruction about this time. Why, thin, he dismounted from his horse, an he very wet all over, be raison ov a great deal of rain that fell durin the day, an in, my dear life, he walks to the king o' Sweeden's room, and sits down to the fire, blazin fine, to dry himself. Why, thin, he requested ov the sarvents to bring him his dinner—they did—and he dined there, and took a couple o' tumblers, or may be more, very hearty; an bein fatigued, he lay down upon the chairs, (a custom of his,) to take a sauvaunee after his meal. Well, he slept very sound and very long, and by gosh, they were loath to wake him; but they left his man, Tady Hogarty, up be the fire in the servant's hall, if he should call or want any thing—cause, your honor, all the bells in the house rung in that part—an faix, the other servants went to bed. Very well, the masher slept mighty sound till he woke, just twelve be the castle clock, and shakin himself, he laid hold o' the bell to give it a pull for Tady.

Why, thin, he had his hand on the bell-rop, when he heard a step on the stair, an lookin over agin him to the door, who should he see enterin the room for him, but a tall, fine; grand-lookin ould gentleman av a man dressed in a shuit of black clothes, ov the ould cut, with a pouthered wig on his head, and a goold-headed cane in his fist. When he come into the room, which he did, very robustic, as if 'twas his own, (an sure it was,) he shut the door after him as he found it, an given a nod to the masher, (lookin mighty bewildered over be the fire-place, with the bell-handle in his hand, still,) he walked very consequented, straight ahead, over to the windees formentin him, and look'd out for a while on the plain below him. Well, my dear life, when he sees, for he could not help seein, all the shooks tres cut down, an sthrewed on the ground, he shook his head, and turnin round to the masher, 'cock-a-northa in the corner,' the earl, (for 'twas the Earl of Clancarty himself,) give him a bitter look that made his very heart's blood run cold, an his body to trimble like one in the aigeir, for the bare fright. He thin pointed with his goold headed stick to the plain, drawing his attentsion, sure, to the threes he destroyed there, all the while starin at him, an shakin his head. Why, thin, the ould man stood this way a spell, and at long last he began to move over to the fire-place, with his stick over head, an his eyes roulin and fierce enough to take the complexsion aff any man: 'Well, while you'd be saying 'be your leave,' he stood iden arms leuth o' the master, ready to slain him, Lord save us! Och, the masher give himself up for lost, and the passaparashin a flowin from him, like a well, whin he seen his condition; but 't'was nothing 'till the earl giv'n a mighty stamp on the floor, that made it shake agin, so as to floor the masher, with the strength of it—be the powers, down he came, dead as a door nail; bell-rop, wires, an all, roulin topsy turvey under the chairs he was sleepin on; table, decanters, mugs an jugs down a tap ov him—there he lay in a dead faint, snug and snurtha, under um all. Well, beyant that he couldn't tell what became o' the Earl Clancarty, whether he remained after the racket, or walked aff whin he had his revings ov him, r what, he could not

tell; but no matter, he got enough to remember all the dear days of his life, tho' there wasn't a word benne um, only by signs. Well, there he lay on his hard bed, an all the racket over him, as I said, an he was warm enough, I'll be bound, he raisin av his bein in a high fever from the thraitment he got. Very well, there he lay till mornin break, till one o' the sarvents, Judy Casey, be name, came into the room to clane it; and whin she found himself under all the furniture, an in the state he was in, she got a great fright, no doubt, bein a narvous, frightful young woman, that way in herself; she gave a bither scream, (whin she see him for dead, as she thought,) that brought all the other servants a runnin up to the king's room, to see what 'twas all about. Why, thin, they rubbed him all over wid whiskey, an got a drop, be a great deal to do, down his throat; an at long last he give signs of the life in him, an come to himself again. But he was very weak for a long time afther, on account av the fright, and the cruel usage he got from the Earl (Clan carthy's ghost; an that day night he was removed to a neighbor's house, for he swore he'd never u'd give an other night in the castle—an sure he didn't, for 'twas thrown down be his orders soon afther, so it was; an there's my story for you, an the raisin, they say, the manshin was destroyed, sir. But indeed, I hear some people, knowledgeable people, too, and those that come from the city to see the place, say, 'twas all in my eye about the ghost, but that the master give it out as excuse for what he done. Well, bless me, af I know which story to give belief to, but I think 'twas a dirty, unnaatural thing to spile the pride o' Blarney, even af it was through the fear itself.'

'I concur in yer opinion, James,' ses the gentleman, 'an I say it here an above board,' ses he, hitten his stick agin the ground, 'an I'm ashamed of him for the like,' ses he. 'Be this time the company were comin up to him. 'I thank you for your story, an' you'll accept o' this trifle for yer civility, handin him a crown piece, 'an I'm indebted to you in the bargain, so I am.'

'Don't minshin a word about it, yer honor,' ses Jim, 'I'd do more than that to sarve yer honor, so I would; but there's one favor I'd be afther axin yer honor.'

'Why, thin, what's that?' ses he.

'Tex, just thin, just yer name, yer honor, av you please, for I intends, this very identical evenin, af I'm a livin man to do it, to dhrink your honor's health, over yonder, in the village, that I mightn't do an ill turn, but I do.'

'Why, thin, 'tis a queer name they calls me by, Jim, ses his honor, 'an I'll tell it to you.'

'Af yer honor pleases.'

'Why, thin, they call me the 'Great Unknown' now.'

'Great Unknown, by gor, then, it's an odd name, no doubt,' ses Jim.

'Isn't it, now?' ses his honor.

'Devil a doubt av it,' ses Jim. 'Great Unknown, mauriagh. I'd make bould to ask what country yer honor come from.'

'I'll tell you that, too, Jim,' ses he, 'from Scotland, thin, all the ways.'

'Is, so I thought,' says Jim. 'I spose your family are a strong fashin over there, but I never heard o' one o' your name before now; no matter, yer daacent people, I make no doubt, in your own country; an more luck to you an yours, every day you rises, I say, an God speed you on yer road, yer honor, an I'm obliged to you.'

'By this time his honor was in the carriage, an all the company wid him, and never a one of him but kissed hands to my sister's son, at his goin; an aff they went, himself an his company, very well pleased with all they see, and the attenshin Jim ped um. So there's what I had to tell you, genteels, about Blarney, that you never heard before, an how do you like my story, now?' says Paddy, addressing his company, when he had finished.

They all, indeed, I am happy to inform the reader, expressed themselves much pleased with it, and one from among them, the butler, a chiel from the land o' cakes, proposed the health of Mr. Patrick O'Calla-

ghan, which was received with great applause; and Paddy returned thanks in neat words, on the occasion. I was near forgetting, though, to inform the reader, that the butler, in proposing the health of Mr. O'Callaghan, intimated to the company that he knew who Mr. Great Unknown was very well, (the person alluded to in the tale,) and begged leave to thank our friend for the kind manner in which he had spoken of his countryman.

STAGE COACHES IN 1742.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.

Sir—If history be an old almanac, then an old almanac is history; and a curious feature in the history of civilization in Ireland, I now offer to you, taken from one of those rare annuals, imprinted in Dublin, for the year 1742.

'THE ARTHORE Stage Coach sets up with James Vaughn, in New Church street, facing Tom of Lincoln. Sets out from Dublin on Thursday morning, at 7 in the Winter, and 8 in the Summer; comes in on Tuesday, between 6 and 7 at night. Rate for each person, 13s.—which is all forfeited, unless the person comes at the time appointed; but the money will be returned if the undertakers [ominous determination!] happen to get another customer.'

'THE BELFAST Stage Coach sets up with James Smith, at the Unicorn, in Capel street. Sets out from Dublin every Monday, and from Belfast every Thursday. In Winter, it takes three days, and leaves Dublin at 8, and Belfast at seven the morning. In Summer it will take only two days, and set out from each place about 6 in the morning. This Coach will always run with 6 able horses.'

'THE KILKENNY Stage Coach sets up with the Widow Walsh, at the Coach and Horses, in George's lane, [now South Great George's street.] Sets out in Summer and Winter, at 6 in the morning, on Mondays and Thursdays; comes in on Tuesdays and Fridays. To Naas, 4s.; to Killeullen Bridge, 5s. 5d.; and so on; To Kilkenny 13s.

'THE KINNEGAD Stage Coach takes in passengers at Henry Hall, grocer, Smithfield. Sets out in the Winter at 8 in the morning on Wednesday and Saturday; returns on Mondays and Fridays—rate 6s. 6d.'

'THE NEWRY Stage Coach sets up with James Bell, at the Bunch of Grapes, facing the Linen Hall. Sets out in Winter at 8 in the morning on Friday, and returns on Tuesday. Rate, to Drogheda, where it stops the first night, 5s. 5d., and to Newry, 13s. In the Summer it goes out twice a week, viz: On Tuesday and Saturday, and returns on Monday and Friday.'

'THE DROGHEDA Stage Landau sets up with Thomas Robinson, at the Boot Inn, Bolton street. Sets out on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 9; comes in Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.'

'The Dublin Ferry Boat plies in the Winter from Daylight till 9 at night.'

This Ferry was exactly where Carlisle Bridge now stands; but then the approach to it from the College was through one of the most barbarous and cut-throat lanes possible; I think it was called College lane. I have touched, with my hands extended, the houses on each side.

It is extraordinary that there was no Stage Coach to Cork, Waterford, or Limerick. In fact, above forty years subsequent, there were none to any of these towns, and travellers were obliged to hire a chaise for the whole way, for there was not even posting. I remember in the year 1784, some friends who had to travel from Dublin to Cork, and they had to hire a chaise and pair to fetch them; the price was five guineas, and they took the same horses the whole way, and arrived on the fifth day at their destination. The same year I travelled with my family, and we had to take the chaise the whole way to Waterford, which we reached at two o'clock on the third day, and were delayed at the ferry (for there was no bridge,) for nearly two hours; it took thirty-five minutes to cross in the horse boat, and about twenty-five in what was called

the light boat; two or three men at each oar—the men standing, and rowing in the eddy tide for about three hundred taking what they called mud-strokes, and then, when so far above the opposite ferry, calculating 'hat the rapid tide would bring them right to the other slip, which, if they overshot, as was often the case, the labor was most severe to pull up again.

Does any one remember Dominick Roche and his Drogheda Coach? It would make a capital caricature! It started—oh! inappropriate word,—at 9, and reached Drogheda at 4. I think I see him, as he drove me in 1788; he had a wig, at all variance with a Jarvis's true Caxon, and yet it was not a lawyer's, nor a bishop's—it was a 'sui-generis' concern. He had a blue coat, a red waistcoat over a pot-belly, leather breeches, blue stockings, and buckles in his shoes. Dominick was the proprietor as well as driver of the above coach, which was thickly studded with brass nails, like a hair-bottom chair. The machine had two iron affairs called springs, but nearly perpendicular, and scarcely flexible. These were in front, but behind, there were two stout posts and chains, and woe be to the person whose teeth were loose! He stopped at the Black Bull—where is that now!—within five miles I think, of Dublin, for nearly an hour; then at Swords, and at the Man of war for about one hour and a half. He had the same horses to the latter place, and but a pair. Every one knew him, and he had a word for all; he was about seventy years of age the last time I saw him, and you might as well bend one of his springs, or posts, as to put him out of his way. You may talk of old times—and perhaps I may give you some more of them—but for one, I am content that they are passed by, and supplied by others in this and similar respects, at least, if not in all points, far preferable.

DUBLIN EIGHTY YEARS AGO.—Dublin was at that day the most jovial, joyous city in the king's dominions. There was nobody in it sick, sore, or sorry. Trade was good, taxes were light and provisions cheap. A gentleman could import for his own use the best claret the cellars of Bordeaux could supply, and drink it at his own table at the rate, in price, of sixpence a bottle. The innkeeper, who paid a duty, could afford to sell it at from two shillings to two and sixpence; and excellent port at eighteen shillings or a guinea a dozen. During eight months in the year, Dublin was filled with a resident nobility and gentry, liberal, and hospitable, and expensive in their habits; and scenes were then and there acted, in which individuals of the first class in society, were the performers, that might challenge comparison with the most whimsical freaks of the Second Charles and his favorite Rochester, or even rival the adventures of Prince Henry and the fat knight of Gadshill. Absentees of large property were comparatively few. They did not then, as now, crowd the streets of Florence, Rome and Naples. Paris was the principal resort, and the ultima Thule of their foreign travels. How limited in distance were their excursions may be inferred from the wonder excited in Dublin by a voyage made to Jerusalem by the late Mr. Thomas Whaley, the brother of the Countess of Clare. Mr. Whaley boasted his intention to visit that city, but his friends, although aware of the eccentricity of his character, were incredulous. An aeronaut now taking flight to the moon, would not be considered more frantic or extravagant. One of Mr. Whaley's friends proposed a bet of £500 that he would not complete this extraordinary, and, in his opinion, dangerous and impracticable journey. Mr. Whaley accepted the bet, went and returned from Jerusalem, won the £500, and with it a title.

An old schoolmaster, who usually heard his pupils once a week, through Watt's Scriptural History, and afterwards asked them promiscuously such questions as suggested themselves to his mind, one day desired a young urchin to tell him who Jesse was, when the boy briskly replied, 'The Flower o' Dumbland.'



DERRYNANE ABBEY.

DERRYNANE ABBEY.

On looking over several volumes having reference to the history and statistics of the County of Kerry, in which the foregoing building is situated, the following, from 'Smith's Kerry,' published in the year 1752, is the only record of the place we have been able to discover:—

Speaking of the parish in which Mr. O'Connell's residence is situated, Mr. Smith says, 'At Aghmore, towards the western extremity of the parish, are the remains of a small abbey of canons regular of St. Austin, founded by the monks of St. Finbar, near Cork, in the seventh century. It is situated in a small island near the mouth of the river of Kenmare, having its walls so beaten by the sea, that they will soon be entirely demolished. About a league to the southwest of this island, which is at low water joined to the shore, there are two islands called Scariff and Dinish; the former is a high mountain in the sea, and hath one family on it, who take care of some cows, and make a considerable quantity of butter; on the top of the highest ground in the island, is a ruined hermitage. These islands, with the continent, are farmed from the Earl of Cork and Orrery, by Mr. Daniel Connel, who has on a part of the said land, named Derrynane, built a good house, and made other improvements, the only plantation hereabouts.'

From a recent traveller, the late Mr. H. D. Inglis, who made the tour of Ireland in 1834, we copy the following particulars relative to the district in which Derrynane Abbey is situated:—'My course now lay through the wilds of Kerry; and first, to Cahir siveen, and Valentia Island, which, with the exception of the little islands called the Blaskets, is the nearest point of Ireland to the coast of America. The distance from Killarney to Cahir-siveen, which, on the maps, is generally marked Cahir, is about forty English miles, and the road is altogether a very interesting one; both on account of the scenery through which the traveller passes; and on account of the peculiarities that attach to the people of these parts, which are said to have been colonised by Spanish settlers, and which long held a close intercourse with the Peninsula.

Nothing can be finer than the road skirting the sea, after leaving Lord Headly's property. In the magnificence of its mountain and sea views, it is inferior to any of the celebrated roads which have been constructed along the shores of the Mediterranean; and is every

way superior to the road from Bangor to Conway, in North Wales. I am sorry I cannot say so much for the population and their dwellings. I never passed more wretched cabins than on some parts of this road. Some of the worst of these are situated on the property of Lord Lansdowne, but are held under his lordship by middle-men.

'I was now in O'Connell's country; here was 'the property of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., or the Liberator, as the people called him; there, the property of Charles O'Connell, Esq., and there again, the property of another O'Connell; but the greater part of the O'Connell property—all that of 'the' O'Connell, is held under head landlords; and he, is only an extensive middle-man. Near to Cahir-siveen is the birth-place of the great agitator. It is a ruined house, situated in a hollow near to the road; and when I reached the spot, the driver of the car pulled up, and inquired whether I would like to visit the house. But the driver of my car was not a native of these parts; for he it known to the reader, that O'Connell is less popular in his own country than he is elsewhere. If you ask an innkeeper, or an innkeeper's wife, any where in O'Connell's district, what sort of a man their landlord is? 'Och, and sure he's the best o' landlords!—he takes the childher by the hand, and he wouldn't be over proud to drink troy with the landlady.' But if you step into a cabin, the holder of which owns Daniel O'Connell, Esq., as his landlord, and if you ask the same question, he'll scratch his head, and say little any way. Shortly before I visited Cahir-siveen, there was a road presentation in that neighborhood, and the rate payers, who have now a vote in these matters, refused at first to pass it unless the O'Connells would pay two thirds of the expense; because, said they, 'the O'Connells have lived long enough out of road presentations.'

I reached O'Connell's town, Cahir-siveen, in time for an excellent fish dinner of haddock and mullet, and the three or four hours that intervened between dinner and bed-time, I spent in rambling about the environs of the village, and in the neighboring country. The town is said to be improving, though, from its situation, I cannot think the improvements can ever be great, for it lies within a very dangerous navigation, high up the stream that there forms an inlet of the sea; and in strong westerly winds, the only safe entrance, between the mainland and Valentia Island, is all but inaccessible.

'The country around Cahir-siveen is extremely wild and but very partially reclaimed; and the condition of the people far from being comfortable. I visited several wretched cabins, and found the inmates paying exorbitant rents. Land is not let here by the acre; but by the quantity of land fit to support a cow. I found one man owning land for six cows, paying at the rate of 50s. per cow, and at that time, the price of butter was such, that not more than 40s. could be got for the produce of each cow. Others I found paying in precisely the same proportion. The greater industry of the people—and I may add, the greater intelligence universal among the Kerry peasantry—help them with their indifferent bargains. I saw in many of their cabins beautiful examples of industry—every branch of a family occupied in doing something useful; and I did not address one individual, from whom I did not receive answers that would have done credit to persons of any education; and yet on asking one individual who had conversed with me readily and sensibly upon many subjects, how many weeks there were in a month—I was answered, that there were two. Nature has done much for these people, education little.'

Such are the observations made by Mr. Inglis, a man who has been described as an individual of ultra-liberal sentiments, an advocate for poor-rates, and an enemy to the tithe system, and whose observations on these points have been quoted in the House of Commons.

APHORISMS.—The child that is permitted to run a pin through a fly, is already prepared to run a dagger through the heart of his fellow-creature.

Nobility may exist in name—the sovereign may confer titles—the herald blazon out the descent—but solid glory and real greatness are inseparably connected with virtue.

The wealth I require is the wealth of the heart—

The smiles of affection are riches to me.

Those only who have felt what it was to have the genial current of their souls chilled by neglect, or changed by unkindness, can sympathize in the feelings of wounded affection, when the overflowings of a generous heart are confined in the limits of its own bosom.

The spider's most attenuated thread is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie of earthly bliss—it breaks at every breeze.

Written for the Miscellany.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY GERALDINE.

Last chieftain of a noble race,
One whose banner ne'er saw disgrace;
Round our memory let us twine
Deep in our hearts such deeds as thine.

Ever foremost in his country's cause,
Demanding faith and righteous laws,
When bloody Saxon crushed his land
And laid her waste with sword and brand,
Reck'd not he of place or fame,
Death was better than Erin's shame.

Fear was a stranger to his heart,—
In life he bore a hero's part;
The land of France he grasped with glee,*
Zealous to make his Isle as free.
Grim though the galleys, he could dare
England's lion to beard in his lair.
Revere his name and virtue too,
And hope his race may yet prove true;
Life to him was scarce but a span,
Dying nobly—it was for man!

* It will be remembered that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was deputed by the United Irishmen to proceed to France to solicit aid in freeing Ireland from the English yoke.

From the Dublin Celtic Union.

THE LEGEND OF THE CURRACH.

BY CAROLAN.

I.

The broad moon looks down on the plains of Kildare,
On the gorse-dotted Currach, so ample and fair—
And as far as the eye glances over the scene,
Neither mountain or moat breaks the level between,
No tree marks the landscape—nor castle—nor hall—
Nor peaceable sheelin—nor militant wall—
But all the vast plain as smooth as the sea,
When the grey gull skins closely in search of her prey.

II.

Lo! something moves out of the shadows, afar,
'Tis coming!—and coming!—It troubles the air!
'Twas a cloud!—'tis a shape!—it is caught by the moon,
Come hither—we now must discern it soon.
'Tis a war horse!—He comes with the speed of the tide—
He tosses his head in his panopied pride—
He is here!—ha! the rider!—A warrior in mail!
His visor is up—and his visage, how pale!
And raised to the light, is his gauntleted hand,
Which grasps in its hold, like the clutch of a brand,
A cup, all ablaze with a lustrous glow,
That shows to the night his wild courser of snow:
From the crest to the fetlock all milk-like and bright,
Save the red flashing eyes starting out of the white.

III.

Oh! he rides like the wind, and his bearing is grand!
Who is he?—what Magistrate? what Prince of the land?
Mark! how the swift hoofs of the wild courser shine!
Like the streaks, in the sun, oozing down the tall pine—
Never—never was seen on the breast of Kildare,
Such a knight!—such a steed!—such a proud pacing pair.
Who is he?—who is he?—Oh! who should he be
But the heart of the land! and the soul of the free!
The lover of Ireland in life and in death!
The strength of her body!—the pant of her breath!
The seed and the kindling! at home and away—
Of liberty's lightning! and free born sway!
Who is he?—a ray of the time honored line!
More loved than our kindred!—the staunch Geraldine!

IV.

Thus over the Currach*—the chronicles say,
When seven long summers pass slowly away,
The Geraldine ever, will ride o'er the plain—
On his white phantom steed, with the long flowing mane,
But when he appears without cup in his hand,
The last of his race will be gone from the land.
But should he ride forth and his steed be unshod
Of bright silver shoes that so often have trod
The Currach's rich sward, as to-night you have seen,
When they flashed, as he passed, in the moon's gentle sheen,
Then, soon will he come with his fierce chivalry,
To make Ireland a nation—her children free!

* There is a tradition, that at the end of every seven years the Earl of Kildare may be seen riding across the Currach on a white charger shod with silver and holding a cup in his hand; and that when he shall appear without the cup, his race will become extinct. But according to another legend, when his horse's shoes are worn off, he will return to destroy the enemies of Ireland.

Written for the Miscellany.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

BY J. E. F.

No. 4.—Killarney to Glengarriff.

Sending our luggage by the coach to Glengaiff, we set out on foot in order to visit places of interest on the road. Some two miles from Killarney, stands Mucruss Abbey, a most picturesque ruin, the property of Mr. Herbert, now chief Secretary for Ireland. Some of its rooms are in a good state of preservation, and in the centre of the cloister stands the finest yew tree in all Ireland, its circumference being 13 feet; its wide spreading branches, resting on the walls, form a shade for the roofless building. The eastern window is very handsome, as is also the doorway. The great fire place of the refectory attests the attention the friars gave to good cheer. It was founded by Franciscan friars in 1440. The Abbey was chosen by the ancient chiefs as their place of sepulture, and among those whose mouldering remains rested beneath us, were O'Donoghue, McCarthy More and O'Sullivan. On the tomb which covers the dust of McCarthy More and O'Donoghue, are carved the following lines:—

'What more could Homer's most illustrious verse,
Or pompous Tully's stately prose rehearse,
Than what this monumental stone contains,
In death's embrace, McCarthy More's remains.
Hence, reader, learn the sad and certain fate
That waits on man, spares not the good and great;
And while this venerable marble calls
Thy patriot tear, perhaps, that trickling falls,
And bids thy thoughts to other days return,
And with the spark of Erin's glory burn;
While to her fame most grateful tributes flow,
Oh! ere you turn, one warmer drop bestow!
If Erin's chiefs deserve thy generous tear,
Heir of their worth, O'Donoghue lies here.'

There is a modern grave yard attached to the Abbey, and I noticed quite a number of tombstones on which the ages of those beneath were over a century and one is written that Peter O'Dowd lived 114 years in this transitory world.

About two miles further on, we procured the key to the gate that led to the Tore waterfall. The path that leads to the fall is by the side of a dashing stream, which seems to hasten to throw itself into the placid waters of the lake, after taking its leap of 70 feet. The roar of the water is heard as you approached, but it is concealed by the trees until you are close upon it. Then it bursts upon us with a thundering roar, first in a broad sheet, and after which it is narrowed and goes dashing along from cliff to rock in wild magnificence, until it finds its level in the lake. Coming out on the road again, we soon came to the Tunnel road, from which we had a good view of the Gap of Dunloe, a narrow pass, on each side of which the mountains rise to the height of 1500 feet.

The road now gradually ascended, and when on its highest part, we turned around to gaze on the valley as it 'lay smiling before' us. From here the spectator sees the mountains like a dark wall, reflected in the lakes, which lie mirror-like at their base.

At Kenmore, we dined, and made a short stay in the town. It is situated on the bay of the same name and has a pretty suspension bridge, the only one of the kind I believe in Ireland. Our road again lay over as wild and barren mountains, as those we had been travelling over during the day. One of these mountains is called Hungry Hill, which might be justly applied to every hill in Kerry. The distance from Kenmare to Glengarriff is 18 miles, which we shortened a few miles by climbing up a mountain 1000 feet high. Arriving on the other side, we found out, by enquiring of an urchin, that we had left Kerry and had entered Cork. There did not seem to be much difference at first, but soon we beheld the little paradise of Glengarriff, whose valleys are richly wooded and sprinkled

with many pretty country houses. At the 'Glengarriff Bantry Arms Hotel' we found our luggage, and here, after a toilsome day's travelling, we concluded to stay for the night. The hotel stands in front of the bay, and commands a beautiful prospect; many preferring it even to Killarney. The bay has numerous islands in it, and some of these were used years ago by smugglers to conceal their goods. On a point of land running out into the sea, there is a small battery erected in 1798, when it was said the French would land here and help the Irish to free themselves from the yoke of the oppressor. Procuring a boat, we were rowed down the bay by moonlight, and although we were upset, when near the shore and got our stomachs full of salt water, yet we felt fully repaid by the exquisite scenery. 'Mine host' of the hotel entertained us till past midnight, with legends and stories of Glengarriff and when in the arms of Morpheus our dreams were of rapparee and rebel, and of enchanted ground.

To be Continued.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF AN IRISH ARTIST.

BY CAROLAN.

Concluded.

We had just painted the town and county out and out, and had lowered our terms to the verge of meanness, so much so, indeed, that sporting grocers' shopman, and some pretentious attorneys' clerks, began to offer us disgraceful fees, commencing with off-hand part-payments and warm assurances of future patronage. We saw it was time to flit, and that the novelty of our presences was no longer looked upon as worthy of any further observance. But then we had hitherto lived upon our prompt payments, which were now utterly exhausted, so that not only our further locomotion, but even our very means of subsistence, depended upon a few decent debts, for the immediate liquidation of which, we on one eventful morning, sent out the most polite, but at the same time most pressing, epistolary requests. The morning, however, passed away without any considerate debtor responding to our applications; and the short hours of noon began to strike despair into our hearts; to add to our chagrin, too, we heard the little dowdy, dumpy, matter-of-fact, slatternly, odious, suspicious and prying, sunburnt maid-servant tramping up stairs to demand the market money; I could have kicked her out of the street door. On she came, with her insolent demand upon her blubber lips, a cold eyed wench, that only minded her business and nothing else, hang her! I seized a fiddle, as she waddled into the room, and commenced, with the deadliest care, to eliminate one of Ward's sonatas, my eyes directly presented at futurity, my elbows squared with a military exactness, and my ears undergoing a severe apprenticeship to horrible sounds. I stole a squint at my companion—ah! he was Yorkshire too—we both were pupils, and apt ones too, under old Professor Adversity. He had totally abandoned himself to the occupation of purifying a stained palette—and so soul-absorbing seemed this delectable undertaking to him, that he resembled the famous Grecian statue of the crouched knife grinder listening to the conspirators. We heard our persecutor's unsympathising demand for the 'where-withal' repeated over and over again, with the most stoical indifference. I looked into her potatoe face as into a dark void—and my Grecian brother did the eaves' dropper, over his palette, with the most commendable assiduity. The cold-hearted jade stood astounded—she evidently could make nothing of us; for, as Coleridge says in his 'Ancient Mariner,'

'I held her with my glittering eye.'

My stool face, too, began to alarm her, and my companion's occupation did not tend in any way to

lessen her apprehension, for as she afterwards told her mistress in confidence, 'the young man was scouring a bit of a stick, as if his life depended upon it. I think she would have bolted precipitately from our mysterious propinquity, had not a loud double knocking at the hall door suddenly disenchanted the knife grinder; at least, to all appearance, it seemed to have that effect; for he sprang upon his feet, flung up the window, and after one sharp glance down into the street, exclaimed with an air of supernatural exaltation:—

'A letter by a livery servant of Gorman's you dog! with a seal on it as big as a pewter dish in the Old Man's Hospital.'

Then turning savagely upon the more and more alarmed dumping servitor, he commanded:—

'Off to the door, Harpy! and bring us up the letter from the intelligent young lad knocking for admittance.'

She fled. It was all right. We ate our dinner that day right heartily, and improvisatised the mummery of the morning over and over again to our heart's most innate glee and satisfaction; but the dumpy servant always regarded us ever after with the genuine and evident symptoms of wary suspicion. The breaking morning found me thus dreaming away fantastically, and I awoke only to recall with bitter anticipations the odious work before me. I could not rest, and think of it; so up I started, and dressing myself hurriedly, snatched up a small deal box containing a few artistic implements, in case of success (and here I chuckled maliciously at myself) and set forth with dogged resolution to encounter the besmeared corpse in the porch of the ruined old church. The rude starting stones hurt me sorely as I heedlessly strode along the narrow bohreen, and the grass and the lank weeds wetted me to the skin, as I tramped across the hemlocked paddock to the place of my destination. I now loathed the unnatural desecration of the dead—and in proportion as my worldly aggrandizement faded away into uncertainty, the consciousness of the unchristianlike nature of my undertaking took forcible possession of my convictions. But there was no mode of retrogression—my task must be accomplished, or, I must be laughed at—lose my engagement and its perquisites—and give up all future hopes of patronage from the same quarter—and then to leave the business half done, why, this must at once appear to be the result of fear, squeamishness, or incapacity—for, of course, I thought nobody would give me credit for abandoning it through a scruple of conscience; although I am sure a poor man has a right to get tick, for that same very attainable commodity, before either a rich man or a skeptic.

Well, I tapped the corded coffin at my feet with my wet boot—the sound was as dull as lead—there was no fear of any one stealing away the body in the night. Oh no! Ah, how gingerly I handled the half rotted ropes, and how cold and flabby they felt, and how my heart sickened in anticipation of the rank effluvia that the opening of the lid would eliminate. But this mode of proceeding would never answer. The winds began to moan through the rents of the old building, and there was an earthy smell upon the air, which, with the raw coldness of the morning, and the dampness of my clothes, began to drive me into so abject a state of mind that I was ready to cry with chagrin and utter discomfort. It required a smart dash of resolution to put an end to this state of things, so, with a contemptuous 'pshaw!' at my own debasement, I flung open the coffin, and with trembling fingers proceeded to try the consistence of the cursed cranky plaster of Paris. I wore a smile of self-derision as I made the experiment, for I confidently anticipated the result. But judge of my joyful disappointment, when I found it as hard as marble, and as dry as a board. I flung myself on my knees, not to pray—for, somehow, young men rarely or never think of being thankful to God for anything

—but to find out was fortune equally propitious to me in affording a facility of removing the composition, and of fully disengaging it from the decomposing features of the dead. I placed my hand firmly upon the scalp, and then essayed to make a lateral movement of the whole solidified mass; it came with me, but came so freely that I feared it was bringing the cadaverous flesh along with it. I turned round to get a small vial of oil that stood near me, and actually cried out aloud and involuntarily, as a big, apoplectic, broad, grinning face almost came in contact with my own, the worthy serjeant had stolen march upon me, and as I joined, or tried to join in his uproarious merriment—a miserable failure by the way—I saw that the old church was actually beset by spectators. Five or six white faces, surmounted by turf-bronzed straw hats peered, goggle-eyed, through a dilapidated arched window above us—others were twisted, serpent-wise, about the ancient doorway, their shock-haired heads protruding extensively inwards—and others bestrode a detached portion of the dismantled walls, to which they clung with an evidently muscular tenacity, through apprehension, of course, that the horrors about to be revealed below by the rifler of the dead might be such as to overcome their powers of preserving their just equilibrium. I now felt that I was called upon to act heroically, or if need should be, to cover my defeat with the assured glorification of success—with the generalship of a Gregg—with the brazen audacity of a Gavazzi—so I flung off my coat, crumpled back my shirt sleeves, and gave a splash of the cement to my bare arms; added to this, I threw my hat on the ground, and tossed my hair rakishly off my forehead, at once transforming myself into a sort of artist brigand, much to the consternation and dire expectation of all my rustic spectators. I was resolved that they, at least, should know nothing of my discomfiture, if such there should be. The serjeant clapped me on the back, and so I went to work with a will, and most valorously into the bargain. I tried the composition again, and lifted it half off the poor human subject. My heart beat violently against my ribs—I looked beneath the plaster—all right—the cheek had not even been abraded, but as I thought to liberate it altogether, it held fast about the nose. I was stifling with fear and disgust—I could stop to manœuvre it no longer—but plucked it away. I saw with a glance that merely the nasal tip had been separated—so, twisting the winding sheet rapidly over the body, I snatched a large napkin from my deal box, folded up the cast in a twinkling, slammed down the coffin-lid, and seizing upon my coat and hat, strode, with the white box under my arm, in the most necromantic looking manner possible, out of the theatre of my daring diablerie. A groan of wild horror followed my retreat, to the effect of which the serjeant added fearfully, by discharging a large horse-pistol.

The poor peasants, dropping from their perches at all parts of the old building, fled like maniacs across the country; indeed, the retreat from Corrunna was but a fly-crawl, compared to the fugitive powers of the bewildered inhabitants of the vicinity of Lanceluff, who never before had witnessed any Christian-looking man invading the habitations of the dead, and in the double capacity, too, of a mountebank and a plunderer. Little did they dream, and never would they believe, that the principle performer in the scene they had just witnessed, was, at that moment, inwardly protesting that, 'not for Damer's estate' would he ever be induced to act as primo buffo any more on so discreditable an occasion. Arrived at my little inn, I flung off my wet garments, indulged in a luxurious shave, and after a copious and most refreshing ablution, stepped down stairs to breakfast, and in the highest spirits. The serjeant was waiting for me, and with the agreeable information, too, that he had a loan of a jingle from a friend, on which he undertook to drive me into the town of C—, whence I was to take coach for Dublin.

The said jingle had nigh dislocated every bone in my body, but that apprehension was not half so painful as the fear of its cruel convulsions breaking my

plaster-cast, and rendering all my dreadful pilgrimage nugatory. This fear haunted me whilst I bid farewell to the good-natured serjeant, and accompanied me into my lodgings at Dublin—not the serjeant but the fear.

When I was safely ensconced within my quarters, I opened my deal box with many a dismal foreboding; but every card I now held appeared to be trumps; everything was safe and sound. The hollow shell of cement exhibited a perfect model of the dead man's features, except where a small portion of the nose adhered; but this I knew I could easily remove with a sponge and a little warm water. Up to this time I had been nearly an hour locked up at my mysterious employment, and lo! very contrary to usage, a death-like stillness pervaded the whole house; the cause of which I afterwards ascertained to be, that my landlady suspected I had failed in my mission, on account of the taciturnity with which I received her interested welcomings (home?) and knowing the constitution of my purse previous to my departure, apprehension seized her mind, that the atrophy of my means might prove contagious, and cause an endemic disease within her well-beloved treasury. But when I found that (as Richard said to Richmond) 'the chance was mine,' I lugged at the bell-pull in the most furious manner, and gave such a minatory order for warm water and a basin, as set all untoward suspicions of my solvency at rest, at least for the present. So I cleaned out my cast, well and thoroughly, oiled it elegantly, and poured into it a skilfully prepared emulsion of composition, undulated it, skilfully and artistically, until it smoothed to a beautiful surface; and, after a short time, had the rapturous felicity of producing a most perfect mask, which, after minute and most satisfactory examination, as well as a series of mental comments and muttered apostrophes, and duly deposited in a secure little cupboard, there to await the arrival of its owner on the following morning; for which purpose I sent him a note, apprising him of my arrival and of my success. Then I tumbled out the contents of my purse upon the table—counted it out—amount fifteen shillings; twelve of which in the blindest and most killing manner possible, I handed to my rapacious old landlady, not knowing how soon I might want to draw upon her patience again, and merely remarking to her at the time, that possibly she might want money, and that I had so much to spare.

Then, after listening impatiently to the acrid old vixen's repeated assurances of her never-faltering confidence in my honor and integrity, with the air of an injured nobleman, I glided into the street; the hall-door panned, in the depth of its respect to me, and I had turned the sharp angle of the pathway before it ventured to close, very humbly and very obsequiously upon my honored heels. Away I went to seek the domiciles of a few of my most intimate confederates, and to regale their ears with my most notorious adventures.

On the next day my patron paid me a visit, and being highly pleased with the excellence of the mask, gave me a cheque for twenty pounds on David La Touche and Company, under the influence of which I sat down and wrote without once pausing, this rude sketch of 'An Incident in the Life of an Irish Artist.'

JOHN SMITH.

[The following sketch, published many years ago in the New York Evening Post, is so good, that we have been tempted to rescue it from oblivion, for the benefit of the twenty thousand readers of the Miscellany.]

By the Liverpool packet, a double letter, folded and sealed in a way which led to the belief that money was enclosed, and addressed to Mrs. John Smith, was received at our post-office. It had not long been deposited in its proper box, before a short, fat, smirking little woman made her appearance at the window

in a broad, Irish accent, inquired, 'Have you iver a letter for Mrs. Smith?'

'Yes, here is one for Mrs. Smith—Mrs. Catharine Smith—is that your name, good woman?'

'No, that's not it—my name is Bridget!'

'Ah, here is one. Pray, what is your husband's name?'

'Out on the vagabone—his name is John.'

The clerk was about to give the letter to the woman, but his experience had taught him that John Smiths were as plenty as blackberries, and he held it back, while he asked a few more questions.

'And where did you expect a letter from, Mrs. Smith?'

'Oh, from Cincinnati or New Orleans, or therabouts. The villain John Smith—that I should say so!—promised to write me these two months, and not the bit scrape of his ugly pen have I seen at all, at all.'

'But this letter is from Liverpool, my good woman, and of course is not for you.'

'Liverpool, did you say! Oh, the ruffian, has he then deserted me entirely, and gone back to the old country?'

'Supposing he has, you would probably expect to receive money from him.'

'Is it money you want! Sure, then, you have put your fut in it. The saddle is on the tother horse. It would be asking for money, not sending me any, that John Smith would be after. No, no, sharp's the eye that ever sees the color of John's money, more nor himself, and the man where he buys his whisky.'

'I fear, if that is the case,' said the clerk, 'that I shall not be able to give you this letter. It appears to contain a large sum of money, and must be for some other person of your name.'

The woman went away grumbling and scolding, and vowing, 'it was all a chate,' and threatening, if there was law in the land, she would have her letter. In about an hour after, a tall, saw-tooth-looking man, whose straight black hair, keen eye, and Indian gait, denoted him as one of that portion of our countrymen who style themselves 'half-horse, half-alligator, and the a little touch of the snapping turtle,' walked up to the place of letter delivery.

'I say, stranger, I want a letter for John Smith.'

'There is none addressed to that name,' said the clerk; 'but here is one for Mrs. John Smith.'

'Ah, that's me, or what's the same thing, it's my woman; so shell it out here in a little less than no time.'

'Stay a moment, my frient; where did you expect a letter from?'

'Whar from?' exclaimed the Kentuckian, in surprise. 'Look here, stranger, I reckon you want to poke fun at me. Now let me tell you, I'm a pretty considerable sort of a chap—I'm a ring-tail roarer, all the way from Salt River. So none of your cockalofical cavorting about me, or I'll be into you like a streak of lightning.'

'I merely wish to know where you expect a letter from, to avoid mistakes, as there are so many John Smiths. This letter contains money.'

'That's why I want it. And so you're gwaing [going] to keep the letter for the sake of the shiners. Maybe you think I ain't worth no money. I tell you what, stranger, my old man's a heavy dog, and thinks no more of a hundred dollars (State Bank, you see, and not the rale specie,) than you do of a hundred cents. Why should he? Arn't he a director, and what account is money to him?'

'But this letter is from England. Your father is not an Englishman, is he?'

'Look here, stranger, if you mean to insult me, just step out here, and I'll lick you within an inch of your life. Englishman! I reckon if you had seen me at Orleans, with old Hickory, you wouldn't a' thought there was much English blood in me, though there war a pretty considerable smart chance of it on to me. And my wife's rale Kentuck to the backbone, too; none of your half-and-half Yankee rash. If the letter's from England, she shouldn't touch it, if i contains i

ever such a powerful heap of money.' And so saying, the stranger turned indignantly from the office, satisfied that a letter from England could not be intended for him or his.

The next applicant for a letter for John Smith was a small dapper gentleman, with hair of a reddish cast, light eyes, and sandy complexion. The bosom of his vest was traversed in every direction with strings of silk braid and safety chains, and his collar was rolled back with great precision, so as to display to the best advantage a curiously plaited bosom to his linen, and a set of gilt-mounted studs, with which it was adorned. His upper lip was shaded with some dozen or twenty hairs, which, as the weaver said of the threads of his carpet, were not as neighborly as they should be; but they glistened with bear's grease, and had been forced with infinite pains from their bristling to a supine position, so that they presented quite a smart apology for mustachios. Our beau was highly indignant that a post-office clerk should dare to question him, or withhold a letter addressed 'to his lady'—but said it was no more than might be looked for under a rascally Jackson administration—told him with impressive earnestness that he was a gentleman—threw down his card with the look of an angry Caesar, and uttered mighty threats in a very weak an effeminate voice, which was not without a certain quaver, that seemed to denote that the speaker was not altogether sure whether the intermediate wall afforded a protection to his exquisite person. The clerk, however, receiving no satisfactory answers to his inquiries, was not intimidated into giving the dandy the letter, and the disappointed applicant walked off in a most unbecoming passion.

A long, blue-eyed, red-cheeked, raw-boned, awkward-looking man, from 'down east,' was the next to ask for the much-claimed letter for Mrs. John Smith; he was succeeded by a chubby negro woman, and a thickset, heavy-looking Dutchman followed her. None of them, however, gave satisfactory answers to the questions which the careful clerk thought it his duty to ask, and were obliged to go away as they came. At last a small, pretty woman, with high cheek bones, and rosy complexion, dressed in a neat, close habit, a gipsy hat, having altogether a John Bull air, came to the post-office window, and modestly asked if there was a letter by the Liverpool packet for Mrs. John Smith. Noticing that the clerk felt some little hesitation at giving it to her, she authorized him to break the seal, telling him the amount of money it would probably be found to contain, and one or two other facts, which would establish her claim beyond doubt. The contents of the letter proved her right to it, and much to the joy of the clerk, the troublesome epistle passed out of his custody.

Written for the Miscellany.

WALKS AND TALKS.

BY VERNON.

'As I walked by myself,

I talked to myself,

And thus myself said to me.'

A breezy day of June. Last evening the sun went down in a magnificent cloud of purple and gold, and ere its glory faded into grey, 'the cloud spoke.' But only a few rain-drops followed the thunder, not enough to revive the drooping vines and flowers of 'Ivywall,' nor to extinguish for a moment the swift-moving lights of the fire-flies. I sat with a friend at the 'glory window' of my library, (for it looks toward the sunset,) admiring the unusual splendor of the sky, the graceful forms of the still trees, and the soft, vanishing outlines of the distant hills. It was Sunday, and the church-bells were ringing, far off, and most musically. And the hour, and the scene, and that gladly-solemn, solitary sound, came gladly to our hearts, and lingered there, and whispered to old memories, sweet or sad, which had been slumbering long, waking them to the repetition of tales of other days. My friend seemed to be especially under this dreamy influence. Nor could it be otherwise, with such a mind as his, and under

such circumstances:—Young and enthusiastic, a poet, an artist, and an exile. My fancy followed his thoughts, as he continued gazing on the changing cloud. Was it not an emblem of Erin, the land of his birth? First, how the inner glow struggled through the gloom, till the heaven-born light permeated and sublimated all; then how from peak to peak shone a more intense and golden lustre, on which the world must gaze with wonder and joy; next came the majestic voice—a voice to command and awe the nations. But, last, stole forth, in grey, the herald of coming night. And night descended, and the glory was not. Yet, O beautiful Erin! shall there be a morning for thee, after all thy dreadful darkness, after all thy tears, even as bright and calm and blessed as this now encircling my home at Ivywall.

My home at Ivywall. It is neither a cottage nor a castle. It has ample room for its inhabitants, and for their friends. Without pretence, it is pretty, and very comfortable, and very dear to our hearts. Something will be found to please the eye of taste; and even the walls have a soul in them, for large landscapes are painted thereon. Look where we may, and in all seasons alike; trees and green hills, rocks, streams, mountains and waterfalls, are round us, at least rendering more vivid our memory of the grace and grandeur of nature. Then my library, where I pass so many pleasant hours with pen, or pencil, or books, or living friends—where I look from the 'glory-window,' on trees and gardens and sunsets, and from all the others on gardens and trees and the 'unsmoked' sky. My own garden, too, is a pleasure to me, with its winding walks, grass, flowers, the seats in the shade, and the dial in the sun. What though a city pavement of harsh bricks be near my porch, I sit within my gate and forget it when I choose, for I have placed my house away from it—and so the grass and roses and trees help me. Would I more completely ignore surroundings, I ascend to the belvedere on the roof, and there safely look out, over the whole city, over the huge Capitol itself, and all steeples and towers, and see the fair course of the lovely Potomac, with its white sails and forest fringed shores, even as far as our hero's resting place, Mount Vernon.

Only a few words more of Ivywall, and after so much 'talk,' we will begin our 'walk.' When my home was being built, of course I was often with the mechanics, feeling that interest so natural to one who is producing in fact the long-cherished dream of fancy—giving to 'airy nothing' a 'local habitation,' as I have since given it 'a name.' The two-story bay-window, on the south, had progressed so far that the workmen were about to insert the first casement. Just then two country youths stopped before the building, and surveyed it some time with considerable wonder. At last one of them spoke:—

'Well, I declare, Jim, the strange gentleman's going to put a 'chimley' in front of his house!'

'Yes,' replied the puzzled Jim, 'and he's going to have a winder in the chimney!'

'My!' exclaimed the other.

I could not resist it; so, lest they should 'burst in ignorance,' as Hamlet saith, I informed them that the 'winder' was placed there to cool the cook! And with this explanation they departed well satisfied.

Even so let us depart, for the breeze still prevails and a friendly cloud has come over the sun.

Wherever we walk there are trees along the pavement. Washington is a forest city. Nor is there any other containing so many and beautiful public gardens. The taste of the Government, in this respect, has also been generally diffused among our citizens, especially where their dwellings are their own property. These private Edens especially abound in the northern part of the metropolis, in the neighborhood of Ivywall, where ground is comparatively cheap, and the fortune of Corcoran is not required to enable one to enjoy trees and vines and flowers. At times, here, the air is 'filled to fatness with perfume.' O, we of these northern

heights truly pity the dwellers of most other cities, those who are doomed to small space and little and poisoned air, and to whom a tree or a rosebud, except the 'Christmas-tree' and the artificial flower, would be almost a curiosity.

We arrive on Pennsylvania Avenue at about the central point of the city, and hesitate a moment, for an attraction invites us each way—to the east the Capitol and gardens, to the west the President's mansion and gardens, while, directly in front, rise the Smithsonian towers, and wind the ever-alluring paths of nature's gentle student, Downing. Like the lover in the song of 'L. E. L.', who was bewildered with beauty:

'Alas, whatever choice we make
This other we must lose!'

But the loss shall only be for to-day. And now, as in our last walk, we called in at the Capitol, to make our visit more complete, we'll go there again this morning. Passing the gay and thronged stores—passing the marble hotel of the Browns', and the great and famous 'National', where Members 'most do congregate'—passing refectories and boarding-houses innumerable—and passing Tiber creek—that stream made classic by the muse of Moore:

'And what was Goose creek once is Tiber now'—

passing all these, but ever impressed as we walk, with the grand dimensions of this avenue, and dreaming of the time—is it far?—when it shall display two rows of palaces—we arrive at the iron gate of the Capitol garde, guarded, just within, by the 'keeper', cosily seated in his miniature cottage. Broad stone paths and winding gravel ways conduct us among beautiful trees where children and women are the cherubs and angels of the shadows over the grass, and where, here and there, the most beautiful flowers appear, well attended in their star and diamond beds. Yonder are the marble basins where fountains will be, when the strong Potomac shall leap into town next December. One of these basins is temporarily floored over, forming a platform for a band of musicians, who, once a week, delight the 'good people all, of every sort,' by order of our Uncle. Ascending the stone steps, we approach an oval basin filled with water and red fishes, and defended by an iron railing. From the midst of this water rises a monument to Decatur and others, ornamented with statues of Commerce, Navigation, America, and Victory. Immediately beyond the pool is the fountain, which supplies it, the water being brought by pipes from a spring about a mile off. We now ascend to the terrace, surrounding the Capitol, and find another garden, on the eastern front, with another pool and more fishes. In this garden stands, or rather sits, the colossal statue of Washington, looking like a half-robed Roman, a Cæsar badly got up for village theatricals. A railing, with lamps, protects it—from every touch but that of birds and the elements. The elements have touched it rudely, several cavities being seen, where the rains are wearing it away. Nor do I think that its total destruction would be regretted by any American, for it impresses no one with a single idea of him who is, 'first in the hearts of his countrymen.'

But let us forget the unpleasant monster of marble, and think only of the man and patriot. Let us hope that a true soul will yet dwell in this land to conceive properly and justly represent our great Father. Away with copies of old Greece and Rome! Appear, Spirit of American Art!

These broad-spreading trees invite to rest. Leave the iron benches for those who may seek them: for us, let us recline on the soft grass, and look up at the varied foliage and softly-moving clouds, while the breeze shall fan us, the birds shall sing to us, and the flowers nod us cheerful welcome, as we dream of poetry and youth and eternal love!

[To be Continued.]

ARRIVAL OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

ACCIDENT TO HER MACHINERY.

We stop our press for the purpose of announcing to our readers the joyful intelligence of the arrival of the Indian Empire off Halifax. A dispatch from that place, dated July 2d, gives us the following particulars:—

'Steamship Indian Empire, from Galway, evening of the 19th ult., called off this harbor at 11 o'clock last night, landed Mr. Miles of London, the mails for British North America, and proceeded at four o'clock this morning for New York. She reports a few days after leaving Galway, broke her port piston; after 8 hours delay, continued on her course with one engine. Had light westerly winds until 24th, when she encountered a severe gale which lasted twenty-four hours. The remainder of the passage was pleasant. Off Cape Race met 12 large icebergs.'

The passage, considering the difficulties under which the ship labored is a fair one, and the experiment has proved to us that there can be no obstacle to the permanent establishment of a line of first class steamers between Ireland and the United States.

A WATERSPOUT AT SEA.—A passenger in a large American ship, which left England in the autumn of last year, for Melbourne, mentions in a letter to his friends the following extraordinary phenomenon:—

'Sunday, the 11th of October, was a memorable day to us all. It had been exceedingly hot—thermometer at 94 degrees—and we were all lying about in the cool, previous to having tea, when C. drew the captain's attention to the peculiar appearance of the sky to the windward. With the glass he soon made it out to be a tornado or waterspout; his looks at the time sent a chill through us all. Instantly all hands were at work shortening sail, barring just one to steer by (in case we should be so fortunate as to feel the wind that drifts them along.) Mr. C. and I helped to haul down the royals. By this time we could all plainly see it drifting towards us; it had at first the appearance of a dense cloud of steam, but as it approached it seemed to condense itself into a long, low black cloud, hanging more down towards the middle. When very near, T. felt the wind and shouted to the man at the wheel to 'heave the wheel up,' which just turned us to leeward and caused it to pass astern of us. A few minutes after it burst, casting the waves about for a quarter of a mile. The end of the cloud burst over us, and came down in the most extraordinary showers of rain that any one on board ever witnessed. From the time that the men had eased the ship to its bursting, (about twenty minutes, not a soul had spoken; we all stood looking as if fascinated and there were men amongst us who had laughed at many a gale. It was the most awful suspense I ever endured. Many a fine Indian and other vessels, reported as missing, have foundered from these waterspouts bursting over them. We spent the evening in conversing upon the wonderful laws of God, and before we retired I read aloud the first one of Robertson's sermons on 'God's revelation of Heaven' not without mutual benefit.'

Voltaire had an actor named Paulin at Ferney, who played the tyrants in his private theatricals. Voltaire slept very little, passing half the night in changing his pieces. About 3 o'clock one morning having thought of a new speech for Paulin, he woke his servant and told him to carry it to the actor. 'The poor man is't up,' said the servant. 'Go to him,' cried the poet, 'tyrants never sleep!'

A CAUDLE LECTURE REVERSED.

The following rich, rare and racy, is a capital hit at some husbands, and may be read profitably by all who are inclined to find fault, when there is no fault. 'A place for everything and everything in its place,' is a rule that would prevent many lectures were it practised more. But just hear Mr. Caudle:—

'Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know what has become of my hat? Here I've been hunting all over the house and lost ten minutes that should have been given to the Mutual Life Insurance Company. Now, I say, what have you done with my hat? You have not seen it? Of course not; never do see it. Frank, go and get my hat, and Jane, fetch me my cane. What's that? You can't find my hat? Now, Mrs. Caudle, I should like to know why you *will* persist in training your children in such a heedless manner? He can't find my hat! To be sure not; how can he, if you don't learn him how to look? Did I not leave it in the kitchen when I went there last night after something to eat? How the deuce should you know? I say it's your business to know, and to have things all ready for me in the morning, and not to have me lose so much of my time. Eh, you have too much else to do? Of course you have, with three servants and two children? Be calm! Oh yes, I will be calm! You see I am calm, and if you would only be so I should have been able to have found my hat long ago, instead of staying here to listen to your excuses, when I ought to have been down town attending to business. I wonder how you expect I'm going to keep this house going, if I'm to be kept here waiting for my hat? What, how can you help it? Why, Madam, it's the easiest thing in the world! It's simply this modern management. Now, do you suppose things would go on in this way, if you'd only see that articles are in their right places? But I suppose that you haven't got time to do that even! Of course not. Well, there is no use of talking, I must go to the office bareheaded. Your bonnet, madam! Your bonnet! But why should I be surprised if you should offer me your skirts also, since I seem to have lost all authority in this house! It's not your fault! And pray, then, whose fault is it? I will repeat it, over twenty times, if you wish it—Whose fault is it? What, the servants? No, madam; I tell you, you are mistaken! It's not the servants, I tell you it's your fault. I wonder who oversees the servants? Who, madam, but you? Then, it's clearly your fault that I can't find my hat (Sits down). Well, it's no use talking—I shan't go to the office to-day, and you, madam, shan't go to Newport—d'ye hear? It's no use asking, you shan't go! You needn't suppose I'm going to be deprived of my hat in this way, and then allow you to spend my money at Newport. No, madam, I'm no such fool as all that comes to. No, madam, here I am, and here I'll stay all day, madam, and—eh? What? You wish I wouldn't talk so much? I tell you I will talk—I'll talk all day if I please, and smoke too—d'ye hear that? I'll smoke in the dining room, and yes, by Jove, I'll smoke in the parlor, and, by Jove, madam, I'll scent the curtains, I'll smoke all over the house.'

'Here,' says Mrs. Caudle, 'the horrid wretch was about putting his odious precept into practice, when Jane came in with his hat, having found it where it had been left by him, in a corner of the large oak tree chair, on the back porch.'

THE COOLY TRADE.—The Overland Friend of China, of the 30th of March, contains the details of a prosecution that was instituted against a firm that was extensively engaged in the Cooly trade, who had shipped on board a vessel for Havana, a number of 'apprentices' considerably in excess of the vessel's register. The proof appeared to be conclusive enough, and a verdict was brought in for the prosecution—a mere nominal verdict—amounting to but a very mild censure of the shippers. The trial is chiefly interesting to us however, in so far as it unveils the process of transferring human beings into merchandise for the Cuba market. In the first place, the ship herself had long been off the register of 'lettered' shipping, and had been begging a purchaser at Hong Kong for as insignificant a sum as £700 but a short time before the contract was entered on! And yet no less than two hundred and seventy-five human beings were confided to her custody or protection, for a voyage of many thousands of miles. The shippers alleged on the trial, that they had agreements with every Cooly on board, but being challenged to the proof, only sixty-nine could be found. After leaving Angier the ship encountered adverse winds and had to anchor in the straits of Sunda, till the 12th of April, during which period the typhus fever broke out, and by the time they reached St. Helena, on the 28th of June, (one hundred and six days from Hong Kong) fifty-five Coolies had died. After leaving St. Helena, another disease came on and many of the strongest were taken ill and died at a day's notice. The result was that of two hundred and seventy-five who left Hong Kong, the captain was able to land in Cuba only one hundred and seventy-five alive. Thus, one hundred of the poor wretches perished by the way. The prosecution pictured the cruelties practiced on board these Cooly transports as so atrocious as to be almost incredible. The term of service is nominally eight years, but, the probability is, that not a soul will ever return.

THE INDIAN EMPIRE.—The Dublin Freeman gives the following account of the Indian Empire, the pioneer of the new line of steamers recently established, to run between Galway and the United States:—

'The gentleman who has undertaken this national enterprise has been punctual in fulfilling his obligation. After all the doubts and suspicions cast on Mr. Lever, he started the Indian Empire from Southampton at half-past three o'clock P.M. on Sunday, and not on Saturday, as erroneously stated in the telegraph messages. To those who think the Indian Empire is not fitted to compete with the Cunard steamers, we may mention that her tonnage and power are not unsuited to the enterprise she is about to inaugurate. Some idea of her capabilities may be formed from the facts that her working power exceeds 1,000 horse power, her paddle wheels 36 feet in diameter, and revolving seventeen times per minute. Her length exceeds 300 feet and her breadth across the paddle boxes is 63 feet. She is worked by a crew of no less than ninety men, and can easily accommodate 1,000 passengers. During the Crimean war she was chartered by the government at the rate of £7,500 per month, exclusive of coals and engine stores, which the government were bound to provide. The mail of which the Indian Empire is to take charge, will leave Euston square at five o'clock on Thursday evening, reach the Dublin Post Office about seven o'clock on Friday morning, and leave the terminus of the Midland Railway by special train, which the directors will generously supply, at half-past eight. The distance to Galway will be accomplished in three hours, and then by allowing one more hour, for the purpose of finally completing the other arrangements in Galway the Indian Empire will start on her voyage by

half past twelve o'clock. The average voyage by the Cunard and Collins lines has been eleven days and twenty-two hours. Ten days is considered a first class passage, but the Indian Empire, it is expected, will reach Halifax in nine days at the utmost, and perhaps in eight. To meet the wishes of the public, the directors of the Midland Railway will, we understand, run two special trains to Galway at very reasonable fares; and to give greater éclat to this truly national project, the Lord Lieutenant, we learn, has been invited, and it is to be hoped no prior engagements will prevent his presence on so important an occasion. The Lord Mayor and some of our principal citizens will also be present. It is probable, if the ocean cable be safely deposited, that one of the first messages flashed along its wire of three thousand miles will be the arrival of the Indian Empire at Halifax, after a rapid run of eight days.'

A MANIAC SAILOR.—A most fearful scene was witnessed in South Shields (England) Market place on Tuesday night. A sailor, named Thomas Cook, who had just returned from a voyage that morning, was noticed to run into St. Hilda's churchyard, and with the agility of a cat clamber up by a spout on to the roof of that edifice. He then crept along a water-way to the steeple, and clinging with his feet to a ledge running round the sides, not an inch in breadth, dug his fingers into the lime between the stones in the sides of the tower and in a most miraculous manner wrought himself to the outside of it. He looked like a fly on the side of the tower, and the crowd below expected that every moment he would fall and be smashed to pieces. Having got to the outside, he dropped with his hands on to the ledge, and with the weight of his whole body upon them, managed to make the entire circuit in safety. Having got back to the roof of the church, he smashed his watch and threw it amongst the people. He then took off his necktie, coat and linen shirt, tore them into fragments and pitched them among the crowd, which by this time had numbered several hundreds. Having disburthened himself of the principal part of his dress, he scattered a quantity of coppers and cigars amongst the crowd, and it was thought that he was making ready to leap from the roof to the flags beneath, when he must inevitably have been killed, but the police and a number of young men broke through the belfry on to the roof, and though he made a fierce attack upon them, they overpowered him and he was removed to the police station, where he was put into a strait waistcoat.

LOOKING GLASS OMENS.—To break a looking glass is accounted a very unlucky accident. Should it be a valuable one, this is literally true, which is not always the case in similar superstitions. Mirrors were formerly used by magicians in their diabolical operations; and there was an ancient kind of divination by the looking glass: hence it would seem, has been derived the present popular notion. The breaking of a looking glass betokens that its owner will lose his best friend. Potter, in his antiquities of Greece, says—

'When divination by water was performed with a looking glass, it was called Catopromancy; sometimes they dipped a looking glass into the water when they desired to know what was to become of a sick person; for, as he looked well or ill in the glass, accordingly they presumed of his future condition. Sometimes glasses were used without water.' Grose tells us that 'breaking a looking glass betokens a mortality in the family, commonly the master.' Buonaparte's superstition upon this point is often recorded. 'During one of his campaigns in Italy,' says M. de Constant, 'he broke the glass over Josephine's portrait. He never rested till the return of the courier he forthwith dispatched to

assure himself of her safety, so strong was the impression of her death implanted on his mind by the omen.'

MISCELLANEA.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

Astronomy is to astronomy what alchemy is to chemistry—the ignorant mother of a wise daughter.

Which are the laziest fish in the sea? Oysters—because they are always found in beds.

Why do the ladies like the Northeast wind? Because it brings chaps to their lips.

'Boy, boy, where does this road go to?' 'I don't think it goes anywhere. I always sees un here every morning.'

There is a young lady in Louisiana who has won a medal for her modesty. She dismissed her lover for remarking in her presence that there was a prospect of the wind shifting.

A boy reading the verse, 'This is the heir; come, let us kill him,' read out, 'this is the haircomb'—and the noise of the other boys drowned the remainder.

Said a friend to the younger Dumas at the Champs Elysees. 'It is astonishing how much those little trees have grown during the past year.' 'Not at all, retorted the author of Camille, 'they had nothing else to do.'

On one of the state trials, the judge shook his head while Curran was speaking. He could not restrain his wit to the jury:—'Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that when his lordship shakes his head, there's nothing in it.'

Husband (out for a night's rational enjoyment.) That's what I always tell my wife, (hic) bless her little soul. My love, (hic) says I, the only ones that liquor affects are those who can't tell when they've had enough.

Friend (waking up.) At's zo! old felah!

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. All this is very simple, but it is worth remembering.

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THE IRISH MISCELLANY

PICTURE GALLERY.

INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

On Saturday, the 2d of July next, we shall present to each subscriber to the Irish Miscellany, a splendid Lithographic Engraving, representing the glorious scene, which occurred shortly before the capture of Limerick, when General Sarsfield, who commanded the Irish horse, having learned that a large supply of heavy siege guns was on the way to the camp of the Prince of Orange, resolved to capture them. Crossing over the country by a difficult and circuitous route, so as to intercept the conveyance, he came up in front of it at Killenamona, attacked William's troops, defeated them and compelled them to retreat before the Irish horse, leaving their artillery in the hands of Sarsfield.

Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the mountain passes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands. A train being laid, the battery was applied and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William was shattered into innumerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to the great popularity of the gallant Sarsfield. The explosion shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

It is at the moment of the explosion of the English artillery which our artist has seized upon for the subject of his pencil.

This memorable event will be faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as we can learn to any of our Irish artists, and shall now be a noble justice done it. It will make a beautiful picture. We shall present it to our readers on a sheet of fine drawing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

It will at once be seen that we cannot do this without a great outlay of capital. We expect to be reimbursed by a very large addition to our subscription list, as no person will be entitled to it who has not paid on or before the 3d of July next one year's subscription in advance, dating from our first number.

Non subscribers will be supplied at \$1.50 for each plate.

We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a picture gallery worthy of the events we propose to commemorate. This will be the first of a series of NATIONAL PICTURES, which we propose presenting to our regular subscribers the second picture of the series will be ready early in October, the subject of which is not yet decided on. We should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess old pictures of remarkable interest in Irish history, or portraits of distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They shall be taken good care of, and returned.

Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually supersede the wretched daubs which are often met with.

Our arrangements for the first picture are almost completed. It will be absolutely necessary that we should know immediately the number of plates we shall send. Let our subscribers therefore, send in their subscriptions without delay, and be careful to give us their correct address. We shall not strike off any more copies than are ordered before the above date.

Will our friends of the press please notice this new feature in our publication. We will take care that their sanctuaries are adorned with choice copies of this national picture.

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THE EXILE OF ERIN.*

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

1. There came to the beach a poor ex - ile of E - rin; The
2. "O! sad is my fate," said the heart - brok - en stran - ger; "The

dew on his thin robe was heav - y and chill; For his coun - try he sighed, when at
wild deer and wolf to a cov - ert can flee! But I have no ref - uge from fam -

twi - light re - pair - ing; To wan - der a - lone by the wind - beat - en hill.
- ine and dan - - ger; A home and a coun - try re - main not to me.

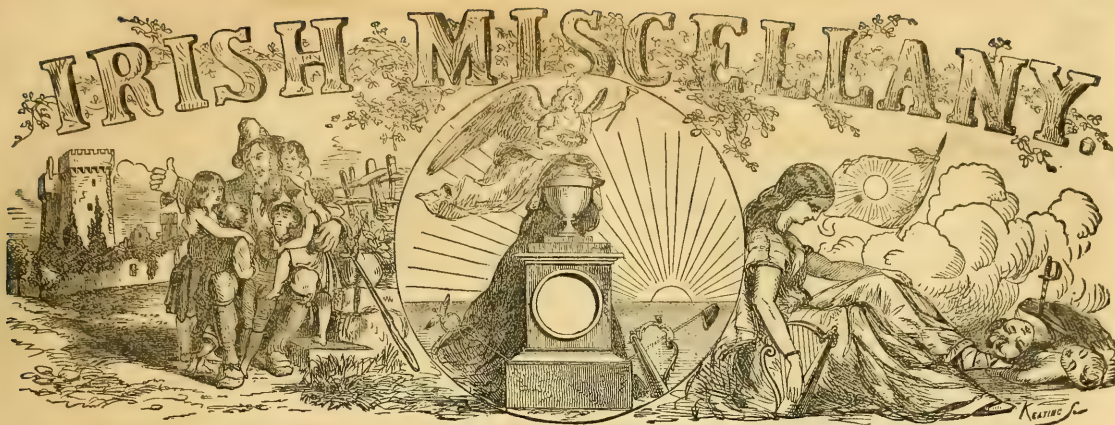
But the day - star at - tract - ed his eye's sad de - vo - tion, For it
Ah! nev - er a - - gain, in the green, sha - dy bow - - ers, Where my

rose o'er his own na - tive isle of the o - - cean, Where once, in the flow of his
fore - fa - thers shall I spend the sweet hours, Or cov - er my harp with the

youth - ful e - mo - tion, He sang the bold an - then of E - rin go bragh!
wild - wov - en flow - ers, And strike the sweet num - bers of E - rin go bragh!

3. "O Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken, "Where now is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood? "But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore; Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall? One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw;
But, alas! in a far, foreign land I awaken, Where is the mother, that looked on my childhood? Erin! an exile besmeches thee his blessing!
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more; And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all? Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
And thou, cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me Ah! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure! Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me? Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure? Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me! Tears, like the rain drops, may fall without measure, And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud, with devotion,
They died to defend me, or live to deplore. But rapture and beauty they cannot recall. Erin ma vourneen! sweet Erin go bragh!"

* There was a controversy, for some time, going on about the authorship of this beautiful song. Fara long while it was attributed to the Scottish poet, Thomas Campbell; and even Moore believed it; but the sworn evidence, very lengthy and circumstantial, of Miss Reynolds, the sister of the late George Nugent Reynolds, of Westmeath, proves it to have been the production of her brother, for she was in the habit of writing his poetical compositions, and took down from his lips the "Exile of Erin," which he addressed to his exiled friend, in America, Joe McCormick, the companion of Macneven and Emmet in prison.



VOLUME I—NUMBER 23.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.

THE GATE OF YOUGHAL.

The town of Youghal, although situated in a retired district in the southern extremity of our island, contains many interesting remnants of antiquity. The collegiate church, which was generally esteemed the finest specimen of pointed architecture to be met with in Ireland, as well as several other remains, will be found minutely described in the present number of the Miscellany. The town lies at the foot of a long and steep hill, and consists of one street, about a mile in length, with several smaller streets, branching from the chief line of thoroughfare.

It was a walled town, and several detached remains of the walls, and the towers by which they were supported, may still be traced in different parts of the suburbs. The engraving which we present below, gives a correct representation of the clock-gate.

In 1579, the Earl of Desmond, then in rebellion, laid siege to the town so long fostered by his family, and on the surrender of the place, he gave it up to indiscriminate plunder, not excepting even the religious foundations. It was, for a short time, garrisoned in favor of the rebel earl, by his relative, the seneschal of

Imokilly. In the confusion of the plunder all the inhabitants, save one poor friar alone, had fled from the town; and the seneschal was soon under the necessity of relinquishing this place, through a want of provisions. It was then garrisoned by the Earl of Ormonde, and Coppinger, the mayor, who had surrendered to Desmond, was hanged at his own door.

In 1582, the seneschal of Imokilly endeavored to regain this place, and succeeded in scaling the walls, but was ultimately repulsed, with the loss of fifty of his followers.



THE GATE OF YOUGHAL.

Richard, first Earl of Cork, chose Youghal for his quarters in the civil wars which commenced in 1641, and he died here in September, 1643. An army, in the Irish interest, under the command of the Earl of Castlehaven, lay before Youghal for nearly ten weeks, in 1645; but the assailants were not prepared for a regular siege, and they retired on success arriving to the town from Lord Broghill. It was here that Oliver Cromwell concluded his terrific progress through Ireland. The place yielded to him without any effort at resistance, and he embarked from this port for England.

As you enter the town from the Cork side, the first thing that strikes the eye is the new convent, a plain building of considerable size, but of no architectural pretensions. Close by is the new church, which was built a few years ago as chapel-of-ease. It is rather a neat looking building, but in that spurious Gothic style, which we have had, more than once before, occasion to censure. Both edifices are built on the grounds formerly occupied by an abbey of black friars. In digging the foundation of the church, an innumerable quantity of skulls, and other human bones were discovered, which clearly indicated it to have been a cemetery. Two stone coffins were found, but were again carefully placed in their original position.

The church of St. Mary's has long been considered the centre of attraction in Youghal—not so much for the magnificent burial-ground which surrounds it, as for the architectural beauties of that once truly noble edifice. It is situated at the north part of the town; but little of its former splendor is now to be seen, with the exception of the choir, which still retains traits of its 'former glory.' The rest is so disguised in 'modern improvements,' that it would puzzle an experienced antiquarian to recognize this once beautiful church. The tripple roof has given place to a shapeless, sunken, patched-up covering, ornamented on either side with dormant windows. A square belfrey stands at the left hand side of the church, wrapped in a mantle of ivy, proudly scowling down upon those unworthy innovations. About eighty years since, the last of the fretted ceiling was taken down, several accidents having occurred by the falling of portions of it. The ground was of rich blue, on which was represented the host of heaven; the stars being of Irish oak, richly gilt. The present is a plain, plastered ceiling. Gone are 'its glories,' however, the east windows of the unroofed choir will amply compensate the time of the visitor.

Youghal has undergone a considerable change within the last few years, by the rebuilding of several old and tottering houses—the introduction of gas—the regular cleansing and paving of the streets. The Devonshire Inn may be reckoned among the improvements, as also the savings' bank—a very neat little building, with cut stone front.

Several other favorable circumstances have recently operated in its favor. It is now a place of considerable business in the corn and provision export-trade, and may, altogether, be esteemed as a place of considerable respectability.

THE DREAMERS.

A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.

It was on a fine harvest morning, when nature, decorated in her rich robe of matured beauty, wears the smiling appearance of pleasure and plenty, that old Nona na bocough (Nona the Cripple) sat on the little bench outside of her cabin door. She was up, and stirring earlier than usual on this particular morning, and she gazed round her enquiringly, as the rising sun darted his yet nearly horizontal beams over the landscape full against the walls of her cottage, which was situated in a little woody dingle by the side of a large rath, and at a little distance before her door ran a sweet clear babbling brook. Nona lived alone—a solitary being—no person knew who she was, for she came a stranger to the country, and she had the wisdom to keep her own secret. She knew no one out of the village, and few except her near neighbors ever paid her a visit; but by

them she was loved and respected. Still she seemed a person who had at one time mixed with what might be comparatively termed genteel society; she had much experience and worldly wisdom, and made herself as useful to the simple people about her, by her advice and instructions, as by her skill in fashioning their different articles of dress. She was shrewd, yet superstitious withal, and a great observer of signs and prognostics. She visited the sick, and prescribed simple remedies, chiefly composed of herbs with the nature of some of which she seemed to be partially acquainted; and the rustics had more faith and confidence in her medicines than in the prescription of the most celebrated physician. She looked sharply about her as she sat at her cabin door this beautiful morning.

'Well,' she said, thinking aloud, 'it's not for nothing that the rap came to my door so early, before the birds were awake on the boughs—and it's not a good sign to see a black beast or bird first in the morning—and I did not like that raven I saw flying about Ulick Maguire's house when I looked out—besides, I have been dreaming that one of my teeth fell out last night; umph! I'll lose a friend—I'll lose a friend that's certain; however the will of God be done; he knows what is best for us, what we can't know ourselves; and that he'll give us, glory be to his high and holy name. But as I live here's Kathleen coming in haste—I hope there is no harm.'

The person she spoke of was a young girl about fourteen or fifteen years of age who with flying hair, flushed countenance, kilted petticoat, and bare legs, came running to her.

'Well, Kathleen, do you want me, or what is the matter with you?'

'Oh, Nona, the mistress wants you above the world; she says you must come over immediately; she has something to say to you.'

'Is she sick, Kathleen?—is Ulick sick?—or has anything happened good or bad?'

'Why they are all well, thank you kindly, Nona—but the mistress is some way uneasy in her mind and wants to see you about it.'

'Well, tell her, Kathleen, that I'll be over after the very minut I put on my clean cap and kerchief. I'll make no delay.'

'Well, good morning, Nona.'

'Good morning, Kathleen, and God bless you, child; and mark you to his holy grace and amen.'

Away ran Kathleen with the speed of a frightened doe, and old Nona pursued her soliloquy.

'Well, as I said before, the Lord bless us and keep us, I am afraid there is something bad over some one in the neighborhood—Heaven preserve Ulick Maguire and his family at any rate, for they are good.'

Ulick Maguire was a farmer in Nona's neighborhood, who married about six months previous an interesting girl to whom he had long been attached, and by whom he was tenderly beloved. He was in very happy circumstances, and generally esteemed by those around him as an obliging neighbor and a good, sensible, well conducted young man. Mary, his handsome wife, was sitting, in a melancholy posture with her head leaning on her palm, by the fire side, when old Nona made her appearance at the cottage door.

'God bless and save this house and all that's in it, and all that's out of it belonging to it; may neither sickness, sorrow, trouble, or unquietness ever enter under the roof,' said Nona, devoutly crossing herself as she entered.

'You're welcome Nona,' said Mary, 'sit down here and rest yourself.'

'Well, child,' said Nona, taking a seat opposite the young woman, and looking earnestly and anxiously into her face; 'what is it that troubles your mind?—You don't look to-day, like the smiling girl, I saw here on Sunday last—but tell me, what is it that troubles you?'

'Oh! Nona, I had such a horrid dream last night, that I think still that it is half real it terrified me so, my heart is beating fearfully yet.'

'Dreams my child,' said the sagacious old woman, 'often come from God; but there are many which we do wrong in attending to; indeed almost every one, so don't let this trouble you.'

'But Nona, this was such a one as I never dreamed before in my whole life; it makes me shudder even now; but I will tell you, Nona, and you are a wise woman to judge for yourself. I thought I was on the road by Shemus dhu more O'Flanagan's, (big black James) who you know was courting me a long time, and was so very mad when I married Ulick that he vowed he'd have revenge; and though the priest told him the sin of it, and the badness of what he said, still he is a dark budhough (churi) and won't forget; well, I thought I was there, and that I had a beautiful hound along with me that I was very fond of, and that a great raven dashed at him and killed him in an instant; and that he then tore out his bowels and flew away with his heart. I then thought I was running home when I met a funeral and all the people sprinkled with blood; and a stream of blood flowed from the coffin down to the ground. I thought they stopped me and laid the coffin at my feet, and they opened the lid and shewed me Ulick all murdered, and his heart tore out. I was so frightened that I awoke and I can't content me to do even my business about the house.'

'The Lord preserve all we wish well,' said Nona, 'and keep them out of the hands of their enemies and—'

Here she was interrupted by Paudien, a poor harmless idiot, Ulick's first cousin, whose parents were dead; he lived with Ulick and was attached to him with that degree of fondness which a dog bears his master. Paudien thrust his face in at the door, with an unmeaning grin, which betrays the imbecile being who is deprived of reason.

'Ha! ha! ha! he mirthfully exclaimed.

'Riddle me, riddle me right,

Tell me what I dreamt last night?

All the birds in the air, all the fish in the say,

Could't tell me what's that dream to-day.'

'Oh, Paudien, go away,' said Mary, your breakfast is not ready yet, avick, go away like a good boy.'

'Let him alone,' said Nona, 'till we hear what he says about his dream.'

'Did you dream too?' he asked as he advanced cautiously inside the door; then recognising Nona, 'the queen ov the fairies scather a shower of blessings on you.'

'There was an ould woman that lived alone,

Alone, alone.

She'd a cat, three ducks and a hen, all her own,

Her own, her own.'

'But I'll vinture to gether a bag ov misheroons (mushrooms) as big as the horn of Knockree for any of you's that 'ill guess my dream.'

'Come, Paudien,' said Nona, soothingly, 'come like a good boy, and tell me your dream! to me Paudien.'

'Ha! ha! ha! pusheen cat,

God bless your sowel and gi' me that.'

'Well, then, I'll tell you—listen to it all; listen I say!'

'His beak was dripping with warm gore,

The bowels from out he good hound he tore;

With his raven wing he flapped his prey,

Then he croaked and flew with the heart away.'

'Then again, are you's listenin'?''

'Then there came a coffin and pall,

With a crowd, and bearers, and keeners and all,

And blood was sprinkled on all around,

And streamed from the coffin along the ground.'

'Oh, Nona dear,' said Mary, convulsively seizing the old woman's hand, 'my very dream! as I live and breathe there is something in such dreaming; you look sad too, Nona, what do you think?'

'Make yourself easy,' said Nona, 'he might have

been listening to you telling me about it. The dream itself is certainly an ugly one I acknowledge, but then, God is good and merciful, and you are too good, Mary, and Ulick's too good to deserve the Almighty's anger, so don't fret child; but put your trust in him that never deceives, and pray to him to turn away any evil that may hang over you.'

Nona sought to calm the agitation of the trembling girl, catching even at the shadow of a probability to hide the fears that rose in her bosom, and the evident alarm created by the coincidence of Mary's fearful dream with that of the innocent Paudien. Still Mary was uneasy; thoughts that she could not control forced themselves on her:

'A secret grief was at her heart.'

Secret even to herself.

Ulick came in to his breakfast, and observed Mary silent and sad, though she was evidently forcing herself to taste the victuals; but he soon perceived the efforts she was making to appear even easy.

'Mary dear,' he tenderly enquired, 'what is it that makes you so downcast this morning? has any thing occurred to fret you? you don't look so pleasant as you used to do; why don't you take your breakfast, Mary dear?'

'I can't, Ulick, I can't eat; my heart is full and my mind is uneasy; I can't eat any thing this morning.'

'Well, tell me, Mary, what troubles you, you know I can't bear to see you so; and Mary, if you love me,' (here his tone assumed a something of earnestness, and Mary looked up in his face anxiously and reprovingly, yet tenderly,) 'and I know you do,' he added mildly, 'tell me what it is that has made your heart full.'

'Oh! Ulick,' she sighed, 'I am very foolish I believe, and I shouldn't give way to half the fancies that come into my weak head; but you have sense Ulick, and won't mind what a poor giddy girl like me thinks; but don't laugh at me; tell me I am wrong, but don't laugh at me when my heart is sorrowful.'

'No, Mary dear,' tenderly replied the now alarmed husband, 'I won't laugh at you; but for heaven's sake don't keep me in this state any longer; if it is any thing bad, tell me at once; I am thinking of fifty things, what is it that makes you miserable, and makes me miserable looking at you?'

'Oh! Ulick, I was dreaming about you last night a terrible bad dream, and I was so frightened that I sent for Nona na bocough this morning, and she says—'

'Psha! and is that all,' interrupted Ulick, 'and arent you or oughtnt you to be ashamed to give way to such fooling, and to alarm and frighten people from their breakfast with such childish nonsense that even the omédhaun Paudh wouldn't think of such things.'

Here Paudien thrust in his whimsical physiognomy and sung in his wild strains:—

'His beak was dripping, with warm gore,
The bowels from out the good hound he tore;
With raven wing he flapped his prey,
Then he croaked and flew with the heart away.'

'Ha! ha! ha! who'd think the ugly pre-haun (raven or crow) could kill such a purty dog all out! but where was Shemus dhu more and his gun? fire! ha! ha! ha!'

'Then there came a coffin and pall,
With a crowd, and bearers, and keeners and all;
And blood was sprinkled on all around,
And it streamed from the coffin along the ground.'

'There now, listen to that—see if poor Paudien hasn't been dreaming the very thing that I dreamed: O, Ulick! there is something in this—there is a heavy cloud hanging over me that I can't account for, I am so much afraid—'

'Well, well, sure no one ever heard the like!—a woman and a fool—get out of that you ryming omédhaun, and if I catch you out of the corn field

this day, I will lay the blackthorn on your lazy back.'

'Oh! Ulick, don't speak cross to him the creature—the hand of God is heavy on him, and he's so quiet and harmless that no one could have the heart to hurt him.'

'Well for God's sake, Mary let me have no more of this; I'm going to the fair, so make yourself easy till I come back,—you know I'll be home early.'

The fair was held in a little town, about two miles from the house of Ulick Maguire; his business was but of a trifling nature, and he expected to be soon home; but the meeting with one friend or another delayed him, and the night was falling fast and darkly, when Ulick turned to retrace his way to his own comfortable fire-side—but he never reached it alive; yes, it is useless to conceal the thing for the sake of effect, Ulick was murdered that very night.

Poor Mary was anxiously expecting him the whole evening—night fell and she could not conceal her fears: hour after hour passed, still no sign of Ulick, and she became more and more alarmed, she proceeded to the town with one of the servant boys and the girl Kathleen; they inquired at every place where it was likely he might have called during the day, but they only heard that he was leaving the town in the evening by himself. They came home again—the night passed, a sleepless night with Mary—the morning dawned, no sign of Ulick, all was wonder and alarm. But what can paint their astonishment and horror? what words that I could use could convey an adequate idea of the scene, when poor Paudien leapt from his bed, and exclaimed, with all the energy he was capable of using.

'Ulick is kilt!—Shemus dhu more kilt him, and buried him under the new ditch at the back of the garden; I dhreamt it all last night, every word of it. Now the ugly prehaun done his duty.'

The neighbors crowded in; some went to a magistrate, and informed him of the mysterious affair; he came to the house, and heard the story from the distracted Mary. The new ditch at the back of O'Flanagan's garden was quickly levelled, and, beneath a certain part, the body of Ulick Maguire was discovered, with the skull nearly severed in two; search was made, but in vain, for O'Flanagan, he had absconded.

The murderer is destined never to enjoy peace; waking or sleeping, his conscience acts the conjour to his terrified imagination, bringing up in dreadful array the varied scenes of horror and crime in which he has been engaged. So it was with James O'Flanagan, who, after making his escape, pursued his way to Dublin, where he enlisted in the ——— regiment of foot, then embarking for England. But he was a man different in manners and appearance from his light-hearted, frank, gay, and careless comrades, with whom he mixed but little; he never joined in their drinking bouts—shared in their noisy revel, or took part in their gleesome mirth. Reserved and dark, he appeared apart from the rest coiled up in himself—a shadow seemed to rest on him. He seldom smiled, and when he did, it was the heartless corrugation of bitterness, without the slightest brightening of pleasure. His nights were disturbed and restless; his sleep broken and unrefreshing, often starting with a wild terrific scream from his horrifying dreams. His moody manner was at first remarked by his comrades as strange, and would wear away, or they thought his melancholy occasioned by sorrow for leaving those who were dear to his heart. But when some months passed away, and when instead of being in some degree reconciled to his new life, or making free with the companions of his barrack-room by day, and his guarded-watch by night, he became more apathetic and morose, they shunned him as a man who had some hidden crime weighing on his mind, though what that might be, they of course could not tell.

One night he was on guard with some twenty

Grenadiers, (the company to which he belonged;) those who were not actually at their post, were assembled round a blazing fire, telling old stories of their young home-days, or chatting of their old adventures by 'flood and field.' O'Flanagan did not join the group; he lay extended in silence and alone on the guard bed.

'Come, Dick Anderson, give us a song, we'll all go noddin', like Jem Flanagan there, if you don't sing us something to rouse us,' said one of the men, to a young hale Englishman with a fair brow, who sat enjoying the fumes of his pipe, with all the gusto of an epicure.

'Then by gom, you shall wait Jack, till I ha' gotten this yere smoke to an end; I have no notion as how a man can sing and smoke a pipe at one time.'

'Whistle, and chaw male,' said a deep sonorous Irish brogue-tipped voice in the corner.

'Why, that's true Dick,' said the man who first made the request, 'take your whiff—pull away my hearty,' and Dick enjoyed his pipe some minutes longer.

'I say, comrades,' said another, 'did you hear the news?'

'No,' said one, 'what?' said another.

'Why,' said the first, 'I hear there's a man to be flogged to-morrow, three hundred on the bare back.'

'Who is he?' asked one, 'what did he do?' inquired another.

'Why, he kep his pipe in his mouth till he smoked it down to the very bottom,' answered the first, 'such being contrary to the general rules and regulations, the standing orders, and mutiny act, and conduct unbecoming a soldier and a man.'

Dick quietly resigned his pipe to this indirect claimant.

'Come now, Dick, let us have a verse my son, your own favorite.'

'Why, now,' said Dick, 'I think I feel as though I should loike to have a drink of water.'

'Come, fetch Dick the bucket,' and with a long and deep draught he slaked his thirst.

'Now,' said Dick, 'the very best day of my life I should prefer a good pull of yale to that there pure sort of stuff.'

'Ay, ay, Dick, we don't doubt you, but let us have the song,' and Dick after a few hems to clear his pipes, with a full harmonious voice trolled forth this merry ditty.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

Come my love—O come with me,
And oh! how happy we shall be;
O'er the mountain—o'er the sea,
We'll rove along so merrily.
Woe, shall never come us night,
Sorrow always pass us by;
Leaving reckless as the wind,
Care a long day's march behind.

Hark the bugles blithely play,
Come, with thy soldier, come away;
To let me go alone's a sin,
Life's campaign let both begin;
Thine eye shall be my banner star,
My hope, my fortune in the war;
My pride, my glory all shall be,
A look, a smile, a kiss from thee.

Hark the sprightly life and drum,
Call thee away, come then love come;
Though the battle plain may be our bed,
My cloak the curtain round us spread—
Scathe no danger need'st thou fear,
My love, my life, I'll still be near;
Ten thousand hearts but half thine own,
Are not worth one that's thine alone.

Our care but small, our wants but few,
Thy pillow still this bosom true;
Fond and constant at thy side,
Harm n'er hurt shall thee beside;
All things—sweet I'll thee provide,
If thou wilt be thy soldier's bride;
And bliss shall smile, and honor shine,
When I think my love that thou art mine.

'Bravo Dick—that you may never lose the use of your voice.'

'Bravo, bravo!' was echoed from all quarters.

Still O'Flanagan lay extended motionless on the guard-bed, undisturbed by the noisy mirth around him.

'Now,' said Dick Anderson, with the tone of one who has a right to make a demand, 'I should like very well to hear Moran there, spin us a yarn about them ere fairies, and such loike folk as he knows so well about.'

'No excuse Moran, you heard Dick's song, and you must give him a story; out with it old boy.'

'Oh!' said another, 'let him alone for that, Moran was never backward in his part where fun or fighting was going on.'

'Well, an sure boys,' began Moran, with all the readiness of his nation, and the rich patois of a Connaught brogue, 'myself id be sorry to refuse you's any thing in rason, when we're so reg'lar entirely. Now I'll tell you's about an aunt's cousin, or my own, and what happened him one night. Do you's know where Lough Corrib is? O, the sorra know I suppose; well iv you don't, I do; and that'll do for us all, so you's all know Lough Corrib now as well as I do. Well, there was a young man once upon a time, cortin a purty young girl ov course, they were cortin for a long time, and used to meet every night in a sweet little shod down by the lake. But to make my long story short, the big blackguard deaved the crethur, 'till she didn't know what id become ov her. 'Will you marry me Teady jewell,' says she one night, 'an I in the condition I am in?' 'Divil a bit at this presint, Aileen,' says he; 'I'm going to go to England, but maybe it id do phen I come back.' 'Well becomes her,' says she; 'I'll go to Father Luke, an he's my cousin Biddy's aunt's daughter's second cousin's son, and you'll see iv he won't do somethin on you, you bad man.' With that you see, Teady got frikened, and then he grew vexed, and that I may never enter a sentry box, but the villain murdered her on the spot, and threw her into the lake.'

Here O'Flanagan started to his feet, with a deep, hoarse smothering groan of agony, and exclaimed, 'O God!'

The soldiers stood up alarmed, and inquired what was the matter?

'Nothing, nothing,' said he, recovering his self possession; and he lay down quietly again, and Moran resumed his tale.

'Well, you see, afther the devil temptin Teady that way, he got no rest or pace, for she used to be hauntn him day and night; and one night as he was going in his cot to a little island across the lake, who should he see comin sailin afther him like the wind, but the poor unfortunate Aileen that he murdered, an she all bloody. He shouted meelua murder—but the divil a use it was, for she jumt into the boat, and the minit she got in she caught hold of him, and down sank the boat in the middle ov the wather, an he or it was never seen afther.'

Flanagan again leapt up all wild and terrified; his large fur cap hung behind at the back of his head, the strap which fastened it under his chin had slipped up to his forehead, his eyes and teeth were set in terror, and his hair stood erect.'

'For God's sake,' he implored, screamed, 'have done—say no more. My God, my God,' apostrophising himself, 'what will become of me.'

The sergeant, a keen old veteran, fixed his penetrating eye steadily on O'Flanagan, and observed with astonishment the workings of his countenance. O'Flanagan caught his eye on him, and quailed beneath its searching glance; he appeared confused for a moment, but mastering his emotions with a strong effort, he continued:—

'My God! what a horrid dream I've had—I'm

not right even yet!' and he paused as if recollecting his scattered thoughts.

'No,' said the sergeant, 'I dare say not, nor will be for some time; a mind ill at ease gives frightful dreams.'

'What do you mean?' said Flanagan, fiercely, my mind is at ease; yea,' he added, lowering his high tone, 'my mind is quite at ease.'

'Why,' said the sergeant, 'I mean what I say, just; but few folks say what they mean as I do, and I always suspect people to be either fools or knaves who act different from other men, without having some good reason for what they do.'

'Psha-a!' said O'Flanagan, assuming a manner half careless and half contemptuous, and again extended his length in silence and darkness on the guard-bed.

Nods and winks were exchanged among the men, and half whispered surmises went round, little to the credit of O'Flanagan.

The conversation gradually flagged round the fire, till at last it ceased entirely. The song of the singer was done, and the story-teller was silent for the night. The weary watchmen began to slumber about the fire, now waxing faint and dim, and the candles were fitfully flickering in their sockets, throwing the shadows of the herculean group in gigantic figures on the opposite wall. Jem Flanagan was sleeping alone, and entirely in the shade of the cold guard-bed, but his slumbers were broken and undisturbed; he moaned painfully, and a slight convulsive shivering ran through his frame; his breathing became thick, short, and heavy; his moaning gradually grew loud and long, till at last extending into one wild, terrific, unnatural shriek, O'Flanagan again stood erect panting and motionless; the flickle light exhibited his features pallid and distorted as he screamed in horror conveying yells:—

'Who said I killed Ulick Maguire?—who called me a murderer?—eh?'—and the last sound seemed to expire hollowly and fearfully in the uttering.

'Ha,' said the sergeant, 'Is that the quarter the land lies; my fine fellow, I think I am right still.'

'What is that you say?' asked O'Flanagan, frantically; 'was it you that said it? was it you that dared to call me a murderer?—there,'—and with one desperate blow, he felled the veteran to the earth.

He was soon overpowered, and made a prisoner. The sergeant next morning made a formal report of the transactions of the night. The colonel inquired the time O'Flanagan joined the regiment:—

'Exactly the twenty-fifth of August last,' answered the clerk.

'Let me have the Hue-and-Cry of that week,' said the colonel; it was handed him, and he examined it with attention. He then proceeded to the prisoner's cell, accompanied by the sergeant and one or two of the officers.

O'Flanagan stood before him without changing a feature; he was much altered in his appearance, by even one night; his face was pale, his lip was compressed, and his look firm and determined, yet tempered with something like calm resignation.

'O'Flanagan,' said the colonel, you are from—'

'I am,' said O'Flanagan, coldly and collectedly.

'Lisster, while I read,' said the colonel.

O'Flanagan inclined his head, and bent his eyes on the ground.

'On the night of the 12th of August, on his return from the fair of—, a farmer named Ulick Maguire, was barbarously and inhumanly murdered, and a man accused of the murder named James O'Flanagan, otherwise Shemus dhu more O'Flanagan, has since absconded. The said O'Flanagan, is about six feet three and a half inches in height, black hair, dark complexion, and—'

'You need read no more, colonel,' interrupted the prisoner, 'I am the man.'

'You are an unfortunate man, then,' said the colonel, 'and I am sorry I can't do any thing for you.'

'I thank you, sir, but I don't want you to do any thing for me,' said O'Flanagan firmly. 'I couldn't live with the load of such a crime bending me through life. I thought to live—I thought time might relieve me of the burden; but I daily grew worse and worse. I don't wish to live; I couldn't live now. Day and night he was before my eyes mangled and bloody; now my life will pay for his, and I am satisfied to give it up; but I wish to be alone, as my bosom is relieved of its fearful secret.'

The soldier who brought O'Flanagan his dinner, found him calm and easy; he merely requested a drink of water. Next morning the constables came to receive him from the military; they opened the cell, but Shemus dhu more O'Flanagan was a lifeless corpse; they found him hanging by his braces out of a clothes rack, and the chair on which he was mounted was lying broken against the wall, on the opposite side of his cell, with such violence and determination did he kick it from under him.

He was buried that evening in the dark, and without the honors of a soldier.

TRIAL OF COURAGE.—Early in the last century a party of jovial and rather youthful companions were assembled drinking at a tavern in London in the neighborhood of a churchyard. One of the set had annoyed the others by boasting of his courage in various nocturnal adventures that he related. At length, another of the party said that,

'Brave as he was, he would not venture at that hour to visit the churchyard, and bring thence a skull.'

'Done,' said the boaster; and off he went.

He soon reached the place and found a skull; twelve o'clock—the witching hour—struck as he seized it, and a hollow voice from the adjoining tomb said:—

'That's my father's skull.'

'Let him have it then,' returned the better, as he threw it from him a little alarmed and took up another.

A voice still more hollow uttered—

'That is my mother's skull.'

'I'll leave it for her then,' replied the person tremulously, as he dropped it and searched for another.

As he grasped the third, the voice uttered in a stronger and more sepulchral tone—

'That is my own skull!'

The person held it firmly, saying—

'Then you must have a race for it,' and set off more alarmed, which alarm increased as he heard footsteps in rapid pursuit.

Exhausted and terrified he rushed into the room at the tavern, where the party was seated, and flinging the skull on the table, exclaimed—

'There's the skull for you, but the owner's at the door!'

One of those who had heard the bet laid, had slipped out before the boaster, and posted himself behind the tomb, having reached the churchyard before the other arrived there. However, when his companion set off with the third skull, he became frightened, and followed him as closely as he could fearing some spirit might seize himself.

Sir Walter Raleigh, when on a visit at the country house of a nobleman, overheard early in the morning, the lady of the house enquiring whether the pigs had had their breakfast. When she came down stairs, Sir Walter, after the first compliments jocosely asked her, whether the pigs had breakfasted.

'No,' replied the lady; 'not all of them, for you have hot had yours yet.'



THE VILLAGE OF FINGLAS

THE VILLAGE OF FINGLAS.

About three miles from town, on the Ashbourne road is the far famed village of Finglas. There are few who have not heard of it, being equally celebrated for its 'May sports'—its ass races, its pigs, with their tails shaved, and a host of other amusements—as for having been, from time to time, the theatre of some important scenes in Irish history. Indeed, there are few villages in Ireland can lay claim to much greater antiquity than the village of Finglas. It is supposed by many to have been a place of some notoriety even before Christianity was introduced into this country, from the May sports to which I have alluded, as these are known to be the remains of feasts instituted to celebrate the spring, or perhaps in honor of Ceres, the goddess of grain and husbandry. One thing is certain, that those feasts are evidently of Pagan origin. The Romans and many other nations had games and feasts in honor of spring. In England they were very common till the time of Henry the Eighth, when some commotion arising at one of them, of which he was a spectator, he expressed his personal dislike to them, and also reprimanded the mayor of the town secretly. After this they gradually disappeared in England; but May day is still a kind of holiday in most villages throughout England and Ireland.

I think I am not in error by asserting that Finglas existed long before Christianity in this country, for in the first years of the Christian era, we find the author of it (St. Patrick,) residing in this town. He also founded an abbey here; and it should be a place of some note, and consequently of some age, to induce him to go to so much expense at that early period.

In the year 1014, Brian Borboime marched by Finglas, going to the memorable battle of Clontarf, where he lost his life.

During the time the Danes were masters of Dublin, both before and after the battle of Clontarf, they frequently plundered Finglas, and it is reasonable to suppose that Finglas had its share from them.

In 1171, Dublin, being in the possession of Strongbow and the English adventurers, was closely besieged by the monarch Roderick O'Connor, and reduced to great straits. Strongbow was about to surrender, but the Irish insisted on such extravagant terms as broke off the treaty. It was then advised to make a sudden and desperate sally on the besiegers; and, accordingly, Miles de Cogan and five hundred chosen men broke in on the Irish lines at Finglas, and entirely routed them.

I rather think this battle was fought about half a mile one side of the town, at a place called Finglas Wood, on the banks of the Tolka river. There is an old quarry there, which is almost filled up with clay, &c., and some time ago, the soft part of it was broken with a plough, when a great number of human bones were found, though greatly decayed, and several pieces of rusty armor, so eaten away that it could not be said to what part of the body they belonged, also broken swords, &c. Tradition says there was a great battle fought there, but ascribes it to the Danes and natives. Another circumstance that makes me think this is the spot is, there is a very steep hill rising over the quarry and along the river on that side, which would be extremely favorable to such an encounter as the above must have been. It is probable that it was down this hill that Miles de Cogan rushed with such irresistible force, on the Irish host, and nearly took King Roderick prisoner, who was at that time enjoying the then luxury of a bath.

In 1271, Fulk de Saunfort, Archbis-hop of Dublin, dying in his manor of Finglas, his body was conveyed to the Chapel of the Virgin, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and there deposited.

In 1532, we find this town giving the title of baron to some family; for in the rebellion of Silken Thomas, 'the Archbishop (Allen) and Baron Finglas were obliged to shut themselves up in the castle, and stand to their defence.' I cannot say to what family the title belonged.

In 1649, Cromwell's army marched through Finglas going to the siege of Drogheda, and threw down the ancient cross.

The enclosed is a sketch of Finglas, taken from a field opposite to Dr. Duncan's Lunatic Asylum, which is the house seen to the left of the drawing.

The air of Finglas was formerly accounted the best about Dublin, and hither all the victims of disease were ordered, before the mountain air of Dundrum was brought into notice. However, it is still considered salubrious, as there are no less than three lunatic asylums within a quarter of a mile of each other. To one of them we have already alluded, the other two belong to Doctors Harty and Gregory. They are all tasty buildings—particularly St. Helena, the seat of Dr. Harty.

Tradition says that King James slept a night, during his retreat, or rather flight, from the Boyne, in the

house now occupied by Mr. Savage, Finglas Wood—it is just beside the quarry before mentioned.

In 1690, King William III. had his army encamped at Finglas after the battle of the Boyne; and from Finglas he went to the Church of St. Patrick, to return thanks to the Almighty for his victory over the unfortunate James.

INSTRUCTIVE AXIOMS.—The following axioms will be found beneficial to both sexes:—

1. Whatever your profession is, endeavor to acquire merit in it; for merit is esteemed by every body, and is so precious a thing that no person can purchase it.
2. Of this be certain, that no trade can be so bad as none at all, nor any life so tiresome as that which is spent in continual visiting and dissipation. To give all one's time to other people, and never reserve any for one's self, is to be free in appearance only and a slave in effect.
3. Though your profession should not lead you to study, love and respect people of letters; and if you are not learned yourself, esteem those who are so.
4. Be easy of address and courteous in conversation, and then everybody will think it a pleasure to have any dealing with you.
5. Have the same regard for all the world, that you would wish them to have for you.
6. By honesty and integrity you will gain credit everywhere, and your word will be thought more valuable in any business you may be concerned in, than all the lawyers' bonds in the world.
7. You will find no greater enemy than yourself, more especially if you suffer your passions to govern you.
8. Receive your relations and friends with a smiling and engaging air; if you do otherwise, you lose the pleasure of seeing them.
9. A necessitous man who gives costly dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.
10. There are some men whose enemies are to be pitied much, and their friends more.
11. Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; do anything but live for it.
12. Bigotry murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost.

POPULAR LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH.

No. III.

The Midwife.

Now cast your eyes around while I dissolve
The mists and fumes that mortal eyes involve;
Purge from your sight the dross and make you see
The shape of each avenging Deity.

Dryden's *Virgil*.

'Twas on a bright Sunday morning, in the latter days of June, that the congregation began to thicken fast, in the neighborhood of Kiskane Chapel, the white-washed walls of the sacred edifice waxed brighter in the rays of the summer sun, over the right bank of the Ariglin, whose waters meandering along their green and beautiful banks, appeared in the reflection of the sun, like islets of light, gleaming amid an emerald sea, till, sweeping round the oak crowned cliff of Daniel the Outlaw, they receded from the sight. The sombre hue of the surrounding mountains, was relieved by groups of the peasantry, directing their steps across the purple heather, from every direction towards the chapel, the lively appearance of the females adding greatly to the beauty of the scene.

Among a group that basked in the long grass of the chapel yard, waiting the arrival of the Rev. Father M'Naughtin, was placed Tim Murphy. Tim was an old man of infinite humor, and keen remark, the oracle of the hamlet where he resided, and his memory the store-house of legendary lore; his grey locks hung negligently over his decent frieze coat; the head of his clegh-alpeen was neatly set with bright brass nails, while the red worsted garters surmounting the blue woollen stockings just below the knee of the old fashioned breeches, spoke one determined to maintain the fashion of the olden days, in contempt of modern innovations.

'In truth, Nell, you were the decent girl when you and I danced a moneen together at Cullin, forty three years ago, come next Lateeren's day; many an old body and a young one too, wished us married, and said we were the smartest couple on the green, though now we're old and stiff, glory be to God.'

This apostrophe was directed by Tim to an old woman with a black patch over her right eye, who just had entered the chapel gate, and was directing her torturing steps beyond the circles that surrounded Tim Murphy. She had been, time out of mind, the midwife of the neighboring districts, and though she never studied any of those volumes that treat of the obstetric art, Nell gave universal satisfaction in the way of her profession.

'I wonder,' said an arch wag, with a laughter-loving eye, 'I wonder, Tim, as Nell and you were such a pretty pair of dancers, an well acquainted, ay, coorse, that you took no notion to get the blind side of her.'

'Arrah, Andy, avic,' answered Tim, 'it does not become the like of you to crack jokes at elderly people—your days are not over yet, ma bochal, and your own father,—God rest his soul in glory—if he lived could say that he saw Nell Connor with two bright blue eyes, till one of the good people, at the fair of Millstreet struck out her right eye with the point of his switch—God between the hearers and harm!'

'Never mind the Dhaleen,' said a voice in the group, 'give him up to the clergy; we long to hear how Nell Connor, poor, dear woman, lost her eye.'

'Why, then, in less than no time,' said Tim, directing his eyes round the circle of anxious auditors, 'you shall hear it word for word, as it left Nell's mouth, at old Andrew Hicky's wake, when that young joker there, young Andy, with his gogrophy and wild book keeping, was but a broth of a gomalach, not cate enough to roast a broguee.'

After a hem or two, Tim commenced his narration, the substance of which is as follows:—

The family of Nell Connor had all retired to bed, on a wet stormy, December night, when a loud knocking at the door, and a strange, shrill voice demanding the midwife's attendance on a sick woman, aroused the inmates from their slumber, the rain pattered against the single pane that formed the only window of the apartment, and the wind whistled mournfully through the chinks of its mud wall. Nell, ever faithful to the

duties of her profession, rose reluctantly, flung her mantle of frieze upon her shoulders, and opened the door.

'Tis a fearful wild night to venture abroad in,' said she, accosting a tall, dark-looking man, mounted on a fine grey horse, 'but it is strange aschla, I don't know ye—have we far to go?'

'Not far,' said the dark man, in a superhuman tone, that thrilled to the midwife's soul.

He caught her hand, and Nell felt herself raised as light as a feather, into the pillion behind him. They shot along with the lightning's rapidity, and though a pitchy darkness enveloped earth and heaven, the grey horse moved with sure and steady speed. After passing many a hollow dell and rising moorland, during which no sound betrayed the tramp of the horse's hoofs, they came to the banks of the swollen and rapid Ariglin; the roaring rush of the muddy river, the blue gleam of the lightning flashing over its troubled wave, and the fitful moaning of the savage blast struck terror to the midwife's heart.

'God and the blessed Virgin preserve us,' she exclaimed, in a paroxysm of despair, and the hollow cliffs that part the dashing waters reverberated the sounds.

'Utter these names again, and abide the consequence,' said the mysterious horseman, angrily, then plunging into the wild stream, 'be silent,' he continued, and fear nothing, though you were sailing in a turf kish on the broad sea.'

Gauging the opposite bank, they drove at the same rapid rate with which they at first set forward, till they reached the fort of Doon, which Nell well recognized, as the rising moon flung her pale melancholy light athwart the horizon. Alighting from his horse, the tall dark man struck the ground with his foot, which opening, discovered a long flight of steps that led into the bosom of the earth; he instantly descended, and called upon his terrified companion to follow him.

They entered a winding passage that led into a lofty hall, illuminated with burning tapers. The tables groaned beneath the splendid feast; the unearthly thrilling of the melting harp stole softly on the ear, while a circle of lovely ladies and polished gentlemen flew through the mazes of the dance, to the stirring sound of the 'brisk awakening viol,' these were the prominent sights that caught Nell's attention, as her conductor led her hastily through the hall, to an inner chamber, where lay a female, whom she was called on to assist in travail. After Nell had announced the birth of a fine boy, the tall dark man, who still remained in the room, gave her a vessel, containing a greenish ointment, with which he ordered her to anoint the newborn babe from head to foot, but he cautioned her to suffer none of it to touch any part of her except the hand that performed the operation.

When this unction was concluded, and the child dressed and laid in a superb cradle, Nell Connor, feeling a certain twitching sensation in her right eye, instinctively clapped her hand to that organ, when she perceived the objects in the chamber suddenly undergo a strange metamorphosis, and assume an undefinable two-fold appearance, in which the true and unreal were blended together in an indescribable way. She rightly considered that this arose from the virtue of the ointment, which gave her right eye the facility of seeing the things of this strange souterrain in their proper shape; upon closing her left eye all this delusion vanished. The beautiful 'lady in the straw,' appeared a withered hag; the lovely boy a shapeless, cross-grained squaller, and the all mysterious horseman was suddenly changed into a little red-haired chap, of three feet high, wearing a conical red cap—his deformed, skiny mouth, extended from ear to ear, and his restless, piercing eyes seemed to search the midwife's soul, whenever she met their malignant regard.

'Nell Connor,' said the little red-haired man, 'I feel obliged by your civility, and here is a trifle for your trouble.'

So saying, he put into her hand what seemed to her left eye to be two bright pieces of gold; but which the right one detected as two ivy leaves, clipped round all

the edges. In passing out, the hall and its guests were sadly altered—the polished gentlemen and lovely ladies were short, red-capped fellows and deformed beldames. Instead of delicious music, mere villainous discordant sounds; and the bright tapers were twinkling rush-lights; upon emerging into moonlight, the 'gallant grey' that travelled so fleetly to Doon, proved nothing more than the beam of an old plough, which had lain since the preceding spring across the stone gap at the corner of Nell's cabin; quaking with terror, she mounted behind her conductor. The beam performed its part to admiration, outstript the passing wind—re-crossed the roaring Ariglin! and, after some hard cantering over marsh and moorland, set Nell Connor down, pretty much to her satisfaction, at her own door, as the March cock upon the roost within proclaimed the decline of the late rainy night.

Mill-street fair happened on the next day, and Nell Connor having business there, was surprised on entering the town, to see her little red-haired acquaintance busily employed in selecting and carrying off the choicest cows, and substituting in their stead, clods or stones, or other inanimate things, which in the strict resemblance they were made to bear to the animals thus abstracted, deceived every mortal eye but Nell's; she attentively watched his progress during the busy afternoon; at length she entered a crowded tent, where sat a fine looking country girl and her sweetheart, refreshing themselves with a cake and a glass of punch; the busy parolier of the cows approached the maiden and thrusting a thraneen up her nostril, caused her to sneeze three successive times, he 'grinned horrible a ghastly smile,' at the first and second sneeze, but at the third, when Nell Connor exclaimed, 'Christ and the Blessed Virgin between you and the evil one, ma colleen bawn,' the disappointed fairy gnashed his teeth in anger; his malignant eyes beamed with fury, and darting, like the lightning's flash, through the guests of the crowded tent, to the spot where Nell Connor stood, and striking out her right eye with the point of his switch, immediately disappeared.

At the conclusion of this singular legend, the influx of the crowd to the chapel gate announced the priest's arrival; the reclining groups were soon in motion, and Tim's auditors reluctantly retired to hear mass.

FEMALE VIRTUE.

The following interesting example of female virtue is taken from the entertaining letters of Samuel Derrick. Dublin, 1766. He writes to the Earl of Cork.

My Lord,—In a large room, with white walls, badly lighted, and not encumbered with ornament, here is an assembly once a fortnight, at which you will find some very handsome females, dressed in the pink of the mode, I was particularly charmed with the appearance of one, whose name I conceal, on account of the short story I am about to relate. Let it suffice, my lord, that I assure you everybody who knows her allows her to be well made; her limbs in the most delicate proportion; her air graceful; her countenance modest, elegant, and striking; her conversation easy and sensible; her manner polished and engaging.

This amiable girl, who is of good family, and has a moderate fortune, was courted by a young fellow of the name of Sullivan, whom she looked upon as her inferior, and gave him therefore very little encouragement; but his visits being countenanced by her mother, she received him with her natural cheerfulness and good humor. At length, urged by the violence of passion, and wearied out with tedious expectation, he broke into her mother's house at the dead of night, and taking her forcibly out of bed, carried her off, spite of her before him, almost naked, upon a horse, in spite of her tears, entreaties and resistance. The place he had prepared for her reception was an old unfrequented castle, about twenty miles from Cork, in a desolate, uninhabited part of the county of Limerick, and here, with the assistance of some savage vassals, he satiated all the rage of his brutal appetite. The place of his retreat being found out, the castle was invested by the sheriff of the county, assisted by a party of the army. Sullivan was actually fool-hardy enough to attempt to

defend it, and several shots were exchanged, without any person being hurt. The place being at length taken by assault, he endeavored to make his escape through a back door, but was pursued and taken. The unhappy lady was found in a neighboring field, concealed in a kind of arbor, which had been built for the same purpose, she was covered with leaves, had scarcely any clothing, and was half dead, with fear, cold, fatigue and ill usage. She had been conducted hither on the first approach of Lord L'isle, (who was then high sheriff,) and forbidden to move, on pain of death.

Sullivan was lodged in Cork goal, and an indictment being found against him, he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged—a punishment which he afterwards suffered, but which was greatly inadequate to the flagrancy of his crime. Lord L'isle attended the execution in person, at the head of a regiment of horse, to prevent a rescue, which was threatened.

During the course of the trial, Lord Chief Justice Caulfield, with infinite benevolence and a warm reprimand, over-ruled one of the prisoner's council, who endeavored to throw this amiable woman in confusion, by a question both impertinent and indecent.

'Ask your own heart, (says this good 'old man') if any one who had the feelings of honor, or the least touch of compassion, could ever think of putting such innocence and so much beauty to the blush.'

Before sentence was pronounced on the prisoner, he begged leave to ask the young lady one question, which was this—

'Madam, matters have been carried on against me with a very high hand; they are now come to an extremity, which it is in your power to palliate; if you will marry me, the court may perhaps consider the case in another light, and save my life.'

'Sir,' answered this injured woman, with a spirit of resolution void of rancor, and free from bitterness, 'if I loved you to distraction, I would not stir a step to save your life; the punishment you are about to suffer will never restore my blasted honor, but it may stand as an example for protecting innocence from villainy.'

Every considerate person must, I think, applaud her resolution, and agree with me in this sentiment, that her image should be erected in the temple of virtue, as the guardian of the privileges of her sex, and the scourge of savage and illiberal passions.—I am, my lord, &c., &c.'

CHARLES II. AND HIS IRISH ADHERENTS.

Derrick, in his entertaining letters, from which the story above is taken, and which are written in a graceful style, says, 'The conduct of Charles II. on his restoration, is notorious; he confirmed the grants made to Oliver's soldiers, while his most loyal subjects were betrayed and abandoned to misery. Among these unhappy sufferers no man's case was more deplorable than that of Lord Viscount Fermoy, the head of the Roches, a numerous and loyal clan in the county of Cork. This nobleman, refusing to compound with the usurper, abandoned a very fine estate, and in 1652, went abroad, and entered into the Spanish service. When Charles was at Brussels, Fermoy, being a colonel of a regiment, assigned to the king almost all his pay, reserving a mere trifle for the maintenance of himself and his family. This generosity having ruined him, he was obliged to sell his regiment to pay his debts; and after the restoration, coming to London with a wife and six children, the king, though pressed by the Duke of Ormond and Lord Clanricarde, far from restoring him to his honors and estate, refused to hear of him, and had it not been for the benevolence of these two illustrious noblemen, this unhappy lord and his family must have been starved.'

'How melancholy an object,' Derrick adds, 'a peer so ancient as to have been summoned to parliament as a baron even in the commencement of the fourteenth century being the reign of Edward the Second, almost dying for want, under the eye of a king to whom he had given bread!'

This is but one instance in a thousand of the ingratitude of that most heartless and profligate member of

a race almost wholly worthless. After his restoration, his court was for a considerable time beset with the unfortunate Irish gentlemen, who were beggared by their adherence to his cause, in the vain hope of obtaining some portion of their property, or some compensation for their losses, by an appeal to his honor and justice; and their descendants, even to this day, traditionally preserve, and relate with graphic spirit, many circumstances of the interview of their ancestors with the royal buffoon, which have not hitherto appeared in print. For a while these applicants were received without reluctance, for it afforded him an opportunity of amusing himself and his courtiers by acting the hypocrite with an indecent levity, and a perfection for which he had every requisite. To the several bodies of Irishmen, who usually went up to levee in groups, he had the same sorrowful countenance, and the same soothing and commiserating speech, beginning, 'My poor people, how my heart bleeds for you,' &c., but the daily repetition of the farce became irksome and annoying. His hypocrisy was seen through, and the Irishmen, who found that they had nothing to hope from his honor or generosity, were accustomed to give vent to their feelings, with the bold spirit characteristic of their country. Such was the indignant reply of one of those unfortunate gentlemen, we believe a Colonel Costelloe, to the king's usual address; 'Please your majesty, I ask no compensation for my services and losses in your majesty's cause; I see that to your friends, and to my countrymen in particular, you give nothing, and that it is your enemies alone who receive favor and reward. For ten years service, for many wounds, and for the total loss of my estates, I ask nothing; but in the ardor of my youth, and in the belief that I was asserting the sacred cause of liberty, I fought for one year in the service of the usurper—give me back such portion of my estates, as that year's service entitles me to.'

Such uncourtly visitors could hardly fail of becoming unacceptable to the royal presence, and in fact, at length their appearance used to inspire him with such vexation and horror that he resorted to every practicable art to avoid encountering them. Having heard of a fresh arrival of petitioners from Ireland, he one day asked one of his merry courtiers—the Lord Falkland, to whom he bore a strong resemblance, to personate him at the meeting, and rid him of their importunities. Falkland consented, on condition that his majesty should be present. The Irishmen were introduced, and Falkland, imitating to the life his usual look and speech, beginning, 'My poor people,' made it a difficult matter for the surrounding courtiers, and even for his majesty himself, to refrain from loud laughter. But the humor was irresistible, when, in conclusion, he directed their attention to the monarch himself, and added, in the following words, 'There's my poor friend Falkland; look at his care-worn countenance; he has been a constant follower of my fortunes—has lost everything in my service—and has had my royal word repeatedly given, that he should be restored to his property—and yet—there he is, poor Falkland still!'

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS IN 1750.

The progressive increase of the prices of many of the luxuries of life, in Ireland, from the year 1750, up to this period, must afford a very interesting subject of contemplation; but to the lovers of good wine, the following advertisement from a Dublin newspaper of the above year, must prove how very reasonably our predecessors might enjoy their national propensity, which, we are thankful to say, even were the prices as low as formerly. In fact, both claret and whiskey were too cheap—and, we are satisfied, were the greatest means of retarding the advancement of civilization and of morals.

CHRISTOPHER QUIN.

At the sign of the Brazen Head, in Bridge street, being determined to continue the Wine trade, as usual, has fitted out said house with neat accommodations, and commodious cellars for said business, and being

lately arrived from Bourdeaux, has imported a parcel of choice Clarets of different growths, the vintage of 1747 and 1748, which he sells by wholesale and retail, at the following reasonable rates, viz.:—Neat Claret of the 1st growth of Obrejons, at £18 per hogshead, [£16 12s. 3d.] and 18s. per dozen. Neat Margoux and Medoc Claret, at 16s. per dozen. Graves Claret, at 14s. per dozen. Neat Red and White Port, at 12s. per dozen. Mountain, Sherry and Lisbon, at 14s. per dozen. Neat Prunick Whitevine, at 13s. per dozen. Plain Whitevine and St. Martin's Renish, at 12s. per dozen. Genuine old Canary, at 20s. per dozen; with good encouragement to those who buy the hogshead. [The above all in Irish currency.]

1750.

This is to give notice to the Public, that the Battle which was to be fought in Dublin, at the Back-sword, between Mr. James Dalzel of England, and Mr. Edward Sill of Ireland, is at the request of several noblemen and gentlemen, to be decided at the Cockpit at Kilkullen Bridge, the day that Black and all Black runs at the Curragh, for 50 guineas and the whole house, and whoever gives the most bleeding wounds in nine bouts, shall, by approbation, have all the money. The doors to be opened at 9 o'Clock in the forenoon, and fight between 11 and 12. Front seats, 5s. 5d.

SPA, TRALEE.—1750.

TRALEE.—Whereas it is expected by the Corporation and inhabitants of Tralee, that many gentlemen and others, intending to drink the Spa Waters contiguous thereto, will frequently resort to said town for the accommodation of diet and lodgings; and in order that such persons may be fully satisfied that no exorbitant or unreasonable charges shall be made on account thereof; we the undersigned inhabitants of said town, do hereby agree to, and promise to abide by the following regulations: that is to say, the best lodgings in said town, that is, one room furnished with bedding, and other conveniences, and also fire and candle-light, at half-a-guinea a week; and so in proportion downwards, as to all other lodgings, and all other articles, as the chief Magistrate for the time being of said Corporation shall adjudge and appoint. And as to diet—for dinner and supper, 8s. British, a week; for dinner only, 6s. British, a week.—N. B. Assizes times are excepted.

John M'Donough, Dennis Leavy,
John Fitzmaurice, John Halcy,
G. Connell, Daniel Tuomy.

ASSIZE OF BREAD.

By order of the Lord Mayor—June 29, 1750.

Penny Loaf (Wheat)	11oz	6dr.
Fourpenny,	do.	2lb. 14oz. 7dr.
Sixpenny,	do.	4lb. 6oz. 3dr.
Twelvepenny,	do.	8lb. 12oz. 6dr.
Penny Loaf, (Household)	15oz.	2dr.
Fourpenny,	do.	3lb. 13oz. 0dr.
Sixpenny,	do.	5lb. 11oz. 6dr.
Twelvepenny,	do.	11lb. 4oz. 7dr.

Middle price of Wheat per quarter, £1 19s. 6d.

ALLITERATION.—A Latin poem was published at Niverstadt, in 1669, consisting of three hundred and two hexameter lines, comprising one thousand five hundred words, which, with the title page, author's name, &c., began every one with the letter P. It is called, 'Pugna porcorum per Petrum Porcinum, Paraclesis pro potatore.' It takes for its motto—'Perlegere porcorum pulcherrima proclia, Potor, Potondo poteris placidam proferre poesin.' It commenced with the line—'Plaudite porcelli, porcorum pigra propago.' The whole is correct Latin, the verse perfect in its quantities, and the fable conducted on the best rules of Aristototele. It is, perhaps, the greatest literary curiosity in existence.

I am transported to see you, as the thief said to the kangaroo.



RUINS OF THE CHANCEL OF THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF YOUGHAL.

These ruins, as shown in the above engraving, derive as much interest from their association with the names of Boyle and Spencer's 'Shepherd of the Ocean,' the gallant, the accomplished, but unfortunate Raleigh, as from any architectural beauties which they now present, or probably ever possessed. The College of Youghal was founded in 1464, by Thomas, Earl of Desmond. This foundation was afterwards confirmed by his son James, in 1472, and subsequently by his brother Maurice in 1496. The church is of prior date, but was rebuilt and beautified by the Earl of Desmond soon after the erection of the college, and repaired, at a later period, by the Earl of Cork. The community of the college consisted at first of a warden, eight fellows, and eight singing men, who had a common table, together with other necessities, and a yearly stipend allowed to them—the whole donation being originally worth £600 per annum. It was endowed with several parsonages and vicarages in different parts of the county of Cork. The foundation charter and the several appropriations were confirmed, at various periods, by the Bishops of Cloyne, Pope Julius, Pope Paul, and other pontiffs. This church enjoyed its revenues and privileges for some time after the reformation; for, in the year 1587, Dr. Witherhead was collated to the wardenship by the then Bishop of Cork and Cloyne. He was succeeded by Nath. Baxter, who, finding his tenure precarious, and that this was likely to share the fate of other monastic institutions, privately authorized Godfrey Armitage, Edmund Harris and William Parker, to dispose of the college revenues, who accordingly demised them and the college house to Sir Thomas Norris, then Lord President of Munster. Dr. Meredith Hammer, the author of the Chronicle of Ireland, succeeded Baxter in the wardenship, and renewed the lease made by his predecessor, by demising the college revenues, &c. to William Jones, in trust for Sir Walter Raleigh, reserving, however, the Parsonage of Carrigaline and the Rectory of Mallow. About the year 1602, Sir George Carew took the college for the purpose of residing in it, and obtained a grant of the college and revenues from James the First. He afterwards sold his estate in it to Sir Richard Boyle, who purchased Jones' interest, then he purchased the Raleigh estate. Sir James

Fullerton, having obtained a patent for concealed church lands, laid claim to the property of this college. His title, or pretended title, was also purchased by the Earl of Cork, who contrived to obtain possession until the year 1634, when Sir William Reeves, the then attorney-general, exhibited charges against him with respect to the mode in which he obtained possession of the college; all these, together with other charges of rapacity brought against him by Strafford, the earl says he satisfactorily answered. Be that as it may, he was fined £15,000 by the award of Strafford, who prevailed upon him to refer the matter to his decision. At this period, we have little evidence as to the mode in which the Earl of Cork obtained his princely estates save his own and the equally suspicious testimony of his avowed enemies. We certainly have many still existing proofs of his zeal for the improvement of this country, in the towns which he founded, and the public works, such as bridges, schools, &c., which he erected or endowed. We have, however, his own testimony that his private interests were not neglected, as we find him lodging in Dublin in 1583, being then possessed of £27 3s. in money, and two tokens which his mother had given him, viz., a diamond ring and a bracelet of gold, worth about £10; a taffety doublet, cut with and upon taffety; a pair of black breeches laced; a new Milan fustian suit laced and cut upon taffety; two cloaks, and competent linen and necessities, with his rapier and dagger.' And, in 1641, we find his revenues amounting to £50 a day, exclusive of demesnes, parks, royalties, &c.

The Collegiate Church of Youghal was in its original state, one of the finest specimens in Ireland of that style of pointed architecture, now generally known as 'the decorated English style,' and its east window was considered to be the most beautiful of its kind in the island. 'The original form of the building was that of a cross, and consisted of chancel, nave, and transepts, to which was joined, on the north side of the church, a square belfry, about fifty feet high. The nave, which was adorned with side aisles, formed by six pointed arches, is now used as a parish church. Its length from east to west, is forty-five yards, and its breadth twenty-two. The chancel, which is twenty-nine feet wide, is unroofed and in ruins, as represented in the

illustration. The beautiful window in this ruin, though 'curtailed of its fair proportions,' the bottom having been built up, is well deserving of admiration. It is divided into two distinct compartments, each of which consists of two slender mullions, surmounted by open tracery and terminating in a trefoil ornament. These compartments or windows become one by the outside line of their arches uniting in a common point over the double massive mullion, which is thus made the centre; and this diamond-shaped space is occupied by a Catharine wheel. The transepts are now chiefly used as cemeteries. That to the south belongs to the Boyle family, being purchased for that purpose in 1606, from the Mayor and Corporation of Youghal, by the first Earl of Cork, in the deed of which he is bound not to disturb the ancient burials in the place. It contains a fine monument of that nobleman, and several others of interest, for here repose the ashes of many of the mighty earls of Desmond—the seneschals of Imokilly, and other chiefs of the Fitzgeralds and other noble families.

But the monuments, chancel, and all, save the nave, are utterly neglected, and hastening fast to decay; and this circumstance is the more surprising when we reflect that it is in the estate of the Duke of Devonshire, and in it stand the monuments of that family through which he derives his extensive Irish estates—estates on which the disadvantages of the proprietor's absence are less felt, than, perhaps, on any other in Ireland.

The decay of this church is singular, as the pride of three noble houses, namely, Devonshire, Cork and Shannon, may be supposed interested in its preservation.

According to tradition, Cobbett's 'accursed root,' the potato, was first planted there, in the college garden, by Sir Walter Raleigh.

TRUE FRIENDS.—As to true friends, choose them with great care, and let their number be small. Have no friend who does not fear God, who is not wholly governed by the truths of religion. To friends like these, open your heart without reserve, and keep nothing from them but the secrets of others.

Back numbers of the Miscellany, from the commencement of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 4 Water street, Boston. Will our friends in want bear this fact in mind?

Written for the Miscellany.

'WAITAWHILE.'

BY THOMAS R. DONOHUE.

The maple, with its silver leaf,
The willow, waving gracefully,
Their loving branches interlace
Above a sweet, sequestered place,—
The dearest spot of earth to me!
For memory's charm—affection's smile—
Hallow my home at 'Waitawhile!'

Pleasant it is, in Summer hours,
With her I love these paths to roam,
Gazing on sunset's gathering glow,
Listening the winds that come and go,
From heaven, to heaven, with songs of home!
Sorrow of earth—Wrong, Hate and Guile,
Learn from the love of 'Waitawhile!'

Even in that little word it dwells,
A word of peace, and faith and power.
Wandering around the world, we saw,
When doubt grew dark, that living law,
And joy, a sunburst, gild the hour.
Word that all ills can reconcile,
Heart and home motto: 'Waitawhile!'

If seeming good, when sought, retire,
If seeming evil, shunned, draw nigh,
Whether the wreath—or threatening rod—
'Be still, and know that I am God!'
Chastens the hope, or calms the sigh.
Love all! Fear none! Live on and smile:
Earth's watch-word—Heaven's—is 'Waitawhile!'

Written for the Miscellany.

THE EXILE.

BY J. SPOTTISWOODE.

When the sun 'neath western hills descends,
To brighten other climes;
And the sound of vesper bell ascends
When summer day declines;
Each son of toil released from care,
At evening's advent, goes
To seek a balm for the wear and tear
Continued labor knows.

The farmer speeds to his rustic home
Seated amid the hills,
Where in life's morn he loved to roam
With mind unwearyed by ills;
And now in manhood's sober day
He tastes a sweet alloy,
Of labor and care, that alternate
With calm, domestic joy.

The merchant from his warehouse goes,
Dismissing thoughts of gain,
Which mar content and serenity,
Till sunrise greets again;
Thoughts of society, home or friends
Possess his lofty mind,
While every dream of sordid ends
Is banished far behind.

But different far from these I sing,
When the busy world's at rest,
Are the thoughts that shades of evening bring
Unto the exile's breast;
With undiminished love of home,
O'er space, through lapse of years,
His restless mind does backward roam
To more endearing spheres.

To the rural cottage where he dwelt
When life was young and pure,
To the village church where first he knelt
To pastor, meek and poor;
To the little school of stone and thatch
And unassuming height,
And the fields where oft in life's first dawn,
He basked free and light.

But grief with saddening wing soon comes
The retrospect to mar,
For friends of youth—loved forms of home,
Now dead or distant far.
Though 'mid a bustling world he dwells
Their absence o'er his heart
Sheds darkening gloom, until he seems,
To live from life apart.

Written for the Miscellany.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

BY J. E. P.

No. 5.—Glenariff to Skibbereen.

Before breakfast to-day, we visited Cromwell's Bridge, said to have been built in the following manner:—

Cromwell, of bloody memory, in his work of demolishing the splendid churches and castles of Ireland, came to the river here, and there being no bridge, he was unable to cross it with his army. He immediately issued an edict to the peasantry, commanding them to have a bridge built in twenty-four hours, and if they failed he would hang a man for every minute's delay. Oliver's reputation for hanging being satisfactory to the peasant's, they passively obeyed, and thus the bridge was built. It is now unused, and in ruins.

The mail-coach now rumbled by, and after swallowing a hasty breakfast, we took our seats on top, and a red-faced 'Jehu' was soon driving four-in-hand over the serpentine road to Bantry. When within two miles of Bantry, we alighted, and told the driver to send our luggage to Skibbereen, and we would walk thither; preferring it to being stifled for want of room on the coach.

About noon we arrived at Bantry, containing but few good houses, the inhabitants being principally fishermen. The bay on which the town stands is well sheltered, and it is said all the fleets in the world might safely anchor in it. Here according to Moore, the colonists from Spain landed above a thousand years ago. There are excellent oysters here, and we had a 'dozen on the shell,' at the hotel, the 'host' telling us the anecdote of the man who was troubled with a poor appetite, and as a remedy he was advised to eat some oysters before dinner. He tried the experiment, and said, although he eat a hundred every day, he noticed that his appetite got no better!

After a stay of a couple of hours we 'took up our line of march' towards the classic region of Skibbereen, where we arrived at six P. M. This being Saturday, the streets were crowded with many of 'the finest peasantry in the world' doing their marketing. We had pictured to ourselves a miserable town, where wretchedness would be everywhere visible, and were agreeably disappointed to find a very stirring town, containing many fine buildings, and a population of some 6000. We disposed of ourselves and a supper at the Commercial Hotel, and then strolled out to view the town.

Skibbereen being the centre town of a large district, it does a good business in butter and eggs, which are sent from here to Cork to export, and I am of the opinion that the consumers of the former would not have much relish for it if they could see the manner in which it is paved and handled, preparatory to being pitched into carts.

Getting into conversation with a Catholic clergyman, he gave me a terrible picture of 'death's devastating doom,' in the memorable years of the famine, when in the silent hour of midnight the carts rumbled through the streets with their loads of coffinless dead. Many and many were the cases where the fever and famine stricken beings were obliged to eat the flesh of dogs and horses, to stay the gnawings of hunger; and many were the cases where the dogs in turn made a meal on some unhappy wretch who had made 'the earth his bed, the sky his covering,' and lain down to die by the roadside. That overstocked graveyard on the hill, where they were buried by scores at the time, tells a sad story, and the overstocked Work-house, confirms it. But the picture is sickening, and those days have passed, never, I hope, to return.

The town is fast looking up, yet beggars are very numerous. A crowd of ragged urchins collected

around the door of the hotel in the evening, and one of them sung out:—

'Toss a copper, sir, and see us scramble for it.'

But not liking this kind of amusement, we declined.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Irish Miscellany.

INK DROPS:

FROM THE PEN OF THE 'QUEER COVE.'

No. 9.—He celebrateth the Glorious Fourth.

Determined, in common with all patriotic lovers of their country, Mr. Editor, to pay due honor and respect to the birth day of this 'great and glorious kentry,' and with a desire to gratify my aboriginal friends the 'Old Dog,' and the 'Mustang Colt,' with a view of the sights, on the eventful morning of the 5th, I took the advice of Mr. Hurdiss, as contained in one of his 'pomes,' (although I am not in the habit of taking the advice of any individual, 'whatsome-dever,') and

'Rose with the lark.'

After performing my ablutions, an operation performed by Musselmens, as well as Christians, for which Allah be praised! I 'sailed out' to 'scent the morning air,' as Hamlet's ghost hath it, and to inhale the bouquet of a delicious glass of 'cold without.' Feeling my ardor begin to mount, I invested largely in a species of portable gun, manufactured by the natives of the 'central flowery kingdom,' and which find a ready and extensive sale hereabouts on certain occasions. Injudiciously, I placed the combustibles, together with a bunch of 'lucifers' in my 'cadi,' and, like one of the patriarchs, 'went on my way rejoicing.' I had not proceeded many steps, however, when I was startled by the noise of a terrific explosion. I looked around—nothing was to be seen; into the air, and there—'horror of horrors'—I beheld the infinitesimal portions of what was once a hat, and clusters of 'Hyperion curls!' Making for the nearest barber's shop, I incontinently had my head shaved, and at this moment, Mr. Editor, I present the appearance of a lunatic who has been permitted to wander forth without personal restraint.

My curiosity was attracted by a party of 'mummers,' conspicuous among whom, were my Indian friends. I rescued them, 'rather the worse,' even at that unsensational hour, (5 A. M.) for cheap 'fire water.' Took breakfast, and feeling 'rechter better,' as Bailey Jr. observed to Poll Sweedlepeps, we dropped into that abortive arrangement at the foot of the Common, facetiously or ironically, I know not which, termed the 'public garden,' but in the language of Shakspeare let me say:—

'Pie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature,
Possess it merely.'

Purchased large quantities of flowers, which wilted as soon as they came in contact with the exuding pores of my moist hand, from a nymph with pink eyes and a blue dress—no, with a blue dress and pink eyes. The Old Dog, with an eye to the beautiful, and attracted by the softness of her voice, (King Lear, you know, says of Cordelia—

'Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman,')

insisted on dancing a barbaric polka for her amusement; while the Mustang with an expressive 'ugh!' said:—

'Squaw no good; she no cook a deer steak, or make big Indian moccasins.'

In this respect, Mr. Editor, I think he was quite right; for the young women of the present day,

'The maidens of blushing fifteen,'

as Sheridan calls them, are sadly deficient in their

'bringing up,' with regard to culinary and other household duties. Cook a deer steak! 'My dukedom to a beggarly denier' they know not how to boil a potatoe or make a bed—more's the pity.

On to the common. My ears dinned with a confusion of sounds, emanating from a mob of trumpets, cannons, drums, anvils, 'wry-necked fifes,' and brazen throats—the latter instruments creating such a frightful roar, that the Old Dog, who had become slightly obfuscated, and who, like Young Norval, was in possession of a

'Bended bow and quiver full of arrows,'

discharged one of them at random into the crowd, under the delusion that it was a herd of buffaloes. This was occasioned by the fact that his 'visual orbs' had become partially obscured.

Witnessed the various processions, which were like Falstaff's soldiers, 'exceeding bare and beggarly,' and one of them, by the way, 'went two and two, Newgate fashion'; saw those truly practical hydropathists, the 'boys' who 'run wid der merchine,' and wished that I was a conflagration, that I might be put out there and then. (At this point, the Mustang took it into his 'nowl' to discharge a heavily loaded gun, and the result was his being landed on top of an awning, where we left him to collect his scattered senses, and enjoy a comfortable 'snooze'.)

From this time until the afternoon, I am not cognizant of how the time was spent. It must have been frightfully 'out of joint.' I have a glimmer—a very faint one however—of a recollection that I was affected like David Copperfield the younger, on that memorable occasion when he informed Agnes Wickfield confidentially, that 'he was 'nerrerberr.'

Having recovered my wonted energy and taking the Mustang down from his eyrie, we again visited the Common for the purpose of beholding the balloon ascension. Having decided objections to a 'back seat' we 'squeeged' ourselves, as Mrs. Gamp would say, through the crowd, and soon, by dint of perseverance, found ourselves inside of the enclosure. The balloons were on the point of going up, when the Mustang, with the intention of having an aerial ride, seized the rope which bound the machine to earth; a sudden jerk nearly tore his arms from their sockets; he was picked up senseless, taken to the hospital 'on the usual mode of conveyance, a shutter; and at the present time, is, like the ancient Hebrew monarch, David, 'stretched on the bed of languishing.'

Being in a good position to see the fireworks, the Old Dog and myself concluded to stay where we were. As darkness succeeded the gloaming, and the rockets and fiery cressets were traversing the air, the Old Dog, that he might the better see the display, insisted on climbing into a tree. In his ascent, however, one of those 'institutions' which run along upon a cord and resemble a fiery boa constrictor, came full against his head, and as that was much softer than the serpent, why the Old Dog, was, as a matter of course as Plato expresses it, 'knocked into a cocked hat!'

This ended the day. Feeling an hungered, I sought my chateau; sat down to a hearty supper; and, like the title of 'grandfather' in the Weller family, have 'lain dormouse' ever since.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, July 8th, 1858.

Editors of the Miscellany:—

The glorious fourth was rendered still more glorious to the Catholic population of our city, by the imposing ceremonies on the occasion of the dedication of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, to the worship of Almighty God.

At thirty-five minutes past ten o'clock, the procession left the sacristy and proceeded down the

left aisle to the front door, when the Bishop offered up a prayer, after which the procession moved round the church, chanting the 50th psalm—the Bishop in the mean time sprinkling the walls with holy water. After the psalm, the chaunters took up the litany of the Saints. On arriving at the front door, the procession re-entered, and proceeded up the right aisle to the altar, where the litany was concluded. It then proceeded in like manner round the inside of the church, chanting the 118th, 119th and 120th psalms.

The following is the order of procession:—

Cross bearer and acolytes

Altar boys

Master of ceremonies—Rev. John Sheridan, of the Cathedral

Chaunters—Very Rev. James Hughes, V.G. of Hartford; Rev. Thomas Quin of Meriden, Conn.; Rev. James O'Neil of the Cathedral; and Rev. P. Brown of St. Joseph's, Prov.

Priests in vestments—Rev. Patrick Delaney of Pawtucket; Rev. P. F. Glennen of the Cathedral

Right Rev. F. P. McFarland, Bishop of the diocese, and train bearers.

After blessing the church, the grand high mass of SS. Peter and Paul, was commenced—the Rev. P. Lambe, of St. Patrick's, celebrant; Rev. P. Delaney, deacon; Rev. P. F. Glennen, sub-deacon; Rev. J. Sheridan, master of ceremonies.

The preacher of the day, Rev. Dr. Moriarity of Philadelphia, not having arrived, the Rev. Thomas Quin of Meriden, Connecticut, delivered an impromptu address, having had no intimation of it until a short time previous to the celebration of mass. His sermon as well as that of the bishop at vespers, was an able production.

The building was commenced July 29th, 1857. It is built of brick, is 112 by 64 feet, surmounted with a wooden spire 160 feet in height, and is intended to accommodate 1000 persons. The design was furnished by the celebrated architect P. C. Keely, Esq., of Brooklyn, N.Y. The mason work was done by Messrs. Read & Martin of this city. The carpentering by M. McCormick of Newport; and the frescoing by Meyers & Co., of Boston.

This beautiful edifice is the fifth monument of the zeal which the Catholic population of our city has manifested, and still continues to manifest, in the cause of their faith. The interior of the edifice, owing to the time specified in the contract having expired, is yet in an unfinished condition, but when completed, will be the handsomest church edifice internally, in the city.

The Irish American Society were in attendance at the church, arrayed in their regalia, numbering about one hundred and twenty members. They also paraded on the 5th, as did also the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and by their good conduct made a favorable impression on the minds of our fellow citizens towards us.

FRANK.

CLEANINGS FROM IRISH JOURNALS.

We select the following items from the latest papers, by the arrival of the Niagara, which left Liverpool on the 26th ult:—

WHAT OUR FATHERS WERE WHEN O'CONNELL WAS BORN.—A 'Layman' in Limerick, writes thus of O'Connell and the times in which he was born. It shows that only he was a man of extraordinary 'pluck' he never could have achieved what he did.

'It is unnecessary to remind you of what your fathers were when the Liberator was born. Who that reads their slavish petitions but will 'hang his head with shame.' Remember that in 1791, four millions of Catholics could not get one man to present their petitions to Parliament. The policy of England made it necessary to allow Catholics to get

leases to hold property, and in 1793, Catholics were called to the bar. Read the description historians give of those Catholic barristers used by the Government, and afraid to acknowledge themselves 'Papists'; read the speech of the 'Young Kerry Barrister' in 1813. In 1815, first called the councillor, read his reply to Attorney-General Saurin, in the presence of Mr. Secretary Peel, before the judges of the King's Bench. Saurin was the champion of Protestant ascendancy in this country. Peel and Saurin, and all the Government of that day—judges and jury—all were of the Orange ascendancy; were sworn implacable enemies of the Irish race and Irish faith. Saurin heaped calumny on the Catholics of Ireland; he bearded them, he sneered at them, O'Connell dared the braggart to the field; he withered before his fierce invective and denunciations. He fell, and Protestant ascendancy got then in that court a blow it never recovered. The judges thought to stop him. He folded his arms—he hurled his 'high and haughty defiance' at 'the minions of the Government, and exclaimed, in a voice which sent dismay and terror into their tyrant hearts—'You have listened to the villification of the Catholic Board; you must now listen to their vindication!' And remember this was said when, to use the words of one of Ireland's orators, 'Ireland could be traced through the statute book like a wounded man, by her blood.'

ADDRESS TO LADY LONDONDERRY.—A deputation from the tenantry of the Larne estates of the Earl of Antrim, which are shortly to be sold under the Incumbered Estates Court, waited upon the Marchioness of Londonderry, on Friday last, at her town residence, Holderness House, London, to present to her ladyship an address, inscribed 'To the Most Noble Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry'—an address, (signed by almost every tenant on the Antrim estates) of a character as novel as it must be gratifying to the noble lady principally interested. The Larne estates of the Earl of Antrim, as we have said, are shortly to be sold in the Incumbered Estates Court. The tenantry upon the estates seeing the prosperity of those who hold lands under the Marchioness of Londonderry, adopted the unusual but gratifying course of sending this deputation to her ladyship, requesting her to purchase the property now about to change owners, that they also might experience the benefits which they knew those upon the adjoining estate to enjoy. Circumstances have prevented the Marchioness from adopting the course suggested, although her own heart was set upon it; but the reply given to the deputation was kindly and characteristic, and the transaction presents a new and pleasing feature in the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland.

A RELIC OF '98.—As some laborers were cutting turf in a bog near Ballynahinch, on the 15th inst., they came upon the skeleton of a man, who had been buried in his clothes. The garments had all rotted away, but round his neck was a green silk handkerchief, in a perfect state of preservation, after having been there for sixty years; for it is known that his body is that of one of a party of five or six who were cut down by the troops while attempting to escape from the battle of Ballynahinch. The hair still remained on the head. Some sugar loaf and flat buttons were found beside the skeleton.

A man in praising porter said it was an excellent beverage; that though taken in great quantities it always made him fat. 'I have seen the time when it made you lean.' 'When, I should be glad to know?' said the eulogist. 'Why, no longer since than last night—against the wall.'

Written for the Miscellany
WALKS AND TALKS.
 BY VEINSON.

'As I walked by myself,
 I talked to myself,
 And thus myself said to me.'

The Colonel.

—I went to school with the Colonel. That was twenty-five years ago.

These few, simple words, how they bring back our teacher, in all the majesty of his little school-house—our joyous young companions—

But I must not allow so wide a field to memory. If I begin to wander there, stories will rise at every step, like the small starry flowers on the green plains of Spring.

The Colonel will be the single portrait I shall sketch to-day. In boyhood, we called him 'Jack Jones,' and whence his military title, nobody knows, nor anything more about it than that is universally given him, to the exclusion of every other name whatsoever.

Jack was a poor boy, but a bright one. Nevertheless, our teacher used frequently to say that 'Jack would never die of hard study.' Nor did he seem at all in danger of such a death, for his cheeks were round and rosy, his eyes quick and piercing; the whole outward boy was in excellent condition of most unstudent-like health, and the inner boy a perpetual bonfire of fun. Yet who could learn a lesson sooner than Jack Jones?—if he chose! He didn't often choose, however; and if the rod leaped out to enforce duty, as sometimes happened—not a correct recitation from Jack for a week after! He was a wonderful Jack for stubbornness. Persuasion would help him along, but persuasion was a sorry truant in those days, and seldom found at school. Still, Jack being a good-hearted, merry lad, and a general favorite among his mates, they assisted his recitations by whispers at the important moment, and, further aided by careful readings from ingenious inscriptions on his finger nails, he managed pretty well, after all.

In one part of school duty he was particularly expert, namely, in obedience to the order, 'Lay by your books and slates!' And though, as we have confessed, he was not the first boy in school, he certainly was the first boy 'out' of it, with a bound, and a shout, too, that, by their exuberance, endangered his being brought back, to learn, in solitary confinement, that sublime lesson: 'moderation in pleasure!'

During 'play time,' Jack frequently entertained himself, and the little admiring crowd, by performing on the flute, which he did daintily, though ignorant of a single note of music. Everybody said he was a genius; and Jack believed everybody, and was proud of it. There was his ambition; what were books to Jack Jones!

That flute led him 'on to fortune'—and misfortune.

Trifling circumstances often change the current of human events, just as a stone, near the source of a river, may divert the course of all the mighty waters.

Jack left school. He had finished his 'book-learning,' for his father's humble means could assist him no longer—and, in truth, the boy's disposition taught him to consider the parent's poverty as rather a fortunate circumstance. Jack was sixteen years of age. Now he went to work in earnest—not at the dull task assigned him in the shop, but to perfect his education—on the flute. Many were the stolen hours devoted to this darling object.

One day he was playing finely in an obscure alley—the happiest boy in town—surrounded by juvenile male and female blacks, whose big rolling eyes expressed delightful appreciation—

WHEN—(This must begin a sentence, for here the cards of Fortune 'turn up Jack,')—a dignified gentleman, passing along the neighboring street, stopped.—

Stopped a long time, and listened with evident pleasure.

Even the discord of politics may not, in some souls, frighten away the delicate spirits of harmony which have once found there congenial homes. Thus the Honorable listener still owned the charms of music. Thus, he did not forget to speak of the flute boy, that day, at dinner. His Honorable lady, herself an admirable musician, was deeply interested in the description:—

'We must have him here!'

And he came; and those rich parlors seemed more rich, pervaded by the magic melody of that poor boy's flute.

'A friend in the Court,' says Shakspeare, 'is better than a penny in the purse.' Jack had both.

A new name was soon heard at roll-call among the romantic highlands of the Hudson. On Saturday afternoons, a new flute whispered, surpassing all the old ones, from a window of the Cadets' barracks. Nor was there a more soldier-like youth at West Point than Jones. The recitation-rooms, too, gave a good report of him. A glorious prize would reward his toil! A proud ambition awoke in his soul! On! on!

All loved him. All praised him. All predicted a triumphant future!

Curses on the wine cup! And thou also, Music, even thou—how often dost thou ruin those who love thee, those whose simple, generous spirits thou renderest so susceptible to the siren—Praise!

Ah, how few can resist the siren, when, smiling rapturously, she offers the rosy wine!

The scene changes. 'The Colonel' is again in his native town—in lowest poverty, disgrace, and continual drunkenness. He has taken possession of a ruinous hut, in the suburbs. A little ragged boy is with him. 'Charley' calls the Colonel father. Alas, poor child of such a father! A woman is there, too—a picture more sad than the man—a drunken woman—a cruel mother—a mother, but not a wife.

The Colonel occasionally condescends to drive a cart, when pressed for money; at other times he will 'get a drink,' now almost his only want, by a tune on the old flute—a dull, stammering instrument at present—the soul of music fled.

He wanders about the field surrounding his house—frequently wanders all night, even in the most stormy weather, a bottle in one hand, a gun in the other, drinking from the bottle and firing the gun, alternately; now sings a profane song, now a devout hymn; now curses, now prays; or calls his dog—only to beat him back; or calls 'Char-ley,' (prolonging the last syllable,) only to send for more whiskey.

There is an echo in the neighborhood. The Colonel, in his nightly wanderings, is often answered by it. He calls:—

'Char-ley!'

Echo repeats: 'Char-ley!'

The Colonel becomes furious.

'You ungrateful scoundrel! Is that the way you mock your father, sir?'

'Father, sir?'

Then will he swear for an hour, and threaten the child's life, but finally decides to 'make it up' again:—

'Char-ley!' he cries.

But still the heartless echo mocks him, as all the joys of life have done; as all the hopes of life will do.

Has not every city, or village—though less than this National Metropolis—a Jack Jones within it? Ay, and the world is to them as just as the echo that lives but a moment after their own voices are hushed. It remembers them no more.

From the London Family Herald.

MY FIRST LESSON.

ADDY PUNDERSON—yes, that was the name of my first schoolmistress. She was one of the stiffest, nicest, and most thoroughly prim old maids that ever took care of other people's children. She taught in a little red school house in 'Shrub Oak,' about half a mile to the back of Fall's Hill. I like to be particular in the geography, though I had never opened an atlas in my life, when Miss Punderson received me into her alphabet class.

I see her now, sitting so very upright in her high backed chair—solemnly opening the blue paper covers of our primers, and calling me by name. I see the sharp pointed scissors lifted from the chain at her side. I hear the rap, rap, of her thimble against the leather covers of that new spelling book; yes, I feel myself dropping that bashful little courtesy and blushing under those solemn grey eyes as she points down the long row of Roman capitals and tells me to read. I remember it all: she had on a brown cotton dress; her hair was parted plainly, and done up in a French twist behind, there was a good deal of grey in that black hair, and around her grim mouth any quantity of fine wrinkles; but her voice was low and sweet; she was stiff, but not cross, and the little girls loved her in a degree, tho' she did give them long stretches of hemming and over-seams to sew.

My first schoolmistress came from some neighboring town. She was neither Episcopalian nor Presbyterian; but wore the nicest little Methodist bonnet, made of silver-grey satin, without a bow or bit of lace—a Quaker bonnet cut short. Then she had a dainty silk shawl, tinted like a dove's wing, and always carried her handkerchief folded when she went to prayer meeting.

The school house stood upon the bank of a small stream which turned a mill just above; it was so overshadowed by young hemlocks that you could only hear the singing of the waters as they stole by the windows. Some forty feet of meadow lay between the windows and the bank, and a noble pear tree, full of golden fruit, flung its shadow over the school house, as we got our lessons. Those great bell pears were cruelly tantalizing as they grew and ripened amid the green leaves! but when they came rushing down from the boughs and fell in the grass directly under us, so plump and mellow; it was really too much for human nature.

But Miss Punderson was strict; she read the golden rule every day, and kneeling at her high backed chair, prayed diligently night and morning, while we stood mutely around. Indeed her control was so perfect that we hardly ventured to look at the pears when they fell; the idea of touching them never entered our heads.

But one thing troubled us very much; just as the fruit grew ripest, Miss Punderson began to take her dinner basket and cross into the meadow at the back of the school house, where she would disappear down the hemlock bank and stay sometimes during the entire hour of noon.

One day I was startled at my lesson by a splendid pear that came rushing from the topmost boughs of the tree, and rolled down towards the millstream. Dan Haines, who was sitting on the second class bench close by me, whispered from behind his spelling book 'that the mistress would be after that pear about noon time.'

Mary Bell, a little girl in my class, looked suddenly up and nodded her head. We had found it all out; that was why the mistress crossed the bank every noon. She was fond of pears, and wanted them all to herself—greedy old thing! We began to feel very angry and ill-used; not one of us would have thought it. What right had she to the pears? They did not belong to her more than to us. In fact, Mary Bell's father, who owned the mill, and lived in the great house with pointed gables, just in sight, was the only person who had a claim on that tree or its fruit.

When the recess came, we were upon the watch. Just as usual, the mistress took her dinner-basket, and getting over the fence, went towards the hemlock bank. Once she stooped, as if to tie her shoe.

'See, see!' whispered Dan, who was on his knees peeping through the rail fence. 'She's making believe to tie her shoe, but she's only picking up a pear! Let's jump over and see the mean old thing eat it!'

Dan climbed the fence as he spoke, and we followed, a little frightened, but very resolute to find out the truth.

Dan went before, treading very softly and looking everywhere in the grass. Once he stooped, made a dart at a tuft of clover, and up again. I caught a glimpse of something yellow in the hand he was pushing with considerable hurry and trouble into his pocket, that swelled out enormously after. But Dan looked straight-forward into the hemlocks and began to whistle, which frightened us half out of our wits, and we threatened to run back again unless he stopped.

Dan grew cross at this, and went back in high dudgeon, trying to cover his pocket with one hand. Mary Bell and I would have gone back too, I think, but at that moment we heard a voice from the hemlock bank.

'Come, come,' whispered Mary Bell; 'let's see if she has really got it.'

We crept forward very softly, and looked over into the stream. It had a dry pebbly shore, broken with a few moss-covered stones, all in deep shadow—for the hemlocks overhung the spot like a tent. Upon one of these stones sat our schoolmistress singing. Her voice was soft and clear, and joined in with the murmurings of the stream, solemn and sweet.

The old maid sung her little hymn, and, casting a timid glance up and down, to be sure that she was in solitude, knelt down by the mossy stone, which had been her seat, and began to pray.

The mistress was alone with her God; she had only very simple language in which to tell him her wants, but its earnestness brought the tears into our eyes.

Poor soul! she had been grieving all the time that no one of the scholars ever knelt by her side at prayer. She besought God with such meek earnestness to touch our hearts, and bring us humbly to His feet, kneeling, as she did, for a blessing, or in thankfulness. She told Him, as if he had been her only father, how good and bright and precious we were, lacking nothing but his holy grace. She so humbled herself and pleaded for us, that Mary Bell and I crept away from the bank, crying softly, and ashamed to look each other in the face.

Dan Haines was sitting in a crook of the fence, eating something very greedily; but we avoided him, and went into the school house quite heart-broken at our own naughtiness. After a little the mistress came in, looking serene and thoughtful as if she had been comforted by some good friend.

Mary Bell and I were still and serious all the afternoon. Once or twice I saw her beautiful blue eyes looking wistfully over her spelling book, but we knew that it was wrong to whisper, and for the world would not have disobeyed the mistress then.

At last the classes were all heard. The mistress looked, we thought, sadly around at the little benches, arose, laid her hand on the high-backed chair, and sunk slowly to her knees. The children stood up, as usual. I looked at Mary Bell; she was trembling a little; the color came and went on her face. My heart beat quick, I felt a glow on my cheek, something soft and fervent stirring at my heart. We both rose hand

in hand, walked through the scholars up to that high-backed chair, and knelt softly down by the mistress. She gave a little start, opened her eyes, and instantly they filled with tears; her lips trembled, and then came a burst of thanksgiving to God for having answered her prayer. She laid her hand first upon one head, and then upon the other. She called down blessings upon us, she poured forth her whole soul eloquently, as she had done under the hemlock boughs.

I have heard many prayers since, but never one that entered the depths of my memory like that.

The next day Mary Bell and I followed the mistress down to the mill-stream, for we felt guilty till she knew all. But she persisted that God himself had led us to the bank. No matter though Dan Haines appeared to have done it. Wicked instruments were often used to work out good. God had answered her prayer, and it was enough. She only hoped we would not be ashamed of having knelt by our lonely schoolmistress.

Assembled! For the first time in our lives we threw our arms round Abby Punderson's neck and kissed her. Poor soul! she hardly knew how to take it; those withered lips had been so long unused to kisses that they began to tremble as ours touched them. We were very young, and could not comprehend why she hid her face between those stiff hands and wept so piteously.

TROUBLES OF A TURKISH MUSIC MASTER.—Mrs. Hornsby, who has recently published a work giving her 'Adventures in and around Stamboul,' says that while there she became much interested in a young French lady, who, in giving an account of the fallen fortunes of her family, also describes a new trouble.

Mrs. Hornsby says:—

'It seems that her younger brother, who is remarkably good-looking and showed a great talent for music, was sent to Vienna in their prosperous days for his education. His pianoforte-playing is thought much of here; and being so poor, and the sultan having set the fashion of Turkish ladies learning music, he now gives lessons to the wives and daughters of several pashas on the Bosphorus. He is married, greatly attached to his wife, and has two pretty children; added to this, he is a grave, shy young man. Well, Dhudu's trouble for her brother is this: He goes quietly in the morning to give his lesson. Perhaps there are two or three veiled ladies in the room into which he is ushered by the attendants. Sometimes the pacha himself is there, but very seldom; there are always two or three black attendants. 'The lesson begins,' says Dhudu, in a melancholy voice, 'and they are generally rather stupid. The men who guard them soon grow tired of looking on and stroll away to their pipes. They are hardly outside the door, when down goes the yasmak of one of the ladies. She is very pretty, but very tiresome, my brother is afraid to look at her. What should he do if the pacha were suddenly to return, or one of the slaves to enter and report this to him! So he turns his head away and tries to induce her to go on with the lesson. Would you believe it,' says Dhudu, still more indignantly, 'the other day she took hold of his chin, and turned his face to hers, said laughing, 'Why don't you look at me, you pig?' What can my brother do? The pacha would never believe that it is not his fault. Sometimes one of them will creep under his pianoforte, and putting her finger into his shoe, tickle his foot. Yesterday they slipped two peaches in his pocket, tied up in muslin with blue ribbons, clapping their hands and laughing when he found it out. You know what those peaches mean? They mean kisses,' said Dhudu, coloring, 'and it made my brother so nervous, for the men were in the outer room, and might have heard all about it. He would be sorry to have them punished, yet they make his life miserable. That pretty one is the worst of all, she is so daring. I visit at the harem, and went with my brother one morning. Knowing them so well, I took him in at the garden entrance, the way I always go myself. We heard somebody laugh a loud, merry laugh, and—

oh, what a fright I was in—there she was up in a peach tree. My brother turned his head away, and walked on very fast; she pelted peaches at him, then got out of the tree, and would have run after him if I had not stopped her.' And here poor Dhudu fairly cried. 'What can my brother do?'

LITERARY POLITENESS.—The Parisians are laughing over the last good story from the German Watering Places. It appears that the Princess N., who resided in a sumptuous chateau, near the Baths of Neu-wied, sent a dinner invitation, according to her hospitable custom, to the Major P., an officer on service at the garrison near by. The Major chanced to be on duty, and was obliged to decline; but on sending his excuse by his faithful sergeant, he told him to bring him his dinner as he came back—meaning, of course, that he should go for it to the neighboring restaurant. The subaltern chanced to be very literal in his habit of mind and he delivered the two errands at once, to the servant at the gate of the chateau.

Very much astonished, at first, that her proposed guest should send for his dinner, the Princess soon entered into the joke; and ordering a huge tray to be sumptuously laden from her kitchen, she despatched it by the hands of the sergeant and her own footman.

Astounded as the magnificence of the 'dinner for one,' the Major summoned up his messenger and soon came to an explanation; but quite too spiritual to lose the enjoyment of the luxury, he invited in a couple of brother officers and they made a capital feast. Only, before sitting down, he gave the sergeant five dollars and instructed him to go to the confectioner and procure a splendid castle of sweatmeats, taking it with his compliments to the princess.

All dutifully done—but her highness, in consideration of the subaltern's so well performing his duty, sent him out a dollar, for his perquisite as messenger.

'Excuse me,' said the literal sergeant, as he looked at the one dollar, and supposed that of course it was to pay for the confectionery he had bought, 'Excuse me, but it cost five! Four dollars more, if you please.'

The Princess by this time understood the character of the man, and she gravely sent out the other four dollars!

The major was still at dinner with his feasting brother officers, when the faithful sergeant entered with the military touch to his cap, and laid down the five dollars upon the table.

How many of his military buttons the gallant officer burst off, in containing his rage while the return of those five dollars was explained, is not told in this story!

JOHN SMITH.—John Smith is a sort of omnipresence. A learned scholar contends for the universality of John Smith's name, not only in our own, but among all lands. Commencing with the Hebrews, he says they had no Christian names, and consequently Johns—in Hebrews, the name stood simply Shemi, or Shemit. In other nations, however, the John Smith is found full, one and undivided. Let us trace it:—

Latin—Johannes Smithius.
Italian—Giovanni Smithi.
Spanish—Juan Smithas.
Dutch—Hans Smidt.
French—Jean Smeets.
Greek—Ion Skmitton.
Russian—Ionloff Schmittowski.
Polish—Jan Schmittweiskki.
Chinese—Tohn Tchmitt.
Icelandic—Tahne Smittson.
Welsh—John Semidd.
Tuscarora—Ton-ta Smithia.
Mexican—Jontli F'Smitlx.

To prove the antiquity of the name, the same sagan observes, that in the temple of Osiris, Egypt, was found the name of 'Pharaoh Smithosis, being the 9th in the 18th dynasty of the Theban kings. He was the founder of the celebrated temple of Smithopolis Magna.'

LITERATURE.

ALICE SHERWIN: a Tale of the Days of Sir Thomas More. By C. J. M. New York. D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Boston: William Hickey, 128 Federal St.

This book, written in that charming, romantic style of James and Ainsworth, is one of the finest literary gems we have met with for many a day. It is a work of the deepest interest—the action of the story being laid in the period of English history so fraught with startling events—the reign of that royal Bluebeard, Henry VIII. In it the reader is made familiar with such mighty minds as the Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, Fisher, and the butcher's illustrious son, the founder of the greatest seat of learning the world ever saw—Eton College—the Cardinal Wolsey. These and many other eminent personages of the period, are brought prominently on the stage of action, and hard, historical facts and details are treated with such a charm as to render them as pleasing to the reader as a story of our youth. The gentle Alice Sherwin is a beautifully conceived character, and in fact, we do not think there is a single weak portrayal in the book.

The work is produced in that unexceptionable manner which characterizes all the publications of the Messrs. Sadlier, and we would advise all our readers who wish to derive a substantial benefit, in a literary point of view, to procure a copy immediately.

DEATH SCENES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

—The last words of Napoleon, after a formal, and it is to be hoped, devout compliance with all the rites of the Catholic Church, were—*'Tête d'armée,'* proving that the fitting spirit of the warrior was still hovering amidst the scenes of his ancient glory.

Madame de Staël, who had contracted the evil habit of swallowing opinion, indulged it to great excess during her last illness. At intervals of mental consciousness she exclaimed—*'My father awaits me on the other shore!'* A short time before she expired, she said, *'I think I now know the nature of our passage from life to death, and I feel assured that the goodness of God alleviates its pang. Our ideas become confused, and our sufferings not very acute.'*

The famous surgeon, Dupuytren, who, during his life, had lent a seeming countenance to the prevailing scepticism and infidelity of the times, upon his deathbed, testified in these words to the great truths of religion: *'Whatever freethinkers may say, I am resolved to die in the communion of a faith which I have not always lived up to, but in which I have always placed my confidence.'*

The last moments of Sir Walter Scott are thus described by his son-in-law: *'Lockhart,'* he said, *'I may have but a minute to speak to you; my dear, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.'* He paused, and I said, *'Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?'* *'No,'* said he, *'don't disturb them, poor souls! I know they were up all night—God bless them all!'*

Lord Byron's dying words are reported to have been—*'Poor Greece! poor town! my poor servants!—Why was I not aware of this sooner? My hour is come; I do not care for death, but why did I not go home before I came here!'* At another moment he said—*'There are things which make the world dear to me, for the rest I am content to die.'* He spoke also of Greece, saying, *'I have given her my time, my means, my health, and now I give her my life; what could I do more?'* At length, saying, *'I shall now go to sleep,'* he fell into that slumber from which he never awakened.

Madame Roland, who fell a victim to that very revolutionary frenzy of which her own writings and advocacy had fanned the flame, inclined herself, on the scaffold, towards the statue of liberty, and exclaimed, *'Oh! liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!'*

The reconciliation effected by that modern Machiavel, Talleyrand, on his death-bed, with the Catholic church, partook of the wariness which had distinguished every action of his life. Protocol after proto-

col had been exchanged with ecclesiastical authority, before terms of adjustment could be finally arranged; so that the ex-episcopal diplomat's revived spirit of religion seemed less like the ordinary terror of death-bed repentance, than a calm predetermination to go out of the world respectfully enough to entitle himself to Christian-burial. His last moments were characteristic of the man. The attendants were reciting by his bedside the prayers for the dying, which he appeared too senseless to understand; but upon invocation being made of Saints Charles and Maurice, the patron namesakes of the expiring man, he opened his eyes, a smile of complacency gleamed across his countenance, indicative, as it were, of consciousness and acknowledgment, he quietly breathed his last.

David Hume died in a quiescent state of confirmed atheism—of all degrees of spiritual blindness the most fearful.

The infidel Mirabeau compared himself on his death-bed, to Achilles. *'Hold up my head; it is the soundest one in France,'* he observed to one of his attendants. To a friend that visited him, he exclaimed, *'My friend, I shall die to-day. Nothing now remains but to wrap ourselves in perfumes. You promised to spare me all needless suffering.' He then clamored repeatedly for opium, and died under its influence.*

Of David, the French historical painter, who, during the frenzy of the French revolution, officiated as master of the ceremonies in the revival and arrangement of the Pagan pomp organized to supplant Christianity—the last words were, in allusion to his own picture of the Thermopylae, a sketch of which had been placed before him. *'I alone could have imagined the head of Leonidas.'*

So strongly impressed were habits of business, combined with a certain happy quaintness of humor, on the mind of the late eminent Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, that upon his physicians taking leave of him, a short time previous to his dissolution, he said to them, *'Gentlemen, you are discharged,'* the words in ordinary use, addressed by a judge to the jury, upon releasing the latter from their official duties.

George IV. seems to have experienced, and closely analyzed, as it were, the very nature of the death pang. For it is recorded of his last moments, that, being rather suddenly seized with some violent spasm, he exclaimed, *'Oh, this is death!'* and immediately expired.

Irvine, the celebrated Scotch preacher, died reciting the Psalms in Hebrew.

When, staggering beneath the fatal blows of his assassins, St Thomas of Canterbury felt the blood trickling down his face, he joined his hands and bowed his head, saying, *'In the name of Christ and for the defence of his church, I am ready to die.'* In this posture, turned towards his murderers, without a groan and without a motion, he awaited a second stroke, which threw him on his knees; the third laid him on the floor, at the foot of St. Bennet's altar. The upper part of his skull was broken in pieces, and Hugh of Horsa, planting his foot on the archbishop's neck, with the point of his sword drew out the brains, and strewed them over the pavement.

Bayard, the mirror of Catholic chivalry, when he received his death-wound, exclaimed, *'Jesus, mon Dieu! je suis mort.'* He refused to be removed from the melee, saying that he had no mind at that last hour, to turn his back for the first time upon an enemy. Feeling his end approach, with instinctive devotion, he grasped and embraced the hilt of his sword, in which his fancy recognized the form of a crucifix, and confessed his sins to his esquire at arms. Just before he died, the constable of Bourbon approached, and loudly deplored the impending event, but Bayard exclaimed, *'It is not I that need compassion, but rather you who are fighting against your king and country.'*

When the holy viaticum was brought into the death chamber of St. Theresa, she exclaimed, *'Come, Lord! the hour is then at hand when I am to leave this abode of exile—the moment of my deliverance is near.'* She expired, reciting many times over the Psalm

'Miserere,' and repeatedly dwelling on the verse—*'A contrite and humble heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise.'*—The Metropolitan.

MISCELLANEA.

A chaplain at a State Prison was asked by a friend how his parishioners were. *'All under 'conviction''* was the reply.

A sailor, looking serious in a chapel, was asked by the minister if he felt any change. *'Not a cent,'* said Jack.

'When was Rome built?' inquired a 'competative' examiner. *'In the night, sir.'* *'In the night, how do you make that out?'* *'Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day.'*

Sheridan said beautifully, *'Women govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of their minds depends the wisdom of men.'*

An old Dutch tavern keeper at the lower end of the 'borough,' had his third wife, and being asked for his views of matrimony, replied:—

'Vell den, you see, de first time I marries for love—dat wash goot; den I marries for peauty—dat wash goot, too; about as goot as de first; but dis time I marries for monish—and dis is petter as poth!' Old Cooney took a practical view of things.

'Father, what does a printer live on?'
'Live on!—like other folks. Why do you ask?'
'Because you said you hadn't paid anything for your paper, and the printer still sends it to you.'

'Wife, spank that boy.'
'I shan't do it.'
'Why not?'
'Because there is no reason.'
'No reason!—yes there is; spank him I tell you.'
'I won't do any such thing.'

'He's too smart.'
'That comes of marrying me.'
'How so? What do you mean?'

'I mean just this, the boy is smarter than his father, and you can't deny it.'

'That's queer talk, and I wish—'
'I don't care what you wish; the boy knows enough to see that a man, printer or no printer, can't live on nothing; I should think you would be ashamed to cheat the poor printer.'

And then 'bang goes the door, and out goes the father and husband, grumbling like a bear with a sore head.

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THE IRISH MISCELLANY

PICTURE GALLERY.

INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

On Saturday, the 3d of July next, we shall present to each subscriber to the Irish Miscellany, a splendid Lithographic Engraving, representing the glorious scene, which occurred shortly before the capture of Limerick, when General Sarsfield, who commanded the Irish horse, having learned that a large supply of heavy siege guns was on the way to the camp of the Prince of Orange, resolved to capture them. Crossing over the country by a difficult and circuitous route, so as to intercept the convoy, he came up in front of it at Killenunna, attacked William's troops, defeated them and compelled them to retreat before the Irish horse, leaving their artillery in the hands of Sarsfield.

Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the mountain passes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands. A train being laid, the spark was applied, and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William was shattered into innumerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to the great popularity of the gallery at Sarsfield. The explosion shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

It is at the moment of the explosion of the English artillery, which our artist has seized upon for the subject of his pencil.

This memorable event will be faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as we can learn to any of our Irish artists, and shall now have ample justice done to it. It will make a beautiful picture. We shall present it to our readers on a sheet of fine drawing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

It will at once be seen that we cannot do this without a great outlay of capital. We expect to be reimbursed by a very large addition to our subscription list, as no person will be entitled to it who has not paid on or before the 3d of July next one year's subscription in advance, dating from our first number.

Non subscribers will be supplied at \$1.50 for each plate.

We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a picture gallery worthy of the events we propose to commemorate. This will be the first of a series of NATIONAL PICTURES we propose presenting gratis to our regular subscribers the second picture of the series will be ready early in October, the subject of which is not yet decided on. We should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess old pictures of remarkable events in Irish history, or portraits of distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They shall be taken good care of, and returned.

Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually supersede the wretched daubs which are often met with.

Our arrangements for the first picture are almost completed. It will be absolutely necessary that we should know immediately the number of plates we shall want. Let our subscribers therefore, send in their subscriptions without delay, and the publisher will give us their correct address. We shall not strike off any more copies than are ordered before the above date.

Will our friends of the press please notice this new feature in our publication, and will they care that their sanctuaries are adorned with choice copies of this national picture.

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TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

WORDS BY FURLONG. MUSIC BY LOVER.

Tenderly, but not too Slow.

1. "True love can ne'er for - get, Fond - ly as when we met; Dear - est, I love thee yet,
 2. "Long years are past and o'er Since, from this fa - tal shore, Cold hearts and cold winds bore

My dar - ling one!" Thus sang a min - strel gay His sweet, im - pas - sioned lay. Down by the
 My love from me." Scarce - ly the min - strel spoke, When, quick, with flash - ing stroke, A boat's light

ocean's spray. At rise of sun. But with - ered was the min-strel's sight; Morn to him was dark as night;
 oar the silence broke O - ver the sea. Soon, up - on her na - tive strand, Doth a love - ly la - dy land;

Yet his heart was full of light, As he this lay be - gun: "True love can ne'er for - get,
 While the min - strel's love-taught hand Did o'er his sweet harp run, "True love can ne'er for - get,

Fond - ly as when we met; Dear - est, I love thee yet, My dar - ling one."
 Fond - ly as when we met; Dear - est, I love thee yet, My dar - ling one."

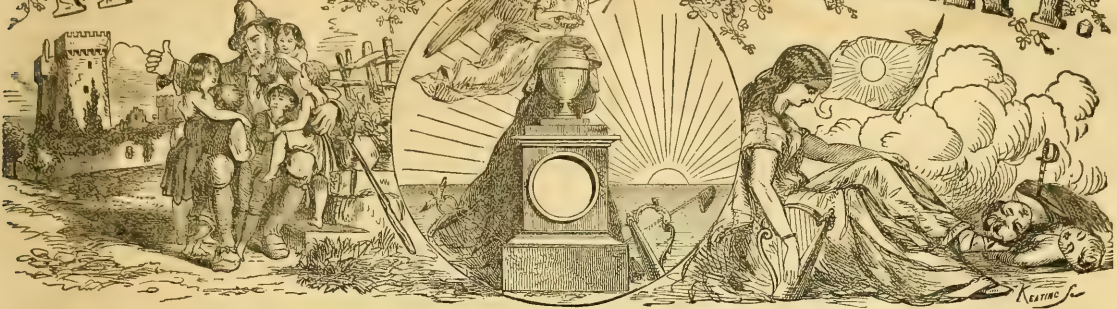
3.

Where the minstrel sat alone,
 There that lady fair bath gone;
 Within his hand she placed her own:
 The bard dropped on his knee;
 From his lip soft blessings came:
 He kissed her hand, with truest flame;
 In trembling tones he named her name,
 Though her he could not see.

But, O! the touch, the bard could tell,
 Of that dear hand, remembered well.
 Ah! by many a secret spell,
 Can true love trace his own!
 For true love can ne'er forget,
 Fondly as when they met;
 He loved his lady yet,
 His darling one.

Founded on the fact related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that, after his loss of sight, and the lapse of twenty years, he recognised his first love by the touch of her hand.

IRISH MISCELLANY



VOLUME I—NUMBER 24.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858.

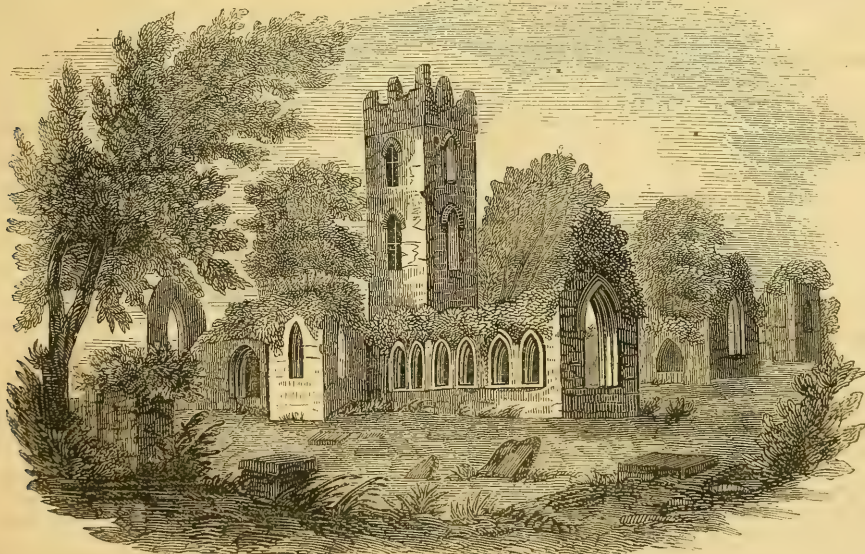
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FRANCISCAN ABBEY, ADAIR.

The ancient town of Adair, or as some antiquarians write it, Adare, in the barony of Coshma, and county of Limerick, is about one hundred and ten miles from the city of Dublin, and nine from Limerick. There is not, perhaps, in the whole province of Munster so beautifully situated a village as Adair. Its lonely and unfrequented shades, and the venerable and magnificent ruins of its castle, and once splendid religious edifices, raise in the mind of the occasional visitor sensations and emotions the most

sublime and delightful. From ancient records we find its name written Athdare or Ath-daar, which signifies the 'Ford of Oaks;' and it must have been formerly a place of great beauty, consequence, and strength. It contains three large religious establishments; and above we present our readers with a view of the Poor Abbey, as it was called, being a foundation of Friars Minors, of the strict order of St. Francis. The remains of this abbey are elegantly picturesque; its mouldering walls being covered with a mantle of ivy. It was a very extensive build-

ing, in the old Gothic style of architecture. It is said to have been founded in the reign of the first Edward, by John, earl of Kildare, having attached to it a large tract of ground on the north side of the river. On the south side an Augustinian abbey was founded, known by the name of the black abbey, of which there still exist some very beautiful and romantic remains in good preservation. But what appears to have been the most important establishment was the white abbey, or the house of the Holy Trinity, instituted for the redemption of



RUINS OF THE FRANCISCAN ABBEY, ADAIR.

captives, and founded by an earl of Kildare about the year 1271, to which was attached very large possessions, which were granted with all their appurtenances and other premises, on the fourth of November, in the 37th of Queen Elizabeth, to Sir H. Wallop, Knight. The entrance to this abbey was by a low gate on the west side, which is yet partly standing, and with the other ruins of this very large edifice, present a gloomy yet fanciful picture to the eye of the spectator. What, perhaps, is a curious circumstance in ecclesiastical history, we

find that in 1610, the rectory of Ashdare belonged to the nunneries of the white abbey.

The Rectory of Adair is at present in the possession of the Croker family—the vicarage only belongs to the church. The Quin family (Earls Dunraven) are the Lords of the soil; and it has two fairs, which are held in March and October.

That mind which will not be contented with its condition, is its own tormentor. Persons are miserable, only because they are not in the place where they

want to be; are not employed in the things they would gladly be busied in; or do not enjoy what they desire. But do you continue with pleasure wherever you are obliged to be. Perform, without repining, all that it may be requisite for you to do; be satisfied with whatever you possess, and you will then be as happy, not to say happier, than those who command over, and exceed you in wealth and power.

Why is love like a canal boat? Because it is in an internal transport.

BONNIE JEAN.

Tune—'The Bonnie Lass of Ballaghmyle.'

You've seen upon the budding thorn,
And on the flower that shelters near,
The dew-drop, sweetest child of morn,
Like crystal, trembling pure and clear;
Oh! then you have seen my lassie dear,
On Braia's romantic banks so green;
Like you bright star amid the sphere,
Appears the glauce of Bonnie Jean.

She's sweeter than the infant rose;—
She's fairer than the mountain snow;—
And milder than the breeze that blows;
When opening flowers their beauties slow;
To look upon her lovely brow,
Where care nor sorrow ere hath been;
You'll feel like me, your bosom glow,
With unfeigned love for Bonnie Jean.

As have wandered in the winding vale,
As day light sunk behind the hill;
And listened to the linnets' tale,
Enraptured by the rippling rill;
And drank at fancy's dream at will,
When all was silent and serene;
Yet ne'er have had such joys as till
My heart, at sight of blue-eyed Jean.

When'er the lark at early dawn,
Enraptured hails returning day,
You'll find her wandering o'er the lawn,
Enamored with his cheerful lay;—
With such a maid to pass away
Life's tedious toils and joys unseen,
In virtue's paths I still would stray,
Bless'd with my Bonnie blue-eyed Jean.

Had I the hills and vales of Braia,
From Slensish rood to Tullymore;
And the flocks that there have strayed
Since the Blackcock began to roar;
I'd think of other maids no more,
With her still happy I'd be seen,
For in my bosom's inward core,
Dwells Ballymena's Bonnie Jean.

VALOR AND CONSTANCY.

Upwards of twenty years since, when the British arms were actively engaged in a foreign country, there lived in the north of Ireland a poor farmer, called Walter O'Brien, who possessed a neat cottage and a few acres of land, on which he daily labored for the support of his family. O'Brien had, in his early days, felt the strokes of adversity; for, being bequeathed a considerable property from a distant relative, after having enjoyed it some years, he was engaged in a law-suit, which, although it terminated in his favor, so drained his purse, that he was obliged to dispose of the greater part of his land, and retire to the humble cottage in which we now find him—carrying with him a wife, his only child, Alick, a boy of six years old, and Mary M'Carter, the orphan child of a neighboring farmer, whom, deprived of both parents in extreme youth, he had adopted in his prosperity, and now treated always as his own. His wife did not long survive her change of fortune; she died a short time after their removal to the cottage, after giving birth to an infant boy. At the period in which our narrative commences, Alick was a fine manly lad of nineteen—Mary a most beautiful and interesting creature, two years younger—and little Willie had just completed his tenth year.

It was about the middle of June, and Alick had gone to a distant fair to dispose of some cattle; he had been absent for three days, which was much longer than his wonted time, and was anxiously expected by the inmates of the cottage. Mary had paced the garden all day, straining her eyes along the road, and was now returning in despair to the house, when she saw Alick's favorite little dog running down the hill, followed by his master. She ran joyfully to the gate, and after welcoming her dear brother, (as she always called him,) chided him for his unusual delay. It is almost unnecessary to observe, that a strong attachment subsisted between

this youthful pair. When children, Mary was always Alick's little wife, and they now looked forward to the consummation of their happiness. But Alick had of late begun to feel the difficulties of his situation. His father's farm was very small; and he could neither bear the idea of being a burden to him, or of marrying his beloved Mary, without a home to take her to. The lovers entered the cottage together, and Alick was warmly received by the old man, who was just returned from his daily labor, attended by little Willie.

After he had taken some refreshment, his father questioned him about his success at the fair, and the cause of his delay. He briefly told his story; the fair was badly attended, and he had found great difficulty in disposing of his cattle.

'But I am going to leave you, father,' said he, his eyes filling with tears. 'I am going into the service of my country; and maybe it may be God's will that I should come home, with some means of supporting you in your old age.'

'And where are you going, my own boy?' said Walter. 'Sure you would not leave your poor old father and little Mary, whom you are to marry so soon.'

'Father, I am listed,' said Alick. 'I could not bear to be any longer a burden to you; you are yourself more than sufficient to labor the little land we have left; and here is Willie, old enough to take my place. As for Mary, how can I ask her to marry me, till I have some way to support her? Sure, you would not have me to rear up a family to devour my poor father's substance? The sergeant tells me, if I conduct myself well, when the regiment comes home, I will get a pension for life; but, father he told me more than this—he said it was a shame to see a stout boy, like me, staying idle at home, while my countrymen were fighting so many bloody battles. He said, I owed it to my country to go; and, dear father, with God's blessing, and your's I will pay the debt. Mr. Elliot was at the fair, and pledged himself I would be with the sergeant before night-to-morrow.'

The old man tenderly embraced his son, and sobbing over him, exclaimed:—

'My child! my child!—it is now done—you are pledged, and must go. We will miss you sorely; but, perhaps, it may please the Lord to bring you home safe, to close the eyes of your poor old father. But remember, Alick, you are an Irishman; and, although it would be a sore blow to me if any evil happened to you. I would rather hear of you dying in battle, in the service of your country, than see you return laden with gold, after turning your back on that country's foes.'

'With God's blessing,' said Alick, 'I shall never disgrace my country; and if it be his will that I should fall, I shall, at least, die in my duty.'

'Oh! no! no!' exclaimed Mary, who during the conversation, sat, pale and motionless, in a corner of the room. 'Oh, no! dear Alick, you must not go.'

'Dearest Mary, do not thus distress me,' said Alick. 'My duty calls me for a short time, and I shall soon return to claim my wife.'

Poor Mary sobbed bitterly, and quitted the apartment. Alick joined his father in making some arrangements previous to his departure, and then went in quest of Mary. He found her in the garden, sitting on a rustic seat, in which they had often learned their tasks together in happier days. He explained to her the necessity for his departure; and after exchanging mutual pledges of inviolable constancy, they returned to the cottage, and each retired to rest.

At an early hour, the following morning they sat down to a meal, which each partook of in silence. It was now time for Alick's departure; and having packed his little bundle on his back, and taken an affectionate leave of the disconsolate Mary, and his

little brother, he set out, accompanied by his father, who insisted on walking with him to the town of —, where he joined the other recruits.

The poor man returned in the evening, bringing with him, Mr. Elliot, land-steward of Lord —, from whom Walter rented his little farm. Elliot had been always an occasional visitor at the cottage, and a great admirer of Mary, by whom he was greatly disliked. He was of a haughty, imperious disposition; but, being the person who collected the rents on that portion of his master's estates, he exacted great respect from the poor cottagers.

'And so your brother is gone to the wars, Mary,' said he, as he entered the cottage. 'And when do you think he will return?'

'You ought to know that better than me, sir,' was the reply.

'Why, I see no chance of an end to this war,' said Elliot; 'and I think he cannot come back before twenty years, or so.' (Mary sighed.) But I suppose you will soon be getting married now, Miss Mary,' said her tormentor.

'By your own account there is but little prospect of that,' replied Mary, 'for twenty years, or so.'

'I said, Alick would not come home for that time; but surely you do not intend waiting for him to be present at your nuptials?'

'She and Alick are engaged to be married to each other for many years,' said the old man, interrupting him; 'and I trust he may be spared for her sake, as well as mine, as if anything happened him it would break her heart.'

Elliot professed total ignorance, although he well knew of the attachment subsisting between them; and having long determined on making Mary his own wife, he had meditated some plan of getting rid of his rival. At length he formed one. Knowing that Alick was gone to the fair, he also repaired thither, and persuaded the recruiting sergeant to use every art to engage Alick in his service. We have already seen how he succeeded; and the very day his first victim was embarked for a foreign land, he began to practise his wiles on the lonely and unfortunate Mary.

Several weeks had now passed, and the inmates of the cottage by degrees became more reconciled to their loss. Willie was able to assist his father in cultivating the farm, and attended the neighboring markets. But months rolled on, and they now began to be uneasy at not hearing from Alick, when one evening Elliot entered the cottage, apparently in deep affliction.

'Oh! my friends,' said he, 'I am sorry to be the bearer of such sad news.'

'He is killed! he is killed!' exclaimed Mary, and sunk lifeless on the floor.

Elliot assisted Willie in restoring the unfortunate girl, and then resumed his seat beside her father.

'Oh! tell me true,' said the poor man, 'is my Alick dead?'

'Alas! it is but too true,' said Elliot. 'I had, this morning, a letter from a servant of my master, and he mentioned that he had been killed in the first battle he was engaged in.'

'Oh! my darling boy,' sobbed the poor old man, and he wrung his hands in an agony of grief.

Mary was carried to bed, and remained in a state of insensibility. In the morning, Elliot brought a medical person to see her, and she was pronounced in a high fever.

Poor Walter suppressed his own grief, and gave all his attention to the unhappy girl, who, after lingering in a dangerous state for upwards of three months, began gradually to recover. But more misery was yet in store for them. She was scarcely able to walk a little in the garden, when Willie, who had been unremitting in his care of her, was seized with the fever, and died after a few weeks' illness. Walter was now reduced to the lowest ebb of grief

and despair; he had to lament his two darling boys, and had no prospect of any means of support for the future. He felt his own days were nearly ended; but he could not bear the idea of leaving Mary in the wretched condition from which he had formerly rescued her. Elliot was most assiduous in his kindness. He not only never called for the rent—all of which Walter had spent in providing comforts for Mary, during her illness—but advanced a large sum of money to stock the farm, which had fallen to decay since Willie's death. By this artful conduct, he not only entrapped his victims into a belief of his sincerity, but got them completely into his power. He now began to importune Mary about consenting to their union; but she determined, as long as she could make any effort for her father's support, she would never marry a man she could not love.

Mary had received a good education, and she now determined to turn it to some account. She went round the neighboring farmers, and persuaded many of them to send their children to her for a few hours every day, offering to teach for a small remuneration. The old man was now become infirm and being unable to work his farm, gave it up, except the small plot of ground before the door of the cottage. They were supported for a year by the products of Mary's little school, when a violent fever broke out among the children. They were all taken from her, and once more were these unfortunate people reduced to the brink of despair.

Elliot had been absent in a distant part of the country for some time, and, on his return, found affairs just in the situation suitable to his purposes. He called at the cottage—obtained an interview—represented the ruined state of her father's affairs—the ardor of his own passion—and finally mentioned the sum he had advanced during her illness, of which she had never been told previously. He told her he could immediately turn them both out at a minute's notice, to beg upon the highway. Mary entreated him to leave them unmolested for one week, and promised, at the expiration of that time, to consent, if she could devise no other means of relief. He consented, and the unfortunate girl, now left to herself, began to ponder on the difficulties of her situation. She must marry a man she detested, or, by her means, her poor old father would be turned out of his own house, without a morsel to eat, or a roof to shelter him. It would unquestionably kill him, and she would be the murderer of that more than parent, who had saved her from that very fate which she would bring on him. No, no; it must not be. She went straightway to her father, and signified to him her having consented to marry Elliot that day week.

Five days had now passed in sad expectations of the coming event; and on the evening of the sixth day, as Mary was reading aloud to her father, by the fire, a gentle tap was heard at the door. Mary ran, and opened it, thinking it was her destined husband, but started back in affright, when she saw a tall, thin, ghostly-looking figure standing before her.

'Mary!—dearest Mary!—don't you know your own Alick?' exclaimed the stranger.

She would never have known his face, but his well-known voice struck her like magic. In a moment they were in each other's arms.

'My Alick!—my dear, dear, long-lost Alick!—and is it you, alive and well?' exclaimed Mary. 'But you are weak. Come, and see our father, and take some rest. Father, here is Alick, come back, as he promised, to be a comfort to you in your old days.'

'And are you my Alick?' said the old man. 'No, no! you are not like my handsome, blooming boy; but I suppose you too have met afflictions. If you are really my own boy, come to my arms, for I am too weak to rise.'

Alick approached, and was pressed fondly to his father's breast.

'Yes, yes; you are indeed my son—I know you now. But why did they tell us you were dead, and why did you never write to us, my own boy?'

'And who told you I was dead?' exclaimed Alick.

'Did I not write to you constantly, and did not you Mary, get a letter from me last month, telling you I was coming home?'

'We never got one letter since you left us, Alick,' said Mary; 'and about a year after you set out, Mr. Elliot told us he heard from a servant of my lord's that you were killed.'

'Then he must be a villain,' said Alick. 'I sent all my letters along with Lord ———'s despatches, enclosed to him, and he must have kept them. But, by heaven, he shall atone for this if he has deceived me.'

'You little know,' said his father, 'at what a merciful time you have come to us; but you are wearied, and must take some refreshment, and go to rest, and I shall tell you all to-morrow. But, gracious Providence! have you lost your arm, Alick?'

'I have father, but it was lost in a good cause, and I can make good use of my left; but, I pray you, tell me this mysterious story now?'

'Mary,' said the old man, 'will tell it you, for I am very weak.'

Mary related their whole history from the time of his departure, with all of which our readers are already acquainted. When she related the manner in which Elliot had extorted her consent to their union, his face was distorted with rage, and he uttered many solemn threats of vengeance. After taking some food, Alick retired to rest, and on the following morning he told his story to his father and sister; but as it was related with that true modesty which characterises real valor, we shall briefly tell it for him, with more impartiality.

When he joined his regiment, he was rejoiced to find it composed almost entirely of Irish, and commanded by Lord ———, his father's landlord. Soon afterwards, the brigade of which his regiment formed a part, was ordered to join a division of the army which lay encamped near ———. During the march they were engaged in frequent skirmishes with the enemy, and even then Alick gave proof of that courage for which he was ever after distinguished. Not to trespass on the patience of our readers, suffice it to say that for a period of two years he distinguished himself in several engagements, and was at length wounded and taken prisoner, with several of his comrades. In about three months he was liberated in an exchange of prisoners, and on rejoining his regiment was made serjeant of the regiment to which he formerly belonged. A short time after the regiment was detached, with some others, to escort provisions, and on passing through a narrow defile, were suddenly attacked by a strong force of the enemy, which lay in wait for them. The commander formed his little band as well as the emergency would admit of, but Alick's regiment being in front, were almost cut to pieces; he himself fought with heroic courage; when, seeing the color of his regiment in the hands of the enemy, he determined to rescue it or perish. He turned round to the soldiers near him, and pointed to the color; it was enough; in a moment he was followed by a body of heroes into the thickest of the enemy—he pressed forward, making devastation wherever he went—struck to the ground the person who was bearing off the prize, and seizing it in his right hand, waved it over the heads of his comrades; the next moment a ball struck his arm, and it fell powerless by his side—he seized the color in the other, and still encouraging his men to a second charge, he fell to the ground from loss of blood. A reinforcement now came up, the enemy were repulsed, and Alick was carried off the field, still grasping the rescued ensign; he was obliged to suffer amputation, and was confined to hospital for several months. On his recovery he was presented with a large sum of money as a present recompense for his wounds and

services, and promised, on his landing in England, a comfortable pension for life. He repaired immediately to the sea-coast, and there found Lord ———, his former commander, waiting for a ship to embark for England; he had not seen Alick since his last glorious achievement, and he now paid him a very handsome compliment on his bravery, and promised, when they arrived in England, to procure him a pension from government without obliging him to present his own memorial.

Once landed on his native shore, Alick lost no time in hurrying to his home, anxious to find if the only ties which still bound him to earth were in existence. We are already acquainted with the sequel.

Alick had scarcely finished his story, when a little boy came running in to say that a gentleman had fallen from his horse and was killed on the road. Alick ran out, and saw a man apparently lifeless, lying at the foot of a precipice which bounded the road; he immediately descended, and with the assistance of the boy, raised the unfortunate man from the ground and carried him to the house; they placed him on a bed, and Mary assisted her brother in washing the blood from his face; when this was done, he showed some signs of life, when Mary immediately exclaimed, 'Good God! it is Elliot!'

It truly was this unhappy man, who on riding to claim her promise met this unhappy fate. Fear of death struck him with remorse, and he now made a confession of his crimes. He had written a letter to Alick immediately before the false account of his death, stating that he and Mary were married, in hopes of driving him to some rash act (but this letter had never reached its destination,) and he acknowledged that he had detained all Alick's letters.

'Mary, you forgive me?' faltered the dying man. 'I do,' said Mary, 'and may God also forgive you.' Ere she had finished the sentence life had fled.

We must now come to a conclusion. Lord ——— visited his estates in a few days, and calling at the cottage, informed Alick he had procured him a comfortable pension. Learning the fate and villainy of his steward, he conferred the situation on Alick, and was himself present at his nuptials, which were celebrated in the village church a few days after his arrival.

Alick and Mary would never consent to leave the cottage, but built an addition to it, and made it more comfortable. The old man survived his happiness for some years and died of a good old age, after witnessing the birth of two grandchildren.

POPULAR LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH.

No IV.

The Headless Horseman of Shanacloch.

It was one of those wild nights which frequently visit us in the month of December, when the floodgates of heaven pour their torrents, the winds rush angrily through the heavens, and the lightnings glance along the air, that a social and happy circle formed round the hospitable hearth of Tom Cahill, of Shanacloch. Though the rafters cracked in the weight of the savage wind, and the lofty ash trees, that rose amid the ruins of the adjacent castle, groaned to the elemental war, and the echoes of the neighboring cliffs bore to our ear the hollow roaring of the foaming Bride, yet happy in the contemplation of our exemption from the storm, and enlivened by the much-loved strains of Jack Piggot, the purblind piper, we turned a deaf ear to nature's present fit of ill-humor. The servant, domestic and outward, were footing it lightly to the music of the pipes in the kitchen. Jack, seated in the broad chimney-corner, had already gulped down five good tumblers of punch, made in the parlor by Mrs. Cahill's own hand. Tom, maugre his alderman-like roundity of belly, was jiggling it among the youngsters. The stacks were well secured, the barns replenished, the snug mansion afforded a bed for a friend, and a keg of whiskey, poteen, or parliament, as the case may be—he rent was paid, and the house well thatched—in short we may say, with Burns,

'The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tum did in mind the storm a whistle.'

Perhaps the gentle reader would grant me a moment's indulgence, while I introduce Shanacloch to his notice. Tom Cahill's snug residence is situated on the bank of the winding river Bride, between Rathormac and Glenville. The farm takes its name from the ruins of an old castle which defended the possessions of the Barrys in this quarter. This ruined castle, like almost all others, in Ireland, has many tales of superstition connected with it. It was a strong, square building, and its brave garrison made a noble defense, till at length it was taken by treachery, and its defenders murdered in cold blood. The extraordinary breadth of the massive walls has enabled the edifice to partially resist the assaults of time, who has, at length flung a green mantle of sheltering ivy over the ruin, as if anxious to preserve it from the storm of ages. But the hand of man has effected wide dilapidations—the instruments of war have levelled its front to the dust; and I am sorry to record that the Vandalism of my friend, Tom Cahill, has been busy with the rest, a sacrilege which will not be forgiven by me, either in this world or in the world to come.

At Shanacloch, the duties of that loveliest of virtues—hospitality, are well observed. To its well-known mansion, the homeless wanderer turns his weary feet, certain of receiving food and shelter; the house never lacked a train of strollers; but myself and Piggot, the piper, were the most frequent and welcome visitors. By some strange coincidence, we generally came to Shanacloch at the same time, and it was a remark, that when your humble servant gave the 'God save all here,' blind Piggot was not far behind. Piggot's features were cast in nature's coarsest mould; but when he tuned his pipes to one of his Irish airs, the expression of benevolence and calm delight on his misshapen face was truly interesting. Jack's music, indeed, had a powerful effect upon those who heard his strain. My heart has throbbed, and my eyes swam in tears, as he poured the full tide of the bellowing air, Cosh-na-breda, on my raptured ear; and when he struck up one of the martial tunes by which the minstrel of the olden day roused the clansmen to war and glory. I have seen the rude peasants who hang upon the strain, start forward with a wild shout, and flourish their sticks in the air. My chief motive for these frequent visits was to hear Piggot's matchless music, and glean legendary lore from Biddy Moylan, an ancient retainer of the Shanacloch family.

'God bless us,' said Biddy Moylan, from her straw-bottomed chair in the corner, 'what a dreadful hour it is at sea! This wild hour will have many fatherless childer after it. Jack Piggot, drop that music, and let us all pray for the souls of the poor sailors that are this blessed minute sinking under the waves, to made food for fishes.'

'Don't you know, Biddy,' says Jack, laying his chanter horizontally across his knees, 'that music often calmed a storm; and that when the wicked one had Paddy Barret in the houl of the devil's cave, when he played up the 'Graces,' instead of the wicked thune the company axed for, their spells were broken, and poor Paddy set at liberty.'

'Enough is good as a faist,' rejoined the old woman, 'and too much of wain thing is good for nothing. It was coshering and dancing they war, when Maracach-na-Shanacloch gave his last visit; the music drowned his voice, and honest people lost their good luck.'

As I was a great favorite of old Bridget's, upon expressing a wish to hear the 'Legend of the Horseman,' she kindly complied. The dancing ceased, and the pipes were bagged. After Biddy Moylan had struck the ashes from her dudden, and Jack Piggot called out 'Tention,' she thus began:—

'Long and merry ago, when Shemish-a-cocca, that lost ould Ireland, had 'cess to him, was fighting it with some Orangeman, or other, that kem from England, with army, to destroy the Catholics, Shanacloch, that then belonged to the Barrys (the rap M'Adamees), was garrisoned with stout boys, that defended the place for James, and well, in their way, they wor to spill

their blood, like ditch wather for the bad bird that befouled his own nest. The great guns were planted against the castle overnight as there at Bushy-park, and they roared night and day, but though the bullets battered the walls, and did a power of damage, the boys at Shanacloch ped them off in their own em. So, my dear, one dark night they stole upon the castle, being determined by all accounts to take the Barrys at an amplash, but they peppered them with bullets from the port-holes; and when the enemy drew off, they followed them down the big field, to the Bride, and, ma-yrone, the battle-axes of the Barry's used to strike off heads and arms like tops o' thistles, and they pursued them into the river, and the Bride, that this blessed night is so muddy an dark, was thin red with blood. Soon after the English captain hoist his sails, and off with him, horse an foot, with a floy in his ear. But as the bodachs wor passing through Bunkilly in their way to Mallows, a man kim against them mounted on a black horse, with a great parcel of brogues in a kish.

'Hillo, frind,' says the captain, 'who are you, and where might you be throting to at that rate?'

'I'm an honest brogue-maker, saving your honor's presence, and carrying this kish of brogues to the garrishon at Shanacloch,' says the horseman.

'Will you come back to-night?' says the captain.

'Is it to come back, your honor manes? By Jam-inie, if I put my eyes on Kippins, the boys wouldn't let me quit to-night. I'll be bail for lashings of whiskey there, an' hay an oats galore for this ould baste.'

'Harkye, frind,' says the captain, 'you dnt seem to be overburthened with money, and if you got a fistfull of yellow guineas, would you have any objection to do me a thrifle of service.'

'Yet to make my long story short, the murdering thraitor agreed for a sum of money to betray the Barrys, and let the enemy in upon them in the dead o' the night. The poor min that wor harrassed and worn out from watching and constant fighting, took a dthrop extraordinary for joy that the English bodachs legged it, and every man wint to sleep, when the brogue-maker promised to keep watch till morning. But by the time the min were dead asleep, the English returned, and the thief of the world opened the gates, and every mother's soul in the castle was murdered in cold blood. Eighteen Redmonds of the Barrys, that were sworn stand or fall together, were stabbed (the Lord save us!) in their sleep. Whin this massacre was finished, the brogue-maker claimed the reward, and requested to be let go, as the daylight was fast approaching.

'I'll give you all you bargained for, and a thrifle over,' says the captain; an when he ped the money down on the nail, he struck off the villian's head for betraying the noble fellows, whose blood flowed through every room of the castle that night.

'From that time forward a headless horseman was seen every night: riding round Shanacloch, and it is not said that he ever did the laste injury to any body. In the coorse of years, this very house that I'm telling the story in, (God bless all that's in it) was built upon the Horseman's Walk, by the master's grand-father, and every night he entered the kitchen by the door, and wint out through the opposite wall that closed after him, as if no Christian soul passed through it, and they always put out the candle, to allow him to go by unnoticed. But the night the master's aunt (God rest her soul) was marrying, in the middle of the piping and dancing, the horseman called out at the door—though I wonder how he could, for he never a head upon him. The people of the wedding didn't hear, or were afear'd to answer him, not knowing, poor, dear people, what trouble they might be brought to. The headless horseman of Shanacloch was never seen or heard of since. They say his time was out, and his horrible threacherly atoned for; and that, on this last night, he came to thank them for their past kindness to him.

'Thanks be to heaven, spirits and ghosts are going away very fast, bekase wars and murders are at an ind; and the clergy, more power to em, has sent a great many souls to the Red Say.'

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

Lonis the Fifteenth despatched into Germany a confidential person on a mission of importance; on this gentleman returning post, with four servants, night surprised him in a poor hamlet, where there was not even an ale-house. He asked could he lodge at the manor one night, and was answered that it had been forsaken some time; that only a farmer was there by day-light, whose house stood apart from the manor, which was haunted by spirits that came again and beat people.

The traveller said that he was not afraid of spirits, and to show that he was not, his attendants should remain in the hamlet, and that he would go alone to the house, where he would be a match for any spirits that visited there—that he had heard much of the departed coming again, and he had long had curiosity to see some of them.

He established himself at the manor-house—had a good fire lighted—and as he did not intend going to bed, had pipes and tobacco brought, with wine; he also laid on the table two brace of loaded pistols. About midnight he heard a dreadful rattling of chains, and saw a man of large stature, who beckoned, and made a sign for his coming to him. The gentleman placed two pistols in his belt, put the third in his pocket, and took the fourth one in one hand, and the candle in the other. He then followed the phantom who, going down the stairs, crossed the court into a passage.

But when the gentleman was at the end of the passage, his footing failed, and he slipped down a trap-door. He observed, through an ill-jointed partition, between him and a cellar, that he was in the power of several men, who were deliberating whether they should kill him. He also learned by their conversation, that they were coiners. He raised his voice and desired leave to speak to them. This was granted.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'my coming hither shows my want of good sense and discretion, but must convince you that I am a man of honor, for a scoundrel is generally a coward; I promise upon honor, all secrecy respecting this adventure. Avoid murdering one that never intended to hurt you. Consider the consequences of putting me to death; I have upon me dispatches, which I am to deliver into the King of France's hands; four of my servants are now in the neighboring hamlet. Depend upon it such strict search will be made to ascertain my fate, that it must be discovered.'

The coiners resolved to take his word, and they swore him to tell frightful stories about his adventures in the manor. He said the next day that he had seen enough to frighten a man to death; no one could doubt of the truth, when the fact was warranted by one of his character.

This was continued for twelve years; after that period, when the gentleman was at his country seat with some friends, he was informed that a man, with two horses, that he led, waited on the bridge, and desired to speak to him, that he could not be persuaded to come nearer. When the gentleman appeared, accompanied by his friends, the stranger called out,

'Stop, sir, I have but a word with you; those to whom you promised, twelve years ago, not to publish what you knew regarding them, are obliged to you for the observance of their secret; and now they discharge you from your promise. They have got a competency, and are no longer in the kingdom; but before they would allow me to follow them, they engaged me to beg your acceptance of two horses, and here I leave them.'

The man, who had tied the two horses to a tree, setting spurs to his horse, went off so rapidly that they instantly lost sight of him. Then the hero of the story related to his friends what had happened to him.

A new umbrella has been manufactured in Connecticut, called the 'lending umbrella.' It is made of brown paper and willow twigs, intended exclusively to accommodate a friend.



THE CASTLE AND BRIDGE OF ADAIR.

The above engraving represents the bridge of Adair, over the river Maize (which is navigable for large boats); and the castle of the Earls of Desmond, built as if to command and guard the passage. The ruins show that it must have been a place of great strength; and its situation was chosen by a warrior who knew the value of the pass which it was raised to defend. It was finally and completely dismantled in the rebellion of 1641.

THE GERMAN WALTZER.

In 1806, I was in love with a fair creature, who seemed to be all my fond heart could wish, and I flattered myself that I possessed her affection. Although her reserve had never permitted her to bid me hope, still, from the graciousness with which she listened to my suit, and the evident pleasure that her countenance expressed at my approach, I ventured to open my mind to Mrs. Baker, the mother of my mistress, who gave me the most favorable answer, and assured me that modesty alone prevented my Margaret from personally avowing to me her predilection in my favor. My mother, therefore, proceeded to settle the nuptial preliminaries with Mrs. Baker. My fortune was much more than Margaret was entitled to expect; as love turned the scale, I rejoiced that I could prove my disinterestedness. Full of the most delightful anticipations, I went to Dublin, to give directions to my solicitor concerning the settlements; on my parting with Margaret, she would not even allow me to take her hand, though, sweetly smiling, she whispered her consent that it should become mine on my return; this maidenly reserve charmed me still more. Tired by the legal delays, I returned to my residence before the settlements were completed. So anxious was I to see her I loved, that I proposed to visit Mrs. Baker the day of my return; she lived in a town about ten miles from Elmville, my abode.

'You will meet Margaret at the ball this evening, Charles,' said my mother, 'I think as I propose going there you may delay your visit for a few hours.'

I agreed. We set off for F—— after dinner, and from some delay on the road, did not arrive till past nine o'clock.

'Let us drive to Mrs. Baker's,' said I, as we entered the town.

'Oh, no, Charles, it is too late, she is certainly gone to the ball.'

'But suppose she did not go there, I shall be so much longer without seeing Margaret.'

'Well, let us ask at the assembly room as we pass along.'

Accordingly we proceeded there. The strains of a fine military band were soon audible; the room was brilliantly lighted, and the street seemed illuminated from the lamps in the ball room; my heart began to beat violently at the anticipated meeting.

'Margaret will be surprised to see me,' I said.

'Certainly, I fancy her reserve will be overcome by the pleasure she will feel,' observed my mother laughing.

The carriage stopped; I asked an attendant whether Mrs. Baker's family were at the ball.

'That they are, sir, and all the world with them—a power of company there, sure enough, as ever you see.'

We alighted, made our way through the crowd on the staircase, and entered the ball room, the centre of which was occupied by the military band, in full waltz with their partners, and every form and chair engaged by lookers-on at the strange movements.

'What on earth is this?' I asked as our progress was impeded, my head too beginning to reel with the whirling of the waltzers.

'O, the troops have been exchanged for Germans since you went to Dublin, and this is the waltz,' said my mother.

At this moment Mr. Bolton, an old friend of ours, joined us:—

'Is this Franklin?' he asked, surprised at my sudden appearance. 'Well, you are come back to see strange sights—very fine work this is—I'd rather see my girls dead than making such a scandalous exhibition.'

'O, fie, Mr. Bolton,' said a lady who had just ceased attempting to waltz, 'it is a very pretty dance.'

'I dare say you think so,' he returned, 'but I hope these foreign dances may never take root here, we are bad enough without them.'

'The German ladies are very graceful,' said Mrs. Bolton.

'Yes,' returned her spouse, 'they really twirl about gracefully, which our countrywomen never can do; and the Germans only look on these frisks and embraces as their national dance, but the case is very different with our Irish lasses.'

'I vow,' said another gentleman, who jumped off the form on which he had been standing, 'it is a great sight to see Miss Baker waltzing with Baron Knypphausen.'

As I stood, confounded and puzzled, my Margaret whisked past in the arms of the German. The sight left my eyes—I staggered to the wall. My mother was greatly shocked.

'Charles, you must desire Margaret not to waltz; it is very strange she could think of doing so, but I'm sure she did not expect to see you here.'

I groaned—'Oh, Margaret, Margaret, that I thought wise as fair.'

With great difficulty, my mother prevailed on me to remain and speak to my lost love; accordingly I made way to her, just as her partner had waltzed her to a seat, and softly uttering, 'I tank,' with a graceful bow, and his hand on his heart, he retired; her eyes followed him. I spoke to her—she answered evidently preoccupied by him, and expressed neither surprise nor pleasure at my sudden return; her mother saw by my countenance that there was something amiss, and interposed, with a profusion of civility to me, and various conciliatory whispers to Margaret—but the charm was dissolved—the mischief was done—I was not such an absolute fool as to marry one who would permit such familiarities. How Baron Knypphausen made love could only puzzle those who knew not love was an universal language. His English was confined to 'I tank,' and Margaret's German to understanding Meta was her name in it. Her lover was soon called away to sterner scenes, and fell in an engagement shortly after he went to Spain. Again Margaret sweetly beamed her most gracious looks on me, and her parents made many pressing offers for a renewal of my suit, but I declined firmly, and since that period the fair sex have never made any impression on your humble servant.

Two young misses, discussing the qualities of a young gent, were heard at it thus:

'I like Charley; but he is rather girlish. He hasn't the least bit of beard.'

'I say he has a beard, but he shaves it off.'

'No he hasn't either, any more than I have.'

'I say he has, too, and I know it, for it scratched my cheek the other day.'

GRACE KEVIN:

I had been five years curate of the small parish of Barnclaw, when, as I was going out early one morning my usual round, I met several men, accompanied by two or three Peelders, who bore between them the body of a man laid on a shutter.

'Who is it?' I inquired.

'Farmer Ryan, sir, whom we found in the field by St. Mary's well.'

'What has happened to him?'

The Peeler drew aside the great coat that was thrown over him, and showed me the face of the dead. He had met with the fate of Sisera—a nail was fixed in his temple. I shrank back with sudden disgust—a sick and miserable feeling came over me. It was the first time I had looked upon such a spectacle, and the composure with which every other eye was fixed upon it, even at that painful moment, struck me forcibly.

'How did you discover him?' was my first question, when I spoke again.

'Our attention, sir, was excited by the peculiar barking and unusual movements of a little dog, which, I believe, belonged to the deceased. We followed it, and in a dry ditch we discovered the body.'

'Have you any traces—any suspicions?'

The Peelders looked down and were silent. I took the hint, and asked no more questions. I went away sorrowful and desponding. None but those who have experienced them, can tell the painful feelings with which a clergyman beholds these terrible proofs that he preaches in vain. It was but yesterday morning that I had seen farmer Ryan in health and strength, and had urged upon him—for he was a Protestant, though a dissenter—the absolute necessity of changing the dissolute life he led. Of all my parishioners, he was the least fit for the awful eternity into which he had entered so suddenly. I recalled the evil tenor of his past life, and his faint assurances of amendment for the future, in reply to my earnest expostulations; and now no time had been given him—he was gone, and his great account with him! At that moment, I felt as if I had not spoken with sufficient warmth—as if the forms of human society, and the respect for individual feeling, had made that voice weak, and those words cold, to which I would now have given a tremendous energy. At the time, I thought that my zeal had almost verged on imprudence; but under the immediate impression of his sudden death, it appeared as if my remonstrance had been languid and feeble. The next day I was required to be present at the inquest held on the body of farmer Ryan. On one point my testimony was important. I was believed to have been the last person who had seen him alive; but the evidence obtained proved that this was not the case. From my house he had gone to that of a woman who sold whiskey, and there his drunken habits had so far prevailed over his good resolutions, that he staid drinking till nearly intoxicated, and then left the 'public' to go home. A man, however, proved that he did not reach his own house, but was seen to enter the cabin of Grace Kevin, from whence no evidence was adduced in proof of his departure. It is wonderful how often the most trifling circumstances lead to the detection of murder. The man who gave his evidence declared, that he should not have known it was farmer Ryan, but that as he went in at the little gate his coat caught in a nail, and he heard him continually say, 'damn it'; otherwise, the evening was so far advanced, and the deceased's hat so slouched over his face, that he should not have been able to have sworn positively to his identity. The police now came forward, and stated that the steps which had been traced from the field in which the farmer was found, to the cabin of Grace Kevin and her mother, answered to the feet of both those persons. The coroner went himself to examine the foot-marks, but rain had since fallen heavily and most of them were effaced. One or two, however, were found by the hedge, and under the shelter of its bushes had remained entire. They were those of a naked foot, and had this singularity, that they were the steps of persons who came from the field to the house—there was no trace of any from the house

to the field. Both the women were in custody, and the police further deposed that they had asked them if farmer Ryan had been at their house the day before, and that they had positively denied the fact. They were brought in, and closely examined, but not publicly. What transpired to afflict guilt upon them was not generally known; but they were fully committed for trial at the approaching assizes, and removed immediately to the county gaol. The countenance of Grace was so hid by the hood she wore, that I did not see it; on that of her mother every evil passion was impressed, mixed with a troubled expression of countenance. She did not appear to have expected her committal, and it had destroyed her previous equanimity. The crowd without received them in profound silence—neither blessings nor execrations attended their removal. Ryan was a Protestant—the girl and her mother were Catholics. The beauty of Grace had been to her a fatal dowry. Three years before, Ryan had fallen in love with her, and she had lived some time with him as his mistress, in the enjoyment of vulgar splendor and wasted wealth. Her brothers had been maintained by Ryan in idleness, and while these advantages lasted all had gone well; but on the loss of her child, Grace seemed to lose her hold on the affections of Ryan; they had frequently differed, and at length quarrelled more seriously. From being less lavish to her brothers, he grew in time less friendly, and at last positively refused to support them, or bestow on them some ground he had before promised to let them cultivate, rent free. Frequent and bitter discussions ensued; till on some act of deliberate unkindness to her mother, she left him, and took shelter with her in a miserable cabin, where they had often in the bitterness of their hearts been heard to curse Ryan, and menace him with vengeance. Ryan, who had missed Grace more than he had anticipated, would willingly have received her again; but as her family were not included in his renewed advances, they were scornfully rejected. They ceased to see each other; and her brothers left the country. It was supposed that in his drunken fit Ryan sought the cottage, and had there met with a death fearfully sudden. These were all the circumstances yet known; but the assizes were near, and every one looked with intense anxiety to the trial.

* * * * *

The assizes came at last, and after some minor cases had been dismissed, that of Grace Kevin stood next on the list. I was obliged to be in court to give evidence, and being once there, I was compelled to remain; there was no possibility of release until the trial was over. The grand jury had found a true bill against her mother and herself, for the wilful murder of Farmer Ryan. When Grace was asked, 'guilty or not guilty,' by the court her lips moved, but no audible sound issued from them; her counsel said she pleaded not guilty, and that plea was recorded—I thought, with a feeling of impatience on the part of the accused. The police deposed to the footmarks, and their agreement in size with those of the accused; they further stated they had picked up a leather thong caught apparently in a nail, which corresponded exactly with a failure in the shoe of the deceased. The shoe and the leather thong were produced, and as their exact agreement was made obvious to all, a change appeared for the first time on the face of the younger prisoner. She turned, and fixed her eyes sadly upon her mother—something like reproach was in them, while the old woman, on receiving that wild glance, smote her breast, and groaned audibly. The speech of the young advocate for the prisoners made a visible impression on the jury. The judge summed up the evidence, and gave full weight to every extenuating circumstance—hope beat high in many an anxious heart in that crowded court; and an expression of renewed confidence sat on every face. Grace, in the meantime, stood with downcast eyes, and a countenance of intense thought. While her advocate had dwelt so eloquently on her wrongs, a thousand rapid emotions had passed over her countenance, and the mention of her child seemed to excite a thrill of agony; but these fluctu-

tuations of feeling had now passed away, and she stood as if the strife of her thoughts had annihilated all feeling within her. This could not last long—she became sensible of her situation, as the jury were about to withdraw, and in a tone which, low and almost sepulchral as it was, was yet heard by every one in the remotest corner of the court-house, she called upon the jury to stop. A new and wilder light had returned to her eyes—she flung back the mass of dark, waving hair that shaded her face; her breath came hurriedly, and as she turned her face towards the judge, there was something in her eye that made the spectators tremble.

'I am guilty,' she exclaimed, 'why should I fear your verdict, when I have looked on the face of the dead and shed no tears.'

She sank back exhausted, and a silence more eloquent than words ensued. Her counsel was the first to speak, and to direct the attention of the judge to the wildness of her manner, and the incoherency of her words—but she rejected the plea.

'True for ye,' she said, 'the words are wild, but the deed was wilder still.' We had been separated long; I sought him not, for my soul loathed him entirely; he came into our cabin in the dark hour, when human passions stir wildly in the unhappy; his words were few, yet degrading, when, already intoxicated, he fell asleep on the rush pallet which was our only bed. He slept—all my wrongs rushed into my mind as I gazed upon him; my blighted youth—the hopeless future, and the poverty, and the famine against which we had struggled in vain; but my father's last words were his knell, and he died almost without a sigh. Shrink from me if you will,' she continued; the passionate emotions of her mind now fast heightening into feverish excitement—'I killed him; brief though keen was the pang he suffered. Your creed knows no purgatory for the sinful, but what is his reward who brought me here?'

While she spoke, every breath had been held. The jury remained where her words had first arrested their steps—she stood, alone, indifferent, perhaps unconscious of their gaze, staid before them, her slender figure dilated to its full height; yet true to woman's nature, when she turned and met her mother's eye fixed in mute agony upon her, the strong nerves gave way, she fell upon her neck and burst into a passion of tears. Her counsel made one more effort to save her, which, like his preceding one, was made in vain. Ryan, he said, had sought her house unexpectedly; the deed was done in sudden passion, exasperated probably by the language of the deceased. But the prisoner rejected the plea thus held out. The temptation she said, was sudden, but deliberately yielded to. 'My mother did not return till all was over; you will not condemn her that she did not denounce her child,' she added, with trembling eagerness. The old woman moved forward a few steps, and strove to plead for her daughter. She looked wildly on the faces of fixed and speechless interest around her; but age and sorrow had paralysed her nerves, as want had long undermined her health, and she dropped her head upon her breast with an air of mental imbecility. The judge, though greatly moved, proceeded to pass sentence, and when he put on the fatal black cap, the old woman's countenance suddenly became of a livid crimson, and then fading again to unearthly paleness, she sank over the bar. They raised her, but the glazed eyes were fixed, the clenched hand relaxed, and life irrecoverably gone. She was borne away without the fatal intelligence having been communicated to her daughter. The awful sentence was concluded amidst the bursting sighs of some, and the audible sobs of others. It was doubtful if Grace heard it throughout; her eyes were fixed on the door through which her mother had been carried, and the long and exciting emotion she had gone through, was now producing its natural results; her strength was fast failing her, she was led gently from the bar, and every one turned to catch a last glimpse of one whose hours were numbered. I left the court immediately, and it was some time before the strong emotion excited by this scene had at all subsided.

Never had the blighting effects of sin been so vividly brought before me. Grace Kevin had occupied my thoughts long after her condemnation; but knowing her to have been brought up in the Roman Catholic persuasion, contrary to the opinion of some zealous ladies, I refused to bewilder her last hours. While the subject was yet fresh in my mind, I received a visit from Mr. Morton, the Catholic priest. He had been educated in France, and escaped to Ireland on the first revolution of 1793; he was an old man of a truly venerable aspect, and a heart too replete with kind and excellent feelings to be happy as a parish priest in Ireland.

'I am come to you,' he said, 'on an unusual errand; Grace Kevin, who now lies under sentence of death, lived long enough with Ryan to imbibe a prejudice for his creed. Strange power of novelty over the human mind, which can attach us to doctrines that admit of such practices. Her predilection for the reformed religion has survived every other feeling; she listens to me as though she heard me not, and God forbid that at this awful hour, I should suffer individual or personal feelings to influence me. You see, Mr. Talbot, he added, with a faint smile, 'I depend upon your believing me.'

'I do,' I said 'implicitly,' and I spoke with warmth. 'You will then, sir, see this poor girl? Make her neither yours, nor mine, but bring her, if you can, a penitent to her God. She has some excellent qualities—she was early led astray. A young and affectionate heart has many enemies to struggle with—hers deceived her. She is still ignorant of her mother's death, and they purpose to keep her so. I cannot resign my interest in her, and I was unwilling that she should become the prey of enthusiasts of your party. Farewell, sir, she is prepared to see you, and this order will admit you to the prison.'

I had a magistrate's order, and was conducted at once to the prisoner. She was alone, sitting on a low stool; her head leaning on her hand, her figure rocking slowly to and fro, in the vain effort to lull the anguish of the mind by the monotonous movement of the body. The cell, compared with the bright day I had left was partially gloomy, but the slanting rays of the sun were striking on the opposite wall of the court below, and its splendor was faintly reflected through the iron gate, and threw a glow of light around her. She was in the same dress that she wore on the trial, with this only difference, that her cap was removed, and her hair hung in large dishevelled ringlets down her shoulders. Their raven blackness was strongly contrasted with the brightly reflected lights that played in the folds of her crimson handkerchief. She started at my entrance, and rose with the bewildered look of one who collects their ideas with pain and difficulty, her eyes were eagerly fixed on the door long after it had closed, and then wandered timidly to me, as if to ask the occasion of my entrance.

'I was informed you wished to see me, Grace,' I said gently; 'in what way can I serve you?'

Her ideas gradually cleared, then clasping her hands, she said,

'Let me see my mother; what have they done with her? Intercede for her, I implore you—she is innocent.'

I resolved to communicate her mother's death, but tenderly as it was done, I trembled for the result. The blow which I thought would have destroyed her half-paralysed faculties, had a directly contrary effect. This fresh calamity roused her completely; the loss, which in a more healthy state of her mind would have overcome it, now only stimulated it to salutary reflection. She wept long and bitterly, and was rational. I saw her daily, and without attempting to offer an excuse for a crime like hers, it was impossible not to feel the deepest compassion for a creature so richly endowed by nature, and so marred by vices not originally her own. Notwithstanding that her education had been in general superior to her station, her ignorance of her religious duties was deplorable; the few prayers she knew were in a language of which she was ignorant; and the rest of her religious knowledge was of a

similar description. I attempted not to teach her any particular form; it was sufficient to awaken her to the general principles of religion, to teach her to feel her own unworthiness, and to lead her to her Saviour as her sole mediator. She was reprieved for six weeks, to give her time to learn to die. She expressed—I believe felt—no wish to live; but she dreaded the awful eternity—now first contemplated as a reality, upon which she was almost ready to enter! She was sincerely penitent, and at length better, though humble hopes dawned on her mind. It was impossible to see the workings of this young creature's heart without the most vehement compassion, and as her last hour drew near, I felt a degree of anguish she did not herself experience. By slow degrees her mind was led at last to feel that all other things were indifferent, compared with the awful change she was about to experience; and to acknowledge that it was fitting she should make every expiation to the offended laws of her country. My eyes were wet with irrepensible tears, but however dry, she continued to detain me with delusive eagerness, as if, while I remained, the awful summons was delayed. I endeavored to direct her attention to the cheering promise of our Saviour, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'

'Say that again,' she said, and when I had done so, and pointed it out to her in the Testament she held in her hand, I made a faltering movement to depart.

'You are eager to go,' she exclaimed, 'cannot you bear with the few dreary moments I have left me!'

Then seeing that it was the excess of my emotion that made me silent, she besought my forgiveness, and prayed in her own wild language that God might bless me entirely; and then, with a generous consideration of what I was suffering, bade me farewell.

The first person I accosted the day after the execution of Grace Kevin, was Mr. Morton; he had staid with her to the last.

'Others will tell you,' he said, 'of her calmness and composure; my conviction is, that terror had completely benumbed her faculties.'

A discussion followed, on the moral difference in crime, in which he displayed a mind acute and intelligent in no common degree; and when we parted, it was with regret I heard that he was about to leave Ireland. He had been educated in France, and was now going to return there. Father Finn, whose place he had supplied, was sufficiently recovered to resume his duties in the village, and the remaining years of Mr. Morton's life he intended to devote to learned leisure and religious seclusion.

AN ENGLISH MASTER AND AN IRISH SERVANT.

The first question in a whimsical dialogue between an English gentleman, on his arrival in Ireland, and Terence, his servant, a native of that country, relates to rain, and is therefore—'Apropos of Rain.'

Master—Does it rain?

Terry—No, Sir.

M—I see the sun shines—Post nubila Phœbus.

T—The post has not come in yet.

M—How long did you live with Mr. T?

T—In throth, Sir, I can't tell. I passed my time so pleasantly in his service, that I never kept any account of it. I might have lived with him all the days of my life—and a great deal longer if I had pleased.

M—What made you leave him?

T—My young mistress took it into her head to break my heart; for I was obliged to attend her to church, and to the play, and wherever she visited.

M—Was not your master a proud man?

T—The proudest man in the kingdom—he would not do a dirty action for the universe.

M—What age are you now?

T—I am just the same age of Paddy Leahy; he and I were born in a week of each other.

M—How old is he?

T—I can't tell; nor I don't think he can tell himself.

M—Were you born in Dublin?

T—No, Sir; I might if I had a mind; but I preferred the country; and, please God, if I live and do well, I'll be buried in the same parish I was born in.

M—You can write, I suppose?

T—Yes, Sir; as fast as a dog can trot.

M—Which is the usual mode of travelling in this country?

T—Why, Sir, if you travel by water, you must take a boat; and if you travel by land, either in a chaise or on horseback; those that can't afford either one or the other are obliged to trudge it on foot.

M—Which is the pleasantest season for traveling?

T—Why, Sir, I think that season in which a man has most money in his purse.

M—I believe your roads are passably good?

T—They are passable, Sir, if you pay the turnpike.

M—I am told you have an immensity of black cattle in this country.

T—Why, we have, Sir, plenty of every color.

M—But I think it rains too much in Ireland.

T—So every one says; but Sir Boyle says he will bring in an act of parliament in favor of fair weather; and I am sure the poor hay-mokers and turf cutters will bless him for it. God bless him, it was he that first proposed that every quart bottle should hold a quart.

M—As you have many fine rivers I suppose you have abundance of fish.

T—The best ever water wet—the first fish in the world except themselves. Why, master, I won't tell you a lie; If you were at the Boyne you could get salmon and trout for nothing; and if you were at Ballyshanny you'd get them for less.

M—Were you ever in England?

T—No, Sir; but I'd like very much to see that fine country.

M—Your passage to Liverpool, or the Head, would not cost more than half a guinea.

T—Troth, master, I'd rather walk it, than pay half the money.

SHREWS.—Socrates used to say to his friends that his wife was his greatest blessing, since she was a never-ceasing monitor of patience, from whom he learned so much within his own door, that all the crosses that he met with elsewhere were light to him.

Pittacus, who was as blessed in this respect as Socrates, but was famous chiefly for his valor, wisdom, and justice, invited, upon one occasion, a party of friends to his house, who had never had the pleasure of feasting at his table before. It was intended to be a sort of bachelor's party; but in the midst of the dinner, his wife, angry, probably at her exclusion, rushed into the room, and in a great fury, kicked over the table, and tumbled every thing upon it on the floor. The guests did not know how to look, or what to say, on the occasion; but Pittacus relieved them from their confusion, by observing, 'There is not one of us all but hath his cross, and one thing or other wherewith to exercise his patience; and for my own part, this is the only thing that checketh my felicity, for were it not for this shrew, my wife, I were the happiest man in the world.'

'But before these,' says the author of reflection on modern marriages, 'commend me to that glorious instance of resolution in an English wife. This lady, (who had been a widow,) when her new husband, blessed before with peace and plenty, with all the affluence heaven could give, told her he married her to teach him patience, and carry him that way to heaven, well knowing that she was greater than Zantippe as a scold. She resolutely answered him, 'I will let you know that, whatever I have been, I scorn to be any man's pack-horse.' She accordingly became the most reasonable, calm, and tractable of all English wives, for her whole life afterwards.

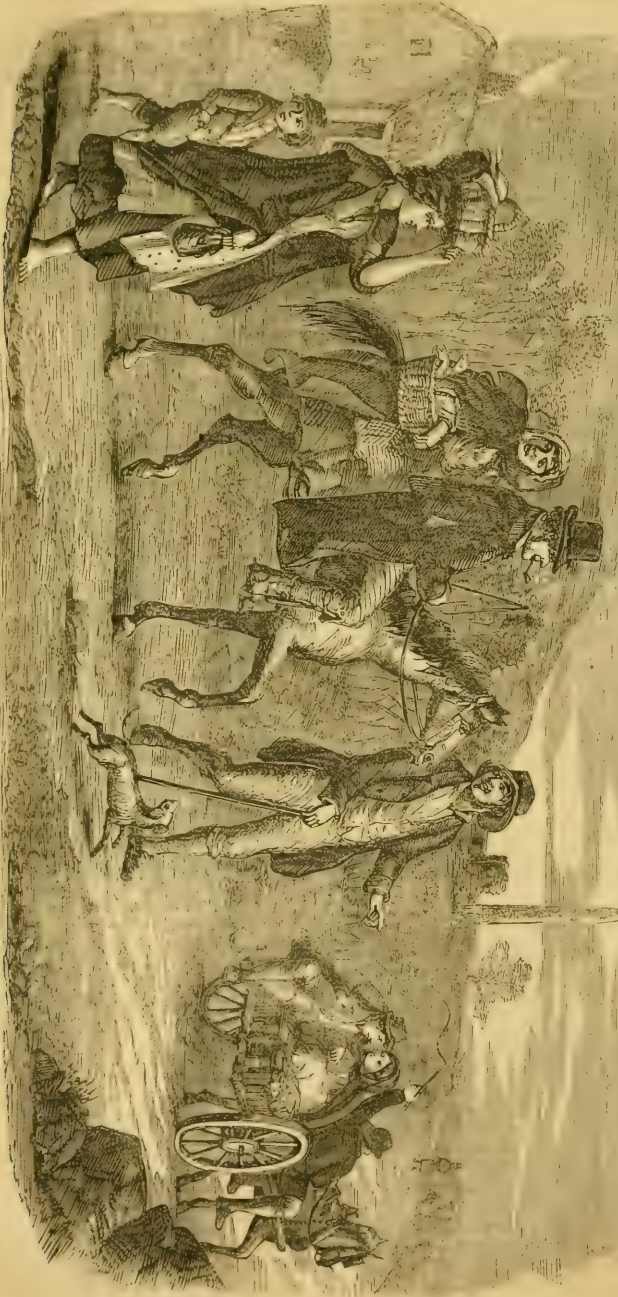
With virtue, with capacity, and good conduct, a man may yet be unbearable. Certain ways of behavior, which may be neglected because thought too trifling, will frequently make the world judge well or ill of us. A slight endeavor at civility and politeness may prevent their thinking unfavorably of us. An

insignificant matter, an almost nothing, will cause us to be thought haughty, uncivil, contemptuous, disobliging; and, far more than all this, may make us to be considered as the very opposite.

Pride would too often content itself with collecting

stores of knowledge, which would lie buried in the mind that possessed them, if the desire of applause or at least of esteem, did not sometimes impel the man of genius to share its treasure with mankind; and a proper degree of vanity is useful in introducing talent into notice. Pride may be compared to the sun

GOING TO MARKET—A SCENE IN KILKENNY



which ripens the plant in silence, vanity to the breeze which spreads its fragrance through the world.

Religion, the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the uni-

verse—its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death.

The most influential and widely circulated political newspaper in the world says, 'We question if any per-

son, of any class or school, ever read the Scriptures regularly and thoroughly without being or becoming, not only religious, but sensible and consistent.'

Some people turn up their noses at this world as if they had been keeping company with a better.

Back numbers of the Miscellany, from the commencement of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 4 Water street, Boston. Will our friends in want bear this fact in mind?

Written for the Miscellany.
THE DOOMED CITY.

BY THOMAS S. DONOHUE.

In a far-off verdant valley,
Savage mountains round it,
By a great Salt Lake, a City,
Strangely built, and strangely peopled,
Like a Christian City steeped,
Rises—Who has found it?

To the Red Tribes it is known,
To the tribes of lance and bow,
To the fleet deer it is known,
And the headlong buffalo:
These have looked upon it, passing,
These have seen with wondering eyes,
Then away among the mountains,
Through the forest, o'er the prairies,
Sweet with their surprise!

In the wilderness, a City:
Yet the world, with love or pity,
All the world has heard its name:
Some have heard it, and received it,
As a sacred thing believed it,
And, with pilgrim-like devotion,
Day and night, and day and night,
O'er the hills and valleys of ocean,
Journeyed to the Latter Light.
Others, when they heard the story,
Saw the tinsel of the glory,
Saw the strange deceit, the madness,
Saw the end that was not yet.

All the while the City numbered,
Day by day, its pilgrims more;
All who came within it, slumbered,
By a wondrous magic cumbered,
Dreaming dreams of earth-heaven o'er.
Unto them came God in dreams,
Angels, prophets came to them,
With a promise—thus it seems—
Of the whole world's diadem!
All should yet be theirs: each nation
'Neath their hot hands melt like snow;
But with them was true salvation;
They the triumph-trump should blow.

Women led them—to their wives
Gave the witchery of their smiles,
Hearts and hands on them bestowing,
For 'twas thus, and thus alone,
Should the heavenly bliss be known,
And gained the universal throne—
Such the revelation's showing.

Now it was the reign of lust,
And the reign of law was done:—
'Why should God's own falsehood rust?
Draw the vice and all is won!'

'Treason' on Pacific's shore,
'Treason' by Atlantic tide
Rose, and met. And rose and met
Men with souls of hero pride,
Men in Truth's great battle tried,
O'er whose memories the past
A halo-light of glory cast,
Promising new glory yet

In the far-off Mormon valley,
Solitude claimed every home;
Those who dwell therein departed,
Broken-hearted—broken-hearted—
Whither shall they roam?

Like an exhalation, Error
Flames along the startled sky;
Look, but do not look in terror—
'Tis decreed to flash and die.

Irywall, July, 1888.

Written for the Miscellany.

I'M WEARY.

BY NIAL.

I'm weary, very weary,
And burthened down with cares;
My days and nights pass dreary,
And life few pleasures wears:
In my lifetime's early morning
When my heart was full of glee,
My hopes and aspirations were,
To see poor Erin free.

One week another followed,
And year passed after year,
Hope after hope I've borrowed,
To stem the rising tear;
But still my country's weeping—
And still I hear her sigh,
I see the tear of sorrow leave
The crystal of her eye.

Oh Erin! Jewel, mavourneen!
Through the thickness of my gloom,
One hope my bosom's moving,
Bright and golden as the moon:
To see thy green old banner
'Neath the arch of heaven's sky,
In triumph rise above thy sons!
Then lay me down to die.

Milwaukee, June 20th, 1888.

Written for the Irish Miscellany.

INK DROPS:

FROM THE PEN OF THE 'QUEER COVE.'

No. 10.—He enjoyeth an Aquatic Excursion.

Bryan Walter Proctor, better known as Barry Cornwall, sings of

'The sea, the sea, the open sea,'
and as I have a love for aquatic and piscatorial excursions, in company with the Old Dog and the Mustang Colt, the former of whom has partially, and the latter, fully recovered from the effects of 'all those mouthed wounds' as Hotspur says with regard to 'revolted Mortimer,' which they received on the celebration of Independence, I went 'down below,' one day last week, for the purpose of obtaining a little recreation from the cares of this 'work-day world' and endeavoring to dispel an ennui of some days duration.

As Laertes informs Ophelia—

'Our necessities were embarked,'

and on setting foot on the deck of the yacht 'The Ponderous Brick,' which we had freighted for the occasion, the Mustang became delighted at her proportions, and expressed a desire to 'buy the big canoe,' at the same time offering the skipper a few pieces of tin and a string of beads, a species of the 'where-with-all' which 'does not go down,' in this portion of the civilised world, in payment for her. He examined her with the air of a connoisseur in naval architecture, and I verily believe that there was not a portion of her, from her run to her truck, which did not undergo his personal scrutiny. In 'good sooth,' he was in this respect, like Ariel on the King of Naples' ship—

'Now on the beam,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin.'

The Old Dog, who still experiences a slight trouble in his 'caput' from the effects of his collision with the fiery serpent, was all this time performing an incantation scene around the mainmast, and the only intelligible words of his 'rune' that I could glean, were 'foo-foo' and 'pah-pah.' The words, I believe, mean something in the Cherokee language, but for their purport, Mr. Editor, you must consult Schoolcraft's *Algie Researches*.

Abreast of Governor's Island. We partake largely of a breakfast, the component parts of which are 'lob scouse,' 'plum duff,' and other 'fixins,' washed down by copious draughts of a nectar yecept 'dog's nose,' and which was brewed by the Mustang out of equal parts of Hollands and 'hold hale.'

We were rapidly gliding past Long Island head, when a somewhat sudden lull of the wind left us becalmed, and like the Ancient Mariner

'We lay, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.'

After 'whistling for a wind' some minutes, a gentle breeze sprang up and we soon passed by the Graves on our way to the fishing ground. The peculiar undulating motion of the craft here caused the Old

Dog to hang his head over the side in a most lachrymose manner, and to make a noise bearing a very strong resemblance to that made by a person after having partaken of wine of antimony, ippeacac, or any other emetic.

The 'gallant sayleur boys,' are now busily engaged in opening clams, which species of bivalves are used as a bait to lure unsuspecting codlings from their haunts in the coral groves. By the way, Cleopatra, 'the serpent of old Nile,' had an extensive idea of piscatorial sports, if we may judge from the following speech to her attendants:

'Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawney-fin'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah ha! you're caught!'

But we have arrived at the proper spot, and over go the lines. While 'feeling for a bite,' I hear a voice, 'by distance mellowed o'er the waters sweep,' chanting the following verse of a song written many years ago, and attributed to that clerical wag, Rev. Mather Byles:—

'Ye monsters of the mighty deep
Your Maker's praises spout;
Up from the brine ye codlings peep,
And wag your tails about.'

Stop! 'By my hallidame' a nibble! It has resolved itself into a palpable bite. I have him. Like Black Eyed Susan's Sweet William—

'The cord glides swiftly through my glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck it stands.'

and what is it? A sculpin, 'by all the Gods on high Olympus.'

A cry of 'man overboard!' now arrests my attention, and rushing to the bows, I behold the Mustang floundering about in the 'drink,' and apparently struggling with something which was attached to his line. One moment his head might be seen cresting the waves, and anon he would suddenly disappear, coming up in a short time, like a whale, for breath, and discharging large quantities of saline water from his gills. Fearing that his strength would become exhausted, I jumped into the small boat, and seizing the boat-hook, twined it into his 'scalp lock' and by almost superhuman exertions succeeded in dragging him on board, still clinging with the greatest tenacity to his 'hook and line, bob and sinker.' We draw in the line, and attached to it is a catfish of gigantic proportions. No sooner did the Mustang behold his prize, than he commenced a series of the most extravagant antics. Approaching his face rather too close to the animal, however, in one of his capers, the beast, who has biting propensities similar to those of a snapping turtle, 'shut pan' on him, to borrow a military expression, and made a meal of half the Mustang's nose. Of course we could not prosecute the fish for mayhem, so to punish him we threw him overboard! The Mustang has been fitted with a patent nose, but he informs me 'tis a difficult matter to blow it. He thinks the catfish was a 'oneer' and that 'what he knows he 'nose.'

Having caught fish enough, we had our chowder, and the Old Dog, becoming delighted with the appearance of some live lobsters, which were in a dory close to, we bought one for his amusement. He was incautiously playing with, and perhaps irritating it, when one of the large claws closed with a crash on his dexter hand, and in a thought bereft him of four fingers. Symptoms of lock-jaw setting in, we crowded all sail for the city, and having placed the patient under proper medical treatment I sought my couch, and like those 'brave foemen' James Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu—

'Slept until the morning bright
Chuckered the east with streaks of light.'

Of what noted poem was Adam an exemplification? 'Nothing to wear.'

Written for the Miscellany.

WALKS AND TALKS.

BY VERNON.

'As I walked by myself,
I talked to myself,
And thus myself said to me.'

Afternoon at Ivywall. While the sultry sunbeams yet fall over the greater part of my garden, here is a recess of perfect shade, wherein a balcony offers rest and coolness. The south wind visits it, the trees wave over it, and the 'ivy green' clammers to its iron railing. With my wife, and newspaper, and cat, behold me on this balcony—'my custom always in the afternoon.' A little way within the casement, and easily reached, stands a goblet, brimming with a fragrant lemonade, well guarded by cigars. Thus, after my task of the day, I choose to solace 'my own self,' conversing with my other self, or reading to her pleasant things from 'The States,' varied by occasional admiration of the attitudes and intelligence of 'Sam,' the cat aforesaid, by incidental sips of the icy nectar, or patriotic puffs of the American leaf.

The sound of slowly-rolling wheels approaches. For awhile I can see nothing, so dense the foliage toward the street, but anon both my wife and self exclaim: 'It is Kitty!'

Now be it understood that 'Kitty' is a venerable white mare, as generally known and welcomed as the Mayor of Washington. Even the quiescent Sam looks up, at the tidings, then gets up, thrice waves his ample tail, by way of salutation, and actively descends to the door; for Sam is ever polite to the coming or departing guest, who may have won his regard. Meantime, Kitty comes so quietly to the carriage-step, and so quietly stops there, that it is difficult to decide at what moment that motion ceased, or, indeed, if she moved at all, or stopped at all. But Sam reassures us, for he bounds toward the gate. Kitty is at the stone, with downcast head, as usual; calmly standing in the shade, and in the most dreamy of her moods. The very flies seem to appreciate her pacific disposition, and 'disturb not her slumbers.' So Kitty is there, and Kitty is attached to the old, plain-looking carriage, without a top; and in the carriage is seated a tall, somewhat bent form of a plain-looking gentleman, in the act of lowering an umbrella. Our visitor is 'Ion?' Who has not heard of him? Who has not, for many years past, read his letters, so clear, so strong, so full of political information and wisdom? The 'power behind the throne,' who knows not to what extent Ion has influenced the destiny of 'our country? Veteran statesmen seek him in the hour of doubt and dread, anxious to obtain supplies from his great store of acquired and self-elaborated knowledge. Yet this man, so influential, so trusted, how simple and composed his manner and daily conversation! How little, at first sight, would a stranger dream of the comprehensive intellect in State affairs; how little of the warm-heartedness, generosity, hospitality, and lovely child-like character of Ion!

In the neighborhood of Ivywall is a large square, partly enclosed by a high fence, partly by a hedge of osage-orange. Among the trees within it, just peep out the roof and chimneys of a cottage. This place is 'Strawberry Knoll,' and the cottage is the home of Ion.

Let us enter the arched gateway. Roused by the click of the latch, several small dogs, but none of 'low degree,' spring playfully toward us. Chier among these for diminutiveness and grace, and the pet of the establishment and all visitors, is 'Dandy,' in a suit of shining sable, touched with brown. They give joyous note of our coming.

A broad, straight path, with trees, roses, bowers, on either side, conducts to the dwelling, which is but one story in height, rambling, and quite exten-

sive. A cool grotto is near, overgrown with ivy and other plants. Fragments of statuary, from classic lands, lie in the ground, half concealed by the tall grass, by flowers, and by ivy. Up one of the grand old trees runs ivy, clothing the rough bark in beauty and poetry. A densely covered bower of honeysuckle and grape vines begins a short distance from the cottage, spanning the path, and extending to the ample porch, where great rustic arm-chairs at once express welcome and comfort. A lamp hangs from the ceiling of this open hall. A door to the right admits to a charming little room, of curious form, tastefully furnished, where Ion may often be found, surrounded by pyramids of newspapers from all quarters, to most of which he is himself a contributor. Here the favored visitor may meet the lady of Strawberry Knoll—a lady, indeed; in whose presence one may appreciate the full influence of dignity, kindness and refinement.

Back of this reception room, is another 'like unto it,' the dining apartment, papered in dark oaken panels. Here, at the round table, has been many a feast of body and soul, when the rich board was proud of a circle of sages, statesmen, sculptors, artists, poets and wits. The Secretaries and Attorneys General of several Cabinets have met here without formality; 'most potent, grave and reverend' Senators, here assembled, have held learned debate on mighty affairs, and united in praise of the exquisite viands and rosy wine; while Members of the House, perhaps with more spirit, and certainly with more noise, have aided the flight of the joyous hours. The bold, yet modest; thundering, yet genial Dimitry ('Alexander' the Great)—whose brain is a Babel of languages, without the confusion—here has elevated his heroic voice and defiant arm, as if challenging the world to battle. Thomas Francis Meagher and John Savage, brothers in heart and companions in noble deeds for freedom and for Erin, here have renewed the struggling past, and prophesied the glorious future. And all the while sat Kingman, the placid Ion, listening with beaming countenance, now and then speaking a few words, so slowly, so almost drowsily, yet words of power, falling heavily when they would oppose, lightly and soothingly as the dew when approving. Again a change came over him; his whole form was excited, his face glowed with the highest pleasure, and language, full and bright and swift as the arrowy Rhine, and abounding in classic recollections, displayed his energy of heart and mind.

Born in Massachusetts, Mr. Kingman graduated at Brown University, Rhode Island, and edited a newspaper in Boston. For several years he resided in Virginia. His friends are of all parts of the Union.

We have time for only a few words more about Strawberry Knoll. From the dining-room we enter the large parlor, where paintings and antique busts and statues attract and well reward our attention; then pass to the library, with its collection of rare books and curious military weapons. But even here, alluring as it is, we cannot tarry. Other rooms, equally tasteful and elegant, must be imagined. An addition to the cottage has just been erected, two stories high, containing delightful apartments. This is not yet occupied. In another part of the garden is a tower, with bath room, breakfast room, and observatory. The view from this height is varied and beautiful, similar to that from the belvedere of Ivywall. Excellent fruit and richest flowers in the open air and in the greenhouse, add to the luxury and loveliness of this retreat—and a visitor would see at a glance the appropriateness of its name—Strawberry Knoll.

As we approach the gate again, we hear a rustling among the bushes. Our friend, the gentle Savage, issues forth. He brings a pretty rose-bud.

Well do I know for whom!—The fair Avonia! Yes for the charming young actress, Avonia Jones. Confess, Sir Bard! The offering, too, will only be a proper one and a natural:—

'Sweet's to the sweet!'

Admit, moreover—for everybody says so—that Avonia will represent the heroine of a tragedy to be produced next winter. Fortunate and thrice happy Bard, to write so well, and have your verse spoken by the beautiful queen of the drama!

Take the following couplet into careful keeping, till you shall experience its truth:—

I thought the words were mine:—fond thought! 'tis flown! Avonia's music made them all her own!

HOW PAT TRICKED THE JEW PEDLAR.

An Irishman was at one time coming from the Fens, in England, (a certain part of that country where the harvest comes in earlier than in other parts,) with five sovereigns in his pocket—the reward of his summer labor. His habiliments were such as are worn by the majority of his countrymen on such a mission, namely, the dilapidated remains of an old hat on which the marks of a blow from a shillelagh might be visibly seen, and banded with a bay ribbon, sat comically on his pericranium; his coat, though much older, was remarkably safe from the ravages of old Father Time, save the points at the elbows, which were somewhat fractured; his unmentionables bore a strong relationship to the other parts of his attire which I have already described, and his hose, though well ventilated, with their extremes hidden in a pair of heavy brogans, were of remote antiquity. Thus might be seen our hero with his hook thrown carelessly over his dexter shoulder, cased in the same material as his hat, strutting along on the road from L— to E—.

As it was the first time Pat ever left home for the purpose of going to England to the 'harvest,' he resolved to be as careful as possible in money matters. Therefore, he was bound to keep as little change as convenient about him, as will be seen by the sequel. The inner man requiring a little refreshment, Pat walked into a respectable tavern and called for something to eat, to which order the landlord condescended. When Pat was footing the bill, he eccentrically remarked to the great astonishment of mine host, that—

'He would leave what change was' coming to him out of the gold piece (a sovereign,) till such time as he would call again.'

The reluctant landlord remarked there were so many travellers, calling and putting up at the hotel, it would be out of his power to recognize him.'

'Well, then,' says Pat, 'do you see this caubeen (old hat) on my head?'

'I do,' replied the landlord, looking Pat wildly in the face.

'Very well,' says Pat, 'when I twirl this caubeen on my head three times, it will be sufficient notice for you that it's me in it.'

The landlord, though not seeing his motive for depositing his change in his hands, acquiesced to Patrick's request. The latter then strode off unceremoniously, with a short pipe placed in an angle of his mouth, leaving the landlord to contemplate upon Pat's simplicity. In this manner Pat deposited his five sovereigns, or at least what change he had, for he was sure to change one whenever he felt like eating, in some respectable tavern, on his journey to E—.

After the money being all deposited and not obtaining any lucrative employment, which was the greatest object Pat had in taking the aforesaid route, he began to think about his returning, when he was accosted by a Jewish pedlar, carrying with him a pack and a small hand-trunk. After the latter interrogated Pat as to his destination, he remarked that in seeing no chance of doing any business in his line, (for the place was very solitary where they met,) he should like Pat to accompany him to the town of E—, to which request the latter complied, remarking at the same time, that it was his determination to go that route, before

he met the pedler, but would journey with him for the sake of companionship.

The reader is already aware that this route is the one Pat already travelled, and seeing he could get no work from any of the farmer's on the road as he came along, and being out of money, he was determined to retrace his steps as was shown above.

Our travellers shortened the way considerably, by telling long yarns, anecdotes, &c., for the Jew, as pedlers always are, was very loquacious, and of course, Pat, for you never knew an Irishman that wouldn't crack a joke and tell a pleasant story as well as other men. But to proceed to our narrative; when our brace reached the above town, the Jew felt some like nourishing the inner man, but before he had time to consult Pat about it, an invitation was extended to him by the latter, to walk in to have some refreshments, of course Pat went into the last tavern he deposited his change in. After both partook of necessary stimulants, Pat asked the landlord what was the bill, giving the old hat on his head, at the same time a twirl or two.

'Oh! oh!' says the latter, 'there is nothing to pay, but change coming to you,' passing Pat his change.

This was sufficient to draw the attention of the Jew, who asked Pat, when they got again on the highway, the nature of what he witnessed; the latter, with a smile in the corner of his hazel colored eyes, remarked he would solve the whole mystery by and by. The pedler, however, was fully convinced that there was some virtue in Pat's old hat; for the next place, after calling for refreshments, instead of paying, he again got change back from the landlord. Putting up at the next tavern for the night, the one where Pat deposited his third sovereign, and enjoying themselves in draughts of ale, smoking, &c., the old hat was reverted to by the Jew.

'Now do you know what it is,' rejoined Pat, 'if you have, Mr. Jew, any doubt respecting the virtue of the caubeen, take and put it on your head, if you don't have any objection, and step up to the landlord, and ask what is to pay, at the same time give the caubeen a twirl, or two, and if you do not get back change instead of paying money, you may call me 'Davy.' The pedler put the old hat, according to Pat's orders, on his head, and proceeded to speak to the landlord, asking what was his bill against him and his companion, giving his old hat a twirl.

'Oh! oh!' replies the latter, 'there is nothing to pay, but change coming to you,' passing the Jew what change out of the sovereign was due to Pat.

With the greatest exultation the Jew went to the latter, and demanded what he would take for the old hat.

'I have silks of the very best quality in that pack, and jewels of all description in that small hand trunk you see yonder, all will I give to you for your old hat,' quoth the Jew.

'The caubeen, you mean to buy?' says Pat, 'no, sir, double the amount of goods you possess would not purchase this caubeen from me; for sure,' says Pat, 'it's in the family since the time of the flood, and all my ancestors have worn it before me, so you see, Mr. Jew, I could part with it for love or money.'

'Strange then,' says the pedler, 'you are so shabby in your habiliments.'

'True, and very true,' says Pat, 'but you see, sir, that the antiquity of the caubeen is such, that it's appearance looks somewhat ridiculous, you know, then, sure enough, that I must wear other regimentals to go with it.'

Your explanation is very good,' replies the Jew, 'but would not a change in your appearance relish considerable to your desire, for I hope you do not mean to walk in that apparel through the residue of your life.'

Pat hesitated some time, and then with a deep sigh, as though he was about parting with some-

thing dear to him through life, replied he would trade for novelty sake providing that at the end of five years, if they should happen to meet, they should exchange again.

The Jew very willingly complied, and agreed with Pat's suggestion and placed the old hat on his head, giving Pat his, and all his jewels and silks, amounting to the value of thousands of pounds sterling.

After making their trade, seemingly more to the satisfaction of the Jew than to Pat, they both joggled along together, the former uneasy to try the next experiment on the virtue of the old hat. His expectations were realized to his great joy and satisfaction, when he and Pat went into the tavern where the latter deposited his second sovereign, and of course got his change from the landlord, when the old hat was twirled by the Jew.

After making their exit from the tavern, they both agreed to separate; Pat with heavy heart spoke of many reminiscences connected with his caubeen, while the poor deluded Jew was highly pleased with his bargain.

Going in different directions, we will now leave Pat to take care of his precious goods, and see how the pedler succeeded. Proceeding with remarkable haste to the next town, he stepped into the first tavern where Pat had deposited his change. Calling here for some ale, and by twirling his old hat at the landlord, immediately the latter gave him change, and the Jew left swearing to himself that he would not give back the old hat for any amount of money.

Journeying along, contemplating on his recent good fortune, he was overtaken by a gentleman mounted on a splendid looking horse. The gentleman accosted the worthy Jew in this manner—

'Good day, sir.'

'Good day to you, sir.'

'It seems,' says the gentleman, 'that you are a traveller.'

'Yea,' replied the Jew, 'that was my former business, for sir, I will give you to understand that I was one of the richest jewellers that ever peddled an article in that line, and being tired of that way of living, I had the good fortune to meet with an Irishman with whom I made a good speculation.'

'How was that?' says the gentleman, who was no other than Pat, anxious to know how the Jew felt about his caubeen.

'You see this old hat?' said the Jew.

Pat answered in the affirmative.

'Well,' says he, 'I bought this old hat for what I was worth then, and now, sir, I would not give it back again, for treble the value.'

'There must be some virtue in the old thing,' replied Pat, with a smile, 'beside its appearance, for it is really grotesque like.'

'This, I admit,' replied the Israelite, 'but, sir, it possesses such extraordinary virtue, sir, that by twirling it once or twice on your head, when, after satiating yourself with the best and most luxurious things of the season, in whatever public house you chance to call you will always be sure to get change from the landlord, instead of paying any.'

'Wonderful! indeed,' replied Pat.

About this time they reached the town of H—.

'Well, well,' says Pat, 'if you would not have any objection, I would like to have you try its virtue in my presence.'

The Jew with pleasure acquiesced. Both stepped into the tavern and called for some ale, and after quenching their thirst, the landlord was interrogated by the Jew to know what was to pay, giving at the same time, a well known twirl to his old hat.

The former quietly told him the amount.

'Ah, but man,' says the Jew, 'what's to pay?' giving another twirl to the hat.

Again the landlord told him what it was, and again did the Jew ask the same question, keeping the old hat in motion on his bald pate.

Pat, with all his seeming gravity, could scarcely resist laughing when the landlord ordered the poor Jew to be put out, the latter still asking the question 'what's to pay,' and twirling the old hat rapidly on his head.

'That man must be a maniac,' said the landlord, 'I'll get the police to take charge of him.'

The poor Jew was accordingly taken in custody, and put in an asylum.

Pat paid the reckoning, and, after doing so, mounted his horse and rode off.

There might be seen by the casual observer, a magnificent mansion built on an eminence sloping gradually from the bank or verge of the romantic river Shannon, in Ireland, surrounded with groves and plantations, variegated with evergreens. In this mansion, Patrick O'Shaughnessy, Esq., the subject of the above story, had his residence, all of which he obtained by his old caubeen.

From the Loughrea Journal

THE CARPET AND ITS HISTORY.

One of the most pleasing characteristics of our times is the great intelligence as well as learning, science and taste, which are brought to operate upon ordinary pursuits and callings. The exercise of the higher faculties of the mind is no longer restricted to the comparatively few arenas of the colleges and schools, but find scope at the workshop and forge, in the garden, and in the farm-yard, and not least, in the vast and complicated operations of the manufactory. No matter what the kind of manufacture be, we shall find persons who have brought an amount of intelligence to bear upon it which excites the surprise and wonder of those who are accustomed to think that taste and learning, science and art, are the peculiar province and property of the favored few.

The strict application of the word carpet does render illegitimate the use of the term in a wider sense in discoursing upon its original signification, for here let it be premised that the carpets and tapestry of ancient and mediæval times cannot be separately treated—the frequent transposition of the terms and the variety of the purposes to which these articles were mutually applied quite frustrating such a distinction.

Concerning the process among the ancients we have no precise information, as indeed, none is required—the weaving of carpets and tapestry being then a slow work of the needle for the delicate hands of an Helen or a Penelope. Of Helen is somewhat sagaciously remarked by Athenæus, that her fondness for this employment proved her temperance and modesty. King Lemuel, also in setting forth the character of a virtuous woman, says that—'She maketh herself coverings of tapestry.' It was an ancient Chaldean gossip that Sardanapalus attired in female garb, was wont to card purple wool for his females who wrought carpets for the royal household.

In Greece, however, the carding of wool was the more usual occupation of slaves, as in the 'Statesman,' of Plato, where elaborate analysis of the arts of weaving and felting are given. According to Pliny, the thick, flocky wool has been esteemed for the manufacture of carpets from the remotest ages. Early allusion to the shuttle is made in connection with this art, and it appears to have been used alternately in the same web with the embroidery needle, if not identical therewith.

The several parts of the loom apparatus in active operation are mentioned by Ovid:—

'The web is tied around the beam; the sley separates the warp; the wool is inserted in the middle with sharp shuttles, which the fingers hurry along, and being drawn within the warp, the teeth notched in the moving sley strike it.'

But whether this poet be guilty of anachronism in placing a boxwood shuttle in the hands of Miner-

va we cannot determine. From his description, she was challenged by Arachne, a Colophonian woman, who was very expert in weaving tapestry, to a trial of skill. Her father Idmon, used to dye the soaking wool in Phocian purple, and her son Closter was the accredited inventor of the spindle. Such was the magnificence of her embroideries, and so graceful her manner of working, that the nymphs hovered around her loom to admire. Minerva accepted the challenge, but the result yielded a doubtful victory, whereat the goddess was duly incensed, and a scuffle ensuing, Arachne hanged herself and was transformed into a spider. The story of Minerva's vengeance is thus recorded:—

'A great fly-shuttle in her hand she took,
And more than once Arachne's forehead struck;
The unhappy girl, impatient of the wrong,
Her injured person from the breast-beam hung.'

We find the carpets of the ancients to have been for the most part beautifully colored and inwrought with various figures. The carpets of Babylon were particularly extravagant, having representations of animals both natural and fabulous embroidered on them. Egypt emblazoned her rugs with hieroglyphs and portraits of her kings, and her tapestries were bespangled with the constellations of heaven and the twelve signs of the zodiac. Plautus notices that the Alexandrine tapestries are said to have been figured over with beasts and shells. Sophron too, speaks of carpets embroidered with figures of birds as of great value; and it was in Gaul they were first made with chequers and tartans. Entire histories and stories from mythology were woven in carpets. Homer discovers Helen herself weaving the history of the Trojan wars. Catullus makes mention of carpets used to decorate the wedding feast of Peleus, representing with wondrous art, the story of Theseus and Ariadne.

The higher classes of Rome seem to have been considerable patrons of the carpet workers of that period. Purple carpets were generally sought after by the wealthy patricians of Rome. Metullus Scipio, in the accusation which he brought against Cato, stated that even in his time Babylonian covers for couches, were selling for 800,000 sesterces, or £4,600; and these in the time of the Emperor Nero had risen to four millions, or £23,000. Lollia Paulina, the great beauty of Rome in the time of Caligula, rendered herself notorious by the enormous prices given for her rich Babylonian carpets and coverlets.

Coming down to more recent times, we are told that the Florentines carried on a large import trade with England; so that, with the commencement of the fifteenth century, this country received regular supplies of eastern merchandise. For although carpets were introduced so early as the Crusades, they were not yet articles of English commerce. Even in the sixteenth century, we meet with few, the Norman practice of spreading rushes on the floor being then generally prevalent.

Aerlin, a French physician, who visited England in the reign of Edward VI., relates of the London tavern-keepers that 'they strew hay over the floor and place pillows and tapestries underneath their travellers.' And Lavinius Lemnius about the same time remarks, 'The pavements are sprinkled upon, and floors cooled with springing-water, and then strewed with sedge, and the parlors trimmed up with greene boughes, freshe herbes, and vyme leaves, which things no nation do more decently, more trimmerly, nor more sightly then they do in England; and besyde this, the neate cleanliness, the pleassante and delighful furniture in every part of household, wonderfully rejoiced me.' We get a very different account of the same custom in a letter of Erasmus to Franciscus, physician to Cardinal Wolsey, where he ascribes the plague and sweating sickness, then prevalent in England, to the filth and slovenliness of this usage. 'The floors,' he writes,

'commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, under which lies unmolested a putrid mixture of beer, stinking fragments of food, and all sorts of nastiness.'

In connection with this, it may not be uninteresting to quote a further illustration from an incident occurring when Erasmus was at the dinner-table of Sir Thomas More:—'A while after,' narrates his daughter Margaret, 'Genelius asked leave to see Erasmus, his signet-ring, which he handed down to him. In passing it back, William, who was occupied in carving a crane, handed it so negligently that it felle to the ground. I never saw such a face as Erasmus made when 'twas picked out from the rushes; and yet ours are renewed almost daylie, which manie think over nice. He took it gingerlie in his fair woman-like hands, and washed and wiped it before he put it on which escaped not my step-mother's displeased notice.'

The first tapestry manufactory in France of which we have any authentic record, was that established by an edict of the castle of Paris, 1295. Henry IV. also brought weavers from Flanders to carry on the manufacture in Paris. The town of Poitiers and Arras, in the thirteenth century, likewise contained large manufactories; but these are now no more, and the most ancient still in existence is the national manufactory at Gobelins. Louis XIV. purchased the building then known as La Folie Gobelins for the purpose of its establishment. It was here that the brothers Gobelins, descendants of the secretary to the Pope Pius II., exercised their craft of dyeing, a knowledge of which they were said to have borrowed from the Evil One. Other three manufactories arose shortly afterwards; one at Aubusson, another at Felletin, and a third at Beauvais. To this day they continue their ingenious but arduous work, which, partly owing to the low price of labor, but mainly in consequence of government encouragement, is no inconsiderable manufacture.

Efforts towards its introduction on a similar extensive scale into England have been so many failures, attributable to various causes. King James I. established a manufactory at Mortlake, in Surrey, under the superintendence of Sir Francis Crane. It was here that King Charles II. afterwards caused Raphael's cartoons to be executed in tapestry.

Carpets on the principle of those of Persia and Turkey, with a tufted pile, are now commonly made in Europe. In France they have attained considerable excellence. Originally confined to Paris, they are now manufactured in Amiens, Turcoing, Nismes, and other places. England has also produced some of the best specimens. The Society of Arts was among the first to encourage the introduction of this manufacture. Very shortly after its institution it offered premiums for the best imitation Turkey carpets, and thus directed considerable attention to the matter. The Duke of Cumberland, about the same time, lent his patronage to a manufactory of such carpets; and in the year 1776, Mr. Whitty introduced the manufacture into Axminster, whence the fabric derives its name. The Axminster carpet is now a matter of history, as it ceased to be fabricated there several years ago. Wilton, however, well sustains the character of this manufacture, the superiority of its productions entitling it to the highest credit. Wilton claims the first introduction of carpet weaving into England, and this is the legend concerning it:—

It seems that the Earls of Pembroke, desirous of improving the condition of a small class of weavers in Wilton, induced a skilful French carpet-weaver, named Anthony Daffney to be smuggled over from France in a sugar-sack, for the purpose of communicating a knowledge of his handicraft, which he did. Within the last fifty years we observe a very great advance in the fabrication of the Anglo-Persian carpets; nor must we omit commendably to notice the Scotch-Persian carpets of Kilmarnock and Edinburgh. This is now a national manufacture of no small amount, al-

though the introduction of other fabrics has operated against a more extended use, and limited the product to a smaller and perhaps a more select demand.

The three-ply carpet explains its own condition. It is simply different from the ingrain by being composed of three distinct webs instead of two, and having the advantage of a third solid color in the figure. To Mr. Thomas Morton, of Kilmarnock, we owe the invention of this triple carpet fabric. This ingenious mechanic, among many improvements, also introduced the revolving barrel studded with pins to act instead of the drawboy in regulating the pattern. Before the introduction into England of the Jaquard apparatus, this proved very serviceable, but it is now entirely thrown aside.

The Venetian and Dutch carpetings, as they are called, are of a simple character, and of less capacity for design. The Venetian consists mainly of a heavy welt shoot, and is a weighy but a soft material. In small sized patterns alone does it look well. The Dutch, originally a cow-hair texture, is now made of the lower qualities of wool; it is also a single web, and admits of nothing beyond stripes and cheques in its design. We need not observe that these have little connection with the places whence they derive their name.

In treating of the Brussels carpet, we revert to the capitol of Belgium to find little trace of such manufacture there, although its name corresponds to the place of its origin. It is perhaps a fabric more thoroughly English in its present manufacture than of any other country.

About the year 1735, we find the town of Kidderminster, hitherto famous for broadcloth, becoming the nursery of the English Brussels carpet. The progress of the manufacture in this town has been slow but steady; and after the lapse of a hundred years we find it, in 1838, containing about 1,865 Brussels hand-loom, besides a smaller proportion of ingrain and common qualities, giving employment to upwards of 4,000 hands. That was twenty years ago; and since then the introduction of the power-loom has caused many handframes to cease; and matters being thus in a transition state, there is a difficulty in fairly computing statistics. A manufacturer may have so many hundred looms, a considerable portion of which may be held in abeyance while he is introducing power. In 1851 there were upwards of 2,000 Brussels hand-loom in Kidderminster, besides many in Halifax, Durham, Kilmarnock, and districts in the north of England and the south of Scotland.

One of the most remarkable improvements in carpet manufacture was the invention of Mr. Richard Whytock, of Edinburgh, by which the woolen threads are dyed before weaving with such exactness and nicety that, when woven, each spot and shade of every individual thread falls into its appropriate place in the pattern, producing the perfect design without the complicated and cumbrous arrangement of bobbins and the constant intervention of the weaver's fingers. This is a most surprising invention, and the manner in which it is carried out is equally wonderful.

There are more carpets used in the kingdom of Great Britain than on the whole continent of Europe; and there are more used in the United States than in Great Britain. Most of the carpets manufactured in England are copied by manufacturers in America, and sold at a lower price, while, at the same time, they are equally good.

ORIGIN OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.—Bands of architects and workmen of different nations, who had been in the habit of travelling over Europe in search of employment, were incorporated by the Pope towards the close of the twelfth century, and were at the same time endowed with various important privileges, under the name of Free and Accepted Masons. This 'fraternity was known in Ireland and Great Britain, and erected the principal churches of both countries.

LITERATURE.

A correspondent asks for information concerning 'the best edition of Scott's novels which are published, and which we should recommend him to purchase.' The best edition of the novels of Sir Walter, has been considered to be that published by Adam Black & Co., of Edinburgh, and comprised in forty-eight volumes. It is an expensive work, and the price of it would be far greater than our correspondent would feel justified in giving. An edition, equal, if not superior to this, however, is now in the course of publication, by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields of this city, who issue two volumes monthly, and at a very low price. It is beautifully got up, printed on clear white paper, and with unexceptionable letter-press; the engravings, two of which accompany each volume, are similar to those in Black's edition, and are fine works of art. We cannot recommend the work too highly, and consider it the very best edition of the writings of the 'great unknown' ever produced in this country, and fully equal to anything ever got up on the other side of the water. Any single novel may be purchased at a time, thus bringing it within the means of all, whereas other editions of the work have to be purchased complete, thus making a large drain on the pockets of a poor man. On the whole, the best investment our correspondent could make would be in Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' edition.

We have received the 'Seventh Annual Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association,' with the by-laws, list of officers, members, &c. The book is published from the rooms of the association, and represents the society as being in a highly flourishing condition.

A MONKEY AND THE PITCHER PLANT.—Two brothers, Englishmen, were once travelling on foot from Dondra Head, the southern extremity of the Island of Ceylon, towards Candy, in the interior, about one hundred and twenty miles northward. They started upon their journey very early in the morning, and expected to accomplish it in three or four days; though as the sun is so exceedingly warm in that country, they intended to rest during the heat of the day under the shade of the many broad-leaved palm-trees that grew by the side of the road.

They had travelled some distance when the younger brother stopped, and gazing inquiringly around, said: 'I surely heard a cry, Robert, as if some one was hurt. Let us look and see what it can be,' he added, as a low moan now distinctly reached their ears; it proceeded from a group of cocoa-nut trees that grew on their right hand.

The brothers sprang hastily but cautiously forward, and searched carefully around, till at last the elder exclaimed, laughing:

'Here it is, Arthur, come and see,' and as his brother turned towards him, he pointed to a monkey, who, having fallen from one of the branches of the fruit tree, had hurt himself very severely.

'Poor fellow!' said Arthur, and taking him up, he tore a strip from his handkerchief and bound the wounded limb, and then turned to resume his journey with the monkey in his arms.

'You surely,' said Robert, 'do not intend to take that disgusting animal as your companion to Candy.'

'Do you think,' replied Arthur, 'that I would leave this poor, helpless creature to die of his wound? No; he shall be my companion until he is cured, and then he may return, as soon as he likes, to his home in the forest.'

The two brothers travelled on their way, though the elder could not sometimes refrain from joking the other about his companion. They had journeyed two days, and were about half way from their destination, when the heat became exceedingly oppressive, and the numerous springs, which had heretofore flowed along the side of the road, became dried up, and they began to suffer from the want of water. Their strength was failing—they felt as though they could proceed no

further, and on the morning of the fourth day, when within about thirty miles of Candy, both brothers sunk down at the foot of a palm tree, exhausted and parched with thirst.

'Must we die here?' exclaimed Robert with a groan. 'Trust in God,' replied Arthur, raising his eyes towards heaven.

Suddenly the monkey, who was resting by his side, sprang up and ran eagerly along the road, as if he were searching for something. At last he returned, and seizing Arthur by the arm, endeavored to draw him along with him.

'How strangely he acts,' said the young man, 'what can he have found?' and summoning all his strength, he arose and followed the animal.

When he reached the spot, what met his delighted eyes? There, growing in luxuriant abundance was the silky, downy pitcher plant, or monkey cup, so called on account of its being sought after by those animals for the purpose of quenching their thirst. The flower is in the shape of a cup, about six inches in length, and one and a half in diameter, it has a lid, which opens and shuts with the changes of the weather, and is filled with pure water, a secretion from the plant.

The two brothers drank of the water, and were refreshed, and when they at last reached their home, they related to their astonished friends how the monkey had been the means of saving their lives. 'Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all.'

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.—In the first place make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment and persevere in it. All the difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and most diligently too. 'A cat in gloves catches no mice.'

Attend to your own business, and never trust it to another. 'A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled.'

Be frugal. 'That which will not make a pot will make a pot-lid.'

Be abstemious. 'Who dainties love shall beggars prove.'

Rise early. 'The sleeping cat catches no poultry.'

Be sure and treat every one with respect and civility.

Everything is gained and nothing lost by civility. Good manners ensure success.

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor. 'He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go for a long time barefoot.'

Heaven helps them that help themselves.

If you implicitly follow these precepts, nothing will hinder you from accumulating.

MISCELLANEA.

'Sambo, you black thief, Sambo, you betray dat secret I told you de other day?' 'I betray the secret? I scorn de putation. I found I couldn't keep um, so I told um to somebody that could!'

An old baron who had lost an eye in the wars, had a glass one, which his page used to take away on a plate every night. It happened that the page in question being absent, another fellow, an entire novice in the affair, was employed to supply his place. The old gentleman gave without any ceremony his glass eye to his new servant. As the fellow did not move, the master said:—

'Friend, what do you wait for?'

'For t'other eye,' replied he.

A couple of idle fellows strolled into the colored church at Highshire, a few evenings since, to enjoy the fun; but when the colored minister rose up to preach, before announcing his text, he leaned for-

ward on the pulpit, and looked around on the congregation.

'Brethren,' says he, at length, 'May de Lor' hab mercy on all de scoffers.' (Long pause.) 'May de Lor' hab mercy on all de laughers.' (Solemn pause.) 'May de Lor' hab mercy on de two peanut-eaters down by de door.'

The two young men did not wait for the benediction.

The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the Judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam:—

Judge.—'What is your native language?'

Witness.—'I pe no native.'

Judge.—'What is your mother tongue?'

Witness.—'Ich hab no mudder, Mynheer.'

Judge (in an irritable tone).—'What did you first learn? What language did you speak in the cradle?'

Witness.—'I tid not speak no language in the cradle; I only cry in Dootch!'

There was a general laugh, in which the Judge, jury, and audience, joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.

During the summer of '57, says the Knickerbocker, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having worn threadbare the hospitality of his generous neighbors by his extreme laziness, they thought it an act of justice to bury him. Accordingly he was carried to the place of interment, and being met by one of the citizens, the following conversation took place:—

'Hallo, what have you got there?'

'Poor old Mr. S.'

'What are you going to do with him?'

'Bury him.'

'Why, is he dead? I had not heard of it.'

'No, he is not dead, but he might as well be; for he has no corn and is too lazy to work for any.'

'That is too cruel for civilized people. I'll give two bushels of corn myself rather than see him buried alive.'

Old S. raised the cover, and asked in a dragging tone—

'Is it shelled?'

'No, but you can shell it.'

'Drive on, boys.'

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Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the mountain passes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands. A train being laid, the spark was applied and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William was shattered into innumerable fragments. The English troops, who followed the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to the great popularity of the gallant Sarsfield. The explosion shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

It is at the moment of the explosion of the English artillery which our artist has seized upon for the subject of his pencil.

This memorable event will be faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as we can learn to any of our Irish artists, and shall now have ample justice done to it. It will make a beautiful picture. We shall present it to our readers on a sheet of fine drawing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

It will at once be seen that we cannot do this without a great outlay of capital. We expect to be reimbursed by a very large addition to our subscription list, as no person will be entitled to it who has not paid on or before the 3d of July next one year's subscription in advance, dating from our first number.

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We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a 'pictorial gallery' worthy of the event we propose to commemorate. This will be the first of a series of NATIONAL PICTURES we propose presenting gratis to our regular subscribers the second picture of the series will be ready early in October, the subject of which is yet to be decided on. We should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess old pictures of remarkable events in Irish history, or portraits of distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They shall be taken good care of, and returned.

Let our friends send to their subscriptions in season. Our Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually supersede the wretched drolls which are often met with.

Our arrangements for the first picture are almost completed. It will be absolutely necessary that we should know immediately the names of plates we should want. Let our subscribers therefore, send in their subscriptions without delay, and be careful to give us their correct address. We shall not strike off any more copies than are ordered before the above date.

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Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

WORDS BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces, thro' we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us

2. An ex - ile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again, The birds singing gaily, that come at my

there. Which seek thro' the wide world, is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

call; Give me them, sweet peace of mind, dearer than all. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

* The Small Notes in this Bar are to be sung to the second verse.



VOLUME I—NUMBER 25.]

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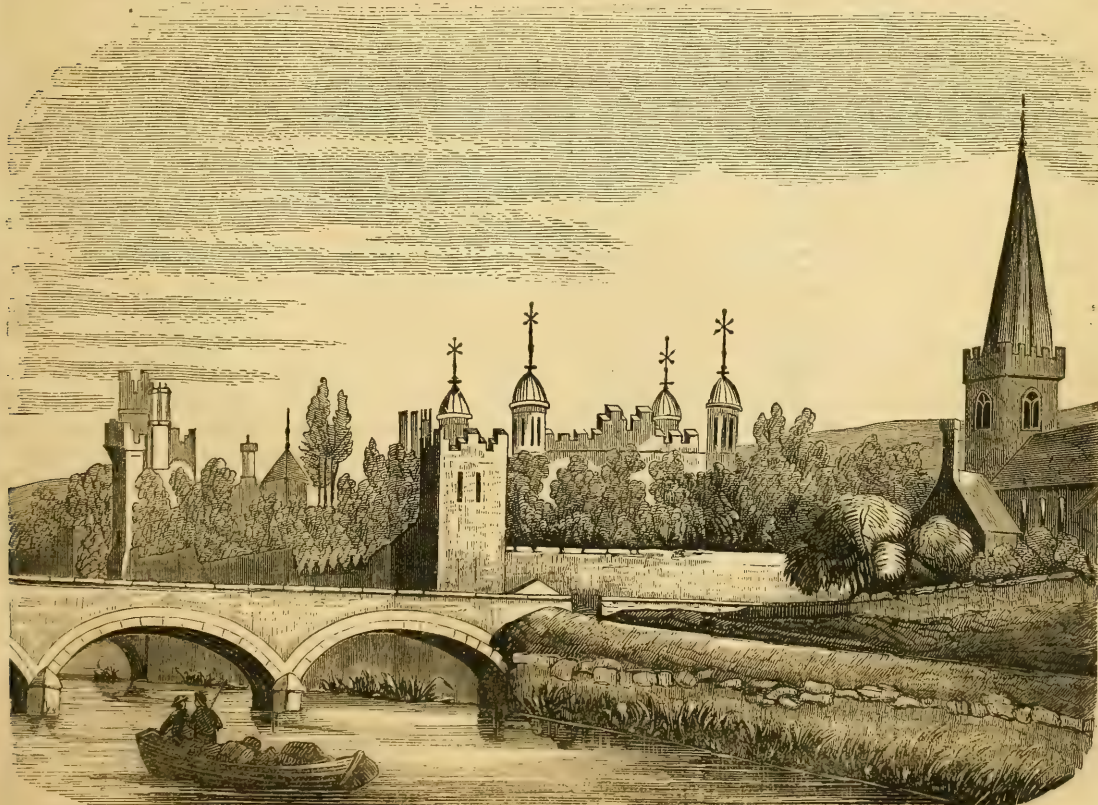
GLENARM CASTLE.

Represented below, stands in the vicinity of the little town of Glenarm, which lies on the route from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway, by Camrickfergus and Larne. The village itself contains nearly two hundred neat, whitened cottages; it is romantically situated by the shore side, in a deep ravine or sequestered glen, being closed in on either side by lofty hills, and washed by the silver waters of a mountain stream; on the opposite bank of which, in a commanding situation, stands the ancient castle, bearing the same name as the town, and which for many years had been the residence of the An-

trim family. In this direction, also is seen the gracefully rising spire of the parish church—it stands on the beach, surrounded by a neatly enclosed burial-ground. In the vicinity of the village is a finely wooded glen, leading to a little deer park, a place of singular construction, and well deserving the attention of the curious traveller. It is bounded at one side by the sea, whose waters have hollowed its sides into caves and archways—and at the other by a natural wall of solid basalt, rising two hundred feet high, which is a perpendicular and regular as the fortification of a city, and presents a more impassable barrier than could possibly be raised by the

hands of man. From this point there is an exceedingly fine prospect of the coast and surrounding country.

The castle is a stately, ancient pile, still bearing in its appearance something of the character of a baronial castle of the fifteenth century. The approach to it is by a lofty barbican, standing on the northern extremity of the bridge. Passing through this, a long terrace, overhanging the river, and confined on the opposite side by a lofty, embattled curtain wall, leads through an avenue of ancient lime trees, to the principal front of the building; the appearance of which, from this approach, is imposing.



GLENARM CASTLE.

THE IRISH FUNERAL CRY.

The well known custom, so long used in this country, of keening, or lamenting over the dead, is of the most remote antiquity. History informs us, that it was known to the Greeks and Romans, who, however, seem to have borrowed it from the Eastern nations, among whom it probably had its origin; and from the Scriptures we learn that it was practised among the Israelites. Dr. O'Brien tells us, that the word in the Irish language, as originally and more correctly written, is *cine*, and not, as modern orthoëpists have it, *caoine*; and this makes it almost identical with the Hebrew word *cina*, which signifies lamentation or weeping with clapping of hands. The learned Jezreel Jones, in speaking of the Shillah or Tarnazeght, a language or dialect of the inhabitants of the mountainous part of south-western Barbary, in a letter to John Chamberlayne, dated 'Westminster, 24 Decemr. 1714,' declares that 'the Shillihens have the same custom as the Arabs, the Jews, and the Irish, of lamenting over the dead, uttering various cries of grief, tearing their hair, and asking the deceased why did he die? why did he leave them? and desiring that death would seize them also, in order that they might rejoin him whom they lamented.' According to an old work, Armstrong's History of Minorca, the peasantry of that island in their lament, ask the dead 'if he had not food, raiment, and friends, and wherefore then did he die?' Sir Walter Scott informs us that the coroneach of the Highlanders is precisely similar to the ululatus of the Romans, and the ullaloo of the Irish; that the words of it are not always articulate, but when they are so, they express the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death.

The funeral song introduced in Shakspeare's beautiful play of Cymbeline, where the scene is laid in Wales, upon the supposed death of the disguised Imogen, will, no doubt, recur to some of our readers.

From the fourth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, we transcribe the following passages, descriptive of the ancient observance of the custom—

'The Irish have been always remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them; and it seems derived from their Celtic ancestors, the primitive inhabitants of this isle. Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, says, the Irish then musically expressed their griefs; that is, they applied the musical art, in which they excelled all others, to the orderly celebration of funeral obsequies, by dividing the mourners into two bodies, each alternately singing their part, and the whole at times, joining in full chorus.

The body of the deceased, dressed in grave clothes, and ornamented with flowers, was placed on a bier, or some elevated spot. The relations and keeners (singing mourners) then ranged themselves in two divisions, one at the head, and the other at the foot of the corpse. The bards and crochies had before prepared the funeral caoinan. The chief bard of the head chorus began by singing the first stanza in a low doleful tone, which was softly accompanied by the harp; at the conclusion, the foot semichorus began the lamentation, or ullaloo, from the final note of the preceding stanza, in which they were answered by the head semichorus; then both united in one general chorus. The chorus of the first stanza being ended, the chief bard of the foot semichorus began the second goal, or lamentation, in which they were answered by that of the head, and as before, both united in the general full chorus. Thus alternately, were the song and the choruses performed during the night. The genealogy, rank, possessions, the virtues and vices of the dead were rehearsed, and a number of interrogations were addressed to the deceased; as why did he die? If married, whether his wife was faithful to him, his sons dutiful, or good hunters or warriors? If a woman, whether her daughters were fair or chaste? If a young man, whether he had been crossed in love, or if the blue-eyed maid of Erin had treated him with scorn.

In ancient times it was the glory of the bard, who was attached to the family of each chief or noble, assisted by some of the household, to raise the funeral song, but, at a more recent period, this has been entrusted to hired mourners, who were remunerated according to the estimation in which their talents were held. We are told that formerly the metrical feet of their compositions were much attended to, but on the decline of the Irish bards, these feet were gradually neglected, and they fell into a kind of slipshod metre among the women, who have entirely engrossed the office of keeners or mourners.

From Mr. T. Crofton Croker, the talented chronicler of many of our old legends and customs, we quote the following highly graphic account of the performance of a keener by profession, of the present day:

'Having a curiosity,' he says, 'to hear the keen more distinctly sung than over a corpse, when it is accompanied by a wild and inarticulate uproar as a chorus, I prevailed on an elderly woman, who was renowned for her skill in keening, to recite for me some of these dirges. This woman, whose name was Harrington, led a wandering kind of life, travelling from cottage to cottage about the country, and though in fact subsisting on charity, found every where not merely a welcome, but had numerous invitations on account of the vast store of Irish verses she had collected and could repeat. Her memory was indeed extraordinary, and the clearness, quickness, and elegance with which she translated from the Irish into English, though unable to read or write, is almost incredible. Before she commenced repeating, she mumbled for a short time, probably the beginning of each stanza, to assure herself of the arrangement, with her eyes closed, rocking her body backwards and forwards, as if keeping time to the measure of the verse. She then began in a kind of whining recitation, but as she proceeded, and as the composition required it, her voice assumed a variety of deep and fine tones, and the energy with which many passages were delivered, proved her perfect comprehension and strong feeling of the subject; but her eyes always remained shut, perhaps to prevent interruption to her thoughts, or her attention being engaged by any surrounding object.

Till about the middle of the last century, the custom was very generally adhered to in Ireland, as well in families of the highest condition, as among those of the lower orders; and many of the elegiac poems, composed on such occasions, have come down to us, which by their figurative language, and highly poetical imagery, evince astonishing genius and are strongly indicative of the natural talent of our people. The learned Dr. Adam Clarke has preserved one of considerable beauty, the music of which, he tells us, though rude and simple, is nevertheless, bold, highly-impassioned, and deeply affecting, and is often used among the descendants of the aboriginal Irish on funeral occasions. We, however, prefer giving the following 'lament of Morian Shehone for Miss Mary Bourke,' which is literally translated from the original Irish.

'Silence prevails; it is an awful silence. The voice of Mary is heard no longer in the valley.

'Yes, thou art gone, O Mary! but Morian Shehone will raise the song of woe, and bewail thy fate.

'Snow white was thy virtue; the youths gazed on thee with rapture; and old age listened with pleasure to the soft music of thy tongue.

'Thy beauty was brighter than the sun which shone around thee, O Mary! but thy sun is set, and has left the soul of thy friend in darkness.

'Sorrow for thee is dumb, save the wailings of Morian Shehone; and grief has not yet tears to shed for Mary.

'I have cried over the rich man; but when the stone was laid upon his grave, my grief was at an end. Not so with my heart's darling; the grave cannot hide Mary from the view of Morian Shehone.

'I see her in the four corners of her habitation, which was once gilded by her presence.

'Thou didst not fall off like a withered leaf, which hangs trembling and insecure; no, it was a rude blast which brought thee to the dust, O Mary!

'Hadst thou not friends? Hadst thou not bread to eat, and raiment to put on? Hadst thou not youth and beauty, Mary? Then mightest thou not have been happy!

'But the spoiler came and disordered my peace—the grim tyrant has taken away my only support in Mary.

'In thy state of probation, thou wert kind hearted to all, and none envied thee thy good fortune. Oh! that the lamentations of thy friends—Oh! that the burning tears of Morian Shehone could bring back from the grave the peerless Mary!

'But alas! this cannot be; then twice in every year, while the virgins of the valley celebrate the birth and death of Mary, under the wide-spreading elm, let her spirit hover round them, and teach them to emulate her virtues.

'So falls into the depths of silence the lament of Morian Shehone.'

Of late years the custom has fallen greatly into disuse, and is now of rare occurrence, except in some very few old families, and among the peasantry, and with them it has now generally degenerated into a mere cry of an extremely wild and mournful character, which, however, consisting of several notes, forming a very harmonious musical passage, approaches to a species of song, but is almost always destitute of words.

The crowd of people, who assemble at the funerals of the peasantry in some parts of the country, is amazing, often exceeding a thousand persons, men and women. They gather, as the bearers of the hearse proceed on their way, and when they pass through any village, or approach any house, the wail swells out still louder than before, which gives notice that a funeral is passing, and immediately the people flock out to follow it. In the province of Munster it is said that it is a common thing for the women to follow a funeral, to join in the universal cry with all their might and main for some time, and then to turn and ask, 'Arrah, who is it that's dead? who is it we're crying for?'

The peasantry everywhere are wonderfully eager to attend the funerals of their friends and relations, and they make their relationships branch out to a great extent. The proof that a poor man has been well beloved during his life, is his having a crowded funeral. Even the poorest people have their own burying places, that is, spots of ground in the churchyards, which are situated sometimes in the wildest parts of the mountains, their situation indicated by some remnant of a ruin, and a few scattered tombstones and the low green hillocks of the graves. Here, they say, their ancestors have been buried ever since the wars of Ireland, and though these burial places should be many miles from the place where a man dies, his friends and neighbors take care to carry the corpse thither.

The first time I ever heard the funeral cry, I was greatly struck by it, owing, perhaps, in some degree to its coming upon me quite unexpectedly. I was riding along an unfrequented road in one of the most retired parts of the county of Meath; I well remember it was a lovely morning early in spring; the trees were rapidly assuming their most brilliant clothing of green, there was a genial warmth in the air, the sun shone out brightly, and the lively songs of the birds added their animating influence at once to cheer and tranquilize the feelings, and I sauntered on in that delightful state of mind which one enjoys, when all the cares and anxieties of life for a few short moments utterly forgotten, one is engaged solely in drinking in a variety of undefinable, but yet highly pleasurable emotions from every quarter. A faint, wailing sound, so wild and indescribable, that it seemed almost something unearthly, came floating on the light morning breeze, but so indistinct and so faint from distance, that it was repeated more than once before I could be quite certain it was more than mere imagination. However, I heard it again and again at intervals of a few seconds, the sound becoming each time more distinct as I approached the quarter from whence it came, or the wind bore it a little more strongly towards me. From a sort of murmur, it swelled out into a full tone, then

died away into silence; I know nothing it resembled so much as the sounds of an Eolian harp, as they rise gradually in strength, and then sink into the softest cadences. At length, reaching a turn in the road, I perceived at some distance a vast crowd of people advancing towards me, and stretching along a considerable extent of ground; part of them only I was able to see, the remainder were concealed from my view by the windings of the road. In the front where the crowd was most dense, I distinguished by their cloaks, (several of which being scarlet, gave a highly pictorial effect to the group,) twenty or thirty females, and in the midst of them a bier carried by men, who were occasionally relieved by others of those nearest them. I soon perceived that the funeral song was begun by some of these women, that it was gradually swelled by the voices of the remainder, and the men joined occasionally their deeper tones. The effect of the whole was most striking, and had something even grand in it; the song was guttural, but by no means monotonous, and whether the contrast with the bright and joyous spring morning may not have rendered it more melancholy and lugubrious I know not, but it certainly struck me as the most singularly plaintive and mournful expression of excessive grief that could well be imagined.

As I drew nearer I perceived that the persons who composed the cortege were affected by very different feelings indeed. Some few of those who followed close to the coffin, were evidently overcome by the most heartfelt and poignant affliction. Some of the women especially, gave way to the most unrestrained and vehement expression of the liveliest sorrow, weeping loudly, throwing up their hands and clapping them together, or striking them violently against their bosoms. It occurred to me involuntarily that it was no small trial of the true pathos of this ancient melody to see that it bore with undiminished effect so close a juxtaposition with the real demonstration of genuine and unartificial grief; indeed I fancied at times that some of them, even in the utmost abandonment of their sorrow, joined in the wail of the other women, who, by their undisturbed countenances and unagitated demeanor, pointed themselves out as the professional keepers who assisted on the occasion.

As soon as the foremost persons came up to me, I raised my hat for a moment, and turned my horse's head about, aware that it is deemed unlucky if any person meeting a funeral passes it without turning back to accompany it at least a short distance. I am always anxious to yield to such prejudices as this among my countrymen; it costs not much trouble to show some slight respect to their feelings, and I think one is especially called on to do so upon such occasions. It always appeared to me that trifles like these serve greatly to draw together the bonds of charity and friendly feeling between the different classes in this much divided country, which it is to be lamented are often heedlessly and rudely broken through by many who, unobservant of mankind, know not that it is one of those immutable laws inherent in our very nature, and no where of more force than in the bosoms of our warm-hearted countrymen, that a far deeper feeling of gratitude and affection is engendered by an expression of sympathy or participation either in sorrow or joy than by labored kindnesses, which in truth are often felt as absolutely oppressive.

By reining in my horse, I gradually allowed the whole crowd to pass me by, though it seemed almost to be interminable; I was astonished at finding that it extended probably along upwards of a mile of the road and consisted of not less than two thousand people. I then resumed my journey, and in a few minutes the intervening ground hid the entire procession from my view, and the funeral wail gradually became distant, and at last totally died away.

I subsequently learned that the deceased was a very extensive farmer, claiming to be a descendant of one of the old native families, who derive their lineage from the ancient princes of our land; that he had just terminated a long life spent from his childhood on his paternal inheritance, in constant intercourse with the

poor peasantry, by whom he was much beloved, not only in consequence of ancient descent, but from his having had the character of exercising lavishly the hospitality of the olden time, besides possessing pre-eminently in his own person many of the other virtues and qualities which stand highest in the estimation of our countrymen.

It is an interesting fact that Curran who was from his infancy familiar with the language of his country, and in his youthful days took especial pleasure in constantly mixing in the social meetings of the peasantry, has been known to declare that he derived his first notions of poetry and eloquence from the compositions of the hired mourner over the dead.

THE BROKEN FIDDLE.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Poor blind *Jemmy Connor*!—he played the sweet and plaintive melodies of our *Green Isle* with a deep and touching pathos. I have listened to him for hours with a mixture of sadness and pleasure; and as he drew the varying heart touching strains from the strings of his fiddle, I do not feel ashamed to own that he drew the tears from my eyes. He was taught by affliction. But perhaps you have never heard the story of *Jemmy Connor* and his broken fiddle? Well, then, I will tell it you.

The calm sunshine of domestic happiness brightened and made glad the young days of *Jemmy Connor*. He had married early in life the object of his devoted affection, whose faithful love and cheerful attention to household duties had endeared to him his little home. He never missed the clean and tidy room, the comfortable and wholesome repast, and the welcoming smile, at his return from his work; and his sober and industrious habits had gained for him the esteem and confidence of his employer. *Jemmy* and *Mary Connor* were happier in their humble dwelling than many a lordly owner of a proud and princely palace.

Years of peace and joy rolled over their heads, and though they had wept at the grave of two of their infant offspring, still they were happy; for their eldest, a sweet, blue-eyed girl, was spared to them; and shortly after, a son opened his smiling eyes upon the glad pair. But, in giving birth to the last child, poor *Mary Connor* had taken cold, which brought on that wasting harbinger of death that follows so many families, and was hereditary in hers. Consumption laid its blighting hand upon her shrinking frame, and left the heart-stricken and inconsolable husband a young widower. How uncertain are the enjoyments of the world—how fleeting are its pleasures!

In that same room, about six years after, *Jemmy Connor* lay upon a sick bed; he had taken the small-pox from his little son, who had recovered; but the doctor seemed to have little hope that he would rise from that bed again. His daughter, now twelve years of age, tended and watched him with untiring solicitude and affection; nor would she quit him, though entreated to leave that scene of danger. He did recover—he rose from that bed of sickness—but his sight was gone forever.

'Dear father,' said *Mary Connor*, as she sat busily engaged at her needle—the setting sun shining upon them, and the summer breeze, as it passed over the box of blooming *mignonette* at the opened window, filling the room with fragrance—'Dear father, I am just thinking how good the Lord has been to us, in raising up for us such kind friends. I would not have found it easy to get this work, were it not for that benevolent lady, who exerted herself among her friends, and so earnestly recommended me to them; and how could we have managed to keep this little room so long, but for your kind employer?'

'True, my dearest child, we have great reason to be thankful. The Lord is good! And though I have met with my own share of affliction, my heart is resigned, and I am still happy—very, very happy—since you are spared to me to bless my darkened hours.'

As *Mary* took his extended hand affectionately in hers, he felt a tear fall upon it.

'Reach me down my fiddle, my dear child,' said he 'and I will play you one of your favorite little airs.'

Jemmy had amused many a leisure hour, in his younger and happier days, by striving to become a proficient on the instrument. The fiddle, which *Mary* now handed down to him, was one which his lamented wife had herself purchased for him, and he prized it above all he possessed on earth, next to his beloved *Mary* and his little *Jemmy*. Since he had the misfortune of losing his sight it had been a constant source of pleasure to him, and had soothed away many a bitter pang.

I said that consumption was an hereditary complaint in his wife's family. Alas! it soon showed itself in *Mary's* delicate frame, in the hectic flush of her cheek, and the short oppressive cough. Poor *Jemmy Connor*! his story is a sad one. His fond, affectionate daughter—the child of his heart—his good, his pious *Mary*, was carried to an early grave, and it was many a day before he recovered from the effects of this overwhelming shock.

Taking his little boy by one hand, and his fiddle in the other, he left the home where all the ties that bound him to earth were breaking one by one. He could not bear to be any longer a dependent on the generosity of his former master, and was now determined to make his fiddle, which was hitherto only his amusement, the means of his own and his son's subsistence. Rambling through the country; from one farm-house to another, *Jemmy Connor* and his son became well known and universally liked; and, as he played the old Irish airs sweetly and clearly, you would scarcely see a dry eye among those who were grouped in listening silence around him.

It was a beautiful day in autumn; the sun was shining on hill and valley, on wood and stream; the song of the lark was breaking from the far-off golden clouds in strains of thrilling melody, which the wrapt fancy might mistake for a cherub's hymn of praise; the rich meadows filled the air with fragrance; and the produce of the fields, which were lately white with the harvest, was conveyed by the busy husbandmen into the well-filled granaries of the farmer. All was cheerfulness, and praise, and love. Even the very beasts seemed to partake of the general joy. And cold must be the heart that could gaze on such a scene without being lifted up in thankfulness to him who giveth the rain, and the sunshine, and the abundance of the harvest.

There was one that passed through that scene, and though he saw it not, yet felt his bosom expand with gratitude. The sweet fresh air gladdened his upturned brow, and *Jemmy Connor* passed along, led by his little son. They were invited to a farmer's house, and they were now taking a short cut through a pathway across the fields. Suddenly the joyous and exciting halloo of the huntsmen came upon the wind, mingled with the deep-toned yellings of the hounds. A hare, closely pursued, darted, with the speed of desperation, by the father and son; almost in the next instant, the hounds and the huntsmen came thundering on.

'Out of the way, you wandering vagabond!' roared a hoarse voice, in startling exclamation.

'Hasten, dear father!'—hasten! said the trembling boy.

The father, unused to such harsh words, and alarmed at the danger he could not see, dropped his fiddle, and the hindmost hoofs of the flying hunter striking against it, shivered it to pieces.

'Your music is finished,' laughed out the unfeeling huntsman, as he bounded over a hedge.

Oh! who could portray the deep, the heart-felt agony of poor *Jemmy*! All the afflictions of his life seemed crowded together in that last misfortune. Had he been offered a purse of gold in exchange for his fiddle, he would have spurned at it, so hallowed had it become in his remembrance. It was the long-cherished gift of his first and only love; it had been the delight of his dear, his departed daughter, who oft had mingled her sweet song with its notes; it was the soother of his cares, and the means of supporting his remaining child, his faithful *Jemmy*.

When the noise had passed away, he stooped down, and said, in a tone of agony, for he heard the crash, 'Is it broke, Jemmy!'

'Broke! broke!' exclaimed the little fellow, sobbing bitterly. 'Aye, dear father, it is broke into a thousand pieces!'

The poor blind man clasped his hands, and stood in unutterable anguish; the child cried and sobbed as if his heart would break; and a man twice addressed them, in a voice of condolence, ere they were aware of his approach. It was the farmer who had invited them to his house. He had seen the huntsmen sweeping by—had heard the rough and cruel exclamation—and, fearing that some accident had occurred, he hastened to wards them, and saw the scattered fragments which the boy was taking from the bag and laying on the grass.

'Curse on the hard-hearted villain!' said he. 'May the red vengeance hotly pursue him, and may he break!—'

'Hush, hush!' said poor Jemmy, roused from the depth of his sorrow. 'Curse him not; vengeance is not fitted for our weak and erring hands. May the Lord forgive him—and I forgive him, though he has laid this desolate heart completely bare by that one blow.'

'Come, come,' said the farmer, dashing away the tears of pity which filled his eyes, 'you are heartily welcome to my fire-side still. Come, both of you—I will take no excuse. But rouse yourself, man, and with the blessing of God, you shall have another fiddle as good as the one you lost.'

'Never, never!' said the blind man; 'never will I handle the like of that again. It was dear and more precious to me than the eyesight which I lost. When I felt it in my hand—when I heard its soothing tone, it illumined my soul with the light of former days, and then my wife, my child, my happiness that vanished when they were gone, came floating through my mind like a sweet dream. It was the gift of my wife. Ah! little did the thoughtless huntsman think that when he broke that precious gift, he broke the minstrel's heart!'

Alas! and so it did. The worthy farmer strove to cheer his guest—in vain; he never rose from his bed again; and a few days after, he was laid in his last home. His parting moments were brightened by the kindness and attention of the farmer, who promised to adopt the little Jemmy—he had no son of his own—which he faithfully fulfilled; and, in course of time, he gave him his daughter in marriage.

Such is the sad tale; and I never meet one of those wandering minstrels, who are, in general such favorites among our peasantry—particularly if he should happen to be blind—that I do not think of poor Jemmy Connor and his broken fiddle.

TOO FOND OF A CLASS.

Mary Dempsey, my ploughman's wife, came to me in great distress the other day, and after twisting in her fingers the corner of her apron with which she had been wiping her eyes, and exhibiting sundry other manifestations of an irritated or excited mind, told me (bursting into a loud lamentation,) that her son Mick had enlisted.

Sobs for some time prevented her telling me the particular causes which had induced this young man, who had been serving as under steward in the employment of a very respectable gentleman in my neighborhood, to leave his place.

Mick had been a gay, thoughtless fellow—well principled, and beloved by all the workmen in Mr. C.'s employment, but unhappily too fond of a glass.

In consequence of repeated irregularities, attendance at wakes and dances, and every idle pastime the country afforded, he was at length dismissed from his service; and then, unfortunately for himself, became process-server and bailiff in a neighboring district.

In this situation, in which temptations to dram drinking continually occurred, Mick's besetting sin took fast hold of him—in the morning he took his

glass to keep the cold out of his stomach; another after breakfast to assist digestion; two or three glasses in the course of the day, to oblige his various employers, who presented the glass and process together; and two or three tumblers of strong punch just before bedtime, as a necessary refreshment after the fatigues of the day. And this vile system soon became a confirmed habit with this young man, who could not pass half a day without his dose of poison, the effects of which were already visible in the sallowness of his eyes and in the inanimate expression of his features.

But let us have poor Mary's story in her own words: 'Och, Mr. Doyle dear, (wringing her hands and still twisting the apron) och, Mrs. Doyle, jewel, (my wife and I were playing the parts of Darby and Joan together), Mick is listed! Och, is it for that his four bones came into the world! Is it for that I'm rearing and looking at him since the day he was first born? Och, marther, marther, to go with the soldiery! Here again grief rendered her inarticulate.

'I am glad, Mary,' said I, 'it is not worse; if Mick wishes to go into the army, there is nothing creditable in doing so—quite the reverse—a well conducted soldier is always respectable, and often gets promotion—but how do you know it to be true?'

Mary then told Mrs. Doyle and me, that Mick having come to town on the preceding day on some process-serving business, got 'hearty,' and seeing a recruiting party of the — Regt., was suddenly seized with a fit of military mania, and enlisted.

'His mother,' as she expressed herself, 'saw him yoked with a soldier, a tinkereen of a fellow, that wasn't within a head and shoulders of Mick.'

'Mother,' says he, 'walk up the street till I discourse you.'

'So I followed him to the next public-house (my curse on every one of them,) and went in with 'im.'

'Mother,' says he, 'be after raising your heart with this glass,' and he looked sorrowful like; 'tell Mr. Doyle,' says he, 'I'm listed—do as I bid you.'

'So I opened my two eyes, to see if he was joking, but what did I see but the cockade in his hat. I knew 't was all over wid him in earnest; so with that I faced the tinkereen of a corp'lar, and says I—

'What brings the likes of you wid decent boys, to be after crimping 'em from their people, and transporting 'em to the wars?' when, well became him, he stood up like any lord, and says he,

'My good woman, says he, 'the young man is in the king's service, and in my care, so you had better go about your business.'

'Myself filled up, and Mick, seeing me about to rise a contention with the corplar,—

'Mother,' says he, 'tis better for you to howld your tongue, and to do as I bid you.'

'Och, it was then that I knew he was in houlty; but Mr. Doyle, dear, (and Mary looked most imploringly at Mrs. Doyle and me,) won't you speak to the Major—that's the real moral of a fine man, and weighs twenty stone, the Lord increase him; or to the adjutant, that's a mighty pretty, pleasant young gentleman, and looks good natured like; or the captain.'

We desired Mary Dempsey, not to take this affair so much to heart, as in all probability it would end better than she expected; and I held forth to her in the following strain:—

'Mary your son must remain, if possible, where he is, (my only fear is, that Doctor L——, the regimental surgeon, will judge from his drunken and debilitated look, that he is unfit for the service,) and I'll tell you why:—

'First, you know that he is becoming a confirmed drunkard, and that if he remains under his present temptations, he has no reasonable chance of changing his degrading course, (here Mary looked piteously, and admitted that the whiskey was her son's ruin,) and in the second place, he is setting a bad example in the country; it is better for all our sakes, that he should be admitted into the army, where he will be carefully watched, and assuredly punished if he offends.

'The dread of disgrace and punishment may arouse

him to a sense of his condition, restrain him from excess, and gradually transform him from a stupid, slovenly and worthless drunkard, into a smart, clean, and reputable soldier; therefore, do not grieve Mary, at what may save your son from ruin, and you from unhappiness; he may yet see his error in a proper view, and be reclaimed from it.'

Mary became a little more composed, particularly when I promised to prevail on some person of more influence than a man of my rank in life could possess, to request the favorable attention of the commanding officer to Mick, in the event of his becoming a sober man, a very problematical matter however.

She declared that if he ever grew to be a serjeant, she should be the proudest of mothers; fully understanding, however, that all depended on himself, on his total abstinence from the detestable poison which had hitherto been his curse—on there being every probability, that if he even put his lips to it, his resolution would fail, when punishment, not promotion, would be the result.

She added, as a clincher, that she would compel him to take his voluntary affidavit against spirits for a year and a day.

THE SHORTEST WAY.—Some twelve years ago, Napoleon, Indiana, was celebrated for two things—one for the carousing propensities of its inhabitants, and the other for the large number of its roads. It appears that an earnest collector had stopped at Dayton and become acquainted with an old drover, who appeared to be well posted as to the geography of the country.

'I wish to go to Greenfield,' said the collector;—'now which is the shortest way?'

'Well, sir,' said the drover, 'you had better go to Napoleon, and take the road leading nearly north.'

The traveller noted it down.

'Well, if I wish to go to Edinburgh?'

'Then go to Napoleon and take the road west.'

'Well, if I wish to go to Vernon?'

'Go to Napoleon and take the road southwest.'

'Or to Indianapolis?' asked the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was being imposed upon.

'Go to Napoleon and take the road northwest.'

The collector looked at his note-book; every direction had Napoleon on it; he began to feel his mettle rise, and he turned once more to the drover with—

'Suppose, sir, that I wanted to go to the devil?'

The drover never even smiled, but he scratched his head, and after a moment's hesitation said—

'Well, my dear sir, I don't know of any shorter road you could take than to go to Napoleon.'

GOT HIM THERE.—While a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining together at Wiscasset a few years ago, a jolly son of the Emerald Isle appeared and called for dinner. The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done eating.

'Let him dine with us,' whispered a limb of the law, 'and we shall have some fun with him.'

The Irishman took his seat at the table.

'You were not born in this country,' said one.

'No sir; I was born in Ireland.'

'Is your father living?'

'No sir; he is dead.'

'What is your occupation?'

'Trading horses.'

'Did your father ever cheat any one while here?'

'I suppose he did cheat many, sir.'

'Where do you suppose he went to?'

'To heaven, sir.'

'Has he cheated any one there?'

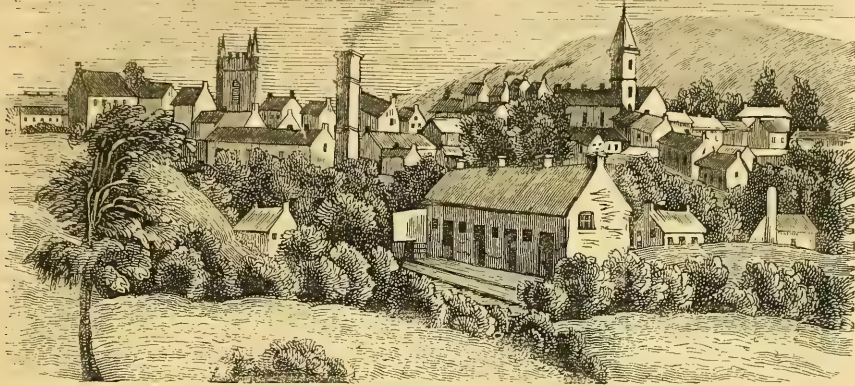
'He cheated one I believe.'

'Why did they not prosecute him?'

'Because they searched the whole kingdom of heaven and couldn't find a lawyer.'

This last answer spoiled the whole of the fun in the estimation of the limb of the law.

Eternity is the lifetime of God.



BALLYMENA.

The subject of the above illustration, is a flourishing market town, situated in the centre of the county of Antrim. Within the last ten years it has been rapidly progressing in size and respectability. At present it contains about one thousand houses, with between four thousand and five thousand inhabitants.

There are in Ballymena two Presbyterian houses of worship, one meeting house in connection with the Seceders, a Roman Catholic chapel, an Episcopal church and a Methodist chapel. There are two academies and a free school for the children of the town and neighborhood, whose circumstances prevent their attendance on the schools.

The country around Ballymena presents a very beautiful appearance, being well cultivated, and much ornamented by planting in various directions. A little hill, standing to the westward of the town, commands towards the south, a pleasant view of a rich and cultivated valley, as well planted and as amply ornamented with houses, orchards and hedges, as any vale in England. The cottages and farm houses present that appearance of neatness and comfort which distinguishes the province of Ulster from many other parts of Ireland; the squalid misery, and extreme wretchedness apparent elsewhere, and so irksome to the feelings of every benevolent mind, not being apparent here. The peasantry are rather well informed, and have in general that idea of independence which gives to the lower orders of this portion of the country such a decided advantage over those of the other districts of Ireland. They are, however, very superstitious, and attached to many old customs and pastimes.

A short distance from the town is a rath or mound of earth, connected with another mound, in the form of an amphitheatre. It is fifty feet high, and being planted with trees, forms a very pretty object, and it is very well worthy of the inspection of the curious.

About seven miles from Ballymena, and in the back ground of our illustration, is the celebrated hill, Sleive Mish, where St. Patrick is said to have tended the swine of Milco.

Rather more than two miles from Ballymena, on the Ahogill road, in the handsome village of Gracehill, a Moravian settlement, which consists of about

forty houses and four hundred inhabitants, and forms three sides of a quadrangle—in front of which is a very beautiful hedge-rowed pleasure-ground. Midway to this place is Galgorme cattle, at present the property of Lord Mountcashel, and partially fitted up and inhabited by one of the agents to the estate. There is a legend here relative to a former proprietor, who is said to have sold himself to the devil for a certain remuneration in gold. The box which contained the treasure being still to be seen in one of the rooms of the castle.

This settlement was commenced about seventy-five years since, on a townland containing about two hundred and twenty acres, taken from Lord O'Neill, the entire of which is in a high state of cultivation, numbers of comfortable cottages, and thriving gardens, surrounded with luxuriant hedges, appearing in every direction.

Midway from Ballymena to Ballymoney, somewhat to the left, are seen the Craigs rocks, or Fort of Craigs, which form a square of nine thousand feet in area, with a very deep trench, close to which are three pillars erect and tapering, supposed to have been placed there in honour of some valiant chieftain slain in battle; and but a short distance from them, in the hollow of a high and craggy ridge, there is a cromlech, or druidical altar—a slab of black heavy stone, one foot in thickness, ten feet long, and eight broad, originally placed upon five supporters. Beneath this is a chamber which communicates with two others, about seven feet square, and arched over—the whole standing within a circle of hundred and thirty-five feet in circumference, the ground underneath having formerly been hollowed into a kind of cavern. A writer in Mason's Statistical Survey, speaking of this place, observes—that it must have been the theatre of great events in former times; that it possesses more remains of antiquity than he has any where seen in the same space of ground. The place where the altar is erected is lonely and awful—it induces thought, and brings back the memory to former days, over which the mind broods with pleasure. Here Fingal and his clans of Mourne and Boiskene may have displayed their valor—Torgis and his Scandinavians committed their ravages—Sourleboey (i. e. Yellow Charley) and his Scotch played off their stratagems—our De Courcay and his English showed forth their heroism. All are now gone; a total change of laws, manners, religion, and war, has taken place—and a rational religion and mild government have blessed us with peace and knowledge.

HEROIC DEVOTION TO HIS ART.—Mrs Mathews, in her 'Anecdotes of Actors,' gives an amusing instance of this. In that scene in the play of 'Committee,' where Obadiah has to swallow, with feigned reluctance, the contents of a black quart bottle administered to him by Teague, Munden was observed one night to throw an extra amount of comicality and vigor into his resistance, so much so that Johnstone, ('Irish Johnstone') the Teague of the occasion, fired with a natural enthusiasm, forced him to drain the bottle to the last drop. The effect was tremendous. The audience absolutely screamed with laughter, and Obadiah was borne off half dead, and no wonder. The bottle, which should have contained sherry and water, was by some mistake, half filled with the rankest lamp oil. We will let Mrs. Mathews tell the rest:—

When the sufferer had in some degree recovered from the nausea the accident caused, Mr. Johnstone marvelled why Munden should have allowed him, after his first taste, to pour the whole of the disgusting liquid down his throat. 'It would,' Johnstone said, 'have been easy to have rejected, or opposed a repetition of it, by hinting the mistake to him.'

Mr. Munden's reply—by gasps—was as follows:—
'My dear boy—I was about to do so—but there was such a glorious roar at the first face I made upon swallowing it, that I hadn't the heart to spoil the scene by interrupting the effect, though I thought I should die every time you poured the accursed stuff down my throat.'

An Irishman describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee, said: 'If he was cast away upon a desolate island, he'd get up the next mornin' and go round sellin' maps to the inhabitants.'

'Now, Thomas, what are you barning off my writing table?' said an author to his servant.

'Only the paper that was written all over. I have not touched the clean,' was the reply.

Why are railway companies like laundresses? Because they have ironed all the continent of America, and sometimes do a little mangling.

How pleasant it is for a father to sit by his child's board. It is like the aged man reclining under the shadow of the oak which he has planted.

THE COCK-FIGHT.

The course of our story leads us to the bank of a considerable river, on a lovely evening towards the latter end of April: some of the earlier trees in a wood on the opposite shore, were already clothed in soft green, and among their boughs innumerable tenants of the air were pouring forth their vesper song; not a breeze rippled the calm surface of the stream, now tinged by the roscate hues of the declining sun.

Two girls were seated close to the river in earnest conversation, their cans filled with the pure element, ready to put on their heads.

'Ye wor'nt at the chapel a Sunday, Kitty,' said one.

'No,' said Kitty, 'my mother wasn't well.'

'I wish ye wor in id, nera one but the sight 'most left my eyes fwhen I seen Nancy Brady.'

'Ah fwhy so, Peggy?'

'Orah, Kitty, dear, she was so drest; sorra the leks iver ye seen; a fine new Lighorn bonnet, wid a power of yalla ribbons, an a black veil.'

'Is it a veil?'

'Aye indeed, a veil, agrab, sorra a many was on her granny's,' continued Peggy; 'but stay tal ye hear all! A silk coat, my dear, an a scarlet shawl near down to her heels; new gloves (gloves,) and to be sure, a handkercher in her fist.'

'An a silk coat, too,' repeated Kitty, 'fwhat color was it?'

'Lik a dull green,' said Peggy, 'I doubt it's a cast off she bought from a dealer—it hadn't the skin iv a new one. Ooh, iv ye seen her Kitty, sorra one iv her knew iv she was on her head, or her feet, so grand as she was.'

'I'm thinkin, Peggy dear, ye minded Nancy Brady more nor yer prayers.'

'How could I help it, Kitty, wasn't she the shew iv the whole chapel? an all the boys after her lik any thin, an Frank Davis up to her hip lik a pocket.'

'Frank Davis!' exclaimed Kitty.

'Aye indeed,' said Peggy, 'an fwhy would'nt he an well as another, an faix a handsome boy he is sorra the lek of him was in the chapel, an Nancy Brady's very well, too, only she put a power iv paint on her face—it was the moral iv the fire.'

She might have run on much longer uninterrupted by Kitty, who was immersed in thought. After a silence of some minutes Peggy resumed.

'Ah, then, I believe, Kitty, its fwhat ye're thinkin iv Frank Davis yerself; I hard it afore, an yer mother tellin that she'd never give in to it.'

'She didn't say so,' replied Kitty.

'Nera word iv lie in it, myself was standin by.'

'Fwhat can any one say agin him, Peggy?'

'The boy's well enough, Kitty, lowersha, it'd be hard to meet his match, only they say he's too much after the sport, an that his masher faults him for it.'

'That's some of Norah's lies, Peggy, bekase he wouldn't marry her daughter.'

'Faix, may be so; mysel doesn't know, only as the people ses.'

Just then a loud voice was heard from the hill behind them, calling out—

'Horo, Peggy, will ye stay there all night?'

'There's my mother,' said the girl, 'will ye cum Kitty?'

But Kitty was not in a hurry, and the other putting her can on her head set off. Kitty was disturbed by the gossip of her companion; she had been long attached to Frank Davis, and the flame was mutual. Her mother, who was a widow, did not like the young man; she said he was a gambler, and said truly, that gamblers seldom make good husbands. However, though Kitty heard Frank's love of pleasure very generally commented on, she did not entirely credit it. The boy, she thought, is fond of sport, and why not? sure all boys are so;

and she liked a boy to have some spunk (spirit;) they always made better husbands than one of your dead wigs.

It must here be remarked, that the epithet, boy, is common to young men, and indeed men who are not young.

But that Frank Davis should be paying attention to any other, Kitty did not approve. She conceived herself, and very justly, superior to Nancy Brady in personal charms; to be sure she had not a silk coat, nor a Lighorn bonnet with yalla ribbons, an a black veil, and she would tell him her mind when they met.

Immediately on Peggy's departure, a little boat was pushed from amongst the reeds of the opposite shore, and a man stepping on board, polled it noiselessly across the river, a short way in the reere of where Kitty was sitting; having drawn it ashore, he stole lightly up, and putting his hands on her eyes, cried—

'A penny for yer thoughts.'

She quickly disengaged herself, and said gravely—

'I want none iv yer freedom, Frank Davis.'

'Don't make so free, tal ye're better acquainted,' replied the young man laughing and seating himself close by her, adding, 'be the laws, Kitty, ye done it to the life, as cowl lookin as the snow; and he took her hand, which she snatched from him.

'Faix, maybe it's in earnest ye are,' he resumed.

'It's just in earnest I am,' she said.

'Hooh, fwhat cam over ye the night?'

'Nothin at all, thank God, but I might ax fwhat cum over ye this whole week?'

'It's not always I can get out, the masher watches very closely—ye know Kitty, I'd cum iv I possibly could.'

'Times was when ye would, but times is greatly althered.'

'Not wid me, Kitty, I'm always the ould six-and-eight-pence.'

'Only fwhen ye meet fine drest girls at the chapel.'

'Well, well,' interrupted Davis, 'some gabby person was tellin ye that I was talkin to Nancy Brady, last Sunday; ooh, fwhat news they had.'

'An if ye leked, fwhy not; she's a purty girl, a decent father an mother's child, an has grand clothes,' said Kitty, endeavoring to speak calmly, though she was greatly agitated, and her eyes filled with tears.

'Iv I leked,' repeated Frank, 'an do ye think, Kitty, bad as I am, I'd ever fancy sich a painted thing?'

'Shure hasn't she a fine Lighorn bonnet, an a veil?' said Kitty.

'To Bottamy wid her bonnet, an veil to boot,' cried Frank, 'fwhat do I care for her; ye shouldn't be listenin to lies.'

'It's no lie that ye wor wid her after mass a Sunday,' said Kitty, 'an iv ye think, Frank'—she hesitated and he said—

'Iv I think fwhat, Kitty; I was walkin a piece wid Nancy Brady a Sunday, but it was to make game iv her, she was so proud. I tould ye often, an now agin, there isn't a girl in the world wide I care for but yersel, and he added with emotion, 'though they say this an that iv me, I wouldn't tell ye a lie for the boat full iv gould.'

There is an old saying, that the falling out of lovers more strongly rivets the chain; and so it happened on the present occasion. Before they parted it was arranged that on the ensuing Monday, being the first after Easter, they were to be married; she was to meet him in the evening, and then proceed to the priest's house.

'An now, Frank dear,' said Kitty, 'I have one thing to ax ye.'

'Ax me any thing in the world, an I'll do it,' replied he.

'It's only,' and she hesitated a moment, 'its only, Frank, that ye won't cock-fight any more.'

'Here's my hand an word for ye, Kitty, that from this day out, I'll shun cock-fights, an not go agin ye in any thing.'

Frank Davis polled his little boat over the river with a light heart that night, for the dearest wish of his heart was about to be realized; he was fondly attached to the pretty Kitty Moore, and longed to call her his own. He was very young, and had made no provision for housekeeping; in fact, had no money save what would be expended on the marriage; but what of that, thought he, I am strong and willing to work, and God never sends mouths into the world, but he sends them bread to eat, it is better to marry than do worse.'

With these fallacious arguments, too frequently brought forward by our young countrymen and women, Frank Davis put to silence a few qualms of conscience.

The next day was the last of the week, and after Mr. Arden's laborers had been dismissed, and that gentleman was returning to his house, Davis following him in silence.

'Do you want any thing, Frank?' said Mr. Arden.

'To speak a word, iv ye please, Sir.'

'Well, what have you to say?'

'I was wantin a little money the night, if it's convenient yer honor.'

'Money, Frank, to be spent in gaming, if so, I shall not give any.'

'Shure sir, I'm no gambler, I wondher who told ye lies iv me.'

'I want no one to tell me, Frank, you cannot be ignorant that your work is neglected, or performed in a slovenly manner, and how is your time spent? at cock-fights, ball-alleys, and such like places.'

'An beggin yer pardon, sir, shure that's no gamblin.'

'Then pray inform me what you call gambling?'

'Playin wid the cards, pitch-an-toss, an' the lek, Sir, I never cared for them, sorra card in the deck I know beyant another.'

'I trust you may long be so, Frank,' said Mr. Arden.

He then endeavored to explain the nature of gaming, and warn the young man against it.

'Well, well, see that now,' replied Frank, 'I'm thankful to ye, Sir, an never will folly the leks agin.'

'Take care, Frank, do not be too confident in your own strength; and now let me tell you, that if you do not give up all such practices we must part. I shall give you the money, and hope it may not be squandered in gaming.'

'Wid the help iv God, it won't, Sir.'

'Seek that help, Frank, and you may be certain of doing well.'

Though passionately fond of the cruel (certainly misnamed royal) pastime of cock fighting, and having two birds training for the usual battle on Easter Monday, yet Frank Davis resolved from that time to give it up. His master did not approve of it, and he did not wish to part so good a master; and Kitty Moore, the prettiest girl in the parish, so dearly loved, and so soon to be his wife, wished him to give it up—and he could not deny her any request. He would part his cocks on the following day, and never go to a cock-pit again.

Kitty Moore was early stirring the next morning, not that she had many preparations to make against her marriage. Her wardrobe was not extensive, therefore, she had not many choices; but she was restless, and so nervous that every sound startled her. She was about to take an important step without her mother's permission; to unite herself to a person to whom indeed she was warmly attached,

but who she feared was greatly addicted to pleasure. But marriage will settle him, she thought, having heard old woman frequently say it was the only thing to a tame wild young man.

We have heard dowagers in a more elevated rank of life aver, that reformed rakes make the best husbands; but we think it rather a hazardous experiment for a young female to unite herself to a dissipated man, with the hope of reforming him; in a hundred instances to one it fails. But Kitty Moore was young, and moreover deeply in love, therefore did not pause to balance consequences.

'It's a fine day,' said her mother, 'Kitty, fwhy but ye go to the chapel; an shure ye might go to the cock-fights, or the dance afther.'

But Kitty did not wish to go out until evening. In the course of the day she sought her friend Peggy, and informed her what was to take place in the evening.

'Didn't I know well,' Peggy exclaimed, 'ye wor fond iv Frank Davis, an God knows, a dacent clane boy he is, but Kitty, acushla, fwhat does yer mother say?'

'She doesn't know any thing iv it, nor won't for a fwhile,' replied Kitty.

'Well the Lord send ye luck, any way; did ye see Frank the day, Kitty?'

'No, I'm not to meet him fwhere I tould ye, in the evenin' late, an' Peggy, avourneen, ye won't forget.'

'Never fere, Kitty, I'll do it.'

What Kitty reminded her friend of, was to meet her after the marriage, that they might walk home together.

The full orb'd moon was emerging from behind the eastern hills, as Peggy quitted the dance to meet her friend; she had to walk about half a mile, and was getting away from her companions, all was silence, save the occasional bark of a distant dog and the low plaintive notes of the night singing-bird. Peggy was tolerably stout-hearted; however, she occasionally looked around with a rather timid air, for the field she was traversing contained one of those forts said to be the favored resort of fairies. But Peggy passed through and arrived at the place of meeting without encountering any of the gentry, where a scene awaited her that absorbed every thought.

On the ground lay Kitty Moore, insensible, with Frank Davis kneeling, and holding up her head; his face all smeared with blood and dirt, his head bound with a handkerchief, his clothes torn and muddy. Peggy clapped her hands and stood aghast for a moment.

'Aye, ye may well wonder,' said Frank, seeing the gure, but not knowing to whom he spoke, 'she's lyin' there an' I kilt her.'

'For God's sake,' at length cried Peggy, 'fwhat's the mather wid Kitty?'

'Didn't I tell ye I kilt her,' replied Davis.

'Ah, Frank, fwhy but ye open her cloke an' let the win' about her,' said Peggy, tearing it open, she then carried water in the hollow of her hand from a pool, with which she plentifully wet Kitty's face, but for a long time in vain, so that the girl, in great alarm, feared her friend was dead. However, she persevered, and at length signs of returning animation began to appear.

When Kitty was able to speak she requested to be brought home; Frank Davis wished to accompany them, but this neither would permit. He was reluctantly persuaded to leave them, on Peggy's promising to see him in the morning, and let him know how Kitty had passed the night.

It will be recollect'd that Frank Davis set out that morning with the determination of parting his cocks, and giving up fighting with them.

'Ye're early on the road the day, Frank,' said a friend of his on overtaking him, 'go in' to prepare the cocks, no doubt, an' a great fight it'll be; Mr. —, is to have his birds there.'

'I'm goin to sell my cocks,' replied Davis in a hesitating tone.

'Is id sell yer cocks,' exclaimed the other, 'jokin' ye are.'

'Faix, Billy, I'm in earnest.'

'The mather won't let ye keep them its lek.'

'Sure enough he's not very fond iv sport, but that's not it all out, Billy, I'm goin' to be marret.'

'Goin' to be marret!' repeated Billy stooping short, laying hold of Frank by the shoulder, and starting at him earnestly.

'Tis truth I tell you,' said Frank.

'Berthershin (may be so, any way it's quare how quite ye kep it; an' I wish the gurl?'

'Sure ye might guess.'

'Nera one iv me knows; maybe its Peggy Noon.'

'No, in troth.'

'Ye might see worse in a day's thravel, Frank, but I give it up.'

'Fwhat would ye think iv Kitty Moore, Billy?'

'Kitty Moore,' repeated Billy, and a dark cloud passed over his brow.

'Is't his a good gurl?' said Frank after a pause.

'Sorra bether,' replied the other, assuming a tone of cheerfulness, 'an' I wish ye every luck, Frank; but sure that's no rason ye should give up yer fine two cocks, an' sport—there's not the loks iv them in the country round.'

'They're well trained, Billy, an'll be shure to win, let who's will get them.'

'Hooh, man don't let any one get them, tal ye take one spree out iv them afore ye're tied for life.'

'I can't Billy, I gave my hand an' word to Kitty, I woudn't keep them; any way I'm to be marret the night.'

'Neel arugher (no help for it), cum along tal we see fwhat ye'll do wid the cocks.'

On arriving at the place, they met many others on the same intent; of course they must treat each other. Naggin led to naggin, and half pint to half pint, for some would not be outdone by others, until the unseasoned heads of the party, among whom was Frank Davis, was tolerably light.

Those who determine to forsake any besetting propensity, should, as a preliminary, avoid being led into temptation: importunity and opportunity are not easily withstood, and so poor Frank Davis found it.

Already elated by the spirits he had drank, the bustle at the cock-pit put to flight all his new formed resolutions, and he was all himself again.

We shall not enlarge on the scene of degradation. Frank entered his cocks against those of Mr. —, they were beaten and he lost all the money he possessed. He then got completely drunk, and was well drubbed by his friend Billy, who cut him deeply over the eye, and left him nearly insensible in a ditch; for, in fact, Billy was himself fond of Kitty Moore.

It was late in the evening when Frank awoke to consciousness; and perfectly sober, he then recollected his appointment, and how utterly impossible it was for him to fulfil his promise to Kitty; the thought was bitter in the extreme, but he determined to go to the place of rendezvous at all events. He bound a handkerchief round his head, and crawled, as well as he was able, to where Kitty had long been waiting with agonized thoughts and fears for his delay, and when he did appear before her in that state, we shall not attempt to describe her feelings: warm and affectionate, they received a shock, time alone could heal; and on hearing him distractedly tell his hopeless tale, animation fled, and in this state she was found by Peggy.

The sequel is soon told. Kitty Moore, before, the dawn of the following day, in the presence of Peggy, solemnly promised her mother, never more to see or speak to Frank Davis; and the young man on hearing this death blow to his hopes, enlisted in a regiment bound for foreign service, and left the country never to return. Dissipation, and the burning sun of a tropical climate, soon finished his career, and he fell, another victim added to the many who are yearly immolated at the shrine of gambling.

AN ALTERNATIVE.—An old Scotch tailor hopped to have a helpmate of a very peevish and querulous turn in her temper.

'I'm gaun to dee, Andrew,' said the wife.

'Are ye?' replied the tailor, as coolly as if he had been trying the temper of his goose.

'Are ye?—is that the way you speak, when I'm telling you that I'm gaun to leave you forever?—Ye're na to lay my baucs here among the thriffra' o' Linlithgow, but take them to Whitburn, and lay them beside my gude mother and father.'

Andrew, esteeming a promise made to a person on the verge of time as sacred, and not wishing to put himself to the expense, (which indeed he could ill afford) waived giving any answer, but led on a different conversation.

'Do you hear, Andrew?'

'Oh, yes, I hear.'

'Weel, mind what I'm saying; take me to Withburn: I'll rise and trouble you night and day;—do you hear?'

'Yes, yes, I hear perfectly. Is that pain in your side troubling ye yet?'

'Oh, aye! I'm a' pain thegither; but the maist pain to me is, that you'll lay my dust here at Linlithgow.'

'Oh, woman, dinna distress yoursell' about that simple circumstance.

'Mind, I'll no lie here; ye maun take me to Withburn: I'll trouble ye if ye dinna, and ye may depend on't.'

'Weel, weel, then, if ye maun be buried at Withburn, I canna help it; but we'll try ye at Linlithgow first.'

AN INDIAN LOVER.—Miss Bishop, the writer of 'Floral Home,' who went to Minnesota as a teacher, received an offer of marriage from an Indian. He came to her dwelling decked in all his finery—scarlet flannel, rings, feathers, newly secured brass ornaments and bear's claws, and through an interpreter announced to her that she must be his wife. It was urged that he had one wife. He replied, 'All the band have as many as they can keep, and I have but one.' As an extra inducement, he promised that she could have the best corner of the lodge, hunt by his side, and eat with him, while the dark squaw was to hush the papoose, cook the food, carry the game, plant and hoe the corn, and provide wood and water. Miss Bishop, a little in fear of the 'green-eyed monster,' even if the other claimant did hold an inferior position, declined the distinction. The Indian then begged a dollar to buy a shirt, and left with a haughty air. Next day he was drunk. But Miss Bishop's associate almost fared worse; she had been only a few weeks in the country, and was ignorant of Indian customs; a young warrior, smitten with her, called often; hoping to be rid of him she gave him a ring; he interpreted it as a token of partiality, and returned to take her to his lodge; the next day he again returned with six young braves to compel her to go with him. Explanations and interference saved her.

The origin of the word 'wife' has recently been the subject of some discussion. Trench, a high authority on the 'study of words,' remarks the word belongs to the same family as weave, woof, web, and the German weben. It is the title given to a person who is engaged at the web and woof, those having been the most ordinary branches of female industry, and wifely employment, when the language was forming. So that in the word itself is wrapped up a hint of earnest, in-door, stay-at-home occupations, as being fittest for her who bears the name.

'My children,' said an old lady, 'I am the root and you are the branches.'

'Grandma,' said one.

'What my child?'

'I was thinking how much better the branches would flourish if the root was under the ground.'



MINDING THE CORN.

The above engraving, which we have entitled 'Minding the Corn,' is from a painting which was received with great favor at the exhibition of the British Institution. The subject, which is an Irish peasant's child, engaged in preventing the crows from committing their devastations on the young corn, is one familiar to all those acquainted with the rural scenery of their native land, and will commend itself to all, for its simplicity and truthfulness to nature.

The Olean Advertiser tells the following story of a 'hoss doctor,' well known in and about those parts:—

The doctor was at a neighboring village lately, boasting that he could remove from any horse, ring bones, spavins, and everything of that nature—in short he could take off anything nature had not placed on the beast.

'I have a horse' in the stable,' says our friend, 'and he has something upon him I have been trying to remove for six months past, without success, and if you remove it I will give you ten dollars!'

'I can do it,' said the doctor; 'and if I fail, why then I will give you twenty dollars. Show me the animal!'

The two started, followed by a crowd of wits, expecting an explosion. The doctor was shown a

horse worth \$350, and without a blemish. He examined his hoofs, legs, head and every part of him, and raising himself up to his full height, confidently declared—

'Nothing ails that are 'oss, as I can see!'

'No,' said the wag, 'nothing ails the horse, but you allowed you could take anything off of him that nature had not put there.'

'Yes,' said the doctor, 'I can or I will forfeit the twenty dollars. Show me the defect and I will remove it.'

'Here it is,' said the joker. 'It's a chatel mortgage for \$150!'

The doctor could not take this off, and was, of course, 'sold.'

LIQUIDATING A DEBT.—The power of strong drink was forcibly illustrated at one of the bar rooms at Pittsfield, Mass., the other day. It appears that a certain old soaker had been building a 'bob sled' for the proprietor, and wetting his whistle pretty freely at the bar 'on account,' as the work went on. At last the bar-keeper made the remark:—

'What —, you here again? Why you have drank that sled all up except the pole, now!'

The customer was taken aback for a moment, but leaning resolutely over the bar, he at length exclaimed:—

'Well, look a here, old feller, give us the pole, will yer?'

And the pole was swallowed.

BRUSSELS LACE.—The spinning of the fine thread used for lace making in the Netherlands, is an operation demanding so high a degree of exquisite skill, minute manipulation, and vigilant attention, that it appears impossible that it can ever be taken from human hands by machinery. None but Belgian fingers are skilled in this art. The very finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in damp, underground cellars, for it is so extremely delicate that it is liable to break by contact with the dry air above ground; and it is obtained in good condition only, when made and kept in a humid, subterranean atmosphere. There are numbers of old Belgian thread makers, who, like spiders, have passed the best part of their lives spinning in cellars. This sort of occupation naturally has an injurious effect on the health, and the eye-sight of the operatives is impaired at an early age.

HIGH BLOOD.—High blood, like the finest wine, may be kept so long that it shall entirely lose its flavor. Hence, the last man of an old family may be like the last bottle of a famous vintage—a thing to talk of, not to use.

THE
IRISH MISCELLANY

NO. 4 WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

*.*All advertisements payable in advance.

Daniel A. Brosnan of Philadelphia, Pa.

We shall attend to other correspondents in our next.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858

The Picnic of the above named association, which was postponed on account of the weather, is to take place in Abington Grove, on Tuesday the 8d of August. The numerous calls made upon the Society during the past winter, having completely exhausted their funds, they look to the proceeds of the Picnic to enable them to meet their liabilities.

Back numbers of the *Miscellany*, from the commencement of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 4 Water street, Boston. Will our friends in want bear this fact in mind?

Written for the Miscellany.
THE VOICE OF AN EXILE.

BY MONOSTIA.

'Say, are ye friends to freedom? I am her's!
Let us, forgetful of all common feuds
Rally around her shrine.'

Shall we live forever sighing
O'er the glories which are fled?
Is the bright hope in us dying,
Which such radiance round us shed?
Are the dreams forever vanished
Of a nation proud and free?
From our hearts have we this banished:—
Vengeance: we shall yet be free!

Wrongs unnumbered you have borne,
'Neath the foul oppressor's yoke,—
Breaks the light on every morn,
But your chains are still unbroken;
Shines it brightly in derision
Of thy subject, servile state,
Like the light that through a prison,
Bursts upon its lone inmate.

Ally phantoms e'er pursuing,
Luring to a boundless goal,
Still forever basely suing,
Lowly prostrating thy soul;
Digging up some ancient glory
From time's ruins, deep and wide,
Seeking in the page of story
How a hero lived and died.

Is that spirit now departed,
Which was thine in days of yore?
Have the brave and noble-hearted,
All been driven from thy shore?
Where's the spirit pure and warm
Of that epoch, brief but bright,
When like lightning in a storm,
Burst upon thee freedom's light!

Have thy martyred chiefs and sages
Shed for thee their blood in vain?
Have the cruel wrongs of ages,
Of the Saxon tyrant train
Been forgotten? Is thy spirit
Bowed down unto the earth?
Are there left no souls to rear it,
And regain thy native hearth?

Will you calmly gaze upon them
With a cold, unheeding eye?
While your father's blood is on them,
Will you passively stand by?
Will you hug the chains that bind you?
Has their dismal clank grown sweet?
Do at last, your tyrants find you
Basely kneeling at their feet?

Oh! nation which carresses
And exults hugs her chain,
And the hand that binds them, blesses,
Never more can rise again.
Not for this thy patriots perished
Who had strove to make thee free,
Not such hopes as these they cherished
When their lives they gave to thee.

Oh! ye martyrs who had risen
To expel her tyrants all,
Do your shades within your prison,
Ever weep your country's fall?
Yes, thy patriots they may banish
To those climes beyond the sea,
But their spirit shall not vanish,—
It will yet bear fruit for thee.

* 1782

Written for the Miscellany.
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BY J. A. TUTTISWOOD.

Our Father who dwells on high,
Ever hallowed be Thy name,
As this flowery earth and starry sky
Thy power and love proclaim;

May Thy kingdom come on earth,
And Thy holy will be done,
As the planets roll since creation's birth,
Obedient to the sun;

Grant us our daily bread,
Give us this, night and day,
And when life like a troubled dream has sped,
Receivè our souls, we pray;

Our trespasses we repent,
Our weaker brother's fault
At Thy high command we here relent,
With no reserving thought;

Fond vigil above us keep,
From temptation point the way,
As the pole-star o'er the trackless deep
Leads the sailor guiding ray;

The kingdom is Thine own,
The power and glory too,—
From the children of earth unto Thy throne,
Are ceaseless praises due.

Written for the Miscellany.
NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

BY J. E. F.

No. 6.—Skibbereen to Limerick.

After spending Sunday in Skibbereen, we took our seats on one of Bianconi's cars, on our way to Bandon. Some of the thirsty passengers would occasionally alight at one of the numerous wayside inns, or shebeen shops, to take a 'drop of something warm,' although the thermometer was up to 80 degrees in the shade. These shebeens generally have sign-boards, bearing verses, devices, latin quotations, &c. On one of them, said to be kept by Judy Mahony, is the following verse, printed under the picture of a bee-hive:—

'Within this hive
We're all alive,
Good liquor makes us funny;
If you are dry,
Step in and try
The flavor of our honey.'

We passed through Rossacbarry and Clonahilty, the latter of which is a pretty large town.

The mail-car arrived in Bandon at noon. The town is very pretty, embosomed in trees and surrounded by neat villas and country residences. It is built on the river of the same name and has many fine churches and public buildings. The town was formerly noted for its Orangism, and a report was at one time made to the King that there was 'no Popish recusant living in the town.' It is also said that the following lines were carved upon the bridge, leading into the town:—

'Turk, Jew or Atheist
May enter here, but not a Papist.'

Some one, probably a Papist, wrote underneath, these:—

'Whoever wrote it, wrote it well,—
The same is written on the gate of hell.'

The times have changed, however, and Catholics are now numerous in Bandon. It was late when we jumped aboard the train for Cork, arriving in the second city in Ireland at dusk, and were sung to sleep in the Imperial Hotel by some psalm-singers in a church near by.

We procured a post-car to proceed to Mallow, to-day, and passing through Blarney, we again stopped at the Castle to witness the remarkable feat of a lady kissing the huge stone which juts out, some two feet from the top of the Castle. It seems that a wager was laid between a lady and gentleman, as to whether the former would kiss the Blarney stone, he betting she would not, and she vice versa. The lady ascended to the top alone; flung her glove at her opponent beneath, swung herself over, gave the stone a ringing smack, (at least I suppose so, for the distance was a little far to hear) and then descended to the ground amid the cheers of the crowd.

We now visited the subterranean cave, which leads underneath the Castle, and had entered some few yards, when our stock of matches, paper, &c., gave out, so we were obliged to retrace our steps.

The light had a beautiful effect, rendering the damp of ages on the walls like statuettes of glass, and if provided with torches, we would have explored it to the end, notwithstanding the screeching of the rats beneath our feet.

Mounting a jaunting car, our 'Larry Doolan' of a driver amused us with stories and anecdotes while driving towards Mallow. When within a few miles of the town, we noticed a dilapidated looking castle, and 'Larry' told us that it was the famous Castle-Barrett, the wealth of whose ancient owner was so great that the peasants could hear the jingling on the castle stairs, of the golden tassels hanging from his wife's dress, when half a mile off! I believe this is the castle which once belonged to the English Catholic family of Barrett, and which was destroyed by one of the Irish chieftains, who, when told that its proprietor was of the same religion as himself, replied:—

'What matter! I hate him for being an English churl!'

Arriving in Mallow, we dismissed our driver and went to visit the famous spa, said to have the effect of either killing or curing a consumptive patient. There are a number here now trying its efficacy. While waiting for the train in the depot, I could not help noticing the difference between its arrangements and those in America. There are three refreshment rooms, for the first, second and third class passengers, so that 'my Lord' with the gold-headed cane, and 'honest Pat' with the time-honored shillelah, do not eat in one room, nor even walk the same passage-way. Out upon such English teachings! Give me America, where

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.'

The arrival of the train put an end to my cogitations, and we were soon steaming over the road and in less than an hour alighted at Kilmallock. Here we made an stop for the night, but the only hotel in the ruined town was full; so after supper, we thought it best to take a moonlight walk to Limerick, a distance of only twenty miles! Passing through numerous ruined gateways or abbeys and castles, we were soon on the highway. It was 8 o'clock, P.M., when we left, and at 9 we were in Bruff, 4 miles on our journey. Here there had been a fair held during the day, and it was with difficulty we elbowed our way through the crowd, some of whom seemed to have partaken rather freely of the 'crathur.' For a few miles further on our journey, we had plenty of company, although not exactly the kind we wanted, for some of them would step up to us, and ask us if we had anything to say against the 'Mullowneys,' at the same time flourishing a 'kippeen of a stick' most scientifically, within an inch of our heads. We would of course make answer that the 'Mullowneys' all 'came from decent people,' and then there would be an invitation to step into Paddy Hegarty's at the cross-roads and take a 'sup of poteen,' at the expense of one of the 'Mullowneys.'

The night soon became pitch dark, a heavy mist prevailed, and no sound could be heard save the low moaning of the wind as it whistled through the trees; and the distant barking of some unruly cur. Once, and once only, the black cloud rolled away, and allowed the moon to illumine our path for an instant, when to our terror we discovered a bull on the road behind us, who immediately made after us, seemingly wishing us to take a horn, which we declined by using our stiffened limbs to some advantage, although heaven knows, another 'horn' would not be refused, for our lips were parched with thirst.

A few miles farther on, we discovered the outline of a man sitting on a wall directly opposite us, and going nearer we saw that it was a policeman, gun in hand. We stood looking at him for some time, but he 'spoke not a word,' neither did we, and we

and we moved silently on, leaving the 'Peeler' alone in his glory.'

Being uncertain as to whether we were on the right road or not, we determined to enquire of the first person we met. Pretty soon the rumbling of wheels was heard, and straining our eyes, we saw a man sitting in a car, driving his nag at an easy pace and 'whistling aloud to keep his courage up.' We bawled out—

'Is this the road to Limerick?'

The man evidently did not see us, for the whistling stopped and the crack of a whip was heard on the horse's back, and away he went, thinking, no doubt, that he met the 'ould boy,' or some other highwayman!

Soon after this, we came upon a band of gipsies, some six or seven in number, who had taken their 'lodging on the cold ground.' Not daring to rouse them from their blissful ignorance, we stepped softly by them and soon arrived at a gate on the road, which impeded our further progress, so we jumped over a wall, determined to wait, like Mr. Micawber, 'for something to turn up.' We finally dozed off, and forgot our perils in the dreamy god's arms.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Miscellany.

WALKS AND TALKS.

BY VERNON.

'As I walked by myself,
I talked to myself,
And thus myself said to me.'

In our general glance at the Government buildings, to-day, we notice their imitation of old Roman and Grecian models. It was intended that Washington should be a Rome or an Athens. Very well; though it shall be something better than either; and, at least, let its architecture be adapted to its climate, and to the requirements of modern life.

Look at the Capitol, for instance, the first erected, the chief in importance, and which should be the best of our National edifices. Long and low, it wants dignity. I speak of it as before the extension—since, it is worse. Then, to give it elevation, a huge dome crowned the centre, a thing misshapen and out of proportion, overpowering what it was designed to ornament. As the late addition of wings began to rise, it became evident that the great dome would never do—it wasn't high enough—and many thousands of dollars were demanded to tumble it down and erect a sort of church-steeple in its place. The Capitol as it was, resembled a plate with an egg on end in the centre, (perhaps in commemoration of the egg-feat of Columbus;) the Capitol as it will be, will present the appearance of a larger plate, with the centre marked by a lightning-rod. This may induce the fiery element of the air to spare it, but conscious earth cannot. The original building was too low, only a basement, two stories and attic; hence the dome, to 'heighten' its effect:—the extension made it appear lower still; hence the steeple. And the dome at first was ugly and out of proportion to the building; while now the building seems ugly and out of proportion to the steeple! It must be admitted that the design of the steeple itself is beautiful and grand; it is only its location that causes me to condemn it. It destroys the edifice, sinks it into insignificance. The spectator will think of nothing but the steeple; it will appear to him like a Chinese pagoda, rising tower-like at once from the earth. The effect will be precisely such as that of the equestrian statue of Jackson, in front of the Presidential Mansion: there is no fitness of things. The General is, no doubt, a very noble figure, but his horse wars with him, and, for the first time, the hero is conquered—quite killed by his charger.

In all the years that I have been looking at the

Capitol, I looked without hope, unable to discover a remedy for what seemed to me the chief defect of the building—its lowness—till, one winter day, I saw flames of fire issuing from its windows. Now, said I to myself, it will rise from its ashes in a new and perfected form! Now we shall have a temple worthy the States—the States of which golden-robed California is a member! No more of this white-washed horror, but pure and ever remaining marble!

* * * * *
*—'The engine companies repaired to the spot with commendable alacrity and zeal, and soon extinguished the conflagration.'

So the light of my joy went out; and I can only congratulate our good people, to be born two centuries hence, on the magnificent Capitol which they shall see, and I die dreaming of.

The porticos may also be mentioned. These are very imposing, but nevertheless are impositions. They are always full of sunshine, in summer, and of rain and snow in winter. Costly, and useless. Protect us from such protections! Then the 'grand fight' of steps leading to them—who that cannot fly but must dislike them, as he toils up, in sultry days, or carefully treads their icy elevation in the cold season, every foot of progress endangering his neck. Our climate requires inner stairways. The interior faults of the Capitol are too numerous for this day's talk. It has a massive, Egyptian basement, where a furnace is perpetually glowing, to moderate the dampness, and gas is perpetually burning, to subdue the darkness; it has long, narrow passages, with ever-blazing gas again; long, narrow, tortuous stairs, to which air never enters, where danger lurks to cast you to the depth, and where, once more, gas does the best it can for suffering humanity.

No such blunders will be found in the extension: there, all is airiness, light and roominess: but the union of the new with the old building is like the marriage of Beauty and the Beast.

The Treasury Department, where the chisel and hammer of the workmen are now sounding, is another failure. Its long line of close-standing colossal pillars, supporting nothing important, darken the windows. Every cloudy day gas must be lighted in the upper rooms, directly beneath the ceiling of the colonnade—or the clerks must take holiday. The Departments near it are only of plain brick, erected before 1800, at which time they were considered rather extravagant as to cost. They would have been long since replaced by stone edifices, but that the Government enjoys a bonfire, now and then; and these 1800-buildings will make as pretty a one as did their late companion, the Treasury. Yet, were it not for their inflammability, they have an advantage over the others; because here one may see and breathe.

While in the neighborhood, we will glance at the President's Mansion. Out of all proportion is the portico, with its entrance for coaches, where foreign and native dignitaries may alight under a roof—excellently planned to give them the full benefit of sunshine or storm. Like the Capitol, this building also is long and low, (the standard two-story of Government,) but otherwise is nearly free from defects, except that it is constructed of free-stone. The portico was an after-thought in the time of General Jackson: it wasted much money, and spoiled this front. The south front, looking toward the Potomac, remains as the architect designed it, and is the one usually represented by artists. Thus the back view of the President's Mansion quite eclipses the other, part of which effect is attributable to the graceful half-circle of the centre, and the rest to the fact of the basement being here above ground, and so presenting more height. But the dwelling of our Chief Magistrate is becoming crowded among the Departments, four of which are situated in the 'reservation' with it—not a large one, either. Ere long, probably, he will be obliged to pass through a hive of clerks before he can reach his own door. True, this fact has already obtained attention, and,

more, the notice of Congress, so that a new house is spoken of, with extensive gardens round; but meanwhile the intrusive blocks of stone come nearer and nearer to the door of the 'Great Father,' and we fear lest he should be entombed alive, like Sinbad.

Half a mile eastward from this spot, each occupying one of two adjacent squares, stand the General Post Office and Patent Office. Being so close together, they are like 'two negatives in English,' which 'destroy one another.' Yet these are the handsomest piles in Washington; and I often think, when looking at them—

'How happy could I be with either,
Were I'th other dear charmer away!'

Surely, when the Government assigns millions of dollars to erect these palaces of the Republic, it should not be so scant in the gift of ground. Each edifice of this character is worthy of a park around it, and—

'Rich in statues, fountains, cypresses.'

Now and then, most generous Government, thou givest us 'a thing of beauty,' which, doubtless, would prove 'a joy forever,' wouldst thou also give us room enough to see it to advantage. The earth is large, good Government, and much thereof is thine, (while 'manifest destiny' says, 'Much more shall be!') therefore be liberal of gardens, I pray thee!

Now, what have I said? Nearly my whole 'talk' has been condemnatory. I'm sorry for it—but how to help it, when there is, unfortunately, so much that I must object to—that every visitor dislikes—and which, in the estimation of foreign travellers, reduces our taste, our judgment? I speak thus to express the disapproval of an American—the least among ten thousand, perhaps—but still one of the ten thousand Americans who disapprove—and hoping that the future may find us more careful and more correct. An architectural blunder in a private residence is enough to ruin the reputation of the designer, and yet in public works blunder after blunder occurs. Shall we pass them over in silence? Shall we walk in perilous and suffocating darkness and dampness, and not complain? Having witnessed inconveniences and serious accidents from the causes alluded to, I have been taught—

'To feel another's woe!'

and my own, too—and therefore, however severe it may seem, am not in the least disposed—

'To hide the fault I see.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, July 21st, 1858.

Editors of the Miscellany:—

It is with pleasure that I again inform the readers of the Miscellany of the dedication of another Catholic church in this community. The ceremonies were not as imposing as on the former occasion, yet as Catholics the progress of our faith in this country must be interesting to us.

The church of which we speak is situated in Spragueville, Cranston, to the westward of Messrs. Sprague's Print Works. It stands on an eminence and commands a fine view of the surrounding country. It is a wooden building, 60 by 40 feet, and the chancel is 14 feet by 17; the height from floor to ceiling, is 20 feet. It will accommodate about 400 persons. The design was drawn by the Rev. John Quinn, D. D., in whose mission the church is. The building was erected by Messrs. W. H. and G. Dyer; the painting and frescoing by Mr. B. McManus of this city.

At quarter to eleven o'clock the ceremony of blessing the church was commenced. There were present besides the pastor, Dr. Quinn, and the bishop, the Rev. P. Lambe, of St. Patrick's; Rev. M. McCallion, of Warren, and Rev. James Gibson of Compton. The two latter gentlemen were not in season to take a part in the services.

After the ceremony of blessing the church was concluded, High Mass was commenced, the Rev. P. Lambe, of St. Patrick's, officiating as celebrant.

At the gospel the bishop of the diocese, Dr. McFarland ascended the altar and addressed the congre-

gation in an eloquent and forcible manner. He said he might truly apply to the building the words of Jacob, when he beheld in his vision a ladder that reached from earth to heaven, angels ascending and descending thereon; that it is the house of God—the house of prayer; may more, it is a house of sacrifice. A temple was this day dedicated to which the repentant sinner could repair for forgiveness and pour forth his prayers to the Throne of Grace. It was a temple in which our children will be instructed in the saving principles of Catholicity, and not only our children, but also our children's children, and those who will come after them. It will be a perpetual monument to the faith that is in us, and our children's children will point to this temple and say that it was erected by their fathers.

Some one will ask the necessity of erecting this church when there are so many Protestant churches around us. He called the attention of the congregation for a few moments to this matter of religion and reviewed the claim of Protestantism to its being the church of Christ. The church of Christ possesses marks by which it may be known; it must be one—one in faith, one in worship and one in government. He argued that no one sect of Protestantism possessed any one of these marks, but on the contrary, are split up into divisions and subdivisions, professing doctrines which their fathers repudiated, and repudiating doctrines which were held by their fathers as just and right.

On the other hand he showed clearly that the Catholic church possessed these marks. The Catholic church is one in faith throughout the world. In every country, 'from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same,' her members profess the same doctrines, receive the same sacraments, and the same sacrifice is offered upon her altars. The Catholic church is as old as the days of Christ; the apostles were her first bishops, and the seventy-two disciples were her first priests, a fact which even her enemies are forced to acknowledge. Wesleyanism, Lutheranism, Calvinism and Puseyism were established by the men whose names they bear, as were also other sects, and as neither of these men were Christ, the churches which they established cannot be the church of Christ.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the attendance at the church was not so large as was expected.

FRANK.

From the Dublin Celtic Union.

ANNIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER I.

'Come in the evening or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here, the more I'll adore you.'

Davis.

Every one has a favorite walk. Mine is near the ruins of an old church, by the side of a bright little river. It is in the greenest of valleys, which slopes down from the beautifullest blue mountain in all the world. On Sunday last, while leaning on the broken 'battlements' of the one-arched bridge, I was roused from my cogitations by the usual salutation, 'A fine day, sir,' uttered in a cheery, manly voice. The speaker was a young peasant of my acquaintance. He held a span new 'hurly' under his arm, and with a bit of broken glass, was scraping away some roughness from the handle. I saw that he was in a hurry, and merely asked where was the hurling?

'The Ballingary boys, that challenged to meet twenty-one of us, at Mohubber,' was the reply.—'They're to be on the sod at 4 o'clock—what time o' day might it be now, I wonder?'

'Within a quarter of four.'

'Begor it'll be tight on me to be there agin the match is med—good evening, sir,' he jerked the piece of glass into the river, and rolling up the skirt of his coat into something approaching the shape of

a lady's 'bustle,' dashed up the road towards 'the flags' (a quarry so called) at a tremendous pace.—When he reached the rising ground he shaded his eyes from the sun with his hat, and looked in the direction of the place of rendezvous. I saw that he was in time, for leaping over the wall, he whirled the hurly round his head, and having executed a couple of imaginary 'sky pucks' he bounded over the next fence and out of sight.

Trifling as this incident was, it touched some hidden spring of memory—and the past came rushing upon me with painful distinctness. I remembered how on a day just like this I accompanied my old friend Frank Mullally over to the widow O'Brien's comfortable thatched farm-house at 'the grove.'—Mrs. O'Brien was after returning from mass—the car stuffed with oaten straw, and covered with a blue woollen quilt, was at the door. The good woman was in the act of changing her black silk apron for one of a coarser material, preparatory to some culinary operation, having reference to a shoulder of mutton, which the 'servant girl' was unrolling from a snow-white cloth. The widow's only daughter, Annie, with her gloves and bonnet still on, was mounted on a chair in the yard, trying to reach to a great double wallflower which had taken a fancy to blush, not 'unseen,' (and such a pair of eyes now flashed upon it) over the barn door. I take a long walk into the country every Sunday, but a more lovely girl than Annie O'Brien I shouldn't meet in a month of Sundays. On seeing us she leaped from the perch lightly as a bird, and blushing bade us welcome. While arranging her nosegay in a vase on the window-sill, I thought I saw her give a 'longing, lingering look' at the blood-red wallflower over the barn door. Impelled by a spirit of gallantry, which has ever been my bane (my wig and blue spectacles, notwithstanding) I got upon the chair and with the help of my umbrella succeeded in grabbing a handful of the flowers. But instead of getting down in the ordinary way, I jumped backwards, not observing that an unruly bull calf had nose at the moment under my coat-tails. The consequence was, I alighted upon the animal's back, he plunging forward with a very respectable attempt at a bellow, carried me round and round the dung-hill. At the first start my blue specks dropped down below my nose—then 'away went hat and wig.' I felt conscious of cutting a rather ridiculous figure, so that it was greatly to my relief the horrid brute gave me a 'hois,' and deposited me safely in a big trough. I soon recovered my equanimity, and joined my friends in laughing at the misadventure. But I remember being haunted, for several weeks after, with very troublesome dreams, in which Europa, John Gilpin, and your humble servant appeared 'rolled into one' in a very extraordinary fashion.

Half a glance told me that Frank and Annie were lovers: Mrs. O'Brien, too, appeared to have misgivings on the point. The consequence of which was that her behavior towards Frank was somewhat variable—from the boiling point of cordiality down to zero—and up again.

'Ah then, Frank,' said Mrs. O'Brien, 'where woy you this seven years? The not a sight o' you I seen since the fair of Callan. Why wouldn't you walk over an evenin', and take a cup o' tay with us, and tell us all the news?' Here a glance interchanged between Frank and Annie brought Mrs. O'Brien down to a very freezing mood.—'But,' she added, 'it isn't gallavantin' about the country a young man ought to be and times so busy—People must be induster in this world, Mr. Mullally.'—'That's true, ma'am,' was Frank's reply in a rather melancholy tone; while Annie's musical laugh would peal out uncontrolled at these examples of the antithetical on the part of her mother.

Between the shanahus of the portly widow, and Annie's eloquent eyes, more than an hour flew by

very agreeably. We might have prolonged our story till 'all hours,' but a rakish specimen of a slinardagh boy, with a formidable 'cro-moogo,' which he 'streeled' behind him in a rather ungainly fashion; after a series of unheeded becks and grimaces, at length put his head into the window, and in a sort of reproachful pig's whisper, said to Frank, 'They are waitin' for you. We rose to accompany our friend of the cro-moogo—Larry Comerford—to 'the meadows.' (For the benefit of the uninitiated, I beg to remark that a 'cro-moogo' is a natural hurl-bat in contradistinction to the artificially formed 'hurly' the 'wattle' differs from both in having, at the end, instead of a bend like the hurly and cro-moogo, a knob about the size, and something of the shape of a sheep's head.

'Don't forget to call in on your way back, in the evening,' said Annie. 'You know, Frank, however busy the times may be, people can't be expected to work much on Sunday evening,' and she glanced at her mother, who hurried to 'hush a chicken off the half door as if its remaining there for another moment, would have caused the house to tumble down at last.

On reaching 'the meadows' a scene presented itself, which for life and picturesqueness, I have never seen excelled.

CHAPTER II.

'And feats of strength, and sleights of art went round.'
Goldsmith.

The picked men of the parishes were to hurl that day. Groups of young girls wandered through the fields, or moved from place to place, their glossy hair streaming behind them, and shining in the warm sunrays. Others sat upon the green bank of the river, sometimes stealing a glance at the reflection of their own bright faces in the pellucid water; and hastily suppressing the revolutionary tendencies of a rebellious tress, or tying a neck-ribbon into the killingest bowknot imaginable, when 'somebody' was seen approaching; the said somebody exclaiming as if he was startled out of his seven senses by the unexpectedness of the meeting, 'Wisher is that yourself, Nelly,' just as if the 'schamer' hadn't recognised Nelly's wavy form and lilac gown all the way from the 'big tree' beyond! But by far the greatest part were linked, hand in hand, in lines and circles reminding one of wreaths of flowers; these were engaged at various games, the mysteries of which I am not sufficiently conversant with to dilate upon them.

A crowd was collected in one place to witness a trial of prowess between two of the greatest stone throwers in the country. With chest and throat exposed, and arms bare to the shoulders, these men were models of herculean strength and symmetry. There was a grace too in the manner in which they planted the left foot at the stand, and swung the heavy stone round their heads, slowly wheeling round till the back was turned towards the point to which the stone was to be cast—then back to the original position, while the body was bent backwards, the right arm extended in the same direction 'till the hand nearly touched the ground—the body was bent backwards, the right arm extended in the same direction till the hand nearly touched the ground—the body was then thrown forward, every muscle from the foot to the tips of the fingers strained—and the huge stone was hurled with a force that reminded one of the battering machines of ancient warfare.

A shout proclaimed that Daniel Doheny (the hero of the neighborhood) had put the stone up to best mark. His opponent girded himself for another throw, but he was met with good humored shouts of 'the one mark, the one mark,' meaning that he should allow it to be a drawn battle. Not appearing satisfied with this, after a good deal of

jostling and confusion, and cries of 'fair play, boys,' it was agreed that his wish for 'another throw' should be complied with. But now it was found that the stone was missing. Some one dreading the defeat of his favorite, had stolen it away and dropped it into a pool of water at a little distance. At this Daniel Doheny's opponent shook his head with the air of an injured man, and untying the 'turkey red' handkerchief from round his waist and wiping his face with it, he gave vent to his feelings in a soliloquy—uttered in a voice of the intensest melancholy, to the following effect:—

'Heavens be with sweet Fethard!—where no man would be decaved!'

And Daniel Doheny's opponent heaved a heart-rending sigh, and looked the very picture of resigned martyrdom.

'Begor, I had nothing to do with it,' said Daniel Doheny.

'Don't tell me that at all, Daniel,' said his opponent, 'I'd be long sorry to suspect you for a piece of maneness of that sort.'

'Sure I know myself I'm not a match for you at a heavy wheelin'-stone, whatever I might with the pushin'-stone,' said Daniel Doheny.

This mollified his opponent considerably, and I left them talking in quite a fraternal mood, while a 'gorsoon' was running up for a 28lb. sledge to the forge.

I now joined a gathering which was collected to see a 'running-leap' over the river. A slight muscular, though somewhat 'nobbish' young fellow, was in the act of handing his gold watch and chain to a by-stander. He then took off his coat and vest, and substituting an elastic belt round a rather lady-like waist, for his braces, motioned with his hand to clear the way. 'Taking thirty yards or so of a run (with a sort of springy slowness at first, but getting more rapid as he neared the leap) he sprang from the ground, and actually sailing through the air, alighted with the agility of a wild cat, on the opposite bank.

'Tare-an-agers!' exclaimed a six-foot-and-a-half collier, 'but that was a bully leap!—who is he?'

'Who is he,' replied a stout little man about sixty, with drab cassimer shorts and blue angola stockings, which set off a remarkably well shaped leg to advantage. 'He's the best piece of flesh that ever was reared in this parish. Be horns! I'd go to Kilkenny to see him play one game o' ball—and tishn't to Kilkenny—but to the streets o' Dublin.' And the stout little man spoke in a very oracular tone.

'Wish-a now?' said the six-foot-and-a-half collier.

'I never seen so purty a left hand,' added the little man in drab shorts and blue angola stockings—while his chubby face shone, and sparkled with affectionate admiration, as his eye rested on the young man who had leaped the river; and who was now surrounded with as great a crowd of admirers as a favorite race-horse after winning the first heat.

'I'll tell you what I seen him do; I happened to be at the fair of Carrick, last Lady-day. Howsome-ever.'

Here I hurried off to witness the great event of the day, leaving the delighted little man in drab shorts to spin his yarn—which he continued to do, holding the long collier by the lowest button of the waistcoat, and standing on his 'tippy-toes,' and looking up as if it was to a man with his head out at a sky-light he was talking.

The match was made and all the preliminaries arranged. No one could help remarking that the Ballingary men had the advantage in height and strength; every one of them measuring at least six-feet-two in his vamps. While on the other hand the Mullinahone boys, though of smaller stature, were so well knit and swift of foot, and had so much never-say-die pluck in them, that they were hardly even known

to come off second best. They were sure at the very worst to have goal for goal in spite of the almost superhuman efforts of their gigantic neighbors.

Frank Mullally with the leader of the other side advanced into the middle of the field. Frank tossed up the ball perpendicularly between them; their hurries crashed together as they struck at it—and then came 'the tug of war.' Every eye flashed with eager excitement, while 'more power, Ned' 'good again, Tom'—'stick for id, Barney,' and similar phrases of encouragement, might be heard from time to time, from the panting competitors.

'Our side takes the first goal—how-some-ever,' exclaimed our oracular friend.

'How do you make that out?' said the six-foot-and-a-half collier.

'Because the ball is between Frank and Fitzgerald now, and one open puck will send it to the goal—he has no chance with Frank when it comes to a race.'

Frank strained every nerve. His adversary was more strongly built, but not so swift a runner. So instead of continuing the race he seized Frank round the body. They dropped their hurries and grappled with one another. In a moment there was a crowd around them; some calling out to 'put 'em asunder,' while others were for making a ring.

'Two hands under Fi'garald,' shouted Larry Comerford in an excited tone, while he cast a 'who dare' look around.

'Fi'garald' let go his grip, and 'took a fair hault.'

Considerable excitement began to be evinced now. Some of the hurlers left their posts, and elbowed their way fiercely through the wood. Sticks swayed over the heads of the closely edged mass, and those on the outside, who could not see what was going on, pushed against one another, exchanging looks of defiance—as mutual suspicion of foul play crossed their minds. The whole affair assumed the look of an incipient faction fight.

'Devil a fear of a fight where Frank Mullally is, any way,' said an old man with long grey hair—I see him throttle his own cousin at the fair up Kilmacken for shoutin' caravat. If they want fightin', as Frank says, 'tisn't with one another they ought to fight. Doin' the work up the inemy,' exclaimed the old fellow with emphasis, as he struck his stick against the ground and looked around him with the air of an orator.

His prediction proved correct, for at this moment the 'ring' broke open, and the two young men, both very red and almost breathless, hurried to resume their places at the game—which during this time was kept up by almost a score of the players who were so well matched, that neither side could get the goal. As Frank stooped for his hurly he put his hand to his mouth and found he bled slightly—his adversary looked anxiously at him, and as if impelled by a single impulse, the two young men rushed to meet one another. Their right hands were extended and locked for a moment in a friendly grasp, that showed there was no ill will between them, and while the crowd cheered, till the hill of Ballingary gave back the echo, they bounded after the ball which at that moment flew past them.

CHAPTER III.

'Ah! but our hopes were splendid,
Annie, dear,
How sadly they have ended
Annie, dear;
The ring betwixt us broken,
When our vows of love were spoken,
Of your poor heart was a token,
Annie, dear.

Davis.

The widow O'Brien's only son, a young man of much promise, had died a few years before; it was supposed in consequence of over exertion at some

athletic exercise. The country people would to you that he 'threw up his heart's blood.' A meeting of the young folks for any purpose of amusement reminded Mrs. O'Brien of her loss; and the wound in the mother's heart would open and bleed afresh. Her daughter never left her side on these occasions; it required all her gentle tact to divert her mother's thoughts from her bereavement. This was the reason why Annie did not accompany us to the hurling.

We met them on our way back. Mrs. O'Brien entertained us with a dissertation upon the superiority of the old 'red apple' potatoe—the extinction of which esculent she regretted very much. Frank and Annie loitered behind. What the subject matter of their conversation was, I leave to the imagination of my fair readers.

A half-suppressed groan made us turn quickly round—it was from Frank. Annie gazed at him with a look so sad, so sorrowful, so despairing, that though I scarcely knew why, my heart swelled in sympathy for her. He pushed back the rich dark hair from his snowy forehead—then clasping her convulsively in his arms, he pressed his lips to her pale cheek, and was gone.

Annie stood like one turned to stone. Her mother hurried towards her and inquired anxiously what was the matter. She pressed her hand over her eyes as if trying to recollect—then, while her lips parted and her eyes—her magnificent eyes—opened, as if in wonder at something she could scarcely comprehend, she said—

'Frank Mullally is going to America!'
'Poor things,' said Mrs. O'Brien after a long pause, 'tis no wonder for 'em to be heart-broke at parting one another! And if I could help it,' added the good woman, while she wiped away the fast falling tears with her apron—if I could help it, the say would never roll between 'em—but Frank himself knows the reason.'

Annie had moved into the house as if she were walking in her sleep. I caught another glimpse of her as she drew the curtain and let down the window of her own little room. Her face was still deadly pale, and her hand trembled so much, that she threw down the vase from the window sill. The vase was broken, and the flowers were scattered.

Poor Annie!—it was an emblem of your own young heart.

[Conclusion next week.]

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very properly doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country, to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use—avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

OBSCURITY.—You cannot but observe how thousands are doomed to a plodding obscurity; how thousands pass from birth to death with no one action of their lives to signalize themselves among their fellows: how, like corn, they grow, ripen, and are cut down, leaving behind them no mark of their past existence.

RIGHTS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS.—Goethe, with all his love of art and passion for beauty, wrote in an undecorated room, on a plain table, with few books, and no pictures or scenery in view. Lamartine, in the days of his prosperity, composed in a studio, with tropical plants, birds, and every luxury to cheer the senses, around him. Richard Savage noted down a whole tragedy on scraps of paper at the counters of shops, into which he entered and asked for pen and ink, as if to make a memorandum. Berkeley composed his 'Minute Philosophy' under the shade of a rock on Newport beach. Jonathan Edwards meditated his profound work on 'The Will,' as he walked in the shade of an elm, still standing at Northampton. Burns wrote a stanza as he ploughed in the fields. Schiller evolved his finest play in a summer-house. Dr. Johnson delved at his dictionary in a poor lodging in London, with a cat purring near, and orange-peel and tea at hand. Moliere tested the comic power of his plays by reading them to an old servant. Poe's hand-writing was beautifully correct, yet his habits and genius were erratic, perverse and wayward. Dr. William E. Channing used to perambulate the room while composing. Bloomfield, the poet, relates of himself that nearly one half of his poem, 'The Farmer's Boy,' was composed without writing a word of it, while at work with other shoemakers in a garret. Sharon Turner, author of the valuable history of the 'Anglo Saxon,' and who received a pension of \$1500 a year from the British Government for his services to literature, wrote his third volume of the 'Sacred History of the World' upon paper that did not cost him a farthing. The 'copy' consisted of torn and angular fragments of letters and notes, of covers of periodicals, and shreds of curling paper unctuous with pomatum and bear's grease. Daniel Webster's famous supposed speech of John Adams, beginning with the words 'Sink, or swim, survive or perish,' was composed while the great orator was riding in a chaise. His eloquent oration on Bunker Hill was, in great part, composed in a boat in Marshpee Brook!

THE PARTICULAR LADY—There is a coldness and precision about this person's dwelling that makes your heart shrink back, that is, if you have the least atom of sociability in your nature, with a lonely feeling, the same which you will experience when you go by yourself, and for the first time among decided strangers.

Everything is in painful order. The damask table-cover has been in just the same folds ever since it came from the vendor's shop, eight years ago; and the legs of the chair have been on the exact diamonds in the drugget they were first placed on; by the bye, do you ever remember of seeing that same drugget off the carpet underneath? No, for she never has company; the routing, the untidiness they would occasion, would cause the poor soul to be subject to fits for the rest of her natural, or rather unnatural, life. Though untidiness is a fault all people should avoid, especially the young, yet, for mercy's sake, urge them not to be particular. She will become as ugly in the sight of her friends as a sloven.

The particular lady generally lives in the kitchen—and an excruciatingly tidy one it is. The great parlors, with their crimson curtains, Turkish carpets, mammoth mirrors, beautiful mantles, and elegant paintings are always closed. Nobody visits them; nobody enjoys them; the children tread on tiptoe to steal a glance into them, their eyes expressive of wonderment and a cautious air of dread.

She is all the time dusting and washing and scrubbing, and scrubbing and washing and dusting. The door steps, the window sills and sashes, the wash-boards must be daily scrubbed, though immaculately white they already be. The very knives, forks and spoons are rubbed thin and genteel by constant cleaning.

You can tell her crossing the street—she watches for

every vehicle, and waits till it has passed a square, for fear of being splashed; and even in dry weather she crosses on the joints of her toes, and holds her dress above her ankles. Her constant tilting wears the flesh from her bones and color from her cheeks. She never can get a servant to stay long with her. We never heard of but one particular lady who retained a domestic longer than a year, but then she was as particular as her mistress.

SMALL FOOTED LADIES.—We extract the following from the letter of the London Times correspondent at Shanghai:—

A fisherman and his wife push their way by. The lady, who is not in her premiere jeunesse, has large natural feet, and having tucked up her trousers, displays a pair of calves which an Irish porter might envy. Taking advantage of their wake, stiffly totters upon her small deer's feet an extraordinary Chinawoman of the urban population. She has no calves whatever. The muscles of her leg were destroyed by the operation that produced that beautiful foot, and from the knee downwards her leg is but skin and bone. Do you ask how this strange deformity is produced? Stand back of the crowd, inside the entrance to Mr. Heard's compound, and I will tell you. There are small footed ladies at Hong Kong, who gain a very fair livelihood by exhibiting their pedal extremities to sea captains and other curious Europeans, at a dollar a head; but, as so superficial an examination of this natural peculiarity did not satisfy me, I had a recourse to some of my good friends among the missionary. By their aid I obtained that some poor China women should bring me a complete gamut of little girls from the missionary schools. Many of these female children probably owed their lives to the persuasion (aided by opportune donations of rice) of my missionary friend and his lady, but their influence had been powerless to prevent the torture of their feet. On the appointed day they were all seated in a row in my friend's library, and their feet, which I suspect, had undergone a preparatory washing, were unbound by their mammas. The first was a child of two years old. Her penance had just commenced. When the bandage of blue cotton was taken off, I found that the great toe had been left untouched, but the other four had been forced down under the ball of the foot, and closely bound in that position. The child, therefore, walked upon the knuckle joints of the four toes. The toes were red and inflamed, and the ligature caused much pain. In the next three children (all of ages advancing at small intervals) the preparation was only to the same extent; it was confined to the four toes; gradually, however, these four toes, ceding to the continual pressure, lost their articulation and identity as limbs, and became amalgamated with the sole of the foot. In the eldest of the four the redness and the inflammation had entirely disappeared, the foot was cool and painless, and appeared as though the four toes had been cut off with a knife. The foot was now somewhat the shape of the trowel.

In the fifth girl I saw the commencement of the second operation—a torture under which sickly children frequently die. The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow; the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. Take a jujube and double it till two points of the lozenge nearly meet, and you will see what I mean. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened—month by month it is drawn tighter—the foot inflames and swells, but the tender mamma perseveres—as the bone and tendon accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage, so it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is a shapeless lump. The instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and the heel. This is the small foot of the Chinese woman—a bit of toe and a bit of heel, with

a mark, like a cicatrice left after a huge cut, running up between them. Two of the girls were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the eldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small-footed woman, and her feet were quite cool, had no corns, and were not tender to the touch. One of the mammas, influenced, perhaps, by a little liberality in the article of rice money, intrusted me with a Chinese *mistère de toilette*. Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn so tightly together as to produce the true 'small foot.' To disguise this imperfection upon her marriage day, she has recourse to art. A piece of cork, shaped like an inverted sugar-loaf, is strapped on to her foot, and the small part goes into her slipper and passes for her foot. Thus are we poor men deceived!

MISCELLANEA.

Old Maid—'What! nine months old and not walk yet! Why, when I was a baby I went alone at six months.'

Young indignant mother (aside)—'And she's been alone ever since.'

'Who was the first man recorded in history who didn't pay,' said the elder Mathews, as he was handing a theatrical order to a friend.

'Why, really, I never gave it a thought,' replied the friend.

'Why, Joseph, of course,' said Mathews, 'did not his brothers put him in the pit for nothing?'

Some time since a letter was received in New Orleans directed 'To the Biggest Fool in New Orleans.' The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the youngest clerks in the office informed him of the letter.

'And what became of it?' inquired the postmaster.

'Why,' replied the clerk, 'I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, and so I opened the letter myself.'

'And what did you find in it?' inquired the postmaster.

'Why,' responded the clerk, 'nothing but the words—'Thou art the man!''

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THE IRISH MISCELLANY

PICTURE GALLERY.

INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

On Saturday, the 3d of July next, we shall present to each subscriber to the Irish Pictorial Miscellany, a splendid Lithographic Engraving, representing the glorious scene, which occurred shortly before the capture of Limerick, when General Sarsfield, who commanded the Irish force, having learned that a large supply of heavy sea-guns was on the way to the camp of the Prince of Orange, resolved to capture them. Crossing over the country by a circuitous and circuitous route, so as to intercept the convoy, he came up in front of it at Killeenamu, attacked William's troops, defeated them and compelled them to retreat before the Irish force, leaving their artillery in the hands of Sarsfield.

Having to regain the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the mountain passes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train which he led into his position. A train being laid, the spark was applied and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William was shattered into innumerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to the great popularity of the gallant Sarsfield. The explosion shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

It is at the moment of the explosion of the English artillery which our artist has seized upon for the subject of his pencil.

This memorable event will be faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as we can learn to any of our Irish artists, and shall now have ample justice done to it. It will make a beautiful picture. We shall present it to our readers on a sheet of fine drawing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

It will at once be seen that we cannot do this without a great outlay of capital. We expect to be reimbursed by a very large addition to our subscription list, as no person will be entitled to it who has not paid on or before the 3d of July next one year's subscription in advance, dating from the first number.

Non subscribers will be supplied at \$1.50 for each plate.

We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a "picture gallery" worthy of the events we propose to commemorate. This will be the first of a series of SAVANNAH PICTURES we propose presenting gratis to our regular subscribers the second picture of the series will be ready early in October, the subject of which is not yet decided on. We should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess old pictures of remarkable events in Irish history, or portraits of distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They shall be taken good care of, and returned.

Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually supersede the wretched dashes which are often met with.

Our arrangements for the first picture are almost completed. It will be absolutely necessary that we should know immediately the number of plates we shall want.

Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually supersede the wretched dashes which are often met with.

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THE FAIRY BOY.

Selected expressly for the Irish Miscellany.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY S. LOVER, ESQ.

TENDERLY.

Ritard.

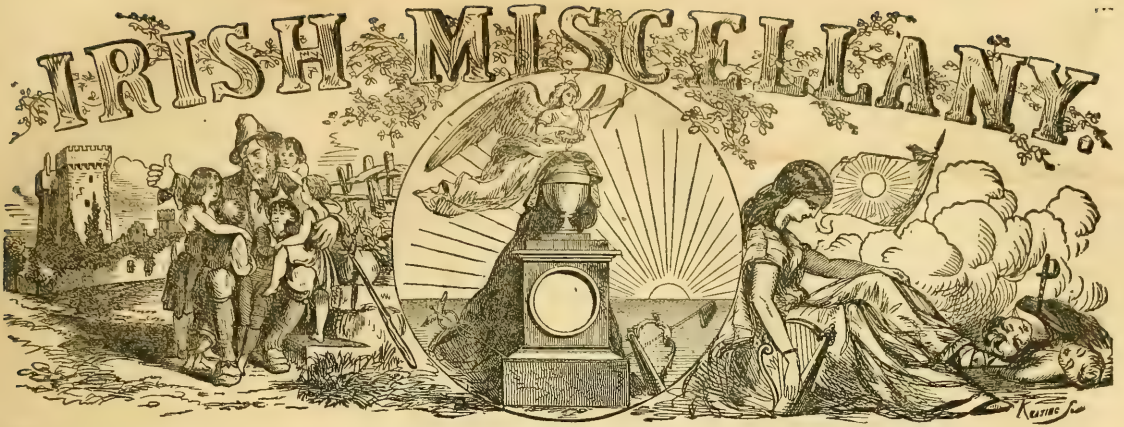
A Tempo.

1. A Moth-er came when
stars were pal-ing, Wail-ing round a lone-ly spring, Thus she cried while tears were fall-ing, Call-ing on the
Fai-ry king. Why with spells my child ca-ress-ing, Courting him with fai-ry joy,
Why destroy a moth-er's bless-ing? Wherefore steal my ba-by boy?

2.
O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,
Where his childhood lov'd to play,
Where the flow'rs are freshly springing,
There I wander, day by day;
There I wander growing fonder
Of the child that made my joy;
On the echoes wildly calling,
To restore my Fairy boy.

3.
But in vain my plaintive calling!
Tears are falling, all in vain;
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train!
Fare thee well! my child for ever,
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the next we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my Angel boy.

When a beautiful Child pines and dies, the Irish Peasant believes the healthy Infant has been stolen by the Fairies, and a sickly Elf left in its place.



VOLUME I—NUMBER 26.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

It will be remembered by our readers that in our issue of May 22d, we gave a copious sketch of the ancient city of Galway and its interesting annals. The noble enterprise of Mr. Orrell Lever, has given additional interest to the 'city of the Tribes,' and at this moment the eyes of the commercial world are fixed upon her magnificent bay, and the extraordinary facilities which its geographical position offers to the commerce of Europe.

The bay of Galway from which our sketch is taken, is 18 miles broad at its seaward extremity, diminishing to about 8 miles inland, and is about 20 miles long East to West. It is protected from the swell of the Atlantic by the three Isles of Arran, which rise five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

The waters of Lough Corrib, Mask and Carra, are here emptied into the sea, and afford an immense water power which must soon be converted to manufacturing purposes. This extraordinary power which is

elsewhere made available to the production of wealth and the promotion of industry, now runs idly along, with the exception of turning a few mills which grind Indian corn and wheat for home consumption.

In the mountains of Galway lie mines of wealth which the new enterprise must speedily develop. Her marbles are among the finest in the world and the proximity of the Bay to the North of Ireland will make that port the great outlet for the manufactured yarns and linens of that part of Ireland. The impetus thus given to Galway will re-act upon the surrounding country, and thus add to the material prosperity of the rest of Ireland.

Tourists from this country will visit the romantic scenery surrounding Galway, and stroll into other parts of Ireland. They will be received with an Irish welcome, from a people devotedly attached to this country and its institutions, and thus become familiar with Ireland and its people, and learn to appreciate a

nation which requires only the genius of free institutions, to make it the finest nation in Europe.

Galway was well known to the ancients and held constant intercourse with the great nations of antiquity. Mr. Lever will, we trust, by his enterprise, restore her to her former eminence as a great commercial city, and though her commerce with the great Roman Empire is numbered with the past, her commercial intercourse with the Republic of America will yet excel in material prosperity that which this ancient city enjoyed in the days of Tacitus. The sailing of the Indian Empire from Galway, is the opening of a new era for Ireland, from which her future history will be dated.

Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire, so wealth acquired by industry proves commonly more lasting than that which descends by our ancestors.



GALWAY—FROM THE DECK OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

MARY CARR.

OR THE ABDUCTION AND RESCUE.

'Is there a human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray a maiden's unsuspecting youth?

The brilliant sun of a fine morning in August was beaming into a cabin that stood on the side of a retired road. A pole stuck in the thatch, from which depended a rusty horse shoe, indicated the trade of the owner; and in a small hole, intended to represent a window, a fractured jug and footless glass, as plainly as hieroglyphics could do, told that the weary traveller, or determined sot, might be accommodated with mountain dew—in plain language, potent whiskey.

On this morning the smithy exhibited, in a more than usual degree, the want of regularity. There had been some merry-making in the neighborhood, at which the heads of the house spent the previous night, and every thing, to use a common phrase, was through other.—The master of the house had, after a short sleep in his clothes, arisen, and since that more than once paid a visit to the spirit store of his prudent wife. Some young men, who had been of the night party, dropped in; spirits was called for, as the prelude to a regular drinking bout, when the tramp of a horse was heard, and a loud call, 'Is there any one widin', brought the smith to the door.

A man on horseback; with a female seated on the pillion behind him, required to have a shoe made for his horse, who stripped one, and, in consequence was lame. But the smith had no coals, therefore how could he make a shoe. The man said he must proceed on his journey, when Vulcan, in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by inebriation, declared, 'that the poor baste would be entirely knocked up afore they had travelled a mile iv ground.'

'No help for that same,' replied the other; 'sure I can't be stainin' here all day wid a finger in my mouth—I must be goin' to the next smith.'

'Faix, an' ye'll have a long ride,' said one of the men from within.

'Is id far off?' asked the equestrian.

'Far off!' growled the smith—'sorra dacent workman, barrin' myself, widin tin mile iv ye.'

'Well, I must only put up wid a botch,' said the other.

'Sure, if I had a bandful iv coals, the ne'r a minit I'd be makin' a beautiful newshoe,' returned the smith.

'That's live horse an' ye'll get grass,' muttered the horseman—'but where could ye get coals?'

'Hooch, isn't there lashins an' lavins iv coals in the town beyant,' replied Vulcan, staggering towards the horse.

'Musha, and what news ye tell the dacent man, ye drunken brute,' exclaimed the mistress of the smithy, rushing out and giving her good man a push towards the door; 'go long into the house, doesn't himself know there's plinty iv every goodness in that place, but that wout put a shoe on his cliver baste, God bless id, an' send him safe over his journey. Ye dirty omdhaum, (fool) ye couldn't think iv sendin' to them that stud yer frind many's the time, and when ye wor on the shanghran.* God look down on me this day, but I'm in a poor way wid ye.' Then elevating her voice to a higher key, added, 'here, Judy Casey, cum here acusla—slip over to the still-house, an' Fardy'll give ye as much coal-turf as'll make a shoe for this honest man's baste.'

The appearance of the horseman did not warrant her using the epithet gentleman, and she was obliged to pause literally for lack of breath. Judy Casey, a bare-legged, half-clad girl, with staring fiery looks emerged from the cabin, and set off across the fields in a sling trot, but had not gone many yards when the mistress hallooed after her not to be a minute away, and then begged the equestrians would alight until a shoe could be made.

The man appeared fatigued, and, besides, the crav-

ings of appetite began to annoy him; he, therefore, gladly availed himself of the opportunity to rest—but, previous to alighting, he said, in the Irish language, to those assembled at the door, that the young girl beheld him had run away from her parents; he was now bringing her back, and that they should not mind any thing she might say to the contrary.

This was sufficient to attract all eyes to the female, and the young men of the party openly expressed their admiration, exclaiming, 'Nough gan nule a colleen ee'—'is she not a handsome girl?' Her conductor, who liked not these expressions, replied, in the same language, to this effect—'handsome is that handsome does;' and Mrs. Vulcan added her mite, saying, 'daughters were ever a trouble to their parents,' as she led the girl to a little gloomy space, partitioned off the kitchen, dignified by the title of the room. The man, knowing he should have to wait some time, inquired whether he could have breakfast, adding, 'Faix, travellin' in a raw mornin' is a hungry thing.'

'Sorra doubt,' replied the old woman, who sat smoking in the corner; 'maybe ye'd take a blast iv the pipe, it'll draw the win' (wind) aff yer stomach.'

'It's little goodness in one house wid me,' said the smith—but, any way, ye'll be welcome to share iv what we have.'

'God look down on the poor, it's little they have in this world at all,' rejoined the old woman.

'Thru fur ye,' said the horseman, 'the poor is hard crushed—God reward them that laves them so.'

'Och, amiu! I was the response of the woman.

'The times is bad enough, to be sure,' said a fine, intelligent looking young man, who was leaning against the wall, 'but there never was a time, iv one was willin' to work, that he wouldn't be able to keep himself above want, an' iv they don't work they have no one to blame.'

'Work!' repeated the equestrian, contemptuously—'many's the man who lives well an' doesn't do a turn iv work.'

'Nerra one says agin that,' replied the young man, who was called Willy Dolan, 'but them is gentlemen.'

'No, sorra bit—no more nor yerself.'

'Then, barrio! they robbed or stole,' said Willy Dolan, 'what way could they do it, an' then shure its hung they'd be.'

'There's many's the way iv makin' money widout workin' or robbin' either,' said the horseman.

'Bethershin (maybe so),' replied Willy, 'but ne'r a one iv them can be honest ways, after all.'

'Be gaura, Willy, it's a murder yer mother didn't make a priest or a counsellare iv ye—sure enough ye'd be a great one,' remarked the smith.

'Musha, then, Willy,' said the old woman, 'but I wondher at ye—what do ye know, that never was tin mile from home, comparin' wid this honest man.'

'Every one can tell honesty from roguery, Nelly,' replied the young man, 'an' it would be well for the world iv every one like us was content to earn his bread in honesty, an' not be lookin' for it in any other way. I say that an' a rogue in his heart that would advise a poor boy to the contrary,' and looking defiance at the stranger, he left the house.

'Monam ayeah, but Willy Dolan's grand the day—any way, it is a fine thing to have the larinin', was the remark of the mistress, as she bustled about preparing the breakfast.

James Carr was what is called a man well to do in the world; he held a large farm, and was competent to manage it. He had married early in life, and when in more humble circumstances, a person superior to himself in birth and education, who, nevertheless, made an excellent wife, and brought up their only child, a daughter, much better than girls in her rank usually are brought up. Mary Carr was, indeed, deserving of the admiration she excited in all who beheld her; a very beautiful and modest girl—the delight of her parents and neighbors.

James Carr's landlord was an absentee, and when Mary was about seventeen his son came to the

country to transact some business. He saw Mary, and was charmed by her extreme beauty; he went frequently to her father's, and, on conversing with her, found, that though very diffident, she was superior to her young companions. He became much attached to her, and sought every opportunity of explaining his sentiments, but Mary never remained an instant alone with him. He then had recourse to a servant woman of Carr's, whom he bribed liberally to plead his cause, but she was not more successful. Owing to the good instructions of her mother, Mary Carr was well aware that the son of her father's landlord could scarcely be honorable in his intentions to her, and, when pressed by the woman to give him a private meeting, she replied—

'I told you often, Peggy, that it's not right for me to be listenin' to the like of this—he's not fit for me, nor I for him. What would his father and friends say if they heard it?'

'Hooch, an' what eud they say, an' let them do their best; shure many's the bether nor him marret a country girl; an', the heavens may bliss yer purty face, ye're a wife for the fill of his master. Shure, any way, it's no harm to spake civil to him, God help the poor boy, but he has a sore heart.'

But this, and many such speeches, were of no avail. Mary would not see him except in her parents' presence. Peggy, afraid her gains would cease if she gave not the young man some hopes, told many lies; and one night, when Mary was asleep, the wretch cut off a lock of her hair, and gave it to the lover as if sent by her.

Transported by this apparent proof of her affection, he determined to brave the displeasure of his family and marry her. He mentioned this to a confidential man who lived on the property. This man was named Paddy, and the bitter enemy of James Carr. He expressed the greatest surprise and sorrow for what his young master was meditating, saying it would surely break the old master's heart. He used many arguments to convince the young man that the Carrs were taking him in, and that he might have the girl on easier terms than matrimony. In fact, Paddy worked so much on him, that he consented to give up his honorable intentions, and agreed to a plan, proposed by his adviser, namely, that a horse and pillion should be ready on a certain night, at the end of a wood beyond her father's.

'An', added Paddy, 'I'll engage to make Peggy decoy her out, ready to travel—ye'll not appear at all—I'll take her to the place ye know, an' thin I'll warrant she's yer own in spite iv the watch.'

It is needless to enter into further particulars—the stratagem was successful, and it was the ruffian Paddy, with Mary Carr strapped round his waist, who arrived at the smith's, in consequence of his horse having stripped a shoe.

The breakfast was ready, and still the girl with the coal-turf did not make her appearance, though the mistress declared she would be back in a minute—it was time enough—the day was long, and the young girl was tired—a trifle of sleep would do her good. But, notwithstanding this, while bustling about, Mrs. Vulcan more than once muttered—

'Sorra be in me, Judy Casey, but iv I had a hand on yer lug, I'd put the life in ye.'

At length the messenger arrived, and, when taxed with delaying, swore, most vehemently, she did not delay one minute; but the mistress sprung across the floor, and would have laid violent hands on her, did not the bystanders interfere and push Judy out of the house.

Mary Carr was invited to partake of the breakfast, but declined; and when, after many delays, owing to the badness of the fire and the drunkenness of the smith, the shoe was fastened on, she was led to the door by the mistress. Paddy, having already got on horseback, desired the smith to put the girl up behind him. While a chair was bringing out to facilitate her ascent, Mary, with a blanched

* At a loss.

cheek, and a voice tremulous from excess of agitation, exclaimed—

'Ah, for the love of God, good Christians, help; will you see a poor girl dragged from her family by a villain?—oh, you couldn't be Irishmen and stand by to see it done. Help me, and may the great God be on your side in time of need.'

'Hould per prate,' roared Paddy; 'don't b'lieve a word she says, boys, it's all a lie—put her up behind me.'

The smith was about to do so, when Willy Dolan, rushing from the crowd, laid his hand on Vulcan's arm, saying—

'Mick Kelly, iv you wish for whole bones, don't put a hand on that girl.'

'Why so?' demanded the smith.

'Every why,' was the answer.

'I tell you, boys, not to heed her,' cried Paddy.

'An' I tell ye, boys,' exclaimed Willy Dolan, 'that's the liar, and the black villain into the bargain; I tell ye she'll never sit on one horse wid ye while I can handle this,' and he flourished a stout shillelagh with great dexterity.

'An', wid the help iv God, that won't be long,' said Paddy, pulling a pistol out of his bosom, and, ere any person was aware of his intention, firing at Dolan, but, missing the object of his aim, the shot took effect on a young man standing at the extreme edge of the crowd, who, with a loud scream, fell to the ground.

For an instant the people appeared as if paralysed, so sudden had been the shot, but they soon rallied.

'Revenge, revenge!' shouted Willy Dolan, and in an instant half a dozen cudgels were raised against Paddy, who wisely considered it vain to contend, and, setting off at full gallop, was soon beyond the reach of his enemies.

On hearing the shot, Nelly left her place in the corner, and, running up to where the young man was lying, called out that the decent boy was killed, and, clapping her hands, set up the usual cry, in which she was joined by the mistress and Judy Casey.

'Is there any life in him?' asked one of the men.

'Sorrah drop—he's dead as mutton, an, bleeding like a pig,' replied Nelly.

'Oh, wirra, wirra, what luck my poor cabin had the day,' said the hostess; 'sorrah's name the murderin' ruffian didn't go some other place an' get a shoe made.'

'You may thank nobody for that but yerself,' retorted her husband.

'Don't bother us, ye brute,' she continued, 'there's throuble enough at our door; och, och, who'll tell Nanny Gilaspay that her little boy's a stiff corpse?'

'An' more was the pity,' replied Nelly; 'lower-sha, it's himself was the clane boy, an' the fine dancer, sorrah his equal ever stud on a flure. O, weera deelish, thanks an' praise be to ye, sweet Saver, but it's a little thing knocks the breath out iv a poor sinner, the Lord prepare us for that minit, amin, a chianah.'

'Where did the fire hit him, Nelly, dear?' asked one of the people who were collected in a ring about the fallen man.

'The ne'r a ha'porth myself sees an him,' she answered, 'only a little cut in the side iv his neck, God bless the mark.'

'Why but ye bring him into the house?' said another.

'Maybe ye want us to be mad,' answered Nelly; 'no one can tich him till the corner (coroner) cums to hould a jury on him.'

'Glory be to God,' remarked one, 'but death's a poor thing. It's little Barney thought this mornin' the minit was so near.'

'Thru' fur ye, Pether; no one knows what's afore him in the mornin'; little fear but ids the

young id go—there's Lucause bockagh (lame Luke) that'd be no loss, an' shure he wasn't tuk, glory be to ye, sweet Saver,' and Nelly gave three distinct knocks on her bare breast with her clenched hand, while with the other she reached a pipe to the girl, adding—'Judy, alanna, run an' put a bit iv a coal in the pipe, the heart is sore widin me.'

All this time the smith and his wife were in consultation at the door, she rocking backwards and forwards; at length they seemed to agree, for she called—

'Here, Judy Casey, why but ye go in an' ready the house, sorrah good ye'll do stanin' there. Ah, boys, dear, isn't it a wonder but one iv ye steps over for Nancy Gilaspay—Lord comfort her sore heart the day. An' shure another of yees ought to run for the corner, an' let the poor boy, God rest his soul, be lyin' an the ground all night.'

Having issued all these orders in a breath, she turned to Mary Carr, who had sunk on the chair, almost unconscious of what was passing round her, so much had she been terrified. The hostess came close to her, saying—

'Ah thin, that was an unlucky man that cum a near my poor cabin the day, Lord reward him.'

Mary enquired whether any person was hurt.

'Hurted?' exclaimed Mrs. Vulcan, 'hurtet yesay?—faix, there's a dacent mother's son kilt, and the like never happened at one dour wid me afore.'

'Are you quite certain he is killed?' said Mary.

'Seein's bleevin,' replied the other, catching Mary's arm, and dragging rather than leading her to where the body lay, surrounded by the people, Nelly smoking and talking vehemently.

Mary, on not perceiving Paddy, gained more presence of mind, and said—

'Why don't you stop the blood?'

'There's no use in id an he dead,' replied Nelly, with a deriding sneer.

But Mary was not deterred; she prevailed on the smith's wife to get cold water and clothes to stop the blood, Nelly all the while growling—

'Don't make a fool of yourself, Hetty, sorrah dhrop in him more nor a stone.'

On cleansing the wound it appeared little more than a scratch. They bathed his face plentifully with cold water, and raised his head to the air; still Nelly said—

'Let to yer nonsense, the boy's kilt out and out, he'll never stan' on the green grass agin.'

However, in a short time, to Nelly's utter amazement, the young man was restored to animation, and was walking towards the house, when his mother rushed up, like a person deranged, followed by men, women, and children. The young man was not injured; the ball slightly grazed his neck, the shock of which, and extreme terror, deprived him of animation. Many were the exclamations of the crowd on Mary's cleverness, and Nelly was loudest in accusing him of being so weak as to be killed by such a trifle.

When Willy Dolan had left the house, as before mentioned, he went to where the aperture that gave light to the room opened. In fact, he was smitten by the beauty of Mary, and thought—

'Iv she run away afore, maybe she'll cum wid me.'

Mary was leaning with her face at the window, and in tears; she was almost in despair, and did not move on seeing him. He said—

'Don't cry, Miss, don't be afeard, yer people wont be angry now yer goin back agin.'

'My people!' exclaimed Mary. 'What do you mean?'

'Spake asy,' said Dolan—'arn't ye goin back to yer frinds, ather runnin away from them?—but never heed, ye're not the first that done the like, an no one 'll cast it up to ye.'

'Is this the story the villain invented to destroy me,' cried Mary; and in a few words she gave an account of the real state of the case.

Such is the force of truth, and perhaps coming with more force from the lips of a beautiful girl, that Dolan gave implicit credit to every word, and exclaimed—

'Well, well, the thief of the world, I knew he wasn't good—he'll pay for this,' then after a short pause, he added, 'iv ye'll depend on me, Miss, I'll do my best to help ye.'

'There's something in your face that tells me you will not deceive a poor girl; I will depend upon you, and may God reward you as you deal with me. Only I trusted in God I wouldn't be able to speak to you now, praise to him he helped me to go through last night.'

'May I never sin, iv I could desave any girl, an' ye above all the world,' in saying so Willy Dolan's fine face was lighted up with a glow of honest affection; he continued, 'when they want to put ye up behind the villen agin, go quietly (quietly) to the door, ax the boys to help ye, and lave the rest to me; I must be goin now.'

He then went among the young men, and put them up to the rescue, which as has been seen, was happily effected.

We are limited, and therefore cannot dwell much longer on the affairs of the interesting Mary Carr. It was determined she should proceed back to her parents, accompanied by Willy Dolan, of whom Mrs. Vulcan said—

'An ye needn't be afeard, dear, to go wid Willy Dolan, sorrah quiter nor dacenter boy in the counthry, for discreetness an modesty.'

However, before the horse could be got, Mary was overjoyed by the appearance of her father and some of his neighbors. Peggy on seeing the distraction of Mary's parents when she was missed, repented, and acknowledged her share in the transaction. In consequence, a pursuit was instituted, and, happening to take the same road, they intercepted Paddy, in his flight from the smith's, which led to the discovery of Mary.

Paddy was tried at the assizes, and punished for his part in the abduction of Mary Carr; and, in the end, she was married to Willy Dolan.

SMUGGLING IN THE NETHERLANDS.—Dogs of a very large and strong breed for the purpose of draft, are harnessed in the Netherlands, like horses, and chiefly employed in drawing carts with fish, vegetables, eggs, &c., to market. Previous to the year 1725, such dogs were also employed in smuggling, which was the more easy, as they are extremely docile. As it is probable that this mode of smuggling may have been again resorted to since the year 1815, the following account will be found correct. The dogs were accustomed to go backwards and forwards between two places on the frontiers, without any person to attend them. A dog of this kind was worth six or seven lous d'ors, as the training cost some trouble. Being loaded with parcels of goods lace, &c., like mules, they set out, and only when it was perfectly dark. An excellent, quick scented dog, always went some paces before the other, stretched out his nose to all quarters, and when he scented custom house officers, &c., turned back, which was the signal for immediate flight. Concealed in ditches, behind bushes, &c., the dogs lay, till all was safe; they then proceeded on their journey, and reached at last, beyond the frontier, the dwelling of the receiver, who was in the secret. But here also, the leader only at first shewed himself, but on hearing a certain whistle which was the signal that every thing was right, they all hastened up. They were then unloaded, taken to a convenient stable, where there was a good layer of hay, and well fed. There they rested till midnight, and then returned in the same manner back, over the frontiers. In London, the butchers make dogs draw carts with a quarter of ox beef; and the poor peasantry of Ireland might make dogs draw manure when they could not afford to keep a horse.

SONG.

Along the stream of life we row,
With constant mind;
Still lightly touching as we go,
Each port we find.
The dullest spot we enrol by,
With laugh and lay;
And be it still, with smile or sigh—
Touch, and away!

We never dream that sunny hours
Were made to last,
But know, like them, that storms and showers
Must soon be past.
And thus springs pass, and springs return;
Joys come and flee—
And sober mortals laugh and mourn—
We still are free!

CAROLIN, THE IRISH BARD.

The celebrated Irish bard, Carolin, who lived towards the close of the seventeenth century, and was blind from his infancy, had, from an error in his education, at an early period of his life, contracted a fondness for spirituous liquors, which he retained even to the last stage of it. But inordinate gratification bear their own punishment; nor was Carolin exempt from this general imposition. His physicians assured him, that unless he corrected this vicious habit, he would soon put an end to his mortal career. He obeyed with reluctance, and seriously resolved upon never tasting that forbidden, though to him delicious, cup. The town of Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, was at that time his principal place of residence. There, while under so severe a regimen, he walked, or rather wandered about in a reverie: his usual gaiety forsook him; no sallies of a lively imagination escaped him; every moment was marked by a dejection of spirits, approaching to melancholy; and his harp, his favorite harp, lay in some obscure corner of his habitation, neglected and unstrung. Passing one day by a grocer's shop in the town, our Irish Orpheus, after a six week's quarantine, was tempted to step in; undermined whether he should abide by his late resolution, or whether he should yield to the impulse which he felt at the moment. 'Well, my dear friend,' cried he to the young man who stood behind the counter, 'you see I am a man of constancy; for six long weeks have I refrained from whiskey: was there ever so great an instance of self-denial? But a thought strikes me, and surely you will not be cruel enough to refuse one gratification which I shall earnestly solicit. Bring hither a measure of my favourite liquor, which I shall smell to, but indeed shall not taste.' The lad indulged him on that condition; and no sooner did the fumes ascend to his brain, than every latent spark within him was rekindled. His countenance glowed with an unusual brightness; and the soliloquy which he repeated over the cup, was the effusion of a heart newly animated, and the ramblings of a genius which a Sterne would have pursued with raptures of delight. At length, to the great peril of his health, and contrary to the advice of medical friends, he once more quaffed the forbidden draught, and renewed the brimmer, until his spirits were sufficiently exhilarated, and until his mind had resumed its former tone. He immediately set about composing his much admired song, which goes by the name of Carolan's (and sometimes Stafford's) Receipt. —He commenced the words, and began to modulate the air in the evening at Boyle, and before the following morning he sung and played this noble offspring of his imagination in Mr. Stafford's parlour at Elphin.

Carolin's inordinate fondness for Irish wine, as Peter the Great used to call whiskey, will certainly not admit of excuse; it was a vice of habit, and therefore might have been corrected; but he seldom drank to excess; and he seemed to think, nay, was convinced from experience, that the spirit of whiskey was grateful to his muse, and for that reason he generally offered it when he wished to invoke her. 'They tell me,' says Dr. Campbell, 'that in later days he never composed without the inspiration of whiskey, of which, at that critical time, he always took care to have a bottle beside him.'

It is somewhat remarkable, that Carolin, in his gayest mood, and even when his genius was most elevated by the 'flowing bowl,' never could compose a planxty for a Miss Brett in the County of Sligo, whose father's house he frequented, and where he always met with a reception due to his exquisite taste and mental endowments. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to compose something in a sprightly train for this lady, he threw aside his harp with a mixture of rage and grief; and addressing himself in Irish, of which he was a pleasing and elegant speaker, to her mother, 'Madam,' said he, 'I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty, in order to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me; there is not a string in my harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound when I set about this task. I fear she is not doomed to remain long among us; nay,' said he emphatically, 'she will not survive twelve months.' The event verified the prediction, and the young lady died within the period limited by the unconscious prophetic bard.

ANCIENT IRISH POETRY.

In the second volume of Hardiman's collection of Irish poems is to be found some elegiac stanzas on the death of Oliver Grace, the heir of the baronial house of Courtstown, which we have illustrated in the 13th number of our paper, which, from the rare beauty of their poetry, harmony of their numbers, and the freedom of their structure from those alliterations and other minute restrictions which have cramped the metre of many of the other valuable compositions of our Irish Bards, seem to me well worthy of a place in your Journal, if you think it not sufficient to refer your readers to Mr. Hardiman's work. I send you a literal translation which I have attempted, and in which I most strictly adhered to the original, which, however, it will be necessary to understand in order fully to appreciate the beauties of the poem. Your readers will perceive that the translation which I have sent you does not differ materially from Doctor Drammond's accurate metrical version.

I should observe that Mr. Hardiman places the death of Oliver Grace in the year 1604; but this is a mistake, as will be evident by referring to the interesting 'Memoirs of the Grace Family,' there being no person of that family whom the elegy could possibly suit, except Oliver Grace, of Inchmore, called File, or the poet, to whom it is applicable in every particular. He is stated, in the Memoirs, to be the son of Robert Grace, Baron of Courtstown, by his wife Eleanor daughter of David Condon, Lord of Condon's country, in the county of Cork, by Eleanor, daughter of Richard, Lord Poer of Carraghmore: but by a reference to the will of Sir Richard Shee, dated 24th December, 1603 (a copy of which is in my possession)—whose daughter, Letitia Shee, was married to John Grace, of Courtstown, father of the said Robert Grace, and grandfather of Oliver, of Inchmore—it appears that Robert Grace's wife was the daughter of Patrick Condon. The following are the extracts from the will referring to this subject.

'Item, where-upon the agreement of marriage of Mr. Patrick Condon, of my grandchilde, Robert Grace, to his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Condon, the said Patrick delivered unto me £100 sterling current money of England, in bullion, to be given in preferment to my daughter, is daughter Margaret Grace that is with me, I will that my wyfe and executors, with the advice of some of my feoffees and brethren, shall provide a fytt hundrede for her, and that myne executors of my soules portion, shall deliver unto her and her husband, in marriage goods, one hundred pounds sterling current money of England, in Bullion; and if God shall dispose of the said Margaret before marriage, then my will is, that my executors shall pay the same £100 to her brethren, Richard and Edmund Grace, in regard that they are poor orphans, haveinge nothinge left unto them for their maintenance by their father and mother; and if they should die before they receive the said money, then I will that the said money be paid

unto their elder brother Robert Grace. Item, when Mr. Patrick Condon is bounde by bonde to me that Edmond Purcell of Ballyfoille, shall marry my grandchild, Catherine Grace, or in lieu thereof to pay unto her £300 sterling, current moneye in England, for the preferment of the said Catherine Grace to a husband, I earnestly beseech my sonne and heire, and the rest of my executors, upon my blessings, if neede be, by sayte of law, upon the refusal of the said Purcell, to compel the said Patrick Condon, upon his bonde, to pay the sayde moneye to the use aforesaid; and yf she should happen to die before preferment, the said £300, to be to her brother, Mr. Robert Grace, in regard that he most lovinglie and kindlie bestow his owne marriage for the benefitt of her and her sister by myne advice and intreatie. Item, I leave to my father Lettisee Shee's daughter, Margaret Grace, a flock of sheep, in number four score. Item, I leave to my said daughter, is son and heir, Robert Grace, one of my double gillt bowels of plate with his cover, wherein I commonie drinke aquavite and claret wyne, as a token of remembrance of my love.'

The will of Sir Richard Shee has been lost by the Prerogative Office, where it was proved in 1604, or it could not have escaped the accurate researches of the author of 'Memoirs of the Grace Family.'

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER GRACE.

By John Fitzwalter Walsh.

1. A gloomy mist is in each mountain, a mist that appeared not before; there is a sullen silence in noon-tide; the deep voice of sorrow alone is heard.
2. The sound of death is in the wind: alas! to us 'tis the approach of sorrow! The raven with hoarse voice, portends the hour of the dead.
3. Is it for thee, O noble youth of my heart, that the banshee mournful wails, in the midst of the silent lonely night; plaintive she sings the song of death.
4. Each wall and tower replies to her with its lonely sullen echo: the cock has forgotten his wonted call, and announces not time nor hour.
5. Alas, youthful Oliver of my heart, it is thy death the banshee laments—it is that which brings night on the day—it is it which brings sadness on the people.
6. Woe is me, nought now remains to us in the hero's stead, but lamentation and tears: pouring out of tears, weeping and lamentation, hereafter to us, and breaking of hearts.
7. Alas! O death, thou hast laid low forever the blossom and beauty of our highest branch—not satisfied with thy conquest till the head of our race sunk into the grave.
8. Strong was his arm in the clash of swords defending the right of his race and kindred, beneath the standard of his father:—and Ormond* who acquired fame afar.
9. Not usual in Courtstown is the mist of Lonon that cannot be dispelled: O the heart of its faithful lord is wounded through the death of the youth of mighty deeds.
10. The true heir of his name, his fame and his power, and the air of his domains in each region of Erin: Stately as the oak was his aspect—he promised to spread wide his branches.
11. But not thus was the hero's fate:—It was to descend alone to the silent tomb. Alas! 'twas a long woe to him in his day, and sorrow of heart to his spouse for ever.
12. She is a mother oppressed with grief—descending swiftly to her spouse in the grave—the father of her children, and her first love:—Alas, anguish is her lot.
13. No more shall he follow the chase under the dark vales of the misty hills;—the sweet sounding horn no

* James the 12th Earl, and afterwards 1st Duke of Ormond.

† Jean, wife of Oliver Grace, was the daughter and heir to Sir Cyprian Horsfall of Innishang, only son of John Horsfall, Bishop of Ossory, a native of Yorkshire, who succeeded to that see in 1638, and died there in 1680. Oliver Grace's son and heir, John Grace, was a member of the council of confederate Catholics, and was permitted by Cromwell to compound for his estates.

more shall he hear—nor the voice of the hounds on the mountain top.

14. No more shall we behold him on his fleet young steed, bounding o'er fence and dyke.—there is an eclipse on his beauty forever; deep mist has descended on his greatness.

15. Weak lies his bounteous hand; dead and powerless is his manly heart—the descendant of heroes, and friend of the bard, the lover of the minstrel's lofty strain.

16. Thy fame needs not the light of song; but my lament shall ascend on high, and my tears shall fall at the close of each day, on the tomb of the hero for whom my heart is broken.

W.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD EDUCATION.

To those who have enjoyed the blessings of a good education, its numerous advantages need not be pointed out—conviction and consciousness establish the fact beyond the possibility of disputation. It tends to dispel the darkness, uncertainty, and gloom in which ignorance has fixed its dreary empire: and as all men are naturally fond of liberty and life—as the strong exults in conscious powers—and, as thy eye is ravished with the cheering light of the morning, after the sun has dispelled nocturnal darkness; in like manner the mind, originally intended for contemplation and expansion, experiences an inexpressible hilarity in the acquisition of new ideas and conceptions, about which its intellectual powers may be rationally engaged and exercised. What an extensive dominion of mind then do they acquire, who merely learn to read! and what a change do they perceive, in emerging from the preceding darkness, which brooded over the mind!

By education we gain access to all those historical facts, discoveries, arts, inventions, improvements, and instructions, which have been kept on record, and transmitted to us from the earliest state of human society. In the antediluvian ages, the longevity of men enabled them to acquire considerable knowledge by observations and experience. Of course they would have the less need of books and chronological registers. The pastoral mode of life, too, in which they were generally engaged, would render what is now called education, in a great measure unnecessary. Our condition, however, is materially different. The period of our lives is comparatively short—our employments are diversified, and our wants multiplied. Hence the necessity of having recourse to books, and all other means in our power, for instruction in whatever art, trade, profession, or business we intend to pass our time. Whatever rudeness we discover among the ancients, when arts and sciences began to be introduced among them, as their means and information were comparatively limited, their diligence and application would be proportionately intense and vigorous. As experience therefore is better than theory, their laborious investigations are well entitled to our deference. They, as it were, supply the raw materials; and it is our business to choose, select, work up, and apply it for our own advantage, as circumstances may require.

Education is likewise most valuable, as an inlet to the mind, since it affords its possessor enlightened, rational and liberal views, on every subject with which it is necessary he should be acquainted. It induces him to cultivate social intercourse with his superiors in knowledge—affords him amusement in solitude—alleviates his miseries in adversity—and furnishes him with innumerable resources, in incidental difficulties, which often produce despondency and desperation in the ignorant and unlearned.

Observe this contrast between the unlearned peasant, and the man who has obtained a liberal education. The former is doomed to overwhelming darkness of mind—has no true relish for enjoyments beyond those that are gross and common to him with the inferior animals—and can procure the necessities of life, only, by extreme toil and corporeal exertions. The latter on the other hand, has an extensive dominion of his

own, which can never be successfully invaded, or greatly disturbed.

In all our remarks, however, we must be understood, as speaking of genuine and correct education; for, where the fountain is impure, the streams must be so likewise. There is no greater curse, to which the human family are obnoxious, than half-learned, upstart, bungling teachers; and there is none of equal magnitude more common to be met with. That mankind should have been gulled and enjoined in the dark ages, when education was the attainment of a few, is not wonderful; but that the tuition of youth, in the nineteenth century—this era of boasted civilization and refinement, should be intrusted to an unemployed clerk, of indolent habits, who can perhaps read and write a little better than the lower orders of society; or to an unsuccessful mechanic, who, to avoid starvation, turns teacher—is monstrously absurd. Were parents and guardians thoroughly sensible of the incalculable advantages of a sound education, and the pernicious effects of the contrary, a few shillings a quarter would be a matter of very little account, in preparing the youth of the present generation, for filling up their respective situations in life, with satisfaction and credit to themselves, and advantage to society. The consideration of a slight saving here, is wretched economy indeed. It is to be penny wise and pound foolish, with a witness! While the worthless quack endeavors to acquire popularity by the amazing rapidity with which his pupils advance, and the immensely large tasks they can perform, it is the object of the genuine instructor of youth, to ascertain as correctly as possible the natural talents and capacities of his pupils—to lay the foundation deep, and to rear the superstructure slowly, in its first stages—to class boys judiciously, according to their ages and abilities—to prescribe their tasks in due proportion to their mental endowments—to enforce their attention to the given task, by strict and well-timed discipline—and never to take a lesson off their hand ill prepared, if they be capable of getting it better, by revision and increased application. If school-training go on in this manner, the progress of the pupil, however slow, will be natural, regular, and such as might be expected; the powers of his mind will gradually expand, and his abilities improve; difficulties, which at first seemed insurmountable, will insensibly vanish; he will find a pleasure in the performance of his duty; and will never be satisfied with himself, while he is conscious that reproof and disgrace, may be avoided, by a little additional exertion and care. And, as he has been thus trained at school, so will he incline to regulate his general conduct, when free from the coercive restraint of academic denomination, and he becomes his own master.

As much depends on the first bias given to the mind by parental instruction, we may be allowed to offer a few general observations on this point, and it can never be too often repeated, that education to be radically efficacious and operative, not on the mere external behaviour, but on the heart of the pupil, must be founded on, and fortified by the fair and consistent example of the instructor—without this, precept will only make hypocrites. There must be combined in the mind of the anxious parent who desires to make a lasting impression, that will influence while he survives, and even from the grave have power to speak to the affections of his child, tenderness to engage love, candour to attract confidence, gravity to command respect, authority to secure submission, and affability to render it a service of perfect freedom—there should be severity that has nothing revolting, compliance that has nothing base, mildness that knows how to forgive, firmness that can punish and repress, wisdom that can sometimes dissemble and seem ignorant at what it sees, deep attention to discover the ruling passions, attention if possible more deep to counteract them, and yet to conceal the discovery—in fine, almost as many forms of proceedings, as there are children to educate, for as every plant requires not the same kind of culture, so what would be useful in forming the mind of one child, would be dangerous, or even fatal in forming that of another—but where are the parents who

would know themselves in this representation? Sensible they may be of its justice, but such a tax on their time and attention is found incompatible with their ordinary pursuits, incompatible with a life of effeminacy and indolence, of business or intrigue, of play or pleasure, of tranquility and repose—what is the consequence? Why, in the little they may do to forward this great work, they fall into a thousand errors, being directed more by humour and impatience, than by sound and serious reflection.

Some are even brutal to excess in the treatment of their children, converting an occupation in which tenderness should take the lead, into a system of downright persecution; when called upon to reprehend, they do it in words of wormwood and gall, when forced to approve, their manner is cold and discouraging, they neither do justice to the virtues, or can forgive the weakness of youth; no entreaties can mollify, no tears disarm them—their families are the regions of eternal tempests, where nothing is heard but the moans of the oppressed, and the bellow of the tyrant. Hence, the most ardent longing for emancipation, and hence the youth of one sex plunge into vice early and openly, more perhaps, from rage against their persecutors, than from natural inclination; and those of the other fly into the arms of the first man who offers to be their deliverer, from unequal matches, or become victims of a far more deplorable misfortune.

They may be, however, and there often is, a defect in the conduct of parents of a nature the very opposite, namely, that of loving their children too much, or more properly speaking, to their ruin. Dreadful are the consequences of that blind affection which will see no fault in a child, and suffer all the untoward propensities of his nature to grow up and strengthen, for fear of afflicting him by control; parents, who are invested with a species of sovereign authority over their children, should use it with tender reluctance on all occasions, but when necessary with inflexible justice, nothing should stand between them and the most sacred duty; but if from the beginning, education has been rightly instituted, there will seldom, if ever be occasion for the exercise of this unwelcome privilege. The heart under proper regulation, will beat in sympathy with the warm wishes and expectations of parental love, and reward it by a life of virtue and benevolence.

MULHERN THE IRISH CONJURER.—A man of the name of Roger Mulhern, who lived for many years near Carlingford, had the reputation, while he lived, of being a great conjurer; and his memory is still regarded with great reverence by the Irish peasantry, of that neighborhood. This impostor pretended, that by the aid of a familiar spirit, he could tell the state of the dead. Several people, anxious to know how their relatives fared in the other world, flocked to the house of this sage, who gave them a night's lodging free of expense, and by artful inquiries drew from his visitors a knowledge of such circumstances in the life of the departed friend, as enabled him to decide whether he was happy or miserable. His fame increased, and he was taken up as an impostor, and bound not to continue his practices.

This for some time deterred people from going publicly to his house, yet they visited him with the greatest secrecy, under the veil of night; and he, as a reward for their faithfulness, presented each person with a shilling, besides giving them the most satisfactory information respecting the deceased.

The manner of duelling in Japan is singular, and to us may appear absurd and barbarous; the philosophical observer may, perhaps, consider it as rational as an appeal to the sword or pistol. When two men of honour quarrel in that country, the party who conceives himself injured, rips up his own entrails with a large knife, and presenting the instrument to his adversary, invites him to follow his example. No Japanese gentleman can decline the invitation, for if he does not instantly plunge the knife into his own bowels, he is dishonoured for ever.

LARRY MOORE.

'T' labor is pain, and thought is sorrow,
Wisdom will lead us out of the way—
Bring us pleasure to-day and care to-morrow—
To-morrow that never can be to-day.'

'Think of to-morrow!'—that is what no Irish peasant ever did yet, with a view of providing for it; at least no one I have had an opportunity of being acquainted with. He will think of any thing—of every thing but that. There is Larry Moore, for example:—who, that has ever visited my own pastoral village of Bannow, is unacquainted with Larry, the Bannow boatman—the invaluable Larry—who tipsy or sober, asleep or awake, rows his boat with undeviating power and precision:—He, alas! is a strong proof of the truth of my observation. Look at him on a fine sunny day in June. The cliffs that skirt the shore where his boat is moored are crowned with wild furze; while, here and there, a tuft of white or yellow broom, sprouting a little above the bluish green of its prickly neighbor, waves its blossoms, and flings its fragrance to the passing breeze. Down to the very edge of the rippling waves is almost one unbroken bed of purple thyme, glowing and beautiful; and there Larry's goat, with her two sportive kids—shy, cunning rogues! find rich pasture—now nibbling the broom blossoms, now sporting amid the furze, and making the scenery re-echo with their musical bleating. The little island opposite, Larry considers his own particular property; not that a single sod of its bright greenery belongs to him—but, to use his own words, 'sure it's all as one as my own—don't I see it—don't I walk upon it—and the very water that it's set in is my own; for sorra a one can put foot on it widout me and the coble, (boat) that have been hand and glove as good as forty years.'

But look, I pray you, upon Larry: there he lies, stretched in the sun-light, at full length, on the firm sand, like a man porpoise—sometime on his back—then slowly turning on his side—but his most usual attitude is a sort of reclining position against that flat grey stone, just at high water mark; he selects it as his constant resting place, because (again to use his own words) 'the tide, bad cess to it! was apt to come fast in upon a body, and there was a dale of trouble in moving; but even if one chanced to fall asleep, sorra a morsel of harm the salt water could do ye on the grey stone, where a living merwoman sat every new year's night combing her black hair, and making beautiful music to the wild waves, who consequently, trated her sate wid grate respect—why not?' There, then is Larry—his chest leaning on the mermaid's stone, as we call it—his long bare legs stretched out behind, kicking, occasionally, as a gad-fly or merry-hopper skips about, what he naturally considers lawful prey:—his lower garments have evidently once been trousers—blue trousers; but as Larry, when in motion, is amphibious, they have experienced the decaying effects of salt water, and now only descend to the knee, where they terminate in unequal fringes. Indeed, his frieze jacket is no great things, being rubbed at the elbows—and no wonder; for Larry when awake, is ever employed, either in pelting the sea-gulls (who to confess the truth, treat him with very little respect,) rowing his boat, or watching the circles which the large and small pebbles he throws in form on the surface of the calm waters, and as Larry, of course, rests his arm while he performs the above named exploits, the sleeves must wear, for frieze is not 'impenetrable stuff.' His hat is a natural curiosity, composed of sun-burned straw, banded by a misshapen sea-ribbon, and garnished by 'delisk,' red and green, his cutty pipe stuck through a slit in the brim, which bends it directly over the left eye, and keeps it 'quite handy widout any trouble.' His bushy reddish hair persists in obstinately pushing its way out of every hole in his extraordinary hat,

or clusters strangely over his Herculean shoulders, and a low furrowed brow, very unpromising in the eye of a phrenologist:—in truth, Larry has somewhat of a dogged expression of countenance, which is relieved, at times, by the humorous twinkling of his little grey eyes, pretty much in the manner that a star or two illumine the dreary blank of a cloudy November night. The most conspicuous part of his attire, however, is an undressed, wide leather belt, that passes over one shoulder, and then under another strap of the same material that encircles his waist:—from this depends a rough wooden case, containing his whiskey bottle; a long narrow knife; pieces of rope of various length and thickness; and a pouch which contains the money he earns in his 'vocation.'

'Good morrow, Larry!'

'Good morrow kindly, my lady; may-be ye're going across?'

'No, thank ye, Larry:—but there's a silver sixpence for good luck.'

'Ough! God's blessing be about ye!—I said so to my woman this morning, and she bothering the sowl out o' me for money, as if I could make myself into silver, let alone brass:—asy, says I, what trouble ye takes!—sure we had a good dinner yesterday; and more by tokens, the grawls were so plased wid the mate—the creturs!—sorra a morsel o' prattee they'd put into their mouths:—and we'll have as good a one to day.'

'The ferry is absolutely filled with fish, Larry, if you would only take the trouble to catch it.'

'Is it fish? Ough! Sorra fancy have I for fast-ing mate—besides, it's mighty watery, and a dale of trouble to catch. A grate baste of a cod leapt into my boat yesterday, and I lying just here, and the boat close up; I thought it would ha' sted asy a while I halloosed to Tom, who was near breaking his neck after the sapphire for the quality, the gomer-sal!—but my jewel! it was whip and away wid it all in a minit—back to the water. Ough! small loss!'

'But, Larry, it would have made an excellent dinner.'

'Sure I'm afther telling y'er ladyship that we had a rale mate dinner by good luck, yesterday.'

'But to-day, by your own confession, you had nothing.'

'Sure you've just given me sivepence.'

'But suppose I had not!'

'Where's the good of thinking of that, now?'

'Oh, Larry, I'm afraid you never think of to-morrow.'

'There's not a man in the whole parish of Bannow thinks more of it nor I do,' responded Larry, raising himself up; 'and to prove it to ye, madam, dear, we'll have a wet night—I see the sign of it, for all the sun's so bright, both in the air and the water.'

'Then, Larry, take my advice; go home and mend the great hole that is in the thatch of your cabin.'

'Is it the hole?—where's the good of losing time about it now, when the weather's so fine?'

'But when the rain comes?'

'Lord bless ye, my lady! sure I can't hinder the rain?—and sure it's fitter for me to stand under the roof in a dry spot, than to go out in the teams to stop up a taste of a hole. Sorra a drop comes through it in dry weather.'

'Larry you truly need not waste so much time; it is ten chances to one if you get a single fare to-day; and here you stay doing nothing. You might usefully employ yourself by a little foresight.'

'Would ye have me desert my trust? Sure I must mind the boat. But, God bless ye, ma'am darlint! don't be so hard intirely upon me; for I get a dale o' blame I don't by no manner of means deserve. My wife turns at me as wicked as a weasel, because I gave my consint to our Nancy's marrying Matty

Quough; and she says they were bad to come together on account they hadn't enough to pay the priest; and the upshot of the matter is, that the girl and a granchild is come back upon us; and the husband is off—God knows where.'

'I'm sorry to hear that, Larry; but your son James, by this time must be able to assist you.'

'There it is again, my lady! James was never very bright—and his mother was always at him, plaguing his life out to go to Mister Ben's school, and saying a dale about the time to come; but I didn't care to bother the cratur; and I'm sorry to say he has turned out rather obstinate—and even the priest says it's because I never think of to-morrow!'

'I am glad to find the priest is of my opinion; but tell me, have you fattened the pig Mr. Herriot gave you?'

'Oh! my bitter curse (axing y'er pardon my lady) be upon all the pigs in and out of Ireland! That pig has been the ruin of me; it has such a taste for ating young ducks as never was in the world; and I always tethers him by the leg when I'm going out; but he's so 'cute now he cuts the tether.'

'But why not confine him in a sty?—you are close to the quarry, and could build him a sty in half an hour?'

'Is it a sty for the likes of him!—cock him up in sty! Ooh, Musha! Musha! the tether keeps him asy for the day.'

'But not for the morrow, Larry.'

'Now y'er at me again!—you that always stood my friend. Meal-a-murder! there's Rashleigh Jones making signs for the boat! Oh! y'er in a hurry, are ye?—well, ye must wait till y'er hurry is over; I'm not going to hurry myself, wid whiskey in my bottle, and sixpence in my pocket, for priest or minister.'

'But the more you earn the better, Larry.'

'Sure I've enough for to-day.'

'But not for to-morrow, Larry.'

'True for ye, ma'am dear; though people takes a dale of trouble, I'm thinking, when they're full and plenty at the same time; and I don't like bothering about it then, and it will be all the same in a hundred years. Sure I see ye plain enough Mr. Rashleigh. God help me! I broke the oar yesterday, never thought to get it mended; and my head's splitting open with the pain—I took a drop too much last night, and that makes me fit for nothing—'

'On the morrow, Larry.'

'Faith! ma'am dear, you're too bad. Oh, dear! If I had the sense to set the lobster pots last night, what a power I'd ha' caught!—they're dancing the hays merrily down there, the cowardly blackguards! but I didn't think—'

'On the morrow, Larry.'

'Oh, then, let me alone, lady, dear! What will I do wid the oar! Jim Conner gave me a beautiful piece of strong rope yesterday, but I didn't want it, and—I believe one of the childer got hold of it—I didn't think—'

'On the morrow, Larry.'

'By dad, I have it!—I can poke the coble on with this ould pitchfork; there's not much good in it; but never heed—it's the masther's, and he's too much the jontleman to mind trifles; though I'm thinking times a'n't as good wid him now as they used to be; for Barney Clary told Nelly Parnell, who told Tom Lavery, who told it out forenint me and a dale more genteel men who were taking a drop o' comfort at St. Patrick's, as how they bottle the whiskey, and salt the mate at the big house; and if that isn't a bad sign I don't know what is:—though we may thank the English housekeeper for it, I'm thinking—wid her beaver bonnet and her yellow silk shawl, that my wife (who knows the differ) says, after all, is only calico-cotton.'

'What do you mean by bottling the whiskey and salting the meat, Larry?'

'Now, don't be coming over us after that fashion; maybe ye don't know, indeed? Sure the right way, my lady is to have whiskey on draught; and then it's so refreshing, of a hot summer's day, to take a hearty swig—and in winter—by the powers! Ma'am honey, let me take the liberty of advising you never to desert the whiskey; it'll always keep the cold out of y'er heart, and trouble from y'er eye. Sure the clergy take to it, and lawyers take to it, far before new milk; and his holiness the Pope—God bless him!—to say nothing of the king (who is the first king of hearts we ever had) who drinks nothing but Innishown—which, to my taste, hasn't half the fire of the rale Potteen. It's next to a deadly sin to bottle whiskey in a gentleman's house; and, as to salting mate!—sure the ancient Irish fashion—the fashion of the good old times—is to kill the baste, and thin hang it by the legs in a convenient place; and, to be sure, every one can take a part of what they like best.'

'But do you know that the English think of to-morrow, Larry?'

'Ay, the tame negers! that's the way they get rich, and sniff at the world, my jewel; and they no ouldier in it than Henry the Second; for sure, if there had been English before his time, it's long sorry they'd ha' been to let Ireland alone.'

'Do you think so, indeed, Larry?'

'I'll prove it to ye, my lady, if ye'll jist wait till I bring over that impudent chap, Rashleigh Jones, who's ever running after the day, as if he hadn't a bit to eat;—there, d'ye see him? he's dancing mad—he may just as well take it away. It's such a goat give people the fever. There's that devil of a goat grinning at me; sorra a drop of milk we can get from her, for she won't stand quiet for a body to catch her; and my wife's not able, and I'm not willing, to go capering over the cliffs. Never mind! sure whiskey is better nor milk.'

At last Larry and his boat are off, by the assistance of the pitchfork, and most certainly he does not hurry himself; but where is Rashleigh going to? As I live! he has got into Mr. Durkin's pleasure-boat, that has just turned the corner of the island, and will be at this side before Larry gets to the other. Larry will not easily pardon this encroachment; not because of the money, but because of his privilege. I have heard it rumored that if Larry does not become more active he will lose his situation; but I cannot believe it; he is, when fairly on the water, the most careful boatman in the county; and permit me to mention, in sotto voce (I would not have it repeated for the world,) that his master could not possibly dismiss him on the charge of heedlessness, because he once possessed unencumbered property by field and flood, wooded hills, verdant vales, and pure gushing rivers. Those fair heritages are, however, unfortunately, passing into the hands of other proprietors; and the hair of the generous, good-natured landlord has become white, and sorrow has furrowed his brow, long before sixty summers have glowed upon his head. His children, too, do not hold that station in society to which their birth entitles them; and, latterly, he has not been so often on the grand jury, nor at the new member's dinners. The poor love him as well as ever; but the rich have neglected, in a great degree, his always hospitable board. Rats, it is said, desert a falling house: have nobler ones the same propensity? Be it as it may, the parish priest told me in confidence, that all the change originated in our excellent friend's never thinking of to-morrow.

As a cross word begets a word that's cross, so will a kind one beget its own likeness. If people only knew the power they possess in being kind, how much good would they not achieve for themselves, and how much misery prevent for others.

A LEGEND OF FIN-MA-COOL.

Lately taking a pedestrian excursion in the neighbourhood of the wild, but romantic mountain region, near Dublin; known as the Breaks of Ballynacorney, I was much struck with the singular appearance of a great isolated granite rock near the road side, which was evidently a monument or memorial of Pagan times, and determined to discover if any tradition was preserved in its neighborhood of the object or period of its erection. I accordingly entered an adjacent cabin, in which I found a healthy and good-looking mountaineer, his wife and a half-a-dozen children seated round a table, on which a little cairn or tumulus, such as you describe that of New Grange to be, was piled up—not, however, of stones, but right good laughing potatoes. I was received with the cordial welcome which a stranger is always sure of meeting in the cottages of our peasantry—the best stool was wiped for me by the good woman of the house, and a pressing invitation given to try the potatoes—accompanied with an expression of regret that they had nothing better to offer—an offer too tempting to be refused.

The demolition of the pile was not a work of great duration, and the gift, on my part, of a drop of the native from a pocket-pistol—the companion of my rambles—soon put me and my entertainers on the familiar terms favourable to my purpose.

'Pray,' I commenced, 'what do they call that big rock, like a house, which I passed as I came down the road here?'

'Oh! be dad, sir, did you remark the big rock? that's called Fin-Mac-Cool's finger-stone.'

'And why is it called so?' said I.

'Why, thin, indeed, sir, unless I could you an ould story, that maybe you wouldn't believe, I can't say.'

'Oh, tell it at all events.'

'Well, thin you must have heard of Fin-Mac-Cool, sir—he was one of the giants in Ireland, in ould ancient times.—One day after he had been out hunting on the Curragh of Kildare, he came home to his house on the Hill of Allen, in mighty low spirits, and his wife asked him what was the matter? 'Why thin,' says he, 'there's enough the matter; for there's the great giant Usheen, (Ossian,) is come over from Scotland to thry my strength, and if he finds he's able to bate me, he'll murder me intirely.' Well, at this news, sir, the poor woman, his wife, looked very sorrowful—but he bid her not to be cast down, for he hoped he'd outwit him and there would be no harm done. So with that, he gother' himself up in a great huge child's cradle, that was in the room, and bid the wife throw a blanket over him, and to tell Usheen, when he comed in, if he axed any questions about who it was that was lying there, it was one of Fin's gosssoons. 'And now,' says he, 'mind what you're about, or its all over wid me,' but, indeed, sir, he needn't have said that, for the women are always 'cute at a bit of roguery.' This, my informant said with a good-humored glance at his own wife.

'Oh, don't believe him, Sir,' says the woman laughing, 'he's always full of his jokes, and you'll be far enough on your way to Dublin, before you meet a greater rouse than himself.'

'Ow-wow, Biddy' said the husband, 'is that the character you're giving me—well, anyway as I was saying to the gentleman; Fin gothered himself up in the cradle, and the wife set about baking some cake bread, when presently in comes Usheen very civilly, with the God save all here,' and axes, 'is Fin-Mac-Cool at home.' 'No, in troth,' says the wife, not letting on to know him, 'but I'm his wife, and maybe I'd answer you as well; might I be bould to axe your will?' says she.

'Oh, says Usheen, I want to see Fin himself to have a thrial of strength with him; and I've come from Scotland for that same purpose, and I must wait till I see him, for I'll not go back again till I take the consate out of him.'

'Well, with that, Sir, she invited him to sit down very civilly, and told him that Fin would be home soon and would be very happy to show him any diver-

sion. So down he set by the fire, and he axed he who was she baking the fine large cakes for; 'In troth, then, Sir,' says she, 'they're for that dawshie (little) crathur there asleep in the cradle.' So with that Usheen looks round, and sees Fin by the way of fast asleep, and sure he was astonished at the size of him intirely. 'Who is that mam?' says he. 'That's the youngest of the children,' says she. 'Is it that big fellow?' says he. 'Big' says she, 'in troth he's a disgrace to us,' says she, 'he'll never be half the size of his father or brothers, the crathur! Maybe you'd thry one of these cakes, Sir,' says she then to Usheen, 'I'm sure you must be hungry after your long walk.'—'Troth I'm very agreeable,' says he, 'to that same, I thank ye.' So with that he took up the cake to ate it, when behold you he gave a roar that made the house ring.—'Oh, murder, woman,' says he, 'I never ate anything so hard.' And well he might say so, Sir; for you see, the woman very cutely put a griddle into the middle of it. 'Hard is it!' says she, 'why, then, I don't know—the child there wouldn't ate a taste of it if it was softer.' Well, Sir, with that she pressed him to take a little of the crathur to wash it down, and handed him a mether that held a gallon or two of as good stuff as ever was tasted—for you know in these days that there was no 'Parlimint'—and in troth I suppose your own that you have in the bottle, and that you gave us a sup of—long life to you—wasn't better.'

This was such a skilful 'put in' for another sup, as I couldn't resist, so after again wetting his whistle, as my host called it, he proceeded:—

'So, Sir, after Usheen took about a quart or so, he handed the mether over to Fin's wife. 'Oh, by my conscience, Sir, you'll not give the house a bad name in that way; sure the boy in the cradle would think nothing of shrinking a gallon of it in a drafft, so she made him take another drink, and another, till she made him purty well, I thank you. Well says she then to Usheen, 'maybe you'd like to see the boy there throw a stone, or any of the things his father does be teaching him, while you're waiting.' 'Nothing in life better,' say Usheen. So with that the woman gave Fin a shake; 'get up, alanna,' says she, 'and go out and amuse the gentleman.' So, Sir, up he gets, and goes out with Usheen. 'Upon my word thin,' says Usheen to him, 'you're a good sized boy, God bless you, and I'd like to see how far you could throw a stone.' 'With all the pleasure in life, Sir,' says Fin. So with that he takes up the stone there beyant; Sir; but that was then on the hill of Allen—and flings it over here against the Sighan mountain, and there it lies to this day—the mark of Fin's five fingers on it when he gripped it, and it has always been known by the name of Fin Mac-Cool's finger stone. Well, Sir, Usheen as you may judge, was very much surprised at this; and he said, 'upon my conscience, you're a smart chap. 'Now,' says he, 'could you're father throw a stone of that size much farther?' 'Is it my father?' says Fin—'by dad he'd throw it to Scotland or Amerikay—it id be only like a marvel in his fingers.'

'It would be marvellous,' I observed, 'sure enough,'—Indeed it's thrie for you, Sir,' rejoined my host, but without understanding my bad pun; 'and it sober'd Usheen completely—and the devil another question he axed, but set off home as fast as he came, and the devil another fut he'd ever set again in Ireland. And that's the story the old people tell about Fin Mac-Cool's finger stone.'

It is a pity that most people overdo either the active or contemplative part of life. To be continually immersed in business is the way to become forgetful of everything truly noble and liberal. To be wholly engaged in study is to lose a great part of the usefulness of a social nature. How much better would it be if people would temper action with contemplation, and use action as a relief to study.

No dust affects the eyes like gold dust, and no glasses like brandy glasses.

A prudent and well disposed member of the Society of Friends once gave the following friendly advice:—

'John,' said he, 'I hear you are going to get married?'

'Yes,' replied John, 'I am.'

'Well,' replied the man of drab, 'I have a little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth fifty cents, and she was worth sixty-two cents, and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown

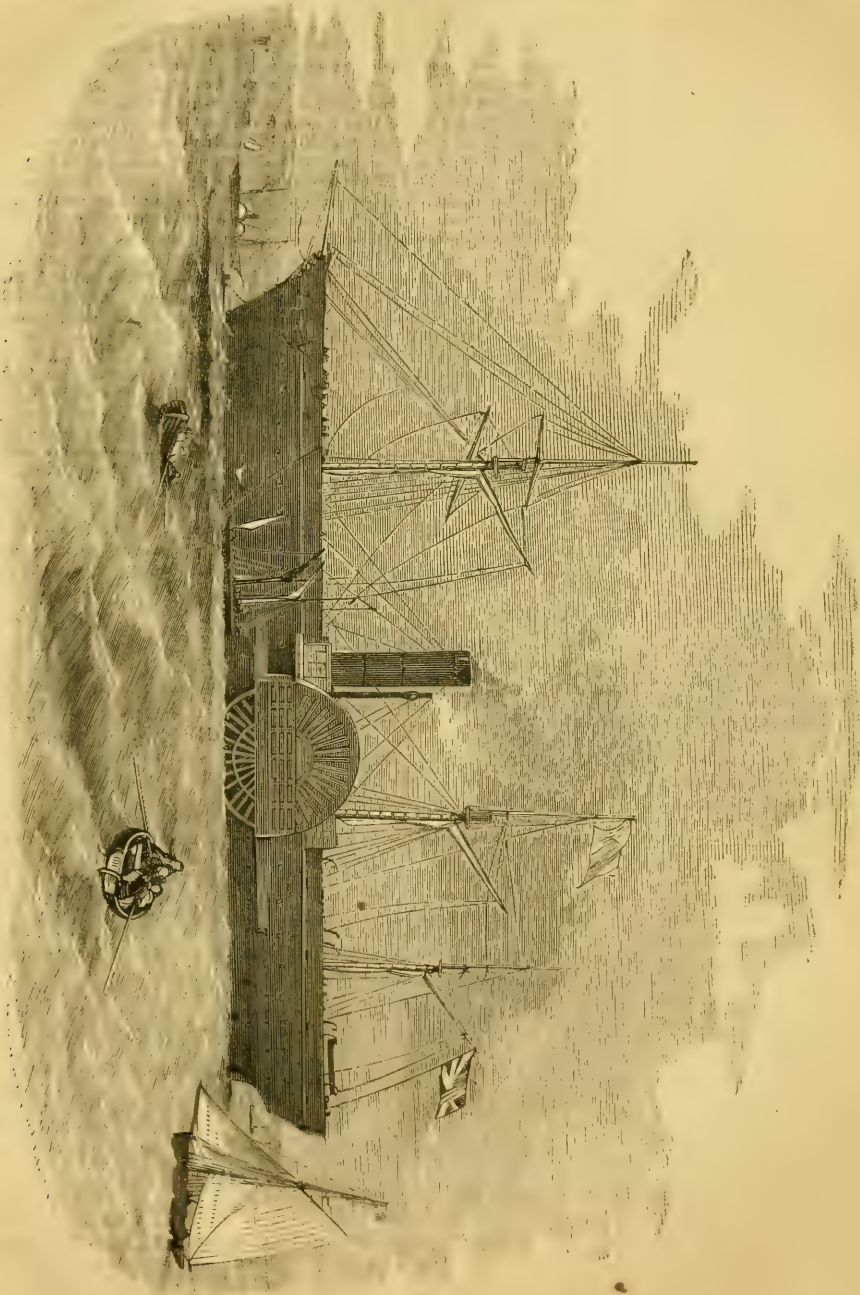
up the odd shilling.'

'I come for the saw, sir,' said an urchin.

'What saucer?'

'Why, the saw, sir, that you borrowed,' replied the urchin.

STEAMSHIP INDIAN EMPIRE.



'I borrowed no saucer.'

'Sure you did, sir—borrowed our saw, sir.'

'Be off, I never saw your saucer.'

'But you did, sir—there's the saw, sir, now sir.'

'O, you want the saw!'

'Shon,' said a Dutchman, 'you may say what you please 'bout bad neighbors; I had te vorst neighbors as never was. Mine pigs and mine hens come home mit der ears split; and todder day two of dem come home missing.'

'Why is it,' asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, 'that you Swiss always fight for money, while French only fight for honor?'

'I suppose,' said the Switzer, 'that each nation fights for what it most lacks.'

Our next number will be issued on Monday, the 9th of August.

Written for the Miscellany.

THOSE HONORED DAYS.

BY A. G. MALLOY.

Remembered are those honored days,
When Erin in her own, was strong;
When Minstrels with their harps did raise
Her Celtic heroes' battle song:

Fast are those days,
And Minstrels' lays

No more are tuned to Erin's phrase;
For traitors to their harps now sing
The victory of a tyrant king.

No traitors stained those days of pride,
Ere Erin, vassal trappings wore;
When with her true, she toes defied,
And drove them flying from her shore:
Her brightest day
Is but the ray

Of faded glories that now play
About the Island, when is seen
A bold attempt to raise the Green.

Enfeebled by the bigot laws,—
Yet still enough of strength remains
To wield the sword in thy own cause,
And burst at once the tyrant's chains:
'Tis thus the true
Will yet rescue

The ocean's gem, from England's claws,
And drive them from their native plains,
As Brian did the nobler Danes.

* The battle of the Boyne.

Written for the Miscellany.

WALKS AND TALKS.

BY VERNON.

'As I walked by myself,
I talked to myself,

And thus myself said to me.'

One of the most interesting branches of the Government, centering at Washington, is the Agricultural Division of the Patent Office.

To this, the sturdy farmers of every part of the land look with longing, for the valuable information furnished by its annual Reports, and for seeds and cuttings, gathered around the globe. How anxiously will they regard the process of naturalizing these foreigners—hereafter, perhaps, to return a thousand fold all their care; rising timidly, at first, in the midst of the strange scene, one by one, till, far over every hill and plain, extending thousands of miles, they shall appear in beauty and strength, and forever bless their new-found home!

Nor are the lovely daughters of the country less interested than the hardy sons. Their prettily written requests come like snow-flakes. The desks, the very floors of the Office are covered with them. For these fair petitioners the seeds of new varieties of flowers must be ready: only small packets it is true, can be sent to each, but they contain most delicate charms, slumbering now, but destined to bloom brilliantly, and return smile for smile.

Applicants for this bounty of the Government are numerous at all times, and especially during the session of Congress. The Honorable gentlemen themselves receive considerable quantities, for distribution among their constituents; and then franked packages, and franked boxes, and franked Reports, are borne by every mail, in every direction, even to utmost California. Visitors at Washington, on business or pleasure, call, are introduced, and, as far as practicable, are supplied. Ladies rustle into the presence of the Chief of the Division—ladies who bless us with their smiles—ladies who bless others, far away—all seeking flowers, and promising most careful cultivation, and a report of the result. Yet I must not say that these ladies, highly ornamental as they are themselves, think only of ornament; but they frequently demand the useful: and superior vegetables, in many a neat garden, will tell of their

practical disposition also, and how they delight to mingle the utile dulceque.

And all the while the appointed dispenser of floral beauties, rich fruits and cereals, receives the multitudinous comers, decides for each what is adapted to the climate and soil mentioned, explains whatever may be required as to their nature and treatment, then gives the order, which, when written, bears his well-known monogram—"D. J. N."

Now be seated, on chair or sofa, and, if you are lover true of nature, animate and inanimate—if your mind be curious about the wonders of creation—there will be no lack of entertainment and knowledge, to be derived from the study and experience of D. JAY BROWNE, always freely, simply and modestly communicated. Or, if he should be engaged with his Report, or otherwise, look over these volumes of the Government Naturalist, Mr. Glover. Here will you find exquisitely colored representations of flowers, fruits, grains, and the insects injurious to them. What microscopic and valuable labor! This butterfly, for instance, how soft and gay its glorious wings, and so life-like all, that one really approaches it with caution, lest it should flit away!

I notice that you glance toward that luscious fruit on the table: apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums and grapes. These are 'native here.' Can the world produce better? It is not surprising that you desire to taste them: all visitors have a similar desire. But, as a particular favor, you shall be welcome: take your choice.

'It is stone!'

Indeed it is: or something like it:—Does not Glover model finely?

I leave you with the appropriate blessing:—

'May good digestion wait on appetite!'

and, though against office-rules, follow Mr Browne's, messenger to the seed-room. It is at the other end of the building—a square off. The written order is presented, the seeds, in vari-colored papers, are supplied, and the list is put on file.

—Where am I?

Long tables—lines of boys—

Does the Government 'keep a school?'

These boys are the seed-packers; and in this room they are busy, at certain seasons, from nine to three o'clock, daily. They are generally the children of poor widows.

In another apartment men are employed measuring the seeds, and dividing them into mailable quantities.

But to turn from the machinery of the Division, and to re-visit its engineer-in-chief, will now be my more pleasant and profitable course. Mr. Browne seems to have been designed by nature for the very niche in which we find him. The full proportions of his mind are here revealed.

New Hampshire, the State of his birth, received the first fruits of his talent and industry. After a short time at school, he began alone the interminable study of nature, and so progressed that ere long his late companions in the lettered task, regarded him with wonder. Still he went on, and on, till he had served a regular apprenticeship, or preparation by observation and actual labor, in every branch of knowledge his present vocation would seem to require. Even at so early an age as eighteen, he was in charge of the operations of an extensive dairy-farm, where he was engaged daily from half-past two o'clock in the morning until the closing of the evening, and often till ten at night. Next, the cultivation of garden-vegetables and seeds upon a large scale, occupied his attention; then books again; and teaching; varied by brief excursions at intervals in several of the Atlantic States, with a view of learning some of their natural features, internal improvements, and farm operations. Subsequently, in Boston, he edited a monthly publica-

tion called 'The Naturalist,' which embraced many of his own compositions; at the same time pursuing the study of the Romanic languages under Professor Bach, of Harvard University, and comparative anatomy under the distinguished Doctors Spurzheim and Warren.

A cruise, as naturalist, in the United States' Ship, *Vandalia*, in the West Indies, followed; then a residence on the coffee and sugar plantations of Cuba, where he carefully studied their economy and management. His 'Letters from the Canary Islands' give, among other interesting subjects, a detailed account of his ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe. In this volume the scientific reader will find satisfactory information, and the romantic enough to lure him on from page to page.

I must condense the incidents of his active and eventful life; indeed, must altogether omit even the mention of many circumstances, now become of national importance.

After various voyages, and surveys of lands and soundings of rivers; after engaging in the laboratory of Dr. Jackson, in Boston; after his employment by the State of New York as resident engineer on the western division of the Erie Canal enlargement; after editing the *American Agriculturist*; and after other pursuits—besides the preparation and publication of his books on Agriculture, which are still among the highest authorities of the land.—Mr. Brown was placed in charge of the Agricultural Division of the Patent Office. By this Office he was twice sent to Europe, where he travelled extensively, and made arrangements to procure in future seeds, cuttings, &c., from the most reliable sources and upon the most advantageous terms.

But the writings of the subject of this sketch, his private and public books, are known to the whole country, and will be found in the cottage of nearly every farmer. These will suffice to prove his ability. Of late, the introduction into this country of the Chinese Sugar Cane, has added to the familiarity of his name; while other introductions may soon increase it, as, owing to his efforts, we shall probably see the delicate leaves of the tea-plant flourishing in our own 'celestial empire' of the South.

As may be well supposed, even from the above brief history, Mr. Browne's character is one of extraordinary energy and activity. He is a most laborious student; and his only sorrow in the world seems to be that life is too short for all he would perform. While so devoted to agriculture, he is not by any means indifferent to other matters, only the subject of his thought is ever eminently practical. The motto of his ambition is evident to all who know him: it is 'Do Good!'

What difficulties may be conquered by perseverance what beauty and value may be produced by the combination of learning and labor; how wide, and green, and eternal may be the circle of influence and blessing described on the earth by a true-hearted and resolute man: these are shown, however faintly in the sketch I now present, and suggest examples for imitation.

Written for the Miscellany.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

BY J. E. F.

No. 7.—'The City of the Violated Treaty.'

Upon awaking this morning, what was our astonishment to find ourselves reposing in a grave-yard! Around us on every side lay bleached bones and skulls, and I had even laid my head on a skull for a pillow, supposing it was a stone! The faint streaks of daylight showed us plainly that we had lain upon a new made grave, and not wishing for any further adventures in a grave yard, we got over the walls a little faster than the night previous. This time the toll-gate was no impediment, for we scaled it in a twinkling, and, to our surprise, found ourselves in Limerick.

The watchmen were crying out the hour, 'f-o-u-r o'-c-l-o-c-k, and all' well, as we strolled down William street, I dare say not unlike men risen

from the dead, for we were pale 'even unto death,' and the watchmen looked enquiringly at us as we passed them, on our way to 'Moore's Hotel,' to get something wherewith to refresh the inner man, and perform sundry ablutions on the outer man. At noon, however, our energies were recuperated, and our nerves had somewhat recovered from the shock of the morning.

Limerick is a city full of associations connected with Irish history. One of the first objects of our visit was the famous 'treaty-stone,' upon which Sarsfield signed the treaty of peace with the English, which was afterwards so ignominiously broken by the latter. It is at present used by a woman to rest her can upon while she dispenses sour milk to her customers. The stone stands but a short distance from St. Mary's Cathedral, and is a silent Monument of England's perfidy.

Crossing Thomond Bridge, we were admitted within the walls of St. Mary's Cathedral. Upon entering its lofty aisles you feel a grand solemnity, which it is impossible to shake off, surrounded as you are by the statues and ashes of centuries. The statue of the Earl of Thomond is probably the oldest; it was cut in two at the time of the 'rebellion,' is indeed a rude attempt at sculpture, and contrasts strongly with those later works of art to the memory of soldiers who 'fought, bled, and died' for their country in the trenches of Sebastopol. There is also a slab to the memory of a soldier who was in the Peninsular War, and at the burial of Sir John Moore when they laid him—

'Like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.'

There is a latin inscription on one near the chancel, with the date 1621, and another inscription reads as follows:—

DAN HAYES.
An honest man and a lover of his country.

We next ascended to the top of the belfry to see the bells, which are said to be the subject of Moore's beautiful poem:—

'Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells.'

The story of these bells is singular and interesting, and is nearly as follows:—They were brought originally from Italy, where they were manufactured by a young native, who grew justly proud of their production; he sold them to a neighboring convent, and with the profits accruing from the sale bought a handsome villa, where he had the pleasure of listening to the chiming of the bells from the convent cliff in the bosom of his family. After a few years, however, he had a reverse of fortune; he lost his wife, children, property,—everything. The convent was raised to the ground, and the bells were carried away to another land. He became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew grey, his heart withered, and he at last sailed for Ireland. The vessel sailed up the Shannon, and anchored in the Pool, a short distance from the city. He hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The old city was now before him, and he beheld the gray steeple of St. Mary's cathedral lifting its turleted head above the smoke and mist of the Irish town. It was an evening calm and beautiful, reminding him of the sunny skies of his dear, native Italy.—The days of his prosperity, were before his imagination and his mind wandered to his old home where from the convent cliff he heard the bells summon the people to vespers.—Suddenly, amid the general stillness, the Cathedral tolled, and the rowers rested on their oars, to listen to their sweet music. The Italian sat in the stern of the boat, calmly gazing at the tower; with his arms folded on his breast. The boat soon touched the quay, and upon speaking to the Italian, they received no answer; he was dead! The bells he was once so proud of tolled his requiem.

This church is now Episcopal, but it was at one time Catholic.

Leaving St. Mary's, we paid a visit to Garryowen,

so celebrated for the patriotism of its inhabitants, and saw the spot on which the women of Limerick stood at the time of the siege, and rained such a storm of stones, bottles, &c., upon the English, as obliged them to retire. Hurrah for the women of 1690!

Passing through Mary street, we dropped in awhile at the Exchange, and here saw a picture of the first Mayor of Limerick, of whose election a good story is told. It seems that the electors tried to elect one several times, but could make no choice. It was finally agreed that the first person crossing the bridge coming into the city in the morning, should be duly installed as Mayor. A watch was accordingly set, and at an early hour a half omadrawn of a fellow, nick-named 'Shane-a-scoob' in Irish, or in English 'John of the Brooms,' having brooms on his back to sell, made his appearance. John was forthwith made Mayor, exchanging his frieze coat for a crimson cloak, his caubcen for a chapeau, and his honored shillelah for a staff of honor. John did not go home to his 'ould woman' that night, and in the morning, Judy his wife, came into the city to hunt up her missing husband. Passing by the Exchange, she was not a little surprised to see John in his new rig.

'Och! an' it's myself that doesn't know you in that fine shoot.'

'Faith, an' that's no wonder,' answered John; 'for be the powers of Moll Kelly's cat, I don't know myself!'

It is said, however, that John made an excellent Mayor, and John and Judy's descendants now rank among the 'quality.'

Noticing a crowd in front of Croise's Royal Hotel, we soon ascertained that Prince Napoleon had arrived in the city, and was stopping there. The enthusiasm of the people soon manifested itself in cheers, tar-barrels, music, &c., but they had to be content with a view of him through the window. He is said to resemble his deceased uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte, and certainly he does not look unlike the pictures of the 'Little Corporal.' I suppose he knows that, for he walks with 'solemn steps and slow,' and one hand behind his back, and the other in his breast. He appears to be about 40, is inclined to corpulency, and dressed in a plain suit of black, wearing a white hat. The band commenced with 'Patrick's Day,' (of course,) and finished with 'Partant pour la Syrie.' His yacht, the 'La Reine Hortense,' is down the harbor, and will convey him to Galway to-morrow. There was much enthusiasm manifested, and it was midnight ere the band left him to sleep in peace in the 'city of the siege.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBLIN, May 28, 1854.

My dear Miscellany:—

An illness of three weeks has prevented me from discharging my weekly duty of furnishing you with such matters of interest as occur in this country; but I am glad to inform you that a three weeks' residence in Clontarf, and a delightful tour of two weeks' duration in the country, has completely restored my strength, and enables me to enjoy the pleasure of again addressing the readers of your eminently national journal.

The matter most occupying public attention, is the case of the brothers Cormack. In one of my former letters to you, I alluded to this matter and ventured the opinion, that two young men who had been well brought up and carefully instructed in the principles of their religion, could not die, after partaking of the solemn and holy rites which the church in such cases prescribes, with a lie upon their lips. Therefore, seeing that they protested their innocence to the last, in the presence of the holy priests who attended upon them in their last

moments and in the presence of the assembled multitudes, I could not believe in the guilt of such men and so informed your readers. The result has shown that I was right and proves the experience of the past that no Catholic can die a hypocrite.

The brothers Cormack were charged with the murder of a Mr. Ellis, a hard landlord and an immoral man, and were tried at Nenagh in Tipperary, for the alleged offence. The chief witness against these unfortunate brothers was a fellow named Burke, who swore most positively that the Cormacks were the murderers. This Burke was driving Mr. Ellis home at the time the deed was perpetrated, and admitted that he drove him out of the usual road, through an unfrequented by road, where the car was stopped by a lot of brush placed in the road, and where, he said, Mr. Ellis was shot by the Cormacks. Upon the evidence of such a villain, himself a party to the crime, according to his own showing, the first jury refused to convict, but our 'Catholic' Attorney General Fitzgerald, must have blood. He caused a fresh jury to be empanelled, taking care that it was composed of more pliant tools than the first; before this jury he forced on the case and obtained a verdict of guilty. We may lift our hands with pious horror at the wholesale perjury of Burke, himself doubtless, the murderer, but what shall be said of his associates in the bloody deed—Fitzgerald and the jurors who found them guilty upon such evidence. While the name of Burke is cursed and execrated by the universal people of Ireland, let that of the Whig 'Catholic' Attorney General Fitzgerald, be hissed into perpetual infamy, and forever classed with that of Burke. In the usual order of things we must soon have a general election in this country, and I hope if Fitzgerald has the temerity to offer himself as a candidate for Parliament to any Irish constituency, that the blood of the Cormacks' whom he assisted in murdering, will be required at his hands.

Considerable efforts are being made to screen Burke and Fitzgerald, and prevent the truth, with all its attendant horrors from being made manifest; but the press is doing its duty, and the judicial murderers will be brought to the bar of public opinion, if not to that of justice. The Nation is pouring out its condemnation upon the perpetrators of the foul deed, with that massive vigor and eloquence which characterized its pages in days 'lang syne.' The blood of the brothers Cormack, cries to heaven for vengeance.

You will recollect my predictions concerning the war in India. Has not everything come out precisely as I said it would? My information from the seat of war is of the most reliable kind, and your readers may depend upon its accuracy. The war is not yet ended. It will take millions of treasure and rivers of blood before the contest is terminated. The 'audacity of the Sepoys,' as a military friend writing to me from India terms it, is truly astonishing. It was but the other day that they made a dash—a mere handful of them—at the head quarters of the Commander-in-chief, Sir Colin Campbell, and nearly captured the veteran Celt himself. So long as England could maintain a large army in the field and act in large bodies against the Sepoys, the victory was sure to be with her. Her army has had so many victories that a few more will prove her ruin! Thus, she has captured place after place and has now to garrison them, the consequence is her forces are divided, weakened, and are assailed in return by the gallant army of Hindoo Patriots who are fighting for freedom and native land.

The contest is becoming imminent. England has boasted that the elements are her allies, but in India the elements are her greatest enemy. The Englishmen are withering before the scorching rays of an Indian sun, and drop dead upon the march to become food for the beasts of prey following in the track of the army. It is an indubitable fact, that our own countrymen endure the fatigues of the campaign and the rigors of the summer climate better than any others in the Brit-

ish army. Would to God that no child of Inisfail was enlisted under the blood stained banner of St. George. The empire in India, aye and in Ireland too, would soon crumble in the dust.

More native regiments will have to be disbanded. They are becoming dangerous and a close eye has to be kept upon the Sikhs. It is a fact that England's power in India depends upon the fidelity of native soldiers. Let these revolt, and the Governor General of India may pack up his traps and return to England. I now tell you that they will revolt, and the brave Sikhs will yet join their fellow countrymen in driving out the foreign despoiler of their native plains.

You are aware, doubtless, that the begging box is being handed round this country in behalf of the family of John O'Connell. Is it not a pitiable sight to see the family of a man who when living could keep his Yacht, sport the uniform of a British Militia Captain, sit in parliament and die in a snug government birth, thus become mendicants and beggars! Talk of Irish pride! Irish mendacity and meanness will hereafter be our characteristic.

The weather is charming. The country is blooming with the choicest gifts of God and the harvest will be munificent. If this land was ours, unpolluted with the foot of a stranger it would indeed be a land of milk and honey, a land worth living for and worth dying for.

AVONDHU.

NEW YORK, July 24, 1858.

The steamship Indian Empire left her berth at pier No. 45, North River, at half-past four o'clock yesterday on her return to Galway, carrying some 500 tons of cargo, twenty one cabin and ninety-five steerage passengers. The scene at the time of departure was of the most exciting character, thousands of spectators crowding every available space, waiting to see the noble ship start on her return voyage, and bidding her a hearty God speed.

Capt. Smith of the Napper Tandy light Artillery, with a detachment of his command, marched down to the pier, having with them one of their guns. As soon as the hawser was cast off, the noble ship moved majestically out of the dock amid the loudest acclamations of the assembled multitude. Passing the end of the pier, the customary gun was fired from the deck of the Indian Empire, which was answered with a salute of thirty-three guns from the gallant Napper Tandy's. She soon after lay to in the stream and getting up sufficient steam fired another gun then took her departure amid the good wishes and pious blessings of the loving children of Ireland assembled to witness her departure. May propitious breezes wait for her on the shores of green Erin of the streams, and may she open up a glorious future for our beloved native land.

I ought to inform you that on the Wednesday previous a splendid collation was given on board the Indian Empire, by the owners and agents, to about fifty invited guests, including representatives of every class in the community. Speeches were made and toasts offered by Capt. C. H. Marshall, Capt. Courtenay, of the Indian Empire; Mr. Pliny Miles, the agent Thomas F. Meagher, who looks remarkably well after his southern tour; Mr. Roche, of the Irish News, who made an admirable speech; the Rev. Dr. Sawyer, Capt. Comstock of the Baltic, General Wm. Hall and others. The affair was of the most agreeable kind, and passed off pleasantly.

Dr. Connery, the Coroner, editor and one of the proprietors of the *Vindicator*, a spirited and well conducted newspaper, is again a candidate for the office of Coroner for this city. The fierce and malignant assaults made upon him on a late occasion, by a portion of the press of this city, should arouse every adopted citizen and sound democrat to the necessity of exertion in his behalf. He is a scholar, a gentleman, a good democrat, has rendered efficient services to his party and should receive their undivided support. I wish him every success and will work hard to secure it to him.

'OWEN ROE.'

PAWTUCKET, July 24th.

'Where'er we roam whatever realms we see,
Our hearts untravell'd fondly turn to thee.'
Caelum non inanimat, qui trans mare curant.

Editor of Irish Miscellany:—

SIR,—I have been a reader and purchaser of your paper from the commencement—I would not miss a copy of it for ten times its price—and feel pride and pleasure in being able to congratulate you which I do most cordially on the decided success which has thus far attended your patriotic enterprise. The genial and national spirit which has prompted you to undertake the publication of a periodical so expensive, superb, and unique, as the charming and exquisite little *Miscellany* proves conclusively that the fire of *Amor Patriæ* which glows in your bosom has not been dimmed by the cold and sordid atmosphere of *Paritania* or to use the words of my caption, 'that your position not your mind or rather heart is changed by crossing the Sea'; I have had it in contemplation for years to publish a periodical similar in design to the one you have so successfully established; but just as I had my materials (which are ample and diversified) collected your spicy little weekly burst forth from the recesses of oblivion like an Irish Philomel to charm all by the beauty of its plumage and its charming melody. Though you have taken the inside track of me, I wish you every success, and to convince you of the sincerity of my words I take this occasion to tender you the use of such material as I may have on hand, calculated to assist you in the development of your design. You may rest assured that your well directed efforts to revive in our recollection the majestic grandeur the legendary lore, the traits and traditions of our beloved native land will be gloriously appreciated by the sons and daughters of Erin on this broad continent as soon as they become cognizant of the existence of your thrice welcome weekly. After the love of religion, there is no emotion in the Irish heart holds so prominent a place as love of country, and way should it not? *Pro Deo Pro Patriæ*—for God and our country has always been the motto of the christian Patriot.

'What virtue in the human heart,
The proudest tribute can command!
The purest, holiest, loftiest, best,—
The lasting love of Fatherland.'

Yours for the diffusion of Irish literature, Irish fortitude, and genuine unmitigated 'Irishism'

THOMAS SWEENEY,
Whilome publisher of the *American Celt*.

ILLNESS OF C. G. DUFFY.—It will be seen from the following extract of a letter from the Melbourne correspondent of the *Dublin Nation*, that Charles Gavan Duffy, at the time of writing was dangerously ill. We hope that the honored gentleman is by this time restored to health, and enabled to perform the duties of the important public office which he discharges with so much honor to himself, and satisfaction to the Colonists:

The rumor prevalent in town, for the last few days, and expressed in the Legislative Council by one of his ministerial colleagues, that Charles Gavan Duffy was laboring under an alarming illness, gave grief to many a heart, and numerous anxious visitors have repaired to his country house, Auburn Lodge, Hawthorn, to ascertain the truth of this sad intelligence. I am pained to say that he is yet dangerously ill, but that favorable hopes are entertained of his recovery. May God in his mercy vouchsafe this—for no more bitter calamity could overtake us of the old soil than any accident occurring to him, who has contributed so much to smash down unmerited prejudice, and give us hope and heart, equality and the rights of freedom amongst the peoples gathered together in this auriferous land. A short twelve months of his active and untiring energy, his frank and manly personal demeanor and great powers in the House of Assembly, have won for him that considerate respect and faith which placed him in the

most important official position in the State, without a murmur of complaint from either an organ of opinion in the press or an individual citizen. By mutual consent his merits were acknowledged, and so the true born man of unbending honor and adherence to principle achieved, midst a querulous community, his distinguished position. In the fulfilment of the arduous duties attendant upon his office, he endangered the delicate constitution injured in former struggles for the advancement of a country he loved too well—if that were possible. Lest the reports proceeding by this mail should create unnecessary alarm in the minds of his European and American friends, I write from good authority to say that danger though there be, there is every hope entertained by his two physicians, Drs. Brownless and Motherwell, that he will soon be restored.'

SMITH O'BRIEN IN NEW ROSS.—On Tuesday evening last, the patriotic old town of Ross was honoured by the presence of that high-souled martyr-patriot, William Smith O'Brien. Late in the evening it was whispered about that he was stopping at Shanahan's Hotel, and in a short time it was ascertained that, 'the news was true.' Groups of people gathered in the streets, consulting on the best means of giving a fitting welcome, under the circumstances, to the worthy descendant of the hero of Clontarf. A formal and explicit political demonstration would have been made in compliment to him, and in approbation of the principles in advocacy of which he ventured his life and all else dear to him on earth; but it was thought that it might be intrusive as he has declined to enter into political life. However, something should be done. An Irish Rebel and the town of New Ross could not meet and part so coolly. In accordance with the earnest desire of the people, the New Ross Amateur Brass Band led them to the front of the hotel, and there 'blew off' some national and spirit stirring music. The people observed a tall, portly man approach the door, his features firm, but something softened, and his hair well silvered. Some of those present said it was not O'Brien, as his hair, it was said, must be darker, but they were quickly answered in explanation, that the Whigs and their Guesler, the 'black serpent,' in Van Dieman's Land, had put a halo of grey hairs on his head, by the sufferings, physical and mental, which they made him endure for his love of the poor Green Isle. An impulsive honest Irish cheer, which was continued for some time, received the man they had met to welcome. There stood the Irish Rizeni, foiled, more by trading and treacherous friends of Ireland, than by the power of the alien government, he of whom Daniel O'Connell, in the fullness of honest gratitude, prophetically said, after his liberation from Richmond Prison, 'if I am called away from you on to-morrow you have a man, in the person of Wilson Smith O'Brien, that is able to step into my shoes and lead you on to victory.' Reflections like these could not but raise a warm enthusiasm in the minds of Ross men. After the cheering subsided, Mr. O'Brien addressed the people for some time, thanking them for the unexpected and warm manner in which they received him—stated that his silent visit to Ross was for no political object—paid a tribute to the uniform and constant patriotism of Ross men—reverted to the national position of the town, with their fine river, navigable to their doors—and regretted to see it so thinly supplied with shipping and general commerce. Thanked the Ross men for returning his friend C. G. Duffy, to whom he paid a high tribute of praise for his endurance and superior services to Ireland. During his address Mr. O'Brien was repeatedly and enthusiastically cheered. After he had retired, the band continued to play for some time, and took their departure to the notes of 'Cheer Boys, Cheer.'—*Dublin Nation*.

A tender hearted widower fainted at the funeral of his third beloved.

'What shall we do with him?' asked a friend of his. 'Let him alone,' said a waggish bystander, 'he'll soon re-wive.'

PENSION TO MRS. HOGAN.—We are gratified to learn that Lord Derby has conferred a pension of £100 a year on the widow of John Hogan. For this kind consideration his family are largely indebted to the zeal of the Earl of Eglinton, who warmly seconded the exertions of Hogan's numerous friends and admirers, and pressed the claims of his family on the government. Shortly after Hogan's death a most influential meeting was held, and though the subscriptions were not so large as had been expected, yet it is creditable to Dublin that, amongst so many other claims, such a very large proportion of the fund should have been contributed by the citizens. Another result of the meeting was a memorial—or rather two memorials—one of which, very numerous signed, was presented to Lord Eglinton by a deputation composed of Lord Talbot de Malahide, Lord George Hill, the Provost of Trinity College, B. L. Guinness, and Charles Bianconi, Esqrs., with the secretaries, Thomas O'Hagan and Dr. Wilde. This memorial was forwarded by the Lord Lieutenant to the Earl of Derby, accompanied with observations which, no doubt, strongly influenced the determination of the government. The Irish members did not fail in duty to an illustrious countryman, for a second memorial, signed by more than one-half of the representation, was also presented to Lord Derby by Serjeant Deasy. The effect of these joint efforts has been a small provision for poor Hogan's numerous family.—[Freeman.

IMITATION OF PEARLS.—At a soiree lately held at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Mr. Quekett exhibited specimens illustrating the manner in which pearls were produced naturally, and the manner in which the natural production might be artificially imitated. He showed that the oyster shell was first perforated from without by a boring worm, and when the inner layer is reached, this layer is pushed inwards, covered with lustrous coating of the shell, and at length detached. The introduction of wires and other foreign bodies from without, imitated the action of the borer, and the body became coated or plated with the pearly laver. This is doubtless important in a commercial point of view.

RAZORS.—The fineness of the edge of a razor is by most people injured or destroyed by the use of the strop, so that they never can shave with any ease or comfort. The hone or razor stone ought to be kept constantly moist with oil. When the razor has been finely honed, it should never be suffered to touch anything, but the cheapest and best razor strop ever invented. This is not a piece of calf leather, prepared with paste or emery powder, nor any other composition, however celebrated by patent or otherwise, to roughen and hack the edge of the razor, and make it about equally fit for shaving as a butcher's knife, or a carpenter's hatchet. The best strop ever invented is the hand, moistened with its natural oil—a strop which will fine the edge of your razor beyond conception, if you are careful to let it touch nothing else except the hone. To obtain the full advantage of it, however, it will be necessary not to be sparing of your labour.

From the Dublin Celtic Union.

ANNIE O'BRIEN.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER IV.

'God of justice,' I sighed, 'send your spirit down
On these lords so cruel and proud,
And soften their hearts and relax their frown,
Or else,'—I cried aloud,
'Vouchsafe thy strength to the peasant's hand,
To drive them at length from out the land.'

DAVIS.

We beg, now, to introduce the reader into a miserable roadside cabin. There is nothing to distinguish it from the very worst of its class; but a lace bound lady's pocket handkerchief, which, small

as it is, is nearly double the size of the window, against which it hung by way of a curtain.

'Annie,' said a weak voice from a bed, or rather a bundle of straw, in a corner of the dark, damp room, 'you wouldn't guess who I was dreaming of.'

'I don't know, mother—I hope you feel better.'

'A little easier, avourneem,' said Mrs. O'Brien. Then recurring to her dream again, she added, 'Frank Mullally! of all the men in the world!—Don't you remember that it was this very day two years he took his lave of you.'

Poor Annie made no reply, but her eyes filled, and her lips trembled, and, in spite of her efforts to check it, a big tear dropped upon her emaciated hand. too well she remembered it! 'The distasteful villian,' exclaimed the widow, while Annie looked bewildered at her supposing that she alluded to Frank. This idea was soon removed, for her mother continued.

'He knew well when he threatened to turn us out if I took in a son-in-law, that if we had Frank to look after the farm, with the help of his friends, we'd be able to clear off the arrears, and hould the place under the old lace in spite of him. But he only wanted to have us unprotected under his thumb. If that man 'll ever have luck 'tis a quare world, Annie.'

'Don't think of him at all, mother, there's no use in it.'

'Annie, as sure as I'm a livin woman, Frank Mullally will come home again.'

'Oh, mother, don't say that—how could we bear to see him?'

And she looked round the wretched hovel, while the blood mounted up to her very forehead.

'Is there e'er a drop of whey, alanna?'

'No, mother, but Jude Doran promised to be here in the evening with some milk.'

'Poor Jude is a grateful crather—well, Annie give me a drink of the wather—the blessed wather, that the good God sint in plenty to the poorest of us—and I'll try and get another sleep.'

And this was the widow O'Brien of the Grove—the bustling, open hearted, charitable—and in no slight degree, the important and ostentatious 'Mrs. O'Brien,'—she whose claim to the very pinnacle of rustic respectability, none dared to gainsay, for it was incontrovertible; to wit—thirty cows, and a brother a priest!

And that drooping girl, kneeling upon the cold clay floor—she was 'the flower of the parish,' the favorite of old and young, the queen amongst the fair maidens of the green valley. To this they were brought by an act of legalized robbery, which could be perpetrated with impunity, only in a land like Ireland—ruled over by the cold blooded stranger.

And had they no friends?

Their relations could be counted by the hundred. But the first cousins happened not to live so near them as the second; and the second were, of course not so nearly related as the first; and, what is every body's business is no body's business. Yet they had one true friend; so true that if laying her head on the block would have lightened their sufferings, the sacrifice would gladly have been made. This true friend was Annie's old nurse, Jude Doran. Poor Jude's worldly wealth consisted of one old, limping, hairy, white goat—the most patient and persecuted animal under the sun. What she lived on was a mystery. For if poor Gin but looked crooked at a single blade of Attorney Prattle's grass, woe to her. And so well did she know this, that if she chanced to stray a little way along the road, munching a bramble here and there, if a step was heard approaching, she would shake her old tail in terror, and hobble home as fast as her three good

legs would carry her. If her mistress happened to be out, and the hasp on the door, (unlike the ostrich, which hides her head,) poor Gin would stick her other end into a cavity in the ditch, and look fearfully in the direction of the coming footsteps. The poor old goat managed to live, however; and her poor old mistress brought a bowl of nutritious milk morning and evening to Annie and her sick mother.

I do not remember who it is has said, 'The poor are the best friends of the poor.' The words are as true as if He who preached the sermon on the Mount had spoken them.

* * * * *

'I didn't see so fine a funeral this many a day—a power of jantin' cars!'

'Tis a fine responsible funeral, sure enough—but that's no wonder; wasn't she related to the strongest families in the three parishes?'

'But is it true, Dick, they wor in such poverty?'

'Why then it is thrue, Larry; and 'tis little any one thought her father's child 'id ever see a poor day. I'm tould they owed on'y the one year's rint; and be all accounts they'd clear up the last farthin' if they got fair play.'

'An' where was the great frinds thin, Larry? Begor, if they're only good for comin' to one's berrin' I'd as lief be widout 'em.'

The plumed hearse stopped opposite the stile leading into the churchyard. The velvet pall was removed, and—oh! mockery—an unpainted, rough deal, pauper coffin was exposed to view. So it was. The widow O'Brien died rather unexpectedly, and her 'friends' forgot until the last moment that the family dignity should be upheld. A hearse was sent for in hot haste, to the next town. The relieving officer had provided the coffin. The family burial place was railed round; Mrs. O'Brien's remains were to be placed next the tomb of her brother, the priest. Four highly respectable men, with silver-mounted whips, carried the coffin inside the railing. A poor old creature, with a patched cloak, crept after them.

'Stand back, my good woman.'

Ah! sir,—she toiled for her, she watched for her, she closed her eyes, and placed her in the pauper coffin; will you not let her drop a tear into her grave?

'Stop,' said the highly respectable man, as the first shovel full of earth was about being thrown into the grave.

The man stopped, and was obliged to go down again into the grave—the head of the coffin required to me moved one inch to the left. What a blessing is a useful friend!!

'Stand back, my good women.'

Poor Jude Doran!—she retired to a little distance, to pray and to weep. The highly respectable men took a pinch of snuff.

CHAPTER V.

'And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame,
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name,

Alleen,
And bless another name.

And when with both returned again,
My native land to see,
I know a smile will meet me there,
And a hand will welcome me,
Alleen,
And a hand will welcome me.

Banim.

I looked up from my book. 'Surely,' I thought, 'that car had stopped at the gate.' The latch was raised by some familiar hand; a stranger could not have found it so readily. There was a hurried step

upon the gravel, followed by a loud knock at the door. I drew back the bolt, and Frank Mullally grasped me by the hand. 'Is she alive?' 'Yes, she's alive—but—' 'But she's dying—and a pauper. O God! why did I not know all this in time.' He flung himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. I begged of him to be calm.

'I will be calm,' said he, resting his forehead on the back of the chair, 'but tell me all.' 'It is a short story Frank; and unfortunately a common one in Ireland. Bad crops, and the cattle disease first—the landlord—the poor-house—death afterwards. Annie received her mother's blessing with her last breath, and was sent the next day to the hospital in a raging fever.' 'And her friends?' he asked in a husky voice. 'I won't attempt to excuse them, I replied; but neither will I wrong them. There are few in this country now whom ruin does not threaten; and when people's own cares weigh heavily upon them, they are not apt to remember the cares of others. However, Annie's uncle has resolved to provide for her when she gets strong enough to leave the hospital. But I will not conceal the truth from you, Frank: I was talking to the doctor yesterday, and he fears that a more insidious disease than the fever is preying upon her.'

'And it is for this I have toiled and struggled! My own gentle Annie! whom I hoped to meet in the full flush of womanly beauty—and have I come back but to see you laid in the cold grave? O! Annie your heart was broken! She was murdered,' he exclaimed, in a voice, and with a look that terrified me. 'Do not suppose,' he continued bitterly, as if he guessed what was in my mind, 'do not suppose that I will touch a hair of the guilty wretch's head. Sending him to an untimely grave could not bring the flush of health back to the cheek of Annie O'Brien.'

I could not prevail on him to retire to rest; he preferred, he said, stretching upon the sofa. But when I awoke at intervals, during the night, he was still pacing slowly up and down the little room.

I went with Frank's sister, Mrs. Cormack, next day to the poor-house. While making some inquiry in the clerk's office, the vice-chairman of the Board entered. He had brute written in every lineament of his face; and his face did not belie him. He called for the return of deaths during the week; and pored over the list with a look that a savage might have worn, while counting the scalps of his enemies. 'The devil wouldn't kill the Irish,' he exclaimed, as he flung the book upon the desk. 'The rations were reduced to a minimum the last Board-day—and the number of deaths disappointed him. He had hoped there would be twice as many. This humane gentleman was the late Mrs. O'Brien's landlord. On reaching the door of the convalescent ward, we heard loud voices in angry altercation. 'Let the girl alone, Peg the Boar—do you think she'd talk to a rip of your sort.'

'Silver tongue—mind your own business—blast!—but I won't pollute my page with their disgusting ribaldry.'

CHAPTER VI.

'I do not think where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me,
And I, perhaps may soothe this heart,
By thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn,
Of light never seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.'

Rev. Charles Wolfe.

It was all in vain—all that skill, and kindness, and gentle care could do. The soft April days had come, and the air was laden with a thousand balmy odours—but in vain, Annie O'Brien was dying. The shadows were lengthening; it was evening. There was something awe-inspiring in the dreamy stillness that reigned in and around the house. It was only broken by the ticking of the clock, and the muffled 'hah, hah—'

'hah, hah,' of the flail from the barn; and these only served to make the silence more palpable. Mrs. Cormack read the 'Litany for the dying.' The fair girl's lips moved as she repeated the responses, and she looked upwards, as if the earthly film had already drooped from her eyes, and the spiritual had become visible to her. 'Raise the window.' It was raised—and now all was again silent. A shadow flitted across the room; a bird had lighted upon the window-sill. Scarcely had their eyes turned in the direction when a clear, flute-like 'cuckoo, cuckoo,' pealed through the silent room. Mrs. Cormack made the sign of the cross. The incident was extraordinary, and taken in connection with the dying girl, she fancied there was something supernatural in it. The bird having uttered its 'two-fold shout,' flew away.

'No harm in the world, Annie.'

'Mrs. Cormack, put on my habit.' Mrs. Cormack proceeded to put on the robe, worn by persons belonging to the Society of the Blessed Virgin; a figure started up from behind the bed to assist her. You here too! you poor old cripple—and you have never stretched your old rheumatic bones upon a bed for the last three weeks. 'Hold the crucifix, Jude.' Jude Doran knelt down, holding the sign of salvation before the fallen eyes of her worshipped darling. 'The blessed candle!' Mrs. Cormack hurried out to light it. And now the whole household knelt around the door to pray. A loud wail from the faithful old nurse told that all was over. Frank rushed out into the lawn to hide his emotion. He looked up to the blue sky to try if he could not see her there.

CHAPTER VII.

'They'd right the suffering Isle they loved—those exiles far away.'
Martin M'Dermott.

The elder blossoms had twice fallen upon Annie O'Brien's grave. On my way to the old church, I passed Jude Doran's mud-built cabin; the door was hinged on the outside; and poor old Gin—not much the worse of the wear—was lying across it, evidently determined on making the most of the straw she was munching, and occasionally turning up her right eye towards the silvery clouds, with a knowing look—as much as to say, 'I see something like rain up there—for all how sunny it is.' Gin's fellow sentinels were a pair of stumpy, sooty old hens, with bundles of straw tied on their backs to keep them from 'trespassing.' I met Jude herself coming out of the grave-yard. She was nearly bent double with age and infirmity, and her old bones were so stiff now, she was obliged to carry a short stick with a crook at the end, to help her to move. 'What in the world brought you here, Jude?' 'Miss Annie, and the poor mistress, sir,' she replied, pointing in the direction of their graves; and holding up her beads, to signify that she was praying for them. I blessed the faithful creature in my heart. 'I always pray for Miss Annie,' she continued, 'with her own weeny little beads, though my poor old fingers can hardly feel the stones they're so little. She brought it from the nunnery in Thurles, sir, and Jude placed a little blue glass rosary in my hand. 'Oh, sir,' she continued, with the gaiety of her class, 'if ever there was a born angel she was one. When she'd think the pain in the back 'id be at me, without prettindin' to anything, she'd make me stop working, and hould a skein o' thread for her—or may-be 'tis out in the garden she'd send me to watch the bees for fear they'd be swarmin.' Wasn't she as beautiful as waxwork, sir.' 'She was indeed, Jude—and good as she was beautiful.' 'You may say that, sir. 'Tis many's the scouldin' I gave her for running like a wild thing through the fields; she was cracked after the flowers, sir.'

'Oh! while the black villains turned 'em out, and when the poor mistress used be frettin' and complainin', Miss Annie 'id put her arms round her neck and tell her that God of 'en sends us poverty and sufferin for our good; it would do your heart good to listen to her. She had words at will, sir, and read a power o' books though she usen't to pretend to id.'

'Well, Jude, go home now, and have the sugar-bottom chair ready for me, and I'll call on my way down; you must tell all about '98, and how bravely your brother died; and how the rascally yeomen put the rope about your neck to frighten you into discovering on him.'

'Yes, sir—and how they offered him good and his life if he'd turn informer. But the good drop was in him—he had a stout heart—he died brave—he died brave, and her eyes gleamed, and her withered face lighted up with enthusiasm.

'But it is true, sir, that Frank Mullally joined the army.'

'Well it is true, Jude.' 'Mavrone! 'tis little I thought he'd ever be a red coat.' 'Bnt his coat is not red, Jude.' 'Eh?' she exclaimed quickly, 'they're not Sassenachs out there? May by they're like the French?' 'Exactly, Jude—Frank is an officer in the Irish American army.'

Jude whirled her crutch, and hobbled off humming a line of an old '98 ballad:—

'And we'll plant the tree of liberty on the top of Slieve-na-moan.'

I recalled Frank's last words to me, while replying to my arguments against his leaving Ireland again; and while he spoke was struck with his voice and manner, and the lines thought had traced on his face. The hot youth had become a man of purpose. On the contrary, a just Providence would make them the instrument of breaking the chain, and humbling the oppressor. 'To that end my life shall be dedicated,' said he, 'and if ever you see any signs of life in the old land, and if the thought occurs to you that Frank Mullally has forgotten his allegiance to her cause—go stand under the elder tree in the churchyard, on the hill, and you will doubt me no longer!'

I stood under the elder tree and saw what he alluded to—it was this:—

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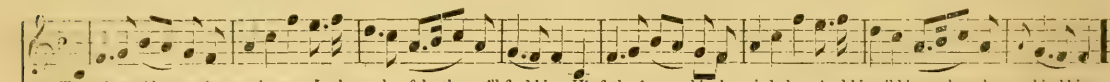
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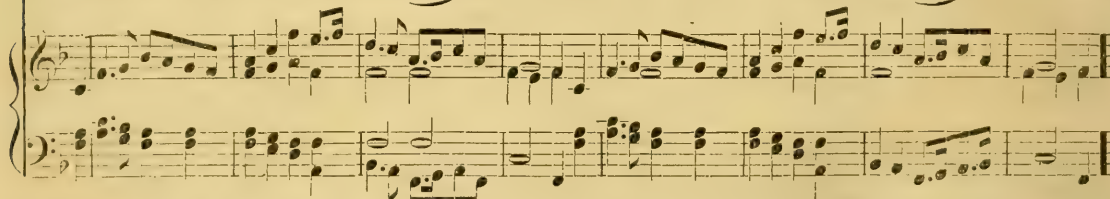
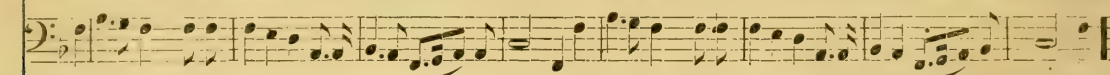
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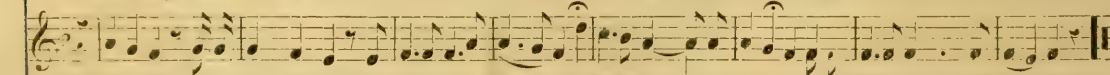
1. The minstrel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His father's sword he has girded on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.



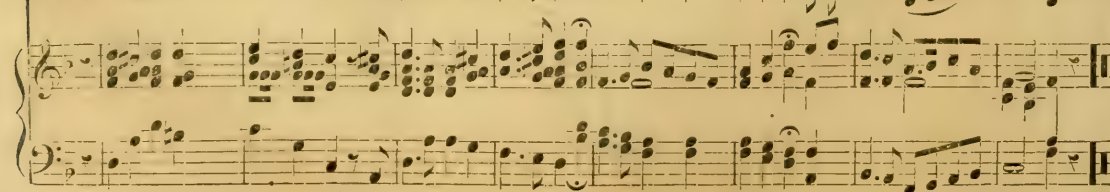
2. The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain Could not bring his proud soul under; The harp he loved ne'er spoke again, For he tore its chords a - sun - der;

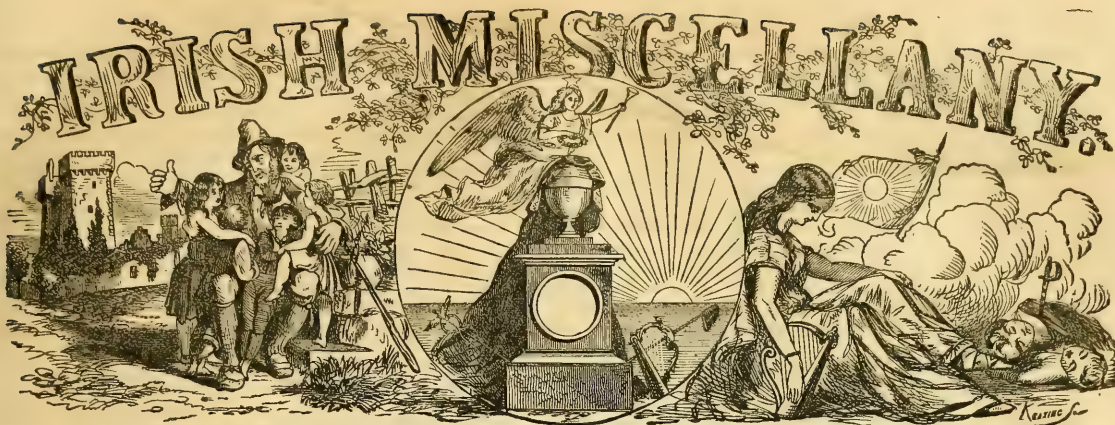


"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the world betrays thee, One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp shall praise thee!"



And said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bravery! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in slavery!"





VOLUME 2—NUMBER 27.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS

SLIGO ABBEY.

The town of Sligo lies low, and appears to be nearly surrounded by hills and mountains of a wild though picturesque description. It is situated at the head of an arm of the sea, and is distant about five miles from the Atlantic. The houses, with few exceptions, are indifferent, and the streets irregular. It is divided by the river Garroogue, over which are two bridges. The harbor does not allow vessels of greater burden than about two hundred tons to come up to the quays, where there is a commodious custom house. Considerable business is carried on here in the exportation of provisions, and the import of flax-seed, timber, &c.

The Abbey is an object well deserving of the notice of the antiquary, originally erected, according to Ware, by Maurice Fitzgerald, Lord Justice, about the year 1252. In 1414 it was destroyed by fire, but very shortly afterwards re-erected in the present style of architecture. It is a picturesque ruin of very large dimensions, divided into several apartments. The first has a beautiful window of carved

stone, under which is the altar, likewise of cut stone. Here are two ancient monuments—one bearing date 1616, and the other belonging to one of the O'Connor kings; the latter is in good preservation, the figures and inscriptions being very legible; at the top is represented our Saviour on the cross, and below this, in separate compartments, are the figures of O'Connor and his wife, kneeling, their hands lifted up in the act of supplication. The steeple or dome is still entire, supported upon a carved arch or cupola, the inside of which is also carved; adjoining this are three sides of a square of beautifully carved little arches, of about four feet in height, which seem to have anciently separated from each other, and probably formed cells for confession and penance. Almost all the little pillars are differently ornamented, and one in particular is very unlike the rest, having a human head cut on the inside of the arch. There are several vaults throughout the ruins, containing the remains of skulls, bones, and coffins. The abbey and yard are still used as a burying place.

O'Connor Sligo was a liberal benefactor to this monastery. So was Pierce O'Timony, whose statue was erected in the cloister. At the general suppression, it was granted to Sir William Taaffe. It is at present in the possession of Lord Palmerston, who can be styled the 'Cecil' of England in this enlightened century. Archdall observes that Cromwell has done some injury to the monastery, but 'that merit' rather belongs to Ireton and Sir Charles Coote, who could perceive no fault in the 'frolics' of his soldiers when transfixing Irish innocent babes with their bayonets, and elevating them on their points, in order that the writhings of those 'innocents' would afford diversion to the puritan soldiery of England. The ruthless Cromwell was never in Connaught.

The country around Sligo is very beautiful—highly cultivated fields and bright green pasturage, wild, picturesque mountains and luxurious planting—mighty ocean and lovely lake—all that is wanting to form scenery over which the eye wanders with intense delight.



SLIGO ABBEY

THE FAIRY WOMAN OF BALRATH.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

The midnight spell—the moonlight charm—
These were her weapons, good and ill.

It is truly lamentable to behold what a firm footing truly superstitions and absurd customs have obtained in the minds of our Irish peasantry. There is not an ill which happens to them, but is ascribed to some evil influence in which invisible or mystical agents are concerned. Not an accident occurs either to their persons or properties, but has for its director some spiteful fairy or malignant witch, and instead of applying the proper remedies to an injury or a disease, they have recourse to counter charms and incantations to circumvent the spells of their magical or invisible enemy. In such cases, the general result, as may be expected, will be loss and misery, and as the passions of human nature are enlisted in support of their wicked and superstitious practices, more desperate consequences often follow. Every district has its witch, fairy-man, fortune-teller, or prophet, and in parts every village is supplied with its own wise man, or knowing woman, and in these ignorant, though cunning wretches, the most implicit faith is placed by the misguided and deluded people.

I remember one old beldame who was the terror of my boyhood, and who possessed the most horrible character that ever fell to the lot of human being to be burdened with. It was said that when she was young, she caused the death of a false lover by some horrible process. She was accused of depriving several farmers of their butter, and of causing their cows to run dry. The poor man's pigs could not be troubled with the measles, or his children with the mumps, but Madge Moran was the author of the affliction. His heirs could not be seized with the black leg, or his wife with the weed, but 'the ugly ould witch, bad scan to her,' was always venting her spite and malice on him, and a present of popitiation was usually made to render her more friendly in future. No misfortune, either natural or accidental, that befel the young or the old, but was laid at her door; still she was respected from her dread—her wants supplied, and her comforts attended to from very fear—she was hated, feared, shunned, obeyed, dreaded, sought after and consulted—all but despised or loved—the prophetess, physician and magician of Balrath. She was old and small in stature, but invariably appeared dressed in a clean white cap, and short red cloak. Her hair was white, carefully and smoothly turned back on all sides, forming what was called a Tate, leaving the wrinkled forehead completely bare, and exhibiting with singular effect her thin shrivelled countenance. There was a spiteful expression about the puckered mouth and peaked chin, and a designing glance from the beared eye, well calculated to impress the ignorant with a repulsed feeling.

Our village of Balrath was a sweet, quiet spot. The road sweeping round the base of a wooded hill, and plunging into the gorge of a tangled glen, was lost in the deep shade of the trees, among which you could distinguish the sound of a stream as it struggled to force its way to the still smooth lake below. On a barren, moory spot beside the lake, at the skirts of the village, resided Madge Moran.

Even in a secluded rural village, you will meet with almost all the characters, and in all their variety of shade and mingling, to be found in the wide and crowded city. The rake, the profligate, the fool, the knave, the worthless and the abandoned, and perhaps the good and the honest man. Terence Magrath, the only son of a respectable farmer, reserved for himself the character of the rake. The favorite of indulgent parents, he was allowed at an early age to follow the bent of his own inclinations. Supplied with the little means which they could afford for his amusement or gratification, he

was enabled to pursue the path of his passions without interruption or hindrance. A young man allowed to run the round of folly and extravagance, taking counsel alone for his high colored fancies and passions, is a melancholy object. A young tree may be permitted to spread its branches high and wide in green and wild luxuriance, but it must undergo the cultivating hand of the pruner to make it bear beautiful blossoms, or yield a profitable return of wholesome fruit. Terence was a laughing, careless, good-natured, frolicsome young fellow; on Sundays and holy days he was to be seen at the dance in the village, the blytheest of the thoughtless throng. He was seldom guilty of a malicious or ill-natured wickedness, but ready to run first into any thoughtless freak, and consulting but his own pleasure and amusement for the moment. He was early led into riot and dissipation, and still though a 'devil may care,' he was generally beloved. He was also a special favorite with the fair—the most lively and agreeable companion, the best dancer, and the handsomest young man within miles, and then so off-handed, liberal and pleasant.

Terence Magrath could not be supposed to exist without being in love. Love is the life, and inmost soul of an Irishman; his day-dream and his bliss, his happiness and perfection. Terence, therefore, selected for his heart's idol the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who, though not so wealthy in the estimation of his neighbors as the parents of Terence, was yet comfortable and independent. She was very young, innocent and engaging; and it would be paying a bad compliment to the taste of Terence, if I could not say that she was handsome. She was lively, and Terence loved her deeply and sincerely; and in return, Alice Moore loved him tenderly and truly, and with all the enthusiastic devotedness of woman's young love. At first, the parents of Terence did not notice their son's attentions to the fair Alice, thinking it but the casual gallantry usual among young people. As time passed, however, it seemed but to increase their affection, and their attachment became the topic of village gossip; they then took Terence severely to account on the subject. 'You must,' said his keen old father, 'look a peg higher than Alice Moore, and have the spirit of the Magraths in you; what signifies what she could bring you to what I could give you. Do you think that the careful gatherings of my long life will go to make a beggar king? No, I'd sooner see my only child a lifeless corpse under me.' The obstacles thus thrown in his way served but to inflame his ardent mind, so unused to meet with contradiction. Private meetings in secret places were agreed upon, and the lovers enjoyed one another's society unknown to the world. The privacy of their stolen interviews carried a fascination into their very souls. The knowledge of being obliged to enjoy in secret their deep-rooted love, brought added and heightened delight, but it was doomed to end in misery. One error—one unguarded moment of passion and crime overwhelmed both with calamity and unquenchable destruction.

The tale of shame was soon noised about with busy tongue. Poor Alice Moore could not show her face out of doors. The hearts of her miserable parents were filled with anguish and affliction, and every one pitied them for having so unfortunate a daughter. Terence still promised to marry her, and when after dusk he could contrive to steal to the little window of her chamber, he would use all his endeavors to solace and comfort her. His parents became more anxious than ever, and proposed that he should marry a young woman who lived some miles off, and who was said to possess what to them would be a large fortune. It was even reported that the marriage was about to take place immediately, though Terence remained firm in his refusal. When poor Alice heard this, she grew distracted, and what

served to confirm her worst suspicions was, that for two evenings past he had not paid his accustomed visit. At last she determined to prove the skill of Madgy, the fairy woman, and one evening after the dark fell, she proceeded by a circuitous route, and alone, to the lonely cabin of the witch. The door was closed, but a faint stream of light came from the window. Alice entered—the hag was seated before the embers of a small turf fire, and alone. She was smoking, and her face was scarcely visible from the dense cloud that issued from her mouth and slowly rolled round her head. She saluted poor Alice with a cackling chuckle.

'Cha ha! cha ha! I knew you'd come,' said she, 'I was thinking you'd soon pay me a visit; but sit down, it does not answer you to stand long, sit down achorra.'

'Oh, Madgy avournen machree!' said the heart broken Alice, 'what'll become ov me? Oh, ashore mavournen, can you do anything for me at all?—I'll do anything in the world for you. I'll give you anything that you ask that I have if you but help me in my desolation. Oh, Terry, Terry! little I thought you'd do the like after all your oaths and promises.'

'Cha ha! cha ha! aye, aye,' again cackled forth the old wretch, 'every one comes to me when they get into misfortune; and thin it's oh, Madgy, what 'll I do—ah Madgy won't you do this, and oh, Madgy won't you do that, as if I could find remedies for every bad thing they think well of doing.'

Madgy, jewel, answered Alice with streaming eyes, 'don't talk that way to me, my heart's sore enough already, God knows; and indeed I am hardly to blame. Oh, if I took my mother's advice I wouldn't now be a daughter of shame to her grey head. But sure I never considered that he could deceive me or give me up for another after the hand and word he gave me so faithfully.'

'Ah! that same Terry Magrath,' said Madgy solemnly, 'was always a jackeen since a yard made him a coat. When he was a little boy he killed my ducks and worried my cat, and threw stones at my cocks and hens; when he grew older he'd laugh and grin and sneer at me, and ask me what were the fairies doing last night, and make fine fun for himself and his companions of poor ould Madgy.'

'Oh, God may convart and forgive him,' replied Alice, 'but here's two shillings and sixpence, and give me your advice and good will, and tell me what is best for me to do.'

The old hag grinned with delight at the sight of the money, and taking her pipe from her mouth she dashed the ashes from it, and laid it carefully by; she then turned the money over in her hand and deposited it in her pocket.

'I'll tell you what, Alice Moore,' said she brightly, 'I'll just prove your friend and settle the villain that desaved any honest man's child.'

'May the holy virgin and her blessed son reward you,' said the stricken young creature, eagerly catching at the faintest gleam of hope.

'I'll do it—I'll do it for him, for he deserves it this long time, and I'm long watchin to ketch him,' said the old one.

'Oh, its the blessin of the distressed and heart broken, may attend you,' fervently ejaculated Alice.

'Well, now listen, and don't tell the mother that bore you, or the priest that christened you, what passed betune as this night; swear that for me,' said Madgy with earnestness.

'I do—I do,' said Alice alarmedly.

'Swear it,' said the beldame.

'I swear,' said Alice, 'I'll never tell it.'

'That'll do,' she replied apparently satisfied, 'now mind what I say well. Bring me to-morrow night a sheaf of clean corn, bring three winnel sheets and three mould candles, and as we must stay up all night, maybe you'll bring something to keep the

sleep off us, and to comfort our hearts through the night.'

'I will, I will,' said Alice, 'is there anything more that we'll want?'

'Yes,' said the hag, 'there is one thing more, if you have the courage to go through with it, which can't be done 'thout.'

'I'll do anything—there's nothing in the world too hard for me,' said Alice.

'Then listen to me alanna,' said Madge, in a half whisper, 'you must bring a spade and go to the churchyard at twelve o'clock and dig the grave!'

Alice started with horror—she comprehended the full extent of Madge's designs, and shuddered as the sensation awakened by the diabolical plan crept over her body.

'Oh, no, no,' she exclaimed, 'I don't wish to see his death. I wouldn't for the ransom of a king that anything bad should come on him—oh no, Madgy, I can never injure him.'

'Well then what do you want me to do?' said the old woman sulkily, 'go and see him married to another, and watch them as they drive to the dragging home,' and admire the fine clothes of the bride; and say she's handsome, and see the father of your child made another for life—while every one points to you and sez, there's the woman without modesty.'

'Oh, Madgy, you break my heart,' said the sobbing Alice, 'I couldn't survive that day—but even then I couldn't hurt or harm him; try some other remedy for the mother of glory!'

'Aye, aye, fools will be fools still,' said the old wretch, 'I wasn't that full of nonsense when I was like you. No, no, revenge was sweet; but no matter, there is only one other trial for you now, and—'

'And what, avourneen?' said the poor Alice.

'Twill cost more money,' said Madge, 'nearly as much more as what you gave me.'

'I don't care for that,' said Alice, 'so you can do anything to relieve me.'

'I'll do my best,' said Madge, 'send me two shillings to-morrow morning, and come to me to-morrow evening and I'll give you a powder which you must make him drink, and then never b'lieve me again if he doesn't leave the whole world for your sake.'

Alice's blue eyes sparkled with joy at this declaration, she looked her heart's warm gratitude to old Madge, and the delight of her soul shone in her flushed and anxious countenance.

'Are you in earnest,' she said, 'or do you only flatter my weakness?'

'He'll quit the Queen of England for your sake,' said Madge, assuringly.

'May Heaven bless you,' replied the now relieved and confiding girl.

The powder was procured next evening, and a private message despatched to Terence. 'He came after dark—Alice in tears upbraided him with his neglect and breach of promise, while he assured, and explained, and vowed eternal truth over again.

A servant girl brought in a warm posset to Alice, which she divided into two portions, taking care, while her lover looked another way, to slip the powder into the one designed for him. She prevailed on him to drink it, with the qualification of a glass of whiskey. It had no immediate effect, and Terence departed in some short time after. Alice felt her heart at rest, and retired to sleep with a mind more at ease than it had been for some time before. Terence awoke in the middle of the night from an uneasy and painful slumber. His head was reeling and aching, and his senses were bewildered and confused. He tossed about in a wild manner, and spoke incoherently of Alice Moore and his father. The morning came, but it brought the parents a miserable sight—their only son a murmuring idiot—his eyes gazed with the vacant unmeaning stare of a fool—and when spoken to, he answered wide and without a comprehension of the words uttered.

When alone he raved incessantly, and appeared to suffer much from pain. Physicians were sent for, and remedies applied, but in vain; they declared it was no common disease, and acknowledged it was beyond their skill.

Time and medicine relieved the pain, but he was a confirmed maniac, and ranted and raved at times with all the blind fury of one in violent madness. At other seasons he was dull and morose, and silent and moody; but at all times he was fond of rambling, and whenever he could, would break away and ramble for miles through the country, and from town to town. The parents beheld the wreck of their hopes with tearful eyes and breaking hearts; they blamed themselves and blamed Alice; they applied to Madge, but the old one told them with a sneer, 'she could not assist him, nor was she willing to do it if she could.' Alice! the news fell on her like a thunder-bolt. Her expectations were crushed for ever, and she accused herself in all the bitterness of despair. The health of the maniac, after about four months, appeared to decline rapidly; he grew easier, but as his mind settled into gloom, his frame rapidly gave way. He no longer was watched so carefully, nor did he ramble past the little village, for he seemed unable to venture on long journeys.

One night, however, he stole out unobserved, and proceeded towards the habitation of Alice Moore. There was light in the house, though it was late, and he entered. Alice was sick—the midwife in attendance, and all was hurry and bustle about the house. Terence proceeded to the little chamber where Alice was on her bed of agony, and quietly seating himself on a chair, he looked anxiously at the poor sufferer. She turned and beheld him, and she shrieked with terror and surprise. His wild eyes were fixed on her—in his haggard and emaciated countenance there was a strange expression of idiocy and affection. He started not at her shrill scream but, smiling faintly, he said: 'Alice, won't you come now and get married—'tis time—dress yourself, my love—see, I have brought the ring; and he produced a ring, which, it appears, he had purchased before the fatal dose was administered, for the special purpose of being united to Alice, and had preserved it in all his madness and misery. The attendants rushed in; they were surprised to find the maniac so quietly seated by her bed-side. They endeavored to remove him by force, but he dashed them aside, and again seated himself beside the bed. 'Alice,' he said, 'you ought to remember your promise. There'll be a fine dance to-morrow at the cross roads, mind you mustn't dance with Jem Reilly. But won't you marry me, after all? My father sez he's sorry now he said anything agin us, so you know we will now be happy.'

'For heaven's sake,' said Alice, with agitation and feeling, 'take him away, but don't hurt him—coax him out, he'll do anything for kindness, but don't speak cross to him.'

They began by promises and kind words to draw him away; still he gazed at Alice with unheeding earnestness, until a sudden pain seemed to shoot through his brain. He raised his hand to his brow and uttered a short cry; he remained motionless for a time, yet it could be observed that the features of his face seemed moving as in agony. He withdrew his hand—'oh! God!' he exclaimed, with a deep-drawn and convulsive sigh, and slowly tottered from the house.

Early next morning, as some labourers were going to work, they observed a human figure lying in a dry ditch, not far from the house of Alice Moore. They approached, and beheld, cold, still, and dead, the body of Terence Magrath; at the same time the mournful wail for the dead arose on their ears, from the habitation of the unfortunate Alice. She too had departed—the shock of his appearance at such a time, was more than her exhausted frame and bursting heart could bear.

Whoever is courteous, honest, frank, sincere, truly honorable, generous, and candid, is a true gentleman, whether rich, learned, or a labourer.

IRELAND—THE IRISH CHARACTER.—The description given of our island by almost every writer who has ever mentioned it, does not argue much in favour of the taste displayed by our absentees. Spencer, who cannot be accused of much partiality, describes it thus:—'And sure it is yet a more beautiful and sweet country as any is under heaven, being stored through out with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish abundantly, sprinkled with many sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods even fit for building homes and ships, so commodiously, as that if some princes in the world had them, they would soon hope to be lord of all the seas, and ere long of all the world; also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, inviting us to come unto them to see what excellent commodities that country can afford; besides the soyle it selfe most fertile, fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereunto. And lastly, the heavens most milde and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the parts towards the east.'

This description seems to warrant that highly colored one given by the Poet:—

'Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame
By nature blessed, and Scotia is her name;
Enrolled in books—exhaustless in her store
Of veinly silver, and of golden ore;
Her fruitful soil forever teems in wealth,
With gems her waters—and her air with health
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow;
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow;
Her waving furrows float with yellow corn;
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn.
No savage bear with lawless fury roves;
No fiercer lions thro' her peaceful groves;
No poison there infects, no scaly snake
Creeps thro' the grass, nor frogs annoy the lake;
An island worthy of its pious race,
In war triumphant—and unmatched in peace.'

The following portrait of the Irish character is deserving of notice, as it is drawn by the celebrated Camden; and as in this scale their virtues will be found considerably to preponderate over their vices, as every body knows:

'They are,' says he, 'of a middle stature—strong of body—of an hotter and moisture nature than many other nations—of wonderful soft skins—and by reason of the tenderness of the muscles, they excel in nimbleness, and the flexibility of all parts of their body. They are reckoned of a quick wit—prodigal of their lives—enduring travail, cold, and hunger—given to fleshy lusts—light of belief—kind and courteous to strangers—constant in love—impatient of abuse and injury, in enemy implacable—and in all affections most vehement and passionate.'

Spencer says, 'I have heard some great warriors say, that in all their services, which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than the Irishman, or that cometh more bravely in his charge.'

An ignorant candidate for medical honors, having thrown himself almost into a fever from his incapability of answer the questions, was asked by one of the censors how he would sweat a patient for the rheumatism! He answered, "I would send him here to be examined."

On a child being told, the other day, that he must be broken of a bad habit, he actually replied: 'Pa, hadn't I better be mended?'

The strongest minded woman shrinks from being caught in her night-cap.

"It is not proper for you to play school, my dear, to-day, for it's Sunday." "But it is Sunday-school that I am playing."

THE TENANT RIGHT QUESTION.

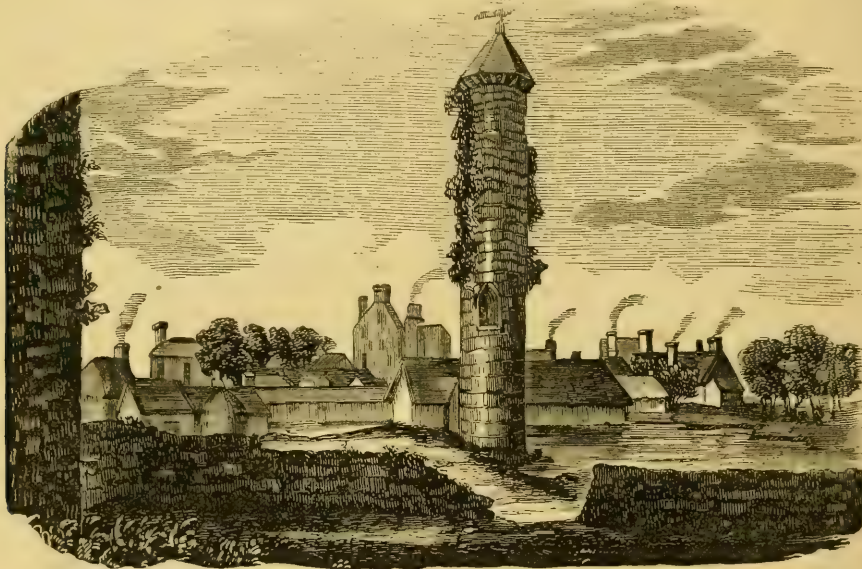
Yes! self-abasement paves the way
To villian-bonds and despot-way.

The deputation of the Irish and supposed Liberal Members, including the 'Independent Opposition,' that waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, represented to him that they had been for some time giving their 'cordial and consistent support' to his government; and that they expected as a recognition of their claim upon the Government that the Cabinet would bring in a bill for the settlement of the question of landlord and tenant in Ireland; that they did not expect any provision for unexhausted improvements; that the country would be satisfied with a 'very moderate' measure on the subject; and that they would accept as a boon any measure securing future or prospective improvements!

Now, there are three propositions that we deduce from this, and about which there can be little dispute. The first is, that the Independent Opposition have been heretofore acting and are now enrolled as supporters of the Tory Government; secondly, that in so doing, they have been guilty of a grave political delinquency; thirdly, that they seek, by a sacrifice of the

Tenant Question, to secure to themselves a show of justification for the course they have pursued. Their seeking for this justification, for the future, amounts to an admission that their support heretofore of that Government is without excuse. The recklessness of their attempt now to secure that excuse in the extinction of the Tenant Right question, indicates very distinctly the magnitude of the offence of which they have been guilty. We have heard of the perpetrators of some dark enormity, who would if possible destroy the evidence of their guilt by firing the edifice, the scene of their crime. The ex-Independent Opposition would now super-add to their daring tergiversation a stupendous act of political arson. It cannot be pretended that for flinging the fortunes of the Irish tenant at the feet of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, they had the warrant or sanction of any portion of the Irish people. Nay! they must have been well aware that the public opinion in Ireland would be most averse to any such odious proceeding. In 1853 the Aberdeen administration offered a bill, securing compensation for the improvements of the twenty years preceding. That offer was rejected. It is to be endured that we are now to court confiscation for all the improvements by the industrious tenantry of Ireland down to the present time?

So far for the conduct of those eleven Irish members, as regards the question of Tenant Right. It seems if possible worse, when regarded under other aspects. They, affecting to represent Irish interests, tendered their humble allegiance to the man that had perpetrated the greatest financial wrong on Ireland on record; the man that had selected Ireland groaning under the weight of an oppressive taxation, for, of all the empire, special, exclusive, and additional taxation. They, the selected members for some of the most Catholic constituencies of Catholic Ireland, appeared as lowly supplicants at the foot-stool of the representative of an undisguisedly Orange administration! That administration may cultivate kindly relations with the Catholic King of Naples; it may increase the number even of Catholic chaplains in the army. General Peel, the Secretary at War, may entertain and probably does entertain rational views on that subject. But, we publicly assert that the government is undisguisedly Orange in Ireland. It is Orange in its elements—it is Orange in its antecedents—it is Orange in its appointments—for instance, in the recent appointment of Mr. Moore, the secretary of an Orange lodge, as Crown Solicitor—it is essentially Orange in its work of demolition.



ROUND TOWER AT ROSCREA.

ROUND TOWER AT ROSCREA.*

This tower is eighty feet high, and fifteen feet in diameter, with two steps round it at the bottom. At fifteen feet from the bottom is a window, with a regular arch, and at an equal height is another window with a pointed arch. If this latter is not a more recent addition, which it probably is not, it certainly reduces the date of this tower to the twelfth century, which is rather earlier than the time allowed for the use of this arch.

Anciently, a great annual fair was held here on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, for fourteen days. The Danes, in the year 942, formed a design to surprise and pillage the merchants assembled here; but they were defeated, with the loss of Olfinn, their commander, and four thousand men slain. When the English arrived in this isle, they soon extended their power into Munster; and, as they proceeded, secured themselves by strong castles and garrisons. After some contests with Mortogh, king of North Munster, they obtained Roscrea; and in 1213, founded a strong castle in it, as a barrier against the attempts of the natives on that side. This ancient fortress is at present in a good state of preservation, and no small ornament to the town, as is seen in the back ground of this view.

THE PRESS.—The Press, says Mr. Curran, is the great public monitor; its duty is that of the historian and the witness, that 'Nil falsi audent, nil veri non audent dicere,' that its horizon shall be extended to the farthest verge of truth, that beyond that limit it shall not dare to pass; that it shall speak truth to the King, in the hearing of the people, and to the people, in the hearing of the King; that it shall not perplex the one nor the other with a false alarm, lest it lose its character for veracity, and become an unheeding warner of real danger; lest it vainly warn them against that great transgression, of which the inevitable consequence is death.

EMIGRATION.—There is not a nobler answer recorded by Plutarch, of any of the great men of former days, than that which was remarked by a Canadian chief to some Europeans who wanted him to give up his patrimony. 'We were born,' said he 'upon this spot; our fathers are buried here; shall we then say to the bones of our fathers, Rise up, and go with us to a strange and?'

TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE.—The man who marries happily.

With the insulting words of the Irish Secretary—Lord Nass—still ringing in their ears, in pronouncing the doom of the Dublin police, in proclaiming the extinction, by act of parliament, of the fine body of men, that noble lord unhesitatingly avowed that their crime was their Catholicity; that out of eleven hundred men in the force, there were but 'fifty Protestants'; and that the Dublin police should therefore cease to exist. With these words still ringing in their ears, these eleven M.P.'s. presented themselves before Mr. Disraeli, enumerated their claims on his gratitude, and asked in return for the small boon we have above described. Oh! how the crafty ex-Jew must, in his inmost soul, have exulted at the deep humiliation—the self-abasement of the representatives of the Celt—the countrymen of O'Connell—thus exhibited before him! Oh! how he must have felt, that the chain best became the men that thus, in return for outrage and insult, could fawn on the oppressor!—[Waterford News.

'NO MORE UPON THAT HEAD.'—A fop in company, wanting his servant, called out, 'Where's that blockhead of mine?' A lady present answered, 'On your shoulders, sir.'

'T'WILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

[Translated from the French.]

ALEXANDER DUMAS'S JOURNEY.

M. Alexander Dumas, senior, left Paris the last of June, by the Northern Railroad. He travels with Count Gregory Kouchelef Besborodko, a gentleman of the Russian Emperor's household. The illustrious foreigner had retained a special car for him and his suite.

Alexander Dumas will sojourn a month in the capital of the Russian empire, and on the 19th of July will assist at the marriage of M. Douglas Hume, the celebrated medium, who espouses Mlle. Kroll, sister-in-law of Count Kouchelef, and by him dowered. Continuing in the company of his opulent friend, our celebrated romancer will visit Moscow, travelling by short stages and stopping at the numerous marts. The relays of his route are marked out by as many of the Count's estates, in each of which he will find the magnificence of Besborodko's palace, and that special orchestra always ready to play for the owner's pleasure.

From Moscow he will descend to Odessa, traverse the Crimea, enter Tiflis, and ascend the Caucasus, greet Schamyl, and pass a night under his tent. Who knows the inspirations that this romantic meeting may furnish him? Perhaps it will bring forth a drama, of which the Circassian chief shall be the hero.

This curious and charming escapade will not last more than four months, by which time the great Dumas will reappear among his friends, his pocket stuffed with notes and his head stuffed with souvenirs. Some evil ones attribute this journey to a cause by no means literary; they pretend that M. Dumas approaches the snowy North in order to whiten his skin, and affirm that he will return an Albino. Whoever lives will see! On leaving his home in the Rue d'Amsterdam Alexander Dumas said: 'I depart with Balsamo and Monte Cristo.' 'Ah! Mon Dieu,' his servant exclaimed, 'I have forgotten to put them in your trunk!' This perhaps evinces that one may be a very intelligent cook, (having received from M. Dumas himself special lessons in cooking,) and yet not comprehend his figurative style. For M. Dumas by no means thought to carry in his clothes-bag two romances that he knows by heart, and which may charm every body, himself excepted. He employed a metaphor, and meant: 'I go with two persons, one of whom resembles Joseph Balsamo, the magnetic physician and supernatural man; the other, the Count of Monte Cristo, the powerful and opulent man, between the rich and powerful.'

But as yet, cooks are not obliged to understand figurative language, and M. Dumas was wrong to laugh in her face. Instead of ridiculing this brave girl, he might have been more humane, more paternal to let her know the two personages with whom he was going to travel, and give her, for instance, the following information: 'My Joseph Balsamo is Douglas Hume, that mysterious man, whose existence so many people still refuse to believe, and who is going truly to be married in a month, that I have seen with my eyes and touched with my hands. Monte Cristo is the Count Gregory Kouchelef: yet the comparison lacks exactness; and I ought to say to this Russian Lord pardon me, sir, if I give to you the name of a poor nabob of my invention, whose imaginary treasures were not comparable to the very real ones that you possess. My Croesus was in prosperity, and you are rich.'

Count Kouchelef has, it is said, an annual income of 4,000,000*fr.*; he never journeys without a retinue of twenty-four persons. His daily expenses during his sojourn at the hotel of the 'Three Emperors' would suffice for the maintenance of an ordinary family the year round. He owns castles, lands, villages and towns in all the Russian provinces, and possesses thousands of serfs. He disposes royally of his hours and of his budget. Let us hasten to add, that he uses very nobly his immense fortune. Another in his place would believe himself exempted from science and talent. He wishes to be not only an intelligent man, but more

—a distinguished man, and doing good. A patron at once generous and excellent, he supports art and encourages artists: he has always with him a painter, a musician, a physician, and even a poet. Great lords formerly had also their servants, and this name did not awake then the idea that it does now. The servant of a grandee was he who lived under his roof, had his table, like a friend, unconstrained, and almost as an equal. 'My cousin, La Rocheport,' said the Cardinal of Retz, 'was the Prince of Conde's servant.' La Rocheport was indeed of a good house, and the Cardinal had very nice self-love.

Count Kouchelef is not satisfied with loving literature and encouraging the arts: he cultivates them himself with rare success. He has written novels, which are much esteemed, under this title: 'Feuilles de Voyage'; he has dedicated to his charming wife an album of romances of his own composition, which connoisseurs say are very good. It is he who endows the betrothed of M. Hume, for without him, Mlle. Kroll would have much less money than beauty. He is determined to establish at St. Petersburg a periodical review, similar to the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' This publication, which will probably appear soon, will be named 'La Parole Russe.'

The Countess Kouchelef is young and pretty, and the peasants return in love what she bountifully bestows on them. Her visit to one of her estates is announced as an event, and feasted with universal gladness. These brave people can be emancipated, but there is no fear that they will forsake the glebe whereunto such sweet claims attach them.

The jewels of the Countess Kouchelef are worth more than two millions; it is known that she is in possession of the most beautiful sapphire in the world, which was given to an ancestor of her husband by some Eastern monarch. It is as large as an egg, and the jeweller, who was charged with setting it, exclaimed, on receiving it: 'Heavens! if any one should steal it, my whole shop and those of my colleagues would not be sufficient to pay the value of it.' This precious stone is attached to a necklace composed of eight rows of pure pearls, and at night, under the reflection of the chandeliers, it throws jets of blue light, the effect of which is indescribable.

HOW TO KEEP MIND AND BODY IN HEALTH.—'I am always obliged to breakfast before I rise—my constitution requires it,' draws out some fair votary of fashion. 'Unless I take a bottle of port after dinner,' cries the pampered merchant, 'I am never well.' 'Without my brandy and water before I go to bed, I cannot sleep a wink,' says the comfortable shopkeeper; and all suppose they are following Nature, but sooner or later the offended goddess sends her avenging minister in the shape of vapors, gout, or dropsy. Having long gone wrong, you must get right by degrees; there is no summary process. Medicine may assist, or give temporary relief; but you have a habit to alter—a tendency to change—from a tendency to being ill to a tendency to being well. First study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation or hurry of one or the other, especially just before and after meals, and whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end govern your temper—endeavor to look at the bright side of things—keep down as much as possible the unruly passions—discard envy, hatred, and malice, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants outrun your means. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what it is right to do. In the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining, the result. When your meals are solitary let your thoughts be cheerful; when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes, or serious argument, or unpleasant topics. 'Unquiet meals,' says Shakespeare, 'make ill digestions;' and the contrary is produced by easy conversation, a pleasant project, welcome news, or a lively companion. [Walker's Original.]

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The ancient Irish always regarded executions with horror, for capital punishments were unknown to their laws. An historical fact illustrates their independence and humanity. When Hugh O'Neil (who had learned the custom in England) ordered Hugh Gavelock's head to be cut off, he could find no executioner among his own subjects. Yet this was so late as the reign of Elizabeth.

AN IMPORTANT TRUTH.—The testimony of human nature is superior to the asseverations of interested sycophancy; and, when men who are denied the privilege of their fellow-citizens, boast of their loyalty, common sense is outraged, and nature contradicted.

AN ORIENTAL RETORT.—'Good news, Belhoul,' said a wag at Balsora: 'the Caliph has appointed you governor of all the apes and hogs in the kingdom.' 'Prepare, then,' replied Belhoul, 'to obey my commands.'

[From the Irish Quarterly Review.]

JOHN HOGAN, THE IRISH SCULPTOR.
HIS PARENTAGE.

Like all our great modern sculptors, Hogan sprang from the artisan class. Canova's father was a stone cutter; Thorwaldsen's, a rude carver in wood; Christian Rauch stood behind a royal carriage; and Dennecker may have cleaned the stables of a duke. Schwanthaler claimed no high descent, though he brought up the rear of a line of artists. Tenerani and Bazzani, Flaxman and Chantry were all of the people. Hogan's father, however, though he held no higher position than that of master builder, came of an old tribe, mentioned in the 'Annals of the Four Masters,' and once possessed of castle, chapel, and we may hope good rents in the county Tipperary. The artist's mother, if not of bluer blood, had notable ancestors in times less distant from our own. She was a Miss Frances Cox, of Dunmanway, County Cork, great grand-daughter of Sir Richard Cox, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, in the reign of William and Mary, and Lord Chancellor under Queen Anne. She was an orphan, and while living under the care of certain relations, whose family mansion was in the course of undergoing alterations, according to the directions of the elder Hogan, met the young artisan at the table of his employer. She was evidently attracted by the manly carriage and respectable manner of the young builder; and appears soon to have discovered, with a true woman's instinct, that he, with his pride of independence and steady industry, was worthier of her hand and heart, than any of the hereditary squirearchy of her own estate. At all events, she responded in faith and generosity to his honorable suit. How good was the exchange is told in a word—she left without one sigh of regret her aristocratic relations and guardians, whose indignation at the supposed mesalliance was made the excuse of refusing to pay the marriage portion of £2,000 she was entitled to, and chose for her own liege lord, a man who, valuing her for herself alone, declined to urge his claim to the money so dishonorably withheld.

HOGAN'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON.

Flaxman, 'a mean-looking, decrepit man,' he did not admire, either in himself or his works, 'although he is thought a great deal about by his countrymen.' A lecture given by him was attended by most of the Royal Academicians, the president, Sir Thomas Lawrence, 'wearing a cocked hat in the chair.' In the Adelphi, the young Irishman saw Barry's pictures, 'a great sight, no doubt,' and in the same hall, was much struck with some figures by Bacon, which he took for antiques, so good was the execution. In Westminster Abbey, he admired Roubiliac's monuments to the Duke of Argyle and Lady Nightengale; and 'two exquisitely beautiful children, with two female figures extremely graceful' on the pediment of Matthew Prior's monument by Rysbrack; he adds—

'At the other side of the abbey there are five or six grand and sublime compositions by Bacon, Nollekens, Westmacott, &c. Bacon's especially is of the Earl of Chatham, who is at the top in a fine speaking attitude, and under his feet are very large and noble figures, representing Ocean and Earth in great attitudes, with other allegories, &c.; it is about forty feet high, and the marble of it alone, I should suppose, cost £1,000—a masterpiece, undoubtedly. I could not examine the rest, because the ruffian of a guide hurried us from one to the other, and would not suffer any person to remain behind after the rest of the company had seen it.'

In the hall of the British Museum he noticed 'a most delightful and inimitable statue of Shakespeare by Roubiliac'; there are, he thinks, some very fine figures there, and a great number of indifferent one. His remarks on the Elgin Marbles are noteworthy, proving how bold was his criticism, and how easily he began to think for himself in all that regarded his art. 'I do not think,' he says, 'the Elgin Marbles deserve so much praise as is be-

stowed upon them by the English. I know if they were in my possession, I should throw half of them into the Thames.'

HIS LETTERS FROM ROME.

15th August, 1825.

This day, at Santa Maria Maggiore, I have received the Pope's benediction, he is in right good health at present, is about my height, with broad shoulders, and fine proportioned frame, aged about sixty years, considered rather young for the head of the church. Five days ago he sentenced three very young men to death, the crime was robbery, not murder, but that such is the justice of Leo, that after having them to hear mass and receive the sacrament they were placed kneeling in the Piazza di Bocca della Verità, opposite the beautiful temple of Vesta, and in that posture received the contents of the carbines of about forty soldiers; not a word nor a groan, nor a kick, was heard or seen from them after. At the execution I saw but two women, and those were of the lowest class; by it you have an idea of the tenderness of the Roman dames, but when I reflect on a poor devil about to be hanged in Cork I see battalions of the sex posted on all sides of Gallows-green. O! my country.

HIS FIRST STUDIO.

Now for the main object—a subject which gives pleasure to my father. I therefore shall, in a few lines, give a brief but true account of all. A short time before Mr. Rice left this, I discovered that a studio was about to be let for twenty-four crowns a year in Vicolo degli Incurabili vicino al Corso, an excellent situation. Knowing that the English paid about fifty or sixty annually, I without losing a moment, entered into an agreement with the padrone, paid twenty-two scudi for stands, benches, irons, clay, &c., and, as it is expected that Rome shall be crowded with English nobility next year, I go slap-bang on speculation, commence modelling, and finished a figure in plaster, that I might have something to show against that time; the subject, a shepherd boy recumbent, with his pipe in one hand, and by his side a goat, which I understand form an admirable pyramidal composition. My model was a stout Sabine lad; I had him employed for fifty hours, for which I paid him five crowns, and, when done, wet his whistle with a jorum of wine; I paid a farmatore twelve scudi to cast it in gesso. Cammucini, a first-rate Italian painter, Gibson, and all the English artists here, confess that it is very like nature, and modelled with a great deal of spirit, breadth and force. One or two of my intimate friends say that some things I have done, particularly a bust, look as solid as stone, or appear more like casts of marble than from clay; but this I attribute to my practice in timber, which gave me a lightness in execution which few possess. Let no person read this as I puff myself. Who knows but some fellow would take a liking to it, and order it to be cut in marble; if so I finger the cash when finished. I am about to commence immediately Sir John Leicester's figure in clay, and am resolved to pay all due attention and application to the same. Although I have made several sketches for it, I am not yet determined on any particular one. My first intention was a dancing figure, but Canova and others have done so many of that class, that there scarcely remains an original attitude.

THE DRUNKEN FAUN.

The next work in order is the famous Drunken Faun. In the letters we find him modelling 'an active, light and strong figure of a faun,' which, he says, has gained him infinite honor, being considered perfectly original in composition and full of nature; and this we know to be true. Cammucini was delighted with it, and that artist's praise was a great stimulus to the young sculptor, and 'acted in the same manner as the sound of a trumpet to the ears of a war-horse.' It was the same Cammucini, we believe, who in Hogan's presence, at an evening

party of artists, threw out the observation, that any thing original in the classic style was now impossible, all attitudes, expressions, and variety of forms having been already done into marble by great masters. The sense of the company on the occasion we allude to may be inferred from the fact that on Hogan boldly declaring that he could not believe any such thing, one of the party, Gibson, it is said, addressing the young Irishman somewhat sneeringly, replied, 'then perhaps you, Sir, can produce an original work!' The brave Hogan, who as we have seen, had been but a few years devoted to his art, and who indeed was even then still occupied with his first work in marble, returned to his studio, and thought; and the Drunken Faun, which Cammucini, and all the artists of Rome admitted to be original and perfect and which Thorwaldsen pronounced worthy of an Athenian studio, was the result of his thinking.

THORWALDSEN.

One of their first interviews, perhaps we should say encounters, was rather a trying one for our countryman. Hogan had just modelled a figure in clay; with the timidity of a young artist, and we may suppose a nervous desire for the approval of so imperial a judgment, he asked Thorwaldsen to come see his model, and putting a stick into his hand, requested him to mark any defects he might perceive in the figure. The remorseless master actually cut the figure in pieces, to the terror and dismay of the poor sculptor, who, with such bitter feelings as we can imagine, rushed into the studio of a neighboring fellow-artist, and told him his melancholy story. 'Never mind,' was the answer—'may be Thorwaldsen is jealous—don't show him a clay model again.' Hogan took the hint, and not until the cast was completed of the Drunken Faun, requested Thorwaldsen's presence in his studio—not this time for the purpose of making corrections. 'Ah!' said the Dane, striking the artist suddenly on the shoulder, 'You are a real sculptor—Avete fatto un miracolo!' The other day, we held in our hand a bronze medal, which Thorwaldsen gave Hogan, when he took leave of him on his own land—'My son,' said Thorwaldsen, embracing him warmly, 'You are the best sculptor I leave after me in Rome!'

HOW HOGAN WORKED.

Many sculptors are utterly unable to handle their own works except in the plastic clay in which the model is first produced, and for every subsequent operation are obliged to depend on the skill and expertness of tradesmen. But it was not so with Hogan. He was generally his own farmatore, making the waste-mould for this clay and casting the plaster model, and also, as we have said, when there was difficulty, or necessity, he took upon himself the harder manual labor of the scarpellins. Thus to his own hands are to be attributed the delicate softness of the flesh, and the peculiar grace of many a fold in his works in the rigid marble. It is said of Michael Angelo that he chiselled a statue out of a block of marble, without the preliminary step of modelling it, and Hogan has been known to deviate boldly from his model in transferring work to marble, a thing which would be impossible unless he held the chisel in his own hand, and which must have required great skill in guiding it, and no little courage in attempting an alteration in such a material. Hogan prided himself on his knowledge of anatomy, a study indispensable to the sculptor, and a deficiency in which has often made artists fall into most egregious errors. A muscle wrongly inserted, or unnaturally developed, was always inexcusable in his eyes. A human skeleton which he amused himself in carving when a young man, and which skillful anatomists have pronounced to be scientifically accurate, he generally kept by him in after life while modelling his figures. He was also an admirable draughtsman, his academy figures in crayons being beautiful specimens of drawing, both in outline and shadows, and consequently he was very quick in detecting incorrect drawing in a picture.

HOGAN IN HIS FAMILY.

His wife and children were the whole world to him; the more his heart was rung with anxiety and bitter care, the closer he drew them about him. 'If I could only live to see my children settled in some way,' he used to say, to a very dear friend, to whom his hopes and his sorrows were ever freely poured out, 'If they were safe, for my own part I would be delighted to go to my God.' To his children, even if he had left them thousands, he would be an infinite loss; he kept them so carefully, watched over them with such vigilance. They are children in years, but for more so in guileless bearing. They were kept apart from the world, as from all evil, by the jealous care of their father. He himself could not bear to be away from them. When he accepted an invitation, he was never at rest until he got back again. It was a very odd time indeed that he was to be met with in society. Occasionally he attended a soiree of the Provost of Trinity College, or was a guest of Dr. Wilde; but the latter, who all through Hogan's latter years showed him such constant and disinterested kindness, as we have seldom known, and Mrs. Wilde, who seems to love everything in the shape of talent, were trusted and valued friends of the artist. Lord Cloncurry, calling on Hogan one day, found him at dinner, seated, according to his custom, at the head of the table, with one of the younger children at each hand, and the rest ranged in order along the sides. The noble Cloncurry lifted up his hands in amazement, and said it was the finest sight he ever saw; and next day—how like him!—he sent, under some pretence, £20 to Mrs. Hogan, rightly judging that the mother of such a race could be at no loss to know what to do with a gift of the kind. In the evenings it was the artist's custom to sit with his family, and while the children were engaged with their studies, he would read some amusing book; now and then as some passage struck him, translating it into the sweet native Italian for his wife. At nine o'clock the whole simple household was dispersed for the night, unless when some special occasion, as one of the great festivals of the church, occurring, he would have more particular family devotions.

A BROTHER'S LAMENT.

On the 18th of February 1782, I saw a young man, said to be deranged, standing on the sea shore, watching a spot where his sister was drowned five years before, returning from Ireland. (Sinclair's Norway.)

That ocean wave, that ocean wave,
It rolls above my sister's grave,
Hymning a requiem deep and dull,
O'er her who once was beautiful.

When last you harvest moon was bright,
She roved in thought beneath its light:
You harvest moon is waning low,
And Isabel, where is she now?

I saw her die, I saw her die,
She fixed on me her closing eye,
In fond farewell I rushed to save,
But she was in her ocean grave.

She passed away, she passed away
Like sunshine on an April day;
The harvest moon looked down from high,
But she was in eternity.

When life, when love, when all was o'er,
The wave crept gently to the shore;
The winds slept, and the sullen sea,
Seemed weeping for its cruelty.

But all too late, I wandered home,
Hopeless as tenant of the tomb,
For I had not one friend to bless
My cottage hearth of loneliness.

The bee hummed by my silent bowler,
The thrush sang blithe to the shrub and flower,
And summer wind came laughing by
As if to mock my agony.

They felt not grief, they could not know
A sister's death, a brother's woe;
They could not,—but my brain—my brain—
'Tis frenzied, racked, and seared again!

So fare thee well, so fare thee well,
My sister—ocean rings thy knell,
And sea nymphs in their cavern's rude
Keep sacred thy sweet solitude.

NATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

An instrument called the ophthalmoscope, by the aid of which the human eye may be internally examined, has recently been brought to the notice of the scientific world. The instrument is in the form of a concave mirror, with a hole in the centre, in which a lens is inserted; to this another lens is added, which, however, is separate and movable. When the instrument is used, a lighted candle is placed by the side of the patient. The concave mirror is then held in front of the eye to be examined, while the movable lens is suspended between the light and the mirror in such a manner as to concentrate the rays of the first on the second. The reflected rays converge on the retina, and on passing through it diverge and render luminous the whole interior of the eye, which the observer can see by looking through the lens placed in the mirror's centre. The retina and the lens form a microscope, the multiplying power of which is about five hundred.

TRAVEL OVER SNOW BY STREAM. Letters from St. Petersburg state that a Polish exile in Siberia has invented a means of applying steam power to the traction of the sledges, by which journeys may be made on the frozen rivers and steppes covered with frozen snow which abound in the Russian dominions.

SILICA is a mineral substance, commonly known as Flint; and it is one of the wonders of the vegetable tribes, that, although flint is so indestructible that the strongest medical aid is required for its solution, plants possess the power of dissolving and secreting it. Even so delicate a structure as the wheat straw dissolves silica, and every stalk of wheat is covered with a perfect, but inconceivably thin coating of this substance.

Amid all the wonders of nature which we have had occasion to explain, there is none more startling than that which reveals to our knowledge the fact that a flint stone consists of the mineralized bodies of animals, just as coal consists of masses of mineralized vegetable matter. The animals are believed to have been infusorial animalcules, coated with silicious shells, as the wheat straw of to-day is clothed with a glassy covering of silica. The skeletons of animalcules which compose flint, may be brought under microscopic examination. Geologists have some difficulty in determining their opinions respecting the relation which these animalcules bear to the flint stones in which they are found. Whether the animalcules, in dense masses, form the flint; or whether the flint merely supplies a sepulchre to the countless millions of creatures that, ages ago, enjoyed each a separate and conscious existence, is a problem that may never be solved. And what a problem! The buried plant being disinterred, after having lain for ages in the bowels of the earth, gives us light and warmth; and the animalcule, after a sleep of ages, dissolves into the sap of a plant, and wraps the coat it wore, probably "in the beginning, when God created the heavens and the earth, and when the earth first brought forth living creatures," around the slender stalk of waving corn!

GUANO is a productive manure, because it contains with other suitable elements, an abundance of the silicious skeletons of animalcules.

WHEAT-CROPS greatly exhaust the soil, because, as well as the carbon and the salts, which form the straw and the grain, it draws off from the soil a great amount of silica. And straw is frequently used as a manure, for the reason that it gives back with other substances. A considerable portion of silica, in that form which adapts it to the use of the succeeding crop.

When the perfume of flowers is unusually perceptible, wet weather may be anticipated, for the reason that when the air is damp, it conveys the odors of flowers more effectively than it does when dry; also, when swallows fly low, wet weather may be expected, because the insects which the

swallows pursue in their flight are flying low, to escape the moisture of the upper regions of the atmosphere. Ducks and geese go to the water, and dash it over their backs on the approach of rain, because by wetting the outer coat of their feathers, before the rain falls, by sudden dashes of water over the surface, they prevent the drops of rain from penetrating to their bodies through the open and dry feathers. Horses and cattle stretch out their necks and snuff the air on the approach of rain, because they smell the fragrant perfume which is diffused in the air by its increasing moistness.

A writer in Blackwood, in criticising the productions of British artists, mentions a picture of "The Nativity," in which the head of the infant Christ appears encircled by a peculiar halo which very much resembles a broad-brimmed straw hat! What an association of ideas!

Many have wondered by what means gossamer spiders are enabled to float through the air. Having no wings, and being deficient in the active muscular powers of other spiders, they have been endowed with the power of spinning a web which is so light that it floats in the air, and bears the body of the gossamer spider from place to place. Each web acts as a balloon, and the spider attached thereto is a little aeronaut.

Few persons are aware that it is only the female glow-worm which emits a light. The female glow-worm is without wings, but the male is a winged insect. The female, therefore, is endowed with the power of displaying a phosphorescent light. The light is only visible by night, but it is, nevertheless beautifully adapted for the purpose stated, because the male is a night-flying insect, and never ventures abroad by day.

THE WOUNDED SAILORS.—During the war of 1812, it will be remembered, a bloody combat took place off the southern part of Nantucket, between the American privateer *Neufchatel*, and the boats of the British frigate *Endymion*. The wounded of both parties were landed at Nantucket. Among them were two messmates, one of whom had his under jaw dreadfully shattered by a musket ball, and the other was so wounded in the wrist as to render necessary the amputation of his hand. Soon after the requisite surgical operations had been performed, they were invited to dine at a friend's house, where they were observed to stick by each other with peculiar tenacity. The company fell to; but our maimed heroes were respectively disabled from performing those manual and maxillary exploits which were exhibiting around them. After having complacently surveyed the scene without any offer of assistance from the busy guests, whose diffidence perhaps outweighed their inclinations, he with 'one flipper,' thus sternly though with much point and humor, addressed his broken-jawed companion: 'I say, Jack, since you can't grind, nor I carve, and the land lubbers are all tucking the beef under their jackets, what say you for splicing? 'if you'll cut for me, I'll chew for you!'

PATRIOTISM.—The objects of true patriotism are, the temporal and eternal welfare of our fellow-citizens, the honor, beauty, and improvement of our native land. It is not like that base affection for the world which is declared to be at enmity with God. The true patriot will be envious of every virtue, he will be brave in a lawful cause, like Joshua, Judith, David and Maccabees. He will love peace, practice charity, and endeavor to reconcile his contending brethren, if, like the Israelites in Egypt, they should 'do wrong one to another.' Like the great St. Paul, he may sometimes shake his chains, and see that his chartered rights of citizenship be not invaded. He will industriously court instruction for himself, and eagerly impart it to his more occupied, or less studious countrymen.



BARRACK AND QUEEN'S BRIDGES.

Barrack Bridge, (formerly Bloody Bridge,) was originally built of wood in 1671, but afterwards constructed of stone. It consists of four plain semicircular arches. The erection, at the south end, of a grand gothic gateway leading to Kilmainham Hospital, and the scenery in the back ground, give to this bridge at present, a very romantic appearance.

The Queen's Bridge, seen beneath the other, consists of three arches of hewn stone, and though small, being but 140 feet in length, is neat and well-proportioned. It was erected in 1768. On the site of the present structure, Arran-bridge formerly stood, which was built in 1603, and swept away by a flood in 1763.

Relative to the original construction of the former Bridge, we have been favored by a correspondent with the following:—

'Passing over the bridge that leads from Watling Street across the Liffey, I inquired its name, and found it was called Bloody Bridge, from a great battle that was fought there during the rebellion of 1641. I was told again, it derived its name from a number of apprentices who were hung on its battlements during the 'affair of '98;' and some other causes are given for its sanguinary title. These contradictory reports induced me to consult history. Its origin is as follows:—A. D. 1408, the Duke of Lancaster made extraordinary preparations for subduing the Irish of Leinster, who, under the command of the King Art M'Murichard O'Cavanagh, were fearfully encroaching on the Pale. The consequence was, a most sanguinary conflict took place between the two armies at the western extremity of Dublin, where the Phoenix Park now stands. The English were defeated with dreadful slaughter, and hotly pursued to the gates of the city. Before they could enter the city, they had to cross the Liffey by a ford. Here the confusion became fearful—the Irish enemy were upon them, and before the half of the defeated army had crossed, the ford was completely choked up with the dead and dying, and the water continued red for three days, whence it got the name of Ath Cro, i. e. the Bloody Ford, which name was communicated to a bridge afterwards built over the ford. Whether the present bridge is the original one or not, I cannot say. The Duke of Lancaster, who commanded the English, was wounded near the walls of Dublin, and soon after breathed his last.'

NUMBER FOUR of this paper has been printed; we have endeavored to supply the numerous demands for it, and shall be happy to attend to other

orders of a like nature. NUMBER FIVE will immediately follow.

RAILROAD INCIDENT.

It was late. The lamps of the car burned dimly. In one seat were a "happy couple" rejoicing in a carpet bag, two band boxes, an umbrella, a brown paper parcel, and a "sleeping cherub." Suddenly, cherub, a girl of some three years' experience in this strange world, awoke from one of those long, undisturbed slumbers that are among the inalienable prerogatives of blameless childhood, and climbed up so as to stand and look over the back of the seat. Two careworn travelers, weary and half-awakened men, sat directly in front of the innocent little creature. They looked as if they had been on board of railroad cars for a month, and had journeyed from the regions about sunset. The great curious eyes of the child fell upon them. She scanned carefully the faces of each, and one would have deemed her to be an infantile physiognomist. Presently one of them looked at her. It was evident that she rather liked him of the two, and had about made up her mind to speak to him; for instantly her little voice was heard, as she piped out the query:—

"Does you love little girls?"

The man looked at her a moment gruffly, and then replied: "No I don't."

A shade of unutterable disappointment and surprise was instantly daguerreotyped upon the sweet and blooming countenance of the child, but passed away when she replied:

"Yes, you do."

The man raised himself and took another look. He was evidently both puzzled and interested; and he said:

"How do you know?"

And she replied:

"Cause you looked as if you did."

This thawed him out some, and he said:

"I have got a little girl at home."

The little questioner now evidently felt that she was on the "right track," and after a look that showed that this intelligence presented a new and unexpected view of the affair, renewed the conversation earnestly, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Does you love your little girl?"

"Yes."

"Is she a real good little girl?"

"Sometimes she is!"

"Is she naughty sometimes?"

"Yes."

"Does she go down in the kitchen when she hadn't ought to?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Do you whip your little girl when she is naughty?"

"Sometimes."

"Does she cry when you talk to her and tell her she is naughty?"

"Yes."

"Then do you whip her?"

"Sometimes."

"When she says she is sorry do you whip her then?"

"No never."

The little creature's eyes danced and sparkled at this, and drawing conclusions, and no doubt from her own own experience she exclaimed:

"I's real glad, I is!"

Then looking at the other man who had refused to answer the question she had put to him, she said to her newly made friend with a look of wonder:

"That man won't speak to me! Does he love little girls?"

The man had a heart somewhere, and he thawed out. Rousing himself, he extended his brawny hand and said:

"How do you do, sissy?"

And the little creature, not altogether at her ease, replied:

"I's pretty well—how is you?"

By this time all within hearing of the colloquy were moved to tears—the eyes of the parents of the little prattler were full to overflowing—and those who were nearest heard one of the men she had questioned say to the other:

"She's a little witch."

And so she was! Her blooming beauty and her infantile artlessness were powerful enough to break through the roughness, the weariness, the reserve, and the indifference of the travel worn men of the world, and to melt them to tears.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications intended for insertion in this paper should be addressed

Editors of the Irish Miscellany,
Boston, Mass.

Communications from subscribers, should be directed from the township, county and state in which they reside.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS should forward communications intended for insertion in the *Miscellany*, not later than the Saturday before the day of publication, as our increasing circulation compels us to go to press every Monday morning.

SILKEN THOMAS: New York.—Hugh O'Neill defeated Cromwell on the occasion referred to. He had a force of about sixteen hundred brave northern troops, and with this mere handful of men, maintained his guard for two months against Cromwell, who commanded twenty thousand soldiers, killing nearly two thousand five hundred English mercenaries in an assault, which, Lingard says, lasted four hours. The town was finally evacuated in consequence of want of powder and provisions. O'Neill withdrew his troops so skillfully as to escape the notice of Cromwell, who gave the unarmed townspeople honorable terms of capitulation, believing that the garrison was still in the town.

A DOWN MAN:—The River Bann rises in the County of Down, as stated by you, about eight miles east of the town of Newry, in the high lands near the coast. You do not describe its course accurately. It flows in a north-west direction to Lough Neagh, which it enters near the south-western corner, and issues from the north-western part of the Lough, flowing through Lough Beg, and thence nearly north to the North Sea, which it joins about four miles north-west of Coleraine.

CHARLES O'NEIL, Philadelphia.—Bellingglass was once a place of considerable importance. The name is supposed to be derived from Beal—tine—glass, which signified the 'Fire of the Mysteries of Beal.' Some persons suppose it to have been the grand Beal—tine of the southern states of Leinster. Several Druidical remains are in the neighborhood. At Sunder's Grove, in the vicinity of the town, in 1787, numerous graves, or tombs, were discovered, composed of large flag-stones, set edgewise, without a bottom, and covered on the top with various shapeless stones. The entrance to the tombs, which contained arms made of baked earth, was full of burnt bones and ashes. Sleibh Gull, or Chung Mountain, is about seven miles north-east of Bellingglass.

PATRICIUS: Boston.—Every county in Ireland has a Deputy Lieutenant. The Lord Lieutenant is the Queen's deputy, or representative; that is, he is supposed to act for her and in her stead.

FRANK: Providence.—Received.

J. O. H. Jr., Frankfort, N. Y.—Inasmuch as you have regularly received the *Miscellany* through another source from the commencement, by remitting to this office, as you propose doing, one dollar, you will be entitled to a copy of our Gift Picture.

The siege of Orleans, memorable as one of the most extraordinary in history, commenced on the 12th of October, 1418. Joan of Arc was captured in a desperate rally from Compiegne, on the 23d of May, 1430. She was burnt to death at the stake in the old market at Rouen on the 31st of May, 1431.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858

THE TRIUMPH OF THE AGE!

The Eastern and Western hemispheres are no longer separated: Neptune's domain has been invaded, and they are conjoined. After repeated unsuccessful endeavors, the Atlantic cable, on board the United States steam frigate 'Niagara' and British steam propeller 'Agamemnon,' was successfully laid from Valence Bay, Ireland, to Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, on Thursday, the 5th of August. Beyond doubt, this great undertaking is the grandest achievement that Science has yet made, and the mighty results which are to flow therefrom, revolutionizing as it must all former modes of transacting business, renders futile every attempt at prognostication. From such data as we have at hand, we compile an epitome of the operations of the 'New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Co.,' from its inception in April, 1854, little more than three years ago: At that time, the colonial government of Newfoundland gave to this corporation certain grants of land and subsidy, conferring the exclusive right to land a telegraphic line upon the coast under its jurisdiction, extending the entire length of Newfoundland and Labrador. The government of Prince Edward's Island and the State of Maine likewise, encouraged the enterprise.

The stock of the company is divided into 350 shares, of one thousand pounds each. The proportions in which the shares were taken, were one hundred and one in London, eighty-eight in America, eighty-six in Liverpool, thirty-seven in Glasgow, twenty-eight in Manchester, the remainder in other parts of England.

After due experiments, it was decided to adopt a telegraphic cable composed of seven fine copper wires,

twisted into a cord of one-sixteenth of an inch thick. This strand was coated with gutta percha, forming a small rope three-eighths of an inch thick; then coated with hempen twopen twice soaked in pitch and tar; lastly, an external sheathing of 18 iron wires, each wire being a strand of seven finer wires, making in all 126 wires. The weight of the cable is about one ton per mile, and it is capable of bearing a direct strain of over five tons without fracture.

The first attempt to lay the cable was made on the 5th of August, 1857, at which six steamers assisted. An accident happened on the following day, which was repaired, but on the 11th, after 380 statute miles had been submerged, the engineer concluding that there was too much 'slack,' the cable snapped, and so ended the experiment of last year. The vessels first named above and their 'tenders' left Plymouth, England, on the 10th of June last; after encountering very boisterous weather, the first splice was made on the morning of the 26th, when, each ship having paid out about three miles, the cable broke on board the Niagara. A fresh splice was made, and the work proceeded beautifully until early next morning, when the signals suddenly ceased. The wire was cut, though no satisfactory explanation of this accident has been given.

The Niagara and Agamemnon met a third time on the 28th, and a third time connected the cable. They then started afresh, and the Niagara having paid out over 150 miles of cable, all on board entertained the most sanguine anticipations of success, when the fatal announcement was made on the 29th, at 9 P. M., that the current had ceased to flow. Accordingly this immense vessel, with all her stores, &c., was allowed to swing to the cable, and in addition a strain of four tons was placed upon the breaks; yet, although it was blowing fresh at the time, the cable held her, as if she had been at anchor, for over an hour, when a heavy pitch of the sea snapped the rope, and the Niagara bore away for Queenstown. It was subsequently ascertained that the cable parted about six fathoms from the stern of the Agamemnon. About 400 miles of cable were lost during these trials.

Notwithstanding these failures the managers continued undaunted. The fleet sailed a second time from Queenstown on the 17th of July, joined the cable on the 29th, and the news of its final accomplishment has thrilled with astonishment and delight the civilized world. The total cost of this cable is \$1,258,250.

A network of telegraphic communication, then, centres in Ireland, and we fondly hope that, now she has at length steam communication established on a solid basis with the American continent, her speedy disenchantment will follow, that she may take her place among the nations of the earth. She is attached by chains of electric light to the Republic of the West, and the manacles of the oppressor must forthwith be cast off. In the latter part of May 1852, Ireland was brought into instant communication with Britain by means of the submarine telegraph.

The distance between the points of connection—Holyhead and Howth—is sixty-five miles, and the greatest depth five hundred and four feet. There was only one wire in this cable, with the indispensable coating of gutta percha, which was protected and strengthened by the iron wire covering the outside. It was laid at the rate of four miles per hour, and fell so evenly that only three miles more than the actual distance traversed was required. Scotland and Ireland were connected by a cable of six wires in May, 1853. The distance is about thirty miles, and was traversed by the steamer in not more than ten hours.

The bard of Avon was indeed a prophet. In 'Midsummer's Night Dream,' he says through Oberon: 'I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes!' Even erratic R. W. Emerson utters the following pretty sentiment:—

And, henceforth, there shall be no chain,
Save underneath the sea.
The wires shall murmur through the main
Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wave,
Her fiery errands go.

IRISH LANDLORDISM.

A singular exposition of the character of Irish landlordism has been made, in a memorial recently prepared by the tenants of the Marquis of Landsdowne, in the County of Kerry. The Marquis is reputed to be an amiable and just man, who has gained a flattering reputation by the meek wisdom which he has displayed in the political arena. But in the management of the Irish estates, he follows the 'system,' and leaves his vassals to the tender mercies of his agent. This agent is a Mr. John Stuart French, and he seems to issue his edicts and make laws with almost Imperial potency. By the law of the Landsdowne estates, no tenant can marry, or procure the marriage of his son or daughter, without permission from the agent.

But the right to marry and to be given in marriage is not the only one of which these unfortunate Landsdowne serfs are robbed by their parental landlord. Under the French regulations, no tenant can entertain for the shortest time, the stranger who seeks his hospitality, nor even his nearest relatives or friends; and no tenant can give a cottage to, or keep elsewhere than in his own house, the farm laborers, married or unmarried, that may be required for the proper working of his farm. If these regulations are violated, the offenders must pay a fine imposed by the agent, or leave the estate.

Other regulations of a stringent character are enforced, so that the tenants have less individual liberty than Russian serfs. They may, it is true, refuse compliance with the rules of Agent French, and accept the alternative of ejection.

Such is the character of Irish landlordism, because what is true of the Landsdowne estate is true also of others. Three-fourths of the tenant or agricultural population of Ireland are in a condition little better than that of abject serfdom, and yet their tyrant can talk of British liberty as if it was a pervading power which protected the weak and restrained the strong.

BEAUTIFUL POETRY.—The appreciative reader will not fail to notice the fine poem on the 10th page furnished by our esteemed Washington contributor; and few we opine, will hesitate to give their assent to the devout wish expressed by the writer towards the close of his effusion, that posterity may con with the same satisfaction that coteremporaries experience the delightful effusions of this graceful bard.

That sterling production—'Twill be All the Same in a Hundred Years,'—which appeared originally in the Dublin Telegraph, and a choice morceau from the Penny Journal—'A Brother's Lament'—are also printed elsewhere in this number of the *MISCELLANY*.

OUR GIFT PICTURE.—All regular subscribers to the *MISCELLANY* will have sent them this week a copy of our magnificent Gift Picture. The artistic merit of this work needs not to be pointed out: it speaks for itself, addressing the most unpractised eye. We are not mistaken in saying that a similar gratuitous offering has never been issued from the American Press. Our friends owe it to our enterprise and liberality, that we shall be adequately requited. Agents will be supplied with copies of the drawing next week, as it is impossible to print rapidly enough this fine plate, to meet all demands for it.

OUR PAPER.—Whatever imperfections may appear in this issue of the *MISCELLANY*, must be attributed to the confusion incident to printing back numbers. When this difficulty is overcome, we hope in the mechanical department, at least, to gratify the most exacting. But take it all in all, we think the present issue of our Journal a good one, and really worth the low price it is sold for.

Written for the Miscellany.

HOURS AT HOME.

BY THOMAS S. DONOHUE, OF IVY WALL.

God bless thee, MAYE! This sultry afternoon,
Weary and sad of thought, I cast me down,
Resting, but sleeping not: so kind a boon
Then hopeless. Like a poor, beleaguered town,
Within my heart was sorrow meeting sorrow,
And none that ever dreamed of brighter morrow.

I closed mine eyes. Now softly through the room
I heard the careful steps of her I love.
And presently there spread a pleasant gloom
Around me, for the sun shone bright above.
Too bright for slumber. Presently I knew
She stood, and gazed, and watched each breath I drew.

Then stole away so tenderly—one look
A long and sweet one, as she passed the door,
Escaping with her newly-opened book,
Her slow steps mounting to our chamber floor.
Of this part I saw, and felt a part,
For love observeth, even from the heart!

Over my sorrows came the smile of peace,
As over stormy waves the sunset ray,
Till, less and less disturbed, at last they cease,
And calmly mirror back the golden day.
Over the deluge of my soul came love,
Bearing an olive-branch, like Noah's dove.

And then I fancied brighter time, and then
Distinctly rose a vine-clad cottage wall,
Far down the forest winding of a glen,
And near the tinkling of a waterfall;
And this was all mine own, and she was here,
Making my happy state. O doubly dear!

And friends were mine, good friends, though only few,
Who shared, in summer days, my fragrant bower,
Or by my social hearth, in winter, drew,
While verse and story sped the pensive hour.
Not far the city lay: at Sabbath time,
Over the hills, we heard the church-bells chime!

What merry parties on the grassy plain!
What rambling rides among the budding trees!
Often with friends, but oft, and oft again,
Only dear MAYE and I; the perfunctory breeze
Waving her auburn curls, as, gladsomely,
Her proud steed bounded on, so wild and free!

On sprang our steeds, through sun and checkered shade,
Down the green vale and up the gentle hill,
Or instantly, in full career, obeyed,
And stood with arching necks, waiting our will!
Dismounting, then we rested by a spring,
Drank the cool tide, and heard the linnet sing:

And watched the broad oak leaves that whirling fell;
And through the forest vista looked afar,
Talked quietly, and, loving all things well,
Came slowly homeward 'neath the evening star:
To pass, perchance, the early hours of night
With books that made the very darkness light!

We lived not for ourselves alone: we taught
Whatever of wisdom and of good we knew,
And our reward was—only this we sought—
The grateful smile that often met our view,
The consciousness that children loved us more,
And old men, entering, blessed our cottage door!

In the lone forest sometimes would I stray,
And lend the inspiration breathing there,
Would let my thoughts pursue their music way,
Singing of all things bountiful and fair;
Trusting they should exist, and oft be read,
When he who wrote them slumbered with the dead.

Again, when desolate the wintry scene,
In the small book-room would we sit together,
Where some sweet page preserved our own world green,
Enchanting it beyond all gloomy weather:
Or, also there, would come the lightsome rhyme,
With which our hearts, forever young, kept time!

And this—I know not how it was—was now;
We were not old, but looking forward yet
Right trustfully, with calm, exalted brow
To many joys, before our sun should set,
Nor fearing loss of all; when sank that light:
Do not the stars shine out to bless the night!

Such were my fancies, and the sweetest still
Were those that pictured her confiding soul,
Faithful and kind, confronting every ill;
And, where her tenderness could not control,
Soothing and cheering, by her angel love,
Parting the cloud, revealing heaven above!

Her smiling face!—I woke! It was before me,
Smiling as I beheld it in my sleep:
And as so lovingly 't was bending o'er me,
I gazed, I smiled; then could not choose but weep.
My strength returned, the storm that darkly lowered
Rolled back, by Love's omnipotence o'erpowered!

WALKS AND TALKS.

BY VERNON.

'As I walked by myself,
I talked to myself,
And thus myself said to me.'

Sometimes I use the legs of a horse to add distance and delight to my 'walks.'

— I like a solitary ride.

There is pleasure in thus wandering among the shady woods, along paths seldom trodden, or where no paths exist; studying the many forms and tints of the foliage, the flowers and the rocks—making heart-pictures of them all. Or, dismounting on a breeze-visited hill, to rest, and look over the landscape, till it gradually melts into a dream, and I am neither where nor what I am.

A leaf falls on my face.

Now I observe that the sun is going down; and so resume my ramble.

A brook, running among the rocks in a cool vale, tempts me. The tall trees, like the guardian angels of the ark, bend over its sacred beauty.

I follow the brook.

Here it presents a little lake, reflecting the bushes, vines and flowers of its emerald border; here the water takes a sportive leap, and murmurs its enjoyment. Ah, sweet one, I see and share it. I will stop and talk with thee awhile; and what thou sayest to me, I will tell again, in verse, to all who can love thee and me. More than this, and to accompany this, I will show with my pencil how pleasant was thy look when I met thee in the woods:—

'And many who know not thy face,
Shall know that it is fair!'

— I like a ride in company.

With friends—those who can appreciate the sentiment, the soul of nature, as well as the form.

The party will not be large.

But two may be company—and often are the best—while, for true pleasure, I would never wish many—never a crowd.

Slowly riding beneath the trees, we converse merrily—we sing—we are silent and thoughtful—we are whatever our mood may suggest: a nameless electricity of sympathy passing from each to each, and constantly exchanging signals. Then silence itself is not the dull, dead thing it is so often deemed, but a 'delicate Ariel,' swift of wing, and dispensing delicious fancies.

Or, on the level, winding road, where, alternately, sunshine and shadow rest, and never much of either, (thy image, life!) our horses leap gallantly on, 'devouring the earth.' We breast the rushing air; we brave it, we battle through it! We are not of the world: we are a band of flying spirits! What can resist us. Now and then brother looks in the face of brother, and reads liberty! happiness!—and himself becomes more free, more blest! Now is no need of speech: a glance is a glossary.

Our gladness is complete.

Is it so?

Beautiful is a summer day, though its sky be clouded; nevertheless, the sun would render it more charming! Lovely is the summer night, with stars!—but lo! the glory of the rising moon!

Shall I omit—

A gallop with the girls?

— Remember, good friends, that the sublime Jupiter himself, high seated on Olympus, knew not felicity till the riant Hebe, goddess of youth, stood by his throne, presenting the golden cup of nectar!—

And now, indeed, may we exclaim: 'Eureka!'

Dear girls, never did your eyes shine brighter, or tongues move faster, or laughter sound more melodiously! How the breeze fans your animated faces!—Roses bloom on your soft cheeks, disposing the lily.

I have sketched the ride solitary, the ride in company, and the gallop with the girls; showing what pleasure each of the three modes offers; but yesterday all were combined in one long ride—to the Great Falls of the Potomac.

Before the sun rose, in the stillness and coolness and sweetness of the morning, I stood on the porch of Ivywall, waiting for—

John Savage, who, being my near neighbor, came first. He was mounted on an active-looking steed and strong, young, lively and, doubtless, of a right poetical disposition,—who would!

Share with his lord the pleasure and the pride!

Leaving his horse in company with mine, where they immediately proceeded to touch noses and exchange opinions as to the contemplated journey, John entered the gate, cordially exclaiming: 'Ben-edictie!' To which, of course, Vernon appropriately added:

'What early tongue so sweet saluted me?'

Before my friend could reach the porch, he was stopped by a clattering on the street, and, turning, saw a mighty rider on a fierce charger, impetuously advancing. The rider was Alexander, (Dimitry,) who now, as he sat aloft, showed royally, his Herculean form being in good keeping with the stalwart Bucephalus. Halting, Alexander raised his salutary beaver, well worn by the courteous fingers, and with that peculiar beaming smile which one can see, at times, running round his usually serious lips, brightening as it flies, like sunlight chasing from a pleasant view the shadow of a cloud, said:

'——————!'

which, being translated, signifies—something elegant, and similar to 'top-o' the morning!'

'Ha, Jack!—thus spoke the Knight of the Beaming Countenance, grasping, vice-like, the hand of the gentle Savage, and 'Vernon, my son!' letting the sinister manus descend, with a ponderous blessing on the shoulder of Ivywall's little lord—'A morning for the god's!—But answer me, my sons: Where's Ion?'

The question was unnecessary: Deliberately drawn by Kitty, Ion approached, and 'spoke for himself.'

With tragic air, and elevated arm, Alexander stood before the great correspondent, and in the words of Richard the Third, demanded:

'Who saw "THE SUN" to-day?'

Ion smiled his placid smile, and nothing more of the sun was thought of.

Next came a group of girls on horseback—a joyous company; then another group of girls; then carriages, with more girls: and then a mental count was undertaken, the result of which proved that each male could be mated. Ion had made no choice of the fair: it was hard to choose: perhaps he was debating the subject, and recalling authorities from the time of Paris!—when one—her eyes sparkling, and with an active bound,—leaped from a carriage, and shouted musically:

'I go with Ion!'

Ion also leaped down, with marvelous agility—a youth again!—and met the damsel, and, as a most precious thing, as she was, placed her where he should—

'Hear and see her all the while,
Fondly speak and sweetly smile!'

Now all was arranged: the provisions were securely packed—the wine-bottles wouldn't break—nothing could go wrong.

The march began.

Away dashed the gentle Savage, accompanied by the ever-charming Avonia; Vernon, with a fair companion, unknown to fame, cantered after; Alex-

ander (who, so Southernly-courteous and so winning a lover of the beautiful, had managed to carry off the 'queen of the goodlie companie') rode next, like Mars attended by Venus. The carriages followed soberly, and Kitty more soberly still, though bearing many bottles and a brace of demijohns.

The rising sun lighted up quaint old Georgetown, as we hurried over its lonely streets; the sun stole in and out among the trees and hills and vales of the romantic College-grounds beyond the town; the sun was brighter and warmer on the broad road by the dazzling river: but still we went on—or halted—or some wandered into the woods—some talked—some sang—and some only looked—yet how much those looks expressed!

I cannot repeat the pleasant conversation; I cannot describe the ever-varying scenery by the way—their succession of forests, hills, dales, rocks, fields and streams, I can only add: We arrived at the Falls.

The girls repaired to upper rooms in the log-hotel, near the river, where we may imagine the restoration of curls, collars, and robes. We, the lords of creation, threw ourselves majestically down on the grass, under trees, sipped wine, puffed cigars, talked lazily, and waited for the descent of the angels.

More bright and beautiful than ever, the girls reappeared; and our party proceeded on foot through an avenue of trees, garlanded with vines and flowers, to the Falls.

Presently, clambering over the rocks, the grand scene suddenly burst on the sight! * * *

But who can describe the rush, the whirl, the foam, the spray of water? How it bounded from rock to rock, restless and powerful! How its thunder filled the air, so that those who stood near each other could not hear the loudest tone of voice! Precipices of moss-grown, tree-crowned rocks were on every side. All was wild, confused, sublime. Various points of view increased the pleasure and the wonder of the prospect. Long the party lingered, seated in the shade. Each rejoiced in the journey's reward. A day of happiness! A day to be remembered!

* * * * *
We dined on the green, near the Falls. The grand trees were our canopy, and the waters made organ-like music. But we enjoyed other music, too: the sweet voices of maidens, accompanied by guitars; the classic, sonorous songs of Dimitry, in which the torrent waves of his strong soul rolled and revelled; and the acted songs of our protean Savage, closing with that wonder of verse and music and diablerie, the Temptation of Saint Anthony. Alexander could not refrain from joining the refrain, though at the risk of drowning it—nor from imitating the 'good Saint' in keeping his eyes—

'So firmly fixed upon his book'—

during the various temptations—nor from rolling them gloriously upward when:

'A laughing woman, with two bright eyes—
O, she is the greatest devil of all!'

conquers at last! Ion forgot his political gravity. He strode over the grass. In his enthusiasm, he rubbed his hands, and raised his arms aloft in air. He performed sundry singular gesticulations.

The pet dog, 'in shining sable, touched with tan'—the astonished 'Dandy,' barked at him!

* * * * *
Down goes the gorgeously-clouded sun. We linger to gaze on his departing; and we proudly tell him that our pleasure does not wait on his pleasure, for yonder shines the golden moon, to light us home!

The horses, refreshed, paw the ground, impatiently.

'Is all right?'

'Arrange my robe.'

'Yes, there it is—that's mine!'

'Avonia!'

'Jack, my boy! How is't with thee?'

'Where's Ion? I've lost Ion!'

'Why, Mary: of course he's coming—there's Dandy!'

'Vernon's gone! see! see!'

'O, look at the moon!'

'Look at the road!'

'Listen! We hear the Falls yet!'

—But soon the rush of the waters faded in the dark distance, as we hurried through the woods, teaching their gloomy recesses unaccustomed sounds and laughter.

The night was happier than the morning.
Lights!

The lights of Georgetown: Now we pass again the College garden; now over the noisy, noisy streets:—and now the echoing bridge—the Avenue—the President's—

To the north—march!

'Have we not done bravely? we have ridden forty miles!'

'There's your castle, Vernon.'

Quiet and cozy among the leaves—like a bird in its nest! We'll wake it! Come!

Written for the Miscellany.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

BY J. E. F.

No. 8.—Environs of Limerick.

There are many places of interest and beauty in the vicinity of Limerick. Some few miles west of the city stands the ruined castle of Carrigogunnell, or the Rock of the Candle. This castle is the subject of many a story and legend, and Gerald Griffin chooses it for the theme of one of his most interesting stories. It was here we spent a pleasant day, listening with interest to its history, from an old man whose forefather had lived in the cottage at its base. How it derives its name it is impossible, almost, to tell, so numerous and conflicting are the stories of the candle. One version, as told me, is nearly as follows:—

At one time there lived in this castle an old witch, who vowed vengeance on the human race. It was her custom to place a lighted candle on the highest point of the castle, and whoever happened to see the light, was immediately struck dead. St. Patrick happened to come along one night on the other side of the river, and feeling thirsty, went into a house and asked for a drink. While drinking, he noticed that the man who opened the door had been struck dead by the fatal candle, so he immediately turned round and blew it out, and the old witch was never able to light it again.

Some of the peasants at present tell you that when night throws her sable mantle over Carrigogunnell, the 'good people' hold their revels on the rock; and should a person be so unfortunate, or fortunate, rather, as to be found there in the dark, he will be compelled to stay all night and partake of their hospitality. It is a pity that I can't believe this, for if I did, I should certainly make one among the fairies to-night, and there would not be much need of compulsion, provided the 'wittles' were good.

The castle is built on a high rock, and when on top of the castle the beholder sees before him a panorama, seldom equalled in nature. At its base courses the lordly Shannon, lined on both sides by the splendid residences of the 'solid men' of Limerick; while the river itself is filled with countless crafts, plying up and down, and ever and anon the puffing and blowing of the Kilrush steamer is heard, giving variety to the scene. Far in the distance, you can trace the dim outline of the Kerry Mountains, mingling, as it were, with the clouds. On your right are fields of waving corn, tinged with the rich, golden color of harvest, interspersed with fields clothed in their rich mantle of green. To judge from the huge masses of stone and mortar which have rolled to the bottom of the rock, it must have been some trouble to its destroyers, and it

took not a small share of powder to level it to its present state. The outer wall, of which a part is yet remaining, is wide enough on top for a coach-and-four to be driven on. The whole ruin now covers some two or three acres.

Another pleasant day was spent at castle Connell, some seven miles from the city. On the road leading to this town we passed some beautiful demesnes and residences, and the proprietors seem to vie with each other in ornamenting their ground. The ruined castle here is but a pile of rocks, and like that at Carrigogunnell, huge masses of stone and mortar are scattered about at some distance. It is said that at the time of its destruction, the report occasioned by the quantity of powder used, broke the windows in Limerick, seven miles distant!

The rapids on the Shannon at this place, are beautiful, and procuring a boat, we were rowed to the other side, a few rods above them. There were many disciples of Isaak Walton playing with hook and line here, occasionally getting a bite.

After crossing to the Clare side of the river, we stopped awhile at a ruined turret, in a picturesque spot, from the top of which the visitor has a glance at another of these exquisite pictures of nature, scarcely anywhere to be found but in the Green Isle variegated landscape, embracing here and there no less than seven ruined castles, any of which alone would be a fit subject for a painter.

It being early when we returned to Limerick, we hired a post-car to visit another edifice,—Banratty Castle, said to be the oldest in Clare. Part of this castle is covered in, and is now used as a police-barrack. The story of its being haunted, I believe to be true; for the ancient kingly owners of it must rise from their graves and haunt these 'Peeler's' for turning it to so base a use. Getting inside, we were puzzled for some time to reach the top, so numerous are its intricacies and windings. On a large stone on top, we saw the figures '1397,' although the castle is probably much older. In one room the plastering on the wall partially remains, and figures of men in armor, animals, devices, &c., could be seen in a kind of stucco-work. From this flag-staff floats the cursed Union Jack, which, but for the 'Peeler' at our side, would be made 'stripes' of, and you would undoubtedly see 'stars' through it, by the aid of a jack-knife in the possession of my fellow-tourist.

Leaving Banratty, we passed by Drumoland, the seat of Sir Lucius O'Brien, brother of the disinterested and noble patriot, William Smith O'Brien. It was yet early when we reached Ennis, the county-town of Clare, so well known on account of its being the place where the election was held, in 1828, that sent O'Connell to Parliament, thus striking the first blow towards Catholic Emancipation. It is an ancient town, with narrow streets, and a population of 6000. About a mile from the town, near the Fergus River, stands the ancient Abbey of Ennis, built in the year 1277. This is a fine ruin, destroyed by Cromwell. It is built in the chastest style of Gothic architecture. The long windows, divided by stone mullions, the delicate carving and other architectural ornaments, bespeak the age and expense bestowed upon this beautiful abbey. Connected with the abbey is a graveyard, and there are quaint inscriptions on some of the tombstones. The following is a literal translation of one of these:—

'Underneath these carved marble stones,
Lieth Conus O'Flanigan's body and bones;
Which monument was made by Anabel his wife,
Who lived with him twenty years of his life.'

The date of this is 1644, making it 214 years since Conus was put under these 'stones,' and his loving Anabel 'made' them. Re-entering Ennis, we hauled up at Carmody's Hotel, and to-morrow go on a short visit to the 'wilds of Clare.'

AN Athenian who lacked eloquence, but was a brave and capable man, listened to his rival's eloquent speech, and then said, 'Men of Athens, all that he said, I will do.' We have not a few in our times who say much more than they do.

(From the Dublin Nation.)
AN IRISH LEGISLATURE.

We said last week that the only means of effecting a real and permanent improvement in the condition of Ireland lies in a Native Legislature. The truth of the proposition has been affirmed over and over again by the Irish people in the face of the world. Assembled in hundreds of thousands on Irish plains and hillsides, with one loud and solemn voice they spoke that Credo, and vowed to act in accordance with it. But a sickness nearly mortal fell upon the land, and the strength wasted from her limbs, and memory seemed to have fled her brain for ever. Many who witnessed the events of that period are here to-day to testify to them, and the facts are written too deeply in the world's history over to be blotted out.

By the bedside of the sufferer then stood the nation against whose might she had contended, not for an unworthy object, and not with foul weapons, and that nation smiled to see her pain, and gloried in her weakness, she grudged the morsels of food that went to sustain her life, and added insult to the drink that wet her lips, and when death seemed near at hand she raised her voice and boasted loudly that the country which had plagued her so long for her plundered rights and liberties was down—down at last.

But the wasted and weakened one did not die. The trial was a severe one, but she passed it through; she arose again from her bed of pain, and slowly but surely her strength returned. Now her cruel enemy congratulates her, but hopes that she has indeed forgotten; asks that she will think no more of that which formerly seemed to be so dear to her; asks expects that for the future she will play the drudge contentedly. We believe that her heart is unchanged, that her spirit is unbroken, and we hope to see her soon again planting, and toiling, and battling her way to Freedom.

If during the long period of Ireland's prostration and inaction a large share of the rights for which she had struggled so emergently had been conceded, we can understand how we might now adopt another policy without dishonor, and how men might say that the further portion of those rights would probably be obtained in due time without any great national effort and without any special organization. But there has been no concession, there is no change to our benefit in the political relations between Ireland and England since the period when we declared with such remarkable emphasis that those relations were unjust and intolerable. We are now as we were then over-taxed and insufficiently represented, now as then our national resources are undeveloped, our harbors are empty, and trade of every sort is being more and more withdrawn from us, now as then we are burdened with an over proportion of England's debt, our revenues are applied to purposes in which we have no concern, our blood and money are being squandered to preserve and extend a tyranny which we have no sympathy, to force on the world manufacturers from which we derive no benefit, and to make great the name of the very people who insult and oppress us. It is unnecessary to dwell on this point—the fact is patent—nothing has been done to alter the grounds on which our claim to Legislative Independence was put forward ten or fifteen years ago. The necessity which was then so distinctly recognized is still in existence, and the arguments by which the Irish people supported their demands have not been in the least invalidated.

But we know some faint-hearted friends will remark that the great efforts already made for the recovery of Ireland's independence failed to effect their object, and therefore perhaps they will conclude that future efforts must be equally unsuccessful. Such conclusion, however, is not at all warranted; a moment's reflection will show the absurdity of such a line of argument. Every living man has seen successes achieved after repeated failures; history is full of instances of the kind. If all circumstances were to remain the same, if the world had come to a dead stand still, probably like efforts would be attended with like results, but we cannot

see that anything like this has occurred. A great change has come over the aspect of all affairs in which the British Empire is concerned, and it is still progressing. The future is pregnant with grand events. We may, if we chose, turn these circumstances to our advantage. A few years ago England could afford to defy our active hostility, now a merely passive resistance on our part would prove her ruin; ten years ago England, idle and full of bread, could mock at our demands, could fill our country with troops, and threaten to drown our fields in blood—now if our might were organized as it should be, she would not dare to offer us insult, but would readily grant much more than we asked for on occasions when she spurned us with indignity. Our power is intact and undiminished, it may yet be used more effectively even if it should be in a less showy manner than it has been, but the power of England, we repeat, has declined. Her weakness is well known to other nations and to herself. At this moment she presents a miserable spectacle to the world—bleeding, panting and vainly struggling with a distant people who have rebelled against her sway, and shrinking up and shrieking whenever the ruler of a neighboring nation as much as points his finger at her. We would do well now to gather up our strength again and show our readiness to avail of the existing and the forthcoming opportunities. God, it has well been said, reaches us many favors, by our own hands—shall we not as much as stretch out our hands for those He has placed so nigh to us?

All things considered, the time has come when the patriotism of Ireland should re-assert itself. We believe the young men of Ireland are willing and will be proud to accept the duties, and, if need be, the dangers of the position to which they have succeeded; we believe they do not intend to let that struggle which, however ineffectual it may have proved, is still, in the midst of such circumstances as have surrounded it, a glory and an honor to the Irish race, die out with their fathers. Wise and good men—tried and true friends of Ireland—are yet amongst us, to aid and guide us, to present to the young band the glorious old colors, and to demonstrate, by their presence, the perfect continuity of the struggle. All over Ireland, into its remotest parts, there are gallant hearts, young and old, anxious to set the good work going; the people and the press are ready for it—the initiative alone is wanting. May we hope that the friends of Ireland will not remain longer scattered abroad without cohesion or connection, but will soon meet together, and, calmly, and deliberately, directed by experience gained from the past, in accordance with the circumstances of the present, and with due thought and care for the future, lay broad and deep the foundation of a new Irish organization.

A movement has already been made in this direction. Dr. Cane of Kilkenny, a patriot long and honorably known to his country, has opened the subject in the pages of the Celt. He has entered into communication with many of the most trusted men in Ireland, and many excellent Irishmen in foreign lands on the subject, and he has been assured that the materials for such an organization will be forthcoming. We willingly unite our efforts with his. We do not stay to inquire whether the purposes of the proposed organization will, in every respect, come up to our views; we know we can go a certain way together, and, therefore, we give the project our hearty support. We support it, and we recommend it; for we desire to see again in Ireland some organization thinking and working for Ireland; teaching a sound political doctrine to our people, counteracting the efforts made by our enemies to provincialise our country materially and in spirit, combating the low and slavish opinions which those who profit by our degradation seek to propagate amongst us—some association which will strike and keep up the key-note of a manly policy, which will remind us by its very presence of what we should aspire to, and stimulate us to honorable exertion, and, at the same time, be as a sign to England and to all countries that Ireland is not contented in her abasement, does not accept the yoke which has been fastened on her, but still desires, and claims, and struggles for—her perfect right—a native Government, and the position of a Nation amongst the Nations.

JOHN SHAW.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Among the many brave Irishman who, first and last, have manifested their courage, and shown how strong is the sympathy between the people of their native island and this country, the subject of this sketch is entitled to occupy a highly honorable place. There was a short period, indeed, when his name and services stood second to none on the list of gallant seamen with which the present navy of the republic commenced its brilliant career. Those whose memories extend as far back as the commencement of the century, and who are familiar with naval events, will readily recall how often they were required to listen to his success and his deeds.

The family of John Shaw was of English origin.—In 1790, however, his grandfather, an officer in the commissariat of King William's army, passed into Ireland, on service, where he appears to have married and established himself. The son, who was the father of our subject, served as an officer in the fourth regiment of heavy horse, on the Irish establishment. He was actively and creditably employed with his regiment in the war of '66, serving no less than four years in Germany. During this time he was present at several battles, including that of Minden. In 1763, this gentleman returned to Ireland, shortly after marrying Elizabeth Barton, of Kilkenna. In 1779, he quitted the army altogether, retiring to a farm. The family of Barton, like that of Shaw, was also English, and had come into Ireland with the army with which Cromwell invaded that country, in 1649.

John Shaw was born at Mt. Mellick, Queen's county, Ireland, in the year 1773, or, while his father was still in the army. There were several other children, and the family becoming numerous, his education was limited, from necessity, to such as could be obtained at a country school, of the ordinary character. The means of providing for so many children early, occupied the father's thoughts, and at the proper time, the matter was laid fairly before two of the older sons, for their own consideration. One of these sons was John. This occurred in 1790, when the lad was in his seventeenth year. The father recommended America as the most promising theatre for their future exertions; the advice agreeing with the inclinations of the youths, John and an elder brother sailed for New York, which port they reached in December of the same year. After remaining a short time in New York, the subject of our sketch proceeded to Philadelphia, then the political capital and largest town of the infant republic. Here he delivered various letters of introduction, when he determined to push his fortunes on the ocean, of which he had had a taste in the passage out.

In March, 1791, young Shaw sailed for the East Indies, being then nearly eighteen years of age. The destination of the ship was, in truth, China, all those distant seas going, in the parlance of seamen, under the general name of the Indies. The first voyage appears to have produced no event of any particular interest. It served, however, to make the youth familiar with his new profession, and to open the way to preferment. In the intervals between his voyages to Canton, of which he seems to have made four in the next six years, he was occupied in improving himself, and serving in counting-houses as a clerk. On the second voyage, the ship he was in, the Sampson, was attacked by a number of Malay prows, during a calm. This occurred in the Straits of Banca, and in the night. The attack appears to have been vigorous and the situation of the vessel critical. Notwithstanding she kept up so brisk a fire from four six-pounders as to compel several of her assailants to haul off, to repair their damages. A breeze coming, the Sampson was brought under command, and soon cleared herself from her enemies, who ran for the island of Boneo. This was the first occasion on which Shaw met with real service.

While on shore, young Shaw had joined that well-known body of irregular volunteers, known as the Macpherson Blues. This corps was probably, when its size is considered, the most respectable, as regards

efficiency, discipline, appearance, and the characters of its members, that ever existed in the country. Several hundred of the most respectable young men of Philadelphia were in its ranks, and many of the more distinguished citizens did not disdain its service. It volunteered in 1794, to march against the insurgents in western Pennsylvania, young Shaw shouldering his kit and his musket with the rest. The troops did not return to Philadelphia until the close of the year, having marched early in the autumn.

[An anecdote is related of one of the 'citizen-soldiers' in this expedition, which is worthy of being recorded. The person referred to was a German by birth, of the name of Koch, and was well known in Philadelphia, in his day, as a large out-door underwriter. He died some ten or twelve years since, in Paris, whither he had gone for the benefit of the climate, leaving a fortune estimated at \$1,200,000. Mr. Koch, like young Shaw, was a private in the Macpherson Blues. It fell to his lot one night to be stationed sentinel over a baggage wagon. The weather was cold, raw, stormy and wet. This set the sentinel musing.—After remaining on post half an hour, he was heard calling lustily, 'Corporal der quartz—Corporal der quartz.' The corporal came, and inquired what was wanting. Koch wish to leave a few minutes, having something to say to Macpherson. He was gratified, and in a few minutes he stood in the presence of the general, 'Well, Mr. Koch, what is your pleasure?' asked Macpherson. 'Why, general, I wish to know what may be der value of dät d—d wagon over which I am shentinel!' 'How should I know, Koch?' 'Well, something approximative—not to be particular.' 'A thousand dollars, perhaps.' 'Very well, General Macpherson, I write a sheck for der money, and den I will go to bets.']

In the third of his voyages to Canton, young Shaw was the third officer of the ship, and the fourth he made as her first officer. This was quick preferment, and furnishes proof in itself that his employers had reason to be satisfied with his application and character.

Four voyages to China gave our young sailor so much professional knowledge and reputation, as to procure him a vessel. Near the close of the year 1797, he sailed for the West Indies, returning to Baltimore in the succeeding May. This was a moment when the American trade was greatly depredated on by the French privateers, and Mr. Shaw had much reason to complain of the treatment he received at their hands. The spring of 1798, or the moment of his return to this country, was precisely that when the armaments against France were in progress, and Mr. Shaw felt strongly disposed, on more accounts than one, to take service in the infant navy. Dale sailed in the *Ganges*, the first vessel out, on the 22d of May, the very month when the brig of Mr. Shaw reached Baltimore.

Soon after this important event an application was made to the Navy Department in behalf of Mr. Shaw, and being sustained by the late General Samuel Smith, and other men of influence in Baltimore, he was commissioned as a lieutenant. Mr. Shaw's place on the list must have been about the thirtieth, though promotions soon raised him much nearer to the top. Rodgers, Preble, James Barron, Bainbridge, Stewart, Hull and Stretet were all above him; while he ranked Chancey, John Smith, Somers, Decatur, &c. At this time, Mr. Shaw was five and twenty years of age.

Soon after receiving his appointment, our subject was ordered to join the *Montezuma*, 20, Capt. Alexander Murray; a ship brought into the service, as one of the hasty equipments of the period. From the date of his commission, there is not much doubt that Mr. Shaw was the senior lieutenant of this vessel; at all events, if he did not hold his rank on joining her, he obtained it before she had been long in service.

The *Montezuma* did not get to sea until November, 1798, when she proceeded to the West Indies, the Norfolk 18, Capt. Williams, and *Retaliation* 12, Lieut. Com. Bainbridge, sailing in company. While cruising off Guadaloupe, the same month, the Americans were chased by two French frigates, the *Volontaire*, and

the *Insurgente*. The *Retaliation* was captured, and the ship and brig escaped only by the address of Lieut. Com. Bainbridge, who induced the French commander to recall the *Insurgente* by signal, by exaggerating the force of the two Americans. The *Montezuma* remained in the West Indies, convoying and cruising, until October, 1799, when she was compelled to come home to get a new crew, and to refit. This year of active service in a vessel of war, added to the seamanship obtained in his voyages to Canton, made Mr. Shaw a good officer. Capt. Murray having come out of the war of the Revolution, though only a lieutenant in rank, with the reputation of being one of the most active and best man-of-war's men of the service.

Our young Irishman had no reason to complain of his luck in the country of his adoption. He had now been at sea but nine years, and in America the same time, when he found himself fairly enlisted in an honorable service, and in the possession of very respectable rank. His good fortune, however, did not stop here. During the late cruise Mr. Shaw had won the respect and regard of his commander, who was a gentleman of highly respectable family, and who possessed considerable naval influence in particular, being allied to the Nicholsons, and other families of mark.—Through the warm recommendations of Capt. Murray, Mr. Shaw was appointed to a separate command, and was at once placed in the way of carving out a name for himself.

The vessel to which Lieut. Com. Shaw was appointed, was built on the eastern shore of Maryland, and was a schooner that was pierced for twelve long sixes, a species of gun that preceded the use of the light carronades. She was called the *Enterprise*, and subsequently became celebrated in the service, for her extraordinary good fortune and captures. A few years later, Porter had her lengthened at Venice, and pierced for two more guns, and in the end she was converted into a brig, terminating her career under the late Capt. Gallagher, by shipwreck, in the West Indies. In the course of her service, the *Enterprise* fought nine or ten actions, in all of which she was either completely successful, or come off with credit. It was her officers and men, too, in a great measure, that carried the Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli, and Decatur's own boat was manned from her, in the desperate hand-to-hand conflict that occurred under the rocks before that town. In one sense, she was more useful than any other craft that ever sailed under the flag.

Lieut. Com. Shaw got to sea in the *Enterprise*, with a crew of seventy-six men on board, in December, 1799. He proceeded to the Windward Island station. In February, 1800, on his return, from Curacao, off the east end of Porto Rico, Shaw fell in with the Constellation 38, Com. Truxton, thirty-six hours after her warm engagement with the *Vengeance*, a ship of larger size, heavier and more guns, and a stronger crew.—The Constellation, as is well known, had been partly dismasted in the battle, and was now making the best of her way to Jamaica. Com. Truxton sent the *Enterprise* to Philadelphia with despatches, where she arrived fifteen days later, having experienced heavy gales on the coast.

Lieut. Com. Shaw left the Delaware again, in March, having orders to precede off Cape Francois with despatches for Com. Talbot. Having delivered his despatches, he proceeded on to join Com. Truxton at Jamaica. Off the eastern end of the island, however, he fell in with an English sloop of war, and ascertained that the Constellation had sailed for home, when he immediately hauled up for St. Kitts, the rendezvous of the windward squadron. While off the Mona Passage, working up toward her station, the *Enterprise* saw a large brig to the southward and eastward, to which she gave chase, with the American ensign flying. Gaining on the chase, the latter showed Spanish colors, and opened a fire on the schooner, when about a mile distant. Lieut. Com. Shaw stood on, keeping his luff until he had got well on the brig's quarter, when, determined not to be fired on without resenting it, he poured in a broadside upon the Spaniard. A sharp conflict ensued, the brig mounting eighteen guns,

and having heavier metal than her antagonist. After exchanging their fire for twenty minutes the vessels separated, without any explanations, each being seemingly satisfied of the national character of the other. This was the first affair of the gallant little *Enterprise*, and it might be taken as a pledge of the spirit with which she was to be sailed and fought, during the twenty succeeding years. Both vessels suffered materially in this combat, though little was said of it, even at the time, and it appears not to have led to any political dissension. The American went into St. Thomas to refit.

In the port of St. Thomas there happened to be lying, at the time, a large French lugger, that mounted twelve guns, and is said to have had a crew of a hundred souls on board. The commander of this lugger sent a civil message to Lieut. Shaw, naming an hour when he should be pleased to make a trial of strength in the offing. As soon as this proposal was mentioned to the crew of the American schooner, it was accepted with three cheers, and the enemy was duly apprised of the fact.

At the time named in the challenge, Lieut. Shaw got under way, and stood into the offing. Here he hovered, waiting for his antagonist to come out. Observing that the lugger did not lift her anchor, he fired a shot in the direction of the harbor. This signal was repeated several times, during the remainder of the day without producing any effect. After dark, the *Enterprise* bore up, and ran down to leeward of St. Croix, where she continued cruising for several days; during which time she captured a small letter-of-marque, and carried her into St. Kitts.

After filling up his water and provisions, Lieut. Com. Shaw sailed again immediately. A day or two out, or in May, 1800, he fell in with, and brought to action a French privateer schooner, called the *Seine*, armed with four guns, and having a complement of fifty-four men. The combat was short, but exceedingly spirited, the Frenchman making a most desperate resistance. He did not yield until he had twenty-four of his crew killed and wounded, and his sails and rigging cut to pieces. The *Enterprise* had a few men hurt also. The prize was manned and sent into St. Kitts.

The *Enterprise* next went off Porto Rico. Here Lieut. Com. Shaw heard that two American mariners were sentenced to death for having killed two Frenchmen in an attempt to recapture their vessel. These seamen had been twice taken to the place of execution and relieved, suffering, in addition to this cruel trifling, much in the way of ordinary treatment. In the struggle in which the Frenchmen fell, they had actually succeeded, but were recaptured before they could reach a port. Shortly after the *Enterprise* went into St. Kitts, when Lieut. Shaw made known the situation of these captives to the American agent for prisoners, and an abortive attempt was made to obtain their release. The affair was not finally disposed of, however, before the *Enterprise* sailed on another cruise.

Lieut. Com. Shaw now passed between Antigua and Desirade, where he made a large three-masted French lugger, which he immediately recognised as the vessel that had sent him the challenge at St. Thomas. The *Enterprise* closed in expectation of an engagement, but, after exchanging a few shots, the lugger hauled down her colors. This vessel proved to be the same as that which had sent the challenge, and from the feebleness of her resistance, in connection with the other circumstances, we are left to suppose some artifice led to her defiance. On board the prize were several officers of the French army, one of whom proved to be of the rank of a major-general. The *Enterprise* went into St. Kitts with the lugger, and no sooner did she arrive than Lieut. Com. Shaw put the general and a captain in close confinement, as hostages for the security of the two condemned Americans. Care was taken to let this fact be known at Guadaloupe, and it had its influence.

In the mean time Com. Truxton arrived on the station, and he supported Mr. Shaw in what he had

done. Matters now looked so serious that the general asked permission to be sent, on his parole, to Guadalupe, to arrange the difficulty in person. His request was granted, and, within the month, he returned, bringing back the liberated Americans in his company. Mr. Shaw's spirit and decision obtained for him much credit with the authorities of the period, and were doubtless the means of saving two brave men much additional suffering, if not ignominious deaths.

While the affair of the condemned mariners was in progress, Lieut. Com. Shaw did not keep his schooner idle in port. She had now become a favorite little cruiser, and was seldom at anchor longer than was necessary to repair damages, or take in supplies. In June she was cruising to leeward of Guadalupe, when she fell in with another privateer called *L'Aigle*; a very fast and destructive cruiser, of nearly the *Enterprise's* force, as she carried ten guns, and had seventy-eight men on board. *L'Aigle* had cut up both the English and American trade very extensively, nor had her commander any objections to engage, although the *Enterprise* was so handled as to leave her no choice. The vessels crossed each other on opposite tacks, the American to leeward, but close aboard her enemy. Each delivered her broadside in passing, with considerable effect. The helm of the *Enterprise* was put down in the smoke, and she shot rapidly up into the wind, taking directly athwart the Frenchman's wake. This was done so quickly as to enable the American to discharge four of her six guns fairly into the enemy's stern, raking her with great effect. The enemy was now evidently in confusion, and his schooner coming round, Mr. Shaw laid the enemy aboard to windward, firing but one more gun; eleven in all. The Americans met with no resistance, finding the crew of *L'Aigle* below. At first this circumstance excited surprise, the French commander having one of the greatest reputations of any privateersman in the West Indies; and being known to be as resolute as he was skilful.

On examining the state of the prize, however, it was ascertained that a round shot had struck the French commander on the upper part of his forehead, tearing away the scalp, and he lay for dead, on deck. He recovered his senses in the end, and survived the injury. Another shot had passed directly through the breast of the first lieutenant. Nor was the fate of the second lieutenant much better than that of his commander. A shot had also grazed his head, carrying away a part of one ear, and much of the skin, throwing him on deck senseless. It was owing to these singular casualties that the men, finding themselves without leaders, deserted their quarters when the American boarded.

L'Aigle had three men killed and nine wounded, in this short affair. Three of the *Enterprise's* people were wounded, but no one was slain. The prize was sent in, as usual, and Mr. Shaw immediately prepared for further service.

In July, this gallant little schooner, then cruising to leeward of Dominico, fell in with *Le Flambeau*, another privateer of note in those seas. This vessel, a brig, was every way superior to the *Enterprise*, mounting the same number of guns, it is true, but of heavier metal, and having a crew on board of one hundred and ten souls. She had also a reputation for sailing and working well, and was commanded by a brave experienced seaman.

The *Flambeau* was seen by the Americans over night, but could not close. Next morning, she was discovered sweeping toward them in a calm. Lieut. Com. Shaw allowed her to approach, until the sea-breeze struck his schooner, when he immediately set every thing and crowded-sail in chase. The brig spread all her canvas, and both vessels went off free, for some time, with studding-sails set. The *Flambeau* was apparently disposed to observe before she permitted the *Enterprise* to come any nearer. While running, in this manner, at a rapid rate, through the water, the Frenchman, who was then carrying studding-sails on both sides suddenly hauled up close on a wind, boarding his starboard tack. The *Enterprise* did the same, hauling up nearly in her wake. In this manner the chase continu-

ed, the *Enterprise* gaining, until the vessels got within range of musketry, when the *Flambeau* opened a heavy fire with that species of arms. The *Enterprise* returned the fire in the same manner, until close aboard of her enemy, when Lt. Com. Shaw edged a little off, shortened sail, and received a broadside. This discharge was immediately returned, and a spirited fire was kept up for about twenty minutes. Finding himself getting the worst of the combat, the Frenchman hauled all his sheets flat aft, luffed, and tacked. The *Enterprise* endeavored to imitate this manœuvre, but unluckily she missed stays. There remained no other expedient for Lieut. Com. Shaw but to trim every thing that would draw, get round as fast as he could, and endeavor to get along side of his enemy by his superiority of sailing. This was done, and the firing recommenced. The foretopmast of *le Flambeau* had been badly wounded, and men were seen aloft endeavoring to secure it, when, a flaw of wind striking the brig, the spar came down, carrying six men with it overboard. As the *Flambeau* was running away from the spot where the accident happened, and the *Enterprise* was fast coming up to it, the latter lowered a boat, and saved all the Frenchmen. A few minutes later, she ranged close along side her enemy, when *le Flambeau* struck. The action lasted forty minutes, and had been hotly contested on both sides. *Le Flambeau* had forty men killed and wounded, and the *Enterprise* eight or ten. The Frenchman was hulled repeatedly, and among other accidents that befell him a shot passed through his medicine chest, while the surgeon was busy operating on the hurt. The prize was carried to St. Kitts, and, in the end, all the proceeds were adjudged to the officers and people of the *Enterprise*, as having captured a vessel of superior force. In the engagement, the *Enterprise* mustered eighty-three souls, all told.

This was one of the warmest actions of the war of 1793. It added largely to the reputation of the schooner and her gallant commander, the services of both having been usually brilliant in the force employed. Active as our subject had been, he was not content to remain idle, going to sea again as soon as he had repaired damages.

In August, Lieut. Shaw, cruising in the Antigua passage, fell in with another French privateer in the night. The French endeavored to escape, but, after a chase of five hours, the *Enterprise* got him fairly under her guns, when he struck. The vessel proved to be *la Pauline*, of six guns and forty men. The French consul at Porto Rico was a passenger in this vessel. *La Pauline* was sent into St. Kitts, like all her predecessors.

In September, still cruising in the Antigua passage, Lieut. Shaw captured after firing a few guns, a letter-of-marque, called *le Guadaloupéenne*, a vessel of seven guns and forty-five men. On board the prize was found the same general officer who had been taken in the three-masted lugger and exchanged, and who now became a prisoner, the second time, to Lieut. Com. Shaw, in the same season.

How much longer this success and activity would have continued, it is hard to say; but, by this time, the health of Mr. Shaw was suffering severely through the influence of the climate, and, induced to follow the advice of his medical attendants, he asked to be relieved. The malady was a continued diarrhœa, and was not to be neglected in that latitude. Highly as the activity of Mr. Shaw was appreciated, he was ordered to transfer the command of the *Enterprise* to Lieut. Storer, late of the *Constellation*, and permitted to sail for the United States in the *Petapasco*, sloop of war, where he arrived late in November. Lieut. Shaw did not reach Washington until early in January, 1801, where he was personally thanked by the President for his services. The Secretary also paid him a similar compliment. He was promised promotion, and had actually received verbal orders to prepare to go to Boston, where he was to assume the charge of the *Berceau*, a prize corvette of twenty-six guns, which was a post-captain's command. This arrangement, however, was defeated by the progress of the negotiations, and a treaty of

peace was ratified by the Senate the following month.

In March, 1801, Mr. Jefferson's administration commenced, and the peace-establishment law, which had been passed under the government of his predecessor in office, was now carried into effect. The *Berceau* was restored to the French by the conditions of the treaty, and so far from promoting any of inferior rank, there existed the necessity of disbanding the greater portion of the gentlemen already on the list of captains. Of more than thirty captains and commanders then in service, but nine of the former rank were to be retained. The law, however, directed that thirty-six lieutenants were to continue on the list. This was a reduction of nearly three-fourths, and it became a serious question who was, and who was not to be detained.

Under ordinary circumstances, there is little question that Mr. Shaw, a native of a foreign country, and without political support, with less than twelve years' residence, and not yet three years' service in the navy, would have been among those who would be compelled to retire. But, the cruise of the *Enterprise* had been far too brilliant to suffer this injustice. In six months that schooner had captured eight privateers and letters-of-marque, and fought five spirited actions; two of which were with vessels of superior force. In four of these actions she had actually captured her antagonists, and in that in which the combatants separated as not being lawfully belligerents as respects each other, she had nobly sustained the honor of the flag. It was impossible to overlook such service, and Mr. Shaw was retained in his proper rank. His name appears as fourth on the list of lieutenants, under the peace establishment law, leaving Stewart, Hull and Sterret above him.

In the spring of 1801, the government sent the *George Washington* 28 armed in flute, into the Mediterranean, with the tribute for Algiers. To this vessel, Lieut. Commodore Shaw was appointed, as honorable a command as could be connected with such duty. After delivering the stores, the ship remained out, convoying and looking after the interests of the American trade, until the following year, when she returned to America. The whole service occupied about a twelve-month; the usual extent of a cruise in that day, when crews were shipped for only a year. On her return home, the *George Washington*, which had been an *Indian* man bought into the navy, was sold and returned to her original occupation.

By the new law Mr. Shaw was now put on lieutenant's half-pay, which, at that period of the history of the navy, was only twenty dollars a month. Necessity compelled him to ask for a furlough, on receiving which, he made a voyage as master to Canton, touching at the Isle of France. On this voyage he was absent about eighteen months, returning to the United States in September, 1804. Previously to this, Mr. Shaw had married a lady of Philadelphia of the name of Palmer. Elizabeth Palmer was of a family of Friends, but attachment to the subject of our biography induced her to break the rigid laws of her sect, and, of course, submit to being rejected by her church. It was this marriage, and the birth of one or two children, that compelled Mr. Shaw to seek service in the Indian man just mentioned.

During his absence on the India voyage, or May 22d, 1804, the rank of master commandants was restored to the navy, by the promotion of the eight oldest lieutenants. Of course, Captain Shaw became the fourth officer of that rank then in service. This was at the moment when Preble was carrying on his brilliant operations before Tripoli, and the subject of gun-boats was much discussed in the naval circles. Early in January, 1805, Capt. Shaw addressed a letter to the Secretary, offering to carry a flotilla of these craft into the Mediterranean. His idea was to build them in time to sail in March,

expecting to be able to reach the point of operations in the succeeding May. To this offer, Capt. Shaw annexed a request that the commodore on the station should be instructed to give him the command of the gunboats he should succeed in navigating in front of the enemy's port. The arrival of Commodore Preble, in this country, induced the government to construct the boats, but Capt. Shaw himself, was appointed to the command of the John Adams 28, and in May he sailed for the Mediterranean, having three of the gunboats in company. On their arrival on the station, it was found that peace had been made, and shortly after, the John Adams returned home. The ship was now laid up in ordinary, at Washington, at which port she had arrived in December, after a cruise of seven months.

Capt. Shaw received orders to repair to New Orleans in January, 1806, or the month after his return home, with directions to construct a flotilla of gunboats, for the service of those waters. This was the commencement of the great gunboat system in the country, those already in use having been built for special service abroad. The following winter he was made acquainted with the existence of the plot of Burr. This compelled him to use extraordinary exertions to equip a force equal to commanding the river, under circumstances of this nature. Early in February, he appeared off Natchez, with a flotilla mounting sixty-one guns, and manned with four hundred and forty-eight seamen and soldiers. The two ketches, *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, had joined him in the river, composing more than a third of this force. The services of Capt. Shaw, on this occasion, met with the approbation of the government.

After the dispersion of Burr's force, Capt. Shaw was ordered to Washington, and was sent to Richmond, as a witness on the trial of the accused. At the close of the year 1807, he was commanded to sit on the court which tried Com. Barron, for the affair of the Chesapeake, having been promoted to the rank of a post-captain the 27th August, previously.

After the court rose, Capt. Shaw received orders, of the date of May, 1808, to take charge of the navy yard at Norfolk. On this station he continued until August, 1810, when he was commanded to proceed, once more, to New Orleans. On this occasion, he repaired to his station by land. On reaching Natchez, he met Governor Claiborne, who had been directed to seize Baton Rouge. A flotilla of gunboats had been lying off Natchez some time, and taking command of it, Capt. Shaw covered the debarkation of the troops that effected this piece of service.

During the year 1811, Capt. Shaw was principally engaged in making preparations to defend New Orleans, in the event of a war with Great Britain. He examined all the approaches to the place, though the storm blew over, and little was done by the government toward effecting this important object. These labors, however, were of service when the war so suddenly and unexpectedly broke out, the following year. As the enemy paid no great attention to this part of the country until late in the war, Capt. Shaw had little other duty to perform, while he remained on this station, than to make such preparations as his means and orders allowed. Among other things, he commenced the construction of a heavy block ship, that subsequently was used in the defence of the place. In 1813, Gen. Wilkinson seized Mobile, Capt. Shaw commanding the maritime part of the expedition. On this duty the latter was employed about three months, having a strong division of gunboats and light cruisers under his orders. On this occasion, the navy transported the guns and stores to the point, where the troops erected the work subsequently rendered distinguished by the repulse of a British attack by water. The communication with New Orleans, by sea, was also kept up by means of the flotilla. On his return to New Orleans, Capt Shaw was much

engaged in procuring cannon, ammunition and gun-carriages, for the defence of that important place. To obtain the latter, a quantity of mahogany was purchased, and on this material, about forty heavy guns were mounted. These guns were subsequently used by the army that repulsed the enemy, in 1815.

In the spring of 1814, Capt. Shaw left the station and repaired to Washington, at which place he arrived early in May. After settling his accounts, he obtained a short leave of absence to visit his friends. After discharging this domestic duty, he proceeded on to Connecticut, and took command of the squadron lying in the Thames, between New London and Norwich. This force consisted of the United States 44, Macedonian 38, and Hornet 18. As these ships were vigilantly blockaded by the enemy, the Hornet alone was enabled to get out. She effected her escape under Capt. Biddle, and subsequently captured the Penguin 18, but the two frigates were kept in the river until peace; or March, 1815.

As soon as the war terminated, the United States proceeded to Boston, under Capt. Shaw, with orders to prepare for a cruise in the Mediterranean. In September of the same year, she joined the squadron under Bainbridge, at Malaga. Peace with Algiers, however, had been made by Decatur, and there being no necessity for retaining the large force that was out in the distant sea, Com. Bainbridge came home, leaving the station in command of Capt. Shaw, the next senior to himself in the Mediterranean. The force left with Com. Shaw consisted of his own ship, the United States 44, Constellation 38, Capt. Crane, Ontario, 18, Capt. Elliott and Erie 18, Capt. Ridgely. The Java 44, Capt. Perry, joined him soon after.

Com. Shaw retained this command until the following year, cruising and visiting the different ports of that sea, when he was relieved by Com. Chauncey, in the Washington 74. Capt. Shaw continued out, however, until November, 1817, when he exchanged for the Constellation, and came home, that ship requiring repairs. The Constellation anchored in Hampton Roads, December 26, 1817, making the cruise of her commander extend to about twenty-eight months. Com. Shaw got leave to visit his family in Philadelphia, from which he had now been separated, on service, nearly five years.

Com. Shaw never went to sea again, in command. He was shortly after put in charge of the Boston navy yard, where he remained the usual time. When relieved, he was placed in command at Charleston, South Carolina, a station rather of honor, however, than of much active duty. September 17, 1823, he died at Philadelphia, where he had been taken ill, the place that he considered his home, and where he had first established himself, on his arrival in the country, thirty-three years before. As Com. Shaw was born in 1773, he was just fifty when he died.

Com. Shaw was twice married. His first wife was Elizabeth Palmer, the Quakeress already mentioned. By this lady he had several children, all of whom, but two daughters, died young. Of these two daughters, Elizabeth, the eldest, married Francis H. Gregory, Esq., of Connecticut, a captain in the navy, and now in command of the *Raritan* 44; and Virginia, the youngest, is the wife of Wm. H. Lynch, Esq., of Virginia, a lieutenant in the navy of fifteen years' standing, and late commander of the steamer *Poinsett*. By Mrs. Gregory, there are seven grandchildren, the descendants of Com. Shaw; and by Mrs. Lynch, two.

Com. Shaw was a man of great probity and sincerity of character. As a seaman, he was active, decided and ready. No man was braver, or more willing to serve the flag under which he sailed. As has been said, the cruise of the *Enterprise*, in 1800, if not positively the most useful, and, considering the force and means employed, the most brilliant, of any that ever occurred in the American navy, it was certainly among the most useful and brilliant.

Of itself, it was sufficient to give a commander an established reputation. His other services were of a respectable order, though circumstances never placed him subsequently in situations to manifest the same qualities.

Com. Shaw was a man of fine presence, and had the manly bearing and frank demeanor of a seaman. His character answered to his exterior. There was a warm-heartedness in his demeanor toward his friends, that denoted good feelings. Few officers were more beloved by those who served under him, and he was disposed to deal honorably and justly by all mankind.

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Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the mountain passes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands. A train being laid, a great spark was applied, and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William was shattered into innumerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and added to the great popularity of the gallant Sarsfield. The explosion shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

This memorable event is very faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as we can learn, to any of our Irish artists, but now has quite amble justice done it. It makes a most beautiful picture, and we present it to our readers on a sheet of fine drawing paper, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

It will at once be seen that we cannot do this without a great outlay of capital. We expect to be reimbursed by a very large addition to our subscription list, as no person will be entitled to it who has not paid on or before the end of the year a year's subscription in advance, dating from our first number.

Non subscribers will be supplied at \$1.50 for each plate. We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a 'picture gallery' worthy of the events we propose to commemorate. This will be the first of a series of NATIONAL PICTURES we propose presenting gratis to our regular subscribers: the second picture of the series will be issued in due time, the subject of which is not yet decided on. We should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess old pictures of remarkable events in Irish history, or portraits of distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They shall be taken good care of, and returned.

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THE IRISH MISCELLANY

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OUR NEW VOLUME.

The present number of the Miscellany commences the second volume of our publication, and while making the announcement, we seize the occasion for the purpose of tendering thanks to those of our friends who have so generously contributed to our support. To start, and successfully carry on an ordinary newspaper, so that it will, in a reasonable space of time, become remunerative to its proprietors, is a task not easily accomplished, and which consummation does not generally happen in one case out of a hundred. Our enterprise, being of a nature entirely different from that of any other Irish paper heretofore established in this country—requiring a much greater expenditure of capital and artistic talent—caused us serious misgivings, and a constant fear that it would not meet the desires and expectations of our patrons. How far our efforts have been successful, is for them to decide; but we trust that it will not be considered egotistical on our part when we assert that the Miscellany has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of partial friends, and that even those who have been enemies from the start have made suitable acknowledgment of its merit.

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We have been beset by obstacles innumerable; but having a strong confidence in our ultimate success, we were determined to surmount all barriers, and though we have not, as yet, brought the paper to that pitch of perfection which is our desire, we trust soon to make it as acceptable as is possible to our readers.

In beginning a new volume, we introduce various innovations, tending to the improvement of the paper, in every way that is possible. We shall give each week, an epitome of Irish news—not the hackneyed local quotations which interest only the few, but extracts from the leading journals, which will be gratifying to the many. In this respect, we will not be following in the steps of any of our contemporaries, but, on the contrary, will be striking out a path eminently our own. It will also be our aim to give the best class of wood engravings which can be procured, portraying national subjects, and, as our outlay in this respect will be infinitely larger than that of any Irish journal published in this country, we look for a commensurate return. In short, it is our intention to make the paper meet the requirements of all classes of readers.

As an inducement, therefore, to new subscribers, we offer to each person who will pay one year's subscription in advance, commencing with the first number of the first volume, (not the second, as inadvertently stated in previous numbers), directly to us or through any of our authorized local or travelling agents, a copy of our first Gift Picture, representing Sarfield's Surprise of the Siege Train of the Prince of Orange. When completed, each volume of the Miscellany will form a book of four hundred and sixteen (416) pages, and will alone be worth the price of an entire year's subscription. The same inducements are offered to clubs, as to single subscribers.

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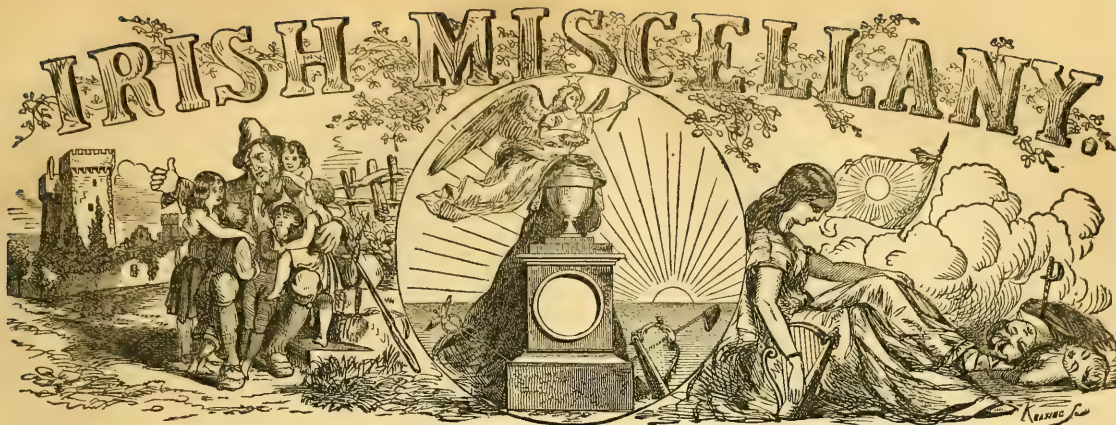
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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 28.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1856.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS

CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE.

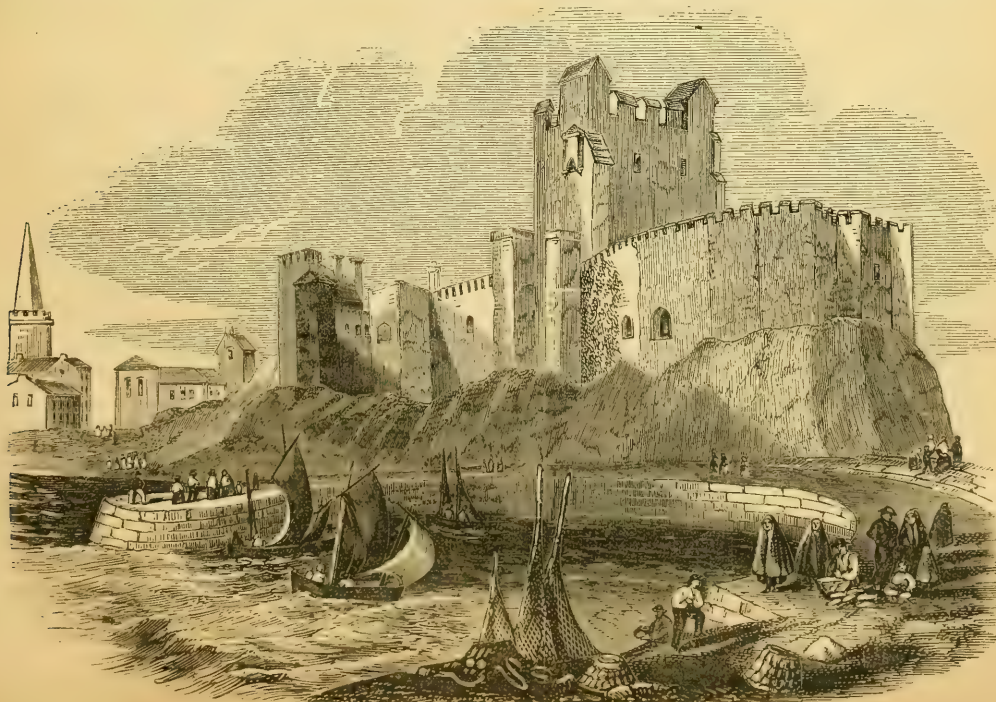
Carrickfergus Castle is placed on a rock, and in a convenient position for commanding the best harbor on the north-east coast of Ireland. It is a very natural supposition that this place should have been early selected as the site of a fortress, which is said to have been a strong hold of the Dalaradians, and distinguished by the name of Carraig-Fergus, or the rock of Fergus, after a king of that name; who was drowned near the place.

John de Courcey having received from Henry II. a grant of all the land he might conquer in Ulster, set out from Dublin with a small band of seven hundred followers to secure his prize. Observing the convenient position of the strong fort, he erected here, according to the Norman practice, a castle, which, with subsequent additions, now remains, and may justly be considered as one of the noblest fortresses of the time now existing in Ireland.

De Courcey having fallen into disgrace with the succeeding English monarchs, his castles and possessions fell into the hands of the De Lacy family, who becoming oppressive and tyrannous, were in their turn ejected by King John—fled to France—were restored—again became obnoxious to the English monarch, and the Lord Justice Mortimer being sent against them, they fled a second time, and passing over into Scotland, invited Edward Bruce the brother of the famous Robert Bruce, to invade their country, and become their king.

In May, 1315, Lord Edward Bruce, having obtained the consent of the Scotch parliament, embarked six thousand men at Ayr, and accompanied by the De Lacys, and many nobles of the Scotch nation, landed at Oldfleet, for the purpose of conquering Ireland from the English. Numbers of the Irish chiefs flocked to his standard; and having in a battle totally routed the Earl of Ulster, and slain and tak-

en prisoners various of the Anglo-Norman nobles, he laid siege to Carrickfergus. During the progress of the siege, he had well nigh been discomfited by the courage and desperation of the garrison. Thomas, lord Mandeville, who commanded, made a sally upon the Scotch army, who were apprehending no danger, their only guard being sixty men under Neill Fleming, a man of great courage and address. He perceiving that the Scotch army would be surprised and probably routed, despatched a messenger to inform Bruce of his danger, and then with his sixty men, threw himself in the way of the advancing English, crying out, 'Now of a truth they will see how we can die for our lord!' His first onset checked the progress of the enemy, but receiving a mortal wound, he and his little party were cut to pieces. Mandeville, dividing his troops, endeavored to surround the Scotch army; but was met in person by Bruce who with his guards was hurrying



CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE.

forward. In front of Bruce's party was one Gilbert Harper, a man famed in the Scotch army for valor and strength, and he knowing Maudeville by the richness of his armor, rushed on him and killed him to the ground with his battle-axe, and then Bruce despatched him with a knife. The loss of the English commander so disheartened the soldiers, that they fled back towards the castle; but those who remained in the garrison, seeing the Scots close behind, drew up the drawbridge, leaving their comrades to the mercy of enemies.

Soon after the garrison agreed to surrender within a limited time, and on the appointed day thirty Scots advanced to take the possession of the place. But instead of surrendering, the garrison seized them as prisoners, declaring they would defend the place to the last extremity! And to a deplorable extremity they were at last reduced, for before they did surrender, it is said that the want of provisions made them devour the thirty Scotchmen whom they had treacherously taken prisoners!

Bruce having secured Carrickfergus, advanced to Dublin, and came so near as Castleknock, within four miles of the city. But finding the citizens prepared for his reception, he entered the county of Kildare, and advanced near Limerick, laying waste the country by fire and sword. But having again to retreat northwards, he was attacked near Dundalk by Sir John Birmingham, was slain, and his army totally routed. King Robert Bruce arrived with a large army; but on learning the fate of his brother, he returned to Scotland, and thus this unfortunate expedition, which had been originally undertaken, not for the good of Ireland, but to gratify the pride and rebellious spirit of an Anglo-Norman chieftain, left the country in a state of greater desolation than any former period of history records.

Carrickfergus continued for many long years to be a stronghold of the English; and even when their power was confined and limited, and the revenues of the Pale so low as that the Irish government thought it too much to maintain a standing army of 140 horse, the lofty and securely built castle remained in their possession. In the year 1508, Con O'Neill, chief of south or upper Clondeboy, whose castle was that of Castlereagh, was confined here, on account of the following affair. Having about Christmas, 1602, a 'grand debauch' at Castlereagh, with his 'brothers, friends and followers,' he sent his servants to Belfast for more wine. They, in returning, quarrelled with some English soldiers, near the Knock church, and they lost the wine. Con was doubtless not a little vexed; and having learned from them that their number exceeded the English soldiers, he swore by 'his father, and souls of his ancestors,' that they should never be servants of his until he had beaten the 'buddagh Sassenagh soldiers.' This threat roused their courage—they returned, attacked the soldiers, several of whom were killed in the affray. Con was soon after seized as an abettor, and confined for some time. But though he was permitted, after a time, to walk out through the town attended by a soldier, Con did not relish his limited liberty. But one Thomas Montgomery, the master of a barque which traded to Carrickfergus with meal for the garrison, being employed by his relation Hugh Montgomery, to effect Con's escape, and letters having been conveyed to the prisoner that measures were planning, he made love to Annas Dobbin, the daughter of the provost-marshal, and marrying her, she (and small blame to her) got O'Neill conveyed on board her husband's vessel, and set sail for Ayrshire. Con was afterwards pardoned by James the First, but in the meantime he had been simple enough to make over the greater part of his estate of Clondeboy to the cunning Hugh Montgomery, who procured a new patent, and entered on the possession.

During the wars of 1641, and following years,

Carrickfergus became an object of interest to the contending parties, being alternately in the keeping of the Scotch, English and Irish.

The year 1760 is memorable as being the year in which the French, under the command of Commodore Thourot, landed in Carrickfergus, and attacked the town. Though the castle was in a most dilapidated state, a breach being in the wall next the sea fifty feet wide, no cannon mounted, and the garrison few in numbers, yet Colonel Jennings, encouraged by the mayor and other inhabitants, bravely met the invaders, and when driven back by the superior strength of their assailants, they retreated into the castle, and repulsed the French even though they forced the upper gate. But all the ammunition being expended, a parley was beaten, and the garrison capitulated on honorable terms. During the attack, several singular circumstances occurred. When the French were advancing up High street, and engaged with the English, a little child ran out playfully into the street, between the contending parties. The French officer, to his honor be it recorded, observing the danger in which the little boy was in, took him up in his arms, ran with him to a house, which proved to be his father's, the sheriff, and having left him safe, returned to the engagement. This really brave and humane man was killed at Carrickfergus castle gate. During the plundering which took place, two French soldiers entered the house of an old woman named Mave Dempsey, and one of them took her silk handkerchief. Mave, who was a pious Roman Catholic, presented her beads, doubtless expecting that he would be struck with compunction at so forcible an appeal to his conscience. 'Ah,' said the soldier, with a significant shrug, 'dat be good for your soul; dis be good for my body!'

The French kept possession of Carrickfergus for some time; but the alarm having been carried all over the country, and troops gathering fast to attack them, they were constrained to embark on board their vessels and set sail; and two days afterwards were attacked off the Isle of Man by an English squadron, when Commodore Thourot was killed, and the French ships captured, and so ended an expedition which was better executed than planned, cost the French money, men and ships, without one single advantage to be derived which any man of experience and military discernment could possibly look for.

A GENEROUS MONARCH.—Alfonso V. of Aragon, was born in 1385, and died 1454. His character, chivalrous and generous is illustrated by the following anecdotes:—One day his treasurer was paying him ten thousand ducats; an officer who was present said in a low voice, not meant for the king's ear, 'That sum is all I need to make me happy.' The king, however, heard him, and said, 'Thou shalt be happy, then,' and immediately ordered the ten thousand ducats to be paid to him. To render himself more popular, Alfonso was in the habit of walking in the streets of his capital on foot and unattended. When representations were made to him of the danger there was in thus exposing himself, he replied, 'A father who walks in the midst of his children has nothing to fear.' One of his courtiers having asked him who were those of his subjects whom he loved the most? 'Those,' he answered, 'who fear for me more than they fear me.' Seeing, one day, a galley filled with soldiers on the point of sinking, he ordered immediately that succor should be given. Seeing those round him hesitate, he leaped into a boat, and cried, 'I like better to be the companion than the spectator of their death.' The soldiers were saved. Alfonso seems to have had wit as well as nobleness. He was in the habit of saying, that to continue a happy household, it was necessary that the husband should be deaf and the wife blind.

You stick to me like true friends, as the hammer said to the nail.

THE CITY OF THE LAKE.

On a fine morning in autumn, Billy Walsh emerged from the sheltering fence of elder and hawthorn that surrounded his father's white-walled house, which overtopped a green field that sloped gently to the bank of the romantic Daloo. He was equipped in a pair of smart pumps; at the knees of his corduroy small-clothes waved a flowing knot of ribbon. His coat was broadcloth, and a new hat, lately purchased at Mitchellstown, rose above the curling yellow locks that shaded his forehead; while the accurate knot of his yellow grinder, proved that the time employed at the looking-glass had not been spent in vain. One hand was concealed in the left pocket of the small-clothes, and the right flourished a slender hazel twig, which, tradition taught him to believe, could put to flight all the powers of darkness, as St. Patrick made use of a hazel staff to expel every evil and venomous thing from the favored island of his adoption.

From the evasive answers which Billy gave to his mother's inquiries concerning his afternoon excursion, and the more than usual attention bestowed on his dress, the inmates of the house suspected that he had some very particular affair on hands; and each furnished his own conjecture on the occasion. One supposed he was going to Ma's benefit dance, which was to take place that night; but then why should he set off so early? Another that Kitty Daly of the Commons, had a hand in the affair, else why should he turn out so gaily? A third, that he was certainly going to his uncle's at Broadford, to engage in the conquering goal to-morrow; but this sage remark was given to the winds, for he left his favorite hurley behind. The fact was, a few weeks before, he danced at the patron of Coolavoto with Peggy Noonan, a smiling blue-eyed girl, with fine auburn hair. The next Monday he attended and enjoyed the same satisfaction. In short, this blue-eyed dancer had taken such complete possession of his fancy, that he could neither hear, nor eat, nor rest, with thinking of her pretty ankle and graceful air. Peggy was not altogether insensible to his passion, for on this evening she had promised to meet him, about a mile from her father's house, at the churchyard of Kilkorkeran.

Billy Walsh moved along with a light foot and elastic tread, whistling his favorite reel, 'I wish I never saw you,' and decapitating all the unfortunate thistles and wild flowers that grew to the right and left within range of his hazel plant. He left the town of Newmarket to the right, and struck across Barleyhill towards the ruined castle of Carrigacabel. As he crossed a brook that ran gurgling along its pebbly bed, he perceived the stream diverted into a narrow channel, which wound around the sloping side of the glen. At that time irrigation was unknown in this part of the country; and bucken considered the stream led to the poteen still. He pursued the water course, which conducted him to a wretched and nearly roofless cabin, through every aperture of which the smoke issued, and rising, formed a beautiful blue column in the still air to a considerable height above. As he passed with silent tread over the heaps of grain that rose around, his farther progress was arrested by the appearance of a short, thick-set man; his broad shoulders and expansive chest, indicated considerable strength, his olive complexioned face, embrowned with smoke, and shaded by enormous whiskers, displayed almost savage ferocity, while with a stern tone he demanded the stranger's business.

'My business is easily told,' answered the other, unhesitatingly, 'I'm cutting across the country to Coolavoto, and have followed the strathane, thinking it might lead me to a glass of poteen to help me across the hill.'

'May be young man, you're come spying about what shouldn't concern you, and—'

'Tut, tut! Falvey, leave off your ramish,' said

a man emerging from the smoke of the hovel, and whom Billy recognized as an old boon-companion, 'Billy Walsh's father's son is not the boy to bring honest people to trouble, or give to say that any of his name ever turned spy to a blackguard gauger.' The stern expression on Falvey's features now relaxed into a rugged snile, and grasping Walsh's hand, he cordially invited him to a glass of poteen.

Upon removing a stone from the wall of the hovel, they drew forth a small jar and a black wooden cup, that supplied the place of a glass. Then Falvey filled the cup, and after drinking to the health of the new comer, drained it dry. The cup was replenished and emptied in quick succession; and Billy Walsh was so taken with his new acquaintance, and the potent beverage which is loved alike throughout every grade in Ireland, from the peasant to the peer, and finds its way into the cellars of some commissions of excise, flung such spells around him, that Peggy Noonan and the tristing-place at the old church of Kilcorkeran, were completely forgotten.

The shadows of tree and tower, were lengthening in the decline of the evening sun, as his engagement flashed across the mind of Billy Walsh. He lightly rose, and bid his companions farewell. He soon crossed the wood and gained the summit of the adjacent hill; the influence of the poteen, and the dread of missing his blue-eyed girl, added wings to his flight, but the sun was gone down, and the evening star twinkled bright in the west, before he reached Kilcorkeran. The burying ground was removed from the road and seated in the midst of extensive fields, and the dim twilight which was falling fast around, was not calculated to improve the sad and silent scene. He peeped over the stile that led into the lonely abode of the dead—he called Peggy Noonan in vain—the echoes of his voice, as they rose from the ivy-clad ruins of the old church, seemed to be unearthly tones mocking his eager call. The wild bird rushing from the sheltering thorn, and the hollow whistle of the autumnal night-blast along the tomb, shook his courage; all the tales that superstition taught his childhood to believe, rushed upon his imagination. He wished himself far from this fearful church-yard; but the foolish hope of seeing Peggy Noonan, who doubtless, returned home displeased at his breach of promise, chained him to the spot; he sat down at the gateway, and after cursing Falvey, the poteen, and his own intertemperate folly, fell fast asleep.

It is not recorded in his authentic story, how long Billy Walsh slept at the gateway of the church-yard, when he was roused by some one that called him by name. He fancied it was Peggy Noonan's voice; but great was his surprise to see an elderly gentleman on horseback, dressed in black, with cloth leggings; and his face shaded by a broad-brimmed beaver; 'God save you Billy Walsh,' says he, 'what brings you to be fast asleep in so lonesome a spot, and so far from your own place at this hour of night.' Billy Walsh rose, and taking off his hat, saluted the priest, for he knew him to be one from his dress, and because he carried the check wallet behind him, containing the vestment and holy utensils used in the celebration of mass; and which, until lately, the priests themselves conveyed from place to place as occasion required.

'I was waiting for a frind, please your reverence, an' as the place was lonely an' quiet, I fell fast asleep; but I can't say how your reverence knows me, for I never placed my two-looking eyes on you afore.' 'I know more than you may imagine,' said the stranger, and Billy if you left Falvey and the poteen in proper time, you need not disappoint Peggy Noonan, but I have a mass to read at 12 o'clock to-night at a distance from this, and I hope you will not refuse to act as clerk.'

'Thunder and turf thin! begging your reverence's pardon, you ar'n't half so cute as you pretend, (or

may be 'tis throwing it over me you are) not to know that Billy Walsh never received any larning, nor answered mass in his life. Besides, if I'm to be colleague, to straddle bare-backed behind your reverence, would destroy my new breeches.'

'I warrant,' said the priest, 'that you can answer mass in style; and as to the breeches, we shall pass so smoothly along, that not a thread of it will suffer.'

Reluctant to refuse his reverence, Billy Walsh mounted behind him; and the priest directed his course northward across the country, without let or hindrance from hedge or river, over which they glided like the morning mist, pursued by the early beams of the sun. Though our hopeful clerk sat quite at his ease, and altogether unshaken in his seat, he did not much relish this nocturnal ramble, and was never a professed admirer of early masses. So as they passed along by his uncle's place at Broadford, he endeavored to fling himself off, but found that he was as it were, riveted to the horse's back. He next attempted to cry out for assistance, but his tongue refused its wonted office, and like Virgil's hero, under nearly similar circumstances, vox faucibus hæsit. In the course of the night they reached Lough-guir, a romantic lake that expands its broad bosom a few miles below Bruff, and then shone a field of liquid silver beneath the mild influence of the lovely harvest moon. On reaching the bank, his companion bid Billy Walsh hold fast, and fear nothing. The first part of this advice was needless, for he held with might and main his breath drawn, and his teeth firmly set. The other he flung to the four winds of heaven, for on taking the fatal plunge, he mentally besought pardon for all his sins, and the help of every saint in the calendar, for he firmly believed that on reaching the bottom, all the eels of the lake would make a supper of his unfortunate carcase.

As the waters closed over their heads, Billy Walsh instead of instant suffocation, and the monstrous eels which his fears taught him to expect, was delighted to find they were travelling along a broad road shaded on each side with spreading trees, and approaching a fine town whose lamps glittered in the distance, like a multitude of bright stars. This town which consisted of one principal street, exceeded in beauty every idea that he had previously formed of splendid cities. All the windows were lighted, and the richly-dressed inhabitants thronged the street, as if it were some great festival. Upon reaching the centre of the street, they stopped at a splendid church, at whose ample gate an immense crowd were pouring in. Our travellers also entered by the sacristy. Billy assisted the priest in vesting, laid the altar with great cleverness, and then taking his place at its lowest step, answered the mass from the Introito, to the last verse of the De Profundis, with so much propriety and decorum, as would have added credit to the best schoolmaster in Duhalloon. When all was concluded, and the check wallet had received its usual contents, the venerable priest turned round and addressed the congregation that crowded the long aisle, and the spacious gallery to the following effect:—

'My brethren, you have seen with what propriety and decorum Billy Walsh has acted the part of clerk at the holy service. We have been long endeavoring to procure a suitable person to fill that situation, and you all know how difficult it is to find one capable of discharging its duties properly. I hardly think the young man can have any objection to remain in this splendid city, and as his merits cannot be enhanced by any recommendation of mine, I am sure there is not an individual in the crowded assembly, but will be delighted to secure his services.'

When the priest had ended, the walls of the lofty aisle resounded with the clapping of hands—the gentlemen nodded assent—and the beautiful ladies

waved their white handkerchiefs, that streamed like meteors of light in the glare of the brilliant chandeliers, in token of approbation.

'You must be proud,' said the clergyman, speaking to Billy Walsh, 'you must be proud to find yourself such a favorite with all classes here, and especially the ladies. You shall have in this city every delight—the best eating and drinking—lovely ladies to dance with—and hurling matches to your heart's content. Stay with us Billy Walsh; I know you are too sensible to throw away your good luck.'

'I have given my hand an' word to mind cool at the hurling match on the common to-morrow evening; and more than that, I wouldn't part Peggy Noonan for all the gold of Damer.'

The gentlemen entreated—the beautiful ladies wept—and the priest promised that he should have Peggy Noonan with him to-morrow night. He continued as unyielding as the savage rock, round whose brow the winds of heaven rage, and upon whose changeless base the ocean pours its thousand waves in vain. 'He would be no clerk at all.'

In short, the obstinate Billy Walsh was driven amid groans of disapprobation from the church into the street, and pursued with shouts and yells of anger along the avenue which led to the border of the lake. On arriving thither, a fearful whirlwind caught him up like a straw, and hurled him ashore.

The dark waters of the troubled lake rose in angry waves, and the reeds of its sedgy borders waved mournfully to the breeze of the gray morning as Billy Walsh arose, and pursued his way homewards, giving at every step his hearty curse to all young men, who, ever again, would form assignments at lonely church-yards.

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.—It is recorded that a battle was fought near Newtonhamilton, in the barony of Fews, county of Armagh, between O'Neil of Ulster, denominated Black Beard, (Fesgo Dhu) and one of the princes of Louth, in which many were slain on both sides, and where O'Neil also fell: the quarrel is said to have originated at a feast given on the spot, by the Prince of Louth setting fire to O'Neil's beard, who did not relish so warm a reception. The beard seems to have been the seat of honor amongst the Milesians, and any affront offered to its flowing locks could only be expiated with the life of the offender. In later days the neighborhood of the Fews has been infested by robbers, and three miles from Newtonhamilton a barrack was built to keep the freebooters in check. Two of their scattered party entered the country house of Mr. Kelso in that place one evening, knowing that he and his lady had gone to dine at a friend's, and that the men servants were absent; the robbers easily secured the two female domestics and proceeded to the parlor, where Miss Kelso was alone, a girl about eleven years old; they ordered her on pain of death to show them where the plate and money were kept, and she led them to a closet which contained all the valuables; whilst they were engaged in ransacking the presses, she silently left the room and shut the door, which had a spring lock; and as there was but one small window, secured by iron bars, she felt certain that the robbers could not possibly escape; meanwhile Miss Kelso went to the kitchen and released the servant women, who were tied hand and foot, and with their assistance collected straw, dry sticks, and whatever combustibles were about the place, and making a heap of them, lighted them on an eminence which would be seen from the house where her parents were. This plan succeeded—the blaze soon attracted observation—and Mr. Kelso returned as soon as possible, with all the assistance he could assemble to extinguish the supposed fire in his house. On his arrival he was agreeably surprised to learn how matters stood, and seized the robbers without difficulty.

JOKE when you please, but always be careful to please when you joke.



THE NORTH GATE, CARRICKFERGUS.

The North Gate of Carrickfergus is the only picturesque remnant of the external defences of this important borough town. The Roman style of its architecture indicates the period of its erection in the reign of James the First, when the gothic or pointed style was laid aside. It was originally entered by a draw-bridge. A tradition goes concerning the archway, that it will stand until a wise man becomes a member of the corporation. The satirical nature of the old saying, has perhaps caused it to be repeated and remembered, and either tends to prove, that the Carrickfergussians have very high ideas of the standard of wisdom, and that though certainly no fools, they have modesty enough to shrink from the assumption of positive wisdom—or that perhaps, like other Irishmen, they have appellations by contraries, as we have heard a man in another district notorious for his sagacity, universally called 'Paddy the fool.' Be this as it may, the old arch still stands; proving, no doubt, that none of the present corporation are in any danger of being submitted to the usual ordeal of those counted as dealing in witchcraft and the black art. This train of thought leads us, as the political history of this town was formerly noticed, to give an account, as occurring here, of the last trial for witchcraft that took place in Ireland, which is reported as follows by Mr. M'Skimin, the excellent and accurate historian of his native town.

'1711. March 31st, Janet Mean, of Braid-island; Janet Latimer, Irish-quarter, Carrickfergus; Janet Millar, Scotch-quarter, Carrickfergus; Maggy Mitchel, Kilroot; Catherine M'Calmond, Janet Liston, alias Seller, Elizabeth Seller, and Janet Carson, the four last from Island Magee, were tried here, in the County of Antrim court, for witchcraft. Their alleged crime was tormenting a young woman called Mary Dunbar,

about eighteen years of age, at the house of James Hatridge, Island Magee, and at other places to which she was removed. The circumstances sworn on the trial were as follows:—

'The afflicted person being, in the month of February, 1711, in the house of James Hatridge, Island Magee, (which had been for some time believed to be haunted by evil spirits) found an apron on the parlor floor, that had been missing some time, tied with five strange knots, which she loosened. On the following day she was suddenly seized with a violent pain in her thigh, and afterwards fell into fits and ravings; and on recovering, said she was tormented by several women, whose dress and personal appearance she minutely described. Shortly after, she was again seized with the like fits; and on recovering, she accused five other women of tormenting her, describing them also. The accused persons being brought from different parts of the country, she appeared to suffer extreme fear and additional torture, as they approached the house. It was also deposed, that strange noises, as of whistling, scratching, &c. were heard in the house, and that a sulphurous smell was observed in the rooms; that stones, turf, and the like, were thrown about the house, and the coverlets, &c. frequently taken off the beds, and made up in the shape of a corpse; and that a bolster once walked out of a room into the kitchen, and with a night gown about it! It likewise appeared in evidence, that in some of her fits, three strong men were scarcely able to hold her in the bed; that at times she vomited feathers, cotton yarns, pins, and buttons; and that on one occasion she slid off the bed, and was laid on the floor, as if supported and drawn by an invisible power. The afflicted person was unable to give any evidence on the trial, being luring that time

dumb; but had no violent fit during its continuance. The evidence sworn upon this trial were, Rev. — Skevington, Rev. William Ogilvie, William Fenton, John Smith, John Blair, James Blythe, William Hartley, Charles Lennon, John Wilson, Hugh Wilson, Hugh Donaldson, James Hill, James Hatridge, Mrs. Hatridge, Rev. Patrick Adair, Rev. James Cobham, Patrick Ferguson, James Edmonston, and — Jamison.

In defence of the accused, it appeared that they were mostly sober, industrious people, who attended public worship, could repeat the Lord's prayer, and had been known both to pray in public and private; and that some of them had lately received the communion.

Judge Upton charged the jury, and observed on the regular attendance of the accused on public worship; remarking, that he thought it improbable that real witches could so far retain the form of religion, as to frequent the religious worship of God, both publicly and privately, which had been proved in favor of the accused. He concluded by giving his opinion, 'that the jury could not bring them in guilty, upon the sole testimony of the afflicted person's visionary images.' He was followed by justice Macartney, who differed from him in opinion, 'and thought the jury might, from the evidence, bring them in guilty;' which they accordingly did.

This trial lasted from six o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon, and the prisoners were sentenced to be imprisoned twelve months, and to stand four times in the pillory in Carrickfergus.

Tradition says, that the people were much exasperated, against these unfortunate persons, who were everely pelted in the pillory, with boiled cabbage

stalks, and the like, by which one of them had an eye beaten out.'

The above curious recital proves to our satisfaction two points:—first, that the above-mentioned Judge Macartney might, on the strength of our tradition, have walked with perfect safety, at all times of his leisure, under the north gate, and secondly that the Carrickfergussians hereby exhibit their Caledonian origin—witchcraft and sorcery being much practised on the opposite coast, and both king and kirk having there exhibited 'full clearness' in spacing the interference of evil spirits on the affairs of this world. In Ireland, as far as we know, there has not been since the days of Alice Kettle, much ado about witches, though much concerned, it is true, in the matter of ghosts, hauntings, and good people. But in Scotland, even at the period of this curious trial in Carrickfergus, witch-finding was still a propensity, and the lawyers, ministers, and magistrates, could not refrain from dealing out their deserts on those suspected of the black art, as is shown as follows, in that interesting work of the late Sir Walter Scott, 'Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft.'

'Sir John Clerk, a scholar and an antiquary, the grandfather of the late celebrated John Clerk, of Eldin, had the honor to be amongst the first to decline acting as a commissioner on the trial of a witch, to which he was appointed so early as 1678, alleging dryly, that he did not feel himself warlock (that is, conjurer) sufficient to be a judge upon such an inquisition. Allan Ramsay, his friend, and who must be supposed to speak the sense of his many respectable patrons, had delivered his opinion on the subject in the 'Gentle Shepherd,' where Mause's imaginary witchcraft constitutes the machinery of the poem.

Yet these drawings of sense and humanity were obscured by the clouds of the ancient superstition on more than one distinguished occasion. In 1576, Sir George Maxwell, of Pollock, apparently a man of melancholic and valetudinary habits, believed himself bewitched to death by six witches, one man and five women, who were leagued for the purpose of tormenting a clay image made in his likeness. The chief evidence on the subject was a vagabond girl, pretending to be deaf and dumb. But as imposture was afterwards discovered, and herself punished, it is reasonably to be concluded that she had herself formed the picture or image of St. George, and had hid it, where it was afterwards found, in consequence of her own information. In the meantime five of the accused were executed, and the sixth only escaped on account of extreme youth.

A still more remarkable case occurred at Paisley, in 1697, where a young girl, about eleven years of age, daughter of John Shaw, of Bargarran, was the principal evidence. This unlucky damsel, beginning her practices out of a quarrel with a maid-servant, continued to imitate a case of possession so accurately, that no less than twenty persons were condemned upon her evidence, of whom five were executed, besides one John Reed, who hanged himself in prison, or, as was charitably said, was strangled by the devil in person, lest he should make disclosures to the detriment of the service. But even those who believed in witchcraft were now beginning to open their eyes to the dangers in the present mode of prosecution. 'I own,' says the Rev. Mr. Bell, in his MS. Treatise on Witchcraft, 'there has been much harm done to worthy and innocent persons in the common way of finding out witches and in the means made use of for promoting the discovery of such wretches, and bringing them to justice; so that oftentimes old age, poverty, features, and ill fame, with such like grounds not worthy to be represented to a magistrate, have yet moved many to suspect and defame their neighbors, to the unspeakable prejudice of Christian charity; a late instance whereof we had in the west, in the business of the sorceries exercised upon the Laird of Bargarran's daughter, anno 1697, a time when persons of more goodness and esteem than most of their calumniators were defamed for witches, and which was occasioned mostly by the orwardness and absurd credulity of divers otherwise

worthy ministers of the gospel, and some topping professors in and about the city of Glasgow.'

Those who doubted of the sense of the law, or reasonableness of the practice, in such cases, began to take courage, and state their objections boldly. In the year 1704, a frightful instance of popular bigotry occurred at Pittenween. A strolling vagabond, who affected fits, laid an accusation of witchcraft against two women, who were accordingly seized on, and imprisoned with the usual severities. One of the unhappy creatures, Janet Cornfoot by name, escaped from prison, but was unhappily caught and brought back to Pittenween, where she fell into the hands of a ferocious mob, consisting of rude seamen and fishers. The magistrates made no attempts for her rescue, and the crowd exercised their brutal pleasure on the poor old woman, pelted her with stones, swung her suspended on a rope between a ship and the shore, and finally ended her miserable existence by throwing a door over her as she lay exhausted on the beach and heaping stones upon it till she was pressed to death. As even the existing law against witchcraft was transgressed by this brutal riot, a warm attack was made upon the magistrates and ministers of the town, by those who were shocked at a tragedy of such a horrible cast. There were answers published, in which the parties assailed were zealously defended. The superior authorities were expected to take up the affair, but it so happened, during the general distraction of the country concerning the Union, that the murder went without the investigation which a crime so horrid demanded. Still, however, it was something gained that the cruelty was exposed to the public. The voice of general opinion was now appealed to, and, in the long run, the sentiments which it advocates are commonly those of good sense and humanity.

The officers in the higher branches of the law dared now assert their official authority, and reserve for their own decision cases of supposed witchcraft which the fear of public clamor had induced them formerly to leave in the hands of the inferior judges, operated upon by all the prejudices of the country and the populace.

In 1718, the celebrated lawyer, Robert Dundas, of Arniston, then King's advocate, wrote a severe letter to the Sheriff-depute of Caithness, in the first place, as having neglected to communicate officially certain pre cognitions which he had led respecting some recent practises of witchcraft in his county. The advocate reminded this local judge, that the duty of inferior magistrates, in such cases, was to advise with the King's Counsel, first, whether they should be made subject of a trial or not; and, if so, before what court, and in what manner, it should take place. He also called the magistrate's attention to a report, that he, the Sheriff-depute, intended to judge in the case himself; 'a thing of too great difficulty to be tried without very deliberate advice, and beyond the jurisdiction of an inferior court.' The Sheriff-depute sends, with his apology, the pre cognition of the affair, which is one of the most nonsensical in this nonsensical department of the law. A certain carpenter, named William Montgomery, was so infested with cats, which, as his servant-maid reported, 'spoke among themselves,' that he fell in a rage upon a party of these animals with his Highland arms of knife, dirk, and broadsword, and his professional weapon of an axe, making such a dispersion that they were quiet for the night. In consequence of his blows, two witches were said to have died. The case of a third, named Nin-Gilbert, was still more remarkable. Her leg being broken, the injured limb withered, pined, and finally fell off; on which the hag was enclosed in prison, where she also died: and the question which remained was, whether any process should be directed against persons whom, in her compelled confession, she had, as usual, informed against. The Lord Advocate, as may be supposed, quashed all further procedure.

In 1720, an unlucky boy, the third son of James,

Lord Torphichen, took it into his head, under instructions, it is said, from a knavish governor, to play the possessed and bewitched person, laying the cause of his distress on certain old witches in Calder, near to which village his father had his mansion. The women were imprisoned, and one or two of them died; but the crown counsel would not proceed to trial. The noble family also began to see through the cheat. The boy was sent to sea, and though he is said at one time to have been disposed to try his fits while on board, when the discipline of the navy proved too severe for his cunning, in process of time he became a good sailor, assisted gallantly in defence of the vessel against the pirates of Angria, and finally was drowned in a storm.

In the year 1722, a Sheriff-depute of Sutherland, Captain David Ross, of Littledean, took it upon him in flagrant violation of the then established rules of jurisdiction, to pronounce the last sentence of death for witchcraft which was ever passed in Scotland. The victim was an insane old woman belonging to the parish of Loth, who had so little idea of situation as to rejoice at the sight of the fire which was destined to consume her. She had a daughter lame both of hands and feet, a circumstance attributed to the witch's having been used to transform her into a pony, and get her shod by the devil. It does not appear that any punishment was inflicted for this cruel abuse of the law on the person of a creature so helpless; but the son of the lame daughter, he himself distinguished by the same misfortune, was living so lately as to receive the charity of the present Marchioness of Stafford, Countess of Sutherland in her own right, to whom the poor of her extensive country are as well known as those of the higher order.

Since this deplorable action, there has been no judicial interference in Scotland on account of witchcraft.

There is another proof, if any were required, that the inhabitants of Carrickfergus had a community of manners and customs with their neighbors across the channel, in their deeming it necessary to restrain the too common and noisy nuisance of woman-scoolding, as the following extract from the town records shows:—

'October, 1574, ordered and agreede by the hole Court, that all manner of Skolds which shal be openly detected of Skolding or evil wordes in manner of Skolding, and for the same shal be condemned before Mr. Major and his brethren, shal be drawne at the sterne of a boate in the water from the ende of the Peare rounde about the Queenes majesties Castell in manner of ducking, and after when a cage shal be made the Party so condemned for a Skold shal be therein punished at the discretion of the Major.' It appears that a cage was got soon after, and delinquents punished in the manner noticed; and that regular lists were kept of all scolds, and their names laid before the grand juries. The cage, or ducking stool, stood on the quay; in a deed granted to John Davys, July 6th, 1671, is the following notice of it. 'One small plot of land or house stead, situated upon the Key, on the north-east, adjoining to the Ducking-stool on said Key, now standing.'

It would appear from a recent report of the commissioners of the island revenue of Great Britain and Ireland, that the adulteration of tobacco, prompted by the high duty levied on that article, is carried to a great extent, especially in Ireland—sugar, alum, tar, molasses, chicory leaves, dried rhubarb leaves, liquors, oil and lampblack, (the two last being used as coloring materials) being extensively employed for that purpose. Snuff is found to be mixed with sand, salt, orris root, ferruginous earths, chalk colored with peroxide of iron, roasted oat meal, fustic and the promote of potash; the capacity of tobacco to absorb water is a quality of which the adulterators largely avail themselves.

INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

Agreeing in opinion with a celebrated writer in the *Spectator*, that 'what sculpture is to a block of marble, Education is to the mind of man—that the philosopher, the poet, the hero, the wise, the great, or the good man, very often the hid in a plebeian, which a proper education might bring to light'—and convinced as we are, that we could not render a greater service to many of our readers, than by occasionally turning a serious attention to the subject, we shall make no excuse for laying before them the following extract from a very popular American work, republished in England and Scotland, and which has already, within a very short time, gone through several editions of various sizes and forms.

The great mass of mankind consider the intellectual powers as susceptible of a certain degree of development in childhood to prepare the individual for the active duties of life. This degree of progress they suppose to be made before the age of twenty is attained, and hence they talk of an education being finished! Now if a parent wishes to convey the idea that his daughter has closed her studies at school, or that his son has finished his preparatory professional studies, and is ready to commence practice, there is perhaps no strong objection to his using the common phrase that the education is finished; but in any general or proper use of language there is no such thing as a finished education. The most successful scholar that ever left a school, or took his honorary degree at college, never arrived at a good place to stop in his intellectual course. In fact, the farther he goes the more desirous he will feel to go on; and if you wish to find an instance of the greatest eagerness and interest with which the pursuit of knowledge is prosecuted, you will find it undoubtedly in the case of the most accomplished and thorough scholar which the country can furnish, who has spent a long life in study, and who finds that the further he goes, the more and more widely does the boundless field of intelligence open before him.

Give up then at once all idea of finishing your education. The sole object of the course of discipline at any literary institution in our land is not to finish, but just to show you how they begin—to give you an impulse and a direction upon that course, which you ought to pursue with unabated and uninterrupted ardor as long as you live.

It is unquestionably true that every person, whatever are his circumstances or condition in life, ought at all times to be making some steady efforts to enlarge his stock of knowledge, to increase his mental powers, and thus to expand the field of his intellectual vision. I suppose most of my readers are convinced of this, and are desirous, if the way can only be distinctly pointed out, of making such efforts. In fact, no inquiry is more frequently made by intelligent young persons than this,—'What course of reading shall I pursue? What book shall I select, and what plan in reading them shall I adopt?' These inquiries I now propose to answer.

The objects of study are of several kinds; some of the most important I shall enumerate.

1. To increase our intellectual powers. Every one knows that there is a difference of ability in different minds, but it is not so distinctly understood that every one's abilities may be increased or strengthened by a kind of culture adapted expressly to this purpose;—I mean a culture which is intended not to add to the stock of knowledge, but only to increase intellectual power. Suppose, for example, that when Robinson Crusoe on his desolate island had first found Friday the savage, he had said to himself as follows:

'This man looks wild and barbarous enough. He is to stay with me and help me in my various plans, but he could help me much more efficiently if he was more of an intellectual being, and less of a mere animal. Now I can increase his intellectual power by culture, and I will. But what shall I teach him?'

On reflecting a little further upon the subject, he would say to himself as follows:

'I must not always teach him things necessary

for him to know in order to assist me in my work; but I must try to teach him to think for himself. Then he will be far more valuable as a servant than if he has to depend upon me for everything he does.'

Accordingly, some evening when the two, master and man, have finished the labors of the day, Robinson is walking upon the sandy beach with his wild savage by his side, and he commences to give him his first lesson in mathematics. He picks up a slender and pointed shell, and with it draws carefully a circle upon the sand.

'What is that?' says Friday.

'It is what we call a circle,' says Robinson; 'I want you now to come and stand here, and attentively consider what I am going to tell you about it.'

Now, Friday has, we will suppose, never given his serious mental effort upon any subject for five minutes at a time, in his life. The simple mathematical principle is a complete labyrinth of perplexity to him. He comes up and looks at the smooth and beautiful curve, which his master has drawn in the sand, with a gaze of stupid amazement.

'Now, listen carefully to what I say,' says Robinson, 'and see if you can understand it. Do you see this little point I make in the middle of the circle?'

Friday says he does, and wonders what is to come from the magic character which he sees before him.

'This,' continues Robinson, 'is a circle, and that point is the centre. Now, if I draw lines from the centre in any direction to the outside, these lines will all be equal.'

So saying he draws several lines. He sets Friday to measuring them. Friday sees that they are equal, and is pleased, from two distinct causes; one that he has successfully exercised his thinking powers, and the other that he has learned something which he never knew before.

I wish now that the reader would understand that Robinson does not take this course with Friday because he wishes him to understand the nature of the circle. Suppose we were to say to him, 'Why did you take such a course as that with your savage? You can teach him much more useful things than the properties of the circle. What good will it do to him to know how to make circles? Do you expect him to draw geometrical diagrams for you, or to calculate and project eclipses?'

'No,' Robinson would reply, 'I do not care about Friday's understanding the properties of the circle. But I do want him to be a thinking being, and if I can induce him to think half an hour steadily and carefully, it is of no consequence upon what subject his thoughts are employed. I chose the circle because that seemed easy and distinct—suitable for the first lesson. I do not know that he will ever have occasion for the fact that the radii of a circle are equal, as long as he shall live—but he will have occasion for the power of patient attention and thought, which he acquired while attempting to understand that subject.'

This would unquestionably be sound philosophy, and a savage who should study such a lesson on the beach of his own wild island, would for ever after be less of a savage than before. The effect upon his mental powers of one single effort like that would last, and a series of such efforts would transform him from a fierce and ungovernable but stupid animal, to a cultivated and intellectual man.

Thus it is with all education. One great object is to increase the powers, and this is entirely distinct from the acquisition of knowledge. Scholars very often ask, when pursuing some difficult study, 'What good will it do me to know this?' But that is not the question. They ought to ask, 'What good will it do me to learn it? What effect upon my habits of thinking, and upon my intellectual powers will be produced by the efforts to examine and to conquer these difficulties?'

A very fine example of this is the study of conic sections, a difficult branch of the course of mathematics pursued in college; a study which from its difficulty, and its apparent uselessness, is often very unpopular in the class pursuing it. The question is very often asked, 'What good will it ever do us in after-life to understand all these mysteries of the Parabola and the Hyperbola, and the Ordinates and Abscissas, and Asymptotes?' The answer is, that the knowledge of the facts which you acquire will probably do you no good whatever. That is not the object, and every college officer knows full well that the mathematical principles which this science demonstrates, are not brought into use in after-life by one scholar in ten. But every college officer, and every intelligent student who will watch the operations of his own mind and the influence which such exercises exert upon it, knows equally well that the study of the higher mathematics produces an effect in enlarging and disciplining the intellectual powers, which the whole of life will not obliterate.

Do not shrink, then, from difficult work in your efforts at intellectual improvement. You ought, if you wish to secure the greatest advantage, to have some difficult work, that you may acquire habits of patient research, and increase and strengthen your intellectual powers.

EVIL EFFECTS OF LOVE.—A greater number of young girls between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, and of young men between eighteen and twenty-four, fall victims to what they call love, than to any other particular class of disease; and more particularly in England and Ireland, than in any other country upon earth. This is from the force of early impressions peculiar to these countries, and of comparatively recent growth, the effect produced by a certain class of romance writers. These writers give an obliquity to the young mind which leads to destruction. Scarcely has a young girl laid down her 'Reading made Easy,' than she becomes a subscriber to some trashy library; and the hours which, in the country, or in a land where education is unknown, they would employ in jumping about in the open air, are now consumed with intensity of thought upon the maudlin miseries of some hapless heroine of romance, the abortion of a diseased brain. Her 'imitativeness,' as Spurzheim would phrenologically observe, becomes developed, and she fixes on her favorite heroine, whom she apes in everything—sighing for her sorrow, and mourning to be as miserable. She fixes immediately upon some figure of a man—some Edwin, or Edgar, or Ethelbert—which she thinks will harmonize with the horrors of the picture, and she then employs her tears and her tortures to her heart's satisfaction. Langor, inaction, late hours, late rising and incessant sighing, derange her digestion—the cause continues, the effects increase, and hectic fever puts an end to the romance. We have known a young Irish lady who read herself into this situation. She was, at the age of thirteen, as lively, as healthy, and as beautiful a little promise of womanhood as the country ever produced. When the Leadenhall street troop of romancers crossed her way, an officer of a very different sort of troop became her hero. She would 'sit in her bower' (the second floor window,) and gaze—and gaze—and gaze upon his steed, his helmet and his streaming black-haired crest, as he passed to mount guard, until she sobbed aloud in ecstacy of melancholy. She never spoke to this 'knight,' nor did she seek to have an acquaintance—lest, perhaps, that a formal proposal, a good leg of mutton dinner, and all the realities of domestic happiness might dissipate the sweet romantic misery she so much delighted in. A year passed over—she pined in thought, and within a green and yellow melancholy, entered a convent, where she died in a few months!

PRACTICAL ADVICE TO IRISHMEN.—One complaint against Irishmen is, that they are unstable and proud. It is commonly said, 'You cannot trust an Irishman.' Why? Simply from this circumstance—that Irishmen are warm and lively in their temperaments—in other words, volatile. Now, the springs from—from what? Is it from the climate, from the soil, or from what? Why, our countrymen have not been educated to restrain themselves. Mark what we say. We refer all the difference between Irishmen and others to education—and that may be corrected. But if in saying that an Irishman cannot be trusted, it is meant to be said, that he is unstable in his friendships, unstable in the performance of his moral duties, unstable in all those things which render him worthy of confidence, many affecting instances refute the assertion. But the cause of this objection lies in a circumstance which will be readily appreciated. Ireland has been so long the scoff and the derision of England, that Irishmen are extremely—morbidly—sensitive or every thing relative to their own country. They cannot endure that a whisper should be heard against her. They would almost break friendship with one to whom they were much attached, if he gave utterance to a sarcasm on the land of their birth. And the feeling is natural. It springs from that principle in the human heart which causes us to resent with hatred the contempt of others. But we should control it. If our country is sneered at, let us not indicate soreness, wrath, or vexation. No! We should act as if we were above these things. We should show by our disposition that a time is rapidly coming when Ireland will not afford a sneer. And instead of boasting, we should act; let all the world not merely know, but let them see, that from the Emerald Isle, some good can come. To attain this, let every Irishman labor that whatever he is doing, shall be done well.

Again, Irishmen are blamed for being hasty in whatever they do. They form hasty attachments—break them as hastily—are easily pleased—easily provoked—soon excited by jealousy—and quickly convinced by candor. Let us take care to avoid this characteristic—for by it we lose a great deal—much more than we gain. A pretty face will make Paddy mad to get married—a fine fellow will make him anxious to get acquainted—a sour look will make him throw every consideration to the winds, and he will fight his friend—a generous action will make him clasp you to his heart, and offer you all he has in the world. But let us avoid this also. Try to keep a guard over this impetuous feelings—be wary—be prudent—and when necessary, be still-minded. If Paddy, with his warm heart, had Sandy's caution and John Bull's bluntness, what a fine fellow he would be!

SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.—A principal characteristic by which men is distinguished, is the faculty of growing wiser by experience. Every other race of animals seems destined to remain for ever, nearly what it was at its first formation, while human creatures, instructed and improved by the lessons of their predecessors, bequeath, in their turn, to those who follow them, the precious legacy, not only of their wisdom, but of their folly.—[Chenevix on National Character.

APOLOGUE.—Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion, you know, called the sheep to ask her 'if his breath smelt?' She said, 'aye.' He bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf, and asked him. He said, 'No.' He tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox, and asked him. 'Truly he had got a cold, and could not smell.'—[Selden.

A FOUL JOKE.—Who was the greatest chicken-killer, according to Shakspeare? King Claudius, in Hamlet, who did 'murder most foul.'

SINGING IN PARTS.—It is a question worthy of careful investigation, whether a person whose voice is broken is not all the more competent to sing in 'pieces.'

FAIRIES.—Sir Walter Scott in his 'Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft,' quotes the following story from an old work entitled 'Sadducismus triumphatus,' by Joseph Glanville, printed at Edinburgh in 1700, as illustrative of the superstitious notion among the Irish that persons when engaged in some unlawful or sinful action were more than usually exposed to the power of the fairies.

The butler of a gentleman, a neighbor of the Earl of Orrery, who was sent to purchase cards, in crossing the fields saw a table surrounded by people apparently feasting and making merry. They rose to salute him, and invited him to join in their revel; but a friendly voice from the party whispered in his ear, 'do nothing which the company invite you to.' Accordingly, when he refused to join in feasting, the table vanished and the company began to dance, and play on musical instruments; but the butler would not take part in these recreations. They then left off dancing and betook themselves to work; but neither in this would the mortal join them. He was then left alone for the present; but in spite of the exertions of my lord Orrery, in spite of two bishops who were guests at the time, in spite of the celebrated Mr. Greatrak, it was all they could do to prevent the butler from being carried off bodily from amongst them by the fairies who considered him as their lawful prey. They raised him in the air above the heads of the mortals, who could only run beneath to break his fall when they pleased to let him go. The spectre which formerly advised the poor man, continued to haunt him, and at length discovered himself to be the ghost of an acquaintance who had been dead for seven years. 'You know,' added he, 'I lived a loose life, and ever since I have been hurried up and down in a restless condition, with the company you saw, and shall be till the day of judgment.' He added that if the butler had acknowledged God in all his ways, he had not suffered so much by their means; he reminded him that he had not prayed to God in the morning before he met with the company in the fields, and that he was then going on an unlawful business.

It is pretended that Lord Orrery confirmed the whole of this story, even to the having seen the butler raised into the air by the invisible beings who strove to carry him off, only he did not bear witness to the passage which seems to call the purchase of cards an unlawful errand.

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.—It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water saucy and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night taking to a well-regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertaining. One of the great benefits a man may derive from woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habits of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes, and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves, and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think for somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—Thackery.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.—Louis the Fifteenth despatched into Germany a confidential person, on a mission of importance; on this gentleman returning post, with four servants, night surprised him in a poor hamlet, where there was not even an ale-house. He asked could he lodge at the manor one night, and was answered that it had been forsaken some time; that only a farmer was there by day-light, whose house stood apart from the manor which was haunted by spirits that came again and beat people. The traveller said that he was not afraid of spirits, and to show that he was not, his attendants should remain in the hamlet, and that he would go alone to the manor-house, where he would be a match for any spirits that visited there—that he had heard much of the departed coming again, and he had long had curiosity to see some of them.

He established himself at the manor-house—had a good fire lighted—and as he did not intend going to bed, had pipes and tobacco brought, with wine; he also laid on the table two brace of loaded pistols. About midnight he heard a dreadful rattling of chains, and saw a man of large stature, who beconed, and made a sign for his coming to him. The gentleman placed two pistols in his belt, but the third in his pocket, and took the fourth in one hand, and the candle in the other. He then followed the phantom, who going down the stairs, crossed the court into a passage. But when the gentleman was at the end of the passage, his footing failed, and he slipped down a trap door. He observed, through an ill-jointed partition, between him and a cellar, that he was in the power of several men, who were deliberating whether they should kill him. He also learned, by their conversation, that they were coiners. He raised his voice and desired leave to speak to them. This was granted. 'Gentleman,' said he, 'my coming hither shows my want of good sense and discretion, but must convince you that I am a man of honor, for a scoundrel is generally a coward, I promise upon honor, all secrecy respecting this adventure. Avoid murdering one that never intended to hurt you. Consider the consequences of putting me to death: I have upon me dispatches, which I am to deliver into the King of France's hands; fear of my servants are now in the neighboring hamlet. Depend upon it such strict search will be made to ascertain my fate, that it must be discovered.'

The coiners resolved to take his word; and they swore him, to tell frightful stories about his adventures in the manor. He said, the next day, that he had seen enough to frighten a man to death; no one could doubt of the truth, when the fact was warranted by one of his character. This was continued for twelve years, after that period, when the gentleman was at his country seat with some friends, he was informed that a man, with two horses, that he led, waited on the bridge, and desired to speak to him, that he could not be persuaded to come nearer. When the gentleman appeared, accompanied by his friends, the stranger called out, 'Stop, Sir, I have but a word with you, those to whom you promised, twelve years ago, not to publish what you knew regarding them, are obliged to you for the observance of this secret; and now they discharge you from your promise. They have got a competency, and are no longer in the kingdom; but before they would allow me to follow them, they engaged me to beg your acceptance of two horses, and here I leave them.' The man, who had tied the two horses to a tree, fetting spurs to his horse, went off so rapidly, that they instantly lost sight of him. Then the hero of the story related to his friends what had happened to him.

The following is an infallible criterion for ascertaining a true Irishman:

By Mac and O
You'll always know
True Irishmen, they say;
For, if they lack,
Both O and Mac,
No Irishmen are they.



TOWN OF CARRICKFERGUS.

Carrickfergus is the assize town of the country. It was at a very early period considered rather an important situation, and was the scene of several sanguinary conflicts. We are informed by Mr. M'Skimmin in his History of Carrickfergus, that the walls, which were flanked with seven bastions, are still pretty entire, about six feet thick on the top towards the land, and about eighteen feet high, coarsely but strongly built in the manner called grouting; the corners of the bastions of cut yellowish freestone, different from any stone found in that neighborhood. The land side was also strengthened by a wet ditch, now nearly filled up. There were four gates anciently distinguished by the following names: Glenarm or Spittal gate. Spittal gate, now North gate, and West gate, now Irish gate, were formerly entered by drawbridges; the drawbridge and deep trench of the latter remained within memory, and part of the arch over the former is yet standing. Water-gate and Quay gate were defended by battlements over them.

Adjoining, on the south of the town, is an ancient castle belonging to the crown, occupied as a military garrison, and magazine to the northern district. It stands on a rock that projects into the sea, so that, at common tides, three sides of the building are enclosed by water. The greatest height of the rock is at its southern extremity, where it is about thirty feet, shelving considerably towards the land, the walls of the castle following exactly its different windings. Towards the town are two towers, called from their shape half moons, and between these is the only entrance, which is defended by a straight passage, with embrasures for fire-arms. About the centre of this passage was formerly a drawbridge; a part of the barican that protected the bridge can still be seen. A dam west of the castle, is believed to have originally been made to supply the ditch at this place with water. Between the half-moons is a strong gate, above which is a machicolation, or aperture, for letting fall stones, melted lead, or the like, on the assailants. Inside this gate is a portcullis, and an aperture for the like purpose as that just mentioned; the arches on each side of this aperture are of the Gothic kind, and the only ones observed about the building. In the gun room of these towers are a few pieces of light ordnance. A

window in the east tower, inside, is ornamented with round pillars; the columns are five feet high, including base and capital, and five inches and a half in diameter. The centre column seems to be a rude attempt at the Ionic; the flank columns have the leaves of the Corinthian; their bases consist of two toruses. Within the gates is the lower yard, or balium; on the right are the guard room and a barrack; the latter was built in 1802. Opposite these are large vaults, said to be bomb proof, over which are a few neat apartments occupied by the officers of the garrison, ordnance storekeeper, and master gunner. A little southward are the armourer's forge and a furnace for heating shot; near which, on the outer wall of the castle, is a small projecting tower, called the lion's den.

Southward, on the right, is the passage into the inner yard or upper balium, by a gate with a semi-circular arch, above which is a long aperture, circular at the top. Inside, this aperture opens considerably; and, on each side, are niches in the wall, apparently to protect those who defended the gate—northward of which are several like apertures, and on the south a square tower, near which is a small door, or sally-port, with semi-circular arch, and ornamented. The openings above this gate, and in the wall, appear to have been originally intended for the discharging of arrows; the top of the wall overhead seems to have been formerly garreted for a like purpose.

Within this yard, which is encompassed by a high wall, is a small magazine, built a few years since, several store-houses, and the keep, or donjon, a square tower ninety feet high. Both the south and the east sides of this tower face in the inner yard, its west wall forming a part of the outside wall of the building; its north wall faces the outer yard. The walls of the keep are eight feet ten inches thick; the entrance is on the east by a semi-circular door in the second story. On the left of the entrance is a small door, now built up, by which was formerly a passage in the south-east corner, by helical stone stairs, to the ground floor and top of the tower. In this passage were loop-holes for the admission of air and light; and opposite each story a small door that opened into the different apartments. At present the ascent to the top is partly by wooden stairs inside. The ground story of the keep

is bomb proof, with small slit, looking into the inner yard. It is believed to have been anciently a state prison, and is now the principal magazine in this garrison. Several rooms in the other stories are occupied as an armory, and for other military stores. On the top of the tower are two small houses; that on the south-east corner covers the mouth of the passage; the other, on the south-west corner, seems to have been intended for a sentinel.

This tower is divided into five stories; the largest room was formerly in the third story, with semi-circular windows. It was called Fergus's dining-room, and was twenty-five feet ten inches high, forty feet long, and thirty-seven feet deep, the water of which was anciently celebrated for medicinal purposes. This well is now nearly filled up with rubbish.

The following notice of this castle is given in a survey by George Clarkson in 1567; 'The building of the said castle on the south part is three towers, viz., the gate-house, tower in the middle thereof, which is the entry to a draw-bridge over a dry moat; and in said tower is a prison and porter lodge, and over the same a fair lodging; and in the court between the gate-house, and west tower in the corner, being of divers squares called Cradyfergus, is a fair and comely building, a chapel, and divers houses of office, on the ground, and above the great chamber, and the lords' lodging, all which is now in great decay as well in the conventure being lead, also in timber and glass, and without help and reparation it will soon come to utter ruin.'

SINCE the first appearance of 'potato disease,' as it is called, there never was at this date so little of it to be seen in the county of Kerry, and we might almost say it has not appeared at all but for a few patches in isolated places that are not as yet on the increase. In the item of corn the farmers will look less and less, as tillage is on the decline, particularly turnip culture, on account of the increase in the value of labor. The crops of wheat and oats never looked more promising as to produce. Meadows are heavier than they have been in the memory of that great authority, 'the oldest inhabitant,' and, accordingly, the price of hay is fifty per cent. under 1857. [Tralee Chronicle.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS should forward communications intended for insertion in the *Miscellany*, not later than the Saturday before the day of publication, as our increasing circulation compels us to go to press every Monday morning; and should be addressed—Editors of the Irish *Miscellany*, Boston, Mass. Subscribers should mention the township, county and State in which they reside.

J. E. F., Lowell.—Too late for insertion this week. It will appear in our next.

INQUIRER.—The number of Catholics in Prussia and Poland is believed to be near 15,000,000.

J. O'BRIEN? New York.—It is stated on good authority, that upwards of two millions of the Irish people speak the Irish language almost exclusively.

DARBY MCKEON.—Your last effusion is laid over, because, before receiving it, we had in type our allotted portion of original poetry.

JOHN SHEEHAN, Albany, N. Y.—Many thanks for your kind favors. We shall be happy to hear from you often. Application will induce devotion to literature, and what may at first seem irksome, will very soon afford you the highest pleasure.

J. O'D., Dublin, Ireland.—We have forwarded to your address all the numbers save one of the *Miscellany*, asked for by you, and shall forward that by next mail. We feel grateful for your proffered aid, and hope by-and-by to be able to avail ourselves of it. Meantime, any communication from so able a source would be thankfully received. The 'Celtic Union' reaches this office regularly.

J. W. S., Albany.—In answer to your inquiry as to who wrote the best early history of England: it is considered by many that that of Henry Bishop, Mr. Payne was for several years American Consul at Tripoli. He died poor, without a home and without friends, spending much of the latter part of his life trying to obtain his lost consulship. Dr. Mackay says it is a pity the aforementioned air is not English or Scotch; but in our humble opinion, it is as great a pity that it is not Irish.

IRISHMAN, Milwaukee, Wis.—Dean Swift was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland. His well known patriotic lines has settled forever this question. We quote from memory:

'Britain, confest, this land of mine
First gave you human knowledge and divine;
Whose saints and sages went from hence,
And made your sons converts to God and sense.'

H. O.—J. Howard Payne, an American, was the author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' which was set to an old Sicilian air, by Henry Bishop. Mr. Payne was for several years American Consul at Tripoli. He died poor, without a home and without friends, spending much of the latter part of his life trying to obtain his lost consulship. Dr. Mackay says it is a pity the aforementioned air is not English or Scotch; but in our humble opinion, it is as great a pity that it is not Irish.

M.—The poet Spenser, while living on the banks of the beautiful 'Mullagh,' at Killeoman, in the County of Cork, suggested that the 'mere Irish' should be reduced to subjection, or destroy them, and compelling them to live upon grass! He also represented to the English government that, unless the bards of Ireland were exterminated, the people would never be subjugated. His advice was followed. The 'gentle' English bard, who sang in Erin of her hills and streams, and wrote his 'Faerie Queen' by Avon-due, took £50 a year, and 328 fertile acres of the gallant Desmond's estate. What matters it if he had to fly from the country he had outraged and robbed of his native books of the 'Faerie Queen' on his passage to England!

IRISH MISCELLANY

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858

BRITISH INDIA.

By the latest foreign news, we learn that 80,000 European troops are requisite for the complete suppression of the insurrection in India, and that only 26,000 is the actual number now available for field service. Of course, under these circumstances, 'confusion worse confounded' reigns in the Circumlocution Office; and the newspapers are clamoring that Lord Stanley should, before Parliament rises, make some satisfactory statement on this important subject. But there is little room to hope that the government will gratify anxious inquirers as to the actual state of things in the East: its whole system is too rotten to admit of being exhibited to public investigation; besides, it has so long pursued a devious course, that any other policy than mystification would be fatal to the ministry, the exchequer, and even the throne. Still, the general uneasiness in England, touching the manly resistance of the Sepoys, compels certain interrogatories to the ministry; and to put the best face possible on its forlorn condition, my Lord Stanley, in reply, said it was impossible to form an estimate of the present strength of the mutineers. The total number of the Queen's force in India, or on their way out, was 78,416; but 7458 were reported sick, and 11,059 were drafts on their way. At the latest returns there were 60,000 effective, and 11,006 drafts. As to the East India Company's forces, there were 18,858 Europeans on the 1st of July. After a deduction for casualties, there was then a total of between 86,000

and 87,000 European troops in India. With regard to the Indian Loan, £4,421,000 had been borrowed. According to the London Morning Herald, the War Office has 'given its sanction' to the raising of seventeen regiments of cavalry. How considerate, yea, condescending in the War Office. But where are the regiments to be had? Not at home, certainly, and, after the ignoble figure cut in the United States by Cramp-ton & Co., 'Great Britain is not likely again to make our territory a camp ground to obtain food for powder from either John Chinaman or the followers of the King of Oude and Nena Sahib. The plight to which 'perfidious Albion' is reduced may be inferred from the fact that an order accompanies the 'sanction' of the War Office to the effect that 'men of five feet two inches will be accepted!' We remember the time when recruiting sergeants would scorn any size short of five feet six and one-half inches, and when they had in all their depots standards for exact measurement; but this was ere the famine thinned out, at Skull, Skibbereen, and elsewhere, the men who unfortunately were only too ready to fight for, instead of against, the usurper of their fair native land. Now, any one capable of holding a gun is gladly accepted. Can not the hand of Providence be traced in all this?

The ridiculous accounts transmitted from time to time over the wires of 'brilliant success' over the insurgents can excite in thinking minds only contempt; yet such stuff is indispensable to keep up the six per cents. French and other sources furnish melancholy evidence of the immense loss of life in the vain endeavor to hold in subjection any longer the orientals.

RUSSIA.

De Tocqueville, in his 'Democracy of America,' instituted a comparison between the United States and Russia, as new countries, which had risen to influence and power in distant quarters of the world, almost before their existence was recognised by the rulers of the ancient nations. Recent movements in Russia are attracting attention from watchful eyes in all parts of the civilized world, and the social transformations now in progress in that vast empire reveal that a new era has been inaugurated which gives promise of great national progress and development. 'With vital vigor,' says a recent writer, 'the Russian Government has, within the past six months, taken hold of some of those mighty problems which the national needs and aspirations mark out for it. Important liberties have been granted the Press; large educational advances have been made; a series of gigantic political reforms have been instituted, and a career of commercial and industrial exploitation commenced.'

The movement for the emancipation of the serfs—the literary fertility which now marks the Russian mind,—the wide and increasing popularity of public journals and reviews—the remarkable dramatic development of the past two years—the reconstitution of the Russian Bible Society, by the present Emperor, which was suspended under Nicholas, are so many indications of an awakening to mental and spiritual life. The New York Times in a recent able article on this interesting subject observes:—'It is these symptoms of a mental awakening in Russia that are prophetic. Russia looks abroad from her isolation. Letters from St. Petersburg state that the Emperor is gathering about him every day men belonging to the progressive party, and the Cabinet is impressed with the importance of approaching western civilization. The railroad and the telegraph are running Russia into the very heart of civilization; the new and magic words, Progress, Culture, begin to echo on her mouth. To France and America she must look as her teachers. Happily, the best understanding unites all these countries. For Russia, health is only to be found in avoiding exclusion, in the full appreciation of the solidarity that binds together all people—a solidarity that does not prevent the free development of their own national individualities. We will watch with increasing interest the advancing solution of this great problem in Russia. She carries great things with her. She carries with her the immense destinies of the mighty Slavic race.'

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—Our contemporaries in Boston and elsewhere have in the kindest manner alluded to the *Miscellany*. On starting upon a second volume and issuing our gift picture, they have again spoken well of our humble endeavors to supply a want long felt in Irish American literature; and in selecting from among the number that have come to hand, the following very hearty notices, we would remark that no pains shall be spared to make our paper a welcome visitor in every home:—

THE ILLUSTRATED IRISH MISCELLANY, a neatly printed paper of 16 pages, published at No. 4 Water street, has just entered on its second volume, and presents to subscribers this week a fine lithographic representation of a scene memorable in Irish annals—General Sarsfield's Capture of the Siege Train under William, Prince of Orange, at Killen-nema-na, near Limerick, in 1690. The contending parties are well delineated by a New York artist, and the picture must awaken proud emotions in every Irishman's bosom, recalling as it does the glorious memory of the brave defender of the 'City of the Violated Treaty.' The *Miscellany* republishes every week a complete number of the Dublin Penny Journal, a standard literary magazine which flourished in Ireland some years ago. In its general direction, the *Miscellany* exhibits enterprise, tact and ability, and we wish it every success. Indeed, from our knowledge of one of the parties connected with it, we have no doubt it will deserve the cordial support of our Irish fellow-citizens. [Boston Transcript.]

THE PICTORIAL IRISH MISCELLANY.—This excellent paper has now been established half a year, and continues to grow in favor with the public. Its mighty patriotic tone, and excellent style of general management, furnish good reasons for the popular partiality in its favor. We are indebted to the publishers, Walsh & Co., 4 Water street, for a copy of a presentation plate—17 inches by 11—of 'Sarsfield's Surprise and Capture of William's siege train, at Killen-nema-na, near Limerick, August, 1690.' The picture is from a painting by D. M. Carter, Esq., of New York, and represents, with striking effect, what must have been a dreadful strife. It is well worth the price of a year's subscription itself; and we hope the generous and enterprising spirit which prompts its presentation may be met with ample reward. [Boston Ledger.]

THE IRISH MISCELLANY.—We have received from the publishers, Walsh & Co., 4 Water street, Boston, No. 1, of the second volume of the Irish *Miscellany*, a handsome 16 mo newspaper, devoted to literature and the advancement of the Celtic race. A splendid painting 17 by 11 inches—is also issued this week, and delivered gratuitously to subscribers. Two dollars a year is the subscription price, and the picture, which represents 'Sarsfield's Capture of the Siege Train under William, at the Siege of Limerick in 1690, is undoubtedly worth the money. We should think this neat illustrated journal would prove very interesting to Irishmen, since, besides reproducing their standard literature, it presents three or four cuts in each number, representing the many beautiful ruins of Ireland, such as towers, castles, monasteries, churches, &c. Success to it! [Worcester Bay State.]

THE PUBLISHERS of the Irish *Miscellany* have sent us a lithograph representing the capture of William the Third's siege train, at Killen-nema-na in 1690, by the celebrated Gen. Sarsfield. This is a notable event in Irish history. The publishers of the *Miscellany* present each of their subscribers with a copy of this engraving. [Boston Post.]

CHEERBOURG.—The aspirations of many successive dynasties in France, to establish on the frontier a formidable harbor for their navy, has been successfully accomplished by Napoleon III. Great preparations have been made for months past to celebrate in a worthy manner on the 6th of August, the completion of a stupendous arsenal at Cherbourg, when a colossal statue of Napoleon le Grand was to be placed on its pedestal. Strange and incredible as it may seem, the royal puppet of the English aristocracy was invited to witness the interesting ceremonies, and she and her husband have actually complied with the polite request! That is to say, after having drawn England into conflict with Russia, only to exhibit her 'decrepitude'; inducing her to wage war with the Celestials, for the purpose of making her a mere attendant; and holding Palmerston and his successors in complete subjection, Napoleon now points his guns towards the shores of Britain,—distant only 60 miles,—and commands Victoria, the Queen, to see what he has in store for her country. If this is not humiliation, what is?

THE CORNER STONE of the new St. Patrick's Cathedral, on 51st street and Fifth avenue, New York, was laid on Sunday last.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

MR. EDITOR:—I enclose you a few 'verses' for publication, and, as you will doubtless notice that they end abruptly, I shall relate an incident that wrought this injury to the fair proportion of my lines, and brought affliction to my own spirit. After I had finished my fourth verse, and was standing on a walk of the Common, gazing with uplift eyes on the stars, and drinking in their inspiration with a glow of enthusiasm, the end of my shillelah protruding behind from under my left arm, came in most unwelcome contact with the crinoline of a fair lady, and, ere I could turn round to repair damages to her feelings,—I will not add, her hoops,—behold! a star of another kind appeared—a most unpoetic star—a star that inspires ideas of dungeons, gibbets, and other ungodly things, and threatened me with punishment as an 'obstruction,' and a 'nuisance.' I stoutly repelled these imputations, and maintained that I was a philosopher and a poet. My remonstrance only began to prevail when I gave my name as Loafer; (the 'star' evidently mistook me for a brother,) and we—I mean myself and shillelah—were suffered to depart to our little attic in Broad street; safe in body, but minus my green spectacles, my pride, and the balance of my poetry. If you, Mr. Editor, or some of your readers will present me with a pair of green glasses, I shall be loud in praise of Irish generosity.

VERSES.

COMPOSED DURING AN EVENING RAMBLE ON BOSTON COMMON.

BY LARRY LOAFER.

I love, in the quiet evening hour
That borders the summer night,
When above the landscape glides the moon,
Diffusing her mellow light—
To saunter along these gravel walks
Where loveliest verdures line,
And stateliest trees above our heads
Their foliage thick entwine—

To list to the many pleasing sounds
That float on the cooling breeze,
Suggesting that wise are those who grasp
At pleasure, as swift it flees—
The maidenly laugh and playful jest
That lighten the promenade,
The innocent shout that issues out
In the moonlight, from the shade.

How many a thousand pair sat here
In the evening's long ago,
Maturing their plans to tread life's path
Together, in weal or woe!
With vision unsound does loving minds
Still picture their coming joys,
In glittering hues, all calm and bright,
As the tiny lake here lies.

In generous times, these sylvan shades
With musical concert rung;
But rapturous swells my Celtic soul
At melodies now oft sung:
In beautiful notes sometimes ring out
The patriot song of Moore,
Awakening many a sleeping thought
Of our gifted land, though poor!

TWO FRENCH KINGS.—Louis XVIII was a moderate of the old system, and a liberal-minded inheritor of the eighteenth century; Charles X. was a true emigrant and a submissive bigot. The wisdom of Louis XVIII. was egotistic and sceptical, but serious and sincere. When Charles X. acted like a sensible king it was through propriety, from timid and short-sighted complaisance, from being carried away, or from the desire of pleasing—not from conviction or natural choice. Through all the different cabinets of his reign, whether under the Abbe Montequieu, M. De-cazes, and M. de Villele, the government of Louis XVIII. was ever consistent with itself. Without false calculation or premeditated deceit, Charles X. wavered from contradiction to contradiction, from inconsistency to inconsistency, until the day when, given up to his own will and belief, he committed the error which cost him his throne.—Guizot's Memoirs.

[Written for the Irish Miscellany.]

EVENING THOUGHTS.

To the soul replete with sadness,
To eyes that fain would weep,
How full of sweetest gladness,
To gaze upon the deep.
And to watch its waves in motion,
Roll onward to the ocean,
While the sunset rays are gleaming,
And the moon's first rays are beaming.

And when the sun is blending
With Luna's silver light,
And beneath the waves descending
To leave us here in night.
And the dew has wet each flower,
And glad voices in each bower,
Sweet and lovely strains are singing,
And the evening bells are ringing.

Not on music, myth or bower,
My thoughts are dwelling now;
Not the gladness of each bower,
Can soothe my ruffled brow.
For my thoughts far distant wander,
And my memory still grows fonder
Of those blithe sweet days of childhood,
When I roamed o'er hill and wood.

Ah! those days are past and buried
In the sepulchre of time;
And this lonely heart is wearied,
Pining in another clime.
Oh! an Eldorado's treasure
I would give, to feel that pleasure
Which was mine ere care possessed me,
When sweet peace of mind had blessed me.

But a hope as bright as morning
Hovers o'er my aching heart;
With its brightness all adorning,
Which forbids a tear to start.
Speaks in tones so calm as even,
With uplifted hand to Heaven,
There shall be a brighter morrow,
Where ne'er enters care or sorrow. MONODIA.

[From the Dublin Celtic Union.]

RELICS OF OLD READINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

No. III.

'As sure as the day comes, the General's wrath will scorch it into ashes'—and he left the room as he was uttering the words.

'Tell the regicide I dare him, and that he shall never do the deed you promise for him.'

'As sure as Heaven witnesses, it shall be done, son of Balaio!' retorted the Puritan, now lustily, for he had gone into the hall and taken up his arms.

Aylward strode after him furiously, calling at the top of his voice.—'No Roundhead ranter shall ever enter these halls again! Aylward sends the regicide and his foul brood defiance! He never shall burn Aylward Castle!' But the 'Babe' had now resumed his saddle, not feeling entirely safe, as the Irish servitors began to assemble at the sound of their masters' loud voice, and seemed inclined not to obey his gestures, as he waived them away. So, on all hands, the hardy Republican, fearless and heedless though he really was, thought it the better part of valor to move on—which he did, incontinently, vowing all the way, as he rode back to the camp, to be the first man, next day, to set the den of the vile son of Balaio in a blaze, and above all to give no quarter to any living thing on the premises, and the more and especially and above all others did he not except Aylward, its lord and master.

The Lieutenant General of the English Parliament foamed with rage when he heard the defiant reply of the contumacious rebel, and so moved was he thereat, that although he was peremptorily summoned to England on the next day, yet he resolved to procrastinate for the gratification of inflicting summary vengeance on Aylward, his castle, and every living thing surviving within it. Nothing less would sate his blood-thirsty heart.

History tells us that when Herod was in his death-agony, he ordered his sister's husband, Alexas, to summon all the heads of the Jews to repair to Jericho on a set day, under pain of death, and upon their arrival, ordered them to be shut up in the

Circus. He then gave Alexas strict charge to butcher or them all without reserve. Oliver had taken a leaf from Herod's book, and left Clonmel with precisely the same hellish intent towards the Irish at Burncourt that his teacher entertained for the Jews.

He divided his forces, accordingly, into three large divisions, despatching two of them to the right and left, whilst he himself marched with the third, directly, towards the scene of the intended annihilation. By these means he expected to be able so securely to surround the doomed fort and its inhabitants, that he should not be played the same Sepoy-trick as that of Hugh O'Neill's in Clonmel.

The arch-Puritan, too, acted with great caution and circumspection on the present occasion, taught, no doubt, by the serious loss his fanatical presumption had caused him to incur on the occasion of the late siege, by despising the power of his opponents. He thought, also, that Hugh O'Neill might have left some of his garrison in Aylward Castle, or that some unlooked-for force might have been concentrated there to baffle him once more in his siege-operations.

Deeply revolving these things in his mind, Cromwell rode on at the head of his Ironsides, with several pieces of his artillery in his front, and powder and ball in innumerable waggons in his rear—enough, indeed, to blow up twenty such fortresses as that towards which he was now so furiously hastening.

On they rode through the mountain defiles of Tipperary, horses galloping, waggons trundling and laboring, colors flying, and the bright arising sun flashing from the naked swords and rude iron breast-plates of a thousand armed Republicans. On they strode, in dull leaded silence—a silence that was wont on all occasions, with cruel old Noll, to portend a coming harvest of blood and death. On they rode, until the whole troop came suddenly upon the summit of a bold commanding height, which looked down upon the whole campaign beneath, and over an area of very many miles in advance. Here Cromwell suddenly drew rein, and with a loud and bitter exclamation of rage and disappointment, pointed with his truncheon to an object upon which every eye was instantaneously concentrated.

The Puritan was foiled!—Aylward Castle was no more. Its lord and master had made his word good, 'that Cromwell should never burn or despoil it'—he burned it himself! And there now were its charred walls and fallen battlements—one huge black wreck—the thick, heavy, foggy smoke heaving up now and then from the smouldering ruins, and jets of lurid flame occasionally springing from beneath the prostrate masonry. Cromwell was foiled! Aylward had gone on to Waterford, with all his men and retainers, to rejoin the gallant Hugh O'Neill, and the only satisfaction left to Clau Oliver was, that his discomfiture gave a new name to the scene of its enactment; for, ever after and to this day, the place is called Burncourt, and the story of the Aylward of Burncourt is still well known and often repeated in many an Irish homestead in Tipperary. CARLAN.

THE TELEGRAPH TERMINI.—Bull's Bay, or Baboul Bay, is a bay on the east side of Newfoundland, in lat. 47.25 N., lon. 52.20 W.

Valentia or Kinnmore, a picturesque island off the west coast of Ireland, 7 miles long and two broad, is separated from the mainland by a strait, a mile and a half in breadth, and contains the most westerly harbor in the British Isles. The harbor is deep, capacious, and land-locked, and has lately attracted considerable attention, as the proposed westerly terminus of railway communication, and principal station for Atlantic steamers.

BOOKS.—Books are standing counsellors and preachers—always at hand, and always disinterested; having this advantage over oral instructors, that they are ready to repeat their lesson as often as we please.

[From the Dublin Celtic Union.]

OUR NATIONAL LANGUAGE.

The merest tyro in politics perceives the importance of language to a nation. It combines all the other elements that constitute nationality, preserves the national idea, long after these have ceased to exist, and even after the lapse of centuries, calls the nation to life and independence again. Language alone traces the geographical limits of Italy, and is the only preservative of German unity. The Latin has preserved those municipal laws that are blended in the jurisprudence of modern states, and it is only by the light thrown from her literature that we are enabled to study the political and social life of ancient Rome. In our own time Greece has received independence solely from the literary interest which invested every mountain and valley and rivulet of that classic land.

With these facts before us it is strange that we have so long neglected the cultivation of our national tongue. Perhaps we have been rendered indifferent by the reflection that, in the Anglo-Irish, we possess a literature as foreign in spirit to that of England as it is to the literature of any other country, without considering that, after all, this very literature confirms and naturalizes that corrupt and artificial union we have so much reason to deplore. On the continent, the fact of the Irish using, and preferring to use, the English language, furnishes the assumption that we are one and the same people, governed and inspired by the same laws and institutions, made and founded for the national good. Our literature is discussed as a part and parcel of England, and people talk of translations from the 'English' of Tom Moore.

But the Irish is not dead. It is spoken in the pulpit and market place and cottage, and is used by the untutored peasant to body forth his national loves and hatreds and wrongs. The writings of our poets, statesmen, and divines, are scattered throughout the libraries of Europe, and while a little spirit and industry would suffice for their circulation we have become a bye-word among the people, for suffering those memorials of our ancient glory to decay. Those writings should be of more interest to an Irishman than the productions of other ancient countries, and the study of Irish affords the precise advantages, which directors of educational institutions tell us are derived from the study of Latin, as those acquainted with the genius of our elaborate and constructive language will readily perceive. But, in fact, it has more advantages still; unlike the Latin, once acquired, it can be put to immediate use. A language that has existed for two thousand years must possess every possible formula necessary to modern requirement, and there is in itself, nothing to prevent its being used in the tribune, the press, epistolary correspondence, and even in the fashionable saloon.

Though the most enthusiastic nationalist doubts and perhaps does not desire the probability of this last, it is quite possible to place it in a state of brilliancy, commensurate only, it is true, with the political state of the country, yet in a condition to attract the admiration and sympathy of surrounding nations. The young democracy of Italy in the middle ages starting into life amid the debris of Barbarian monarchies moulded the modern Italian on a Latin basis, though the printing press was not then invented, though a book was not in Italy then, what is in Ireland now, a necessary in every home—stead of the land.

In fact, the revival or creation of a national language is, more than any other political movement, of a purely artificial character. Taking warning from the failure of previous isolated attempts, every one attached to the old country and cause should aim at giving a helping hand. Knowing how withering is the blast of aristocratic patronage, our societies and literary clubs should neither seek the al-

liance or expect the encouragement of a local snob. At present every available support might be given to the Ossianic Society, but we may expect, in the South and West at least, other societies with the same general purpose formed to carry out a certain object not coming within the sphere of that institution. It may be not improper to remark 'en passant,' that a subscription of five shillings per annum constitutes a member of the Ossianic Society, and that members are entitled to the yearly volume of the society's publications. This volume which is large and thick, (annually increasing in bulk) is brought out in an elegant and proper style.

This is not enough. Irish should be at present, a vehicle for the national thought? It is strange that journals professing to express the wishes of the Irish people never contain an article a paragraph, or even a sentence in the Irish tongue. In other countries such nationality would be ridiculed and suspected. In America emigrants from the other countries of Europe have their newspapers published in the language of their fatherland, in central Europe a newspaper contains articles in two and even three languages, in Belgium there is an ancient journal published in a dialect spoken only by a few thousand persons, and while the German Legion was in England a German newspaper was published in London supported solely by subscriptions from the same. Local journals in the east and north of Ireland could not be expected to be foremost in the experiment, but there is no excuse for the editors of the west and south.

Let then those who guide, instruct and amuse the people only commence the work of love, other and perhaps more ardent labourers may follow. The compilation, the treatise, the fictions, the ballad and lyric will appear in proportion as personal interest is brought within the influence of the current.

It would be frivolous to allude to a higher order of literature, it cannot be created with a dash of the pen. A poet is a spontaneous production of his age—a brilliant form glittering on the waters, filmy and frothy it may be, but reflecting all the huss of Heaven, and to most men a thing of substance whose evolutions beguile many a dreary hour of life. To sing to a free people the glories of our old race, whose pride is prouder than Guelph or Ghibelline,—to lip in the language of Tyne and Sidon, as Tasso did in the language of Pisa and Genoa—to accomplish for Ireland what Dante accomplished for Italy, what Goethe accomplished for Germany, to be the suggestive idea of Sesostris and Napoleon, the connecting link between Moscow and New York, is a destiny greater than the destiny of Homer, or Virgil or Milton; and which none but one greater than any of these may be called on to fulfil. And it will be fulfilled,—so sure as the fragments of that race shall gather to their native soil to build up a young nation from their old traditions—a nation which our Cloncurry said shall be the home of civilization and freedom.

THE FOURTH A GREAT DAY IN OUR HISTORY AS A NATION. April 4, 1609—Hudson discovered the Bay of New York.

July 4, 1776—Declaration of Independence.

Oct. 4, 1777—Battle of Germantown.

Oct. 4, 1777—Articles of Confederation adopted by 13 of the Colonies.

Dec. 4, 1783—Washington resigned command of the American Army, and retired to private life.

July 4, 1815—The Algerine Admiral captured by an American squadron; the Dey makes advantageous terms of peace to America.

March 4—Presidential Inauguration.

Aug. 4, 1858—Arrival of the Atlantic Telegraph fleet both upon British and American shores.

SIGHS AND TEARS.—A poor victim of a husband complains that crinoline should be the source of so much sentiment and sorrow, for he notices that nothing but copious tears are always resulting from its enormous sighs!

[Written for the Miscellany.]

ACROSTIC.

BY GERALDINE.

If ere's to thee, Erin, the joy of my heart,
I love thee the better, crushed though thou art;
But still I have hopes that thou wilt yet rise
Erect in your strength, and once more be wise.
Remain no longer a nation of slaves,
No longer unwritten your patriot's graves;
In honor and glory I hope yet you'll be—
A nation unsullied—the gem of the sea!

A BOLD, BUT BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—During the delivery of a sermon, last Sunday, in St. Patrick's Catholic Church, at Washington, D. C., the speaker, Rev. Francis X. Boyle, made use of the following beautiful figure in connection with the Atlantic Telegraph:—

'What is it, after all, when compared with the instantaneous communication between the Throne of Divine Grace and the heart of man? Offer up your silent petition for grace. It is transmitted through realms of unmeasured space more rapidly than the lightning's flash, and the answer reaches the soul ere the prayer has died away on the sinner's lips. Yet this telegraph, performing its saving functions ever since Christ died for us on Calvary, fills not the world with exultation and shouts of gladness—with illuminations and bonfires and booming of cannon. The reason is, one is telegraph of this world, and may produce wonderful revolutions on earth; the other is the sweet communion between Christ and the Christian's soul, and will secure a glorious immortality in Heaven.'

VARIETY is pleasing, as the sailor said when he married his fourth wife.

We came off with flying colors, as the ensign said when he ran from the enemy.

We both had many a brush in our day, as the old sailor said to his cocked hat.

INDUSTRY must prosper, as the pickpocket said when he stole three handkerchiefs before dinner.

I'll ratify you after I put my concluding claws to you, as the cat said watching the mouse.

'I am ready to go off by the train,' as the barrel of gunpowder said to Guy Fawkes.

GOLD and silver are in these days the most prized and effective of all belle-metals.

A PLEASANT wife is a rainbow in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

WHY is a boy throwing eggs against a stone-wall like a man running off? Because he makes his eggs hit, (exit).—J. S.

WHY is an assistant clergyman of a parish the most noted of all men for his exactness! Because he is accurate (A Curate).—J. S.

An Irishman writing home says—'Dear Nelly—Ameriki is the finest country in the world; the first three weeks you are boarded gratis, and after that you're charged nothin' at'awl. So come along, and bring the childhre.

A PATENT has been granted to a citizen of Utica, for a new kind of over-shoe, designed for persons travelling by sea and land. It is made of braided straw. Straw being a non-conductor of heat, the natural warmth of the foot is retained, without being subject to dampness by the foot sweating—an advantage of great importance—the straw being porous, and either absorbing the dampness or allowing it to pass.

INSCRIPTION over a door in a part of England:—'John Gibbons, tailor, school-master, and astronomer; i also keep A young man to do all Sorts of blacksmith's and Carpenter's Work, and to hang church Bells. any gentleman as Bespeaks a coat on Monday may have it on Friday or Saturday without fail. N. B. it is rumored that i intend to leave off Business on account of being elected church warden; i hope my friends will not give ear to such blood-thirsty reports—by their friend and humble servant, JOHN GIBBONS.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH INVASION IN '98.

Of that intrepid band of heroes who forsook the peaceful labors of the field for the hazards of insurrectionary war, none brought to the fearful struggle of the French invasion in 1798, a bolder heart, a stronger arm, or a deeper hatred of oppression, than Larry Gillespie, whose enterprising feats of muscular powers at Castlebar caught the attention of the armed loyalists, and who, when the outbreak ended in disaster, was one of the men with a price set on their heads. Engaging with a mounted dragoon near Sion Hill, he no sooner had him borne off his saddle by a thrust of his long handled pike than he was assailed by three of his mounted companions. Ere they could reach him with their naked blades, his foot was on the throat of his fallen foe, and wrenching the carbine from his gripe, he shot one antagonist of the three. 'Bravo Larry,' said a stentorian voice behind him, 'you will not have all the glory—no by japers, one at a time is enough,' and in a moment he recognised his friend, Captain Timlin (the famous outlaw, afterwards gibbeted at Castlebar), who rushed at one of the fellows, and while a candle would be snuffing horse and man were put into the dike, and down the rider tumbled with Timlin's pikehead kissing his ribs. 'Quarter, quarter,' shouted the trooper. 'Lie there in the dike,' said Timlin. 'Iscoren to kill a wounded man; I make King George a present of you for the rest of the campaign.'

Larry during this time was engaged with the other trooper. He was a powerful swordsman, and for a while parried Larry's pike thrusts, when Timlin turned from the wounded trooper. 'Bravo,' said he to Larry, 'spike him in the arm-pit.' So Larry thrusting the steel as desired, down fell the trooper on the ground.

A tremendous cheer burst from the vast insurgent host, blended with the vivas of the republicans. The rout was general. Down Stoball rolled the retreating tide, across the narrow bridge swept the beaten squadrons and battalions of the King—after them rushed the insurgent mass. A single curdige gun manned by Corporal Gibson, and about a dozen of Highlanders, for a moment stopped the rebel torrent.

Foremost in that second Macedonian Phalanx were Timlin and his friend Larry; they dashed against the gun whilst the Highlanders fell back under the bridge, and in the tumult the brave gunner was borne with the wedged mass, and a voice was heard crying, 'Hurrah for the green, hurrah for the green,' and a thousand voices responded. Lake and Hutchinson were routed; the former sought in India to redeem his lost prestige, and the latter among the sand hills of Egypt.

Next day Larry and his friend Timlin parted, never to meet in this world, and early next morning Larry Gillespie was to be seen with a broken pike shaft in his hand passing the narrow defile of Barnagee.

In a village on the northern shore of Lough Con, Larry's choicest treasure, next to the honor of his country, a young and faithful wife panted his return. Surrounding it were the studded and sylvan groves of Deel Castle. The Deel swept on through a meadow valley here and there thickly wooded, and the princely piles of Deel Castle, the old Elizabethan fortress of the Gores, and the new mansion erected by Colonel Cuffe and embosomed in the foliage of autumn. The broad blue lake expanded from his door, and the giant mountain crags of Pontoon and Addergoole, with Mount Nephin soaring upwards until it kissed a cloud of fleecy whiteness, and rose in tapering grandeur towards the sky. Here was a scene over which Naiades might preside, and it was through this valley, among these groves, and in the depth of those woods, along the flowery banks of the lake and river, that Larry Gillespie and his young bride sauntered when their lips sealed those vows which ended in the holy bonds of matrimony. It was from among those scenes that he left her to take a run into Ballina to see the French, with a promise that he would be back in three days, and to the moment, he entered with his broken pike in his hand, and a standard torn from the retreating red coats. When Peggy Gillespie gazed on her young husband a smile of delight lit her fine open, guileless

countenance, just losing its former natural blush, for she was fast approaching to be a mother.

'Arrah Larry avourneen,' said she, 'I hope you did not come without leavin' a legacy with them bloody red coats. I hope aushla you paid them as Davy Rorke paid the Tithe Proctors long ago, by givin' them an ounce o' lead for every sheaf of corn.'

'Troth, Peggy,' said the gallant Larry. 'I left a dozen of the spalpeens killed and wounded in the dike; I am sorry I did not meet big Jack Ormsby, I'd make his big stomach as flat as a tomb-stone, and let his inside see the light o' day any how.'

Mrs. Gillespie being impatient to see the French, she and Larry took their departure for Ballina next day, carrying with him his broken pike shaft and the torn ensign of King George. Passing on through the fields, the thrilling sound of martial music was heard blended with the wild shouts of the peasantry. It was a large body of the insurgents going out to rob and loot the houses and cellars of the aristocracy. Meeting this formidable gang with their leader Hugh McGuire, the latter accosted Larry, and called on him to go to the fun. 'No, Hugh,' said Larry, 'I have an arm to strike a blow for our country, but not one for smashin' locks and robbin' cellars,' (pointing with exultation to his broken pike shaft and the torn flag), 'come on, Peggy, I often heard Father Roche say, that Ireland was lost in Wexford by drinkin' up the cellars.'

Larry and his young bride entered Ballina, and going down by the Druid's monument, (cloch otho gaul), there was a large fire with several pots boiling beef, and an idle gang of half armed stragglers lounging along the ditches. Seeing that Mrs. Gillespie was approaching to be a mother, a stout matronly looking woman stuck the long prongs of a stable fork into the meat, and running over presented it to the young wife. 'By the pot hooks, ma'am,' said she, 'you never will pass until you keep the youngster's tongue in; here, this is no harm, take it.' Mrs. Gillespie called for a knife to cut a slice off the beef, and called for a pinch of salt. 'Bless you ma'am,' said the female cicrone, 'salt is as dear in Ballina as diamond dust; at the jewellers.' So Mrs. Gillespie, to keep the youngster from putting his tongue out, eat the beef without salt.

When Larry went as far as the market cross he had the pleasure of showing his wife one of the French detachments left after the invading army. 'Why Larry,' said Peggy, (pointing at one of the officers) 'this gentleman is light enough to dance a jig on the palm of your hand.'

'Then Peggy,' said Larry, 'these little fellows have all Europe under their feet.'

'Shame on my countrymen,' said Peggy, 'to lie under their heavy load of rents, tithes, and taxes, and duty-work, when these little Lochramanns of fellows have all Europe under their feet.'

A few weeks rolled on, Humbert committed the fault of Hannibal after Canae; he made a second Capua of Castlebar, and rejected the advice of the Irish Leaders to march direct for the South. The triumph of Lake at Ballinacum scattered the insurgent hosts, and Ireland was crushed beneath the heels of her oppressors. Larry Gillespie was a prisoner in Ballina, and tried before Lord Portarlington; Colonel Jackson and Captain Ormsby sat there, and mercy was stifled in the cry for blood. As soon as the tall, erect and powerful figure of Larry was brought in tied and manacled, 'On my honor as a Peer of Ireland,' said the fat lord, 'it is a pity to swing this fellow, we will send him to His Majesty's Ally, the King of Prussia; he will make a splendid Grenadier of the Royal Guard.'

'Swing him,' said Colonel Jackson, 'he has a traitor's eye, the king's enemies must perish.'

'Tis false, I am no traitor,' said Larry, 'I loved my country and stuck to her cause to the last.'

'Away with him, guard,' said Jack Ormsby, 'if there is a rope in Ballina he must be hanged.'

'I fear,' said Portarlington, 'you are too rash; what proof is there that this man carried arms, and levied war on the king?'

'He has a rebel's face, and a traitor's eye,' said Colonel Jackson, 'which is all the proof I require.'

'If we don't gibbet them in scores,' said Jack Ormsby, 'the king's authority is a dead letter. I was told that this very fellow was one of the first that struck down the gunner on the bridge of Castlebar.'

'But we will put him from ever doing harm to the king,' said Portarlington, 'by making a present of him to the King of Prussia.'

'We will give up our swords to the king,' said Jackson, 'unless his enemies are put to death.'

The cruelty of faction drowned the voice of justice; though Portarlington's heart was not insensible to the voice of pity, the blood thirsty cruelty of local stratahs frustrated the natural beat of his mind. Larry Gillespie was removed as a condemned felon with the sentence of death upon his head. As he was dragged from Colonel King's mansion across the street to the military barrack, one gazed on that noble and athletic frame, in whose bosom all hope was not lost—it was his beloved wife. No tear dropped from her blue and dazzling eye, her life she resolved to devote for his, and if every resource failed, the proud consciousness remained, that she was bearing in her bosom the pulsation of young life, that might in the course of events avenge a father's death. The intrepid hero recognised her, and his face beamed radiant when he saw that she preserved her wonted courage unimpaired. A smile of recognition lighted up his lip, and the eye fixed for a moment told, that he felt her expression of sympathy would follow him to the grave.

On an evening in October, 1798, Larry Gillespie heard the blows of a hatchet in the guard-room where he was confined; they were the blows of the carpenter constructing the rude scaffolding for his execution with his brother felons. On an ash tree in Lloyd's Garden, with only a narrow street-way between itself and the barrack, the tragedy of the death was to go on. Sitting under the shadow of the high wall opposite the towering instrument of terror as if counting the blows, sat a woman, young, pale and thoughtful, evidently soon to be a mother; it was the young wife of Larry Gillespie.

The early shades of night had fallen, the loud blast of the equinox shook the huge tree and scaffolding, nature seemed to conspire in wrath against this tragedy of blood, and though the trees and houses creaked in the storm, and the sentinel sought the shelter of the sentry-box, there sat that lone woman with the young life that throbbed in her bosom; her hour had come; 'where there is a will God sends a way,' the night favored her, she rose at last when night waned in the storm and footsteps ceased about the barrack. Stepping over to the sentry she said, 'please Sir to take a small drop, the night is long and cold, a cruiskeen will keep out the cold.'

'Eh lass, you are my guardian angel, 'tis honey to me now,' said the soldier with an English accent, taking a full swing from a wooden measure which she filled out of a half-gallon jar.

Said the soldier with his frank English nature, 'I expect, lass, some dear friend is about to swing up here to-morrow,' pointing with his screwed bayonet towards the tree. 'Yes in troth, my poor husband will be murdered there,' said she; 'they condemned him without judge or jury.' They'd do anything in Ireland, from cutting a throat to hanging an innocent man; her gentry are tyrants, her middlemen are robbers, and her soldiers are cowards, only fit for killing innocent people,' said the soldier. 'I myself saved dozens from the yeomen.' 'God bless your English heart,' said Mrs. Gillespie, 'I feel as strong as a trooper's horse by the courage you give me,' and she filled another goblet which the soldier drank to the bottom.

The two hours on guard passed away, the soldier told her not to stir, and that he would get her in to see her husband. He got time to tell his comrade, who succeeded him, of the succor that was at hand, and after giving him a full cruiskeen she was led to the guard-house.

This was a long dark room without any fire-place, and in a corner a few sods of half-kindled turf raised a smoke which half obscured the one candle that threw a dim flickering flame, the soldiers neglecting to use

the snuffers. Grouped together on a heap of straw lay four prisoners, three reclined at full length in a sound sleep, while one alone sat with his back against the wall, his folded arms showing that sleep could not drown the deep mine of thought which flashed in his brain.

When the gentle figure of the pale young wife entered she only cast a fleeting look at the stern features of her husband. Moments were precious, a life was to be rescued from the talons of the law, and knowing she was a welcome guest with her 'jar of the true religion,' she began to divide it with the guard.

'Your minutes are worth years to you,' said her friend the first guard, 'give me that and go over to your husband for the short time you have to stay, which is two hours, before the officer of the guard goes rounds,' and the generous soldier took the first goblet and handed it to the gallant rebel.

The mountain dew went round, the minutes were passing fast. Mrs. Gillespie placed a few damp sods on the fire which increased the smoke, the moment for action came; 'Larry, Larry,' said she, 'for the sake of all the saints in glory put on this cap and jock and be out the back way, the sentry will let you out, he will think it's me. Arrah Peggy acushla,' said Larry in a low whisper, 'they'll hang you.' 'Never mind,' said Peggy, 'not till what I'm carrying is born anyhow.' Larry bounded into the yard and giving a gentle tap, the door was opened, then stooping so as not to look too tall, out he went, the soldier bidding the good Irish gal good night.

Larry cast an eye at the tree and tall scaffolding where his fellow rebels were to be hanged on the morrow, and favored by the darkness and the storm he struck through a lane into the fields, and in the morning was far away from his enemies.

The next day the work of death went on, the three swung from the ash tree, and a green leaf never grew on it since. Two other trees were also there and still are in the same garden, this day in beautiful bloom, old, tall and stately, but not as much as a vestige of a leaf on the other is to be seen, and any person coming to Ballina can be pointed out this speaking blight.

Mrs. Gillespie fell into a deep slumber, and slept soundly. In the morning she was recognised crouched among the condemned. The report was made to Lord Portarlington, who said with a smothered smile of satisfaction, 'I thought to make a present of that fellow to the King of Prussia, and nothing would satisfy them but his blood. Let them follow him, and let the woman go, I will not order a court martial.'

Larry Gillespie struck straight for the wilds of Erris. Fortunately Captain C'Malley the Irish smuggler, who saved many a rebel leader from the gallows, was landing a cargo of brandy and tobacco.

Larry Gillespie formed one of a dozen rescued from the vengeance of the law, and was landed at Flushing. There the flag of the great Republic gave him protection, and joining the French army he became a candidate for glory on the battle field.

In Napoleon's second campaign of Italy, he often thought of the Deel and Lough Con, in his bivouac on the Adige. In the grand army of Boulogne for invading England, his heart yearned for a field where he would meet the oppressors of his country. And at Ulm, Jena, and Friedland he escaped the carnage of those days. His prowess at Friedland caught the eagle eye of Napoleon, and he was joined to the old guard. Having joined Murat's expedition to Spain, he found a field congenial to his wishes during the whole peninsular war, and in Soult's division felled many an English soldier, until Toulouse ended the bloody fray. In the last charge of the old guard at Waterloo, the prowess of the tall Irishman was felt, and one of the last who departed on that bloody rout was Captain Gillespie.

In the year 1816, a tall stranger in military appearance came to Ballina. A deep scar on his right cheek, and the loss of two fingers showed that he had been a warrior in arms. It was Captain Gillespie; he went to his native village and the haunts of his early bliss, and seeing a tall young man of eighteen digging pota-

toes in a field, the lines of his dear wife's countenance were marked in his. Making careless inquiries about the village his heart burst with joy when he learned that his wife was there. Not communicating the parentage to his son, they walked together to the humble cottage, where, rich with two acres of land, a cow, but never deserted by hope they lived together. A woman with bluff and healthy appearance, approaching forty, was over her spinning wheel, lifting her head and gazing on the tall soldier-like man; his face and features were much changed, but looking at the grey twinkling eye, her heart burst, and she fell into a swoon lisping the name of Larry. There she was, a spotless Irish mother worthy of his exiled heart. As he lifted her gently up, he implanted a kiss on her lips, her eyes opened, and on his breast she saw the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

In three weeks afterwards, father, mother, and son were on their way to America.

CONAL CEARNACH.

[Dublin Celtic Union.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

All the public lectures delivered at the Catholic University this summer term have been very well attended.

A further dividend of 1s 6d in the pound, to the depositors in the Tipperary Bank, is announced by the Official Manager.

We understand that Mr. Dargan has men engaged at Arklow, Enniscorthy, and Wexford, in taking an account of the traffic passing through these places, with a view to future railway movements. [Wexford People.]

At a stated general meeting of the Royal Hibernian Academy, held on the 17th inst., Terence Farrell, sculptor, and James F. McCarthy, architect, were duly elected associate members of that body.

On Monday evening, Mr. Shine Lalor delivered his lecture on 'The Irish Brigade,' in the hall of the Killarney Young Men's Society, to a large and highly respectable audience, numbering at least 500 persons. Upon the platform and the reserved seats at either side of it, were most of the leading gentlemen and ladies of Killarney, and the Roman Catholic clergy of the locality. The lecture, which occupied over two hours in the delivery, was received with marked enthusiasm. [Tralee Chronicle.]

With truly unaffected regret, we announce the premature and lamented demise of the Rev. Mr. Downing, O S F, the young and amiable Superior of the Franciscan Convent, Waterford, which took place last Sunday in that city. He was but a few months returned from Rome, where he completed his studies in the convent of Saint Isidore, and had entered with characteristic ardor on the duties of his new mission, in the discharge of which his rare talents, and his rarer virtues, shone brightly conspicuous. Requiescat in pace.

Died at Dehomet, county Down, in his hundred year, John, third son of Robert Malcomson of same place. He was a man of good mental powers, and was one of the few surviving members of the celebrated Irish Volunteers. Born in the latter end of 1758, he had all but completed the span of 100 years, and was active as a United Irishman in 1798. Throughout the whole of his protracted life, he lived a much respected member of society, and leaves many mourners to regret his demise. [Northern Whig.]

THE CHANNEL FLEET.—We understand from good authority, that, after the celebration of the fetes at Cherbourg, the Channel fleet will visit our harbor. This would be a most welcome event, as it is now so considerable a time since any large number of ships of war have been collected here. We should be glad if the Emperor were to send some of his navy at the same time, that they might contrast our harbor with the boasted work which has now been completed, after such enormous toil and expense.

It is expected that the fleet will arrive towards the end of August. [Cork Reporter.]

We understand the Emperor Napoleon has just conferred a signal mark of his favor on the Roman Catholics of Aughrim. His Imperial Majesty, it seems, has been graciously pleased to direct that a set of the richest sacerdotal vestments be forwarded from Paris, to be used from time to time, as our informant saith, in the chapel of Aughrim, at the celebration of mass for the sweet repose of the soul of Saint Ruth, a French general of historic fame, who fell in the battle of Aughrim, July 12, 1691. The spot where Saint Ruth was slain is still shown to the tourists, on the hill of Kilcomoden, within a short distance of the village. [Western Star.]

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES.—Mr. Blake, M. P., Waterford, has given the following notice of motion for early next session:—Select committee to inquire and report on the working of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, how far they have fulfilled the objects for which they were instituted, and the best means that could be adopted to induce their being more extensively availed of by the classes for whom they are intended; also to report on the best mode of placing on a footing satisfactory to all denominations throughout the country, preparatory schools for the above, whether by a special grant, or by compelling a better system of administering the funds of the endowed schools.

ENGLAND.

The London Life Association have refused to pay £5,000 policy on the life of the late John Sadleir.

After a storm which occurred a few days ago, in the neighborhood of Duckinfield, thousands of small toads were found.

It is now asserted that the great trial, Earl Talbot v Scott and others, for the possession of Alton Towers, &c, will take place in Middlesex.

The cabinet woods of Canada and the Western States are coming to use. Several cargoes of black walnut are now landing at Liverpool direct from the Upper Lakes.

The inauguration of the Newton Statue, on St. Peter's Hill, Grantham, will take place on the 21st of September, the day before the meeting of the British Association at Leeds.

FRANCE.

General Fleury has left Paris to make arrangements with the prefects for the imperial journey through their respective departments. M. Mont-Foris, painter to the Minister of Marine, and Conservator of the Marine Museum, accompanies the Emperor to Cherbourg, Brest, and L'Orient. He is to paint a picture representing the opening of the docks.

The Constitutionnel expresses a fear that the guilty parties at Jeddah may escape the vengeance of the Porte, and that innocent blood may be shed through the incapacity or misconduct of the Ottoman functionaries.

It is announced that after leaving Cherbourg, the Empress of the French will go on a pilgrimage to Auray, a small village in Brittany, celebrated for its butter, and a shrine of the Virgin, which enjoys a wide reputation. Like that of Del Pilar in Spain, its virtues are akin to those which pagan superstition assigned to Lucina—a fact which has given rise to a report of an early addition to the imperial family.

The city of Rome has been enriched with two very fine tombs—that of the sculptor Carlo Pinelli, executed under the direction of Rinaldo Rinalpi; and that of Cardinal Angelo Mai executed by Benzeni.

The Presse d'Orient gives an account of three Frenchmen having swan across the Bosphorus, from the landing place of Stenia to the Asiatic coast, near Kandlidja—a feat which took them about fifty minutes to perform.

Accounts from Tegernsee speak favorably of the improved health of the King of Prussia, but hold out no hope of his Majesty being ever able to resume the reins of power. It appears the doctors' opinions are unanimous to that effect.

(From 'Captain Rock in London'.)

REDMOND BARRY.

Charity—and, above all, English charity—is ostentatious. The left hand is generally made acquainted with the donation of the right; and even this is always scanty, unless called forth by public meetings or newspaper paragraphs. English benevolence, it would appear, disdains to act silently: the names of benefactors must be announced, or nothing will be given; and those who solicit are so well aware of this, that they hang out the catalogue of subscribers as regularly as the shopkeeper displays his showboard. Nothing less than a famine or an inundation is calculated to open private purses; and while thousands are sent to distant states, hundreds of individuals groan at home in absolute misery, notwithstanding all their national institutions for relieving distress.

'I had flattered myself,' says a contemporary, 'that the days of Dryden and Otway and Savage were past for ever—that the progress of knowledge and philosophical experience had shown the world, that any advance made on its part for the encouragement of genius was certain to be refunded in a thousand-fold by the operation of its influence on the movements of society. I thought that no man who by connection with, or the possession of, talent, could lay just claim to the gratitude of his country, would ever find that gratitude cold or reluctant in England—far less, totally wanting. I thought, too, that we had acquired that simplicity of wisdom which would teach us to express our sense of merit rather by the practical benefits conferred on the well-deserving than by marble honors and empty pageants—which are, in reality, nothing more than offering to our own vanity and self-conceit. I was very widely in error. Barry, the painter, has a monument in St. Paul's cathedral—he was followed to the grave by a public procession;—Redmond, his brother, and a brave servant of his country, who lost his sight in her wars, has just died of want in the metropolis of Great Britain.

To whom is this owing? Why was not his situation made known?

Kind and compassionate reader—it was—it was. Let me answer your indignant question in my own way.

There is in this city a society which you may have heard of. It is called the society for the encouragement of Arts, &c. This society possesses large funds, and distributes them (to do justice) very liberally. 'Twas but the other day they held an annual meeting at the Opera House, when rewards (medals, money, and otherwise) were flung about in showers to makers of wheelbarrows, straw plates, and I cannot tell what not. I have not patience to refer to the list of distributions; but you will find there that sums of money, from twenty to fifty pounds and upwards, have been accorded for the most frivolous, and, indeed, contemptible occasions which it is possible to conceive. That society are in possession of a great number of the paintings of the celebrated artist, Barry. They are, I believe, to be seen in their rooms at the Adelphi at this moment. To that society it was very natural that poor Redmond (after the loss of his eyes by lightning had incapacitated him from serving his country, and supporting himself any longer) should have applied for relief and assistance. He did so; a subscription was set on foot, and forty pounds were procured for him. This sum the poor honest man appropriated to the payment of his debts, and consequently found himself as destitute as ever. The society would do no more. To say they could do no more would be to say that which is not true. They left their painter's brother to starve. The poor man wandered into the streets, and supported himself for a time by begging! These means failed him. He was threatened with a goal by his landlord. He had never been in prison. Poor fellow! he had fancied something horrid beyond conception of such a place. The sum he owed was five shillings and sixpence!! For this he was told 'his old bones should rot in a prison!' He dragged his feeble limbs from the garret where he lay, and crawled out of the house of his inhuman

creditor. He was found by two friends sitting near a church door asking alms. They raised him between them. Hunger and fear had completely destroyed the old man's faculties! He shrank and trembled! The idea of the prison alone occupied his mind. He said he hoped they would not send him thither. His was unable to go on. He clasped his hands—fell on his knees—raised his eyes to Heaven—and expired, in the act of imprecating its justice on his persecutor.

About eleven months since, I recollect having my attention arrested, as I passed through Euston Place, by a venerable looking old man who was leaning on a staff, and asking alms of the passengers. Something or another in his appearance interested me—and I so far fell in with Theodore Hook's ideas of charity as to drop a small piece of coin into his hat. I was afterwards informed that this was the constant haunt of Redmond Barry; and should have been persuaded that it was the same I had met, even if after circumstances had not enabled me to come to a certain judgment upon the subject. The case, I believe, has made its way into the newspapers; but the manner in which it first came to my knowledge was such as I shall not easily lose the remembrance of.

Let my philosophical readers fix the cause—I can only content myself with saying, that I am subject, in a very high degree, to the influence of that faculty which is more or less infused into the dispositions of many men—I mean the power of deriving a satisfaction from the contemplation of human sorrow. Perhaps it is merely the love of excitement in any sort—perhaps it is the impulse of sympathy—it certainly is not a cruel principle—nor does it ever lead to unworthy results. Well, be that as it may, under the influence of this feeling it was that I found myself a few days since making my way into the workhouse of St. Giles's.

The only striking object which presented itself on my entering—one which was sufficiently so to arrest and fix my whole attention—was what I shall now describe:—A few dead boards were laid together and elevated from the floor. On these lay the corpse of an old man. There was no coffin—because, as the people informed me, there was nothing to procure it. The dead person was to sue, in forma pauperis, for a corner of the nearest churchyard. I approached the bier, such as it was. An aged woman stood near the body—she parted the hair upon his forehead—gazed on his face—and wept without speaking. She had been the wife of the deceased. I thought, as the light fell through the smoked and murky window upon the features of the corpse, that I had seen them before. I was not long in doubt.

RUSSIA, CONDITION AND PROSPECTS.

When the Emperor Nicholas died so suddenly in the midst of a gigantic conflict with England and France, all eyes turned upon his son Alexander, the heir to his throne, with great curiosity as well as immense interest. He had grown up so completely under the shade of the parent tree that no one had ever thought much of him.

His younger brother of more impetuous spirit and not so amiable a disposition, attracted far more regard from the haughty nobles, most in favor at his father's court, while the grave, quiet young man, who sat regularly at his father's council board, learning how to act when it should come his turn to preside, seems to have given but few indications of the changes he was going to initiate. The least change of policy must produce great effects among sixty-five millions of subjects, spread out on a territory that comprises fully one-seventh of the land of the entire globe, and extending over more than half the circuit of the earth in longitude by as much as thirty degrees.

Married to an amiable wife, he divided his time between domestic life and the routine of the duties

of the Council Chamber, being the most complete young man of the red tape school, in all the dominions of his father. Indeed, that father was the younger man of the two, to the day of his death. Younger in headstrong ambition, and the most unsteady in those domestic relations from which men of his exalted power have, alas, so many temptations to turn aside. It is probable, indeed, that the viciousness of the Russian court produced that general demoralization of the Russian officers of all grades, civil and military, which told so fatally upon the strength and efficiency of that nation in the late war.

Nicholas was a sort of Henry VIII in every respect except cutting off his wives' heads, and now his son bids fair to arise upon Russia, somewhat as Edward VI. did upon England. In both we see the same real, earnest, and supreme purpose to live for the good of their people. In both, that sort of disposition to make wholesale and sweeping reforms so perilous to immediate success, although, where successful, the foundation of all true greatness. Alexander seems a worthy successor of his uncle of the same name, whose exalted moral character adorned the adversity of his early fortune, as much as the subsequent prosperity by which his later life was gilded. The nephew has, however, entered upon the work of reformation with so bold and sweeping a hand, that while all statistics show him to be right, if he cannot be immediately supported, he puts in peril his throne and the prosperity of the dominion to the last degree. One false step, and all order, the succession of the throne, and all progress in Russia, may be driven back for fifty years or more. Should Constantine conspire with the nobles against the freedom of the serfs and the crown of his brother, no one can foresee the consequences. Or should there be any successes on the part of the liberated serfs, a panic against freedom may more than undo all his work, if it does not undo him.

In Russia the nobles form an oligarchy and despatch matters very summarily, conspiring and putting an unpopular monarch out of the way, with as little ceremony as they would have done in Scotland three hundred years ago. Still the power of the sovereign is becoming greater, and that of the nobles less every year. This last stroke of liberating the serfs, twenty millions in number, is the most gigantic effort of the kind in the history of our race. If successful, it will lower the power and pride of the nobles, and establish the house of the monarch in the affections of the people for centuries.

So far he has moved on steadily and with seeming success. But the British West India movement shows that it may take twenty or thirty years to enable the world fairly to judge of success or non-success in these sudden movements. A similar effort which he is making in regard to hereditary rank, called Tshim, may prove equally perilous or powerful for good. In fact, his reforms may prove too headstrong and wholesale for success; but there is no doubt but that, if he can fairly turn the tide, his system will develop the resources of his empire, and make his the most splendid and powerful monarchy the world has yet known.

THE Calcutta letter of the London Times (June 2d) has the following:—'Colonel Stratton, of her Majesty's 77th, has arrived from Australia, marched his men to Dundum, eight miles, with their stocks on. An hour after he and his instructor in rifle practice were both dead of apoplexy.'

The comment of the Times upon the above was as follows:—'When the justice of Heaven falls, or when the laws of Nature vindicate themselves, it was wrong to rejoice; but we cannot commit the hypocrisy of affecting to mourn the death of Colonel Stratton, if indeed, he fell in such a cause.'

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA.—Lieut. Maury has made many contributions to science which will cause his name to be remembered for years to come. In his work, 'The Geography of the Sea,' he states facts of great interest, and draws deductions of the most reaching consequence. He states that the deepest place in the sea is supposed to be the parallels of 35 deg. and 40 deg. of north latitude, immediately to the south of the Grand Banks. Soundings have revealed that the ocean has not so great a depth as it was once supposed to have. The greatest depths which have been reached are 25,000 feet, or four miles and three-quarters. As regards the saltiness of the sea, it is said that taking the average depth of the ocean at two miles, and its average saline strength at three and a half per cent, its salt would cover to the thickness of one mile, an area of seven millions of square miles, all of which passes into the interstices of sea water without increasing its bulk.

The rivers of the Southern Hemisphere are supplied with their waters by the North-east trade winds; but as the evaporating surface—that is, the area of sea over which they blow—contains between the parallels of 7 and 10 degrees North, only 25,000,000 of square miles, while the evaporating surface in the Southern Hemisphere is 75,000,000, the quantity of rain which falls in the latter is comparatively small. The mean annual fall of rain, which is evaporated principally from the seas of the Torrid Zone, is estimated at above five feet. If we suppose it all to come from that zone, it would be equivalent to the waters of a lake 24,000 miles long, 3000 miles broad, and 16 feet deep; and this water is annually raised up into the sky, and brought down again by the exquisite though complex machinery of the atmosphere, 'which never wears out nor breaks down, nor fails to do its work at the right time and in the right way.'

Under the head of Drift Currents, Lieutenant Maury describes a commotion in the water, called 'Tide Rips,' revealing a conflict of tides or currents. They are generally found near the equatorial calms, starting up without any wind, and moving along at the rate of 60 miles an hour with a roaring noise, 'as if they would dash over the frail bark, helplessly flapping its sails against the masts.' To other unexplained movements of the sea, the name of Bore and Egres has been given. The Bores of India, of the Bay of Fundy, and of the Amazon, are the most remarkable. They are tremendous tidal waves, which roll in periodically from the sea, engulfing deer, horses, and other wild beasts that frequent the beach. The name Egres is given to the Bore of Tsien-Tang river. It attains its greatest magnitude opposite to the city of Hang-chau, one of the busiest in Asia; and when it appears, it is announced with loud shouts from the sailors, drowned in its noise of thunder. All work comes to a stand. A wall like one of chalk, or rather a catract, 4 or 5 miles across and 30 feet high, advances with a velocity of 25 miles an hour. It passes up the river in an instant with diminishing velocity, occasionally reaching a point 80 miles from the city. The rise and fall of the wave is sometimes 40 feet at Hang-chau, and it is supposed to be produced by a peculiar configuration of the river and its estuary.

Recent events have given new interest to every thing that relates to the sea; and to those persons who wish to peruse a work of rare merit on the subject, we commend the volume of Lieutenant Maury. The principal foreign reviews have made it the basis of elaborate essays, and the fame of the author has extended to all parts of the civilized world. He has brought new honors upon his country. He has brought new honors upon his country, and gained a name among the most noted men of the times.—Boston Transcript.

'WHOM THE GODS LOVE DIE YOUNG.'—It was among the loveliest custom of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight; for, as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

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With the present number of our journal, we present to each subscriber to the Irish Pictorial Miscellany, a splendid Lithographic Engraving, representing the glorious scene, which occurred shortly before the capture of Limerick, when General Sarsfield, who commanded the Irish force, having learned that a large supply of heavy siege guns was on the way to the camp of the Prince of Orange, resolved to capture them. Crossing over the country by a difficult and circuitous route, so as to intercept the convoy, he came up in front of it at Killenamonna, attacked William's troops, defeated them and compelled them to retreat before the Irish horse, leaving their artillery in the hands of Sarsfield.

Having to rejoin the garrison at Limerick, Sarsfield knew it would be impossible to carry with him the heavy English guns through the mountain passes, and determined to destroy them. He ordered them to be charged to their utmost capacity, and imbedded deeply in the earth, with the whole of the baggage train, which also fell into his hands. A train being laid, the spark was applied and in a few seconds the siege artillery of William was shattered into innumerable fragments. This gallant feat astonished the English troops, gave new courage to the Irish, and secured the great popularity of the gallant Sarsfield. The explosion shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at an immense distance.

This memorable event is very faithfully and accurately portrayed. It has not hitherto, given inspiration, as far as we can learn, to any of our Irish artists, but now has quite ample justice done to it. It makes a most beautiful picture, and we present it to our readers as a sheet of fine drawing, separate from the Miscellany, suitable for framing.

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Non-subscribers will be supplied at \$1.50 for each plate. We are resolved that our subscribers shall possess a picture gallery worthy of the events we propose to commemorate. This will be the first of a series of NATIONAL PICTURES we propose presenting gratis to our regular subscribers: the second picture of the series will be issued in due time, the subject of which is not yet decided on. We should feel obliged to any of our friends who possess old pictures of remarkable value in Irish history, or portraits of distinguished Irishmen, to forward them to us. They shall be taken good care of, and returned.

Let our friends see to their subscriptions in season. Our Picture Gallery will be fit to adorn the walls of any gentleman's house in the country, and will, we hope, eventually supersede the wretched daubs which are often met with.

We will our friends of the press please notice this new feature in our publication, and we will take care that their sanctums are adorned with choice copies of this national picture.

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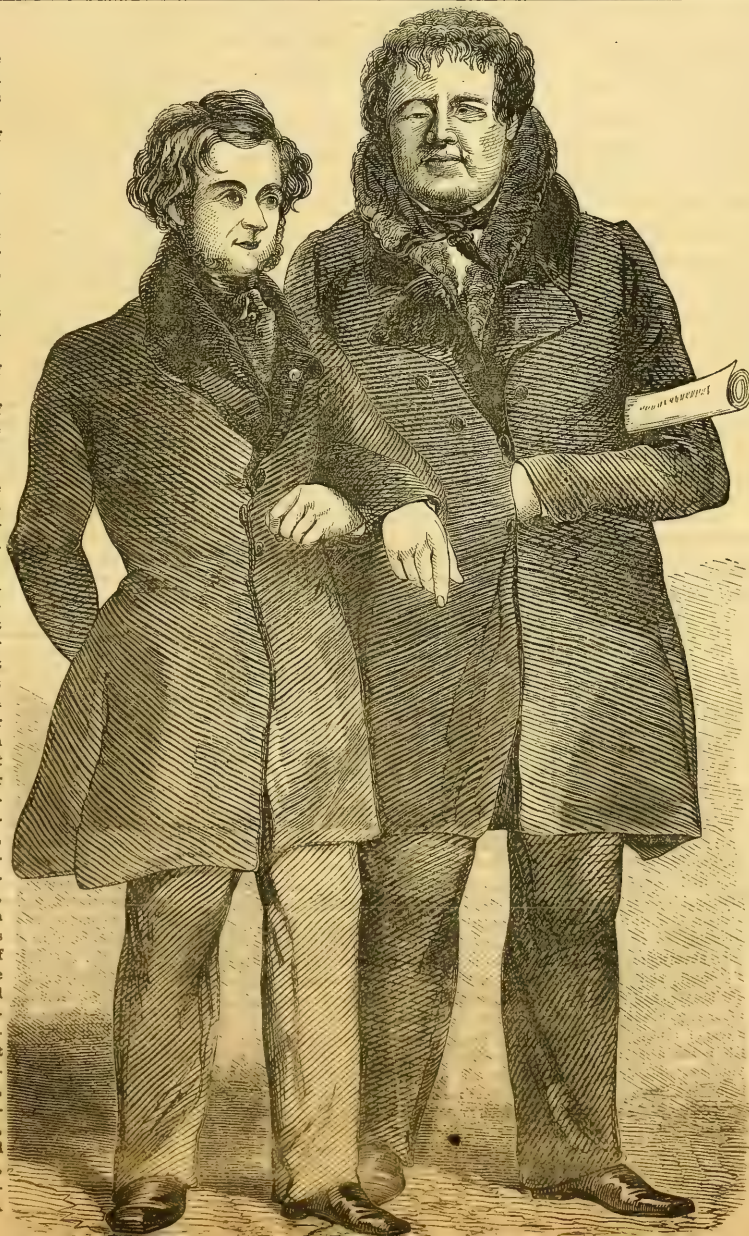
[PRICE FOUR CENTS

MEMOIR OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

[In the annexed cut the *Liberator* is represented leaning on the arm of his favorite son, John.]

The personal history of Mr. O'Connell is identified with the political history of Ireland for nearly the last half century. To publish, therefore, in the columns of a newspaper more than a sketch of his life would be impossible.

Daniel O'Connell was the eldest son of Morgan O'Connell of Carhen, Esq. and of Catherine, sister of the O'Mullane, of Whitechurch, in the county of Cork, a most respectable and ancient Irish family. He was born at Carhen, about a mile from the present post town of Cahirciveen, in the county of Kerry. His birth occurred on the 6th of Aug., 1775—a year rendered memorable by the commencement of the contest between England and her American Colonies. It was a date which he was accustomed to notice with no small complacency, for he took much pleasure in reminding the world that he was born in the year during which the American colonies began to assert their independence, and he sometimes succeeded in persuading his admirers that that incident, taken in connection with others, shadowed forth his destiny as a champion of freedom. In this place his childhood and boyhood were passed—with the exception of protracted visits to Darrynane, the seat of his father's eldest brother, Maurice O'Connell, who, being childless himself, adopted his nephews, Daniel and Maurice, and took, in a great measure, the charge of their education upon himself. A



poor old hedge-school-master, named David Mahoney, was the first person who taught Daniel O'Connell his letters. Happening, upon one of his rounds in quest of charitable assistance, to call at Carhen house, he took young 'Dan,' then four years old, upon his lap, and was playing with him, when, perceiving that the child's hair, which was long, had got much tangled, he took out a box comb, and combed it thoroughly without hurting him; in gratitude for which the child readily consented to learn his letters from the old man, and perfectly and permanently mastered the whole alphabet in an hour and a half!

At the age of thirteen, he was sent to the school of the Rev. Mr. Harrington, the first held by a Catholic priest since the penal laws. At the end of a year his Uncle Maurice took him and his brother from this school, and sent them to the Continent. He proceeded from Dover to Ostend, and at the former place Mr. O'Connell's first acquaintance with England was marked by a ducking in the surf, the boat having capsized through some mismanagement in beaching her. Arriving at Liege, he was found to have passed the age when boys could be admitted as students; and was, therefore, obliged to return to Louvain, to await instructions from home. While thus detained, Maurice gave himself up to boyish amusements, but Daniel, prompted by his nobler instincts, entered as a volunteer in one of the halls at Louvain, and ere the arrival of letters from home had risen to a high place in a class of 120 boys.

They were ordered to St. Omer's, where they remained a year, when they removed to the English college of Douay for some months. At St. Omer's Daniel rose to the first place in all the classes. Dr. Stapylton, president of the college there, writing to his uncle, made the following almost prophetic remark: 'With respect to the elder, Daniel, I have but one sentence to write about him, and that is, that I never was so much mistaken in my life as I shall be, unless he be destined to make a remarkable figure in society.'

Hare hunting and fishing were amongst his darling pastimes; and these means of relaxation continued to fill his leisure hours, even when his years had approximated to three-score and ten. His eagerness in the amusement of hare-hunting nearly cost him his life in 1798. He remained at a peasant's house in wet clothes, and got cold, which ended in a violent typhus fever. In the delirium of the crisis, which threatened a fatal issue, he was constantly heard repeating the following lines from the tragedy of 'Douglas':—

'Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me:
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have proved;
And think life only wanting to my fame.'

During the rebellion, Mr. O'Connell served as a private in the 'Lawyers' Artillery.' His service was signaled by several deeds of bravery and humanity.

From 17 to 70 the energy of his intellect and the ardor of his passions seemed to suffer no abatement. A large and well-used law-library, numerous liaisons, a pack of beagles, and a good collection of fishing-tackle attested the variety of his tastes, and the vigor of his constitution.

On the 21st of December, 1793, the day the unfortunate Louis was beheaded at Paris, the brothers set out in a voiture for Calais. As soon as they got into the English packet-boat, they eagerly tore out of their caps the tri-color cockade, which the commonest regard for personal safety had made indispensable at that time in France. Mr. O'Connell has often said that the horrors of the French Revolution made him very nearly a Tory in heart.

In this state of mind, and before he had completed his 20th year, he became a law student of Lincoln's-inn, into which society he was received on the 30th January, 1794. Previous to the year 1793, Roman Catholics were not admitted to the bar, and Mr. O'Connell was among the earliest members of that church who became candidates for legal advancement. His entrance upon the profession of the law, as a barrister, took place on the 19th of May, 1798, and it must be acknowledged that he spared no pains to qualify himself for that arduous pursuit. Though of a joyous temperament, self-indulgent, he still was not indisposed to hard labor, so that he became almost learned in the law before he ever held a brief. Conformably with the custom of the Irish bar, Mr. O'Connell prepared himself for any sort of business that might come within his reach, whether civil or criminal—whether at common law or in equity. He attended Hardy's trial with strong prejudice against the accused, and sympathy with Eldon as the vindicator of law and social order. In the progress of the trial, however, he was fully converted, and confirmed in his natural detestation of tyranny and in his desire to resist it. There was no man of the same standing on the Munster circuit, or at the Irish bar, who knew more of his profession than young Mr. O'Connell; and in a short time he became a very efficient lawyer of all-work.

Mr. O'Connell had been four years at the bar, and had entered upon the 28th year of his age, before he contracted matrimony. His father and his uncle pointed out more than one young lady of good fortune whose alliance with him in marriage they earnestly desired; but he felt bound in honor not to violate the vows which he had interchanged with his cousin Mary, the daughter of Dr. O'Connell of Tralee. Her father was esteemed in his profession, but her marriage por-

tion was next to nothing; and great therefore was the displeasure which this union occasioned. It took place privately on the 23d of June, 1802, at the lodgings of Mr. James Connors, the brother-in-law of the bride, in Dame-street, Dublin. This occurrence for some months remained a secret, but eventually all parties became reconciled. Mrs. O'Connell was deservedly esteemed by her family and friends, while she enjoyed a large share of her husband's affection.

Mr. O'Connell's first public effort as an orator was a speech against the Union. This was a bold step in a young man. Terrorism reigned over the land—even Protestants who manifested any national feeling fell under the ban of a bloody intolerance. Undeterred by considerations of this kind, he delivered his maiden speech at a meeting of the Catholics of Dublin, assembled in the Royal Exchange, on the 19th of January, 1800, to petition against the proposed incorporation of the Irish with the British Parliament. The public have long been familiar with the grounds upon which Mr. O'Connell was accustomed to urge the claims of his native country to the possession of an independent legislature. It is believed that he never urged those claims with more effect than in his earlier speeches; the very first of which has been extolled as a model of eloquence.

The great body of the Roman Catholics were only too happy to patronize an aspiring barrister of their own persuasion; the attorneys on the Munster circuit found that his pleadings were much more worthy of being relied on than those of almost any other junior member of the bar; and soon this description of business poured into his hands so abundantly that he employed first one, and then a second amanuensis. At nisi prius his manner alone was enough to persuade an Irish jury that his client must be right. His anticipation of victory always seemed so unfeigned that, aided by that and other arts, he seldom failed to create in the minds of every jury a prejudice in favor of whichever party had the good fortune to have hired his services. His astonishing skill in cross-examination; the caution, dexterity and judgment which he displayed in conducting a cause; the clearness and precision with which he disentangled the most intricate mass of evidence, especially in matters of account, procured for him the confidence of all those who had legal patronage to dispense; before a common jury no man could be more successful than the subject of the present memoir, for this, among other reasons, that a large fund of the greatest humor usually enabled him to have the laugh on his side. In the Rolls Court also, where Mr. Curran at that time presided, Mr. O'Connell was in the highest favor.

The calamitous occurrences of 1803 connected with 'Emmett's rebellion,' found Mr. O'Connell already in good practice as a lawyer. He was called on to serve in the 'Lawyers' Infantry,' when a deep impression was made on his mind by the wanton cruelty which an exasperated citizen soldiery are often too ready to commit, of the tendency that a man has 'when he has arms in his hands, to be a ruffian.'

Many anecdotes have been at various times related, showing the pains which he took to mitigate the atrocities of that period; he certainly manifested throughout his life a strong aversion to actual deeds of blood.

In 1804 the 'Catholic Board' was dissolved by a Government proclamation; but it was revived again under the name of the 'Catholic Committee.' The first regularly reported debate of the Catholic body is to be found in the Dublin newspapers of January, 1808. They met in what was long after called the 'Exhibition House,' in William-street, subsequently, and still, the corporation house of assembly. It was then that Mr. O'Connell commenced his more active exertions for Catholic Emancipation, in which he preserved amidst the greatest discouragements, arising chiefly from the divisions and servility of the Catholics themselves. Many of our readers will recollect Mr. Sheil's graphic description of the every day life of the Agitator about this time—of his early vigils and devotions, his dimly lighted study, his bustle among the attorneys, his hurrying to the Four Courts, his forensic displays, and his

afternoon exhibitions, when the man of legal points, formal precedents, and abstrusive arguments was transformed into a fearless rolling agitator, declaiming in a popular meeting, playing with a master's hand, now on the laughing faculties, and anon on the deepest sympathies and passions, of his auditory, depicting with terrible vividness the wrongs of his country, and launching startling denunciations against her oppressors. In a letter to Lord Shrewsbury, published in 1842, Mr. O'Connell himself gives the following account of his labors:—

'For more than twenty years before Emancipation, the burden of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings—to propose resolutions—to furnish replies to the correspondence—to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances—to rouse the torpid—to animate the lukewarm—to control the violent and inflammatory—to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law—to guard against multiplied treachery—and at all times to oppose, at every peril, the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause. At a period when my minutes were counted by the guinea—when my emoluments were limited only by the extent of my physical and waking powers—when my meals were shortened to the narrowest space, and my sleep restricted to the earliest hours before dawn—at that period, and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours, often much more, to the working out of the Catholic cause; and that without receiving or allowing the offer of any remuneration, even for the personal expenditure incurred in the agitation of the cause itself.'

To sustain himself in the position which O'Connell held throughout the meridian of his career required great animal energy and unwearied activity of mind. He possessed both. Long before he reached middle life he had become the most industrious man in Ireland. As early as five o'clock in the morning his matins were concluded, his toilet finished, his morning meal discussed, and his amanuensis at full work; by eleven he was in court; and at three or half-past attending a board or a committee; later in the evening presiding at a dinner, but generally retiring to rest at an early hour, and not only abstaining from the free use of wine, but to some extent denying himself the national beverage of his country.

He was often heard to say, 'I am the best abused man in all Ireland, or perhaps in all Europe.' Amongst those who delighted to pour upon him the vials of their wrath, the municipal authorities of Dublin were perhaps the most prominent. The old corporation of that city was so corrupt, so feeble, and so thoroughly Orange in its politics, that Mr. O'Connell reckoned confidently upon 'winning golden opinions' from his party, while he indulged his own personal vengeance, by making the civic government of Dublin an object of his fiercest hostility. In the year 1815 this feud had attained to its utmost height, and various modes of overwhelming their tremendous adversary were suggested to the corporators.

On the 31st of January, 1815, occurred one of the most painful events of Mr. O'Connell's life, the fatal duel with Mr. D'Este, a member of the Dublin corporation, which Mr. O'Connell called 'beggarly'—'a beggarly corporation.' This was the offence for which he was challenged. Mr. O'Connell's second was Major M'Namara, the late member for Clare. Mr. D'Este was accompanied by Sir Edward Stanley. They met in Lord Ponsonby's demesne, about twelve miles from the city. D'Este fired first and missed. Mr. O'Connell's shot took effect in his adversary's thigh, which bled profusely. He died in a few days; Sir Edward Stanley politely informed Mr. O'Connell that there would be no prosecution.

Mr. O'Connell did not then feel the remorse and horror at the crime of duelling which he afterwards so often expressed.

In a few months after the fatal event just recorded, Mr. O'Connell received a communication tending towards hostility from Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel, who at that time filled the office of Chief Secretary at the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Sir

Charles Saxton, on the part of Mr. Peel, had an interview first with the friend of that gentleman, Mr. Lidwell. The business of exchanging protocols went on between the parties for three days, when at length Mr. O'Connell was taken into custody and bound over to keep the peace towards all his fellow-subjects in Ireland; thereupon Mr. Peel and his friend eventually proceeded to the Continent. Mr. O'Connell followed them to London, but the metropolitan police, then called 'Bow street officers,' were active enough to bring him before the Chief Justice of England, when he entered into recognizances to keep the peace towards all his majesty's subjects; and so ended an affair which might have compromised the safety of two men who since that time have filled no small space in the public mind.

The period which this narrative has now reached was still many years antecedent to the introduction of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill. Down to that moment Mr. O'Connell prosecuted with unabated vigor his peculiar system of warfare against the supporters of Orange ascendancy, while he pursued his avocations as a lawyer with increasing and eminent success. As early as the year 1816, his professional position quite entitled him to a silk gown, but his creed kept him on the outside of the bar, where he continued to enjoy the largest and most lucrative business that ever rewarded the labors of a junior barrister. Meanwhile, that body called the Catholic Association, with O'Connell at its head, carried on the trade of agitating the Irish populace. The latter years of the Regency were marked by a new and more soothing policy towards Ireland. Upon the accession of George IV., he visited that country; in the early part of his reign the principle of conciliating the O'Connell party was maintained and extended; the Liberalism of the Canning policy began to prevail; 'Emancipation' was made an 'open question.' Mr. O'Connell was, however, like many others, deceived by the promises of George IV.; and he took an active part in halting his visit to Ireland. On the day of his embarkation, the Liberator, at the head of a Catholic deputation, presented him with a crown of laurel, which was received 'with sufficient graciousness.'

For the purpose of reviewing the career and appreciating the character of Daniel O'Connell, it is not necessary that the public should now be presented with a detailed history of the Catholic Association, or this narrative would be interrupted by a tedious episode compounded of state trials, of disquisitions on the veto, on coercion acts, and on a multitude of other topics, which would tend very little to illustrate the personal history of a man with whom the reader is by this time too well acquainted to require aid from an historical account of public transactions in Ireland during the time that O'Connell's club went by the name of the 'Catholic Association.'

Among those who opposed Mr. O'Connell's policy as to the veto, and other questions, was Mr. Sheil. In 1821 the great leader addressed one of his powerful manifestos to the people of Ireland. Mr. Sheil applied himself with all the force of his brilliant eloquence to destroy its impression on the public mind, declaring that his object was to 'demonstrate the fallacy of his reasoning, and point out the pernicious tendency of his advice.' Mr. O'Connell quickly replied to this 'rhapsody,' as he called it, and complained of the bad names the rhetorician had given him, such as 'a flaming fragment,' 'lava,' 'a straw in amber,' 'a rushlight with fretful fire,' &c. These two great men, however, afterwards became cordial friends, and worked together very harmoniously in the Catholic Association.

With regard to the formation of the Catholic Association in 1823, Mr. John O'Connell contradicts the statement that the first idea of it occurred to Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Sheil at a friend's house in the county of Wicklow. He says the idea had origi-

nated long before in his father's own mind; and that, when he mentioned it to Mr. Sheil on the occasion in question, the latter expressed his fears and doubts as to the working; when the other said, he 'would make it work.' The first meeting was held in Dempsey's Hotel, Sackville street, Lord Killeen in the chair. This was on the 12th May, 1823. The meetings were afterwards held at Mr. Coyne's, Capel street. It is remarkable that Mr. Enas McDonnell, with others, objected to Protestants having a deliberative voice in the meetings—an objection which Mr. O'Connell overruled. One of the rules requiring that unless there were ten members present at half-past three o'clock, the meeting should be adjourned, it often happened that there was 'no house.' This was sometimes effected by design, to the great annoyance of the leader. On one occasion he defeated the plan for securing an adjournment, by almost forcing two young priests into the room.

Mr. O'Connell took a leading part in the opposition to the Kildare Place Society, when it was detected in proselytising practices. From the time the Catholic Association was established to the granting of Emancipation, there was a very hot crusade carried on in Ireland against 'Popery.' The leaders in it were Captain Gordon and the Rev. Mr. Pope, a very eloquent clergyman. O'Connell and Sheil encountered them in controversy on the Bible platforms, often leaving the court-house for the purpose, when on circuit. This crusade, the object of which was really political, was almost immediately abandoned as soon as Emancipation was carried.

The parliamentary career of him—the 'member for Ireland'—now more immediately claims our attention; and it naturally takes its commencement from the first occasion upon which he was returned for Clare.

Mr. O'Connell was, on the 5th of July, 1828, returned to Parliament by a large majority of the Clare electors. He lost no time in presenting himself at the table of Commons, and expressed his willingness to take the oath of allegiance, but, refusing the other oaths, he was ordered to withdraw. Discussions in the House and arguments at the bar ensued; the speedy close of the session, however, precluded any practical result. Agitation throughout every part of Ireland now assumed so formidable a character that ministers said they apprehended a civil war, and early in the next session the Roman Catholic Relief Bill was introduced and carried; Mr. O'Connell was, therefore, in the month of April, 1829, enabled to sit for Clare without taking the objectionable oaths; but it was necessary that a new writ should issue, under which he was immediately re-elected.

The death of George IV. of course led to a new Parliament, when O'Connell withdrew from the representation of Clare, and was returned for the county of Waterford. In the House of Commons, elected in 1831, he sat for his native county (Kerry). Dublin, the city in which the greater part of his life was spent, enjoyed his services as its representative from 1832 till 1836, when he was petitioned against and unseated, after a long contest, before a committee of the House of Commons. He then for some time took refuge in the representation of Kilkenny; but, at the general election in 1837, he was once more returned for Dublin, and in 1841 for the county of Cork. Mr. O'Connell had a seat in the House of Commons for eighteen years, under the rule of three successive sovereigns, during six administrations and in seven several Parliaments.

Every reader is aware that he took an active part in all the legislation of the period, as well as in the various struggles for power and place in which the political parties of England have been engaged during the last twenty years; and right vigorously did he bear himself throughout those changing scenes.

Grattan once said, in reference to Flood, 'An oak of the forest is too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty.' But O'Connell had reached the age of fifty-five before he underwent the process of transplantation; yet his parliamentary character was of hardy and flourishing growth.

On subjects distinct from the party squabbles of his countrymen, scarcely any one addressed the House more effectively than did Mr. O'Connell; and it is generally acknowledged that in his speeches upon the great question of Parliamentary Reform he was surpassed by very few members of either House. His parliamentary speeches are numerous; but the events of his parliamentary life have been few in number; yet several propositions have been brought forward in the House of Commons by Mr. O'Connell. Amongst the most remarkable of these was his motion for a repeal of the Irish union, submitted to Parliament on the 22d of April, 1834. Upon that occasion he addressed the House with his usual ability for upwards of six hours; and Mr. Rice (now Lord Montague) occupied an equal length of time in delivering a reply which might advantageously have been reduced within half its dimensions. After a protracted debate the House divided, only one English member voting with Mr. O'Connell, the numbers being 523 to 38. Those who supported him on that remarkable occasion consisted of persons returned to Parliament by the Irish priests, at his recommendation, and pledged to vote as he directed; they were, therefore, called 'the O'Connell tail'; and no doubt, when political parties were balanced, the 30 or 40 members whom he commanded could easily create a preponderating influence. Thus it was his power which, from 1835 to 1841, kept the Melbourne Ministry in office. To reward such important aid, the greater portion of the Irish patronage was placed at his disposal. The return of the party called Conservatives to power in 1841, was the signal for renewed agitation in Ireland, and this led to a lengthened interruption of Mr. O'Connell's parliamentary labors; here, therefore, a fitting opportunity presents itself to state one or two circumstances which were not immediately connected with that portion of his career. In 1834, he received a patent of precedence next after the King's second Serjeant. When the Dublin corporation was reformed, he was elected Alderman, and filled the office of Lord Mayor in 1841-2. Mr. O'Connell was appointed a magistrate of Kerry in 1835, but during the violent excitement which prevailed in 1843, the Lord Chancellor thought it necessary to remove him from the commission of the peace. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that, to some extent, the subject of this memoir belonged to a political party, and though at times he would call his political friends 'base, bloody and brutal Whigs,' yet, usually, when the Liberals occupied the Cabinet, he endeavored to keep Ireland in a state favorable to Ministerial interests; but on all occasions when the Tories were in the ascendant, the full might of democratic agitation was brought into the field. In the autumn of 1841, Sir R. Peel became First Lord of the Treasury. Early in the spring of the following year a repeal of the union was demanded by every parish, village and hamlet, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, while a fierce activity pervaded the Repeal Association. In the course of the next year, a (1843) 'monster meetings' were held at the royal hill of Tara, on the Curragh of Kildare, on the Rath of Mullaghmast, and in a score of other wild localities; the Irish populace were drilled and marshalled, and marched under appointed leaders, whose commands they obeyed with military precision, while the master-spirit who evoked and ruled this vast movement announced to all Europe that he was 'at the head of 500,000 loyal subjects, but fighting men.' The Irish press enjoined 'Young Ireland' to imitate the example of 1798, and open

rebellion was hourly apprehended. At length the crisis arrived; the great Clontarf meeting was summoned; a Government proclamation to prohibit that assemblage went forth, the military were called out. The intended meeting at Clontarf was fixed for the 8th of October, 1843; on the 14th of that month O'Connell received notice to put in bail; on the 2nd of November proceedings commenced in the Court of Queen's Bench; the whole of Michaelmas term was consumed by preliminary proceedings, and the actual trial did not begin until the 16th of January, 1844. Twelve gentlemen of the bar appeared on behalf of the Crown, and sixteen defended the traversers; who, then, can wonder that this remarkable trial did not close till the twelfth of February? The attention of the court was occupied with that subject alone for the space of five-and-twenty days. At length Mr. O'Connell was sentenced to pay a fine of £2000 and be imprisoned for a year. He immediately appealed to the House of Lords by writ of error, but pending the proceedings on the question thus raised, he was sent to the Richmond Penitentiary near Dublin, where for about three months he seemed to spend his days and nights most joyously. On the 4th of September the House of Lords reversed the judgment against O'Connell and his associates, Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham being favorable to affirming the proceedings in the Irish Queen's Bench, while Lords Denham, Campbell and Cottenham were of an opposite opinion. Mr. O'Connell was, therefore, immediately liberated, and a vast procession attended him from prison to his residence in Merriam square.

With regard to the question of Repeal, we must charitably think that Mr. O'Connell believed in its practicability and speedy accomplishment; otherwise, there would have been great criminality in those positive and vehement promises made to the people, and ratified by solemn appeals to Heaven.

In 1845, he expressed his determination to repair to London during the ensuing session, to support a repeal of the Corn Laws. When he re-entered the House of Commons in 1846, it became evident to every observer that he had suffered very materially in health; that, though his mind was still unclouded, his physical energy had disappeared, and that he could never again hope to be the hero of a 'monster meeting.' Still a considerable portion of his ancient influence had not yet passed out of his hands, and when the Whigs once more came into office, he was restored to the commission of the peace, and exercised no small authority over the Irish patronage of the Crown, of course giving Lord John Russell, in return, the full benefit of his support, to the great dismay of the 'Young Ireland' party, who regarded his adhesion to any British Ministry as a traitorous 'surrender of repeal.' Long and loud was the controversy between those belligerents; but the reader may well be spared the trouble of perusing even an abstract of the gross invectives poured on his head by a swarm of indignant followers, or a detail of the concessions wrung from him by a hard necessity.

How far these contentions aided and developed the disease which now undermined and threatened his existence is difficult to say. But it was evident, on his revisiting London, that a fatal change had taken place; that the strength and spirit of the man were gone. He lingered, however, as we have seen, and undertook a pilgrimage, as much of devotion as of health, towards Rome, when his life and journey closed at Genoa!

This memoir of O'Connell may be appropriately brought to a close with the following eloquent outburst of sentiment:—'If Ireland is bound to pay a tribute of tears and grief to him who had announced himself as her 'Liberator,' it will be to that magic and inspired voice which she will hear no more; to that ardent soul which animated an entire people with its breath; to that eloquence winged like a canticle, melancholy like a psalm, varied like a drama, and through which, occasionally poured the disordered inspiration of ancient prophets: it is, in a word, to the consoler of the afflicted that Ireland owes her regret, and not to the avenger of the oppressed.'

THE FRENCH PRESS ON INDIA.

Several times already we have intimated, says the Southern Citizen, that those who desire to know the truth about Indian affairs (or for that matter about any other affairs,) had better look elsewhere than to the English papers. With respect to India and the war in that country, we have endeavored to penetrate through the British falsehoods to the facts, and to present these latter naked to our readers. It is gratifying to find that a leading French paper, after taking similar pains, has arrived at exactly similar conclusions—as follows:—

To harass the English; to kill them in skirmishes; to occupy them in pursuit from place to place, from fortress to fortress, from province to province; to reckon, in their cause, on the efficacy of the climate, and the extension of the rebellion from the Himalaya to the extremity of the Deccan—such are the tactics, such the hopes of the Native Chiefs.

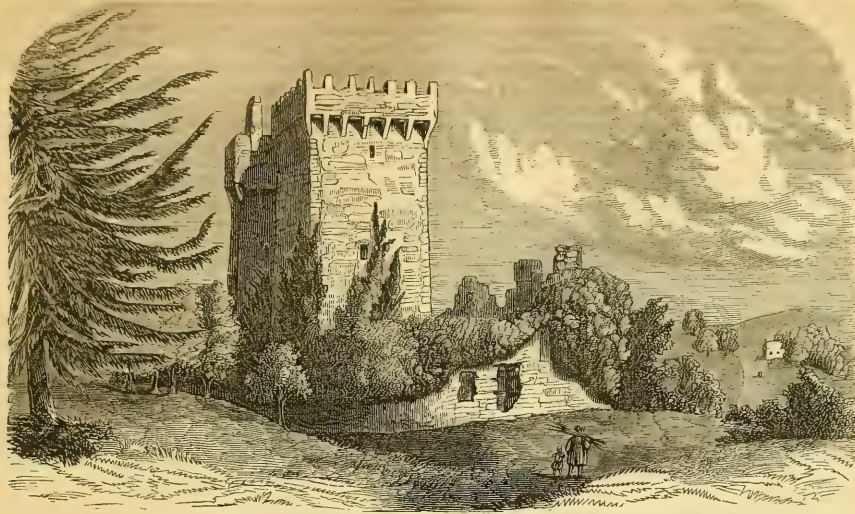
The insurrection still reigns supreme throughout the plains of the Ganges from the north of Rohilcund to the southern extremity of the Kingdom of Oude, whence the insurgents return en masse. The insurrectionary movement, although less violent, continues in the provinces situate to the south of Oude, and particularly in Behar, despite of the recent victories of General Lugard, and the death of the old Kour Singh. The Mussulmans inspire lively apprehensions in the important town of Patna, between Benares and Calcutta. In the immediate neighborhood even of this latter city, at Barrackpore, three Sepoy Regiments, which are being closely watched, are the subject of constant inquietude. Central India is now, as it has been, the theatre of incessant struggles. Nagpore, in the centre of Berar, threatens again to revolt. The insurrection has re-appeared in the Mahrattas, at the southwest of Bombay. Through fear of its spreading throughout the Mahrattas, notwithstanding the death of two insurgent chiefs, reinforcements have been despatched to Belgaum and Kolapur.

Nearer still to Bombay, at the east of this city, in the Poonah district, the capital of the territory claimed by Nena Sahib, the Rohillas and Arabs have taken up arms. They pillage the towns; and it is feared that the revolt will spread throughout the whole Nizam territory, where exists so much of the inflammable element, especially amongst the Mussulmans, who are the most fanatical in Hindostan. Let us add that grave symptoms of discontent have been apparent in Cashmere, the defection of which would also draw the Punjab in the same course. Communication is, it is true, more open than it was some time since between Delhi and the Lower Ganges. But it is still so little to be relied upon that they dare not send to Calcutta the King of Delhi, whom they are in all haste anxious to have conveyed to the Andaman Isles; and the last intelligence represents a body of insurgents as having sacked the town of Khanpour, on the Grand Trunk Road. There are dangers of which we have have not yet spoken, which could, at a given moment, cause a singular complication in the already critical position of England. The revolt, purely military at first, has rendered the employment of native troops exceedingly precarious. There are, nevertheless, 75,000 men now in the Punjab, composed in great part of Sikhs. The Sikhs rendered great service at the siege of Delhi, for they have a profound hatred to the Empire of Mogul. But of the throne of Delhi there now remains but the remembrance. The Sikhs have accomplished their task, and the prophecies are fulfilled; no national interest attaches them further to the English cause; and those who best know the Indian character fear that these warlike disciples of Nanik will, in their turn, raise the standard of revolt. The latest intelligence informs us even of a conspiracy having been discovered in one of the Regiments of the Punjab, of the fidelity of which no doubt was entertained. Were such a defection to take place, the English cause would indeed be seriously compromised; for the Sikhs, essentially martial, are the best soldiers of India, and may, in many respects, bear comparison with European troops.

RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MILITIA IN IRELAND.

Every one recalls the very shameful way the Militia were treated after the Crimean war. The indignation felt throughout the country was beyond expression, and the feeling of disgust at the penurious spirit that dictated so impolitic a step was wide-spread. Men who had been lured by fair promises from their ordinary avocations, and partially unfitted for a return to them, were summarily and suddenly flung back on the rural districts without the means of a week's subsistence. We doubt much that any promises, or any amount of advantages, would induce these men to return to a service in which they had been so ungratefully and cruelly treated. The scene at the disbanding of the Tipperary Militia must be fresh in the memory of the public, and no one will feel surprised at the effect that scene had, and continues to have, on the country at large. The time has now come, however, when the men are urgently required who were then so heartlessly flung upon the world to shift for themselves as chance might direct. Many of these are probably in the almshouse, many no longer in the country, and some may have contracted habits which have thrown them amongst the worst and most abandoned classes of society, so that they are to be found at the hulks, in jails, or in convict settlements. But the Indian mutiny, the general aspect of affairs in various parts of the world, and even the home defences, require the aid of all the military power that the country can afford. Consequently the present Government has been compelled to frame a measure for the permanent embodiment of the Militia on a system more satisfactory than the one which has hitherto existed. It is not so easy, however, for either governments or individuals to regain confidence where it has once been grievously and wantonly abused, and those who would under other circumstances have readily joined the Militia, will now hesitate and wait till they see the working of the new system before they place any confidence in it. They will say, and very naturally, too, 'The Government are in a difficulty for men now—there is a scarcity of them—the recruiting for India has taken a large number of our disposable people away, and the Militia are called out to supply the place in the thinned ranks of the line. Fair promises will be made again in this time of need, but when the Indian revolt is over, and things assume a more tranquil appearance, these promises will probably be as far from performance as those which were given before.' No one will blame men for expressing such opinions as these. Experience has thought them to be cautious, and they will not be so easily deluded as when they last left their respective callings to enter on a career which ended so much to their disadvantage, and rendered their future position so much more precarious. There is, however, one advantage attending these results—it will afford another lesson to British Governments, whether Whig or Tory, in their treatment of the people of this country. There is scarcely a promise made by any English ministry, from Castlereagh down to the one now in office, that has been fairly carried out—no contract entered into from the Union down to that with our Militia that has not been violated. The Government of Lord Derby, therefore, if it be wise, will avoid the rock on which its predecessors have suffered shipwreck, and will perform to the letter any and every stipulation on which they may enter. England cannot subsist without the aid of Ireland—and it is but common prudence, therefore, to say nothing of common justice, to seek to gain, and when gained, to retain the confidence of every class of Irishmen, in order that the Union may be a reality, and the two countries be indeed sisters, acting in uniform concert for the advantage, well-being, and prosperity of both.

[Dublin Telegraph.]



RENVYLE CASTLE, CONNEMARA.

ON THE RELATIVE VALUE OF GOOD SENSE AND BEAUTY IN WOMAN.

Notwithstanding the lessons of moralists, and the declamations of philosophers, it cannot be denied that all mankind have a natural love, and even respect, for external beauty. In vain do they respect it as a thing of no value in itself, as a frail and perishable flower: in vain do they exhaust all depths of argument, all the stores of fancy, to prove the worthlessness of this amiable gift of nature. However persuasive their reasonings may appear, and however we may for a time, fancy ourselves convinced by them, we have in our breasts a certain instinct, which never fails to tell us, that all is not satisfactory; and though we may not be able to prove that they are wrong, we feel a conviction that it is impossible they should be right.

They are certainly right in blaming those who are rendered vain by the possession of beauty, since vanity is at all times a fault; but there is great difference between being vain of a thing, and being happy that we have it; and that beauty, however little merit a woman can claim to herself for it, is really a quality which she may reasonably rejoice to possess, demands, I think, no very labored proof. Every one naturally wishes to please. Important it is that the first impression we produce should be favorable. Now this first impression is commonly produced through the medium of the eye; and this is frequently so powerful as to resist for a long time the opposing evidence of subsequent observation. Let a man of even the soundest judgment be presented to two women, equally strangers to him, but the one extremely handsome, the other without any remarkable advantages of person, and he will without deliberation, attach himself first to the former. All men seem in this to be actuated by the same principles as Socrates, who used to say, that when he saw a beautiful person, he always expected to see it animated by a beautiful soul. The ladies, however, often fall into the fatal error of imagining that a fine person is in our eyes, superior to every other accomplishment; and those who are so happy as to be endowed with it, rely with vain confidence on its irresistible power, to retain hearts as well as to subdue them.

Hence the lavish care bestowed on the improvement of exterior and perishable charms, and the neglect of solid and durable excellence; hence the long list of arts that administer to vanity and folly, the countless train of glittering accomplishments, and the scanty catalogue of truly valuable acquirements, which com-

pose, for the most part, the modern system of fashionable female education. Yet so far is beauty from being in our eyes an excuse for the want of a cultivated mind, that the women who are blessed with it, have, in reality, a much harder task to perform than those of their sex who are not so distinguished. Even our self-love here takes part against them; we feel ashamed of having suffered ourselves to be caught like children, by mere outside, and perhaps even fall into the contrary extreme. Could 'the statue that enchants the world'—the Venus de Medicis, at the prayer of some new Pygmalion, become suddenly animated, how disappointed would he be if she were not endowed with a soul, answerable to the inimitable perfection of the heavenly form? Thus it is with a fine woman, whose only accomplishment is external excellence. She may dazzle for a time; but when a man has once thought, 'what a pity that such a masterpiece should be but a walking statue,' her empire is at an end. On the other hand, when a woman, the plainness of whose features prevented us noticing her at first, is found, upon nearer acquaintance, to be possessed of the more solid and valuable perfections of the mind, the pleasure we feel in being so agreeably undeceived, makes her appear to still greater advantage; and as the mind of man, when left to itself, is naturally an enemy to all injustice, we, even unknown to ourselves, strive to repair the wrong we have involuntarily done her, by a double portion of attention and regard.

If these observations be founded in truth, it will appear that, though a woman with a cultivated mind may justly hope to please, without even any superior advantages of person, the loveliest creature that ever came from the hand of her Creator can hope only for a transitory empire, unless she unite with her beauty the more durable charm of intellectual excellence.

The favored child of nature, who combines in herself these united perfections, may be justly considered as the masterpiece of the creation, as the most perfect image of the Divinity here below. Man, the proud lord of the creature, bows willingly his haughty neck beneath her gentle rule. Exalted, tender, beneficent, is the love which she inspires. Even time himself shall respect the all-powerful magic of her beauty. Her charms may fade, but they shall never wither; and memory still, in the evening of life hanging with fond affection over the blanched rose, shall view through the veil of lapsed years, the tender bud, the dawning promise, whose beauties once blushed before the beams of the morning sun.

THE ABOVE VIEW of Renvyle Castle, in Connemara, is from a drawing by Samuel Lover, the popular Irish novelist, poet, musician, lecturer, and artist. The Castle is a remarkable ruin overlooking the sea. Here history and romance, with their thousand recollections, spring up to people the locale with the phantoms of the past, as if specially to heighten, as it were, the present charms of that singularly lovely landscape, by reminiscences of the turbulent and bloody deeds of which it was the site.

HEAD RENT OF THE KING'S MANORS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.—Neere to the citie of Dublin are the four ancient manors annexed to the crowne, which are named to this daie, the King's land, to wit, Newcastle, Massaggard, Eschire, and Crumlin. The manor of Crumlin paieith a greater chese rent to the prinse than anie of the oher three, which proceeded of this. The seneschal being offended with the tenants for their misdemeonor, took thom up verie sharplie in the court, and with rough and minatorie speeches began to menace them. The lobbish and desperate clobberiousnesse (commonalty) taking the matter in dudgeon, made no more words, but knockt their seneschal on the costard, and left him there sprawling on the ground for dead. For which detestable murder their rent was inbansed, and they paie at this daie nine pence an acre, which is double to anie of the oher three manors.

Quere. Could not this old mode of checking the venerable practice of knocking out the brains of agents be now advantageously adopted?

THE PLAID, OR CLOTH OF MANY COLORS.—The different ranks in Ireland were formerly distinguished by the number of colors in their garments. The King wore seven; the Oihams, or Doctors, wore six; and the peasant only one. In Scotland, to this day, the several clans are distinguished by the arrangement of colors, which compose their plaids. The royal plaid contains seven, viz:—red, blue, purple, brown, yellow, white and green.

The Duke of Hamilton's family being strangers in Scotland until the time of Bruce, have been long honored with the royal plaid, on account of their fidelity and services to the nation and the throne, to which at one time they were declared the immediate heirs. In the precursory proofs, that Israelites of the tribe of Joseph, came from Egypt into Ireland, it is asserted that the plaid had its origin in the commemoration of the coat of many colors which Jacob had prepared for his beloved son. Indeed, the plaid has never yet been satisfactorily accounted for in any other way.

THE LAD OF GENIUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PURITAN'S GRAVE,' &c.

In the following delineation, there is so much of truth, and a species of truth, which, if rightly taken up, may be of infinite service to a very interesting class of readers—our young friends—who, dreaming of the success of one or two celebrated authors, are disposed to try their fortune in the world of literature, that we think one or two pages cannot be better occupied than affording some idea of what may, generally speaking, be the result of those high hopes and expectations, but too frequently cherished by individuals esteemed by friends as lads of literary genius. Unfortunately, this class is by no means limited to a few. We have known many, who conceiving themselves possessed of literary abilities, have left their quiet homes, and humble occupations, in search of that fame which but few acquire; and which in the possession of a few, has generally proved a most unprofitable article to trade on. We know of no profession or calling more humiliating than a 'poor author.' There are few worse paid than even clever men obliged to write for their daily bread. The ignis fatuus of authorship has led many a clever youth to ruin; and with all respect for the craft, we candidly confess we should rather see our sons decent shoemakers or tailors—than authors by profession. We trust, therefore, that the moral of the following story may not be lost upon those for whom it is specially intended:

Ferdinand Harwood was the son of honest parents, as most people are whose parents, are not thieves: he was born, not to the inheritance of wealth, for his father and mother had gone to leave him; nor to the inheritance of genius, it might be supposed, for his father and mother had quite as little of that as of wealth. But as some persons make shift to get wealth, though not born to it, so it sometimes happens that genius is the possession of the son though not of the father or mother. The father of Ferdinand occupied a small farm under a great man, whose name was Sir Arthur Bradley, Bart.; and it was at a very early age indeed that young Ferdinand knew that Sir Arthur's name was not Bart., but Bradley, and that bart. meant baronet.

The poet Gray, speaks of 'many a flower born to blush unseen,' and all that kind of thing; but, for the most part, geniuses who have fathers and mothers, seldom blush unseen, if they blush at all. Young Ferdinand's genius was first discovered by his father and mother: by them it was communicated to the parish clerk, who happening to be a schoolmaster in a small way, was mightily pleased to reckon among his scholars so great a prodigy. As the youth grew up towards manhood he manifested still further proofs of genius, by his decidedly anti-agricultural propensities. The ordinary implements of husbandry were his utter aversion; no persuasion in the world could induce him to handle the plough or the spade, harrows were his abomination, and from scythes and sickles he turned away with undisguised disgust. His father was too amiable a man to horsewhip the lad, though he often said, that he did not know what the dickens would become of him if he did not learn to work. He loved the fields and the groves, for he would wander therein with a marvellous lackadaisicalness, making poetry while his mother was making puddings. So, in a short time, he became the talk of the village; and when he was sitting on a gate and reading Thomson's Seasons, the agricultural operatives would pass by gazing with astonishment at the wondrous youth who could find a pleasure in reading; for it was a striking peculiarity of the lads of the village to think that they had read quite enough at school, and to regard reading for pleasure with as much astonishment as they would look upon amateur hedging and ditching.

By the instrumentality of the parish clerk, and

the parson to boot, the fame of Ferdinand reached the hall, and became known to Sir Arthur Bradley, who, though no genius himself, was a great admirer of genius in others. Sir Arthur was more than astonished, that a young man who was born in a village, and had never been at college, could write verses; for Sir Arthur himself had been at college upwards of three years, and notwithstanding all the mathematics, port, and, morning prayers that he had undergone there, he could not write six lines of poetry for the life of him. In an evil hour, it happened that Sir Arthur expressed a wish to see some of that wonderful stuff called poetry, which had been fabricated by Ferdinand Harwood, as he swung upon gates or strolled through copses. So the parson told the clerk, and the clerk told Ferdinand's father, and Ferdinand's father told Ferdinand's mother, and Ferdinand's mother told Ferdinand's self, who forthwith set about mending his pens and ruling his paper, making as much fuss with the purity and neatness of his manuscript as a Jewish Rabbi when transcribing the pentateuch. In a few days the transcription was completed; and then the difficulty was how to convey the precious treasure to the sublime and awful hands of the great and mighty baronet. It was mentioned to the clerk, by whom it was conveyed to the parson, by whom it was communicated to the baronet, that young Ferdinand Harwood had transcribed a poem, which he was anxious to lay at the feet of Sir Arthur Bradley.

As the baronet was now committed as a patron of genius, what could he do better in the way of patronage, than give the genius a dinner? An invitation was sent accordingly; and then did Ferdinand, the poet, scarcely know whether he stood upon his head or upon his heels. For a while he doubted whether he was destined to dine at the baronet's own table, or in the housekeeper's room. It was a marvellous thing for him to wear his Sunday clothes on any other day than Sunday, and still more marvellous for him to wear gloves on any day; therefore when he found himself on the way to the hall with his Sunday clothes upon his back, and a pair of new gloves on his hands, which stuck out on either side of him, like the fins of a frightened fish, he was overwhelmed with astonishment, and thought that if any of the agricultural operatives should meet him in this guise, they would think him mad. A terrible bumping of his heart gave him notice that he was approaching the mansion; and while he was hesitating whether he should enter by the principal or a side entrance, a servant appeared on the steps of the front door, to usher in Mr. Ferdinand Harwood. When the young gentleman heard his name, for the first time in his life, loudly and seriously announced as Mister Ferdinand Harwood, the blood rose to his cheeks, and he proudly thought to himself, what a fine thing it is to be a man of genius!

When the drawing-room door was opened for him, he was almost afraid to enter it, for the carpet looked too fine to tread upon, and the chairs by far too elegant to sit down on. The voice of Sir Arthur Bradley encouraged the youth; and after the first shock was over, and when he saw with his own eyes that persons actually were sitting on these very fine chairs, and were apparently insensible to the awful beauty of the furniture, he, also, at Sir Arthur's invitation, seated himself. Having thus deposited himself, he was next at a loss what to do with his fingers and eyes; and having looked at the rest of the company, to see how they managed those matters, he found them all so variously employed, that he knew not what to select as a model. As to the matter of his tongue, he felt as though it was under enchantment, and whether it cleaved to the roof of his mouth, or whether in his fright he had swallowed it, he could scarcely tell. From this state of perplexity he was in time relieved, but only

to undergo still greater perplexities; for the dining room posed him more than the drawing room had, and he felt very much as one of the uninitiated would have felt, had he by stealth introduced himself among the adepts of the heathen mysteries. But when he had taken a glass or two of wine, he felt the inspiration of initiation coming upon him, and he was no longer a stranger; and when Sir Arthur Bradley talked of poetry, Ferdinand Harwood's countenance brightened up, his tongue was loosened, and he discoursed most eloquently concerning Thomson's Seasons, and Young's Night Thoughts.

This visit, gratifying as it was to the literary ambition of Ferdinand and to the honest pride of his parents, was not the most propitious event that could have happened to Ferdinand, for it set him to making comparisons, and comparisons are odious. He compared the sanded floor of his father's cottage with the carpeted rooms of the hall; he compared the splendid sideboard in Sir Arthur's dining room, with the little corner cupboard which contained his cottage crockery; he looked up to the cottage ceiling—it was not far to look,—and there, instead of Grecian lamps, he saw pendent fitches of unclassical bacon; he compared the unceremonious table of his paternal home with the well appointed table of the baronet; he compared bacon and cabbage with turbot, venison, and such like diet, and gave the preference to the latter. In the next place, all the neighbors thought him proud of having dined at the baronet's house; and they endeavored to mortify him and his parents, by making sneering remarks about genius, and by expressing their wonder that Ferdinand was not brought up to something. But his mother said—and I love her for saying so, though she was wrong—his mother said, 'With his talents he may do anything.' So said the parish clerk, so said the parson, so said Sir Arthur Bradley. The worst of those talents with which a man can do any thing, is, that they are at the same time the talents with which the owner does nothing. Thus it proved with Ferdinand Harwood; in process of time his father and mother both died, and left him sole and undisputed heir to all their possessions.

Now came upon him the perplexities of business; he had some difficulty to ascertain what he was worth. The farm which his father had cultivated, and the house in which he had dwelt, belonged to Sir Arthur Bradley; but the furniture of the house, and the stock of the farm, after paying off his father's debts, belonged to Ferdinand; therefore, the heir with a laudable diligence and propriety of procedure, set himself to examine into the amount of the debts, and the extent of the property; and when he set the one against the other, they seemed as well fitted, as if they had been made for one another; and, thus, when all was settled, nothing remained. Ferdinand consulted with his friends what was best to be done. He spoke first to the parish clerk, his old schoolmaster; and he was decidedly of opinion that Ferdinand had better consult his friends. With this recommendation he called upon the parson, who was exactly of the same opinion as the clerk, saying that the best thing that he could do, would be to consult his friends. From the parson he went to Sir Arthur himself, who gave him a most cordial reception, shook him by the hand with amazing condescension, and expressed his great readiness to serve the young man, according to the best of his power. That was just the thing that Ferdinand wanted.

'Do you intend to carry on the farm?' said the worthy baronet.

'I should be very happy to do so,' replied Ferdinand, 'only I have no capital, and I don't very well understand farming.'

[Conclusion in our next.]

CONJUGIAL AFFECTION.—I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which woman sustains the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, adversity's bitterest blasts. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rased by the thunder-bolt, cling round it with caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of nature, tenderly supporting the head, and binding up the broken heart. I was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. 'I can wish you no better lot,' said he with enthusiasm, 'than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity, if otherwise, they are there to comfort you.' And indeed, I have observed, that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, partly because he is more stimulated to exertion, by the necessity of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run waste and self-neglected, to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart falls to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

DEATH WATCH.—Wallis, in his history of Northumberland, gives the following account of the insect so called, whose ticking has been thought by ancient superstition to forebode death in a family. The small scarab, called the Death Watch, *Scarabæus galluræ pulsatræ*, is frequently found among dust and decayed rotten wood, lonely and retired. It is one of the smallest of the Vagipemia, of a dark brown, with irregular light brown spots, the belly pliciated, and the wings under the cases pellucid; like other beetles the helmet turned up, as it is supposed for hearing, the upper lip, hard and shining. By its regular pulsations, like the tickings of a watch, it sometimes surprises those who are strangers to its nature and properties—who fancy its beatings portend a family change, and the shortening of the thread of life. Put into a box, it may be seen and heard in the act of pulsation, with a small proboscis against the side of it, for food more probably than for hymenial pleasure, as some have fancied. He furnishes us too, with the means to avert the omen, as given by the satirist, well known as Dean Swift.

'But a kettle of scalding water injected
Instantly cures the timber affected;
The omen is broken, the danger is over,
The maggot will die and the sick will recover.'

Grose tell us, 'the clicking of a Death Watch is an omen of the death of some one in the house where it is heard.'

RELIEVE misfortune quickly. A man—like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water the harder he is when taken out.

ON THE FORMATION OF DEW.—Every one knows that as soon as the sun begins to set, the dew begins to fall; but as many are ignorant of the cause of this, we shall endeavor to explain it. The rays of the sun act more feebly on the ground, and whatever covers it, just before the sun sets, on account of their taking a slanting direction. The air necessarily becomes colder, and, as it may be perceived, the grass under foot feels cold and damp. Now all bodies receive heat from the sun during the day-time, and on the return of night emit that heat, and become colder, unless they receive other heat to make up for what they have lost from the absence of the sun; if this were the case they would consequently remain as warm as before, but as it is not so they become cool, and the heat which they have emitted in cooling, surrounds them in the state of a warm vapor, which, coming in contact with the cold body, is condensed and becomes moisture. This is the cause of dew: after sunset, the grass or plants, and even the earth underneath them, emit the heat received during the day; therefore, their temperature becomes colder, and the warm vapor coming in contact with the surfaces, is condensed, and deposited upon them in the form of little pearly drops of water which is called dew. On calm and clear nights, and during the presence of southerly or westerly winds, the dew is much more abundant than in stormy weather, or during a northerly or easterly wind. For if the night be windy, the warm vapor which is emitted is constantly kept in motion, and the temperature of the earth and herbage remain the same as before; but if the night be calm, the vapor is condensed without interruption. A southerly or westerly wind greatly helps the formation of the dew, as these winds carry with them much moisture, on account of their having to pass over a large tract of sea before reaching any large tract of country.

DRUNKENNESS.—Many fashionable young men of the present age seem to take a degree of pleasure in inebriety. They will insinuate, even to ladies, their fetes of the bottle, by innuendos, 'I've been keeping it up last night,' &c., but this is founded upon bad principles, and worse taste. If they would reflect that drunkenness particularly degrades a man from the station he holds relative to the fair sex, it would soon be out of fashion. The Athenians made severe laws against drunkards, and in magistrates it was punished with death, by a law of Solon. The Lacedæmonians also proscribed it, and used to expose drunken slaves before the youths to excite disgust. The Nervii used no wine lest they should become effeminate. Women were punished severely among the Romans, for that vice. Neither Carthaginians nor Saracens used wine; and Mahomet had wise reasons in forbidding it. The Spanish word for drunkard is *barachio* (a pig skin) evidently figurative, and a term of degradation, because they carry their wine in a skin tied at both ends; and even the Cherokee Indians have enacted the severest penalties against the use of spirituous liquors.

IRISH HONOR.—In the beginning of the war in Germany, after the surrender of the Saxons near Pirna, the King of Prussia did every thing that a brave prince should not do, to corrupt the Saxon troops; he soothed, he flattered, he menaced, and his endeavors were very successful. He applied against a circle of officers, to one O'Cavanagh, an Irishman, who was colonel of the King's guards. 'Sire,' replied the hero, 'my life, my fortune you may dispose of, as they are in your power, but my honor, far beyond the greatness, you shall not, you cannot wound. I have given my faith to the King of Poland, and this faith I will carry unsullied to the grave.' This bold speech was honorably mentioned in *L'Observateur Hollandois*, and other continental papers of that day.

INGENUITY OF A FOX.—The southern shore of Island Magee is steep and craggy, and the cavities of the rocks inhabited by foxes; concerning one of these the following anecdote is related:—A fox was observed to have his den in the cavity of a rock, in a situation which seemed to bid defiance to the approach of either man or dog; many conjectures passed how the animal ascended or descended thither; when one morning being closely pursued, he was observed to enter in the following manner: some briars growing on the verge of the precipice, and hanging towards his den, he laid hold of them in his mouth, and slung himself down to a part of the rock which projected, from which he could easily reach his den. The first time after this that he was observed abroad, a man went and cut the briars nearly through, by which he descended, then hunting him with a dog, he proceeded to his usual place of refuge, and caught hold of the briars with his wonted confidence—they gave way, and he was killed with the fall down the precipice.

A curious instance of the sagacity of the fox occurred at the Zoological garden, Dublin. A fine fox, preserved there, escaped from the enclosure, and having been seen by two young gentlemen riding in the park, and well mounted, they gave Reynard chase for an hour, during which time he made several ineffectual attempts to get over the boundary wall. He ultimately escaped their pursuit, but on the following day presented himself at the entrance gateway to his old quarters, and quietly surrendered himself a prisoner.

KING JAMES THE SECOND.—The wreath of laurel which this unfortunate monarch won by sea was lost by land. Having been a spectator of the battle of the Boyne, on the 1st of July, 1690, he thought it most prudent, while the fate of the day was yet undecided, to seek for safety in flight. In a few hours he reached the Castle of Dublin, where he was met by Lady Tyrconnell, a woman of spirit. 'Your countrymen, (the Irish) Madam,' said James, as he was ascending the stairs, 'can run well.' 'Not quite so well as your Majesty,' retorted her ladyship, 'for I see you have won the race.' Having slept that night in Dublin, he rode the next day to Waterford, a distance of two hundred English miles, in the space of twenty-four hours. On his arrival in that city, he went immediately on board a ship that lay ready for him in the harbor, in order to carry him to France. As he was passing along the quay a sudden gust of wind carried off his hat, and, as it was night, General O'Farrell, an old officer in the Austrian service, presented him with his own. James took it without any ceremony, observing as he put it on his head, that if he had lost a crown by the Irish, he had gained a hat by them.

'PHILANTHROPY, my friends, is of no particular sect; it is confined by no paltry form of rule; it knows no distinction, but that of the happy or unhappy; it is older than the gospel, eternal as that great source from whence it springs, and often beats higher in the heathen's heart, than in those of many who are called Christians; who, though under the influence of the most benevolent of all possible systems, yet not unfrequently refuse both relief and compassion to the petitions of the wretched, and the entreaty of the unhappy. God forbid that the genuine feelings of humanity were confined to this or that mode of faith! Ood forbid that any ridiculous prejudice should hinder me from reverencing the man, (however we may differ in speculative notions,) whose gentle spirit flies out to sooth the mourner; whose ear is attentive to the voice of sorrow; whose pittance is shared with those who are not the world's friends; and raiment to the naked; and whose peaceful steps, as he journeyeth on his way, are blessed, and blessed again by the uplifted eyes of thankful adolence, and the sounds of honest gratitude from the lips of wretchedness.' DEAN KIRWAN.

If you wish to increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year.

ADMIRAL HAMELIN.

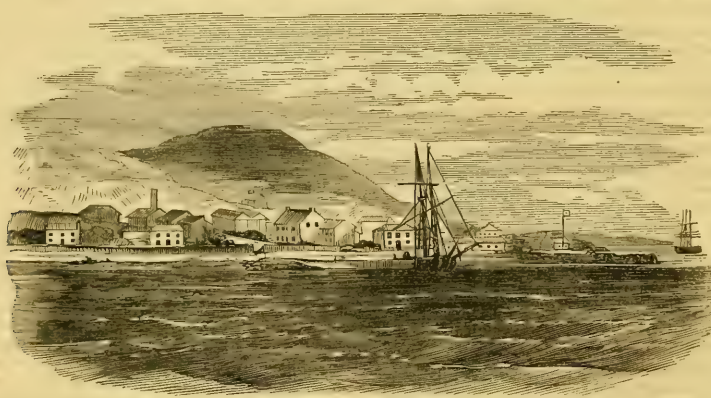
Ferdinand Alphonse Hamelin was born in 1796 and commenced his career in the French navy in his eleventh year, under the protection of his uncle, then Captain of the frigate *Venus*, and afterwards Admiral Baron Hamelin. He was present at the battle of Grand Port, in the Island of Reunion, and a subsequent close encounter, in which the *Venus* was totally destroyed. Hamelin formally entered the navy immediately after this affair, as naval Ensign; in 1813 he became Lieutenant, and sailed a year later as Adjutant to his uncle, appointed to command the squadron off the Scheldt. In 1827 he rendered valuable services to commerce in an expedition against the Algerian pirates, who then infested the Mediterranean; he was recompensed for this service with the rank of Captain. He next made a cruise to the South Atlantic, and returned in time to command the corvette *Acteon*, one of the vessels employed in the expedition against Algiers. Under the government of July he became Rear-Admiral and Vice Admiral, and was appointed commander of the naval forces of France in the Pacific, and subsequently Maritime Prefect at Toulon. In 1853 he was appointed by the Emperor to command the French squadron, then at anchor in Besika Bay, under Admiral La Susse; and on the 17th of October the combined fleets of France and England passed the Dardanelles. It was not, however, until the third of January, 1854, that they entered the Black Sea. The combined squadrons rendered the Turks a defensive service, enabling them to victual Batoum and Fort St. Nicholas, which they had



ADMIRAL HAMELIN, OF THE FRENCH NAVY.

taken from the Russians, until the end of March, when war was declared against Russia by France and England. Shortly afterwards a partial attack was made on Odessa, and some military stores were

destroyed. Sebastopol was guarded, Redout-Kaleh bombarded, and the mouths of the Danube were placed in a state of blockade. In September the military expedition to the Crimea was undertaken, and the co-operation of the fleets with the army commenced. On the 17th of October the siege batteries of the allied armies having opened their fire upon Sebastopol, the fleets assailed the forts, the French attacking the Alexander and Quarantine forts to the south of the entrance of Sebastopol. The fire of the fleet did but little damage to the forts, while the ships received serious injury. The personal conduct of Admiral Hamelin during the attack, which he conducted, was marked with great gallantry. A correspondent, who was himself engaged in the naval operations, thus describes an incident of the day:—'A shell fell on the *Ville de Paris*, and blew up nearly the whole of the poop, on which were standing at the time Admiral Hamelin and four of his Aides-de-Camp. The Admiral was thrown some feet into the air, but without being hurt. After having glanced at his Aides-de-Camp, one of whom was cut in two, another had both his legs carried away, and a third was slightly wounded, he merely exclaimed, 'Poor fellows!' and resumed the command with as much coolness as before.' In December, Admiral Hamelin's time of service having expired, he returned to France. Admiral Hamelin was appointed Minister of Marine and of the Colonies on the death of M. Ducos. The degree conferring the appointment was made during the Emperor's visit to England, and bears date 'Windsor Castle, April 19, 1855.'



VALENTIA, FROM THE NORTH.

VALENTIA HARBOR, the Transatlantic Packet Station, from its extreme westerly position, was long considered the most eligible place to establish it. It is formed by a strait, which separates an island of the same name, 6,418 acres in extent, from the main land; it has two passages, north-west and south-west, and is well sheltered. The north-west passage, which is that generally used, has deep water throughout; it is too narrow, however, for the accommodation of large vessels, being only 450 feet in width at low water spring tides. The south-west entrance from Lough Kay is much wider, but it has a bar on which at low water there is only eleven feet; within the harbor there is good shelter in from five to seven fathoms water. Near the north-west entrance is Beg Innis Island, on which Cromwell placed a fort, and where there is a lighthouse; the lantern, fifty-four feet above the level of the sea, displays a fixed white light, seen at a distance of twelve miles, and a signal tower has been erected on Breadhead, the most southern part of Valentia Island. The harbor certainly possesses great advantages, from its contiguity to the Skelligs, which consist of three islands. The great Skellig is 7.3 miles south-west

of Breadhead, and 8 miles north-west of Bolushead, and is composed of a mass of slated rock, rising perpendicularly to the height of 160 feet, and then forms two pyramids, one of which is 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. There are two lighthouses here, they are 650 feet apart, and are distinguished as the upper and lower Skellig lights; their lanterns, 372 and 173 feet above high water, displaying two fixed white lights, seen respectively at a distance of twenty-five and eighteen miles at sea. The soundings about these islands are in ninety fathoms water, and abound with a great variety of fish. St Finan's Bay, formed by the main land, is directly opposite, and Balliskelligs Bay, more to the southward, the entrance to which is formed by Bolushead on the north, and Hogshead on the south, near to which are the Hog Islands, and further south-east is the bay or river of Kenmare, so much frequented by the ancients, and which is navigable at high water to the town of Kenmare, twenty-five miles from the sea. Balladonogan Bay lies between Codshead and Dursey Island, which with three others, the Bull, Cow, and Calf, are near the north-west entrance to the Bantry Bay, which is formed by Blackhallhead

on the north, and Sheephead on the south. This was also a competing harbor in 1851 for the Government Transatlantic Packet Station. On Roan-harrick Island, is placed a lighthouse; its lantern, fifty-five feet above the level of the sea, displays a fixed white and red light, but there should be a leading light placed on the Bull, which lies out well into the Atlantic for the purpose. Valentia Island, about five miles long and two broad, is situated near the south-west of Ireland, a short distance south of Dingle Bay. One of the largest ships forming the Spanish Armada, commanded by the Prince of Asculé, was wrecked near here, and all on board perished, except a cabin boy. Dunmore Head, lying inside of these islands, is the most westerly point on the main land; it forms, with the Douglas Head on the south, the entrance to Dingle Bay, which is of considerable width, and affords good anchorage within a mile from either shore. The harbors are Dingle and Ventry on the north side, and Castle-maine at the eastern extremity, but with the exception of Ventry, they are only adapted to vessels requiring a moderate draught of water. The bay abounds with fish.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS should forward communications intended for insertion in the *Miscellany*, not later than the Saturday before the day of publication, as our increasing circulation compels us to go to press every Monday morning; and should be addressed—Editors of the Irish *Miscellany*, Boston, Mass. Subscribers should mention the township, county and state in which they reside.

We cannot return any manuscript sent us for publication.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858

IRISH AMERICAN STEAMSHIPS.

The reported success of the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise has not ceased to be the engrossing topic of conversation in all circles, and many things, some foolish, others wise, have been written, said and sung about it. Among the silly things we have the suggestion, made in many ways from various quarters, to the effect that lightning may yet take the place of steam as a motive power, and that, as our thoughts can be conveyed from America to Europe in a few seconds of time, so may our bodies, be they lean ones or fat ones, be flashed across the ocean by the powerful agent which has already done such wonderful things. This notion is scarcely less odd than the one expressed a few days since by a gentleman who was listening attentively to a debate concerning the probabilities of success in the case of the Atlantic Telegraph. He thought that it would be a failure, and he said, that the first dispatch over the wires would be brought to America by the next steamship from Liverpool to New York. Setting aside the bull contained in the aforesaid answer, we would remark that the gentleman enunciated a very truthful thing. The kernel of the truth is as follows: Slow coaches bring safest passengers and most reliable news. The Telegraph is but a long step made by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Ignorance. The faster news may travel, the more boldly will the news tell lies. But we will speak of this thing in a future article, meanwhile thanking God that packet-ships have not quite gone out of fashion. Let us beg people to be at least content with steamships, until Professor Morse or somebody else may contrive a plan for tossing us bodily over the wires even as he now proposes to transmit our thoughts.

Inasmuch as we must, for the present, be contented with the slow steam coach or vessel, it is worth while to make steam do its duty, and come as near as may be to the requirements of our would-be time and space annihilating age. Among the more obvious means to secure that end was, to shorten the passage across the Atlantic—to start from the westernmost part of the Old World, and land at the easternmost shore of the new. Africa and South America, so far as mere space is concerned, would answer the purpose, but, only think of a line of steamships from Guinea to Brazil! The unlucky passenger would be in a position to sympathize with the man who left Liverpool for New Orleans. The ticket agent told him that America was not a great country, that Quebec was in America, so was New Orleans, and that he might as well take a steerage passage to Quebec. He did, and, after an overland journey of two or three thousand miles or so, and having expended four times as much money as would have served him during a voyage direct from Liverpool to his city of refuge, he arrived at New Orleans, a wiser, though a poorer man.

The western coast of Ireland has for many years been regarded as the most favorable place for the European side. The men who speak the English language, expect and hope, whether for good or for evil, to get the lion's share of the profits which may result from such modern discoveries as affect chiefly trade and commerce. But two, aye, we are

sorry to say it,—three obstacles were presented as against an Irish-American line of steamships.

In the first place, it was thought that a Liverpool terminus on the other side of the water would pay better than an Irish landing place. This opinion is still held by many old fogies. Now money,—the Dollar, is not only the capstone of the pyramid which represents the type of civilization of the nineteenth century,—it is not only the keystone of the arch which supports the temple of Mammon, but it is also the god before which people in our enlightened age fall down and adore with a devotion more intense than that which the worshippers of Baal ever rendered to their favorite idol. Dollars and cents make and unmake bays and harbors, as well as men and communities. But it would seem that even the old fogies are beginning to confess that an investment in an Irish landing place for steamers of the first class would not be an unprofitable investment. This first difficulty is then likely to be overcome.

In the second place, Liverpool is an English city, and the millions upon millions expended by her monied men upon the harbor and docks, and the very great interest which Liverpool must consequently have in the preservation by the city of its name as a commercial centre, must naturally tend to look with avaricious and malignant watchfulness upon every attempt to divert any considerable portion of her trade even to an English port, to say nothing of an Irish one. The whole world knows,—didn't Lord Lyndhurst say it?—that the Catholics of Ireland are aliens in blood, in language, and in religion. The idea of Liverpool giving up the supremacy in her line of business even to an English rival, was not to be endured,—but, to surrender to the Pope as represented by the Irish papists, was a thing to be resisted 'to the bitter end.' And so it would appear that the complete failure of an Irish line, talked of some eight years ago, and the vexatious delays and mysterious accidents which affected the line of steamers now established, may be the handiwork of men interested in the Liverpool trade, and who would see their mammonist city itself buried in the ocean rather than act a subordinate part to the mercantile community of any Irish seaport. Nevertheless, the world moves on, and Liverpool must move with it, and take its turn to move on the sunless side. Men who have read about the rise, progress and decay of seaport towns, from the destruction of Tyre to the culminating fortunes of Liverpool, know that the work of changing a busy place into a lonely one, and a solitude into a lively city, is of constant recurrence in the pages of history, and that it would be no wonderful thing if Liverpool should find herself compelled, at least to share the profits of trade, perhaps to yield them to some Irish city, and resign her supremacy of the seas. She will not do it gracefully. Money, diplomacy, British pride and pluck will help her, but, if the Irish route be the cheaper one,—if the god Dollar chooses to perch upon one of the towers of Ireland, then what was once Liverpool must become the foundation of an immense Irish city. Its ashes and ruins would suffice to fill up and pave the streets of the new commercial town. The Atlantic Telegraph has forced men of the world to think of this matter, and we believe that when the cable was laid, the star of Liverpool began to set—men will have, not only news, but goods, by the shortest possible route.

The last obstacle in the way of a really good line of Irish steamships is this. A large proportion of the capital will come from other than Irish sources, and, as a necessary consequence, the Irish nation may not at first seem to be the gainer by this movement. The cuckoo lays her eggs in a nest which she did not build. We may offer some suggestions concerning this point in another number of the *Miscellany*.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW for August. There are several readable articles in this number, among them, a sketch of the life of Mortimer, a noted member of the Livingston family. A good portrait of the subject is also given. The politics of the Review are intensely democratic and progressive withal. The article on Choate and Cushing will please most readers. That on Neapolitan affairs is a romance scarcely founded on fact. Some one, in an article on Non-Intervention, calls Kossuth Heaven-inspired, and asks,—Where is Hungary? Let Kossuth go and see.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE: September. This has rather above the average merit of Harper. Some of the illustrations are very comical. We shall have occasion to say a word or two about this magazine in a future number.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. Perhaps the best of its class. The picture of the Idle Boys is a very good one. Lady readers will, of course, be the only proper judges of the goodness of the illustrations which Graham gives, apparently without regard to cost.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT LOCKPORT, N. Y.—Laborers are again at work upon the walls of this edifice, and the probability is that the outside will be completed late this fall. The building is to be finished by the 1st of September, 1859. It is estimated that the wood work will cost about \$10,000—which will make it by far the most costly building in the village. The windows are to be 26 feet 6 inches high, exclusive of the Gothic termination. There will be seven outside doors, the main one in front being 11 feet 5 inches wide, and 20 feet high. The depth of the church on the inside of the walls, will be 120 feet, and the breadth 60 feet; and when completed, will seat 1464 persons.

IMPARTIAL.—The editor of the Philadelphia Sunday Transcript thus candidly replies to a correspondent, in its last issue:—'The Irish people are not so stupid, by long odds, as many would have you believe; the stories, humorous and otherwise, related at their expense, being in nine cases out of ten extremely apocryphal. Some may be "inveterate blunderers," and others "inexplicably ignorant," but as a general thing, the race has as much intelligence as any other that has suffered through centuries of despotism and degradation. Their elevation to the condition of freemen is marked by gradual social as well as intellectual advancement, and their offspring, born here, generally become leading and useful citizens.'

A SPLENDID EDIFICE.—The new St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York, it is estimated, will be completed in five years, and cost \$750,000. It will be 140 feet front and 325 feet deep. The ground plan is a Latin urn. It is to be built in the Gothic style, with three aisles, separated by lofty arches supported on marble columns, with a small chapel opposite each arch of the nave. The height of the interior will be 120 feet in the clear. It will probably surpass in size and cost any ecclesiastical structure in America.

OUR PICTURE.—Agents and others who have not already received our gift picture, will be supplied this week. Dexter & Bro., of N. Y., require so many copies at once, that we are compelled to lay their order over until next week.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH MAP sold by A. Williams & Co., is the best and most reliable, while it is at the same time, the cheapest that has been published.

BISHOP MCGILL, of Richmond, Va., has received from Archbishop Hughes of New York, a present of a magnificent pair of carriage horses.

MR. JOHN RYAN has retired from the *Lawrence Sentinel*, which will be conducted by B. F. Watson.

Written for the Miscellany.

ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

BY THOMAS S. DONOHUE, OF IYVWALL.

Lonely, and dark, and wonderful they stand,
Gigantic mysteries of ages past,
In many a vale of Eribe's fairy land;
By many a river, flowing wild and fast;
On heathy hill, and daisy-spangled plain;
On mossy rocks, beside the moaning chain:
On flowery isles, that calm and lovely rest,
In soft and slumber sleep, upon the lake's breast.

And thus like solemn sentinels they seem,
Silent and stern through every change of time,
While nations pass away, as fades a dream,
And centuries, with mingled truth and crime,
Move to Eternity. And still each tower,
Like man transformed by necromantic power,
Is doomed to witness, impotent and cold,
The slow decay and death of all it knew of old!

We know not, and perchance we ne'er may know,
Their use and origin, but this alone:
They sprang from patient three thousand years ago;
And who, with earth toll upreared the stone,
Swarthy Egyptian, Briton, Christian, Dane?
Or why: as tombs or temples?—yet in vain
We ask. Some sages even doubt their date,
Those antiquaries keen, whose lives are all debate.

No legends now exist, or tale, or song,
No written page, their history to tell;
But Time has made them sacred. Peasants throng
Around them, as unto a holy cell,
And there, beside some ancient cross, they pray,
At misty morn, or golden close of day,
Kneeling among the tombs, or by the wall
Of sculptured abbey gray, slow tottering to its fall.

‘Tis FAME! These pillars rising through the Isle,
Their use, their origin, their date—all doubt,
Like pyramids along the reedy Nile
Eternal, but eternity without
The name! 'Twas meant they should immortalize:
Priest, warrior, king, the trustful founder dies.
Ambition! view the Pyramids and Towers!
They whisper thee of pride, vain hopes, and wasted powers!

[Written for the Miscellany.]

WALKS AND TALKS.

BY VERNON.

‘As I walked by myself,
I talked to myself,
And thus myself said to me.’

—I was in the mood for it. Indeed, I had no inclination for anything else. And when the proposition was made to Savage, he was in the mood, too. For we were both weary of the book and the pen, and longed for the refreshing leaves of nature.

My friend knew but little of the vicinity of Washington. His few excursions had been confined to high-ways, where the chief object of interest was the toll-gate; and so, when I mentioned a certain charming byway, that wound about carelessly through the woods, and where no such impertinent ‘stand and deliver’ should ever be seen—he was delighted. Of course, he was delighted.

‘Let us be off!’ he said; and we were off, in less than half an hour thereafter.

Surely there never was a more beautiful afternoon than that of our August day; with its breeze-tempered sunshine, beautiful for everything:—and especially for a ride on horseback.

We had dined together at Ivywall, and had lounged on the sofa after dinner; but still it was early. The small bronze clock on the mantel struck five as we were leaving the room.

Maye mine, and the fairest ‘gentle Savage,’ waved us and spoke us loving farewells, from the casement of the ‘Rose,’ with sundry charges ‘not to forget to come back,’ and ‘be sure to find a pretty ride, for they would be our companions next time.’

Our horses exhibited unusual animation, as they bore us along Fourteenth street, toward the northern boundary. For this street is a broad and long, straight and level one, and the chosen for equestrian exercise; beside which, it leads to the most pleasant part of the country. Everybody was abroad

at that hour—in carriages of all kinds, and on horses of all kinds. Many ladies (how exquisite!) went by, their cantering steeds seeming proud, as they should be, of the lovely burdens—of the laughing nymphs—the swift-talking, witty maidens!

And the Secretaries of our land, and the Ministers of many another, with their happy families, were abroad also, to breathe the free, pure air, and to see, and be seen.

We passed an open carriage, drawn by two fine horses, and driven by a servant not in livery. It was a plain equipage, substantial and comfortable, but not at all likely to attract particular attention—indeed, inferior to others on the street. An old gentleman, quite alone, sat on the back seat. The sun was behind a cloud at the moment, and the old gentleman had taken advantage of the circumstance, and removed his hat. The breeze stirred his white hair. He looked not so much exhausted by the heat of the day as by cares and anxieties. You would think him a person who, after having been very active since morning, and much disturbed by business—some lawyer, perhaps, with hard cases—was now returning to his country home, and making an effort, by the way, to take all things coolly. In form he was tall and stout—but evidently worn in body and spirit; yet, undoubtedly, was he a man who had taken up ‘arms against a sea of troubles,’ and probably by ‘opposing’ would ‘end them.’ There were indications of great kindness of heart on the marked features of the gentleman, and also of great force of character. With a beaming smile he returned our salutation. Yes, it is now evident from the expression of his face, that JAMES BUCHANAN is not only the profound statesman and sage, but the good and genial-souled man. Those who know him intimately love to speak of his simple manners, his cordial friendship, and his frequent outbursts of gentle wit and merriment.

He is going, at present, to his rural retreat, ‘The Soldier’s Home,’ about five miles distant. We shall arrive there before him, and have time to glance at the building.

Boundary street is passed. Ascending a great hill, from the summit of which is a wide view of the city and the river, we find ourselves at Columbia College, a large and venerable edifice, surmounted by a belvedere and belfry, and surrounded by extensive grounds, open and wooded, where the scattered dwellings of the Professors appear. We will not stop now, but only, as passing, look through the long, wide hall, (the doors being open at either extremity,)—observing a group of students there—and some entering from the side rooms—while a few stand on the porches, and others are exercising in the garden. The belfry sends out its old familiar sound, and the students dart away supper-ward.

A little further, and we leave the main road, and pursue our favorite way, which is more like a path, and winds among noble trees, and over hills and dales. Yonder white tower, far up in the blue air, is the Soldier’s Home. Here’s the gate. A partially disabled warrior opens it for us, and we ride in—on a well-kept road—bordered by flowers and trees—past a beautiful, ivied cottage—and to the grand marble porch, beneath the tower. Dismounting, we admire the broad lawn in front, where the stately banner floats on the breeze—the flowers—the winding paths, and the ever-pleasing variety of sunshine and shade. Visitors are seen here and there—here and there are parties of uniformed soldiers.

Let us ascend the tower. This is a magnificent hall—these are princely apartments on either side—the dining room is majestic indeed—but we must on quickly, up the great iron stairs—up the narrow stairs of the tower, till now we issue on its roof, protected by a marble balustrade.

O, how beautiful! Woods, and hills, and vales, cultivated farms and sheltered homes, the city, the

blue Potomac, and its dreamlike, sacred shores! We gaze around the blooming circle, and still, at every view, exclaim: ‘How beautiful!’

The sound of a closing gate attracts attention—and, pressing along the same winding road by which we came, we see the President. Now he descends at the wide piazza of yonder stone villa, and quietly enters the door. Peace at last! The Pilgrim-burden has fallen from his weary shoulders, and, at least till the morrow, he may rest.

We often turn and look back at the marble tower as we proceed along the sequestered road, and a sentiment is in our hearts that keeps us silent: we compare the great Magistrate of the Land to the sun which now is calmly retiring to the western forest, after a glorious and beneficent course.

Reapers on the field. They bind the sheaves of grain. They form, unaware, a picture for us, which we see on the golden-bordered canvass; they inspire, unaware, a poem for us, which makes music in the sunny air, and in the mysterious cloisters of the heart. The scene recalled to my companion an incident in Ireland, relating to John O’Mahony, who, being outlawed for his patriotism, was suddenly compelled to leave his residence, and seek the close woods and wild hills. His corn stood on the field, ripe for the gatherer. But ‘the harvest of ‘Moulough’ should not be lost; its master had gone—yet the people loved and remembered him and his course. My friend was present, and from that day he took ‘his fate with O’Mahony.’ As we passed along our solitary path, Savage sang, with deep emotion, the following stanzas from his poem commemorating the incident:—

‘From far and wide the reapers came—through love his course they bore—
From Comeragh’s wild to Slievenamon—from Grange to Galtemore—
Like streamlets rushing to the sea, like wrecked men to a rock.
They hurried down and gathered at the Reaping of Moulough!

God bless the hardy Reapers! and Lord bless the mind that gave
The thoughts that made their sinners aid and help the outlawed brave!
The mind that lives in noble deeds, all earth-made vaunted mock—
And souls like yours are Freedom’s hope, ye Reapers of Moulough!

Oh, bend the Reapers joyfully!—the hook with fervor plies!
And maidens of the sunny South bind up the falling prize!
Oh, may the tyrants of our soil fall before our wrath,
And wives of Irish conquerors aid to bind them in their path!

With such glowing reminiscences, and with bold fancies and hopes, we slowly returned to Ivywall, feeling that truth and liberty should yet—

‘Rain influence, and adjudge the prize!’

The stars of evening were then over us. We looked to the stars, and read the destiny of man!

EARLY TRAINING.—It was the remark of a man of sagacity, if we were left to choose any ten years of the life of an individual in which to form his character, he should select the first ten. Admitting the correctness of this judgment—and the wisest of men hath said, ‘Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it’—is there not a strong possibility, amounting to almost a moral certainty, that good principles instilled into the minds of children, moral principles inculcated, and wisely enforced, will, with the blessing of God, enter so deeply into the formation of their character, and gain such strength and influence, that nothing but the most desolating torrent of moral degeneracy can ever sweep them away.

[Written for the Irish Miscellany.]

PADDY'S INVITATION TO NAPOLEON.

BY DABBY MCKEON.

Mavrone ashore, I invite you o'er
To have fun galore in poor Paddy's land.
There's 'Cead meala fuaities' for you in store,
And thousands to meet you upon the strand.

Then you shall hear a good Irish cheer,
With acclamations of heartfelt joy
Reverberating round from Cape Clear
O'er the glorious plains of old Footenoy!

Our holy island, with verdure smiling,
Has scenes beguiling, beautiful, and rare:
Green vales and mountains, bright gushing fountains,
And streamlets flowing through bowers fair;

That for past ages nursed saints and sages,
Bold warriors, patriots, and martyrs too,
Whose names shine glorious in history's pages
For deeds of valour the world through.

That greedy Saxon, so fond of taxin'
Our virtuous, faithful, queen-mother isle,
Will fell outrageous because I'm 'in
Your Highness over to spend a while.

That don't alarm us: the power to harm us
He lost that morning at Inkerman;
The toothless boaster and proud impostor,
Whose laurels faded at the Redan;—

Perfidious villain, whose blood-stained shillin'
Starvation forced us to take too long,
To bind the chains on our nation's plains,
And shed our blood in the cause of wrong.

We curse that power, and await the hour
Of retribution, that's coming fast.
One hope shone bright through our dreary night—
That hope of vengeance is ours at last!

Our lovely Erin they've robbed and plundered,
Her children banished to every land;
They bound her bleeding with woe unnumbered,
Her temples ruined, her faith they bann'd.

But still, despite of all persecution,
She stands arrayed in her virgin green,
With robes unstained by their vile pollution,
Bright, pure, and spotless, like Heaven's queen.

Her exiles over the Western Ocean
Bid me invite you to take a cruise,
Their big hearts beating with wild emotion,
In hopes some morning to hear the news.

They bid me state it—they've watched and waited,
With joy elated, well knowing you
Can have affairs all soon regulated
To wipe the stain out from Waterloo!

[Written for the Miscellany.]

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

BY J. E. F.

No. 9.—County of Clare.

The County of Clare possesses not a few places of interest and picturesque scenery. It has many pretty country towns and villages, and not the least among these are the towns of Ennistymon and Lahinch, the latter of which is on a small scale what Brighton is to London, to the western towns and cities of Ireland. It has a beautiful strand, extending for miles, and at present the white-washed cottages have a neat and tidy look. The day on which we visited Lahinch was the occurrence of an annual festival called 'Garland Sunday,' and on this day the people for miles around flock here to celebrate it in every conceivable way. Early in the afternoon, there was a race between two horses under the saddle for a small purse, and, to judge from the excitement among the crowd, you would think the sweepstakes of the 'Derby' were up for competition.

Leaving early we proceeded along the coast of the broad Atlantic, until our arrival at Miltown, another watering-place, though on a smaller scale. Near Miltown, at a place called Spanish Point, there are some great curiosities, called the 'Puffing Caverns.' Gerald Griffin, in his 'Tales of the Museum Festivals,' gives the following description of one of these:—'The puffing-hole is a cavern near the base of a cliff which vaults the enormous mass of crag to a considerable

distance inland, where it has a narrow opening, appearing to the eyes of a stranger like a deep natural well. When the tremendous sea abroad rolls into this cavern, the effect is precisely the same as if water was forced into an inverted funnel, its impetus of course increasing as it descends through the narrow neck, until, at length reaching the perpendicular opening, or puffing-hole, it jets frequently to an immense height in the air, and falls in rain on the mossy fields behind.' There was another party at Spanish Point to-day, among whom was a most conceited top, as his sections plainly showed, and going near to the edge of the cliff to get a better view, the cavern puffed unexpectedly, drenching the top completely, and he went away murmuring that 'it-aw-was too bad-aw!' amid the laughter of the lookers on. Spanish Point is said to have been so named from the fact that some ships of the famous Spanish Armada, were wrecked off this point, and some say there are many kegs of doublets at the bottom of the sea, a few rods from the shore. At the caverns we witnessed a curious phenomenon; rainbow on the spray, which seemed at first a reflection from the sky, but the day was too scorchiag for a rainbow in the heavens.

Passing through the town at Ennistymon on our return, I will say a few words about it. The town has a population of about 2,000, of the better class—the land is principally owned by Col. Francis Macnamara, whose father, Major Macnamara, was O'Connell's second in his duel with D'Esterre, and who was said to so much resemble George IV. as to be frequently taken for the royal personage. The Colonel has a handsome estate in the town, but he is an absentee, and his time is mostly spent in London. The river at Ennistymon comes dashing over some ten or a dozen rocks in succession, and as you look upward at these Niagara Falls in miniature when the river is swollen, it has more the appearance of art than of nature. There is a pretty walk for visitors by these cascades, and this leads you into a beautiful and romantic glen by the side of a murmuring brook, in which the sporty trout are seen leaping in its limpid waters. The brook is occasionally crossed by rustic bridges, some of which are fifty feet above the scrap, and it is sometimes no easy task for a person of weak nerves to cross them. A few years ago, a schoolmaster accidentally slipped off one of the bridges and was drowned in the keep pool beneath. The place is since called 'Poul-masther-sheulla.'

Ennistymon is the centre of a great many interesting places, and at the coach-office of Mr. Russel, (a most accommodating gentleman) we hired a post-car to visit Moher.

The Cliffs of Moher, on the West coast of Clare, are indeed well worth a visit from any part of Ireland. They are on the estate of the late Cornelius O'Brien, who represented Clare in Parliament for many years. There is a slope from the land for about a mile, terminating abruptly at the cliffs, and the beholder looks down upon the waters of the Atlantic from an altitude of 800 feet. The huge rocks at the base seem like pebbles, and a boat seems but a speck upon the waters. From the top of the tower, which is built at the edge of the cliffs, with the aid of a telescope we could see numerous vessels on their way to America. There is said to be no land west of this but America, and the numerous vessels sailing out of English ports have to come opposite to where

'Moher frowns over the fathomless deep,' ere they are on the straight road to 'the land of the free.' Across the bay, the Connemara Mountains, cone and pyramid-shaped, seem to mingle with the clouds, and seemingly at their base stands the town of Galway. Mid-way between us and Galway, are the Isles of Arran, inhabited chiefly by fishermen and their families. The men wear blue woollen jackets and trowsers, sou'-westers, and shoes made from the skin of the ass. The women mostly wear red cloaks, and shoes of the same material as the men.

The sides of the Cliffs are alive with various kinds of birds, whose screaming borne upward by the wind seems like the music of the Irish pipes. There are

a few men here who gain a livelihood by descending the cliffs by means of a rope tied around their waists to collect guano, eggs, birds, sea-weed, &c. Four men hold the end of the rope on top, and the person descending is provided with a basket, in which he puts whatever is to be hauled up. This is a perilous task, and not a few accidents have occurred, yet they would descend any time, for a few pence. Some two weeks since, one of the 'cliff-men,' as they are called, let his daughter down about mid-way, to a shelving rock, on which she could stand, to fill the basket with guano, to be hauled up by those above. The signal was to pull on the rope when she had it full, and she had accordingly pulled it when they commenced to haul. By some means she got her arms entangled in the basket, and was drawn up to within a few feet of the top, when her hold loosened, and she was dashed to pieces long ere she reached the bottom.

One of the cliff-men told us that at another time, while he was being drawn up by those above, the rope broke, and he fell a great distance, but the force of the descent was broken by falling on a projecting rock, and he came off with some very bad bruises.

We descended the cliffs, not cliff-men fashion, but by a serpentine path where they are not so steep. This in itself is a dangerous task, for if you make a mis-step, you will fall headlong to the bottom, and of course be killed. But we reached the base in safety, and when we looked up at the cliffs the sight was magnificent in the highest degree. From the top of the cliffs you get a view that is simply grand, but from here there is something sublime in the imposing mass which seems to overhang you, and threatens to tumble down as you stand gazing at it, with something akin to awe.

Not caring to ascend the cliffs again, we hired a boat which lay moored near the mouth of a cave, but neither money nor entreaties could induce the boatman to row us into it, as he said it was once the abode of pirates, and whoever dared enter would get his throat cut by the ghost of one of these Kyddites, who guards the plunder in the cave.

A few hours rowing brought us to the village of Liscannor, where our post-car was waiting for us, and in less than an hour we had reached Ennistymon, pleased and satisfied with our day at the Cliffs.

THE JUDGE AND THE WITNESS.—The Boston Post of Monday has the following 'good 'un':—Our Brown brings us a story from one of the southern cities of the Empire State, which he says is as true as any fact in 'York State.' Judge G. is well known to the bar of the southern counties as a decided 'character,' and more good stories are told about him than any man on the bench in that region. The judge's manner in court is dogmatic, pregmatic, and arrogant, and nothing pleases the bar so well as to see him heartily laughed at. They had a fine chance one day when an Irish witness was on the stand, who, being rather unmanageable, was taken in hand by the judge with a manner which said very plainly 'You shall see, gentlemen, how I will handle him.' 'Well, Dennis,' said the judge, blandly, 'tell me the contents of that chest.' 'Yes, yer worship,' said the witness, eagerly. 'First, there was a picture of Dan O'Connell—the great Irish patriot—maybe yer honor's heard of him?' 'Certainly,' said the judge, 'go on with the inventory.' 'Then there was a picture of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—maybe yer honor's heard of him?' The unaffected look of inquiry and doubt that accompanied the witness's words set the audience in a roar of laughter—and the judge will never hear the last of it.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. WALSH, Archbishop of Halifax, died at the Episcopal residence in that city a few days ago. He had long suffered from sickness, and was highly and widely esteemed for his talents and virtues.

[From the Dublin Celtic Union.]

THE 'EMPIRE' AND THE IRISH PROVINCE.

Drowning men are said to catch at straws and in the confusion of a perishing and blind agony to clutch at nothings with energies that, differently and rightly directed, would have achieved security.

Thus the country has its eyes rivetted upon a packet from Galway to America, as if its return was to bring to them the gold of California, the independence of the Americans, and the glory of the stripes and stars. Nay, the very ship looks beautiful in their eyes, as though the wolf-dog was couched beneath Bryan's harp, upon her stern, and the glorious sun-burst of Old Ireland fluttered over her deck; while the projector of this very proper British speculation, is hailed and honored as a patriot and a national benefactor.

Do we exaggerate this Galway Packet business? Do we sneer at the interest felt in its success?

We neither exaggerate nor sneer. We wish to the city of the tribes all the commercial advantages which a direct communication with America may bring to her desolate quays; and it shall gladden our eyes to behold new docks and warehouses, and a large traffic resulting from this enterprise. And if after long years tall ships disgorge the traffic of two worlds upon Galway's shores, and long luggage trains will carry them with hissing steam to the eastern bay of old Dunleary, thence to enter England; our heart shall be so far gladdened with the increased industry and employment, which shall give the Connaught capital comparative prosperity.

We once knew a noble-minded merchant who, having failed in the world and fallen into the very depths of poverty, was yet too proud to beg, and with a big national heart pulsating in his breast, he stood upon the quays of Liverpool, and from the earnings of humble portage he wrung an honest livelihood, and in years came back to his own Ireland to stand there as he once had stood.

Galway brings back his story to our memory. If this packet trip succeeds, she is destined to be free. No! to carry England's commerce on her shoulder, and make something by it. She is to be John Bull's special porter as Ireland is his special vassal.

Galway may grow richer, the shares of the Western Railway Company may rise in value, but what will it benefit Cork or Londonderry?

It will not lessen British taxes in Ireland, it will not create a national commerce, or national manufactures; it will not extend our fisheries, reclaim our bogs or open our mines.

It will not bring freedom or domestic legislation. It is a good, but only a local good. No doubt it is a good worth looking at, and as such we watch it with interest; but we would ask the eyes that look most yearningly after it, not to rest there, but to look beyond it, and to look determinedly for that home rule which will secure it, and a thousand greater blessings with it.

Local improvements, local advances are of value. We value them most when we behold them progressing in the direction of the common good of the common country. We value them least if they tend to isolate the locality or its interest from that of the country at large.

A cold shadow passes over our heart when we think of a petition which was presented to the Irish Commons in 1800 praying for a union with Great Britain, because the petitioners, who were southern merchants, did believe the union would personally aggrandise them by giving to the south the trade which Dublin was sure to lose when she would lose her parliament. Selfishness is the mother of treason. Let us not be misunderstood. We do wish that the Galway project shall succeed. We pray for its success because, though the modicum be small, it is yet a good and therefore desirable. But it should not be permitted to turn the Irish aspirations aside from greater things!

When we hear of this packet coming and hear men earnestly speculating upon its arrival, the words of Tell rush upon us—'But when will liberty be here?'

One circumstance connected with the sailing of the

'Empire' from Galway has afforded us much interest; we allude to the impression gone abroad that Liverpool jealousies were used foully to damage the success of the undertaking.

How far this be true or false we will not presume in this special case to prejudice. Two wretched human beings will most probably have been tried for the offence ere this article shall meet the light, but in no case would we, before that trial, seek to prejudice the public mind by word or sentence against them. We only hope that if there be guilt, and deep and terrible guilt, it would be as well against the country as against human life and happiness, that the criminals who instigated the offence may be discovered and reached even in their hidden security, for if ever the principle of 'Facit per alium facit per se' had force, it should be in the case of such an atrocity as this.

If the Empire was piloted in the direction of that hidden rock through the stupidity or ignorance of the pilots who undertook a duty they were unequal to, then do we trust that their punishment shall be simply a declaration of their incapacity to ever act as sea-guides again; but if it should appear that the ruin which threatened the 'Empire ship,' and the consequent certain failure of the attempt to make Galway the European port for America was the result of premeditation, we hope that Irish lawyers will be found to sift to the bottom the motives and the influences which could tempt men to such a crime, and that if there be instigators to the foul deed they shall be reached, and that they shall be the parties upon whom a condign punishment may fall, for he who bribes and tempts to crime by the reward he offers to the perpetrator is assuredly far guiltier than the wretch whose necessities may have laid him open to the tempting offer, and who might well exclaim 'My poverty and will consents.' In such a case the real criminals would be the merchants, the class, the party or the people who, actuated by a jealous rivalry of Ireland, had purchased the services of other men to do a deed they would not stain their own hands or names with, forgetful that the crime should stain their consciences and blast their very salvation.

In this light have we, for long years, viewed the bribery and corruption with which English jealousy has sought to degrade and destroy everything Irish, pouring its hateful poison through every vein of the state, from an ermined judgeship, down to a village schoolmaster, pervading all classes, all grades, all professions, all occupations, and so staining the body politic here with a sort of foul leprosy, that some reflecting men have been led to think our country unfitted for liberty, or for moral or physical regeneration, and that it is destined to remain branded by provincial degradation, a thing tabooed, because of its meanness, amongst the natives of the earth.

Is this our belief? Heaven forbid, and yet we can understand why reasoning men have so thought.

Failure through corruption, failure by reason of bribery with place or money, has been the chronicled history of Ireland's attempts at liberty, under all her Norman-Saxen rulers, from Strongbow to Strafford, from Strafford to Castlereagh, and from Castlereagh to Russell and Clarendon.

For seven years she has been ruled by bribery in one shape or other, until the highest offices and places in Ireland have become accessible, not by eagles as the proverb hath it, but by slimy reptiles who creep from the low places.

And the toad was crowned with a precious stone upon his forehead, and became a thing to honor and worship. Irishmen, how long, oh! how long shall this continue? It cannot outlive your discovery of it, if your souls indignantly repel the contaminated and the contaminators. Truly has Grattan said when speaking of such a state of things, 'In a free country, the path of public treachery leads to the block, but in a nation governed like a province, to the helm!'

Is there no remedy? there is a remedy. Domestic legislation! a home parliament, properly representative of the people, identified with the people, and resolutely

careful of the real interests of the people and of the country. Therein lies the remedy.

Will Irishmen awake and look for this remedy, or are they satisfied that Ireland shall remain 'but a suburb to England, sunk in her shade?'

Ireland needs but the resolve of her people to at once avail herself of far greater benefits and greater blessings than can result from a mere transatlantic traffic with Galway.

She needs extended trade—that commerce for which nature fitted her with the finest bays and harbors in the world; those manufactures for which she possesses such immense water power, and such cheap labor. She wants bogs reclaimed—mines worked—church and sect ascendancy pulled down—landlord and tenant differences adjusted—laws made for her own soil and people—weighty taxes diminished—honest education for her children—honorable and manly training for her youth. A patronage that will reward and not degrade. Home resources to be fostered and nursed into luxuriant growth—foreign advantages to be sought after and secured. Home rule can do those things, and it is only home rule can do them. This is a new thought; sixty years ago such thoughts found utterance in Ireland, and were poured forth in words, which the traveller who visits Lord Rosse's monster telescope may not find engraved upon a tablet in Birr Castle; but which nevertheless sheds an honor upon the name of Parsons in Ireland prouder than the discovery of even a new star; for they bear evidence to a high appreciation of what Ireland might be, mingled with sad regrets over her fall and degradation. 'Who,' exclaimed Lord Rosse's ancestor, 'who out of Ireland ever hears of Ireland? What a time have we amongst the nations of the earth? Who fears us? Who respects us? What nation have foreign states of us? Where are our negotiators? Where are our ambassadors? What treaties do we enter into? What alliance do we form? With what nation do we make peace, or declare war? Are we not a mere cypher in all these? and are not these what gives a nation consequence, and glory, and fame? All these are sacrificed to the union with England; absorbed in her, we forego everything that is great and aspiring, and are satisfied with our humble and obscure situation!'

Discontent grows with years, and the time is coming which will prove all are not satisfied with Ireland's 'humble and obscure situation.'

This very business of the Empire ship will turn men's eyes and direct their thoughts to the consideration of English jealousy of the growth of trade in Ireland. Even men who have already swallowed the camel, and now strain at the gnat, will have their blindness removed, but they must not cry out at poor men becoming criminals against their country for British gold, while they tolerate, in the highest places of the land, fouler corruption still. The accident, be it accident or design, is valuable too, in its own humble way, as a straw upon a great river to show how the current runs. It indicates what will be done to keep Ireland down, and what shall be done to raise Ireland up by those in the country who are yet honest enough to love her, and independent enough to avow it. Men who can resist temptation, and are bold enough to exclaim in the words of poor Egan, the chairman of Kilmalnam, who recording his vote against the accursed union expressed himself, 'Ireland for ever, and to H—ll with Kilmalnam!'

IRISH INDEPENDENCE.—Now that Ireland, says the New York Herald, has become, by the establishment of the Atlantic telegraph and the Galway steamship line, the highway of the nations between the two hemispheres, it becomes of the utmost importance that her government should be fairly and impartially administered, and that no one nation should have exclusive jurisdiction over the island. Great Britain has now both termini of the great telegraph on her dominions. It is not meet that she should have this power. She ought to be well satisfied with the exclusive control of one of them. Ireland must be either neutral or independent.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

The Rev. Mr. Hogan, of the Irish College, Paris, the Rev. Mr. Hogan, Professor of St. Sulpice College, Paris, and the Rev. R. O'Brien, of All Hallows College have arrived in Limerick.

A man named Ryan, died suddenly in New-street, on Monday night. An inquest was held on the body by James J. Shee, Esq., coroner, and a verdict returned according to the facts. [Tipperary Examiner.]

An inquest was held in Waterford, on Monday, on the body of an old man, named Patrick Cashen, who was accidentally drowned, on the Sunday week previously, at Ferrybank. Verdict—Accidental death.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, has appointed the Rev. Mr. Delaney, President of St. John's College, in this city; the Rev. Michael Terry has been appointed Catholic Curate of Knobkamore and Kill-watermoy. [Waterford Chronicle.]

A handsome iron screw steamer was launched a few days since from the shipping-yard of Mr. Robinson, and now lies in the river, awaiting the completion of her external gear. She is called the Bilboa. She is about 100 horse power—tonnage in proportion. Her trading destination is not yet positively known. [Cork Reporter.]

An old tradesman, resident in the Glen of Aherlow, was recently married at Caher, by Father Keane, upon a certificate which he obtained from him thirty years ago, at a time when he was about bestowing his affections on the person of a juvenile character. The old bridegroom stated that as he was unable to succeed then in luring the young girl into the bouds of Hymen, he kept the certificate, and after so long a lapse, he has at length turned it to profitable account.

On Sunday, the 25th ultimo, the Rev. John Doherty expired at his parochial residence, Clonmanny. This is the third Priest of the diocese of Derry who has died within the short space of little more than two months. Father Doherty was comparatively a young man; he died in the 54th year of his age, and in the 30th of his Ministry. He entered the mission in 1828 as Curate of Strabane, having succeeded there the present venerable Pastor of Culdaff. He remained here about six years, at the end of which time he was appointed Parish Priest of Dungiven.

A movement has been made in Belfast to aid in the collection for the large orphan family of poor noble John Hogan, the sculptor. We hope Belfast will do its duty well in this matter. The local honorary secretaries are Messrs H. H. Bottomly and J. M. Thompson, who will gladly receive subscriptions from all lovers of Irish art and genius. We earnestly hope that in this movement for the relief of the helpless family of a great Irishman, the Catholics of Belfast will not hold back. We shall be glad to take charge of any subscriptions entrusted to us. [Ulsterman.]

SERIOUS RIOT IN CASHEL.—On Tuesday evening a private of the North Tipperary Light Infantry was arrested by the constabulary in Cashel, for being drunk and disorderly. Immediately after his arrest, a number of his comrades rescued him, and a serious emeute took place between them and the police. Stones were thrown by the militia, and cries to break open the arms store freely used. The police had to retreat into their barracks, and one of them was badly wounded on the head, and a woman was also seriously hurt from blows of stones. The infuriated Light Infantry then attacked the barracks, and broke the windows; after which they proceeded to demolish the windows of the inhabitants, who had to close their shops to save their property from destruction. The Hon. Martin J. French, R.M., was quickly on the spot, and read the Riot Act, after which he ordered the constabulary to load with ball cartridge, an order which was at once obeyed.

Friday week, at a meeting of the Harbor Board, a tender from Mr. John Murphy, of George's street, was accepted to erect a new Crane and build its platform, opposite Exchange street, for £280. Mr. Francis Stephenson, C. E., was appointed to superintend the erection. [Waterford Chronicle.]

Dr. Callan held an inquest on Monday week, near Carlingford, on the body of a woman named Anne Komiskey, who was killed on the Saturday evening previous by a flash of lightning, as she was on her way towards Dundalk. A woman named Eliza Hamill was about three feet behind her when she was struck down and expired. Verdict accordingly. Dr. Callan held another inquest on the same day at Mansfieldstown on the body of Pat M'Shane, who died suddenly on Sunday evening, of disease of the heart. Verdict—Died from natural causes. [Dundalk Democrat.]

During a thunderstorm on Saturday last, a young woman named Stundon, was killed by lightning, at Glounergallive, near Rattoo in this county. It appears that the deceased and a little girl were driving a flock of geese when the thunder came on; the little girl got frightened and ran home. The deceased not having returned, a lad was sent to look for her and found her on her knees quite dead, with a mushroom in her hand, as if she had at the moment stooped to pick it up. The geese were scattered about dead, many of them torn in pieces. Our informant told us that on a farm in that locality two colts were killed at the same time. [Kerry Post.]

THE NEW CHAPEL AT TIPPERARY.—This edifice is hastening towards completion, and already the massive framework of the high antique roof is being erected, and the tower—of chiselled limestone—is finished externally to the height of about forty feet. When completed this tower will be one hundred and sixty feet high, including the spire, which is to spring from the distance of eighty-five feet from the ground. The large lancet windows in the east and west gables are, in the centre, thirty-four feet in length, and when finished, will be filled in with stained glass, the gift of the most Rev. Dr. Leahy and Dr. Howley, P. P., Tipperary. There is yet much of the interior and decorative works to be carried out, and it is not expected to be completed before the early part of next year.

FRANCE.

Napoleon is training his soldiers to swim and fight in the water. The Paris papers say that several regiments of the Guard were exercised on Saturday morning, the 17th ult., in the Champ de Mars, under the command of General Melinet. During the manoeuvres, 200 of the 2nd regiment of Grenadiers, were ordered to swim across the Seine and to discharge their muskets as they did so, at an enemy supposed to be on the opposite bank. The movement was well executed and without any accident.

The Univers has an article on England and English affairs. Coming to Cherbourg, it says:—'But we have just written a word which darkens every brow in England. Our neighbors are hard to be pleased. After all they have done, permitted, and written for the last six months, they are not yet satisfied with being invited to our festivities, as if we had nothing to reproach them with. It is true that the Times, which has most shown its hatred against France, sees a sort of derision in the invitation sent to the Queen of Great Britain to be present at the inauguration of the port of Cherbourg, the completion of which it regards as a direct menace against England. It almost detects a declaration of war in this invitation. The Times has forgotten the adage, 'Si vis pacem para bellum.' The best way for people to have peace with England is to show that we do not fear her, and she has everything to lose by war. The works of Cherbourg are, therefore, a guarantee of peace with Great Britain. When the United States have to complain of John Bull they point to their cotton fields, and John Bull becomes pliant and accommodating. So, when we see John Bull assume airs a little too superb towards ourselves, we will show him Cherbourg, and this will be to tell him that we wish to live on good terms with him.'

DESCRIPTION OF CHERBOURG.—The exact position of Cherbourg may be better described than by quoting latitude and longitude from the Admiralty chart, or its bearings by compass from Dover; information superfluous to the pilots and useless to everybody else. Briefly, then, if the Isle of Wight could cut loose from its moorings, and drift in nearly a straight line across the Channel, it would be received in the arms of two capes which terminate the great peninsula of the coast of Normandy. Into the bay between these points the tight little island would nearly fit and fill up the hollow. In the deepest recess of this bay, and at the centre of its shore, lies the town of Cherbourg. It is nearly equidistant from Plymouth, Weymouth and Portsmouth; those places would be cut by three lines radiating from Cherbourg like the sticks of a fan. The illustration is not strictly scientific, and might be fatal to a candidate in a competitive examination, but it is sufficient for all practical purposes. Between the French port and the English coast roll sixty or seventy good miles of ocean; and when you have inspected Cherbourg, you will not wish the Channel one league less in breadth. The town itself, it need scarcely be said, is not the place—it is the least important part of it; the real Cherbourg consists of the harbor, the military port, the breakwater and the fortifications. Cherbourg would be nearly all it is if the town did not exist. The immense works are not intended for its defence only; its little export and coasting trade do not require those moles, piers, quays and armed towers whose foundations are driven into the deep. The works front the town, and flank it on each side, and rise behind it. All that the art of the military engineer can do to give strength to the natural position has been done; the position has called the works into existence, and the works are the place; the town is only an accident, not an essential part of it. Civil Cherbourg, or the ville, as distinct from the military port, is very provincial; it has not the commercial physiognomy of Havre, nor the watering-place aspect of Boulogne and Dieppe; its proximity to England has not produced any connection extensive enough to color its life with their insular peculiarities. Relatively, Paris is more visibly and audibly Anglicised; the English language and Alsopp's ale have invaded the Boulevards from the Madeleine to the Bastille; but the beer and speech of Cherbourg are still native, the last struggling with all the old difficulties of orthography, when it attempts to be English. Cider, for instance, that Norman produce, is announced to the puzzled Briton by the proprietor of a 'vaults' for the sale thereof as 'cither.' The English invaded Cherbourg in the last century, but it is evident they have not settled there. There is some degree of pleasure in finding a French town that is wholly French. The fashionable quarter of Paris is fairly annexed and 'translated.'

The Correspondencia Autografa, a semi-official organ of Madrid, of the 29th ult., says:—'The English Government, has just given satisfaction to the complaints of Spain on the subject of the insulting conduct of the commander of the English cruiser Buzzard, who visited vessels in the waters of Cuba. The English Government, which on the first news of what had taken place, hastened to declare through its representative, that it disapproved in the most formal manner the conduct of its cruiser, has just confirmed in writing that declaration, and in a manner the most satisfactory to Spain. As if nothing should be wanting for the satisfaction of our national dignity in this affair, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the United States has addressed to General Dodge, the American Minister in Madrid, a note, in which he proclaims that the conduct of the authorities of Cuba could not have been more worthy or amicable than it was to the Government of America. This must tend to draw closer the relations between that country and Spain.'

By the end of the present year, every regiment in the Prussian army will be provided with rifle muskets of a new and improved description.

(From the Dublin Nation.)

CHERBOURG.

It may be that the word which this week hangs on every Frenchman's tongue, and is whispered by many a British lip, will justify the importance assigned by the public opinion of the day, and realise the fears and hopes, the overthrow and pride, with which it seems to be associated on either side of the Straits of Dover. 'Cherbourg' shouts the Briton as a call to arms against the summons of a foe; 'Cherbourg' shouts the Frank as the promise of victories which shall restore the glory that was lost when the death throes of L'Orient shook the echoes of the Nile.

As a naval fortress, Cherbourg may now be placed on a par with Cronstadt or Sebastopol, while the difficulties which have been overcome in its construction have been infinitely greater than engineers had to contend with in either. Never in such a work has art achieved so vast a triumph over natural obstacles. A hundred and fifty years since, Cherbourg was a wretched fishing village situated on the centre of a semi-circular bay, indenting the coast and fronting eastward, whose extreme headlands are those of La Hogue, projecting on the North West, and another of less height and magnitude to the East. The channel and bay were then unprotected and utterly incapable of sheltering a fleet at anchor. Fronting this semi-circle an immense breakwater, two miles and a half in length has been constructed of a hundred thousand tons of granite, in thesea. This surprising work was commenced several years ago, and was completed in 1853, at a cost of £2,680,000. It is one hundred and fifty yards in breadth, with forts in the centre and at either end, together with six batteries in the intervening spaces whose guns sweep the offing in every direction. Neither Cronstadt or Sebastopol, miracles of colossal labor though they be, present anything to parallel this gigantic work. But Cherbourg has an additional advantage over those fortresses, which is that its means of offence are more concentrated. The number of forts and redoubts protecting the docks, basins, and harbor, and the landward fortifications on the hills are so constructed as to level their fire on the narrow entrances at the end of the mole and to sweep the channel beyond. In Sebastopol, from the position of the towns and hills, it was impossible to erect such a number of batteries ranging on a single point, and hence the Russians were obliged to sink a number of vessels at the entrance of the harbor in order to prevent the allied fleets from entering. In Cherbourg, the entrances to the harbor are so narrow, and so thoroughly commanded by the forts, breakwater and hill fortifications that any fleet attempting to force a passage would inevitably be shattered to atoms from the overwhelming torrent of shot concentrated on them from the numerous fortifications and chains of forts which extend to the extreme points of the port and rise in successive elevations on the crescentic concave of the hills. It is enough to say that a man-of-war entering the harbor would be subjected to the raking fire of three thousand guns of large calibre, and it is calculated that even the fire of Fort Imperial and Forte de Querneville, with the land batteries fronting them, would of themselves be capable of sinking the largest vessel of war forcing its way through the narrow channel, east and west, in an instant of time. On the landside there are twenty-four regular forts and redoubts, and other batteries could be constructed in case of emergency. The docks for building vessels, and nine basins which have been cut out of the solid granite are scarcely less stupendous as monuments of skill and enterprise. The first was commenced in 1819, the last, called the Dock of Napoleon III., and which has cost £640,000, now completed, is the subject of the forthcoming inaugural ceremony. Cherbourg has been the work of nearly a hundred years; from the days of Louis XIV. to Louis Napoleon its execution has been the dream of French statesmen. Hitherto France has been in a certain degree at the mercy of England, inasmuch as she has never had a great naval fortification and harbor on the North. The first Napoleon, when he determined to compete with England the supremacy of

the sea, formed the design of making Antwerp the rival of London, and had already carried out some of his vast plans when the disastrous Russian campaign led to its abrogation. In the treaty of peace signed at Paris in 1814, England insisted on the destruction of the docks, arsenal, &c., of the Belgian port, conscious that the dismantlement would secure her commercial monopoly and naval predominance. And here her jealous policy is negated—here, at last, a new Antwerp, infinitely stronger and more dangerously positioned, has arisen, possessing every formidable element of defence and attack, and brought to perfection at an immense cost of time, talent, wealth, and labor. In Cherbourg we see the entire force of France concentrated at one point, and that opposite the white coast of her hereditary enemy—a gigantic achievement successfully executed, at once a defiance of England and of nature.

The projected visit of her gracious Majesty Victoria to Cherbourg at the invitation of her gracious ally, the hero of the 2d of December, promises to be one of the best practical jokes ever played off by one crowned head upon another. Not content with having constructed a French Sebastopol opposite unprotected Plymouth, capable of containing the entire Imperial fleet, and connected by lines of railroad with all the great military stations of the country, the Emperor must have the little Queen over to inspect the enormous work he has perfected for England's destruction. Truly, it is only the French who can do such things; no other people have the address to execute an insult, such as this in so polished a manner as they. We fancy the inextinguishable laughter which the occasion will excite in Petersburg and Vienna, among rulers and diplomatists in all parts of the world at the utter degradation to which Britain is about to be subjected. Here is a cannon loaded and pointed at England's heart, and here comes England's Queen (by invitation which she dare not refuse) to examine the pretty instrument, and have its destructive powers explained to her with affectionate courtesy by the Imperial cannoner who holds the match in his hand. The *Moniteur de la Flotte*, the official organ of the Emperor on naval matters, expatiates on the Queen's visit with grave humor. How fortunate it was, says this journal, that the gigantic projects of Vauban, commenced by Louis XIV., was not brought to perfection during the long reign of that Monarch! How pre-eminently fortuitous is it that this immense naval fortification and harbor in which the whole force of this country, naval and military, can be concentrated in a few days, has become a fait accompli under the peaceful reign of the present Emperor. Of course, the occasion must be a source of rejoicing and of congratulation to both nations. Properly viewed, then, the docks, fleets, fortresses, connected with all the barracks of France, and its position directly opposite the English coast, will be seen to constitute a new and indissoluble link in the alliance. 'This is, no doubt, the reason,' says the *Moniteur*, 'why the Emperor Napoleon III., whose tact in such matters is so delicate, has not hesitated to invite Queen Victoria to add, by her presence, an additional charm and prestige to the rejoicings at Cherbourg, and it is also the reason that the English queen, with an equally exquisite tact, has accepted with cordiality the invitation of the Emperor.' It is in this style that the official organ of the Emperor chafes his devoted ally.

The English press, however, cannot bring itself to regard the festivities which are to be celebrated in the midst of threatening fleets and fortifications, only sixty miles distant from Plymouth, in the same cheerful and amiable light as their French contemporary. Hamiliated England sees that what is play to France just now will yet be death to her. All her organs of opinion are glum, depressed, and disheartened. Contemplating Cherbourg to be completed, stored, armed, shielding in an impregnable harbor a navy equal to that of England, capable of embarking an army whose march on London she has no power to oppose, even the *Times* trembles. The Empire of Britain is the sea; that, once lost, she is nothing, and here is a rival, whose

fleet can at any moment dispute her dominion. The very extent of her possessions constitutes a new peril. England's navy is of necessity scattered over the world, guarding her colonies and dependencies. That of France, whose colonies are insignificant in comparison, is domesticated at Brest and Cherbourg. It is the same with the armies of the respective countries. That of England at its highest war footing comprises but a fifth of the force at the command of her ally. At present she has but twenty-two thousand men at home, and the remainder are hopelessly engaged in the reconquest of India. The French army concentrating in France can be moved en masse on any point of the Empire in two days. There are a sufficient number of transports at Cherbourg and Brest to carry a hundred thousand men across the channel under the protection of a swift and overwhelming steam fleet, and this military force could be projected on London before the next day's sun had set. It is impossible to deny those facts; how to encounter them is the question. To be sure Louis Napoleon's foreign policy has been of a singularly wise and pacific character hitherto. He has been content to make France respected abroad while laying the demon of a Red Republicanism at home. His alliance with England rendered him superior to the national enmities of the past, and was essential to him during the Russian War. But if he has not inherited the aggressive genius of his Uncle, he is the heir at least of his ideas, many of which up to the present have been executed with quiet irresistibility, and perfect success—and it is certain that not a few of those traditional projects already accomplished are direct preparatory steps for the realization of the leading idea of the first Emperor—namely the destruction of England's maritime predominance. The commercial classes of France would endure any strain of taxation to sustain a war whose certain issue would aggrandize their wealth and honor. Her army, tired of inactivity, conscious of their strength and incapable of being much longer controlled, would but too eagerly expiate the disgrace of Waterloo in the occupation of London. Her navy, so long a secondary power in the empire, would desire nothing better than to grapple under equalised chances with the enemy who overcame their inferiority at Trafalgar and render the name of France equally dominant by sea as by land. The preparations are vast, their united effect irresistible, and whether once strong and arrogant England is to continue a nation or a dependency, now really rests upon the dicta of one man, whose fatalistic devotion to the traditions of the First Emperor has been evidenced since the day he founded his throne in the blood of Paris, by the execution of vast series of projects, respecting whose ultimate object there can be no dispute. He has put the Suez Canal in progress, he has completed Cherbourg—thus menacing England in the North and East. The last and greatest Napoleon idea still remains unachieved. We are much mistaken if the current of events are not now precipitating to a crisis which will shake Europe with its thunders, and change for some centuries to come the aspect of the world.

DEATH OF A FAT BOY.—The *Savannah News* says: 'One of our city physicians has handed us the following extract from a letter written to him by a professional brother in the upper country, describing a singular case, we believe of rare occurrence in surgical practice: "I must put in a slip, to give you an instance of death from the rapid accumulation of fat. We had a young man, residing 18 miles from this place, who was one of the miracles of nature. At the age of 22 he weighed 565 pounds; he continued gradually to increase in flesh until he weighed over 600 pounds; he was able to get about with tolerable ease to himself and attended to his planting interest. Some weeks ago he commenced increasing in flesh very rapidly, and gained one and a half pounds per day. Last week he died suddenly in his chaise, I think from the accumulation of fat around the heart. Three days prior to his death he weighed 646 pounds; and had he been weighed the day of his death no doubt he would have gone over 660 pounds. I have often seen him, and visited his family a few months ago professionally.'

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THE IRISH MISCELLANY

INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

Having favorably commenced the second volume of our publication, we seize the occasion for the purpose of tendering thanks to those of our friends who have so generously contributed to our support. To start, and successfully carry on an ordinary newspaper, so that it will, in a reasonable space of time, become remunerative to its proprietors, is a task not easily accomplished, and which consummation does not generally happen in one case out of a hundred. Our enterprise, being of a nature entirely different from that of any other Irish paper heretofore established in this country—requiring a much greater expenditure of capital and artistic talent—caused us serious misgivings, and a constant fear that it would not meet the desires and expectations of our patrons. How far our efforts have been successful, is for them to decide; but we trust that it will not be considered egotistical on our part when we assert that the Miscellany has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of partial friends, and that even those who have been enemies from the start have made suitable acknowledgment of its merit.

Since we have had the control of the Miscellany our way has not been—

'The primrose path of dalliance'

We have been beset by obstacles innumerable; but having a strong confidence in our ultimate success, we were determined to surmount all barriers, and though we have not, as yet, brought the paper to that pitch of perfection which is our desire, we trust soon to make it as acceptable as is possible to our readers.

In beginning a new volume, we introduce various innovations, tending to the improvement of the paper, in every way that is possible. We shall give each week, an epitome of Irish news—not the hacknied local quotations which interest only the few, but extracts from the leading journals, which will be gratifying to the many. In this respect, we will not be following in the steps of any of our contemporaries, but, on the contrary, will be striking out a path eminently our own. It will also be our aim to give the best class of wood engravings which can be procured, portraying national subjects, and, as our outlay in this respect will be infinitely larger than that of any Irish journal published in this country, we look for a commensurate return. In short, it is our intention to make the paper meet the requirements of all classes of readers.

As an inducement, therefore, to new subscribers, we offer to each person who will pay one year's subscription in advance, commencing with the first number of the ~~first~~ volume, (not the second, as inadvertently stated in previous numbers,) directly to us or through any of our authorized local or travelling agents, a copy of our first Gift Picture, representing Sarfield's Surprise of the Selge Train of the Prince of Orange. When completed, each volume of the Miscellany will form a book of four hundred and sixteen (416) pages, and will alone be worth the price of an entire year's subscription. The same inducements are offered to clubs, as to single subscribers.

CLUBS! CLUBS!! CLUBS!!!

There is no town or village so small, but a club of six or more subscribers for the Irish Miscellany can be easily obtained. Will those of our friends who are well-wishers of the land of their birth, do us the favor of getting up Clubs. Our terms will be—

To a club of six persons sent to one address, \$10.00
To a club of twelve, 19.00

The whole of the money must invariably be sent at one remittance, and in advance.

In addition to this great reduction of price, each member of a Club will be entitled to copies of all our splendid Gift Pictures. Let our friends exert themselves, and by their patronage make the Miscellany the foremost Irish journal on this continent.

TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED.

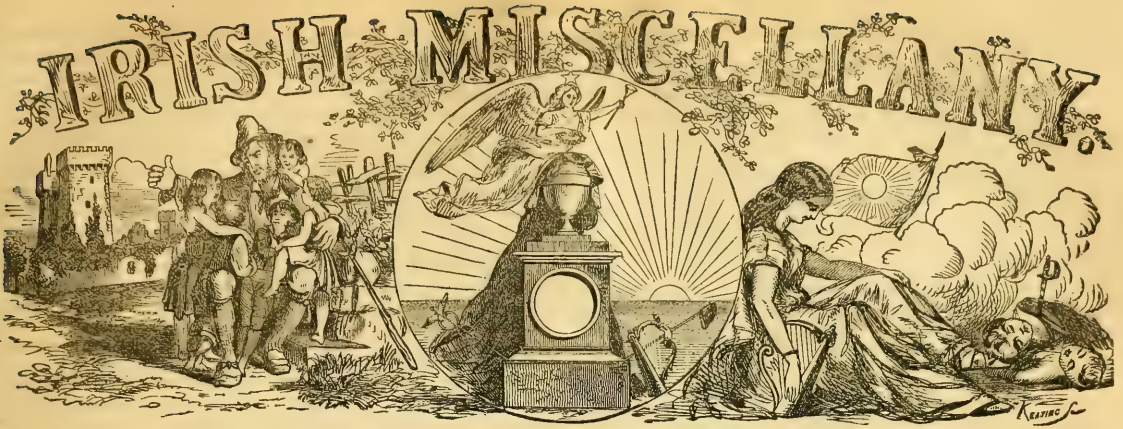
We have determined to appoint a number of Travelling Agents, to travel in the various States of the Union and canvass for subscribers for this paper. We do this at the earnest request of many warm friends, who think we do not take the requisite steps to make the paper known as extensively as it ought to be.

Persons desirous of becoming Travelling Agents, who can be well recommended, are requested to apply at our office forthwith. None but faithful, reliable men need apply. To such a liberal commission will be allowed. Apply at our Publication Office, 4 Water street, Boston.

BACK NUMBERS of the Miscellany, from the commencement of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 4 Water street, Boston. Will our friends in want bear this fact in mind?

SALUTATIONS AMONG DIFFERENT NATIONS.—The expressions used as salutations among different nations have, under their common aspect, something characteristic and interesting even for the most casual observer. In the East, some of these expressions savor, in a more or less degree, of the Scripture, and of the serene and patriarchal sentiment of the inhabitants. One recognises the immobility of these pastoral warlike people, standing aloof from all human progress. Nearly all have a foundation in religious sentiments, and express peace to those to whom they are addressed. The salutation used by the Arab, 'Salem' or 'Shalum,' means peace and is found in the word Jerusalem. The Arab salutes his friend thus, 'May you have a happy morning;' 'May God grant you his favors;' 'If God wills it, you are well.' The last expression plainly betrays their fanaticism. The Turks have a formula which can only be used in a sunny clime—'May your shadow never be less.' An Englishman would never think of wishing a friend a fine shadow. The climate of Egypt is feverish, and perspiration is necessary to health; hence the Egyptian, meeting you, asks, 'How do you perspire?' 'Have you eaten?' 'Is your stomach in good order?' asks the Chinaman, a touching solicitude, which can only be appreciated by a nation of gourmands. 'Good cheer,' says the modern Greek, in nearly the same language that the ancients were wont to greet their friends. A charming salutation which could only have originated among the happy, careless Greeks. The Romans, who were heretofore robust, indefatigable and laborious, had energetic salutations, expressing force and action: 'Salve,' 'Be strong,' 'Be healthy,' and 'Gudyday,' 'What do you?' or 'What make you?' The Genoese of modern times says 'Health and wealth,' which is very appropriate for an active and commercial people. The Neapolitan devoutly says, 'Grow in sanctity,' and the Piedmontese, 'I am your servant.' The 'How stand you?' of almost all Italy, forcibly indicates the nonchalance of that sunny land. The Spaniard grave, haughty and indifferent, wishes you 'Good morning,' to which we respond, 'At your service, sir.' Another salutation which the Spaniard uses, 'God be with you, Senor,' shows a melange of respect for one's self and religious sentiment. The ordinary salutations of the German is 'Wiegen'st du?'—How goes it? and has a vagueness partaking somewhat of the dreamy character of the German. To bid one adieu he says 'Leben sie wohl'—Live quiet and happy.' This last plainly exhibits his peaceful nature and love for the simple joys of life. The travelling Hollander asks you 'Hoe waart'ge?' 'How do you go?' The thoughtful, active Swede demands, 'Of what do you think?' whilst the Dane more placid, uses the German expression, 'Liv-vel'—'Live well.' But the greeting of the Pole is best of all. 'Are you happy?' The English have the 'Good bye,' a corruption of the words 'Good be with you,' and some others, but that which exhibits best the character of the English is, 'How do you do?' as the activity of this people is shown in this demand where the do is spoken twice. Nothing is more characteristic, more lively, or more stirring than this. The 'Comment vous portez vous?' of the French is equally characteristic. The Frenchman is more active than laborious, more ardent, more passionate than thoughtful; hence the principle with him is not to do but to go—to be lively, to show himself. There is something in this expression 'Comment vous portez vous?' 'How do you carry yourself?' which bespeaks at once his frank manner and pleasant face. [French Paper.

A LATE Parisian invention consists in making a parasol so that it can be folded in the form of a fan, instead of folding it in the common manner. A small piece of brass is attached to the end of the shank of the parasol, and on the two sides of this plate two other plates are hinged. To these latter, the ribs of one half of each plate of the parasol are secured by joints which only allow them to move in the same plane of the plate. The two sides of the parasol fold together like a fan, and the shank or handle is jointed, to fold between the two in the usual manner.



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BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS



NAPOLEON III. AT CHERBOURG.

A CHASE OFF THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

The following animated and deeply interesting description of a three days' chase, off the West coast of Ireland, is taken from Captain Hall's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels* :—

On the 8th of November, 1810, when we were lying in that splendid harbor, the Cove of Cork, and quietly refitting our ship, an order came for us to proceed to sea instantly, on a cruise of a week off Cape Clear, in quest of an enemy's vessel, reported to have been seen from some of the signal towers on the west coast. We were in such a predicament, that it was impossible to start before the next morning, though we worked all night. Off we went at last; but it was not till the 11th that we reached our appointed station. Towards evening it fell dead calm, at which time there were two strange sails in sight; one of them a ship, which we "calculated" was an American, from the whiteness of his sails—the other was a very suspicious, roguish-looking brig; but as both of them were hulled down, much of this was guess-work.

As the night fell, a light breeze sprung up, and we made all sail in the direction of the brig, though she was no longer visible. In the course of the middle watch, we fortunately got sight of her with our night-glasses, and by two in the morning were near enough to give her a shot. The brig was then standing on a wind; while we were coming down upon her right before it, or nearly so. The sound of our bowchaser could hardly have reached the vessel it was fired at, before her helm was up; and in the next instant her booms were rigged out, and her studding-sails, low and aloft, seen dangling at the yard-arms. The most crack ship in His Majesty's service, with every thing prepared, could hardly have made sail more smartly.

For our parts, we could set nothing more, having already spread every stitch of canvas; but the yards were trimmed afresh, the tacks hauled closer out, and the baulkheads sweated up till the yards actually pressed against the sleeve-holes. The best helmsman on board was placed at the wheel; and the foot of the foresail being drawn slightly up by the bunt elab-line, he could just see the chase clear of the foremast, and so keep her very nearly right-ahead. The two fore-castle guns, long 9-pounders, were now brought to bear on the brig; but as we made quite sure of catching her, and did not wish needlessly to injure our prize, or to hurt her people, orders were given to fire at the sails, which, expanded as they now were before us, like the tail of a peacock in his fullest pride, offered a mark which could not well be missed. Nevertheless the little fellow would not leave to, for all we could do with our fore-castle guns. At four o'clock, therefore, we managed to get one of the long 18-pounders on the main-deck to bear upon him from the bridle-port. Still we could not stop him, though it was now broad moonlight, and there was no longer any tenderness about hurting his people, or injuring his hull. The vessel, however, at which we were now peppering away with round and grape-shot, as hard as we could discharge them from three good smart guns, was so low in the water, that she offered, when seen end out, scarcely any mark. How it happened that none of her yards and masts came rattling down, and that none of her sails flew away, under the influence of our fire, was quite inexplicable.

The water still continued quite smooth, though the breeze had freshened, till we went along at the rate of six or seven knots. When the privateer got the wind, which we had brought up with us, she almost kept her own, and it became evident that she was one of that light and airy description of vessels which have generally an advantage over larger ships when there is but little wind. We, therefore, observed, with much anxiety, that about half-past four the breeze began, gradually, to die away, after which the chase rather gained than lost distance. Of course, the guns were now plied with double care, and our best marksmen were straining their eyes, and exerting their utmost skill, confident of hitting her, but all apparently to no purpose. One or

two of the officers, in particular, who piqued themselves on knowing how to level a gun on principles quite unerring, in vain tried their infallible rules to bring our persevering chase to acknowledge himself caught.

By this time, of course, every man and boy in the ship was on deck, whether it was his watch or not; even the marine officer, the purser, and the doctor, left their beds—a rare phenomenon. Every one was giving his opinion to his neighbor; some said the shot went over, some that they fell short; and the opinion that she was a witch, or the Flying Dutchman, or some other phantom, was current amongst the sailors, whilst the marines were clicking their flints, and preparing to give our little gentleman a taste of the small arms when within their reach.

Whilst things were in this anxious but very pleasurable state, our foresail flapped slowly against the mast; a sure indication that the breeze was lulling. The quadruple rows of reef points were next heard to rattle along the topsails—sounds too well known to every ear as symptoms of an approaching calm. The studding-sails were still full, and so were the royals; but, by and by, even their light canvas refused to belly out, so faint was the air which still carried us, but very gently, along the water, on the surface of which not a ripple was now to be seen in any direction. As the ship, however, still answered her helm, we kept the guns to bear on the chase without intermission, and with this degree of effect, that all her sails, both low and aloft, were soon completely riddled, and some of them were seen hanging in such absolute rags, that the slightest puff of wind must have blown them away like so many cobwebs. By five o'clock it was almost entirely calm, and we had the mortification to observe, that the chase, whose perseverance had kept him thus long out of our clutches, was putting in practice a manoeuvre we could not imitate. He thrust out his sweeps, as they are called, huge oars requiring five or six men to each. These when properly handled, by a sufficiently numerous crew, in a small light vessel, give her the heels of a large ship, when so nearly calm as it now was with us. We were not going more than a knot through the water, if so much, which was barely enough to give us steeage way.

The Frenchman got out, I suppose, about fifteen or twenty of these sweeps, and so vigorously were they plied, that we could see by the moonlight, and still more distinctly when the dawn appeared, that the foam was made to fly in sheets at each stroke of these gigantic oars, which were worked together, by their looms being united by a hawser stretching fore and aft. Our chief anxiety now was to pitch a shot amongst his sweeps, as one successful hit there, would have sent half his crew spinning about the decks. But we were not so fortunate; and in less than an hour he was out of shot, walking from us in a style which it was impossible not to admire, though our disappointment and vexation were excessive. By mid-day he was at least ten miles ahead of us; and at two o'clock, we could just see his upper sails above the horizon. We had observed, during the morning, that our indefatigable little chase, as soon as he had rowed himself from under the relentless fire of our guns, was busily employed in bending a new suit of sails, fishing his splinter yards, shifting his top-gallant masts, and rigging out fresh studding-sail booms—all wounded, more or less, by our shot. As the severe labor of the sweeps was never intermitted, we knew to a certainty that the chase, though small, must be full of hands, and, consequently, it was an object of great importance for us to catch him. Of this, however, there now seemed very little chance; and many were the hearty maledictions he received, though shared, it is true, by our own crack marksmen, now quite crest-fallen, or driven to the poor excuse of declaring that the moonlight on the water had deceived them as to the distance.

It really seemed as if every one on board had been seized with a fever—nothing else was thought of, but the French brig; every glass, great and small, was in requisition, from the pocket spy-glass of the youngest midshipman, to the forty inch focus of the captain.

Each telescope in its turn was hoisted to the cross-trees, and pointed with a sort of sickening eagerness towards the lessening speck on the distant horizon. One might also have thought, that the ship was planted in a grove of trees, in the height of spring time, so numerous were the whistlers. This practice of whistling for a wind is one of our nautical superstitions, which, however groundless and absurd, fastens insensibly on the strongest-minded sailors at such times. Indeed, I have seen many an anxious officer's mouth taking the piping form, and have even heard some sounds escape from lips which would have vehemently disclaimed all belief in the efficacy of such incantations.

But it would be about as wise a project to reason with the gales themselves, as to attempt convincing Jack that as the wind bloweth only when and where it listeth, his invoking it can be of no sort of use one way or the other. He will still whistle on, I have no doubt in all time to come, when he wants a breeze, in spite of the march of intellect; for, as long as the elements remain the same, a sailor's life—manage it as you will; cannot be materially altered. It must always be made up of alterate severe labor and complete indolence—of the highest imaginable excitement, and of the most perfect lassitude. If I were not anxious at this moment to get back to my chase, I think I could show how these causes, acting upon such strange stuff as sailors are made of leads to the formation of those superstitious habits by which they have always been characterised.

In the course of the afternoon, we perceived from the mast-head far astern, a dark line along the horizon, which some of our most experienced hands pronounced the first trace of a breeze coming up. In the course of half an hour, this line had widened so much that it could easily be perceived from the deck. Upon seeing this, the whistlers redoubled their efforts; and whether, as they pretended, it was owing to their interest with the clerk of the weather office, or whether the wind, if left alone, would have come just as soon, I do not venture to pronounce; but certain it is, long before sunset, our hearts were rejoiced by the sight of those numerous flying patches of wind, scattered over the calm surface of the sea, and called by seamen catspaws, I presume from the stealthy, timorous manner in which they seem to touch the water, and straightway vanish again. By and by, the true wind, the ripple from which had marked the horizon astern of us, and broken the face of the mirror shining brightly every where else, indicated its approach, by fanning out the skysails and other flying kites, generally supposed to be superfluous but which, upon such occasions as this, do good service, by catching the first breath of air, that seems always to float far above the water. One by one the sails were filled; and as the ship gathered way, every person marked the glistening eye of the helmsman, when he felt the spokes of the wheel pressing against his hand, by the action of the water on the rudder. The fire-engine had been carried into the tops, and, where its long point could not reach, buckets of water were drawn up and thrown on the sails, so that every pore was filled, and the full effect of the wind was exerted on the canvas.

The ship now began to speak as it is termed; and on looking over the gangway we could see a line of small hissing bubbles, and yet deserving the name of spray, but quite enough to prove to us that the breeze was beginning to tell. It was near the middle of November, but the day was as hot as if it had been summer; and the wind, now freshening at every second, blew coolly and gratefully upon us, giving assurance that we should have no more calms to trouble us, whatever might be our other difficulties in catching Monsieur Frenchman.

Of these difficulties, the greatest by far was the keeping sight of the brig after it became dark. We overhauled him, however, so fast, that we had great hopes of getting near enough to be able to command him with the night-glasses, in which case we made pretty sure of our prize. The night-glass, it may be right to explain, is a telescope of small power, increasing the diameter of objects only about eight times. It has a

large field-glass; and, in order to save the interception of light, has one lens fewer than usual, which omission has the effect of inverting the object looked at. But this, though inconvenient, is of little consequence in cases where the desideratum is merely to get sight of the vessel, without seeking to make out the details.

Meanwhile, as we spanked along, rapidly accelerating our pace, and rejoicing in the cracking of the ropes, and bending of the lightest and loftiest spars—that butterfly sort of gear which a very little wind soon brushes away—we had the malicious satisfaction of observing that the poor little privateer had not yet got a mouthful of the charming wind which, like the well-known intoxicating gas, was by this time setting us all skipping about the decks. The greater part of the visible ocean was now under the influence of the new-born breeze; but, in the spot where the brig lay, there occurred a belt or splash of clear white light, within which the calm still lingered, with the privateer sparkling in its centre. Just as the sun went down, however, this spot was likewise melted into the rest, and the brig, like a poor hare roused from her seat, sprang off again. We were soon near enough to see her sweeps rigged in—to the delight, no doubt, of her weary crew, whose apprehension of an English prison had probably kept up their strength to a pitch rarely equalled.

As the twilight—the brief twilight of winter—loped away, a hundred pairs of eyes were almost jumping out of their sockets in their attempts to pierce the night; while those who had glasses kept scrubbing them without mercy, as if they imagined more light would be let into the tube the more they injured the lenses. One person, and only one, continued, as he asserted, to see the chase, faintly strung, like a bead, on the horizon. I need not say that this sharp-sighted gentleman was called to his post, and ordered on no account to move his head, fatigue or no fatigue. There happened to be a single star, directly over the spot to which this fortunate youth was directing his view, with as much anxiety as ever Galileo peered into the heavens in search of a new planet. This fact being announced, a dozen spy-glasses were seen wagging up and down between this directing star and that part of the horizon, now almost invisible, which lay immediately below it. Many were the doubts expressed or the correctness of the first observation, and many were the tormenting questions put to the observer as to which way the brig was standing? what sail she had set? whether we were drawing up with her or not? as if the poor youngster had been placed alongside the vessel. These doubts and fears were put an end to, or nearly so, by bidding the boy keep his eye fixed on what he took to be the chase, and then, without acquainting him with the change, altering the ship's course for half a minute. This experiment had hardly been commenced before he cried out, 'I have lost sight of her this very moment! I saw her but an instant ago!' And when the ship's head was brought back to the original course, he exclaimed, 'There she is again, by jingo! I just to the right of the star.'

This star served another useful purpose at the same time. The man at the wheel could see it shining between the leech of the fore-top-sail and that of the top-mast studding sail, and was thus enabled to steer the ship with much greater steadiness than he could possibly have done with the compass alone. Before midnight, as the breeze had freshened greatly, and we were going at the rate of nine knots an hour, we had drawn up so much with the privateer that every one could see her with the naked eye, and the gunner with his mates, and the marksmen who had lost their credit on the preceding night, were fidgetting and fassing about the guns, eager to be banging away again at the prize, as they now began, rather prematurely, to call her—little knowing what a dexterous, persevering, and gallant little fellow they had to deal with, and how much trouble he was yet to give us.

It was not till about two o'clock that we once more came within gun-shot of him; and as it had been alleged that the guns were fired too quickly the night before, and without sufficient care in pointing, the at-

tention was now paid to laying them properly; and the lanyard of the trigger never pulled, till the person looking along the gun felt confident of his aim. The brig, however, appeared to possess the same witch-like, invulnerable quality as ever; for we could neither strike her hull, so as to force her peccavi, nor bring down a yard, nor lop off a mast or a boom. It was really a curious spectacle to see a little bit of a thing skimming away before the wind, with such a huge monster as the *Endymion*, tearing and plunging after her, like a voracious dolphin leaping from sea to sea in pursuit of a flying fish.

In time this must have ended in the destruction of the brig; for as we gained upon her rapidly, some of our shot must by and by have taken effect, and sent her to the bottom. She was destined, however, to enjoy a little longer existence. The proper plan, perhaps, would have been to stand on, firing at her sails, till we had reached within musket-shot, and then to have knocked down the helmsman, and every one else on her deck. This, however, was not our captain's plan—or perhaps he became impatient—at all events he gave orders for the whole starboard broadside to be got ready; and then, giving the ship a yaw, poured the whole discharge, as he thought, right into his wretched victim!

Not a mortal on board the frigate expected ever to see the poor brig again. What, then, was our surprise, when the smoke blew swiftly past, to see the intrepid little cocky gliding away more merrily than before. As far as good discipline would allow, there was a general murmur of applause at the Frenchman's gallantry. In the first instant, however, this sound was converted into their hearty laughter over the frigate's decks, when, in answer to our thundering broadside, a single small gun, a 6-pounder, was fired from the brig's stern, as if in contempt of his formidable antagonist's prowess.

Instead of gaining by our manoeuvre, we had lost a good deal,—and in two ways. In the first place, by yawing out of our course, we enabled the privateer to gain several hundred yards upon us; and secondly, his funny little shot, which had excited so much mirth, passed through the lee fore-top-sail yard-arm, about six feet inside the boom iron. Had it struck on the windward side, where the yard was cracking and straining at a most furious rate, the greater part of the sails on the fore-mast might have been taken in quicker than we could have wished—for we were now going at the rate of eleven and a half, with the wind on the quarter.

Just as we made out where his first shot had struck us, another cut through the weather main-top-gallant sheet; and so he went on, firing away briskly, till most of our top-sails were fluttering with the holes made in them. His own sails, I need scarcely add, were by this time so completely torn up by our shot, that we could see the sky through them all; but still he refused to heave to—and, by constantly firing his single stern-chaser, was evidently resolved to lose no possible chance of escape. Had one or two of his shot struck either of our top-masts, I really believe he might have got off. It therefore became absolutely necessary that we should either demolish or capture him without further loss of time. The choice we left to himself, as will be seen. But such a spirited cruiser as this was, an enemy worth subduing at any cost; for there was no calculating the mischief a privateer so admirably commanded, might have wrought in a convoy. There was a degree of discretion, also, about this expert privateer's man, which was very remarkable, and deserving of such favor at our hands as we had to spare. He took care to direct his stern-chaser so high, that there was little chance of his shot striking any of our people. Indeed, he evidently aimed solely at crippling the masts—knowing right well, that it would answer none of his ends to kill or wound any number of his enemy's crew, while it might irritate their captain to show him less mercy at the last moment, which, as will be seen, was fast approaching.

On we flew, right down upon our prey, like the enormous rock-bird of the Arabian Knights. We had

ceased firing our bow-chasers, that the smoke might not stand between us and the lesson we meant to read to our resolute pupil, so that there was 'silence deep as death' along our decks—and doubtless on his; for he likewise had intermitted his firing, and seemed prepared to meet his fate, and go to the bottom like a man. It was possible, also, we thought, that he might only be watching, even in his last extremity, to take advantage of any negligence on our part, which should allow him to hand suddenly across our bows, and by getting on a wind, have a chance of escaping. This chance, it is true, was very small; for not one of his sails was in a condition to stand such a breeze as was now blowing, unless when running nearly before it. But we had seen enough, during the two days we had been together, to apprehend that his activity was at least a match for ours; and as he had already shown that he did not care a fig for shot, he might bend new sails as fast as we could.

At all events, we were resolved to make him surrender, or run him down: such was our duty, and that the Frenchman knew right well. He waited, however, until our flying jib-boom end was almost over his taffrail; and that the narrow space between us was filled with a confused, boiling heap of foam, partly caused by his bows, and partly by ours. Then, and not till then, when he must have seen into our ports, and along the decks, which were lighted up fore and aft, he first gave signal of surrender.

The manner in which this was done by the captain of the privateer was as spirited and as characteristic as any part of the previous conduct. The night was very dark; but the ships were so near to one another, that we could distinguish the tall figure of a man mount the weather main-rigging of the brig, where he stood erect, with a lantern in his hand, held out at right angles from his body. Had this light not been seen, or its purpose not understood, or had it been delayed for twenty seconds longer, the frigate must, almost in spite of herself, have gone right over him, and the salvo of a double-shotted broadside would have done the last and fitting honors over the Frenchman's grave.

Even as it was, it cost us some trouble to avoid running him down; for, although the helm was put over immediately, our lee quarter, as the ship flew up in the wind, almost grazed his weather gangway. In passing, we ordered him to bring-to likewise. This he did as soon as we gave him room; though we were still close enough to see the effect of such a manoeuvre at such a moment. Every stitch of sail he had set was blown, in one moment, clean out of the bolt-ropes. His haul-yards, tacks, and sheets had been all racked aloft, so that everything not made of canvas, remained in its place—the yards at the mast heads, and the booms rigged out—while the empty leech and foot-ropes hung down in festoons where, but a minute before, the tattered sails had been spread.

We fared, comparatively speaking, not much better; for although, the instant the course was altered, the order was given to let fly the topsail-haul-yards, and every other necessary rope; and although the downhaul-tackles, clewlines, and buntlines, were all ready manned, in expectation of this evolution, we succeeded with great difficulty in saving the fore or main-top-sails; but the top-gallant-sails were blown to pieces. All the flying kites went off in a crack, whisking far away to leeward, like dried forest-leaves in autumn.

It may be supposed that the chase was now completely over, and that we had nothing further to do than take possession of our prize. Not at all! It was found next to impossible to board the brig, or, at least, it seemed so dangerous, that our captain was unwilling to hazard a boat and crew, till day-light came. The privateer having no sail set to keep her steady, became so unmanageable, that the sea made a clean breach over all, rendering it out of the question to board her on the weather side. Nor was she more easily approachable to lee-ward, where a tangled net-work of broken spars, half-torn sails, shattered booms, and snapping ropes' ends, formed such a line of 'chevaux de frise' from the cathedra to the counter, that all

attempts to get near her on that side, were useless. The gale increased before morning to such a pitch, that as there was still a doubt if any boat could live, the intention of boarding our prize was of course further delayed. But we took care to keep close to her, a little to windward, in order to watch her proceedings as narrowly as possible. It did not escape our notice, in the meantime, that our friend—(he was no longer a foe, though not yet our prisoner)—went on quietly; even in the height of the gale, shifting his wounded yards, reeling new ropes, and bending fresh sails. This caused us to redouble our vigilance during the morning, and the event showed that we had good need for such watchfulness. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the brig having fallen a little to leeward, and a furious squall of wind and rain coming on at the same moment, she suddenly bore up, and set off once more right before the wind. At the height of the squall we totally lost sight of our prize; and such a hubbub I hardly recollect to have heard in my life before.

'Where is she?—Who was looking out?—Where did you see her last?'—and a hundred similar questions, reproaches, scolds, and the whole of the ugly family of oaths, were poured out in abundance; some on the privateer, whose adroitness had thus overreached our vigilance; some upon those who, by their neglect, had given him the opportunity; and many imprecations were uttered merely to express the depth of anger and disappointment at this stupid loss of a good thing, which had cost them so much trouble to catch. All this passed over in the first burst—sail was made at once—the topsails, close reefed, were sheeted home like lightning—and off we dashed into the thick of the squall, in search of our lost treasure. At each mast-head and at every yard-arm there was planted a look-out man, while the fore-castle hammock-netting was filled with volunteer spy-glasses. For about a quarter of an hour a dead silence reigned over the whole ship, during which anxious interval every eye was strained to the utmost; for no one knew exactly where to look. There was, indeed, no certainty of our not actually running past the privateer, and it would not have surprised us much, when the squall cleared up, had we seen him a mile or two to windward, far beyond our reach. These fears were put an end to by the sharp-eyed captain of the fore-top, who had perched himself on the jib-boom end, calling out with a voice of the greatest glee—

'There he goes! there he goes! right a-head! under his topsails and foresail!'

And, sure enough, there we saw him, springing along from wave to wave, with his masts bending forwards like reeds, under the pressure of sail enough to have laid him on his beam ends had he broached to. In such tempestuous weather a small vessel has no chance whatever with a frigate; indeed, we could observe, that when the little brig fell between two high seas, her foresail flapped to the mast, fairly becalmed by the wave behind her.

In a very few minutes we were again alongside, and, doubtless, the Frenchman thought we were at last going to execute summary vengeance upon him for his treachery, as we called it. Nothing daunted, however, by the style in which we bore down upon him, the gallant commander of his pretty little eggshell of a vessel placed himself on the weather-quarter, and with a speaking trumpet in his hand, indicated by gesticulations, a wish to be heard. This could not well be refused; and we steered as close as we could pass along without bringing the two vessels in contact, or risking the entanglement of the yards, when we rolled towards one another.

'I have been compelled to bear up,' he called out in French, 'otherwise the brig must have gone to the bottom. The sea broke over us in such a way that I have been obliged, as you may perceive, to throw all my guns, boats, and spars, overboard. We have now several feet of water in the hold, in consequence of your shot, which you may likewise observe have nearly destroyed our upper works. If, therefore, you oblige me to heave to, I cannot keep the vessel afloat one hour in such weather.'

'Will you make no further attempts to escape?' asked the captain of the *Endymion*.

'As yet I have made none,' he replied firmly; 'I struck to you already—I am your prize—and, feeling as a man of honor, I do not consider myself at liberty to escape, even if I had the power—I bore up when the squall came on, as a matter of necessity. If you will allow me to run before the wind with you, till the weather moderates, you may take possession of the brig when you please—if not, I must go to the bottom.'

Such was the substance of a conversation, very difficult to keep up across the tempest, which was whistling at a great rate. Although we certainly distrusted our companion, therefore, most grievously, we sailed along most lovingly together, as if we had been the best possible friends, for sixty or seventy miles; during the greater part of this interval the frigate had scarcely any sail set at all; and we sometimes expected to see our little friend pop fairly under the water, and so allude us by foundering, or escape by witchcraft,—by the protection of which, in the opinion of the Johnnies, he had been so long kept from us.

At eight o'clock in the evening it began to moderate, and by midnight we succeeded in getting a boat on board of the prize, after a run of between three and four hundred miles. Such is the scale of nautical sport! And where, I now beg to ask, is the fox hunting, or the piracy, or anything else, more exciting than this noble game?

The brig proved to be the *Milan* privateer, from St. Malo, of 14 guns, and 80 men, many of whom were unfortunately wounded by our shot, and several were killed. She had been at sea eighteen days, but had made no captures. The guns, as I have already mentioned, had been thrown overboard to lighten her. In the morning we stopped the leaks, exchanged the prisoners for a prize crew, and put our heads towards the Cove of Cork again, chucking at our own success in having nabbed the very vessel we were sent after. But this part of the exploit, it seemed, we had no title to claim merit for, since the *Milan* had not seen land, nor been within many miles of it. This was a trifle, however; and we returned right merrily to tell our long story of the three days' chase.

The captain's name was Lepelletier—I have pleasure in recording it—M. Pierre Lepelletier, of St. Malo; and wherever he goes, I will venture to say he can meet no better or more resolute man than himself.

At the close of this interesting narrative, Captain Hall gives the commentary of one of the ablest and most judicious officers of the British navy, to whom he had related it, and which concludes in these words:—'It is always useful to have good practical examples of what perseverance and well directed zeal may accomplish, especially with very small means. Don't let us forget the example of your little brig, for it is no matter from whence instruction comes, from friend or foe, provided it be good.'

STORY OF MORGAN PRUSSIA.

George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, remarkable for his dexterity in telling a story, was fond of collecting instances of the whim and humor of Irish peasantry. One of those was—the History of Morgan Prussia.

Morgan, the gay and handsome son of a low Irish farmer, tired of home, went to take the chances of the world, and seek his fortune. By what means he traversed England, or made his way to France, is not told. But he at length crossed France also, and, probably without much knowledge or much care whether he were moving to the north or the south pole, found himself in the Prussian territory. This was in the days of the first Frederic, famous for his tall regiment of guards, and for nothing else; except his being the most dangerous compound of fool and madman among the crowned heads of the Continent. He had but one ambition, that of inspecting twice a day a regiment of a thousand grenadiers, not one of whom was less than six feet and a-half high. Morgan was an Irish giant, and was instantly seized by the Prussian recruiting sergeant, who forced him to volunteer into

the tall battalion. This turn of fate was totally out of the Irishman's calculation; and the prospect of carrying a musket till his dying day on the Potsdam parade, after having made up his mind to live by his wits and rove the world, more than once tempted him to think of leaving his musket and his honor behind him, and fairly trying his chance for escape. But the attempt was always found impracticable; the frontier was too closely watched, and Morgan still marched up and down the Potsdam parade with a disconsolate heart; when one evening a Turkish recruit was brought in; for Frederic looked to nothing but the thews and sinews of a man, and the Turk was full seven feet high.

'How much did his Majesty give for catching that heathen!' said Morgan to his corporal. 'Four hundred dollars,' was the answer. He burst out into an exclamation of astonishment at his waste of royal treasure upon a Turk. 'Why, they cannot be got for less,' replied the corporal. 'What a pity my five brothers cannot hear of it!' said Morgan, 'I am a dwarf to any one of them, and the sound of half the money would bring them all over immediately.' As the discovery of a tall recruit was the well known road to favoritism, five were worth at least a pair of colors to the corporal; the conversation was immediately carried to the sergeant, and from him through the gradation of officers to the colonel, who took the first opportunity of mentioning it to the king. The colonel was instantly ordered to question Morgan. But he at once lost all memory on the subject. 'He had no brothers: he had made the regiment his father and mother and relations, and there he hoped to live and die.' But he was urged still more strongly, and at length confessed, that he had brothers, even above the regimental standard, but that nothing on earth could stir them from their spades.

After some time, the king inquired for the five recruits, and was indignant when he was told of the impossibility of enlisting them. 'Send the fellow himself,' he exclaimed, 'and let him bring them back.' The order was given, but Morgan was broken hearted 'at the idea of so long an absence from the regiment.' He applied to the colonel to have the order revoked, or at least given to some one else. But this was out of the question, for Frederic's word was always irrevocable; and Morgan, with a disconsolate face, prepared to set out upon the mission. But a new difficulty struck him. How was he to make his brothers come, unless he showed them the recruiting money? This objection was at last obviated by the advance of a sum equal to about three hundred pounds sterling, as a first instalment for the purchase of his family. Like a loyal grenadier, the Irishman was now ready to attempt anything for his colonel or his king, and Morgan began his journey. But, as he was stepping out of the gates of Potsdam, another difficulty occurred; and he returned to tell the colonel, that of all people existing, the Irish were the most apt to doubt a traveller's story, they being in the habit of a good deal of exercise in that style themselves; and that when he should go back to his own country and tell them of the capital treatment and sure promotion that a soldier met with in the guards, the probability was, that they would laugh in his face. As to the money 'there were some who would not scruple to say that he stole it, or tricked some one out of it. But, undoubtedly, when they saw him walking back only as a common soldier, he was sure that they would not believe a syllable, let him say what he would about rising in the service.'

The objection was intelligible enough, and the colonel represented it to Frederic, who, doubly outrageous at the delay, swore a grenadier oath, ordered Morgan to be made a sous officer, or upper sergeant, and, with a sword and epaulette, sent him instantly across the Rhine to convince his five brothers of the rapidity of Prussian promotion. Morgan flew to his home in the county Carlow, delighted the firesides for many a mile round with his having outwitted a king and a whole battalion of grenadiers, laid out his recruiting money on land, and became a man of estate at the expense of the Prussian treasury.

One ceremony remains to be recorded. Once a

year, on the anniversary of the day on which he left Potsdam and its giants behind, he climbed a hill within a short distance of his house, turned himself in the direction of Prussia, and with the most contemptuous gesture which he could contrive, bade good-by to his majesty! The ruse was long a great source of amusement, and its hero, like other heroes, bore through life the name earned by his exploit, Morgan Prussia.

A SURGEON'S STORY.—Some three or four years since, a friend of mine, whom I shall call Ormsby, removed from his chambers in the University, and entered himself as a resident medical student in Stevens's Hospital, Dublin. He was a very young man at that time, an orphan, and he knew that he should have to trust his own abilities and exertions alone, to win an honorable name in the profession, of which he was an enthusiastic member. He was of a thoughtful and profound temper, tinged with a shade of melancholy poesy; it was his delight, like Manfred, to essay

'Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,'

and to seek for that secret analogy which exists between the immaterial spirit and its fleshy encasement; and the returning midnight still found him in his solitary apartment, bending over the folios of Albinus and Haller, or patiently investigating the drawings of Leonardo Da Vinci. His principal reason for residing in the hospital, was to avail himself of the facility with which immediate post mortem examinations could be obtained; as he was then engaged in preparing a treatise in which he advanced an original theory, which, if he could succeed in elucidating, (as he confidently

expected) would have proved a new era in the literature of medicine.

The day on which the incident I am going to relate occurred, a brother student had dined with him in his rooms, and the cloth had only been removed, when a porter entered, and told Ormsby in a whisper, that the patient in the fever ward had just died. 'Very well, bring him to the dead-room. Drury, you will wait, I'll show you a beautiful operation.'

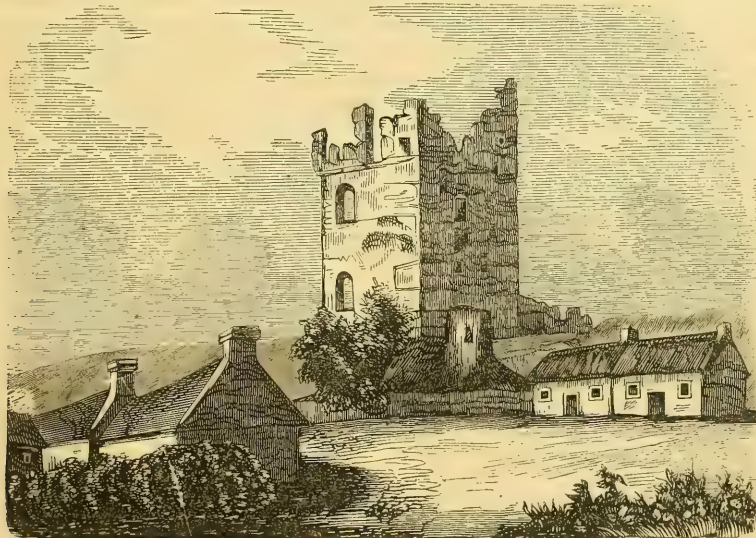
'No, I thank you, I have got quite enough of the work to-day; I have attended demonstration—chemical lecture—remained six hours in Park-street, and egad I'll have no more of it—it is now after six o'clock, and I must be off—bon soir.'

'Thoughtless fellow! said Ormsby, as he took up his candle, and proceeded to the dissecting-house. To an uninitiated stranger it would have appeared a horrid and ghastly sight: gentle reader, I shall not describe it: yet so much are we the slaves of habit, that the young surgeon sat down to his revolting task as indifferently as, reader, you would open your chess-board: the room was lofty and extensive, badly lighted; his flickering taper scarcely revealing the ancient writings that he was about to peruse. On the table before him lay the subject, wrapped in a long sheet, his case of instruments resting on it; he read on for some time intently, unheeding the storm which raged without, and threatened to blow in the casements against which the rain beat in large drops; and this, said he, looking on the body, and pursuing the train of his thoughts, this mass of lifelessness, coldness, and inaction, is all we know of that alteration of our being, that mysterious modification of our existence by which our vital intelligence is launched into the worlds beyond—a breath,

and we are here—a breath, and we are gone. He raised his knife and opened a vein in his foot, a faint shriek, and a start, which overset the table and extinguished the light, were the effects of his temerity—though somewhat shocked, Ormsby was not daunted—and then turning to relight his taper, he heard through the darkness a long drawn-sigh, and in weak and sickly accents—'Oh! Doctor, I am a great deal better now,' Ormsby said nothing, but returning deliberately, covered up the man thus wonderfully re-awakened from an almost fatal trance, carried him back, and laid him in bed. In a week after the patient was discharged from the hospital cured.

ANECDOTE OF YOUNG TOM SHERIDAN.—One day the junior Sheridan, who inherited a large portion of his father's wit and humor, dined with a party of his father's constituents, at the Swan, in Stafford; among the company were of course, a number of shoemakers—one of the most eminent of them, being in the chair, in the course of the afternoon called on Tom for a sentiment. The call not being immediately attended to, the president, in rather an angry tone, repeated it; Sheridan, who was entertaining his neighbors with a story, appeared displeased with this second interruption, and desiring that a bumper might be filled, he gave—'May the Manufacture of Stafford be trampled upon by all the world.' It is needless to say that this sally, given with apparent warmth, restored him to the favor of the president.

'Well, Robert, how much did your pig weigh?'
'It didn't weigh as much as I expected; and I always thought it wouldn't.'



BALLINACARRIG CASTLE.

BALLINACARRIG, or 'The Hamlet of the Rock,' is situated in the barony of the east division of East Carberry, in the County Cork. The castle is a tall, square pile, ninety-six feet in height, built, as its name imports, on a rocky ledge which overhangs a lake of moderate extent. The hall is rudely vaulted, and occupies nearly the entire extent of the castle. The thickness of the walls is very great, and intimates the great necessity for strength which existed in the troublesome times when the castle was founded. A narrow spiral staircase ascends to the top of the building, leading, in the course of its ascent, to three small apartments, and at top to a large room, which was probably the principal apartment in the days when the castle was inhabited, as it possesses two large windows, one looking over the lake, and the other commanding a dreary view of the great bog of Moneneurig, and the low, fuzzy hills

which form its northern boundary. These windows are extremely curious. They exhibit the round Saxon arch, and the stones which form their castings are rudely adorned with various devices. On the southern window appears the Virgin and Child. On the northern window is the date 1585, with the initials R. M. C. C., which tradition explains as implying the names of Randal McCarthy, and his wife, Catherine Collins, the founders of the castle. On this window are also the forms of a ladder, a cock, a hand, a heart pierced with transverse swords, and some masonic emblems, roughly cut in the stones which compose the arch. A long, low stone seat extends the whole length of the apartment. Immediately under the rock on which the castle is built, flows a rapid, brawling stream, fed by the neighboring lake, which is here constrained into temporary tranquillity by the milldam of Mr. John Neagle, whose

snug cottage, mills, and garden, form a very pleasing feature in the scene. On Sundays and holidays the neighboring peasants exhibit their agility by walking round the summit of the castle; an exploit which requires no common share of nerve, and steadiness of head; as in addition to the height of the building itself, the rock at its base falls almost perpendicularly down to the stream, to the depth of thirty or forty feet. In front of the castle stands a small, circular watch tower, completely isolated. It formerly guarded an angle of the wall, which enclosed the court of the building, and of which few vestiges now remain. This little tower is overgrown with ivy, ferns and briony—like the castle, it is roofless. Up to 1815, (when the chapel of Ballinacarrig was built) divine service was performed for a series of years in the hall of Ballinacarrig Castle.

THE LAD OF GENIUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE FETTER-LANE GRAVE.'

[Concluded from our last.]

These were certainly objections, and the baronet saw the force of them, and he replied, saying:—

'The best thing that you can do is to consult your friends, and see if they can assist you.'

Now Ferdinand Harwood, who had talents equal to any thing, found himself at a loss to discover who were his friends. Very likely he is not the first in the world that has been so puzzled. For a few weeks he was invited, now to this neighbor's, and now to that; not so much, it appeared, out of compassion to his wants, as out of compliment to his genius; but this sort of thing cannot last long; people in the country prefer pudding to poetry, and they cannot think why people who have hands should not support themselves. So they one and all began to think and to say, that it was a pity that a young man of such ability as Ferdinand Harwood should bury his talents in a country village; that London was the only place in the world for a genius to thrive in; and thus they unanimously recommended him to try his fortune in London. Kind-hearted people do not like to see their friends starve, and it is rather expensive to feed them, so they endeavor to get rid of them. The parish clerk knew nothing of London, but the parson did, and was ready enough to give Ferdinand letters of introduction to some men of letters, by whose means he might be brought into notice. The baronet was also willing to give him five guineas towards paying his expenses; and the parish clerk was willing to give him a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic, to teach him how to make the best use of the five guineas. With five guineas, Cocker's Arithmetic, Thomson's Seasons, and Young's Night Thoughts, and the blessings and good wishes of the whole parish, who were proud of his talents and glad to get rid of him, Ferdinand journeyed to London, in search of a livelihood and immortality. All the way along did he amuse himself with thoughts of what should be his first literary production—whether an epic poem, or a tragedy; anything lower he thought would be degrading. At length, when he entered the great city, he was full of poetry and covered with dust. Nine o'clock at night, in Fetter Lane, in the middle of March, is not a very poetical season; nor are the sights, sounds, and smells of the closer parts of a great metropolis, vastly conducive to inspiration. Ferdinand could not help congratulating the Dryads, Oreads, Nymphs, and Fauns, that they were not under the necessity of putting up even for a single night, at the White Horse, Fetter Lane—a very good inn, no doubt, in its way, but far from being a poetical object to the eye of an unsophisticated villager.

It was the first concern of our genius to deliver his letters of introduction, in which he supposed, of course, that he was described as a genius of the first order, and by means of which he expected to receive a cordial and admiring welcome. He was, therefore, not a little surprised to hear, from the very first person to whom he presented himself, that the present was the very worst time for any one to come to London with a view to literary success.

'Which do you think would be the best time?' said Ferdinand, with much seriousness and sincerity, and with a real desire of information.

'You are disposed to be waggish,' said his new friend.

There, however, the worthy gentleman was in error, for Ferdinand Harwood was as little inclined to waggery as any man living. He was a perfect realist; he thought that every thing was what it was; he knew that people did laugh sometimes, but he could not tell why they laughed, nor did he know what they laughed at; besides, he was a genius, and there is a certain solemnity in genius incompatible with laughter and waggery, especially in the high-

er order of genius—that is, epic poem and tragedy genius.

When he had presented all his letters of introduction, he found that all to whom he had been introduced were unanimous in the opinion that the present was the worst possible time for a young man to come to London on a literary speculation. But there was another point on which they were also unanimous, and that was a very important one—they were all quite willing, and would be most happy, to do anything to serve him. With this consoling thought, he took himself to lodgings, and set about writing an epic poem. What a very great genius, or what a very small stomach, a man must have who can write an epic poem in less time than he can spend five guineas in victuals and drink and lodging!—especially when one pound sixteen shillings and sixpence have been deducted from that sum for travelling expenses. But with genius so great, or with stomach so small, Ferdinand Harwood was not gifted; therefore, his money was all gone before his epic poem was finished. That was a pity. Still there was no need to be cast down, for he could but call on those friends who would be most happy to do any thing to serve him. He called accordingly; but that very thing which would have been of the greatest immediate service to him, viz., a dinner, none of them would give him; he did not ask them, to be sure—but it was their business to ask him: it was not, however, their pleasure. Generous people, I have frequently had occasion to observe, like to do good in their own way—they object to all kind of dictation; so it was with Ferdinand and Harwood's friends. They did not give him a dinner, which, at best, would have served him but a single day. They gave him good advice enough to last him for many months; they recommended him to finish his poem as soon as he could, and, in the mean time, perhaps, his friends, they said, would afford him some temporary assistance.

'Alack! Alack!' said Ferdinand to himself, 'I wish my friends would tell me who my friends are!'

It happened, in the course of his multifarious reading, that Ferdinand had somewhere seen it set down in print that booksellers, are the best patrons of genius; so he went to a very respectable bookseller, and, after waiting two hours and three quarters, was admitted to an audience. Ferdinand thought he had never seen such a nice man in his life—so pleasant, so polite, such a pray-take-a-chair-ette style of address, that by a hop, skip, and jump effort of imagination, Ferdinand, with his mind's eye, saw his poem already printed, and felt his mind's fingers paddling among the sovereigns he was to receive for the copyright. At the mention of an epic poem, the bookseller looked serious; of course, it is all right that he should look so—as an epic poem is a serious matter.

'What is the subject—sacred or profane?'

'Sacred, by all means,' replied Ferdinand; 'I would not for the world write any thing profane.'

'Certainly not,' said the bookseller; 'I have a great abhorrence of profanity. What is the title of your poem?'

'The Leviteud: I am doing the whole book of Leviticus into blank verse. It appears to me to be a work that is very much wanted, it being almost the only part of the sacred scriptures that has not been versified.'

The bookseller looked more serious, and said, 'I am afraid, Sir, that I cannot flatter you with any great hopes of success, for poetry is not in much request, and especially sacred poetry, and more especially still, epic poetry.'

'Now that is passing strange!' said Ferdinand. 'Poetry not in request! Pardon me, Sir, you ought of course to know your own business; but I can assure you that poetry is very much in request. Is not Milton's Paradise Lost in every library? and

have not I, at this very moment, the tenth edition of Young's Night Thoughts in my pocket?'

'All that may be true,' replied the bookseller, relaxing from his seriousness into an involuntary smile; 'but modern poetry, unless of very decided excellence, meets with no encouragement.'

On hearing this, Ferdinand's hopes were raised to the acme of full assurance, for he was satisfied that his poetry was decidedly excellent. Exultingly, therefore, he replied, saying:—

'Well, sir, if that be all, I can soon satisfy you, for I wrote some verses on the river Dee, which runs by the village where I was born, and I showed them to Sir Arthur Bradley, who said he had never read anything so fine in his life, and that they were equal to anything in Thomson's Seasons! Have you read Thomson's Seasons, Sir?'

Then drawing his MS. from his pocket, he presented it to the bookseller, saying:—

'Just have the goodness to read two or three hundred lines of the poem, and I will venture to say that you will pronounce them to be equal to any thing in Thomson's Seasons. I am in no hurry—I can stay while you read them, or, if you prefer it, I will read them to you.'

The bookseller chose neither; but speedily, though not discourteously, dismissed the genius from the audience, hopeless of all negotiation.

'Bless me,' said Ferdinand, to himself, as soon as he was alone, 'what a strange place this world is! I never saw any thing like it in the course of my life! The man would not even read my poetry, and I was not going to make any charge for reading it.'

There are more booksellers than one in London, so Ferdinand tried another—another—and another; they were all on the same story. They had evidently entered into a conspiracy against him; but who was at the bottom of the conspiracy it was impossible for him to say or conjecture. It was a manifest absurdity, he thought, that all the world should admire Thomson's Seasons, and yet that nobody should admire him whom Sir Arthur Bradley had pronounced to be equal to Thomson.

It now occurred to him that about this time Sir Arthur Bradley himself might be in London. He knew that the baronet had a house in town, but he did not know where, so he inquired of one or two people in Holborn, and they could not tell him; but, finding a court guide on a bookstall, the secret of Sir Arthur's town residence was revealed to him; and, having ascertained that it was at the west end of the town, he prepared to seek it out, and, for a while he was puzzled to find the west end of the town, for it appeared to him that the town had no end. However, as they who seek till they find will not lose their labor, so it happened with Ferdinand Harwood, who did at last discover the residence of his patron, far away, indeed, from any end of the town, for it was in the midst of many squares and streets. It seemed to the unfortunate genius that he was destined to meet with wonders and paradoxes wherever he went, for the servant who opened the door to him told him that Sir Arthur Bradley could not be seen. Is he invisible? thought Ferdinand, and so thinking, he looked astonished.

'Indeed, Mr. Harwood,' said the servant, 'my master is in such a state that he can see no one!'

'Is he blind?' said Ferdinand.

'No,' replied the porter.

'Is he deaf?'

'No,' said the porter.

'Then I wish you would tell him that I am starving!'

Now the domestics of Sir Arthur Bradley had not any idea of starving; therefore the porter looked upon Ferdinand Harwood with much astonishment, and seemed for a moment to regard the starving man as a great natural curiosity; but when the first shock of his wonder was over, he felt compassion

for the youth; for, though he did not know what starving was, so far as himself was concerned, yet he knew it was something greatly to be dreaded, and as he found it a serious inconvenience even to wait for his dinner, of course he concluded that it must be a far greater inconvenience to have no dinner to wait for. The domestic, notwithstanding the invisibility of Sir Arthur Bradley, invited Ferdinand into the house, and into the housekeeper's room; and, when the servants heard that he was starving, they all lifted up their hands, and eyes, and voices, saying, 'Law bless us! what, the young man what used to make such nice poetry!' They were incredulous, forgetting that poetry is not good to eat. But, when the housekeeper brought him out some cold beef and pickled walnuts, they all saw that he had a marvellously good appetite. While he was eating they kept asking him many questions, to few of which he had leisure to make reply. But at last he finished, and when he had satisfied his hunger, he was desirous of satisfying his curiosity; he made enquiries into the cause of Sir Arthur's invisibility, and he heard that the baronet was in great trouble because his daughter had married against his consent.

'I should not care who was married or who was single,' said Ferdinand to himself, 'if I had such nice cold beef and pickled walnuts to eat every day of my life. Then, addressing himself to his informant, he said, 'and I pray you, what is the great evil of this marriage that the baronet takes it so much to heart?'

'Sir Arthur is angry that his daughter has not only married without his consent, but that she has degraded herself by a low connexion,' was the answer.

When Ferdinand Harwood heard this he supposed that she might have married the parish clerk or the village blacksmith; but when he heard the degradation went no farther than to a marriage with a merchant in the city, he was rather more surprised at the fastidiousness of Sir Arthur Bradley than at the humble taste of his daughter, and he replied, 'it is well it is no worse.'

'But he is of such low origin,' said the cook.

'Not lower than Adam, who was formed out of the dust of the ground,' replied Ferdinand.

'Sir Arthur swears,' said the butler, 'that he will not leave her a single shilling; and that if any of the servants carry any letter or message to her, they shall lose their places; and that if her brother keeps up any acquaintance with her, he shall be disinherited.'

'Bless me, what a Turk!' exclaimed Ferdinand;

'I could not have thought that, when he admired my poetry, and said it was equal to Thomson's Seasons, he was capable of being in such a towering passion.'

While he was speaking, a message came from Mr. Bradley, the son of Sir Arthur, to desire that Mr. Harwood would favor him with his company in the library for a few minutes. Ferdinand obeyed the summons, and the son of the angry baronet said:—

'Mr. Harwood, understanding that you were in the house, I took the liberty to send for you to ask will you have the goodness to take a small parcel into the city for me.'

'Sir,' replied Ferdinand, whose spirits and gratitude were amply excited by the opportune refreshment of the baronet's pantry, 'I would walk to the world's end to serve any individual of the house of Bradley.'

'I don't wish you to walk so far as that,' replied Mr. Bradley; 'but if you will deliver this packet to its address, you will oblige me. You can keep a secret?'

'Ay, that I can,' said Ferdinand, and he was about to tell Mr. Bradley how many secrets he had kept by way of proof and illustration, but the young gentleman had not time nor inclination to hear them,

and he cut the matter short, by saying: 'You have heard from the servants of my sister's marriage, and of my father's disapprobation of it. This parcel is addressed to her, and I must beg that you will deliver it into her hands, and bring me, at your earliest convenience, an answer.'

Mr. Bradley, with the parcel, put also a piece of money into the messenger's hand, and the messenger put the money into his pocket without looking at it; but he made as much haste out of the house as he possibly could, in order that he might ascertain whether it was a shilling or a sovereign. He would have been glad of a shilling, but of a sovereign gladder still—and it was a sovereign. So he walked along light-heartedly, singing jubilate, and for a moment he forgot the Leviticus. Then he said to himself, 'I shall get more by going errands than by writing epic poems.'

When he arrived at the merchant's house, which was quite as handsome and well furnished as Sir Arthur Bradley's, and saw the baronet's married daughter, the lady very readily recognised him as the Mr. Harwood who was distinguished for his poetical talents.

'So you have come to London to exercise your poetical talents,' said Mrs. Marshall; 'I hope you find it answer.'

'I cannot say much for the matter at present,' replied Ferdinand.

'I believe that poetry is not done at a premium now,' said the merchant, who happened to be present at the colloquy.

'Ah, sir,' said Ferdinand, not exactly apprehending the mercantile metaphor, but perfectly understanding the word premium, 'I only wish that a premium were offered for poetry—I think I should win it. But the publishers are in a conspiracy against me and will not let the public judge of my talents.'

'Then if I were in your place I would conspire against the publishers, and not let them have any more manuscripts.'

'But, Sir, how can I live without it?'

'How do you live with it?'

'Not at all,' replied Ferdinand; but what else can I do? I have no skill in farming, and no capital to stock a farm withal.'

'Then of course, you cannot be a farmer. Can you write?'

'Admirably.'

'Do you understand accounts?'

'Perfectly.'

'Will you try a seat in my counting house?'

'Most thankfully.'

Twenty years after this Sir Arthur Bradley was reconciled to his daughter; and Mr. Marshall retired from business, and Ferdinand Harwood succeeded him, rejoicing that he had not succeeded as a poet.

MIND AND BODY.—The necessary connection of the condition of the body and of the mind, is matter of universal and constant experience. Mental influences affect the physical health; and the state of the body on the other hand, exerts a powerful effect on the mind. In treating of health, it is therefore necessary to consider the management of the thoughts and passions. In some diseases, physical and mental disorders are so complicated and blended together, that it is impossible to tell in which the derangement had its origin. Even when the disturbance does not go to the length of disease, the mutual influence of the mind and body may play an important part in the question of health. The body is constantly acted on through the mind, and this way of reaching and influencing the corporeal health deserves more attention than it usually receives.

A HELPING word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

A HARDY ADMIRAL.—In the reign of Queen Anne, Captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed at Legara bay, received intelligence of the arrival of seventeen Spanish galleons, under a convoy of the like number of men-of-war, in the harbor of Figo, and without any directions for so doing, sailed to Sir George Cooke, the then commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him such advice as induced him to make the best of his way to Figo, where he took all the before mentioned ships. Sir George was sensible of the importance of the intelligence, and the successful expedition of the captain. But when the victory was obtained, and the proper advantage made of it, he summoned Captain H. on board, and with a stern countenance, said, 'you have done an important service to your country, and to the Queen; you have added to its honor, and enriched it by your diligence. But do you not know, sir, that you are liable this moment to be shot for quitting your station without orders?' 'He is unworthy to hold a commission in her Majesty's service,' replied the captain, 'who holds his life as aught, when the glory and interests of his Queen and country require him to hazard it.' On this heroic answer, he was despatched home with the first news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the Queen, who instantly knighted him and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

EXPEDIENTY OF ATTENDING TO THE EYE-LASHES. It is no less strange than true, that European beauties are quite inattentive to the growth of their eye-lashes; though in Circassia, Georgia, Persia, and Hindostan, it is one of the first objects of a mother's care to promote the growth of her children's eye-lashes. Hair left to itself seldom grows long, but either splits at the top into two or more forks, or becomes smaller and smaller until it ends in a fine gossamer point. When it does so, it never grows longer, but remains stationary. The Circassian method of treating the eye-lashes is founded on this principle: the careful mother removes, with a pair of scissors, the forked and gossamer like points (not more) of the eye-lashes, and every time this is done their growth is renewed, and they become long, close, finely curved, and of a silky gloss. This operation of clipping may be repeated every month or six weeks. The eye-lashes of infants and children are best tipped when they are asleep. Ladies may, with a little care, do the office for themselves. This secret must be invaluable to those whose eye-lashes have been thinned and dwarfed, as often happens by inflammation of the eyes.

HOW TO WATER PLANTS.—As a rule, water should never be given, until the further withholding of it would be detrimental to the plants. Habitual watering does, in the majority of cases, more harm than good. Plants left to battle with drought, send their roots down deep in search of moisture, and when rain does come, they benefit more by it than those that have regular waterings all along. If the ground is dug deeply, and kept in good heart, plants that have once got established will bear drought for any length of time, but things lately planted, and that have not had time to 'get hold,' must be kept supplied or their beauty may vanish for half the season. Succulent vegetables, too, which ought to be growing quick, must have abundance, and of course, plants in pots must, of necessity, have sufficient. There are two important points to be attended to in giving water, one is to expose the water to the sun before using it, to render it soft and warm, and the other is to give a thorough soaking at once, sufficient to keep the ground moist a week. Supposing the supply to be limited, but regular, the best way of economising both water and time is to take the garden, piece by piece, watering each piece thoroughly every evening, and then beginning again as at first. [Floral World and Garden Guide.]

He who serveth none but himself, is a slave to a fool.



VIEW OF CHERBOURG AND FORT ROULE.

There are two entrances to Cherbourg, one at the east and the other at the west end of the strongly fortified mole. At the eastern extremity the channel is narrowed by the island of Pelee, upon which is erected a large fort, called Fort Imperial, which, with the corresponding fort on the eastern side of the mole, commands the narrow passage, and its guns cross fire with other forts to be afterwards mentioned. The western channel is equally protected by an immense fort, called Fort de Querqueville, on the main land, and which is immediately opposite the fort at the west end of the embankment. The depth of water in these channels is marked on the French Admiralty charts at from twelve to thirteen metres (thirty-nine to forty-two feet;) but these immense forts one would consider sufficient to sink in an instant any ship which would attempt to effect an entrance. They form, however, but a fraction of the fortifications with which the place abounds. A ship entering the outer basin by the western channel would not only receive the concentrated fire of the forts on each side of the channel; but there is another huge fort erected upon a rock, dry at low-water, called Fort Cavaignac, which is between, but a little in the rear of, the west end of the mole and the great Querqueville Fort. Having run the gauntlet of these works, ships would find themselves in a tolerably capacious basin, where, from every point of the compass, in whatever position they might lie, they would be riddled by the cross fire of the batteries and forts, which swarm in every direction, and which help to swell the aggregate of 3000 guns of large calibre, which are mounted in the works in different parts of the apparently impregnable position. Along the face of the docks there are numerous small forts and batteries which command not only a portion of the entrance by the mole, but assisted by other batteries on the shore, would 'sink, burn, destroy' anything which had passed the ordeal of the outer forts. The docks are formed of a large basin communicating with one to the north, and this again with a large one to the west; there are three smaller basins beyond these at the north, and there are three at the southern part of the excavation, into which an entrance is also obtained through the central opening and basin. There are nine basins in all, and it is the completion of the inner floating dock, called Dock

Napoleon III., which forms the subject of the unparalleled celebration. At the entrance of the dock is a gigantic fort, built on what is marked on the French Admiralty charts as Basse du Chenal. It is a rock dry at low water, and upon this has been constructed the huge work called Fort des Flamands. The fire of Fort des Flamands crosses with that of Fort Imperial at the eastern end of the mole, and it would appear absolutely impossible for any vessel to pass the concentrated fire of these mounted forts. To make security doubly sure, this Fort des Flamands is supported by a redoubt called Tour la Ville. Approaching nearer the entrance of the dock there is Fort du Galet; still nearer, Fort du Longlet and Fort du Hommet. We now come to the other fortifications which surround Cherbourg on the land side, and which completely command the whole of the town and harbor. There are fourteen forts and redoubts, which form two semicircles around the town on the land side, the outer one consisting of a chain of detached star forts, and the inner being formed of a line of redoubts. These are all in a commanding position, and the guns would sweep the outer harbor as well as the entrance channels. The chain of forts which surround the town in parallel lines with the redoubts consist of the usual bastions and re-entering angles. They command the country on the land side, as well as the harbor and works seaward. There are, therefore, twenty-four regular forts and redoubts for the protection of Cherbourg, in addition to the six batteries on the mole. Other batteries on the land could, of course, be quickly constructed in case of emergency. Along the docks there is a series of large buildings constructed for arsenals, magazines, and naval stores of every description.

The country around Cherbourg is very beautiful, hilly, and richly wooded, though the town itself is on a plain that extends from the foot of the hills to the shore of the bay. From most of the ground now covered by the town the sea has receded, and at a comparatively recent period. The best view of the whole place is from the heights behind it, where you have the town at your feet; the military port, with its dockyard, roofs, and bastions on the left; and the breakwater, the inner road, and the eight or nine line-of-battle ships at anchor, as the centre of the picture. To the right is the height, almost a

cliff, of La Roule, crowned by a fortified barrack, with embrasures looking, as all the guns do everywhere, seaward. The barrack, or fort under that name, is one of the new constructions, and its fresh white masonry contrasts well with the grey, weather-stained face of the height on which it stands, whence a slope of bare rock descends almost into the town. The new railway from Paris turns round the foot of this height, and the station is built, so to speak, in its shadow: the platform is, in every sense, 'under the guns' of the fort. The dais constructed for the Emperor, for the ceremony of the inauguration of the line, directly fronts this height of La Roule; and when the decorations were complete, and the semi-circular galleries for the spectators filled, the mountain and its fort, rising from the station itself, formed a magnificent background to the tableau. No scene-painter could have devised anything so effective had he been required to furnish a decoration expressly for the scene.

Another view of Cherbourg, and also a good one, may be taken from the end of the jetty of the commercial port. At that point the ships and the breakwater are behind the spectator, the military port on the right; and the eye sweeps over the trading vessels in the basins (of commerce always understood) and the town, to be arrested again by the La Roule mountain and fort, always the dominant feature, and the less elevated hills that shut in the view, with their fields and woods of the richest and softest green, beautifully tinged by the sunset of a summer evening. The foreground of the view from the jetty is they quays. On the one to the right, between the jetty and the distant military port, is the statue of the great Emperor, closely boarded in, awaiting its inauguration. Report speaks well of the statue as a work of art, but only the top of the Emperor's hat is visible above the screen. The place of this memorial is most appropriate, for though something had been done for Cherbourg before the Consulship, all the military works are the creation of Napoleon, and his effigy fronts the greatest of them; his right hand pointing to the military port and dockyards. As less present interest attaches to what Cherbourg was in the time of the Roman occupation of Gaul than to what it is now, the immense mass of erudition local research has collected may be passed over.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS should forward communications intended for insertion in the *Miscellany*, not later than the Saturday before the day of publication, as our increasing circulation compels us to go to press every Monday morning; and should be addressed—Editors of the Irish *Miscellany*, Boston, Mass. Subscribers should mention the township, county and State in which they reside.

We cannot return any manuscript sent us for publication.

THE REQUEST of our reverend friend at Salem has been complied with.

Dr. H. L. of Worcester will please accept our thanks for his very kind efforts in behalf of this paper.

P. GLENNAN. You must accept Dr. Lingard's dictum on the historical question to which you allude, at least till a better authority appears, which is not at present the case.

A ROCHESTER correspondent must excuse us for not publishing his selected verses. We are daily in receipt of original poetry quite equal to that forwarded, which necessarily finds its place where we have deposited his—the waste-basket. Now, don't be unreasonable!

WE are continually receiving letters from different quarters inquiring for the Gift Pictures. Parties who take the *Miscellany* at periodical stores will receive pictures there, and only there. In justice to our agents at a distance, however, we must add that they have not yet received their supply.

Dr. F. & J. S., Chatham, Miramichi. We have on our books no evidence of your having taken the *Miscellany* before the 9th of August, the date of your first letter to this office. To insure ourselves, therefore, we cannot violate our invariable rule, which is, to give copies of our costly Pictures to none but subscribers from the start or those who take ALL the back numbers, which we should be happy to send you when ordered.

A CORRESPONDENT asks: 'Who is the author of 'Mary's Dream,' commencing—

'The moon had climbed the highest hill?'

John Lowe, a Scotchman, born in 1750 and died in 1798, son of the gardener at Renmore Galloway and a student of divinity, was the author of this fine ballad. It was written on the death of a real man named Miller, a surgeon at sea, who was attached to a Miss McGhie of Airds. The poet was tutor in the family of the lady's father, and was betrothed to her sister. He emigrated to this country, however, married another woman, became dissipated, and died in great misery near Fredericksburg. Lowe was the author of many other pieces, but this one only is worthy of preservation.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858

THE LION'S SHARE.

Who will gain the profits which most people think must be derived by Ireland from the fact that the Atlantic cable is fastened to her shore? Will the fortunate men be Irish, or moneyed English, or canny Scotch, or keen Americans? This question was suggested in the closing paragraph of an article in our last number on the new Cable, and we propose to add a few words now to what we have already said concerning this little-great accomplished fact of the practical annihilation, so far as commercial and manufactured news may be involved, of those puzzling quiddities heretofore called Time and Space.

Of course our hope is, that Ireland will be a heavy gainer by this new development of electric force. But hope, like faith, is not worth much without solid works. It has too long been the custom with men who at different times had been elected by the Irish people or by themselves as public leaders, to make hope tell a flattering tale in reply to all questions like that which we have proposed.

Of course, too, we believe that Ireland can give to the world men who would be quite equal to the work of at least making the telegraph pay a very handsome toll to the Irish flag. Still that is not the question. No small amount of rhetoric has been given to show what Ireland might do for herself and for the world if her children would be loyal to her and united among themselves. The question is,—how far may the past and the present record of Irish history justify the hope that Ireland, so far as the benefits to be derived from the cable are concerned, will be on the same footing with the most favored nations?

Of course, too, we are ready to admit that, in the prosecution of this work until it may have been superseded by some future invention which will be called in its turn useless as the Cable was called a few months ago, many Irishmen by the accident of birth may win for themselves a fortune, or a name, or both. Still, this is not the question before us. We ask what Ireland, as a nation, will gain by the Cable? We

can hardly repress a feeling of sadness when we read a newspaper article, an essay, or a book got up to show that the glories of the Irish nation are increased by the works of Irishmen done, not in Ireland, but in strange lands which they have made their own;—not for Ireland, but, in the first place for themselves, and, lastly, for Austria, for Spain, for France, for Great Britain, for America, for even Turkey,—for any country excepting their own. You are a successful soldier, we would say to one,—why did you not fight for your home? You are an accomplished statesman,—why was not your diplomatic talent employed in behalf of the Irish nation? You are a prosperous merchant,—how much has Ireland gained from the fact that you were born on Irish ground? You are an inventor,—a capitalist,—a scientific man,—have your inventions, your money or your science caused Ireland as a nation to advance a single step? What good has the Irish people, taken as a nation, received from the circumstance, that Wellington, Castlereagh, Palmerston, and a host of other Irishmen who have lived and labored for themselves and England,—that the O'Donnells, Nugents, and others of Spain, Austria and France,—that so many men of whom we read as having done something in America, were born in Ireland or were of pure Irish descent? We do not ask whether they loved their fatherland or not,—we ask how much positive good, beyond the knowledge of the fact that these fortunate men were once her children, or sons of her sons?

Here, then, is the state of the question. It may be that some individual Irishmen may gain money by the new invention, but will they spend their money in Ireland? It may be that Irish manufacturing towns will find in the Cable a source of renewal or increase of trade; but will the factors, and the capitalists, who will get the lion's share of the profits, spend their money in Ireland? Will even a majority of them be Irishmen? The Irish port of entry will show signs of renewed life, but, will it be really an Irish port, or a vast Irish storage place, or temporary depot for the reception of English or American goods owned by men who do not care a button for Irish national interests, or for any but their own?

The cuckoo lays her eggs and hatches her young in a nest which she did not help to build. The rewards of Ireland's life as a nation show how, from the earliest times, foreign birds well-feathered their nests on Irish ground. From the day of Henry II and Strongbow down to the unfortunate time of Henry VIII and his daughter Elizabeth, the Normans and their descendants pretended to a right to divide the land among themselves, and to make the 'mere Irish' hewers of wood and drawers of water. It is possible that the Irish, by their indomitable perseverance, would have driven the enemy beyond the channel, or have reserved his body to fatten the soil, were it not that a new and terrible element in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was added to the already sufficient embarrassing difficulties of the Irish question, and which has hindered ever since a hearty union of elements which might and should constitute an Irish nation,—hinders that union now, and may hinder it for many years,—perhaps ages to come. This is the 'religious element.' Differences affecting origin, or race, were comparatively easy to be overcome. The Norman invaders who stole land and kept it under the Plantagenets became, as contemporary writers say,— 'more Irish than the Irish themselves.' But centuries have passed since Elizabeth hunted the native Irishmen,—since James founded the Ulster Plantation,—since Cromwell told the Catholic Irish to go to hell or to Connaught, since William, after the battle of the Boyne, rivetted the chains of Irish slavery with penal laws and other such religious materials, and yet, Ireland as a nation stands where she did three hundred years ago. The cuckoo has not only hatched her eggs in a nest which she did not build, but she says now, and has said all along the two last centuries, that they are the builders and owners of the nest, and that it is not an Irish, but a true English nest. Shastone wish! It is so, nevertheless, and six rebellions have not

changed the state of the case, unless for the worse. Leaders, societies, all sorts of means, good, indifferent, and bad, wise and foolish, promising and unpromising, have been tried, and yet, the Irish difficulty has not been solved,—the cuckoos have not yet been driven by the wronged ones from the stolen nests. During these weary ages of Anglican domination, a few thousand men have controlled the earthly destinies of millions of Irishmen. Each concession that has been made from time to time, came, not from love but from indifference, from a spirit of mockery, from contempt, from selfishness, or from fear. And, at this day, we see that the dominant class is really as estranged from the masses of the Irish population as they ever were at any time these two hundred years, if we except the few periods of war or revolt. This rule admits many exceptions, but these are not numerous enough to destroy the rule, the more so inasmuch as Catholics have never been wanting who, for the sake of wealth or of office, would sacrifice simply Irish to purely Imperial interests. We are not now discussing the merits of their policy, we merely state a fact.

The members of this comparatively small dominant class, are quite sure that, in their day, no democratic revolution will succeed. Most of them are bound to England by the celebrated ties named by Lord Lyndhurst,—blood, language and religion. An almost perfect identity of interests, and a tolerable similarity in social and civil life might with some reason be added to the list of causes which bind together the dominant races in England and Ireland. Your Irish great man of the dominant class is seldom called an Irishman in history,—he is called an Englishman,—a British subject. He is ranked as an Imperialist,—often as an Englishman, rarely as an Irishman. His treasure, his time, talent, labor, his life are given to increase the glory of the British empire, upon which 'the sun never sets,' and we all know that in reality, that empire means England.

The foregoing considerations appeared to us to be worth discussion in answer to the question,—what good will the Cable do to Ireland as a nation? Will it be a new chain wherewith England will bind the sister kingdom to the wheels of her chariot? Let us wait a little while, and think, before we indulge in any exuberant demonstrations of joy.

A FAIR in aid of the Catholic Church in Chelsea, (Rev. Father Strain's) will be held at the City Hall, commencing on Monday the 20th instant, and remain open one week. The Pioneer of that city states that the movement has excited quite a public interest among all classes of people, aid having been liberally extended to it by all sects. It will undoubtedly prove a success. One of the most instrumental in forwarding it, expressed to us her gratification at the favor which her appeal had received at the hands of the Protestants of Chelsea. It is pleasant to know that such a liberal sentiment exists. At the time when God is breaking away the natural barriers that have divided nations, the barriers that have divided men in spirit should not be cherished, and we hope to see a large attendance on the forthcoming occasion.

FORTUNE & PELLETIER, 379 and 381 Washington street, advertise in another column a large, varied, and warrantable stock of dry goods and other indispensable articles of wearing apparel. These gentlemen have been but a comparatively short time competitors for public favor, yet they are eminently deserving of extensive patronage, as their numerous customers can attest.

WE HEARTILY commend the sweet morsel of original poetry on the next page to the kind regards of such as may read this number of the MISCELLANY. From personal knowledge, we can assure our friends that the writer has for some years been very favorably known to the literary world. Read 'THE LITTLE MAID KATHLEEN' attentively.

[Written for the Irish Miscellany.]

THE LITTLE MAID CATLEEN.

BY A. THURBERG OF TREVERTON HALL.

'Come here, my little maid Catleen,
My eyes are dim and weak,
And yet methought I saw but now
A tear drop on thy cheek.
Why weeps the little Irish girl?
Why stray her brown locks out of curl?'

'This morn,' began the blue-eyed child,
I looked across the field,
And in the bright sun saw a man
His shining sickle wield;
His jacket and his hat of straw
Were like the ones my father wore.'

'And does your father live, Catleen?'
Quick came the sob and tear,
'If 't was not that his grave is green
I'd not be toiling here;
He held me to his panting breast
Until—I cannot tell the rest.

'We lived in such a pretty spot!
The hill-tops touched the sky;
There was a river running near,
The flowers grew red and high;
He would not let me toil and tread,
I was his 'motherless child,' he said.

So I would keep our cottage clean
And sweep its earthy floor,
And knit and sing and welcome him
When his day's work was o'er—
And digh the milk and spread the meal,
And love him through all woe and weal.

But then the famine came; alas!
How slowly day by day
We put off hopes of better times,
Even grew too weak to pray;
Till one dread night he suffered less—
At morning—I was fatherless.'

'Come here, Catleen, wipe off the tears,
And listen while I say
You shall not be my little maid
From this sweet summer's day;
Nay, start not with that look so wild;
Come to my heart and be—my child.'

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—In some spring freshet, a river wildly washed its shores, and rent away a bough whereon a bird had built a cottage for her summer hopes. Down the white and whirling stream drifted the green branch, with its wicker-cup of unfledged song; and fluttering beside it, as it went, the mother. Unheeding the roaring river, on she kept, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses of the storm. How like the love of the old-fashioned mother, who followed the child she had plucked from her heart, all over the world. Swept away by passion that child might be, it mattered not; bearing away with him, the fragments of the shattered roof tree, though he did, yet that mother was with him, a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel at his death. [Lamartine.

STEAMER FOR GALWAY.—The steamship Prince Albert sailed from New York on the 21st ult. for Galway, with 246 passengers and 400 tons of cargo. A demonstration was got up on the occasion of her departure by several Irish and American citizens. A steamer escorted her down the bay as far as the Highlands, having a band of music on board, and firing 200 guns, which were returned by the Prince Albert. Several other vessels also saluted her by firing guns and otherwise as she passed along, and among them was the Spanish frigate Barranguela. The captain of the Prince Albert expressed himself confident of reaching Galway in less than nine days. A collation was given on board the Prince Albert at Staten Island.

REPUBLICANISM.—The following incident is related of President Buchanan:—

The President, on his return to Washington, stopped at the Relay House, with other passengers, decidedly dusty, and in want of a wash and brush. He stripped off coat and neckcloth, patiently waited his turn in the bar-room, for a wash basin, and enjoyed a glorious douse, quite as unostentatiously as the poorest man in the country.

Compiled for the Miscellany.

AN EPISODE IN UNITED STATES HISTORY.

On the eleventh of March, seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, delegates from eleven States, which had then rendered the Constitution effectual by their acceptance and ratification of it, met at New York, in Federal Hall, a new and elegant building, prepared for their reception. Though great difference of opinion had lately existed relative to the new form of government, there was but one sentiment as to the individual who should be elected its supreme Magistrate. All men, of whatever party fixed their attention upon the late commander of their armies, as the fittest person to fill the important station of President. Upon opening and counting the votes, it was found that George Washington was unanimously elected President, and John Adams Vice President, by a great majority.

The intelligence of the election having been communicated to him while on his farm, in Virginia, to which he had retired, unambitious of farther honors, he set out soon after for New York. On his way thither, the road was crowded with countless numbers, anxious to enjoy a sight of the 'Man of the people.' Large escorts of Militia and many gentlemen of the first character and station, attended him from town to town, and he was everywhere received with the highest honors which a grateful people could confer. Addresses of congratulation were presented to him by the inhabitants of every place of consequence through which he passed; to all of which he returned such modest, unassuming answers, as were in every respect suited to the occasion. So great were the honors with which he was loaded, that they could scarcely have failed to produce haughtiness in the mind of any ordinary man; nay, had he not been such a cool, self-possessed, humble, yet self-reliant man, of whose like we have no counterpart in modern or ancient history, pride must have so elated him as to have made him forget himself, yet never has it been said he either forgot himself, the people or the Great Disposer of events, and that in every success he only saw good for the future of his country, while in his vicissitudes and adverse circumstances he only was nerved for greater efforts and more active preparation for what he was positively assured in the Divine will, was in the future for his countrymen. On all occasions, he behaved to all men with the affability of one citizen to another. He was truly great in deserving the applause of his country, but much greater in not being elated by it.

When he arrived at the river Schuylkill, the bridge over which he had to pass was highly decorated with laurels and evergreens. At each end of it were erected magnificent arches composed of laurels, and on each side of the bridge was a laurel shrubbery. As he passed the bridge, a youth ornamented with sprigs of laurel, assisted by machinery, let drop above his head (unperceived by him) a civic crown. Upwards of twenty thousand persons lined the fences, fields and avenues, between the Schuylkill and Philadelphia. Through these he was conducted to the city by a very numerous and respectable body of citizens, where he partook of a sumptuous entertainment provided for the occasion. The pleasures of the day were succeeded by an elegant display of fire-works. On crossing the river Delaware, and landing on the Jersey shore, he was saluted with repeated cheering by the inhabitants of the vicinity; and when he came to the brow of the hill, on his way to Trenton, a triumphal arch was erected on the bridge, by the direction of the ladies of the place. The crown of the arch was highly ornamented with imperial laurels and flowers, and on it was displayed, in large letters, 'December 26, 1776;' in allusion to General Washington's victory over the Hessians on that day in the neighborhood of Trenton. On the sweep of the arch beneath was this inscription:—'The defender

of the mothers will also protect the daughters.' On the north side was ranged a number of young girls dressed in white, with garlands of flowers on their arms; in the second row stood the young ladies, and behind them the married ladies of the town. The instant he passed the arch, the young girls began to sing the following ode:—

'Welcome, mighty chief once more,
Welcome to this grateful shore;
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow.
Virgins fair and matrons grave,
These thy conquering arms did save,
Build for thee triumphal bow'rs;
Strew, ye fair, his way with flow'rs—
Strew your hero's way with flow'rs.'

As they sang the last lines, they strewed the flowers on the road before their beloved deliverer. His situation on this occasion, contrasted with what he had in December 1776, felt on the same spot, when the affairs of America were at the lowest ebb of depression, filled him with sensations that cannot be described.

He was rowed across the bay from Elizabeth-town to New York, in an elegant barge by thirteen pilots, while all the vessels in the harbor hoisted their flags. Stairs had been erected and decorated for his reception, and upon his landing, universal joy diffused itself through every order of the people; and he was received and congratulated by the Government of the State, and the officers of the corporation. He was conducted from the landing place to the house which had been fitted up for his reception, and was followed by a procession of Militia in elegant uniforms, and by great numbers of citizens. In the evening the houses of the inhabitants were brilliantly illuminated, and fireworks displayed in many places.

Soon after his arrival, a day was appointed for his taking the oath of office; and on this occasion he was wholly clothed in American manufactures. On the morning of the day fixed for this purpose, the clergy of different denominations assembled their congregations in their respective places of worship, and offered up public prayers for the President and the people of the United States. About noon a procession, followed by a multitude of citizens moved from the President's house to Federal Hall. When they came within a short distance of the hall, the troops formed a line on both sides of the way, through which General Washington, accompanied by the Vice President, Mr. Adams, passed into the Senate Chamber. Immediately after, accompanied by both houses of Congress, he went into the gallery fronting Broad street, and before them and an immense concourse of people, took the oath prescribed by the Constitution, which was administered by Mr. Livingston, Chancellor of the State of New York, and was in the following words: 'I do solemnly swear, that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my abilities, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.'

An awful silence prevailed among the spectators during this part of the ceremony: it was a minute of the most sublime political joy. The Chancellor then proclaimed him President of the United States, which was followed by a salute from thirteen pieces of cannon, and by the voices of the surrounding spectators who rent the air with their acclamations. The President bowed most respectfully to the people, and he again resounded with shouts of exultation. He then retired to the Senate Chamber, where he made an animated speech to both houses; in which his language not only expressed his own feeling on this solemn occasion, but likewise discovered his anxiety and concern for the welfare and happiness of the people in whose cause he had so often ventured his life. Several circumstances concurred to render the scene of his Inauguration unusually solemn and impressive. The presence of the beloved father and deliverer of his country; the

impressions of gratitude for his past services; the vast concourse of spectators; the devout fervency with which he repeated the oath, and the reverential manner in which he bowed to kiss the sacred volume—these circumstances, together with that of his being chosen to the most dignified office in the country, and perhaps in the world, by the unanimous voice of more than 3,000,000 of enlightened freemen, all conspired to place this among the most interesting and august scenes which have ever been exhibited on the face of the globe.

NOTE. 'It seemed from the number of witnesses,' said an intelligent spectator of this sublime scene, 'to be a solemn appeal to heaven and earth at once. Upon the subject of this great and good man, I may, perhaps, be an enthusiast; but I confess, I was under an awful and religious persuasion, that the gracious ruler of the universe was looking down at that moment with peculiar complacency on an act, which, to a part of his creatures, was so highly important. Under this impression, when the Chancellor pronounced, in a very feeling manner, 'Long live George Washington,' my sensibility was wound up to such a pitch, that I could do no more than wave my hat, without the power of joining in the repeated exclamations which rent the air.

O.

[Written for the Miscellany]

CATOCTIN.

PART-FIRST.

How we heard of it.

Not through the papers.

Not from the enthusiastic lips, all rippling at once, of a score or so of 'delicious schreechers' just home from the season thereat; but, from—

The Reverend Doctor Whitehead.

How inappropriately persons are often named. Dr. Whitehead was not, is not, grey at all; nor yet old,—by no means so. He is 'decidedly young'; though not in the sense that Latimer seemed to imply, in looking at Coppfield.

He is tall, gentlemanly, slender, student-like pale; a face somewhat thin, from the cares of bodies as well as souls; for, unfortunately ladies,

'I'm wae to think upo'—

the fact,

'E'en for your sakes,'

but—'pity, 'tis, 'tis true'—the Doctor is—married.

Now, that the murder is out, I fear you feel no interest in the color of Dr. Whitehead's hair; though it is chestnut, and curling; or his eyes, a mild, slumbering, bright hazel, surmounted by brows of a somewhat darker hue, and perfectly arched. Nor would you care the least to see those long-fringed lids lifted from the pure well of those eyes; in whose depths Truth indeed dwells; and see the light of Heaven reflected thankfully, faithfully back, as that soft voice murmurs a prayer, or invokes a blessing.

But here I wrong you; I have gone too far.

When the Missionary stands in holy places you view him as a statue; Pygmalion-like; with the Sun of Righteousness haloing his brow, and hear him as speaking of miracles.

Doctor Whitehead rang my door-bell about a week ago; was ushered into the parlor by Winnie—(Winnie is our housemaid—and a good one too,) and the Doctor took an arm-chair, and awaited our coming down stairs.

I am almost ashamed to say, that we keep very late hours. Though, we have said it so often, I am afraid we have nearly overcome the disposition to blush at the confession.

On reflection, we keep rather early hours, for retiring. It is frequently one, two, and sometimes nearly three o'clock in the morning, ere any of us thinks of Barham's lines,

'Look at the clock, Sir!
'Look at the clock!'

Aye! and for rising, also; one o'clock sounds remarkably early—if you do not add—in the afternoon.

But now, it was only nine. Little Ida ran down the steps, and into the parlor, in her white night-slip; and was drawn tenderly on the Doctor's knee, to chatter away to him until 'papa and mama were ready to come down.'

LITTLE HAT—a one year old, brown headed and blue eyed, the proud possessor of three or four sprouting teeth, alike to which,

'No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water;—
was tumbled over to the tender mercies of his nurse, 'Little Mary.' 'Little,' in contradistinction to her Aunt—another Mary; older and bigger.

'Good morning, Doctor! We are glad to see you.'

A shake hands apiece; and seated triangularly opposite each other, the Doctor thus introduced to us,—CATOCTIN.

'Hang it!' cries the reader. 'When will he come to it?'

Patience! Catoctin is a long way off; and needs a good deal of rambling to reach it.

Besides, you are—powerful though you may be—like the genii conquered by Solomon of old; or, the snakes and toads vanquished by St. Patrick, (if you be venomous critics,) you are imprisoned—in my ink bottle.

So, manifest becoming resignation—or, in goes the stopper, and overboard you go, for what may seem to you another century.

'Madam!' began the Doctor. The Dr. always addresses the ladies in preference. 'How would you, and your husband, (I bowed,) like to go up in the mountains for a few weeks, and take the children along?'

'Very much indeed, Sir!' replied my wife. 'I drove out yesterday to Ellaville, in search of country board; thinking the air, and the Bladensburg Spa, would be of service to the children. I am to have an answer from Mrs. Green, Thursday—whether she will then be able to receive us.'

'Well Madam'—continued his Reverence—'if you, with your family, will join a little party of my friends, and yours, going up to Springfield Farm, in the Catoctin Mountains—a chain of the Blue Ridge—I can promise you finer air and accommodations than can be obtained at any watering place elsewhere.

'Who compose the party, Doctor? And when are they going?' asked I.

'Here is Mr. and Mrs. S.—Sir; your Sister Maye; myself, and probably Mrs. W. and the children. But that I cannot decide, until my return to Washington, after conducting the party to Catoctin, and paying a short visit to Berley on church business.'

'Why, that will be splendid, Wife!' exclaimed I. Let us go, by all means!'

But wife preferred to go by small means, and judiciously asked the question,

'How much will it cost, Doctor, to get there? And how much to stay?'

'I intend writing, madam, to Mr. Miller, immediately on getting your answer; to ascertain upon what terms we can be accommodated, and when they can receive us. But, I can safely state, that the cost of travelling will not exceed four dollars apiece; nor of board, &c. while there, three dollars per week.'

'We'll go!' said I.

'When do we start?' asked wife.

'Four o'clock, Thursday morning,' answered the Doctor.

'Will you call for us?' I inquired.

'Certainly!—be sure to be ready.'

'Oh never fear!' was the reply.

And Doctor Whitehead shut the garden gate,—we, the ball door, and instantly set about our preparations.

We charm the hearts of men and gain them over, by teaching them with meekness, and in a humble manner.

NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.—Both owed their success to the care with which in combining their operations, they employed the means which were at their disposal, suitable to the character of their nation, and to the diversity of the institutions to which they were bound to conform. Napoleon at the head of an English army, would have found insurmountable difficulties, arising even from the nature of his own genius, and Wellington, had he been called to the command of the enthusiastic troops of a victorious republic, would have been in a no less embarrassing situation. Napoleon strikes the imagination, and advances, as one may say, by a succession of prodigies; Wellington addresses himself to men's reason, and attains success by ordinary means. There is not one proclamation of Bonaparte's in which glory is not exalted, and duty forgotten; there is not one of Wellington's orders of the day which makes even an allusion to glory, or in which any other motives are appealed to, save duty and patriotism. An imagination fond of prodigies, and insatiable, aiming at the infinite and the impossible; the most vast and versatile faculties; boundless conceptions, united with a singular susceptibility of ideas and impressions, were the principal characteristics of Napoleon's genius. Solid judgment, cool reasoning powers, a glance of marvelous accuracy, both in the field of battle and closet; the most piercing good sense, raising itself to a height nothing could weary, and which nothing could distract; imperturbable steadiness in the greatest danger, were some of the characteristics of Wellington—so great a figure in the nineteenth century. It was with giant steps that Napoleon ran a career that bore him for a moment to the summit of human greatness; by the rapidity of his rise, he amazed the world, and everything about him bears the stamp of magical improvisation. His rival, on the contrary, raised himself with a patient and modest slowness, by courageous reflection. He never receded; he continually advanced with successful moderation; and his glory has followed an advance which always had the skill to avoid reverses. To speak vividly to the imagination of men, to fascinate them, to awaken their enthusiasm, to labor by every possible means to inspire them with an admiration not unmingled with terror, was the constant study of Napoleon, who, when occasion required, did not disdain the tricks of theatrical display. Always simple, the Duke of Wellington never attempted to produce any effect except upon men's reason—under no circumstances did he ever lend himself to anything like a dramatic effect. Duty was his only rule, and this he imposed on others; he had a horror of charlatanism and falsehood, he never sought to influence the minds of his troops; but on one or two occasions he reminded them that they were expected to shed their blood freely, because such was their duty. Wellington, obliged to respect the laws and institutions of his country, met with obstacles unknown to the French generals, and to which all resistance was necessarily fruitless. As chief of the army, he had to obey statesmen who knew nothing of military affairs, and who yet pretend to direct them; a pretension as fatal as ridiculous, but in strict conformity to the spirit of constitutional governments. Napoleon, on the contrary, executed his resolutions with control. During his reign, the press had no liberty, and the nation in general, had no right save that of obedience. The Emperor had nothing to do but to require of France, her last man and her last shilling, and France was willing to give both without a murmur.

CARTOUCHE, the French robber, was once requested by a young man to be engaged in his band. 'Where have you served?' asked Cartouche. 'Two years with an attorney, and six months with an inspector of police.' 'Well,' answered the chief, 'that whole time shall be reckoned as if you had served in my troop.'

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

The recent assizes is the tenth that has passed over within the last six years without a capital conviction in the South Riding of Tipperary.

At the present time a greater number of houses, merchants' premises, and public buildings, are being erected in Belfast than at any time for some years past.

Sir John Acton, Bart., it is said, has purchased the Dublin Review, as proprietor and editor. It has hitherto been conducted by Mr. Bagshaw, Q. C., and Cardinal Wiseman.

Charles Dickens is to visit Belfast in the latter end of the present month, for the purpose of giving two readings of some of his most popular works.

On Wednesday evening the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Professor of All Hallows College, delivered to the members of the St. Munchin's Young Men's Society, Limerick, a very eloquent and instructive lecture. There was a large attendance of members and visitors.

It is much more than probable that the title of Lord Caher—supposed to be extinct—will shortly be revived in the person of a gentleman who resides not one hundred miles from Clonmel, he being lineally descended from Earl Desmond of Dromana, to whose grand-daughter—daughter to Lord Decies—his great grandfather was united, as was also his great grand-daughter to the Lord Caher of those days. [Waterford Mail.]

It has given us much pleasure to be informed that the Catholic young men of Charleville, have followed the example set by those of so many other towns and cities in this country, by founding a branch of the Young Men's Society there. The society was inaugurated on Sunday, by the Very Rev. Thomas Croke, P.P. and V.G., to whose exertions the young men of Charleville are much indebted for the introduction of an institution which must confer on them as it has on others, in other places, so many advantages.

The Encumbered Estates Court died on the 28th July. It is stated that the total amount of purchase money that has passed through the Court from the commencement, is over £22,000,000, out of which about £3,000,000 or not quite so much, were purchased by English and Scotch purchasers. The number of estates sold were 2,380, divided into more than 11,000 lots, and 8,235 conveyances have been executed by the commissioners. The court will be re-established under the Leases and Sales of Landed Estates Act.

On Thursday week, at Riversdale, two laborers, Michael and James Fitzgerald, were employed by a farmer in that neighborhood at some work, and while excavating under a bank, a large mass of more than a ton weight of earth fell on them. Next day, Friday, they were brought to the County Infirmary; Michael's leg was in a state of mortification, spreading fast up to the thigh. James suffered a fracture of the thigh in two places—knee joint severely injured, and compound dislocation at the ankle joint. The bone protruding, it was removed by Dr. Crumpe at once. On Tuesday morning one of the unfortunate men died in the county infirmary, leaving a wife and five children to deplore his loss. [Kerry Post.]

Lord Palmerston, who, as everybody knows, is an Irish Viscount, has gone on a visit to his large estates in the 'Green Isle.' Alas for fallen greatness; nobody takes any notice of the ex-Premier. Pretty soon, Mr. Disraeli will be in the north of Ireland, in compliance with urgent invitations, and then there will be a different scene. The brilliant orator, for Mr. Disraeli is one of the most brilliant living, will find appreciative and enthusiastic audiences. Ireland, indeed, is to be quite lively with gaieties and merry-makings. Mr. Brigh, the engineer of the Atlantic cable, has been invited by the

Lord Mayor of Dublin to a public dinner, which is to be given at the Mansion House on the 1st of September. To make the honor more marked, the Lord Lieutenant has consented to be present.

It is with regret we have to announce the death of Miss Curtis, daughter of Mr. Curtis, county Louth, and sister to the Rev. M. Curtis, C. C. Camlough. She entered the convent of the Sisters of Charity in this town last April twelvemonth, and shortly afterwards proceeded to Paris to complete her novitiate, but having fallen into ill health there, she, on the advice of the physicians of the place, came home in May last, but lingered till the 29th of July, when she gave up her soul to him in whose service she longed to labor. Her remains were interred in Knockbridge burying-ground, and were followed by as large a concourse as ever was seen in Louth, the procession extending over a mile. [Newry Examiner.]

On Tuesday, a young man named Thomas Brien, employed in Mrs. Reid's Blanket Factory, Green's Bridge, met with a shocking accident. At 6 o'clock A. M., when the mill was set to work, he placed his ear close to the carding machinery, for the purpose of detecting whether there was any friction, when his neckcloth was caught by the fly-wheel, and in this way his throat was brought in contact with the machinery—the consequence to the poor fellow being a fearful laceration of the front of his neck, tearing the windpipe to pieces, from the chin to the neck. Surgeons Kearns and James were at once in attendance, and as suffocation was imminent, an opening was made in the lower part of the wound, through which, by means of a silver tube, the poor sufferer is enabled to breathe freely. However, from the nature of the injury, his medical attendants have very little hope of his recovery. [Kilkenny Journal.]

RIOTS IN KILKENNY.—The Kilkenny Journal says we regret to announce that the peace of the city has not only been seriously endangered for some days past, but that acts of violence have been perpetrated in several parts of the country, by a large body of laborers from this and the surrounding counties, who have been thrown out of employment by the introduction of machinery for agricultural purposes. On Sunday, the 8th, upwards of 400 persons assembled in our streets, most of them armed with reaping hooks, yelling in a most frightful manner, to the great dismay of the citizens, who were hourly expecting nothing less than the sack of the city. On Monday, the mob had possession of the streets, shouting and yelling, and on Monday morning they held a sort of council of war, at which it was decided that all the machinery in the county should be forthwith destroyed, as the only chance of employment for the laborer. They proceeded to this work, and some of the owners looked on quietly at the smashing of their reaping machines, knowing that resistance was useless. Others defended their property and were roughly handled by the rioters. Two companies of dragoons, hourly expected from the Curragh camp, will restore order.

The English press and the English people are in a panic. They believe that Napoleon the Third, no matter what his language to the contrary may be, is preparing for their destruction. In vain he tells them that they need not fear him. In vain the French press declares that Cherbourg, although strong, will prove a harmless thing. The English see more than harm in it. They behold in Cherbourg, after eight centuries of enmity between themselves and the French, a real, living menace of a French invasion—a starting point from which may issue in a year, or in six months, the power which shall make them the vassals of Gaul. And at the very idea of such things, they shriek and howl, as if they saw the day of doom, and had no hope of escaping. Well, let them enjoy their terror and dismay. They are invaders themselves. They have

felt no pity for the nations they have outraged and scourged. They are torturers and enslavers, and they never felt a pang of remorse for all their butcheries. [Dundalk Democrat.]

ENGLAND.

The Daily News throws considerable doubt on the story in Wednesday's Times, alleging to be about a young lady who escaped the massacre at Cawnpore. The Times itself does not put much faith in the yarn, and even if it be true, it gives no corroboration to the atrocity stories.

THE CHANNEL FLEET.—Colonel H. Packe, commanding this division of Royal Marines Light Infantry, has received an order from the Admiralty, that the corps of Royal Marines is to be augmented by 5,000 men, in consequence of the number of marines that will be required by the Channel fleet.

Letters received early this week from Birmingham represent Mr. Sheridan Knowles, the eminent dramatist, as in a dying state, and that but faint hopes are entertained of his ultimate recovery. The intelligence has caused much anxiety here, where Mr. Knowles was so well known and so much respected. [Glasgow Paper.]

The Herald says that a case of breach of promise of marriage of an extraordinary character, will be tried at Bristol assizes. The defendant is a representative of an Irish constituency; the lady was formerly connected with a west-end establishment. The letters are so voluminous that they have been printed for convenience of evidence, and form a moderately large volume.

Two children have been drowned by their mother—a married woman—in a small bay on the coast of Somersetshire. The eldest child was a girl two years and a half old; the other was a boy, about a twelve month old. The mother afterwards surrendered herself at the police office at Flax Burton, eight miles from Bristol. She confessed the crime but did not state her motive.

A captain in a crack cavalry corps, says the United Service Gazette, has been compelled to retire from the service, by the sale of his commission, for knocking down a subaltern in the same regiment. The quarrel arose about the captain accusing the cornet of being of Jewish extraction, which appeared very galling to the young man's feelings.

Four human skeletons have been discovered by the workmen employed in digging for the foundations of the Westminster Palace Hotel. They were found in the centre of the ground where formerly stood some old structures of a very disreputable character. The remains were probably those of persons who had been murdered; but an inquiry would now be fruitless, from lapse of time.

The dead body of a youth, sixteen years of age, was discovered a few days ago in a hayrack in a stable at Wick, near Berkely, Gloucestershire. He had been missing for two days, and had last been seen in company of two carters, named Daniels and Bailey. It was Daniels who first announced the discovery of the body, which he hid in a very cool and flippant manner. He and Bailey have been apprehended and committed for trial on a charge of wilful murder.

At a meeting held recently, of the U. P. Presbytery, of Aberdeen, Mr. Turner, of Craigdam made the following statement:—'So far as his observations extended—speaking of the country districts—it would seem that a servant, male or female, about farm places, who has not been guilty, and is not known to have been guilty of the violation of the law of chastity, is the exception not the rule; and again, that it is the exception if a master has not been chargeable, some time or other, with corrupting those under him.' [Edinburgh Courier.]

FRANCE.

The first of the celebrations of fites took place on the afternoon of the 4th of August. It was the inauguration of the new line of railroad that connects

Cherbourg with Paris. The completion of a line of railroad from Paris to this port is in itself an event; it is one of the imperial works, as it has been granted since 1852. The Cherbourg station was, of course, the scene of the inauguration. It has been carefully prepared, both to accommodate the immense number of spectators and to make it the theatre of a brilliant scenic display.

The statue of the First Napoleon was inaugurated at Cherbourg, on Sunday. Their Majesties then embarked on board the Bretagne, which sailed for Brest.

The following remarks occurred in the Emperor's speech at the inauguration of the statue:—

'It seems to be a part of my destiny to accomplish, by peace, the great designs of the Emperor conceived by him during war. His principles obtain their triumph at the present day by the force of reason. It is thus, for instance, that the question of the freedom of the seas has in our time been solved. Posterity, indeed, will always be found to realise the ideas of a great man. But, whilst we refer these great results to the design of Napoleon I., we must also do justice to the efforts which had been made by preceding governments, not only by that of Louis XVI., but as far back as Louis XIV. The present government, relying on the support of the will of the great masses of the nation, does not wage war except when it is forced to defend the national honor, and the great interests of the people. Let us continue in this course without distraction; let us continue to develop in peace the resources of our country; let us invite foreigners to visit us as friends, and not as rivals; and let us show that France is a nation in which confidence and unity reign, and that maintaining such internal union as resists all passionate impulses of the day, she abides mistress of herself, obedient only to the dictates of honor and reason.'

The Moniteur publishes the following account of the dinner given on board the Bretagne by the Emperor to Queen Victoria. Their Imperial Majesties embarked at 6 o'clock, with their suite, to go on board. As soon as the Imperial barge appeared it was saluted by three salvoes from all the French and English vessels and from the artillery of the forts. The yards were manned and the sailors cheered lustily. At 7 o'clock the barge of her Majesty the Queen of England left the Royal yacht and pulled towards the Bretagne. The salute was renewed. The Emperor received his august guest at the foot of the companion-ladder of the Bretagne. The cheers of the crew and the repeated shouts of 'Vive la Reine d'Angleterre' informed the squadrons that the Sovereign of the United Kingdom had put foot on board a French ship. The table was laid for 70. During the dinner the band of the Guides of the Imperial Guard performed various pieces. At dessert the Emperor rose and proposed the following toast:

'I drink to the health of her Majesty the Queen of England, and to that of the Prince who shares her throne, and to that of the Royal Family. In proposing this toast in their presence, on board the French Admiral's ship in the port of Cherbourg, I am happy to show the sentiments we entertain towards them. In fact, facts speak for themselves, and they prove that hostile passions, aided by a few unfortunate incidents, did not succeed in altering either the friendship which exists between the two nations to remain in peace. Therefore I entertain the sincere hope that if attempts were made to stir up old resentments and the passions of another epoch, they would break to pieces upon public common sense, as the waves break upon the breakwater which at this moment protects the squadrons of the two empires against the violence of the sea.'

Prince Albert rose and spoke as follows:—

'Sire,—The Queen desires me to express to your Majesty how sensible she is of the proof of friendship which you have just given her by proposing a

toast in her honor, and by pronouncing words which will always remain dear to her. Your Majesty knows the sentiments of friendship which we entertain towards you, Sire, and towards the press, and I need not remind you of them. You are also aware that the good understanding between our two countries is the constant object of her desires, as it is of yours. The Queen is, therefore, doubly happy at having the opportunity, by her presence here on this occasion, of joining you, Sire, in endeavoring to strengthen as much as possible the bonds of friendship between the two nations. That friendship is the basis of their mutual prosperity, and the blessing of Heaven will not be denied it. The Queen proposes the Health of the Emperor and Empress.'

After dinner their Imperial and Royal Majesties went on deck to witness the fireworks. The band of the Guides played all the time on board the Bretagne.

The Queen took leave of their Majesties about half-past ten. The Emperor in person accompanied her Majesty back to her yacht. At this moment all the vessels were brilliantly illuminated, and a Royal salute from the ships and forts announced the termination of a festival favored by magnificent weather, and which will leave never-to-be-forgotten reminiscences in the minds of those who had the happiness to be present.

The correspondent of the Times says that the Emperor has commenced a pyramid of granite, to be erected at Cherbourg at the head of the dock, to perpetuate the remembrance of Queen Victoria's visit.

It is reported that the Emperor and Empress will pay her Majesty a private friendly visit at Osborne, during the autumn.

The Gazette de France contains the following remarks on Prince Albert's speech:—

We should have been better pleased had Prince Albert announced that the Suez Canal would be commenced, that Perim would be evacuated, and that the English plenipotentiary would unite with France in opposing the intrigues of Austria in the Principality.—When England talks of her friendship, we feel inclined to ask for genuine proofs; the past authorises this want of confidence. Up to the present moment, we have not succeeded in discovering what France has to gain by the friendship of England.

The Paris Correspondent of the Daily News says, that the Emperor has decided that all France shall join in a Te Deum at the moment when he and the Empress are prostrate at the shrine of St. Anne, in Brittany, on the 15th of August. The Imperial commands are promulgated in a circular addressed by the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship to the Archbishops and Bishops. Detailed accounts have not yet been received. More than 100,000 medals are to be struck at the mint to commemorate the pilgrimage.

The introduction of bull-fights into the south of France is denounced in the last annual report of the French Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and the public are called upon to aid in their suppression. The society also reprobates the iniquitous practice of sending worn-out horses to the marshes for the nourishment of leeches.

The French people who dramatise everything, are already preparing for the Boulevard du Crime a drama founded on the Jeddah massacre. The last act will wind up with the marriage of M Emeral and Mad'le Eveillard; M Emeral will receive the appointment of successor to the young lady's murdered father.

LARGE FIRE AT PARIS.—A serious conflagration took place on the 12th ult., at La Villette. It commenced in an extensive sawmill belonging to Messrs Lombard Brothers, one side of which is on the Quai de la Loire, and the other in the Rue d'Allemagne,

and it spread so rapidly that it quickly reached the adjacent buildings and houses. The extent of damage done has not yet been ascertained, but some opinion may be formed of it from the fact that eight warehouses were burned to the ground. Marshal Magnan, the commander-in-chief of the army of Paris, the Archbishop of Paris, and the Prefect of Police, soon arrived at the theatre of the catastrophe. Prince Napoleon came at midnight, and mounting a high pile of wood, he at once formed an opinion which prompted him to give orders to the firemen, and it is said that the measures commanded by him materially contributed to the extinction of the flames in several places. About thirty were more or less hurt, but no loss of life is as yet believed to have taken place. A soldier of the 79th regiment, who assisted the firemen, is missing.

AUSTRALIA AND IRELAND.—With feelings of intense pleasure we publish a report of a large and in every way successful meeting lately held in Australia, having for its object the relief of the afflicted people of Donegal. Honor and a nation's thanks to those faithful Irishmen, and to those worthy men of other nations, Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Australians, who were present, who so nobly responded to the cry for help which has gone forth to wherever the Irish race has found a home. Honor and undying gratitude to the men who proposed and are putting into execution that plan which will afford to the stricken brethren in Ireland, who are now being starved and cleared off their native soil by a club or company of legal robbers, a permanent shelter—some one spot on the face of God's earth where they may be allowed to live, to toil indeed, but then to reap the fruits of their own industry—some spot where no saintly Nixon or improving Hill shall come to claim their crops, to deprive them of their food, to charge them for the very weeds and brambles of the place, to strip them of their clothing and take away from them even the cradles of their little children. Honor to those good men in far Australia, and success to the project of the new, and, in one sense, better Donegal. The historic glories of the old country will not be entirely left behind; they will to some extent accompany the exiles, and be transferred to that new ground beneath the Southern Cross, where future generations of good patriots may yet make noble history, may share in grand events, and give true heroes to their country's cause, while they forget not the dear old land of their fathers, and still cherish in tale and song the names and the fame of O'Neill and O'Donnell. But while we wait the completion of the steps now being taken by our countrymen in Australia, let us read the lesson which their action conveys. Our people have not a government desirous or capable of attending to their wants or rendering them simple justice—why should we not supply the need ourselves? In Australia and in America, where Irish people are freer and Irish property is more secure than it is in this country, societies have been founded for the benefit and protection of Irishmen and Irish interests. Is it not fitting that we establish here on Irish soil a great central organization for the advancement of similar ends, one to which those societies in America, Australia, and England may be affiliated, thus giving breadth and force, and sustenance to its operations? Assuredly it is fitting, and the time is favorable. We have already urged the subject on the attention of the public. Let those who desire to see the idea realised now bestir themselves, let each forward the good work as far as his power goes, and it will be accomplished. [Dublin Nation.]

GENERAL SUMMARY.—This military personage, General Summary, to wit, is often spoken of in the papers. From the latest observations we are prepared to affirm, or autumate that he is going into winter quarters in order to prepare himself for a spring into the same summery place out of which he rushed a few days since, at a most unseasonable time.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

BOYS are like vinegar: when there is much mother in them they are always sharp.

WHEN you have occasion to utter rebuke, let your words be soft, and your arguments hard.

PENCIL says it requires an early start now-a-days for a man to get around his wife.

THE man who plants a birch tree little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

WHEN does a cow become real estate? When she is turned into a field.

THAT government is still the safest that makes treason laughable.

THE treasure of a wife's affection, like the grace of God, is given, not bought.

HE that can please nobody, is not so much to be pitied, as he whom nobody can please.

A BOT's rendition of a proverb—'Spoil the rod and spare the child!'

WHY is a dandy like a piece of venison? He is a bit of a buck.

WHY is an invalid cured by sea-bathing like a confined criminal? Because he is (sea) cured.

PEOPLE who wish to lead peaceful lives should never go to balls—for hops produce great bitterness.

AN Irish writer speaking of a lady's black eyes, says: They were in mourning for the murders they had committed.

A FRIEND complained to a clergyman, of the length of his discourse. 'Yes,' said the preacher, 'but I had not time to make it shorter.'

LIGHT which left a star of the twelfth magnitude when the Israelites left Egypt, has not yet reached the earth.

SOME one remarks, that politicians make fools of themselves; pettifoggers make fools of others; and pretty girls make fools of both.

AN auctioneer, vexed with his audience, said—'I am a mean fellow—mean as dirt—and feel at home in this company.'

MEK are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say. The same is also applicable to women and boys.

AN Irishman being asked on a rainy day what he would take to carry a message from Kensington to the Navy Yard, answered—I'd take a coach.

AN editor in Iowa has become so hollow from depending on the printing business alone for bread, that he proposes to sell himself for stove-pipe at three cents a foot.

A CURIOUS freak of nature has been discovered at Hightstown, N. J., in the shape of a log containing three different kinds of wood—white-oak, maple and hickory—all grown together in the most perfect manner.

NOTHING is so difficult as the apparent ease of a clear and glowing style. Those graces, which, from their presumed facility, encourage all to attempt an imitation of them, are usually the most inimitable.

'I NEVER complained of my condition,' says the Persian poet, Sadi; 'but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot.'

TAKE a company of boys chasing butterflies; put long tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into guineas, and you have a beautiful panorama of the world.

AN Irish post-boy, having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, 'Paddy, are you not very wet?' 'Arrah! I don't care about being very wet, but, please your honor, I'm very dry.'

IN former times, it was a maxim that a young woman should not get married until she had spun herself a set of body and table linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters—an appellation they still retain in England in all deeds and legal proceedings.

THE Munster Bar entertained the Judges, Baron Green and Justice O'Brien, at a sumptuous banquet given in the new saloon of the Victoria Hotel, Cork.

GEN. PIERCE and lady are now in the south of France, on their way to Paris. The distinguished traveller will be the guest of the American minister there, Mr. Mason.

DOWN East there resides a certain M. D. One very cold night he was aroused from his slumber by a loud knocking at the door. After some hesitation, he went to the window and asked, 'Who's there?' 'Friend.'

'What do you want?' 'Want to stay here all night.' 'Stay there, then,' was the benevolent reply.

A good woman is not thoroughly known before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware, until he has placed her in his own mansion, to be the guardian angel of his household happiness.

'How are you count?' said a noted wag to a spruce looking specimen of the genuine snob. 'Sir!' exclaimed the indignant swell, 'who are you, and why do you call me a count?' 'Why, I saw you counting oysters in New York, last week, and I supposed you were of royal blood,' said the wag. Snob vamosed.

A CHERFUL face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think that he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself. Hope and despair are as catching as cutaneous complaints. Always endeavor to feel sun-shiny, especially in a sick room, and look so, too.

IN Chicago, on Friday last, a carpenter named James McGee, was shot dead while at work, by a young law-student named Francis Bush. The murdered man was in the employ of a man who was building a house on a lot adjoining the residence of Bush's father, about which there was a dispute relating to trespass, and young Bush threatened to kill those who committed the trespass. At the time of the murder McGee was standing on a ladder pulling off clapboards according to his employer's orders.

A FRENCHMAN'S PITY.—A group was standing together on one of the wharfs of New York, when a carman's horse backed into the river. The cart was got out, but the horse was drowned; and every one began pitying the poor carman's ill luck. A French merchant, of the name of Jumel, instantly took a ten dollar bill out of his pocket, and holding it up, cried out, 'How much you pity the poor man? I pity him ten dollars. How much you pity him?' By this piece of wit he soon collected seventy dollars, which were put into the poor fellow's hat.

THERE was once a poor preacher, who supplied an equally poor congregation, up somewhere in the woods, under a contract to have so much rye for his year's preaching, if they saw fit to retain him for a year. He was very fearful that he should get the sack prematurely, and did all he knew to fend off that appalling calamity—among other precautions, going round to the leading members of the congregation, to learn how his preaching suited them. 'Brethren,' said he, 'just tell me frankly how you like my doctrine; and, if you don't like it, tell me what doctrine I shall preach to please you—for I must have that rye?'

FEMALE PLUCK.—On one occasion during the revolution, all the able-bodied men in Eastern Massachusetts, had been summoned to Rhode Island, to defend Providence and Newport against an anticipated attack of the enemy. It was planting season, and the year's crop imperilled by their protracted absence. The pastor of the country church riding up to a farmhouse one day, designing to pay a parochial visit, was met at the gate by a sturdy matron, equipped in her husband's frock and boots, with a hat on her head and a whip in her hand. 'Not far off stood the oxen yoked to a plough. 'My good woman,' said the astonished minister, 'what does all this mean?' 'Mean?' she answered, with a stamp of the heel and a crack of the whip. 'Lord North says we shall not plant, but I swear we will.'

JERROLD said to an ardent young gentleman, who burned with a desire to see himself in print, 'Be advised by me; don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window.'

HARTER'S CYCLOPEDIA OF COMMERCE has the following first rate notice of protection:—

'Protection, in commercial legislation, means the protection or bolstering up of certain branches of domestic industry by prohibiting the importation of the produce of such branches from abroad, or loading it, when imported, with heavy duties. This policy was at one time universally prevalent. But its extremely injurious influence having been demonstrated over and over again, it has been abandoned by all intelligent statesmen. And notwithstanding the powerful interests by which it was supported, it has nearly disappeared from our legislation; and it will, no doubt, eventually disappear from the legislation of all countries.'

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.—The Philadelphia Bulletin, in an article on the amateur writers for the Press, who are greatly disgusted when their favors are not published, and who straightway console themselves by questioning the motives of the editors, remarks:—

There is no class of people more frequently sneered at than editors. It is the easiest thing in the world to chat them with being mercenary; to say that such and such an article was paid for; that anybody can have anything praised or abused in a paper, if he will pay for it, and says a wisecrack, every now and then, 'If I had a newspaper here, wouldn't I pitch into this or that, and wouldn't I show the Philadelphians what an independent paper is?' Well, my friend and pitcher, why not establish a paper and 'pitch into' everything and everybody? Nobody can object to your doing so. The papers that are in the habit of pitching into everything are the easiest in the world. It is only well practised and matured editors that possess that wisdom and that true independence which consists in refusing to 'pitch in'; that manliness which can withstand a public clamor, that can scorn personalities, and can treat public questions with the dignity and soberness that can alone secure respect for the press.

We have had frequent illustrations of the mode usually adopted by the gentlemen who know so much better than professional editors how a paper ought to be conducted. They write us articles, every now and then, and think they are doing us a favor. They send them anonymously, as they do not wish to be held responsible to the public, but think editors, being such brainless and soulless wretches, can be responsible for anything. They may have a railroad, or a manufacturing or a financial speculation to promote by the publication of their articles, and because the editor refuses to advertise it gratuitously and help it along by recommending it to the public through his editorial columns, they think he is a poor, mean-spirited creature, totally wanting in independence! There never was an article rejected by an editor, without the writer's declaring that the editor was a miserable wretch, who had no independence, and only wanted to be paid to make him publish anything.

JOHN DEAN.—Mr. Dean is not at all the offensive looking fellow he has been pictured. On the contrary he is a comely, smart, sober, well-dressed man, fit to pass muster anywhere. His hair is black—not red, as the sensationists who pen paragraphs for newspapers state—and were it not for his accent he would pass for an American. Mr. Dean thinks there would not have been so much said about him were it not that he is Irish; but he could not help it if he would, and would not if he could. Mr. Dean went to Williamsburgh in hopes of realizing that privacy for himself and lady, which after the unpleasant bruising of their names, far and wide, they felt to be so desirable; but even in this, it appears, he has thus far been disappointed. At all events, we trust no respectable journal will after this give currency to any offensive statements in relation to the Deans, for really there is no warrant for that kind.

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OUR NEW VOLUME.

Having favorably commenced the second volume of our publication, we seize the occasion for the purpose of tendering thanks to those of our friends who have so generously contributed to our support. To start, and successfully carry on an ordinary newspaper, so that it will, in a reasonable space of time, become remunerative to its proprietors, is a task not easily accomplished, and which consummation does not generally happen in one case out of a hundred. Our enterprise, being of a nature entirely different from that of any other Irish paper heretofore established in this country—requiring a much greater expenditure of capital and artistic talent—caused us serious misgivings, and a constant fear that it would not meet the desires and expectations of our patrons. How far our efforts have been successful, is for them to decide; but we trust that it will not be considered egotistical on our part when we assert that the Miscellany has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of partial friends, and that even those who have been enemies from the start have made suitable acknowledgment of its merit.

Since we have had the control of the Miscellany our way has not been—

'The primrose path of dalliance.'

We have been beset by obstacles innumerable; but having a strong confidence in our ultimate success, we were determined to surmount all barriers, and though we have not, as yet, brought the paper to that pitch of perfection which is our desire, we trust soon to make it as acceptable as is possible to our readers.

In beginning a new volume, we introduce various innovations, tending to the improvement of the paper, in every way that is possible. We shall give each week, an epitome of Irish news—not the hackneyed local quotations which interest only the few, but extracts from the leading journals, which will be gratifying to the many. In this respect, we will not be following in the steps of any of our contemporaries, but, on the contrary, will be striking out a path eminently our own. It will also be our aim to give the best class of wood engravings which can be procured, portraying national subjects, and, as our outlay in this respect will be infinitely larger than that of any Irish journal published in this country, we look for a commensurate return. In short, it is our intention to make the paper meet the requirements of all classes of readers.

As an inducement, therefore, to new subscribers, we offer to each person who will pay one year's subscription in advance, commencing with the first number of the first volume, (not the second, as inadvertently stated in previous numbers,) directly to us or through any of our authorized local or travelling agents, a copy of our first Gift Picture, representing Sarsfield's Surprise of the Seige Train of the Prince of Orange. When completed, each volume of the Miscellany will form a book of four hundred and sixteen (416) pages, and will alone be worth the price of an entire year's subscription. The same inducements are offered to clubs, as to single subscribers.

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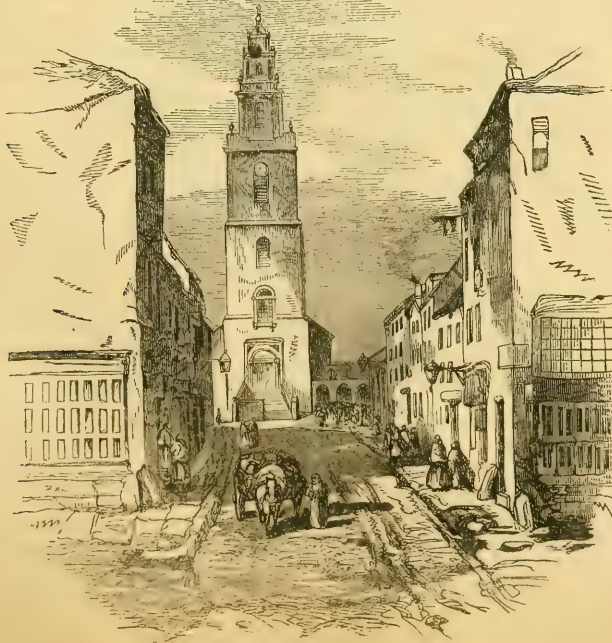
CORK AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

'The sweet city o' Cork,' as the 'natives' denominate it, has from time immemorial been the headquarters of Irishry, or 'rather the principal town in it, for it has for many a day been an English stronghold, and until the sudden growth of Belfast, it was the greatest, if not the only commercial town in Ireland. The name is said to be derived from Corough or Curkey, an Irish word, meaning morass or swamp, as the site was formerly a cluster of marshy islands, often overflowed by the river Lee. Its identity with that of the well known bottle-stopping wood, has furnished materials for a great variety of jokes, some of which Croker has recorded amongst graver matter. One is told of Foote, who, on being asked, at a convivial entertainment given by an Irish nobleman, if he had ever been at Cork, replied, 'No, my Lord, but I have seen a good many drawings of it this

evening;' another of Curran, who apologising to a foppish companion for wearing a shabby coat, on his return in the packet from England to Ireland, said—'I always make it a point to go to sea in a 'Cork jacket.'

In the year 1600, Cork consisted of but one street, like any Irish village of the present day, and was thus described by Camden. 'Enclosed within a circuit of walls in the form of an egg, with the river flowing round about it, and running between, not passable through but by bridges, lying out in length, as it were, in one direct broad street, and the same having a bridge over it!' The river was not made navigable in the south channel till 1670, and about that time, the town, which, till then, was but a receptacle for provisions from the surrounding country, began to improve rapidly. The eastern marshes, on which the best part of Cork now stands, were

drained, and a bowling green and pleasure garden^s established upon them; but these were destroyed by the Earl of Marlborough (afterwards Duke,) in 1690, when besieging the place. The fortifications gradually decayed from this time forward, and were replaced by useful buildings; canals were arched over, the marshy islands united with one another, and the city assumed its present appearance, which fully entitles it to the praises its inhabitants bestow on it. But it was a long while before it became celebrated for its gaiety. Lord Orrery, in writing to Dean Swift in 1736, drew a woful picture of its dullness, a description which would now-a-days, we think, be applicable to no town in Ireland but Derry. 'The butchers,' says he, 'are as greasy, the Quakers as formal, the Presbyterians as holy and as full of the Lord as ever; all things are in statu quo; even the hogs and pigs grunt in the same cadence as



SHANDON STEEPLE, CORK.

of yore, unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dullness of the place; materials for a letter are as hard to be found as money, sense, honesty, or truth.'

To enliven the place a little, a theatre was opened in 1760, by Spronger Barry, and the first night was signalized by a very uncommon occurrence. There had been an execution that morning for robbery, and the body of the culprit after hanging for the usual length of time, was cut down and delivered to his friends. One of the actors, named Glover, having a taste for surgery, and fancying the man was not dead, used means to restore animation, and succeeded. Patrick Redmond, for such was the name of the hapless wight, having indulged rather freely in whiskey on the same evening, in honor of his restoration, went to the theatre, and on seeing Glover, rushed on the stage, to the terror of the audience, and thanked him publicly in the most uproarious manner. Even at this period Cork was famed for its handsome women, who made their appearance in the height of the mode, though London was then at a fortnight's distance, and Paris beyond reach of all persons of moderate expectations. There were assemblies held once a fortnight, and smaller ones weekly, called drums, for admission to which a trifling charge was made, and the company sang, danced, walked, or played cards, without restraint.

No town in Ireland, Dublin alone excepted, will bear comparison with Cork as regards the number of historical reminiscences connected with it. Limerick boasts itself the 'city of the violated treaty'; Derry, the 'maiden city,' as having sustained the ever memorable siege, which Orangemen, in their cups, to this day celebrate with jubilation; but for a real city of broils, and tumults, and wars, and rumors of wars, and changes, and revolutions, give us Cork. It was here that Perkin Warbeck, the personator of the murdered Duke of York, first made his appearance upon the scene; and the first who saluted him king was John Watley, a wealthy Cork citizen, afterwards mayor; and when the impostor had been baffled in England, baffled in Scotland, and baffled in France, hither he returned to recruit his failing fortunes, and hence he hurried to his doom in London. This business caused Cork for the first time to feel the effects of royal displeasure. Henry VII. deprived it of its charter, but soon restored it, however. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Cork was a thriving place, but, strange to say, the citizens all intermarried with one another, for the simple and cogent reason, that the whole of the surrounding country being in possession of the Irish clans, who treated the towns-people as Sassenachs, the latter never dared to show their noses outside the walls, much less go abroad for the purpose of making love. During the great wars of Hugh O'Neill, in Elizabeth's reign, the inhabitants of all creeds, Catholic as well as Protestant, continued faithful to England; but when James I. succeeded to the throne, they became insubordinate and dissatisfied, being unwilling to be ruled by a Scotsman. The Catholic party broke out into open rebellion, and signified their abhorrence of the new dynasty by burning all the bibles and prayer-books they could lay their hands upon. Lord Mountjoy, however, put an end to the tumult on his arrival in May, 1603, and hanged the ringleaders. In the revolution of 1641, Cork adhered to the royal cause, even after it had become desperate; but as soon as Cromwell made his appearance before it, it speedily surrendered, terrified by the 'crowning merries' which that personage declared Providence had bestowed on the republican arms in other quarters. On this occasion, Oliver, probably for the first time in his stern, rigid, and sanctimonious life, was pleased to be facetious. But the joke he perpetrated was grim, severe, and sarcastic, as became the victim of a general of the Commonwealth. He had ordered the church bells to be all taken down and converted

into siege artillery. The clergy remonstrated, as did also the citizens. He simply remarked in reply; 'that since gunpowder was invented by a priest, he thought the best use for the bells would be to make cannons (canns) of them.'

Prince Rupert proclaimed Charles II. at Cork in 1649, but Admiral Blake appearing in the harbor at the head of a large fleet, the inhabitants were overawed, and would have remained quiet, if they had not been excited to resistance by the instigation of Lord Broghill. In 1655, under the parliamentary régime, very severe laws were enacted against the Catholics, none of whom were allowed to reside within the walls. On the 18th of May, 1660, Charles was again proclaimed, eleven days before his restoration in England; and during his reign, Cork made rapid progress in trade and commerce, and the Catholics once more regained the ascendancy in the city. Consequently, when William of Orange landed, it declared for James, and in his interest received a garrison of Irish troops, and his adherents maltreated the Protestants, in which they were countenanced by James himself, when he made his appearance there.

The battle of the Boyne did not discourage the Stuart party, and they still held out, till William sent a large force, under the Duke of Marlborough, to reduce the town. He arrived in the harbor in September, 1690, and the garrison surrendered a week afterwards. The Duke of Grafton, a natural son of Charles II., was killed during the siege, and there were many romantic displays of valor on both sides. One of these is worth recording. The besiegers, having seized the cathedral, posted two files of musketeers in the steeple, for the purpose of galling the garrison of an old fort with their fire. They succeeded so well, that the latter turned two guns against the church, and the steeple soon began to totter. The men in the tower got frightened, and were preparing to go down, in spite of the remonstrances of their officer, Lieutenant Horace Townsend, when he kicked away the ladder by which they had ascended, and thus cut off all means of escape. His gallantry met with its reward, for next day the fort surrendered.

Some slight ebullitions of Jacobite feeling in 1715, and again in 1745, are the only political incidents worthy of notice which have since taken place.

Rich as Cork is in historical reminiscences, in literary and artistic associations, it is probably still richer, if we may be allowed to include the county with the city. Who does not know that it was in the latter that the gentle author of the 'Færie Queen' lived, and loved, and labored, and fled in the night from his burning homestead at Killeolman, with the yells of Tyrone's kerns ringing in his ears; thus paying the penalty of his Saxon origin, and being in no way respected for his poetical abilities, which the clans were but ill prepared to appreciate? His 'View of the State of Ireland,' composed in his retreat at Cork, is a faithful description of the country at that period, and abounds in acute observations, and sound criticisms on the men and manners of the time. Three books, at least, of the 'Færie Queen' were written in the same romantic retreat: here, too, he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, the 'courtier, scholar, soldier,' and one of the warmest of his friends. Raleigh had been commissioned in 1580, in the army that was sent to repress the rebellious Earl of Desmond, who was aided by Spanish and Italian auxiliaries, and, during the summer of 1581, being left in command of the Queen's forces by the Earl of Ormond, lay in the woods about Lisamore, and in the neighborhood of Cork, carrying on a partisan warfare with the insurgents, and occasionally residing at Cork. It was at the close of these troubles that Spenser came to Ireland, having been presented by Elizabeth with three thousand and twenty-eight acres of the lands of the unfortunate Desmond in the county of Cork, but on condition

that he should reside on his property. When Raleigh returned from his American voyage, he, too, took a part in the 'Munster Plantation,' by taking possession, under royal letters patent, of twelve thousand acres of the conquered territory. The house in which he resided, and the garden in which he first planted the potato in Ireland, are still shown to the visitor at Youghal. On his return from the expedition against Spain and Portugal in 1589, he paid a visit to his estates, and saw Spenser in his shady retreat on the pleasant banks of the Mulla. The poet celebrated his friend's return by the poem entitled 'Colin Clout's come Home Again,' the dedication of which he dates from 'his house at Killeolman.'

It was in Cork that Penn, the great William Penn, first became a Quaker. The new society made their appearance there about 1655, and Penn, having attended one of their meetings, was so struck by the homily preached by Thomas Lowe upon the theme, 'There is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world,' that he adopted the broad brims and straight collars on the spot.

He did not escape the persecutions with which all dissenters were visited at that day. He was arrested in 1667, with several others, and carried before the mayor, who, however, knowing his father's influence in England, offered to liberate him, if he gave a bond for his future good behavior. Penn, however, being of opinion that he could behave himself sufficiently well to satisfy the expectations of all reasonable men without any bond at all, sturdily refused, and was therefore committed to gaol. A manly letter addressed to Lord Orrery procured his release, but eighteen of his companions in misfortune were left to languish in confinement. During his imprisonment, John Exham, another Quaker, an enthusiastic disseminator of the new doctrines, and an old soldier of Cromwell's army, walked through the streets, clothed in sackcloth, and with ashes on his head, preaching repentance and amendment of life. The authorities, considering, we presume, that these things were not so necessary as Exham imagined, shut him up also, for a long period, but could not damp his ardor. He lived till 1720, when he was ninety years of age, and whenever he found himself at liberty, persevered in his old course.

A host of other celebrities have in later times made their appearance in Cork. Barry, Butts, Grogan, and Cavanagh Murphy, in the fine arts, and Boyle, the famous Earl of Cork, in science, would alone be sufficient to render the place illustrious. The writers who, in the columns of the Nation, in 1843 and 1844, poured forth so rich a stream of ballad poetry, and shed lustre on the follies of the O'Connellite agitation, received some of their most ardent and gifted recruits from the banks of the Lee. And the city, too, was well beloved by the witty, the humorous, the polished, and well-read Rev. Francis Mahony, author of the 'Prout Papers,' and parish priest of Watergrasshill. This is a little village, in the midst of bogs and brakes, and dells, on the coach-road from Dublin to Cork, and if we mistake not—for it is now a long time since we travelled it—the last stage before the end of the journey. Stages are now done away with; even Bianconi's cars—those capacious vehicles which in the olden time swept the tourist through the south of Ireland, are steadily receding before the mighty railway engine, and Watergrasshill is relapsing into obscurity. It is surrounded by the chosen home of elves, and fairies, and goblins, and ghosts, the classic ground of myth and legend; and here for many a year the good father tended his flock, and amused the world of London by his quaint disquisitions and squibs in the pages of 'Fraser's Magazine.' He belonged to the old school of parish priests; well read in foreign literature, haters of broils, and lovers of jovial companions and good wine. Peace to their ashes! In Father Prout, Cork lost a son who, in all his wan-

derings, looked to her with fondness and regret. The church of Shandon, a very conspicuous object, came in for a large share of his regard. It stands upon the ruins of Old Shandon Castle; and the bell-fry, with its beautiful peal of bells—built on one side, strange to say, of grey stone, and on the other of red—is associated in the mind of every genuine Corkonian with his dearest and tenderest recollections, of his native place. Long ago, when Irishmen were obliged to seek refuge daily in foreign lands from the misery and ruin which reigned in their own, a ballad was composed by some of the exiles, beginning, 'Farewell to thee, Cork, with the sugar-loaf steeples,' full of pathos and beauty, in which Shandon tower received its due meed of honor. Father Prout pays it a tribute no less exquisitely beautiful, in the well-known lines—

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder whie'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a gibe rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke nought like thine.
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy bellry knelling its bold notes tree,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sounds far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling 'old Adrian's Mote' in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
O! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls me to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

With the mention of one other name we shall conclude this notice; but this is a greater one than any—the late Father Mathew, of temperance celebrity—who has worked so great a revolution in the social habits of the Irish people. He was a native of Thomastown, and was educated at Maynooth. He took religious vows as a Capuchin friar, and entered upon his labors at Cork. The frightful consequences resulting from excessive whiskey drinking amongst the peasantry struck him at once, and he formed the noble resolution of devoting his whole life and energies to the extirpation of this pernicious habit. He commenced holding meetings twice a week, in which he detailed to his hearers, in simple but forcible language, how much evil their drinking customs brought upon them, and called upon them to take the total abstinence pledge. This was administered in the shape of a simple vow, dictated by the father himself, after which he added, 'May God give you strength to keep your resolution' at the same time presenting the individual with a medal. His efforts were crowned with an almost marvellous degree of success. His brother, a distiller on an extensive scale, was ruined by the movement, and the worthy friar himself was impoverished by his philanthropic labors. As a tribute to his worth, the government settled on him a pension of £300 a year, but this, we believe, was barely sufficient to pay the premium of an insurance policy which he placed as a security in the hands of his creditors. A monu-

ment was erected in his honor by his fellow-citizens, but we regret to say, that, owing either to poverty or apathy, it has never yet been completed. It stands upon the Charlotte Quay, near the Capuchin church.

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

There were three men and a very handsome girl loading an immense cart of hay. We walked on, and at length this moving hay-stack overtook us. I remember it well, with a black horse in the shafts, and a fine light grey one in the traces. We made very slow progress; for Naesmith would never cease either sketching or stopping us to admire the scenery of nature.

Indeed, our progress was so slow, that up came the great Lothian peasant sitting upon the hay lashing on his team, and whistling his tune. We walked on, side by side, for a while, I think about half a mile, when, all at once, a child began to cry in the middle of the cart-load of hay. I declare I was cheated myself; for, though I was walking alongside of Alexandre, I thought there was a child among the hay; for I cried with a kind of half-smothered breath, that I am sure there never was such a deception practised in this world.

'What is the meaning of this?' said Terry. 'You are smothering a child among your hay.'

The poor fellow, rough and burley as was his outer man, was so much appalled at the idea of taking infant life, that he exclaimed in a half articulate voice: 'I wonder how they could fork a bairn up to me frae the meadow, an' me never ken!' And without taking time to descend to loose his cart-ropes, he cut them through the middle, and turned off his hay, roll after roll, with the utmost expedition; and still the child kept crying almost under his hands and feet. He was even obliged to set his feet on each side of the cart for fear of trampling the poor infant to death. At length, when he had turned the greater part of the hay upon the road, the child fell a crying most bitterly amongst the hay, on which the poor fellow (his name was Sandy Burnet), jumped off the cart in the greatest trepidation. 'Od! I hae thrawn the poor thing ower!' exclaimed he. 'I's warrant it's killed'—and he began to shake out the hay with the greatest caution. I and one of my companions went forward to assist him. 'Stand back! stand back!' cried he. 'Ye'll maybe tramp its life out. I'll look for it myself.' But after he had shaken out the whole of the hay, no child was to be found. I never saw looks of such amazement as Sandy Burnet's then were. He seemed to have lost all comprehension of every thing in this world. I was obliged myself to go on to the brow of the hill and call on some of the haymakers to come and load the cart again.

Mr. Scott and I stripped off our coats, and assisted, and, as we were busy loading the cart, I said to Sandy, seeing him always turn the hay over and over for fear of running the fork through a child, 'What can hae become o' the creature, Sandy?—for you must be sensible that there was a bairn among this hay.'

'The Lord kens, sir,' said Sandy. 'Think ye the lasses are a', safe enough an' to be trusted?' said I.

'For any thing that I ken, sir.'

'Then where could the bairn come frae?'

'The Lord kens, sir. That there was a bairn, or the semblance o' ane, naebody can doubt; but I'm thinking it was a fairy, an' that I'm haunit.'

'Did you ever murder any bairns, Sandy?'

'Oh no! I wadna murder a bairn for the hale world.'

'But were ye ever the cause o' any lasses murdering their bairns?'

'Not that I ken o'.'

'Then where could the bairn come frae?—for you are sensible that there is or was a bairn among your

hay. It is rather a bad looking job, Sandy and I wish you were quit of it.'

'I wish the same, sir. But there can be nae doubt that the creature among the hay was either a fairy or the ghaist of a bairn, for the hay was a' forkit off the swathe in the meadow. An' how could any body fork up a bairn, an' neither him nor me ken?'

We got the cart loaded once more, knitted the ropes firmly, and set out; but we had not proceeded a hundred yards before the child fell a-crying again among the hay with more choking screams than ever. 'Gudeness have a care o' us! Heard ever any leevin the like o' that! I declare the creature's there again!' cried Sandy, and flinging himself from the cart with a summerset, he ran off, and never once looked over his shoulder as long as he was in our sight. We were very sorry to hear afterwards that he fled all the ways into the highlands of Perthshire, where he still lives in a deranged state of mind.

We dined at 'The Hunter's Tryste,' and spent the afternoon in hilarity; but such a night of fun as Monsieur Alexandre made us I never witnessed nor never shall again. The family at the inn consisted of the landlord, his wife, and her daughter, who was the landlord's step-daughter, a very pretty girl, and dressed like a lady; but I am sure that family never spent an afternoon of such astonishment and terror from the day they were united until death parted them—though they may be all living yet, for any thing that I know, for I have never been there since. But Alexandre made people of all ages and sexes speak from every part of the house, from under the beds, from the basin stands, and from the garret, where a dreadful quarrel took place. And then he placed a bottle on the top of the clock, and made a child scream out of it, and declare that the mistress had corked it in there to murder it. The young lady ran, opened the bottle, and looked into it, and then losing all power with amazement, she let it fall from her hand and smashed it to pieces. He made a bee buz round my head and face until I struck at it several times and had nearly felled myself. Then there was a drunken man came to the door, and insisted in a rough, obstreperous manner on being let in to shoot Mr. Hogg; on which the landlord ran to the door and bolted it, and ordered the man to go about his business for there was no room in the house, and there he should not enter on any account. We all heard the voice of the man going round and round the house, grumbling, swearing, and threatening, and all the while Alexandre was just standing with his back to us at the room-door, always holding his hand to his mouth, but nothing else. The people ran to the windows to see the drunken man go by, and Miss Jane ventured to the corner of the house to look after him; but neither drunken man nor any other man was to be seen. At length on calling her in to serve us with some wine and toddy, we heard the drunken man's voice coming in at the top of the chimney. Such a state of amazement as Jane was in I never beheld. 'But ye need nae be feared, gentlemen,' said she, 'for I'll defy him to win down. The door's boltit an' lockit, an' the vent o' the lumb is nae sae wide as that jug.'

However, down he came, and down he came, until his voice actually seemed to be coming out of the grate. Jane ran for it, saying:—

'He is winning down, I believe after a'. He is surely the deil!'

Alexandre went to the chimney, and in his own natural voice ordered the fellow to go about his business, for into our party he should not be admitted, and if he forced himself in he would shoot him through the heart. The voice then went again grumbling and swearing up the chimney. We actually heard him hurling down over the slates, and afterwards his voice dying away in the distance as he vanished into Mr. Trotter's plantations.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.



RUINS ON DEVENISH ISLAND, LOUGH ERNE.

ISLAND OF DEVENISH.

Ireland has had to complain of many things; but of none so much, perhaps, as that Irishmen are so much wanting to themselves and to their country. Their fatherland presents much to interest the inquiring traveller in its varied surface and its 'many-colored life,' in the strongly contrasted lights and shades of its society, and in its cities and cultivated plains, which present beauties of art and nature, that may vie with those of any other country.

The woods and lawns and island-studded lakes present many a charm; but, alas! they remain almost unknown, 'carent quia vate sacro!' England has the philosophic annalsists of her smiling plains and ancient towns: she has the poets of her lawns and rivers. Scotland can exult in her gifted sons, who have made her romantic land known to fame: she may especially, while she laments, exult also in her admirable novelist and poet, who has celebrated and made accessible her picturesque mountains, her beautiful and storied lakes. But a few years since, and the most striking beauties of Scottish scenery were known only to the secluded highlander and wild mountaineer, or to the venturesome traveller, who feared not danger, and disregarded toil.

At length the Northern Minstrel attuned his lyre to sing these beauties, or interweave them with the winning tale, and straightway not only the reader, who could feel the power of his compositions, and could enjoy truly the scenes he drew so well, hastened by sea and land to see, but even the tasteless learned to affect an admiration of the beauties set before them, and the country, till then in a great part accessible only to the pedestrian, was thrown open to the luxurious loungee in the fashionable barouche.

Sir W. Scott may justly have felt pleasure in having produced this effect by his writings; and Scotland may well take pride in her Wizard Minstrel. But who has done—who will do so much for Ireland? Our poets early leave their native land, and with it seem to leave behind them all feeling for, or remembrance of it. He, of whom we boast especially as our poet, has ranged the wide varied climes and kingdoms of the Eastern world in search of subjects for his muse. He has wandered through Egyptian land, and threaded the windings of its wondrous buildings: he has winged his flight heaven-ward, and caught the view of Peris and Angels, and sung their fortunes. But while thus ranging sea and land and earth and heaven, he over-

looked the glories,—or if he will,—the sorrows of his country—he seemed to show the honors that irradiated the ancient name of Ireland, and, if we may judge from this neglect, we may conclude he would gladly forget it. He has indeed written a few songs, but they are such as, a very few excepted, that they had better have remained unsung; nor are songs the kind of verse from which a man would make fame to himself, or honor to his country. And yet Ireland can show him many interesting traditions, as subjects for a poem, and her lakes and hills many attractive scenes to transfer to his verses, and become their ornament.

The island, which furnishes the subject of the drawing, prefixed to this essay, presents, as the drawing shows, some attractive objects for the antiquary, and is itself part of a beautiful portion of Lough Erne scenery. For many years past, our Irish tourists have gone in crowds to visit the lakes of Cumberland, and a Cumberland gentleman familiar with those lakes from his infancy, declared on seeing Lough Erne, that he considered it equal in beauty to any of his own.

The island of Devenish in this lake is not in itself very remarkable for picturesque beauty. Its soil is so very fertile, that it has been asserted, that no manure had been applied to it for many years preceding. A popular writer of the present day, who has published very interesting sketches of India and lively 'remembrances of the Peninsula' (he is not an Irishman) has introduced this island into 'a Story of a life.' Perhaps he will see this publication of ours, and when he finds notice taken of this 'Story,' and a statement in it respecting this island denied, it is hoped he will not be offended. When an Irishman takes up metaphorical cudgels, and his adversary is at a safe distance, it is expected, no uneasiness will arise.

The writer in his wild and interesting Story, in the character of a lady, writes thus—'There is a large and beautiful lake in my dear native land, called Lough Erne. Islands innumerable stud its silvery bosom.' 'One only spot in the whole scene had any aspect of gravity and sadness.' 'This small island, called Devenish, lay not very distant from that part of the main shore, on which stood our pretty mansion. It had a deader, duller and paler look than any of the other islets on the lake. The herbage was thinner and coarser, and more sand was mingled with the soil.'

Now to this description, those who know the island and its real character, will immediately demur. The soil is, as has been already said, remarkably fertile, and

therefore far from deserving such a description. It is true, the description is supposed to be given by a female with her mind much prepossessed by the gloomy tales of a croning old nurse.

But the writer had actually seen the island, had surveyed it in its length and breadth, (which, by the bye, are not very great) had noted its ruined priory,—'the very tall round tower, which reared its grey columnar form, like a monumental pillar.' He has pointed out too as worthy of observation 'the curious old relic among the weeds, a long narrow coffin of stone long without a tenant.' He notices the virtues traditionally ascribed to this relic 'as a prophetic touchstone whereby we may learn our present and future fate, and is for this much boasted by the old peasant-chroniclers: and guided by the legend, they, who dare, it is said, may read of their future weal or woe by lying down in it, as it fits or otherwise, and according to the postures, in which they lie and turn in it, so read they of their doom.'

It is plain, that the writer has seen and examined the island. We may allow a young lady, who perhaps is not much of a farmer, to underrate or misjudge a piece of ground, especially if she happen to have been reared by an old croning nurse, and if—to crown all—she be in love—and that unhappy love. But the writer was not obliged to describe the island so. He could have disposed his materials as he pleased. He could, if he chose, have made the lady a very good farmer, and particularly skilled in the mysteries of the dairy, and then she could consistently have noticed and admired the richness of the soil, notwithstanding the profundity of her love and sorrow.

Perhaps another edition will profit by this hint, and the mistake will be corrected.—Verb: sap.

It is however a venial fault: it is found in a work of fancy, in which the writer may have considered himself privileged to follow the leadings of his own lively imagination. But can we so gently dismiss from our reproof the sober antiquary, the man of line and rule, of note book and pencil, whose boast it is, that 'What Time forgets, he's sure to learn'?

An improved edition—and notwithstanding some faults, an improved edition it was—of Guthrie's geography was published in Dublin about 1780. The enlargements were made chiefly in what concerned Ireland. Now here is his addition respecting this island:

'Nearly two miles below Enniskillen lies the Island

of Devenish : it contains near 200 acres of the richest land in the country, and is remarkable for possessing one of the completest round towers in Ireland. This round tower is built of black stone cut into blocks, which seemed united independent of cement. There is also on this island the ruin of an ancient church, an object generally found to accompany these towers. There are the ruins of three churches, and this, by-the-bye, whether the towers are the accompaniment to the churches, or the churches to the towers, is a question not yet decided. General opinion seems to bear to the opinion, that the towers are the appendage. However that may be, if the writer meant the ruin, the drawing of which accompanies this, the observation was incorrect. The tower was built—we know not when, except that it must have been in a time far remote : and the priory was erected in a time comparatively modern, viz. A. D. 1449. This date appears with other circumstances cut in relief on a stone, which is built into the wall of the priory-tower. The other mistakes in the quoted passage may be best corrected by a plain statement of the actual dimensions of the island, and by a brief detail of what concerns the tower.

The island contains between 70 and 80 Irish acres. Viewed from the water in some points it presents an oval outline in the gently swelling and sloping ground, of that description, which so frequently meets and pleases the traveller's eye in the county Down, and which gave rise to the well-known homely, yet apt comparison of the hills in that county to eggs laid lengthways in a bowl of salt. This is the only beauty the island possesses ; and either from neglect, or from the great value of the land, the island is utterly naked of planting.

The tower is indeed one of the most beautiful—perhaps, the most beautiful in Ireland. Its stone work is complete even to its top-stone—and that—we may say—without any thanks to the proprietor. That stone is now, and has been for some years toppling to its fall.

Some seeds of the elder have been borne to the summit of the tower by the wind ; there they took root and flourished. The effect on the stones has been to displace them very much, and, if some steps be not taken to preserve the interesting structure, it will in a few years be added to the numerous ruins.

The outline of the tower is beautiful. The stones, of which it is built, were accurately cut in the external and internal end to the curve, according to which the tower is constructed. The summit, or cap, is built of accurately cut stones laid on in diminishing series, till it is crowned by a single stone fashioned to a cone. The stones of the structure are cemented with mortar ; but the quantity of cement laid in is so small, that an accurate and close inspection is necessary to discern it. The stones are not black. The author of 'A Story' well and briefly depicts the effects of the weather on their outer surface, when he speaks of the 'grey columnar form,' of the tower. The stones are a light brown sand-stone found in that neighborhood, and most excellently adapted for building : as it can be cut to any scantling, and it hardens with the weather.

The cornice is divided into four parts, and the points of division marked by four carved heads, which look to the cardinal points. Each division is neatly wrought with a carving peculiar to itself. There are several windows, or openings in the tower, four close under the cornice and their places marked by the carved heads ; and others at different distances below them. Within about seven feet from the ground there is an opening evidently intended for a door-way ; it is about four feet high, and has on the inner jamb on the left hand side an iron hinge strongly fastened into the stone. At a small distance above there is a fractured spot indicating the place, where the corresponding hinge had been.

A few years since an attempt was made to ascertain the height of the tower. From observation the height is supposed to be about 90 feet : the circumference at the base is 48 feet.

The ruins of the Priory were even a few years back

much more extensive than they are at present. But Turks are not the only people, who pull down and destroy the interesting remains of the old time. The lads of the neighboring town, if report speaks truth, have shown much activity in clearing away walls and fallen masses, that in their judgement perhaps encumbered the ground. Old Time has been to them a mere child in the work of devastation.

THE STATEN ISLAND MOB.—The New York papers of last week contain long accounts of the destruction of the quarantine buildings on Staten Island, and the consequent loss of life. The riot undoubtedly grew out of the determination to get rid of the quarantine buildings in the locality where they were placed, at whatever cost, from the belief that there was danger to the inhabitants from the vicinity of hospitals for the cure of infectious diseases. If this was the case, there is far more cause of alarm now than prior to the destruction of the buildings, as many persons prudently detained in quarantine, because coming from places seriously afflicted by the pestilence, are let loose in the community. As usually happens, the mob has overreached itself. The New York press are unanimous in condemning this lawless outbreak. The New York Commercial remarks:—

'During the past two nights events have occurred within sight of this great city of commerce and wealth, which may well create alarm in the breast of every citizen who has any property at stake and any interest in the supremacy of law and constitutionally defined government. The same practical disregard of law and contempt of order which, under the cloak of superior admiration of law and order, overthrew the government of San Francisco and New Orleans, has in a neighboring county defied the law of the state, openly destroyed its property and that of private citizens, and perilled the lives of women and children and the sick and dying, under a similar cloak, and to the popular cry of 'abating a nuisance.' Private citizens, without a shadow of authority from any source whatever, have done this, trusting that the popular sentiment will screen them from the consequences of their crime as it has done on a former occasion; and if the security from punishment has produced such fruit, what will be the effect hereafter if the perpetrators of this outrage again escape unrewarded?'

ON THE CLIMATE OF IRELAND.—It is a well known fact that the variation of climate is not entirely owing to the distance at which a country is situated from the Equinoctial line; for had such been the case, places lying at a considerable distance from it could not be hotter than others which are some degrees nearer.

To account for the great difference of our climate, we must suppose Ireland to be a vast mountain, the apex of which runs in a winding direction nearly across the entire island; leaving (or nearly so) the province of Leinster and Connaught on the south side, and that of Ulster on the north. Though the largest mountains, when compared to the size of the globe, are but mere hillocks, yet it is evident that the side facing the sun must be hotter, and consequently more fertile than the opposite one; for the mountain, along with shading its south side from the nipping blast, withholds the sun's rays from falling upon that of the north. In order to make this better understood, let the reader divide eight equally, then take one from one of the quotients, and add it to the other, and he will have five in one of them, and only three in the other, which is, perhaps, less than the difference produced by the mountain on its sides.

What I have now stated is but mere conjecture, as I never had the opportunity of laying a foot on any of the above named provinces, yet, perhaps, the course of our large rivers is sufficient for the bold remark.

He that hinders not a mischief when it is in his power, is guilty of it.

MY GENTLE ISABEL.

From Richard the Second, in Prison, to his Queen Isabella, in France.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Air—'Gramachree.'

They told me thou wert changed, and smiled
On others more than me,
And haply I had been beguiled
To think that such might be,—
But that a voice within my breast
Did plead thy cause so well,
As put to silence all the rest,
My gentle Isabel.

It told me spirits chaste as thine
Were chary of their love,—
Too delicate, too purely fine,
Like common minds to rove;
And therefore 'tis I love thee so,
As words but poorly tell;
Ah! who like me thy heart can know,
My gentle Isabel.

Then let them tell me what they will,
I'll never more believe:
As fragrant flowers their balm distil,
So memory shall leave
So rich and sweet account of thee
As will forever dwell,
When thou art far away from me,
My gentle Isabel.

CAUTIONS IN VISITING SICK ROOMS.—Never venture into a sick room if you are in a violent perspiration, (if circumstances require your continuance there) for the moment your body becomes cold, it is in a state likely to absorb the infection, and give you the disease. Nor visit a sick person, (especially if the complaint be of a contagious nature) with an empty stomach; as this disposes the system more readily to receive the contagion. In attending a sick person place yourself where the air passes from the door or window to the bed of the diseased, not betwixt the diseased person and any fire that is in the room, as the heat of the fire will draw the infectious vapor in that direction, and you would run much danger from breathing it in.

BISHOP LYNN.—A few days since the Bishop of Charleston reached this city, on his return from Cincinnati, having under his protection six Ursuline Nuns, who are to be located in his diocese, at Columbia, the capital of South Carolina. During their brief stay amongst us, the Ursulines were hospitably entertained by the Carmelite Nuns, in their convent. The Bishop preached last Sunday in the Cathedral to an attentive audience. On Monday the whole party took passage for Charleston by the Bay route. We are glad to add that they were all in the enjoyment of excellent health. [Catholic Mirror, Baltimore.]

ARRIVAL OF THE GALWAY STEAMER.—Irish steamship Propeller, Captain Thacher, from Galway 21st ult., via St. Johns, N. F., 30th, arrived at this port Friday afternoon. She brings a small amount of merchandise and thirty-eight passengers. This is the first steamer of the new Galway line that has touched at this port.

The Rev. Eleazer Williams, who has lately claimed to be 'The Dauphin,' died at Hogsburg, Franklin County, New York, on the 28th ult. A writer in the Journal of Commerce, who visited the home of the deceased, thinks there is no doubt that he suffered at last from the want of attention and the necessities of life.

MADAME LE VERT, of Mobile, is at present sojourning with her family at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Derby & Jackson are about publishing a new volume of her *Souvenirs of Travel*, with a portrait.

A Brussels paper says: "Dr. Andre Schleiermacher, one of the greatest scientific notabilities of Germany, died suddenly at Darmstadt, on the 11th inst."

THE PHYSICIAN'S LAST VISIT.—I raised the muffled sapper and knocked gently at the hall-door, which was soon opened by a young female, who, in answer to my inquiries, informed me that Mrs. Somerville had not left her daughter's apartment since my last visit. I then passed quickly across the hall, and, having ascended the stair-case, which I had so often trod in hopeless anxiety, reached the door of the poor invalid's chamber. Here I hesitated awhile; as my mind's stiffness interrupted at intervals by a short convulsive sob, pervaded all. After a few moments of gloomy reflection on the scene which I was about to witness, I entered softly, and having advanced to the foot of the bed, cautiously drew aside the curtain which obscured the fading brilliancy of those eyes that were fast closing in eternity. Never, never can I forget the picture of intense anguish which was then placed before me; as the distracted mother firmly grasped the cold and clammy hand of her dying child; who, in return gazed on her afflicted parent with that serenity and calmness of countenance, which so forcibly characterizes the dying Christian. Alas! what a contrast thought I, was then before me. The one deeply lamenting the premature departure of an earthly comfort, and the other looking forward with a mixture of joy and meekness, to the blisses of an everlasting world.

Soon was this wonderful scene interrupted by my appearance; as Mrs. Somerville, on seeing me rose from the bed-side and advanced towards me.

'I fear, Doctor,' said she, in a low stifled tone of voice, 'all is over with my poor child!'

'Yes, ma'am,' I replied, 'the termination of her protracted sufferings is fast approaching.'

'Well, then,' said she, with an apparent degree of firmness, 'God's will be done.'

Wishing to terminate this painful interview, I turned to my poor patient, who appeared to have been perfectly sensible of what had passed. She gazed uninterruptedly on her despairing parent. The big drop of compassion stood on her pallid cheek—she attempted to speak but grief choked articulation. After a short pause I raised her meagre hand, which had been engaged picking the blanket and other portions of the bed clothes. I felt for the pulse—it was scarcely perceptible, having dwindled away into a waxy, intermittent thrill. A cold, clammy perspiration bedewed her emaciated face—a frequent forerunner of death.

'Well, Miss Somerville,' said I, 'how do you feel to-day?'

'Rather easy, Doctor,' she answered, in a faint tremulous tone, 'I feel no pain whatever, but, there is a great weight on my chest, and a chill which I never felt before. It is I think,' she continued after a short pause, as if to take breath, 'the hand of death.'

Here she was suddenly interrupted by an agonizing burst of grief from her distracted mother, who, at the same time, fell on her knees, and raising her hands firmly clasped, to heaven, 'oh God! oh God!' she exclaimed, 'save, save my child, and do not leave me comfortless in my old age.'

She now sunk against the bed and sobbed heavily. I tried to comfort her, but to no purpose, as she appeared quite unconscious of anything I said. On turning my attention to the poor invalid, I observed remarkable anxiety and suffering portrayed in her sinking features. Her glazed eyes remained riveted on the dearest object of her affections; and every sob appeared to sink as a dagger to her own fluttering heart. A death-like pause ensued for a few moments, when the distracted parent was roused by the endearing call of 'mother,' from the lips of her dying child. She rose quickly, and rushed towards her daughter, who held out her hand as if to cheer her sinking spirits.

'Mother, dearest mother,' said she, 'do not embitter my last moments with your affliction; why should you lament my departure—shall we not meet in a happier—' Here her voice suddenly failed—her eyes remained steadily fixed—and after a few moments a violent convulsion seized her shattered frame—intense suffering was depicted in her distorted features—all became tranquil again—a placid smile supervened, and the hand of death was upon her.

PADDY WELSH, FISHERMAN OF THE SUCK.

Paddy Welsh was a roving blade—peculiar in everything—in habits, in temper, in thought, in appearance, in expression, but especially in gait—one of the class known only to those well acquainted with the peasantry of this country—thoroughly and peculiarly Irish. By trade—oh, Paddy had no trade—he was not a tradesman, if by that term is meant a sober mechanic, following his special calling from week's end to week's end—Sundays, holidays, whole Mondays, and half Saturdays excepted, in pulling wax-and, thickening hats, or stitching frieze, turning hacks and pears, or in building walls, plaining planks, hoopng clams, or shoeing horses. No, he could, it is true, perform each and all of these feats at a pinch just as well as many, and better than some of those that served their time to the trade; but he had no genius for such common, continuous, every-day avocations. Neither was he an agriculturist; he held land, it is undeniable, and had a snug house upon it, built by his own two hands, but that was for the wife and children, and the farm was generally tilled by 'the woman of the house,' 'the little boy,' and an occasional hired servant, with a lift now and then from a neighbor or two at the sowing and digging of the potatoes. Neither was he a trader or a dealer, at least as a legitimate calling. Sometimes when pigs were 'looking up,' he jobbed upon a few shillings from market to market, and may be turned a pound into a 30 shilling note thereby; but pig-jobber he was not.

If Pauden Brannagh (Anglice, Patrick Welsh) had any special calling more than another, he was a hackler, as was his father before him, from whom he inherited (all the poor man had to leave) the best tempered pair of hackles in the country. With these Paddy, in his younger days, when flax was much grown in Connaught, and before he became an adept at another line of life, might be seen traversing the country, his little hackle-boxes, resembling creepy stools, slung across his shoulders, one hanging behind and another before.

Though Paddy was not a tradesman, nor a laborer, nor a dealer, nor any great scholar either, he was an artist—a thing, by the way, he never heard of. He knew nothing of the 'holiness of art,' nor the purifying effects of art, nor the religious influence of art, nor medieval ages and illuminated missals—the likes were never heard of in Connaught in those days. There was no definition of such in the old whitey-brown papered Tommy and Harry-illustrated, rough-cast-covered Universal Spelling Book, nor in 'The Genteel-writer and Young Gentleman's True Principles of Politeness,' sewed up into the back of it. Where would he hear of it? His special trade of hackling he had by hereditary descent from his father; his readings were confined to 'Raymond the Fox,' 'The Irish Rogues and Rapparees,' 'Moll Flanders,' 'The History of Freney the Robber,' and 'The Battle of Aughrim,'—the latter a play of some merit, and not only much read, and frequently committed to memory, by the more intelligent of the peasantry, but also at times enacted in barns and unoccupied houses in the small towns and villages. He was an artist, nevertheless—a fisherman—the best we ever met, and that is a great saying. For knowing where to find trout, when and how to get them, what to rise them with, and how to play and kill them, we never met his equal. He had other accomplishments to be sure; he was a good shot, and could creep upon a flock of grey plover, driving an old cow or a horse before him to screen him from the wary birds, with any other man in the barony. He wasn't a bad fiddler either, particularly at a rousin' tune—'Mol in the Wad,' 'Rattle the Haap,' 'The Grinder,' or any of the classic, but now almost forgotten airs of Connaught. He could feed, and clip, and spur, and 'hand' a cock with any man that ever stood in the pit of an Easter Monday. There wasn't a pile nor a stag

in the three parishes, but he knew its whole seed, breed, parentage and education. Baring Pat Magroovy, he was the greatest authority on such matters from 'the Barreny' to Slieve Bawn, and no main was ever fought without his presence; but latterly he didn't like to have the subject evened to him, by reason of a false accusation made against him by an enemy, some years before, of having stolen out of the county Sligo, a game chicken that had been hatched in a scald-crow's nest.

Among the many popular superstitions attendant upon the breeding and rearing of game fowl, it was believed that if an egg was extracted from a hawk's or raven's, or a hooded crow's nest, and a game egg placed therein, that nothing could beat the bird so reared—that it always partook of the carnivorous propensity and indomitable courage of its nurse and the family with which it had been brought up.

Like St. Patrick's aunt, Mither Welsh understood distillin', though he seldom undertook the office of illicit distiller; but whenever anything went wrong with the ordinary manufacturer, when the burnt beer had too great a tack, or the wash rose into the still-head, or ran through the worm, he knew what to do with it, and could keep it down with a dead chicken, or something worse—and he was famed for making the best burgeois, or luteing, to keep in the liquor in an old leaky still, of any other person in the seven parishes; but we repeat, he was not by trade a distiller.

Paddy was great at a wake, where his arrival was hailed as would be that of Strauss or Lanner in a folks-hall at the Sperril or Goldenen Pien at Vienna, for nobody knew the humors of that festival beyond Pauden Brannagh. He could tell them how to slap, and play forfeits, and shuffle the brogue, and rehearse 'the waits'; or he could sing the 'Black Stripper,' and 'Nell Flaherty's Drake,' or repeat a rhan beyond compare. 'The young, and those unconcerned in the mournful spectacle, welcomed him with loud applause; even those in grief would smile through their tears, and the nearest relative of the deceased would exclaim:—

'Oh, thin, musha Paddy, you summahawn, bad cess to you, is it here you're coming with your tricks, and we in grief and sorrow this night?'

'Hould your whist, shore ma chree, sure it's for that I stept over, just to keep ye from thinking, and to anose the colleens. Never mind till you see how I'll press the garlands, and curl the paper for you coming on morning.' For this was one of Pat's accomplishments. He could assist the women to lay out the corpse; but in case of the death of a young unmarried person, he could peel, and dress with cut paper, the sally wands to be carried at the funeral, and could shape the white-paper gloves which were to hang on the hoops—the principal decoration of the garland that was to be placed in the middle of the grave. Full of fun and frolic as he was, he was always doing a good turn, and everybody said—'There is no harm in life in him.'

Paddy stood five feet nothing in his stocking-feet, no, not that either—in his barefoot; first, because he never had feet to his stockings, and secondly, because, if he put both feet to the ground, he would be nearly six inches lower than the standard we have assigned to him; for, owing to some natural defect, his left leg was by so much shorter than his right. To commence with his lower extremities, which were the most remarkable feature about him, we must inform our readers that he wore neither brogues, pumps, shoes, galouches nor boots, neither Hessian's, tops, nor Wellingtons; but a pair of short laced buskins, made by a brogue-maker, which caused all the difference to the wearer in the matter of economy.

He was vain,—who is not?—and consequently never attempted the knees and long stockings, but clad his nether man in corduroys, or borrogue, a sort of coarse, home-made twilled linen, formed of

tow-yarn. His only other garment—at least the only other one which we could discover that he wore for many years—was an old whitish, drab-colored, double-caped greatcoat, the long skirts of which, first rolled into a sort of twisted rope, were then tucked up below the small of his back, where they formed a sort of male bustle, which with his fiddle stuck under it, and the acquired set of an eager and habitual fisherman, gave him an extraordinary angular appearance. A sharp, shrewd countenance, prominent nose and cheek-bones—small, keen grey eyes, expressive of naturally great, as well as long-practised observation—a face which would have exhibited as many freckles as a turkey's egg, but that it was, particularly in summer time, too much tanned and sunburnt to let them be seen, exhibited at once hardihood and cunning. The peculiar chestnut hue of his face—the result of constant exposure to wind and sun—descended, like a gorget, to about the middle of his chest, over a remarkably prominent throat, in which, if Paddy inherited his peculiarity of a remarkably projecting larynx from mother Eve, more than one half of the apple must have stuck in her throat. Whiskers he had none, but scanty beard, and scarcely a vestige of eyebrow. To make up, however, for the want of hair upon this portion of his face, he possessed a peculiar power over the part whereon it should have grown; for he could elevate it, particularly toward the outward side, half-way up his forehead and temples, and again depress it so as almost completely to obscure his eye. Although his face was thus devoid of hair, he possessed a plentiful head of tow-like wool, of a yellow, sandy color, which was generally surmounted by an old glazed hat, rather battered in the sides, and invariably encircled, during the fishing season, with casting-lines and trout flies. Oh! what a business it was for some of the young tyros to engage Paddy in conversation about the effects of the last flood, or whether there was too much rain overhead, or how long the dry weather would last, or when the green-drake would be out, or to get him to tell the story of the oter that seized the trout he was playing under the bridge of Balloughoyague, while the others, creeping carefully round, examined what hackles and foxes, or fiery browns and hares' ears, he had last been fishing with. The genteel part of Paddy was his hand. No lady of gentle blood, or pure aristocratic descent, ever possessed a more delicate finger or a finer touch. Signs on him, he was the boy that could mount a Limerick hook on a stout bristle, and mix the color, strip a hackle, or divide a wing with e'er an angler in Connaught. The real wonder about Paddy was his extraordinary powers of progression. Although a baccough, no one could beat him "at the long run" on the road; and as to crossing a country, we could never tell how he got over the fences, or passed the drains, but he was always as soon as his companions.

Some folks accused Paddy of being a poacher, but this we stoutly deny. He would go any distance to destroy a net, or inform upon the owner of one; but wherever manual dexterity or adroitness were called in question, he had no qualms as to the means employed. Thus, if Paddy was sauntering by the river of a hot, bright, calm summer's day, when no trout in its senses would rise, and that he saw a good lump of a fish standing, or balancing itself in a still pool, or lying in the shade of a weed or rock, he at once set off after a neighboring cow, which he soon inveigled into a ditch, or pinned in a corner, that he might pull a lock of hair from her tail, with which, fastened upon the end of a long switch, he soon formed a snare, slipped it adroitly over the gills of the unsuspecting fish, and in an instant lifted it out of its native element; or, if that was not attainable, he would walk into the stream, even to his middle, in the hope of tickling the trout under a stone.

Paddy's residence was on the banks of the Suck, in the gentle fords and long deep retches of which, between Ballymoe and Castlecoote, through the deep alluvial pastures of Roscommon, he plied his skilful angle between spring and summer, and in winter he shot great quantities of duck, teal, and widgeon. His house was approached by a deep narrow boren, generally so wet and muddy that one had to walk on the top of the ditch on either side more frequently, than traverse the gully beneath. The mansion being placed on the side of a hill, required but three walls, the back being dug out of the bank. This, however, made but little difference in the material, for the remaining walls were formed of tempered yellow clay, generally called daub, mixed with chopped straw. It was comfortably thatched, and the ridge fastened down with a sort of backbone, about four inches thick and a foot broad, of the same material as the walls. Out of this rose the wicker framework of the chimney, well plastered, both within and without. Upon the hip of the roof, to the right of the doorway, grew a luxuriant plant of house-leek, to preserve the house from fire, and the inmates from sore eyes. Upon the threshold was nailed an ass's shoe, to keep off the fairies, and preserve the milk; and on the lintel was cut a double triangle, like what the freemasons have adopted for one of their mystic signs, in order to guard the children from the evil eye; for Paddy adhered with great pertinacity to the customs of the good old times.

Having crossed the causeway which led over the sink or dung-pit which stood in front, and entered the cabin, the visitor would find a much neater and more comfortable residence than outward appearance would lead him to expect. Out of the back wall was dug a small shallow excavation, crossed by shelves, which served for a dresser, in which some white-staved noggins, and divers jugs, bottles, and pieces of old-fashioned crockery were displayed. To the right of the door was the domicile of the pig, with above it the roost, and a couple of odd-looking mat-work bags, with apertures in the sides for the hens to lay in. The wailing couples and rafters of the roof were of a tarnished jet, from long exposure to the turf smoke, setting off to advantage the wheaten straw crosses of St. Bridget stuck here and there throughout it.

'St. Bridget's cross hung over door,
Which did the house from fire secure.'

Around the bed, which was a fixture, was hung from the roof a thick straw matting, with a small aperture in it to gain access to the interior, over which hung a phial of holy water, and a bit of blessed palm. This was Paddy's own couch, and within it was hung his gun, and the most valuable of his fishing gear. The room, which was separated by the chimney and a low partition from the rest of the house, we need not enter, for all was darkness there. Throughout the small, but snug dwelling, were to be seen various articles expressive of the owner's more especial calling—rods, landing-nets, fish-baskets, and night lines stowed carefully away in the roof.

Besides the 'man of the house,' the inmates consisted of, first, his wife, a tall, dark, strapping, 'two-haired' woman, pushing for forty, or, as some said, upon the wrong side of it; but having become a mother at eighteen, she showed the wear and tear of married life more, and took less pains to conceal it than many a spinster of fifty. It was looked upon as an event fraught with benefit to the human race, and to their immediate neighborhood in particular, when Paddy carried off his bride; for Peggy was a Welsh too.

The result of this marriage was a son and a daughter, the former of whom, partaking of the dark complexion, and tall, slight figure of the mother, was now a handsome youth, just stretch-

ing into manhood; the latter, who took after the father, was a year younger than her brother. As Paddy was not much at home, but lived chiefly by the river side, or among the houses of the neighboring gentry, his son Michael, or Michaelen, as he used to be called when a boy, generally looked after the affairs of the little farm, but occasionally accompanied the father upon his piscatorial excursions, particularly when the May-fly was out in early summer, and Paddy required an assistant at the cross-line. The boy was of rather a romantic turn, quiet, taciturn and thoughtful—much given to fairy lore, of which both father and mother possessed not only a plentiful stock, but peculiar powers of narration. There was not a rath nor forth in the whole country side but Michael knew the legend of it. He believed in the good people, and the leprechauns, and pookas, and banshees, and thivishes or fetches, with as unwavering a faith as he did in Father Crump's power to turn a man's hair grey, or twist his head on his shoulders, or old Friar Geoghegan's ability to wallop the devil out of a madman with a blackthorn. Then he knew the history of Ballintober Castle, and the story of the Well of Oran, and how, if a man lifted the sacred stone which stands beside it, all Ireland would be 'drowned' in no time.

His father, though no great scholar himself, determined to have learning for his child; and many a half-crown, which Paddy got for a bodough trout at some of the neighboring houses, went to Tim Dunlavy for a quarter's schooling for the little boy, who could soon not only read and write tolerably well, but had gone through the 'coorse o' Voster' as far as 'Tret and Tare'; and there is no knowing to what pitch of learning he might have arrived, nor for what sacred office he might have been prepared, had his mother had her will, and his father been more agriculturally inclined; but, as neither of these benign influences beamed upon him, he was soon obliged to relinquish such pursuits for the more profitable ones of setting potatoes and footing turf. Still his literary predilections remained, and these he indulged whenever he had an opportunity. It was one of the great inducements to young Welsh to accompany his father a-fishing, that during the dull hours of the day, from twelve till two, when 'the rise' had gone off the trout, and Paddy was taking a smoke, or lying asleep on the grass till a 'curl' would come on the calm waters, that he could learn off the 'Battle of Aughrim, or the Fall of St. Ruth,' or the 'Battle of Ventry Harbor,' out of one of his father's fly-books.

Young Michael was an object of special respect among the people, from the circumstances of his descent and birthright. A Welsh by both father and mother was not to be found everywhere, and of this the boy was rather proud; and when even yet a child, never winced under the operation of having his thumb bound tightly with a woollen thread, and the point pricked with a needle, to extract the blood with which the afflicted person was 'touched.'

What between the produce of the little farm, Peggy's industry, and the matter of eggs and chickens, and Paddy's earnings, which, though very irregular, were often considerable, the family were well enough to live, and might, people said, have made more of themselves if all that was told of Paddy's doings was truth. It was said he had found a crock of gold in one of the towers of the old bawn of Ballintober, which was not more than a mile and a half distant from his cabin, and where Paddy and his son were often seen in the twilight, looking, they said, for moths and wall-flies among the old ivy, or bats and starlings to manufacture fishing materials; at least, so they said, but the people thought otherwise. We often endeavored to worm the story out of the cunning angler; but, drunk or sober, he was always on his guard, and generally passed it off with a joke, or—

'Sure, Master Willie, you don't give into the likes,



PADDY WELSH, THE FISHERMAN OF THE SUCK.

'tis only oold women's talk. It's myself that would be glad to own to it if I got the goold, and not be slaying myself, summer and winter, by the river's brink, as I am.'

'Yes; but Paddy, they say you made the attempt, at all events. Cannot you tell us what happened to you?'

'Oh, then, it's only all gollymoschought. But that's mighty parlmitint—parlmitint, used in contradistinction to potteen, or illicit whiskey—your honor has in the little flask; 'tis a pity it doesn't hould more, and the devil a tail we are rising to keep up our spirits.'

'Come, now, Paddy, since you know very well it will be quite too bright and dull these two hours to stir even a roach, let alone a trout—don't you perceive there isn't a cloud in the sky, and I can see the bottom as plain as my hand; look, even the cows have left off feeding, and are standing in the ford switching their tails to keep off the clags; just stick the rods, and lie on your face in the grass there, and tell me all about the night you went to look after the money in the old bawne. Do, and you'll see I'll squeeze another mouthful out of the cruiskeen.'

'Well, but you're mighty cute and disquisitive after oold stories and pishogues. I suppose I may as well be after telling it to you while the breeze is getting up; but keep an eye to the river, awcarneen, and try could you see e'er a rise; and be sure you don't miss a gray coughlin or a merrow, if e'er a one flies past you; we'll want them coming on evening. But don't be tellin' on me, nor let on at the big house that I told you the likes at. Sure the mistress 'ud never forgive me for putting such things in your head; and maybe it's Father Crump she'd be after repeatin' it to the next Sunday he dines in Dundearmot; and if she did, troh I wouldn't face him for a month of Sundays. Maybe it's to St. Ball or to St. John's Well, he'd send me for my night walkin'.'

'Oh, never fear, I'll keep your secret.'

'Well, then, avourneen, to make a long story short, I dhramed one night that I was walking about in the bawne, when I looked into the old tower that's in the left hand corner, after you pass the gate, and there I

saw, sure enough, a little crock, about the bigness of the bottom of a pitcher, and it full of all kinds of money, goold, silver and brass. When I woke next morning, I said nothin' about it, but in a few nights after I had the same dhrame over agin, only I thought I was lookin' down from the top of the tower, and that all the flures were taken away. Peggy knew be me that I had a dhrame, for I wasn't quite aseey in myself; so I ups and tells her the whole of it, when the childer had gone out. 'Well, Paddy,' says she, 'who knows but it would come thrue, and be the making of us yet; but you must wait till the dhrame comes afore you the third time, and then, sure, it can do no harm to try, anyways.' It wasn't long till I had the third dhrame, and as the moon was in the last quarter, and the nights mighty dark, Peggy put down the grisset, and made a lock of candles; and so, throwin' the loy over my shoulder and giving Michaelen the shovel, we set out about twelve o'clock, and when we got to the castle, it was as dark that you wouldn't see your hand before you; and there wasn't a stir in the oold place, barrin' the owls that wor snorin' in the chimley. To work we went just in the middle of the flure, and cleared away the stones and the rubbish, for nearly the course of an hour, with the candles stuck in patatics, resting on some of the big stones a wan side of us. Of coorse, sorra word we said all the while, but dug and shovelled away as hard as hatters, and a mighty tough job it was to lift the flure of the same buildin'. Well, at last the loy struck on a big flag, and my heart riz within me, for I often heard tell that the crock was always covered with a flag, and so I pulled away for the bare life, and at last I got it cleared, and was just lifting the edge of it, when—was that a trout I heard lep there abroad?'

'No, Paddy, you know very well it wasn't. Go on with your story. Didn't you see a big goat with four horns and terrible red eyes, sitting on the flag, and guarding the goold. Now tell the truth.'

'Oh, what's the use in tellin' you anything about it; sure, I know by your eye, you don't believe a word I am sayin'. The dickens a goat was sitting on the flag; but when both of us were trying to lift the stone, my

foot slipped, and the clay and rubbish began to give way under us. 'Lord betune us and harm,' says the gossoon; and then, in the clapping of your hand, there was a wonderful wind rushed in through the dureway, and quinched the lights, and pitched us both down into the hole; and of all the noises you ever heard, it was about us in a minute. M'anam san Deowl! but I thought it was all over with us, and sorra wan of me ever thought of as much as crossin' myself; but I made out as fast as I could, and the gossoon after me, and we never stopped running 'till we stumbled over the wall of the big intrance, and it was well we didn't go clane into the moat. Troh, you wouldn't give three haypence for me when I was standin' in the road, the bonchal itself was stouter—with the wakeness that came over me. Och, millia murder! I wasn't the same man for many a long day; but that was nawthin' to the turmintin' I got from every body about findin' the goold, for the shovel that we left after us was dishecovered, and there used to be daelers and gindlemin from Dublin—antitrarians, I think they call them—comin' to the house continually, and axin' Peggy for some of the coins we found in the oold castle.

'There now, you have the whole of it—wet the lendin'-net agin, and run after that beautiful green-drake that's just gone over us, while I see whether there is anything left in the bottle.'

The popular opinions with respect to hidden treasures are, that they are generally under the guardianship of spirits, who assume various hideous shapes to affright mortals who seek to discover them. Sometimes the good people interfere, and some of their special favorites are, under their guidance and permission, enabled to obtain possession of the hidden gold; but it is strictly imposed upon those to whom the secret is revealed, either in the form of a dream or as a direct revelation, that they must seek the treasure at a particular time, not utter a word during the search, and keep the secret of its discovery for seven years after. Several of the great lake serpents and water-cows of our Irish Fairy Mythology are supposed to guard treasures; in some instances black cats are similarly employed.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858

DIFFUSION OF USEFUL IGNORANCE.

In a recent article we ventured the remark that the new Cable may deserve the name of the latest invention of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Ignorance. We wish now to explain the meaning of the foregoing sentence. It means simply that news from abroad will be more scanty and less reliable. It means also, that such political news as we may get, will be made to order for the American market at the Foreign News Manufactory—an interesting institution which we shall briefly describe in the course of this article, or in a subsequent one.

The ruling spirit of the age is the spirit of Industry, Trade and Commerce. Its emblem, Great Seal, and idol is,—Gold. It has but one commandment, viz.—Buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market. We fear that too many add a second commandment, in a sly, secret way. It is,—Cheat every one but yourself, and keep this side of the State Prison walls.

Now it is plain that the commercial world will be served, as a general rule, firstly, secondly and lastly, by the earth-embracing cable. It cannot be otherwise, while our type of civilization continues to be the industrial type. It is also clear that the news forwarded by telegraph, concerning the rates of money, prices of cotton, and of all greatly marketable goods, will be almost always reliable. Of course, an enterprising merchant here who may have a faithful and far-seeing agent abroad, may receive a despatch some hours in advance of his rivals, and the trifling difference in time may be worth to him thousands of dollars, either by refusing to purchase goods for which there is no present market, or by buying goods for which there may be a sudden demand.

It is also true, that some roguish speculator may occasionally contrive to enrich himself at the expense of merchants here, by sending false news about the prices current for certain articles. But we believe that all this has been foreseen, and, to a great extent, provided for by the party chiefly interested,—the mercantile world.

Political news, too, at times sorely test the strength of the moneyed and mercantile interest. News of an insurrection, of an attempt upon the life of a sovereign, of the sickness of an Imperial infant, of a general election, of the birth of an heir to a throne, cause the funds to fall or rise in value, according to the quality of the news, and the effect which the event may have upon the market. Hence, it is fair to conclude that news of this description will be, for the most part, reliable news. King dollar laid the cable; king dollar must have the lion's share of the good which may come of it.

As we all and singly are bound, directly or indirectly, to the chariot wheels of this industrial type of civilization, whose emblem is the gold dollar, we all will be more or less,—directly or indirectly, blessed by this yellow god of our age,—King Dollar. Some rich men will become richer,—others poorer. Here and there a poor man may become rich, as if in order to show, that, even in our money making age, a poor man can rise. It was a comparatively easy thing for him to rise some forty years ago, before locomotives, steam engines, to say nothing of the telegraph, were pressed into our service.

Whether the masses of workmen will find their condition and prospects improved,—whether the anionizing Song of the Shirt will cease to be sung,—whether the laborer will find himself nearer to that millenium, when there will be all play and no work,—whether these and similar consequences may ensue in favor of the hard-working masses of mankind,—these are questions which the telegraph obstinately refuses to answer. Some Mr. Merchant or Manufacturer Boudry, who was once very poor—some Friend and Father who likes, once a year, to give an address, and, perhaps, a treat to his thousand operatives, from whose ranks he originally sprung, may say some pretty things concerning

the Dignity of Labor, and, pointing to himself, may say,—men, what I have done, each one of you can do. Still, he would be puzzled to tell you how it is that so very few succeed,—that of the few who succeed, so many fail and become poor again,—that honesty, for a while, and not seldom for a long and wearisome while, seems to be not the best policy for this world, and that almost every improvement in the steam and telegraph may tend to empty farm-houses, multiply mushroom cities, fill them with discontented crowds of operatives who seem every year to grow poorer and more dissatisfied with their lot. Friend and Father would be puzzled to tell you how it is that, whereas fifty years ago a few hundreds or a few thousands in cash, would enable a man to commence a respectable business, hundreds of thousands, millions, are now required. He could scarcely explain to you how it is that a branch of business which was once managed by hundreds of men who gained slow and small, but sure profits therefrom, is now carried on by a very few individuals who reckon their business, their profits and losses by millions of dollars.

If the working men who have been rejoicing for the last month over the success of the Cable business are satisfied that it will improve their condition in a worldly sense, why, so are we. Yet it is worth while to consider that the history of the building of the huge pyramid of Improvements, of which this Cable is, we trust, the top stone, tells in every page how the rich became fewer and richer, and how the poor became more numerous and poorer. We can listen with patience to the men who are in raptures with the emblems of modern progress,—the labor, space and time-saving machines,—until they try to make the masses believe that their golden age is waning at last.

As for ordinary news, sought for by common men in common newspapers, it is not all likely that any change, unless it be for the worse, will ensue. The class of people who continually ask,—what news, what news?—is a very large and a constantly growing class. The best proof of this may be found in the great number of newspapers now in existence; the daily additions made to the already overgrown sum, and the enormous circulation of some of the principal journals. The people, the whole people, ask for news,—they will have news, and, of course, news-venders are at hand to supply them with news. The newspaper men understand this, and also understand well the axiom which holds in all branches of trade,—particularly when the goods be sold to strangers, ignorant customers, or hasty travelers, and when the goods be of a perishable or evanescent description,—worth something to-day,—utterly worthless to-morrow,—and the axiom in question is,—when a customer will buy, 'sell' him. Sell him what you may have, and what you think may suit him. If you can't give him a good article, give him an indifferent or a bad one; but, by all means, 'sell' him. Make the bad article put on, for the moment, a good face. He may never discover the cheat, and, if he do, he will be miles away, or he may be quite indifferent to the result. All this is eminently applicable to the News Manufactory Company. The gentleman who compose that distinguished body know well that, as a general rule, people are predisposed to read and retail as fact whatever they find in their own favorite papers,—that they are neither angry nor surprised when, by any chance, they find that they were deceived, unless when their own interests might be concerned,—and that, after all, 'a lie will travel seven leagues while truth is putting on her boots.' Do we not every day see how easy it is to make people believe almost any story,—especially a tale of scandal, if told in the papers, and how hard it is to make them listen to a refutation of the same, or to repair the damage done? News Manufacturers understand all this well.

In the old times—some old-fashioned people will ridiculously insist upon calling them 'the good old times' of the slow packet ship and the Adams hand press, newspapers were comparatively few and small, readers perhaps quite as numerous, in proportion to the supply, as they are now, and, what was of greater importance, the news was far more reliable than now, when we grumble because a cable for which we gave, perhaps, neither a cent nor a blessing, fails to bring us at night the London morning news, which may, for aught most people know or care, turn out to be manufactured news.

In the aforesaid good or bad old times, credit was habitually given to a newspaper statement which was often refused to the assertion of an individual, and, oddly enough, not seldom even when the individual assertor and the writer of the paragraph were one and the same person. It was regarded as sufficient proof of the truth of a statement to be able to show that 'it was in the paper.' People have not quite lost this feeling yet,—perhaps they never will entirely lose it, and the news manufacturers know this well, and trade to some purpose on their knowledge.

When the steamship began to cross the Atlantic—it being pretty evident by that time that America was to be a great Power in the world—a marked chance took place in the transmission of news. Before that period, an editor would receive his foreign papers, select such news and articles as might answer the design of his paper, and publish them without previous arrangement with any one. But it occurred to the European agitators of all sorts that the public opinion of this country was worth having, so a shop was set up to manufacture news for the American market. Skilful agents in England and France, some of them Jews, all of them revolutionists or ismites, were employed to cull from the floating gossip of the day such news as Brother Jonathan and his rapidly increasing family would like to hear. Editors on this side, who were also ismites, and who could afford the expense, sent out special correspondents to help along the news manufacturing business. And so it grew and prospered. The Slievenamon and the Kossuth delusions are instances in point,—hundreds could be mentioned, to show how successful the News Manufactory was in its work in diffusing useful ignorance. Perhaps as striking an illustration as any that could be adduced may be found in the popular estimate of Louis Napoleon, as forced upon the American mind by the foreign and native news manufacturers, and which shows that the mass of newspaper readers here know little more about the Emperor than do the Japanese. The Cable will only serve, in this respect, the news manufacturers, at the expense of the mass of readers. It has become a proposition susceptible of complete demonstration, that the truth of news is in an inverse ratio with the speed of its transmission. The faster the news fly, the more unblushingly will the news lie. This is not the fault of the cable, but of designing men, who take advantage of the increased cost of the transmission of news, the avidity of people to hear the news, and the gain to be gotten by making them believe false news, in order to obtain the help of Americans in their designs against the peace of Europe and of the world.

THE TEXT of our article on Cork and its Associations has been in great part extracted from a recent English publication, which will account for the presence of certain objectionable passages. We have erased offensive sentences, and, had not the 'imp' been importuning us for 'copy,' should not have allowed the rest to appear as it is.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—We beg to direct the attention of our readers to an article on page 77 concerning our Gift Picture, which will account for the delay in its delivery to a portion of our subscribers and agents. Answers to correspondents will be found on same page.

Written for the Miscellany.

THE CHIEFS OF FORTY-EIGHT.

The chief of Forty-eight, in exile, or away,
By famine-strained, in zoned crime, this scorching harvest
year.

At a dead as ever to our hearts, and cheering to our sight,
As when the inspired phoenix stood, in grand fraternal
myst!

O, well-to-do, pure, unselfish men! ye suffered sore indeed,
By banishment and brutal knives, who scolded ye in your
need.

But slender vile, from coward slaves, for whom ye bore it
all,
Cuts deeper than the tyrant's chains, who triumph'd in your
fall.

The Celt of other times was wild, and fiercely, bravely
rude.

But those who stood the *bearna baoghail** had all his gra-
titude;

No keening-tail nor tallow-glass, in failure or defeat,
Threw down his battle-axe, or pike, to hasten his retreat,—
No chieftain in the olden time lit beacon fire in vain,

For down swept fleet men from the hills and up they rush'd
from plain;

Then, should the foe prove conqueror, they'd wisely bide
their time

To fight once more,—to soothe their chief by constancy
sublime!

In Calumny's dispensing good, the royal martyr's seen,
His one great aim—to raise us up; his only flag—the
green!

A Roman hero lives afar, in pleasant Tennessee,
Whose martial soul and firm resolve would guard his coun-
try free!

And here's our gallant friend and chief, sweet Suir's gift'd
son,

As faithful to his 'good old cause' as Sepoy to his gun!—
The 'Felon's Truck' may yet be trod by lipperary's guide,
With 'Wild-Geese,' as brave as Thomond's men, to battle by
his side!

How well the brave 'Confederates' in ev'ry clime and
land,

Are true to Freedom's creed to-day, and Ireland's peerless
band,

Their loyal love, in Joy and woe, may well attest the claim,
For proudly still they drink and toast each leader's spotless
name!

The Star of Hope is rising o'er the 'City of the Tribes,'
Annihilating placemen's cant and Whig and Tory bribes—
God guide the Irish ships to port, through storm and raging
foam,

And may our Chiefs ride proudly back to Freedom, friends
and HOME!

New York. RICHARD OULAHAN.

* *Bearna Baoghail*—The Gap of Danger, the brunt of
battle.

† *Kearnaigh*—A horse-soldier.

‡ *Gallowglass*—A foot soldier.

§ This plain stanza (plain to the true Irishman, however
lowly his lot, like my own, may be) refers, successively, to
four of our living guides: O'Brien, Mitchell, Meagher, and
Dehany.

¶ The 'Wild Geese' was the figurative name applied to
the recruits leaving Ireland to join the Irish Brigade in
France.

A PROBLEM.—Whoever originated the following
deserves to have his name handed down to posterity:

If a despatch from England to America gains on
the sun so as to reach here 1-1-2 hours by the clock
before it left England, at what time would it reach
the point of departure, were a chain carried entirely
round the world? Would it not arrive the day be-
fore it left, less only the time exhausted in making
the circuit? If so, then with a continuous tele-
graph line around the world, why not send a de-
spatch around and round until it reached to Adam,
and let him know what his children are about in
these 'latter days'?

THE OBUQUES of the late Rev. Mr. McEvoy,
Catholic pastor of Rochester, were celebrated, Thurs-
day morning, with impressive pomp, in St. Mary's
(R. C.) Church, corner of Ridge and Grand streets,
New York. The deceased was on a visit to New York
for the purpose of making arrangements for the com-
pletion of a new church which he had nearly finished
in Rochester, when he was unexpectedly taken ill, and
died, on Tuesday last, at the residence of his brothers,
on Grand street.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

BY J. E. P.

No. 10.—Ballinalacken Castle and an Irish Piper.

Castles and ruined churches are no less numerous in
Clare than in other counties of Ireland, and the former,
it is said, at one time numbered 170. Some two miles
from the mineral springs of Lisdoonvarna there is a
fine old castle, which is ivy-mantled, and standing, as it
views, upon a rock higher than itself, commanding a
district of the bay of Galway, the site was well chosen by
its ancient proprietor. Sending a 'gorsoon' for the
key, we amused ourselves during his absence by crawling
into a cave in the rock, which is said to be the
subterranean entrance to the castle, but having to go
in on all fours, we came out again without accomplish-
ing anything but the tearing of our clothes and the
'barking' of our shins.

The inside of Ballinalacken Castle is like most of
the other Irish castles, almost wholly stripped of the
beautiful sculptured ornaments with which it was said
to be decorated, and all that remains here is part of a
richly ornamented mantel-piece, and no doubt the
remainder would be carried off but for fear of the wall
falling on the robbers, as I might call them. Bayard
Taylor, in his *Travels in Central Africa*, condemns
those tourists who mutilate the Pyramids and the
Sphinxes by chiseling their names upon them, and
certainly they deserve a good caning who would de-
liberately go to work with hammer and chisel and hack
to pieces ornaments imbedded in the walls of castles
and abbeys, as I have seen them in Ireland, for the
sake of seeing 'Harry Williams, Esq.' upon them,
rendering the original sculpture almost wholly illegible.
There is a date on this mantel-piece, but 'Esq.
Williams' has almost obliterated it.

The dungeon of the castle was certainly a gloomy
looking hole, lighted only by a narrow grating window,
and its dampened walls no doubt could tell stories of
many a proud foe who ended his days within its dreary
solitude.

Being provided with a cold dinner, we sat down in
the hall, (in which no doubt, in the 'good old days of
yore,' lords and ladies tripped the light fantastic toe,
to the soft strain of the harp,) and did justice to the
catesbles.

To-day happens to be the 4th of July, 1857, and it
occurred to us that, even if we were 3000 miles from
the land of Washington, we ought to celebrate it in
some manner. We accordingly sent a short dis-
tance for a piper, and soon 'Yankee Doodle' and
'Hail Columbia,' were played from the summit of the
castle in fine style.

This piper had lost the use of his legs and his brother
had become an idiot in one night, and as the story has
never been in print before I will give it as I heard it,
adding, however, that the story is substantiated by
several respectable persons, who knew them both when
'they were as clane and decent boys as ever danced at
a fair.'

Edward and Michael Connors were ever foremost
at a hurling match, could dance down all the rest at
the fair, and would usually have all the girls at a pa-
tern setting their caps for them, and happy would a
dark-eyed beauty feel when Ned or Mick would solicit
her hand as a partner for the next dance, and would put
in the extras when the piper played the 'Foxhunter's
Jig.'

It was at a fair in a neighboring town, some fifteen
years since, that the two brothers, meeting with many
of their friends during the day, got more of the 'crathur'
in their heads than was good for the clearness of their
visionary organs, and late at night they set out for home,
not a little 'elevated.' Their house stood in a lone-
some spot, and on the road to it they were obliged to
pass a field, which was said to contain one of those
malign 'fairy circles.' As the night was rather dark,
they felt a superstitious dread of the 'good people,'
and devoutly crossed themselves as they neared the
field. Fate was however against them—for by some
power unknown to them, they were ere long stretched

at full length in the centre of the 'circle.' How they
passed the remainder of the night, they have no recol-
lection; but those who passed by that way the next
morning found them both asleep, and upon awaking
them, one gazed round with a vacant stare—an idiot,
and the other had lost the use of his legs.

This story seems like fiction, but it is none the less
true. Of course I do not believe the fairies had any-
thing to do with them, but it was simply caused by the
combined effects of the liquor and the night air, yet
their story added not a little to the magic influence of
the fairy circle.

Michael, who had lost the use of his legs, was soon
to have been married to 'the handsomest girl in the
three parishes,' and the Sunday following the accident
he sent for Kitty to release her from her promise. She
heard him through, and then said:

'No, Mick, as long as your heart beats I'm yours;
and though God has afflicted you, Kitty loves you now
as much as before.'

They were married, and Michael soon learned to
play the bagpipes, with which he earned a comfortable
livelihood. Many of the peasants say that Mick must
have taken some lessons from the 'good people,' for
'no mortal man ever heard before such music as he
used to squeeze out of 'em.' Like the piper in the old
song,

'Neither wedding nor wake was worth an old shake,
If Mickey was not first invited.'

His brother, Ned, is a harmful idiot, and has been
nicknamed 'Ned of the Hill,' but whether it is after
Lover's hero of the same name I cannot say, but cer-
tainly the characters are widely different.

We returned by way of Lisdoonvarna, and here
there was quite a crowd collected to witness some good
dancers, and I noticed that some of the girls were bare-
foot, yet it was surprising to see them 'double shuffle'
on the hard road. They probably felt not the want of
shoes. There was no celebration of the Fourth at this
place, but it was probably owing to the Know Nothings,
who have control of its affairs. I entered a small shop,
and inquired for some Indian crackers. The man in
attendance said he had none, but he had some prime
biscuits baked that day! I could not help smiling, but
resolved to try him again, and then asked for Roman
candles. He looked puzzled, scratched his head, and
finally said, 'Be gor, Mister, I have none of them
either; but one of my mould candles will give you
more light than any candle that ever see Rome!'

This answer put an end to my searches for fireworks
in Lisdoonvarna.

It was late when we turned our horse's heads toward
Ennistymon, but the full round moon threw more light
on our road than would all the rockets that ascend to
night from every city and town in the United States.

We saw a statement made by a correspondent of a
Boston paper, the other day, that foreigners were the
principal ones to express dissatisfaction in regard to
the wages they receive, and are always clamoring for
better pay; insinuating that they have no right to do
this. Suppose that they do lead off in demanding
their rights, is it not an evidence of their common
sense. In the name of Heaven have not foreigners as
much right to demand their dues as Americans? Is
it possible that the laborer can raise himself to his
due position in society, if we are to favor Americans
and crush foreigners? We think not. According to
Heaven's highest edict the one has just as much liberty
and as much right to contend for that liberty as the
other. Difference of birth cannot make the least dis-
tinction. Whether one is born an American, an Eng-
lishman, Irishman or Welshman, such a one belongs
to the human family as much as another, and certainly
one portion of humanity cannot suffer without the
other portion sympathizing with it, by way of punish-
ment in the end. We contend that all men were born
free and equal, being possessed of certain inalienable
rights. Let us have no distinction. America was
designed by the God of heaven to be the asylum of the
oppressed. Let all lovers of liberty unite to oppose
the spirit of oppression. [Workmen's Advocate.]

THE POTATO ROT.—The potato rot has made its appearance in Needham, Dover, Natick and other neighboring towns.

The Providence Journal says that the rot is making sad havoc among the potato fields in Bristol county, Massachusetts, and in Bristol county, Rhode Island. One farmer in Swansey, who has a field of ten acres, will lose nearly his whole crop—in fact, he has almost abandoned the idea of digging them as the sound ones will not pay for the labor of securing them. From Bristol, Warren and Barrington, and the neighboring towns in Massachusetts, we hear the same general complaint. Some of the farmers in those towns will not average half a crop, while not a few will scarcely save enough, of some kinds, for seed for another year.

Owing to the unusually wet season thus far, says the Newburyport Herald, the potato crop, of some kinds, will not be worth harvesting. We know of one gentleman who has ploughed up his potatoes on land which he calculated would yield one thousand bushels and planted turnips. We think the rot is more prevalent this season than last. Our market, in consequence, is crowded with potatoes, which are disposed of at forty and fifty cents per bushel.

A FAMILY SAVED AT A FIRE.—At a fire in Cincinnati, policeman George Carr, a noble fellow and brave officer, ventured up a ladder and into a room, at the risk of his life. Water was freely played on, and he soon appeared bearing Mrs. Duncan. As she was safely brought down, the feelings of the crowd burst into loud cheers and clapping of hands. Carr ventured in again and brought out a child, which was passed down. A third time he entered and brought out the remaining child. Each time he appeared with his precious human freight, the large crowd gave him hearty cheers.

Mrs. Duncan and children were taken into the building on the corner of Hammond and Fourth streets, where their wants were cared for. Geo. Carr was taken to Scanlan's drug store in a dreadful condition. He had inhaled great quantity of smoke, and was in intense pain. His loud breathings as he endeavored to get the smoke from his lungs, could be heard through the closed doors out in the middle of the street. The next morning he could not speak, and his condition was very critical.

MRS. GLADSTONE SPEAKS IRISH.—We have been reliably informed, that this beautiful and accomplished actress is an Irish lady, and that she speaks the Milesian tongue in the most graceful manner. We are glad. We thought the first night we saw her at the Arch, that no small share of Hibernian loveliness could be detected in her. Nothing would please us more than a Shanagh with her in the rich dialect peculiar to the romantic vales of Munster. In fact it is so long since we had a piece of chat in Irish with a beauty from the 'South of France' that we would give any thing now for one. We shall not soon forget the delightful conversation we once had with Lola Montes in the poetic tongue of Ireland. Lola from the 'Beautiful town of Limerick' can write verses in Irish. [Fitzgerald's City Item.]

A HINT.—Do not expect the editor to make honorable mention of you and your business every few weeks for nothing. The space in the paper, and a man's time, are worth something, and every notice comes back to the drawer of the recipient in dollars and cents. An editor should not be allowed to go hungry, bare-backed or bare-footed. They eat, drink and wear, just like other people.' [Ibid.]

CONGRESSIONAL BRAINS.—The Lowell Courier tells of a Congressman from Maine who paid a political editor \$10 to write his acceptance of the nomination, and \$10 more to write his speech to his constituents on the occasion of his re-election. The price is entirely too cheap. The 'honorable' member doubtless valued the brains of the editor at the price he put upon his constituents and his own.

HOW THE SOUTH AND NORTH DIFFER.—The Richmond South concludes an article, containing glowing accounts of the reception of the news of the Ocean Telegraph in the Free States, as follows: Thus throughout the States North of its does the excitement and furore rage and foam and bubble and boil. Hereabouts and south of us the mania appears in a milder form. It presents none of those violent spasms which we observe in the Free States, but is a sober, calm satisfaction with the results achieved, and nothing more. And yet it is not the calmness of indifference. Not at all. The people of the Southern States are as deeply interested in this triumph as those of New York, and appreciate its greatness far more acutely. Why, then, are they not more enthusiastic, more excited? How is it that they have given no outward, visible expression of their interest and joyfulness? It is because they are less superficial, less noisy, less demonstrative, less excitable than their Northern brethren. There is less of the mob element in Southern society, and that is the element which exhibits these antics of intoxication. An intense conservatism is the predominant peculiarity of Southern character, and it is just that guaranty of stability which free society lacks to preserve it from those violent popular ebullitions which now swell into a hurricane of pleasurable and innocent excitement when the cable is laid, and which to-morrow may sweep away every barrier of good order and good government, when baser passions stir and move the multitude. Northern society is a sleeping volcano, but with powerful fire forces raging internally and ready to burst forth in devouring and consuming flames without a moment's notice.

The Providence Journal in a somewhat similar strain of remark, thus contrasts the lively demonstrations on this side of the water with the stoical indifference of the English:—

The tameness of the English rejoicings over the Atlantic Telegraph is in marked contrast with the jubilant character of the American demonstrations in honor of the great event. This is due to two causes; the English do not make near so general a use of the telegraph as the Americans. The press and the people employ it much less, the rates are higher, and the habits of the people are less accustomed to the go-ahead notions which the telegraph represents. Another reason is that the masses of the English people concern themselves much less with public matters. Those who understand the telegraph know all about it, and know very little about anything else. The people are more phlegmatic and not so easily aroused to a sense of the importance of the work or to any great enthusiasm over it, even if its importance were fully appreciated. Moreover the space devoted to the accounts of the celebration by the telegraphic despatches here, spread the news simultaneously all over the land, and the enthusiasm in one place kindled it in another, till the whole country blazed with fire works and rung with the reverberating echoes of cannon. In England they care much less about it; and they take with more coolness the things that they do care about.

ADVICE TO AUTHORS.—Write according to your vein, and follow the bent of your feelings and fancies, but don't struggle after wit, or try to imitate the sharp sayings of such men as D— and B—. Only write what is congenial, or that comes easy to you. Remember the ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray'; perhaps few compositions have ever been so successful, or obtained such a wide and lasting popularity; but if the author of that song had endeavored to compose a brilliant satire, or a funny story, she might have been quite unsuccessful. Discover, therefore, where the vein of your genius lies; follow the perhaps narrow streak of ore, and do not dig up the mud that may lie on either side.

A GREEN Vermonter enlisted in the naval service and upon his first visit to his ship, spying the marine in the gangway, pacing backwards and forwards with his musket, he accosted him with—'Hello, Captin', out a-shootin' lunces this mornin'—hey!'

THE MEAGHER CLUB.—This body, composed of the true and sterling friends of Thomas Francis Meagher, celebrated their anniversary with due pomp and ceremony, on Thursday. The whole proceedings passed off with entire eclat. Among the victims of British oppression that have blended their destiny with this free and happy republic, there is none can compare with the gifted Meagher. Like another Emmett, he did not lose his head upon the scaffold, but he offered it for Ireland, and boldly and manfully confronted his judges. Tried upon an *ex post facto* law, he was wrongfully condemned. All through, he stood out, tendering his heart, his hand, his life for the Liberty of Ireland. As a true patriot and martyr to her cause, there is none with his high accomplishments, purity of heart and disinterested sincerity, that can compare with Thomas Francis Meagher. He differs in every respect from the great bulk of that class which we call 'Irish Refugees.' He was a fighting man, and proved himself—like the immortal Emmett—as such. If he did not lose his head for Ireland, he offered it for her cause, and with his brilliant oratorical powers, and his many accomplishments, republican in heart and sentiment—we are proud to find him respected and honored by his Irish and American friends in their clubs. We honored Thomas Addis Emmett. We made him a judge. He was, like Wolfe-ton and other true and genuine patriots, an exterminated victim of British oppression. His talents are here on record. Many of the higher grades of intellect have, since his time, sought refuge upon our shores; and, without making anything in the shape of invidious distinctions, we must pronounce that none of them thus victimized,—we will except Thomas A. Emmett, Mitchel, and a few others—can at all compare with the subject of this cursory notice. We believe that he understands the system of our government with as much intelligence as if he were bred up in America, and is a Democrat in heart, of true feeling. As an accomplished and highly educated Irish gentleman, he is an acquisition to that class of our adopted citizens in America, and his countrymen feel a just pride in him, as well as the highest men of the land, who have, since he came among us, accorded to him every due meed of respect. [New York Daily News.]

EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE.—We have been favored with the subjoined extract of a letter from Ex-President Pierce, received in this city yesterday morning by a friend of this distinguished gentleman. It is dated August the 10th, at Hotel Byron, near Villeneuve, Switzerland. It communicates most gratifying intelligence to the many friends of Gen. Pierce and lady in this city:

'You will be gratified to learn that Mrs. Pierce's health has improved decidedly since we left the United States. Nothing could have been more agreeable than our six months in Maderia. The climate in winter is, I believe, unrivalled—the atmosphere at once bland and bracing, and the scenery extremely grand and beautiful. That we were especially refreshed by the complete repose which it was our privilege there to enjoy, you will readily understand. We left Funchal on the 12th of June, but lingered by the way, visiting Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Marseilles, Lyons and Geneva, and arrived here only a week ago. With constant care to avoid over-exertion and exposure, Mrs. P. has been able to enjoy a good deal, and now we find this place of rest quite charming. The hotel, which is at the northern extremity of Leman, is spacious, clean and airy, and commands magnificent views of the lake and mountains. The castle of Chillon is close by—Clarens, sweet Clarens, within the range of a pleasant walk; Vevey, Lausanne, Bex, &c. in the neighborhood. We may remain here during the remainder of August, and then perhaps proceed to Interlaken by the way of Berne. If the weather is favorable we may cross the Simplon or Splügen, and pass into Italy in September.' [Washington Union.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

An arrangement in the breach of promise of marriage case has been made. It is said the member for Westminster is to pay £2,000 to the lady.

Miss Nightingale's health is such that she has again been obliged to resort to Malvern for the benefit of the water cure.

The Bombay mail brings news down to the 19th of July, but the best news it brings is, that there is scarcely any news at all.

The Jesuits in Ireland have purchased Miltown Park, county of Dublin, the residence of Calvert Stronge, Esq., police magistrate, for £4,000. [Tralee Chronicle.

We regret deeply to have to announce the death of the Rev. Wm. Wade, O. P., a most estimable clergyman, who was until a recent period attached to the Dominican community in the city of Cork.

The Lord Lieutenant's speech at Londonderry, and his statistics, show that for peace and order, and the absence of crime, Ireland is at present in a state to invite comparison with any country in the world.

Lord Palmerston has within the last few days granted a site for a Catholic chapel at Cliffoey, and he has subscribed £40 for its erection. He has also granted a site for a schoolhouse to the Rev. Owen Feeny.

His Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, has acceded to the request of Sir John Bradstreet, Bart., president, and the council of Ireland of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, to deliver a public lecture to the society in Dublin on his return from Ballinasloe.

The Rev. M. Flood, for many years parish priest of Baslick, died at Galway on the 8th, rather suddenly. This venerated pastor had reached his 68th year, and was universally respected for his many Christian virtues.

The Rev. R. Campbell late curate to the Right Rev. Bishop Suther, at St. Andrew's Chapel, Aberdeen, and since assistant to the Rev. Gilbert Korisen, St. Peter's Church, Petershead, has been received into the Catholic Communion. [Union.

On Sunday, a sermon was preached in the Cathedral of Killarney by the Rev. Father Cooke, of the Oblates of Mary, in aid of a fund in process of collection for completing the chapel of the Convent of Mercy in that town. The collection amounted to £50.

The solemn consecration of the Church of St. Michael the Archangel, at Ballinasloe, is fixed for Wednesday, the 25th instant, and the consecration sermon will be preached by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Preparations on a most extensive scale continue to be made for the county meeting, on the case of the McCormacks. There have been meetings of the committee, and the accounts from all parts of the county state that the meeting will be one of the largest that has been held for many years in Tipperary. Among those who have signed the requisition is his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel and Emlly. [Limerick Reporter.

RIOT IN CLOMEL.—On Sunday night the neighborhood of the Main street was thrown into the utmost confusion by the riotous conduct of the reapers who were congregated in large numbers on the street, waiting to be hired by the farmers. The day being wet, there were very few of them employed, and the weather having become more favorable in the evening, a greater demand for laborers necessarily followed, and the men demanded a higher rate of wages than the employers were inclined to offer; in consequence the farmers were set upon and assaulted in a violent manner, and had to run for their lives. One gentleman, Mr. John Mulcahy, was knocked down and trampled upon, and only for the assistance rendered to him, the most serious consequences would most likely have resulted. The police, who patrolled the town up to a late hour, under the orders of Alderman Kenny, J. P. (in the absence of the mayor), had returned to their barracks previous to the riot. We regret to add that a similar scene was enacted on the ensuing morning, and the reapers had the town to themselves, but did not commit any other violence than assaulting some farmers who declined to agree to their terms.

At the York races, Mr. Ten Broeck's American horse Babylon won the 'Chesterfield handicap' against a field of seven competitors.

Lord Palmerston, who was visiting his estates in Ireland, had delivered a speech at Sligo in defense of his administration.

A great county demonstration, in honor of the successful laying of the Atlantic cable, in the shape of a banquet to the Directors of the Company, was being organized at Killarney. A project was also on foot for running a railway to Valentia Bay.

The great event of the week in Ireland has been the meeting of the League. The resolutions put to the meeting en masse, and unanimously voted, are a sufficient indication of the general purpose of the League, as well as of the conflicting opinions and policies of some of its more prominent members. The League refused the advice of the Freeman's Journal, and, by the seventh resolutions, granted the demand of the Independent members, that a certain time should be given for Ministers to bring their Bill forward.

On Sunday week an entertainment was given by William Smith O'Brien, Esq., at his residence, Cahermoyle, to the children attending the schools upon his estates in that district. Nearly 100 male and female pupils, with their teachers, attended, and the delighted group enjoyed the refreshments plentifully supplied, after which dancing commenced, the members of Mr. O'Brien's family taking part. Mirth and happiness beamed on the countenances of the juvenile party, comprising the sons and daughters of the tenants of their good and excellent landlord. [Limerick Chronicle.

At three o'clock on Friday week Joseph Lyons, Esq., J. P., lodged informations before Captain Whelan, R. M., to the effect that he believed and feared that an attack would be made on him at his farm, Moyanna, near Stradbally, where he had a reaping machine at work. Twelve police with bed and bedding were immediately despatched to Moyanna. Mr. Lyons's feared that the machine would be smashed before the constabulary would arrive. On this day (Saturday) he will be working the machine under the protection of thirty policemen. [Leinster Express.

Dr. Cane is no more. On the 17th of August he departed this life at the early age of fifty-two years. Kilkenny may well feel proud of his memory, for never was there a purer soul than his—never a milder nature. The sad intelligence of his premature demise cast a universal gloom over the city, and for many a long day the shadow of his death will pass into other lands, wherever Irishmen have made their homes, bringing sorrow to the hearts of 'our exiles far away.' His public life commenced in this city with the Reformed Corporation. He was chosen the first Catholic chief magistrate for Kilkenny, but resigned in favor of Mr. Edmond Smithwick. The following year Dr. Cane was again appointed to the civic chair of our city. Shortly afterwards he was elected alderman, a distinction which he held till his death. About the same time he was appointed to the commission of the peace, but his connection with the Repeal Association induced the government to deprive him, as they deprived O'Connell and many others, of his commission. In 1848 he suffered a dreary incarceration of nine months in the popular cause; and on his liberation in 1849 his fellow citizens elected him once more to the chief magistracy of the city, which he adorned by his genius and his virtues. When O'Connell was released from prison in 1844, and when the corporations of Ireland tendered their congratulations to the Liberator, Robert Cane was chosen as the head of the deputation from Kilkenny. [Kilkenny Journal.

On Friday week, at seven o'clock, Thomas Hanon, a private soldier of the 3d Buffs, now stationed at Boherbuoy barracks, received fifty lashes in the presence of the depot of his regiment, which was drawn up so as to form a square in front of the triangles. At a few minutes to seven o'clock the fifes and drums marched through the barracks playing a rather brisk but somewhat melancholy air, after which the prisoner was marched from the guard-

room under a corporal's guard to the place of punishment. The finding and sentence of the court martial and its affirmation by supreme military authority being read to him, he was stripped to the waist and secured to the triangle. The unhappy fellow bore the punishment without wincing; no blood was drawn, but the shoulders and back were marked by dark blue and red lines. When released, his back was dressed with the usual remedy applied on all such occasions, and he was then removed to the hospital. He has also to undergo, in addition to the punishment which he has received, 112 days imprisonment with hard labor. The offence for which this soldier was punished was for attempting to stab his corporal.—[Limerick paper.

NO IRISH NEED APPLY.—So says Lord Mayor Carden, following in the wake of advertisements from ladies of delicate nerves, who once read sketches of Irish character out of a magazine of the past century. These last would be content to send the buxom and vigorous Hibernian, who should be so ill advised as to neglect the warning, about her business. The Lord Mayor thinks, no doubt, that it would be inconsistent with the dignity of his position to do so little. Accordingly, when an Irish-woman comes before him, he adds to the floggee of twenty-one days' hard labor, a preachie, in which he insults an entire nation. On Wednesday, Mary Horigan was brought before him for smashing an earthen jug over the head of Mary Cohen. Such things are done, we are sorry to say, in most countries, and it would be somewhat rash to draw national deductions from such fragmentary evidence. The broken pitcher, however, elicits from that soundest of all earthen vessels, Sir W. Carden, the following remarks:—'I wish,' he exclaims, 'that I had the power to send all the Irish who come here back to their own country. It is the most beautiful country in the world they say, and I wish they'd think so, and stop there. It would save a great deal of my time, half of which in this court is taken up with Irish quarrels.'

Certainly a great Inducement is here offered to the Irish to stay at home, inasmuch as by so doing they will 'save a great deal' of Alderman Carden's time. The good use to which he, no doubt, puts it, renders this an object of more importance. The only cause for hesitation lies in the fact. We have looked over the reports of the Mansion House, and really do not see that Irish quarrels occupy much time either of the Lord Mayor or of any one else. When they do occur, which is by no means more often than those of other people, they are disposed of summarily enough, as was the case in the instance in question. Something like half of the valuable time spent in disposing of it was occupied in simple abuse of the Irish nation.

The Lord Mayor would do well to consult the Commander-in-chief, or, if that personage is inaccessible to him, the first recruiting sergeant he meets, before he reiterates the wish that all the Irish would remain in their own beautiful country. If they did, it would seriously diminish British triumphs abroad, whatever might be the effect on Sir W. Carden's leisure moments at home.—Morning Chronicle.

The Brussels journals announce the death, at an advanced age, in that city, of Mrs. Jones, the mother of the well known carriage makers, who, they say, was the oldest resident English woman, not only of Brussels, but of all Belgium. She arrived in Belgium in 1794, where she remained to her death.

The Journal du Havre, in announcing the departure of Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe from Rouen for Paris, says that she has collected notes on Normandy with a view of writing a work founded on a French subject.

A treaty of commerce and navigation was concluded between Belgium and the United States on the 7th ult.

New Haven Correspondence of the Miscellany.
MILITARY EXCURSION OF THE EMMET GUARDS.

On Wednesday, the 26th ult., the Emmet Guards of this city held their first annual target excursion at Branford. After parading the principle streets of the city, the company marched to the steamboat wharf, and went on board the steamer Champion, which they had chartered for the occasion, accompanied by their invited guests and some four hundred other persons. Arriving at the Point, preparations were made for target firing—Messrs. Pinkerman and William Downes of New Haven and Sergeant Bell of the Irish Fusiliers of New York, being the judges on the occasion. After some excellent firing, the following prizes were awarded:

The 1st prize, a Silver Pitcher, bearing a representation of Dr. Kane in the Arctic Regions, and presented to the Company by Thomas Yeatman, Esq., was won by Capt. Thos. W. Cahill. The 2d prize, a Silver Cake Basket, presented by Mr. P. A. Pinkerman, was won by Michael Green. The 3rd prize, a Silver Pitcher, presented by Michael Healey, was won by Corporal Cook. The 4th prize, a Silver Caster, presented by James Lawler, was won by Thos. F. McCaffrey. The 5th Prize, a Silver Pitcher, presented by Barthomolew Healy, was won by John McCusker. The 6th prize, a Silver Pitcher, presented by Patrick McCarten, was won by Daniel Hefferan, of Fairhaven. The 7th prize, a Silver Cake Basket, presented by Sergt. Bell of the Irish Fusiliers of New York, was won by Lieut. Maher. The 8th prize, two Silver Goblets, presented by Thomas Healey, was won by Patrick Rely. The 9th prize, a Silver Cup, presented by Michael Leaden, was won by Sergeant McLaughlin. The 10th prize, a Silver Tea Set, presented by Patrick Carroll, was won by James Hope, of Fairhaven. The 11th prize, a Gold Pen and Silver Case, presented by Wm. Downes, was won by Patrick McGown. The 12th prize, a Silver Watch, presented by Patrick Ward, was won by Lawrence Curtiss. The 13th prize, two volumes American Cyclopaedia, presented by Rev. E. J. O'Brien, was won by Michael Fahy. The 14th prize, a Gold Pen and Silver Case, presented by Wm. Brinley, was won by James Gunnip. The 15th prize, one copy McGeoghan's History of Ireland, presented by Patrick Morrissey, was won by Edward Lynch. The 16th prize, the sum of \$5.00 presented by Rev. M. Hart, was won by Corporal Sheridan.

The line of march being taken up, the company, with their friends and visitors, returned to the city; the Guards proceeded to their Armory, and were addressed by Wm. Downes, Esq., in his usual forcible and eloquent manner. Having commended the Company for their creditable display and soldier-like appearance, he passed in brief but eloquent review, the Military history of the Irish nation, from the Battle of Clontarf to that of Vinegar Hill, and dwelt with rapture on the military services of Irishmen in every State of Continental Europe—their devotion to liberty as displayed in the service of the misused colonies of Spain in South America, where Devereaux, the O'Higgins, O'Carrolls, and McKennas, proved themselves worthy compatriots of Bolivar and San Martin. The speaker then sketched the services of Irishmen in the establishment and maintenance of the glorious system of government under which it is our good fortune to dwell. Wherever the banner of this republic had been borne in battle, whether on land, lake or ocean, there had ever been found Irishmen and the descendants of Irishmen, gallantly fighting in its defence, freely pouring out their heart's blood on the spray of the billow, the bayonet of the foe, or the tomahawk of the Indian. The lecturer concluded with an allusion to the troubles which Irish Military Companies endured in this State, from the bigotry of past Administrations, and a warm appeal to the Guard to be ever mindful to encourage among themselves the integrity, virtues and patriotism of Emmet, whose name they bore.

The prizes were the most splendid ever contested for by any company in this city. They were classified

as selected by the winners. The excursion was the most pleasant of the season, and nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment of the Guards and their guests, who numbered over five hundred. Not the slightest evidence of liquor could be detected among the excursionists during this most joyous occasion.

Yours, truly,

AVOCA.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS--OUR GIFT PICTURE.

During the last fortnight we have received a large number of letters from our subscribers in different states, complaining of not having received our Gift Picture, in accordance with a positive promise made by us in a previous number of the Miscellany. While we admit the justness of these complaints, we beg the attention of our subscribers to a brief statement of facts, which will, we think, satisfy them, that the delay in the delivery of the picture is owing to no fault of ours, but consequent upon circumstances beyond our control.

When we first decided upon presenting our readers with a picture illustrative of one of the most daring and gallant exploits in the war with William, we applied to a large number of artists for a sketch worthy of the subject. We received numerous drawings from different individuals, every one of which we were compelled to reject. Mr. Carter, of New York, author of the celebrated painting, which was for a long time on exhibition at Soule & Ward's, in Summer St., in this city, entitled 'Covering the Retreat,' representing the retreat from 'Breed's Hill' to 'Bunker's Hill,' most kindly, at our request, furnished us with a sketch which we at once adopted. The difficulty in procuring a suitable design caused a delay of several weeks.

However, we at length made an arrangement with an artist to copy the sketch on stone, and entered into a most positive agreement with a firm of lithographic printers in this city to print us the number requisite for our subscribers. The price per hundred for printing was fixed upon in the presence of witnesses, and we were promised two hundred copies a day. About half of the requisite number was delivered to us, with which we supplied all our New England agents and subscribers, and many of our agents and subscribers in the south and west. Judge, then, our surprise when we were waited upon by the junior member of the firm in question, who demanded from us just twice as much per hundred for the printing as they had agreed to execute them for!

It was in vain that we explained, argued and reasoned. The gentleman relied upon some 'technicality' of the trade to bear him out in his exaction, and was inexorable. The result is, they refused to deliver us any more of our pictures, and brought an action at law against us for the recovery of their charge for those previously printed. This action will be tried and settled in a few days, and we much mistake the principles of common sense and common justice, if such 'tricks of trade' can triumph over a positive and deliberate agreement, by which we have always been willing to abide.

We regret this occurrence very much, on account of our subscribers, with whom we are anxious to keep good faith. They will see at once the necessity of resisting this shameful attempt at imposition, and we trust they will bear the disappointment for a short time longer. Knowing that we were pledged to the delivery of the picture to our subscribers within a certain time, this conduct was essayed with the hope that we would at once submit rather than disappoint the large number of our subscribers yet unsupplied. We, therefore, under these circumstances, throw ourselves upon the kind consideration of our friends, and trust they will approve of the stand we have taken, and exonerate us from all blame in the matter. The picture shall be delivered to them as soon as possible, even if we have to get a fresh drawing upon stone, and employ other printers to fulfil the contract so unscrupulously violated.

It is but justice to our indefatigable New York Agents, Messrs Dexter & Brothers, and to all supplied by them, to say that they have not yet received any copies of the picture. Our arrangements were made last week to supply them with their full complement in one lot, when this unpleasant dispute took place. We deeply regret its occurrence; but no foresight of ours could guard against it. Let our friends have patience a little while longer. We have so often had to trespass upon their kindness, it is with great regret we have to do it once more. Our difficulties have been innumerable. We trust this is the last of them.

THE CORNER STONE of St. Peter's College in Troy, N. Y., was laid with appropriate solemnities on Thursday morning last. The ground is located at the head of Washington street, and the foundation has already been constructed. Upon this a handsome edifice is to be erected, well adapted for the educational purposes for which it is to be used. The building will be 200 feet long, the walls 72 feet, divided into four stories. There will be two towers, each 90 feet in height, one designed for an observatory and the other to contain a bell. From a plan of the building shown us representing it as it will look when completed, this College will be a remarkably handsome edifice and an ornament to Troy.

St. Peter's College has been organized mainly through the efforts of Rev. Peter Havermans, and when completed, will add another to the many buildings in that part of the city—among them a Hospital, Orphan Asylum, and Schools—all monuments to his unwearied efforts and patient labors. Father Havermans is now soliciting subscriptions in aid of the College, and his efforts have thus far been met with the utmost success. The exercises attending the laying of the corner stone were of the most interesting and imposing character, and attracted many visitors.

ANIMAL CONFLAGRATION.—It has been seldom our misfortune, says the Cincinnati Examiner, to hear of anything at our own doors, so truly sickening to a well-disposed mind, as that which has this week befallen a life of honest industry, in the person of Wm. Hogan. Summed up, the facts all come to this; a whole farmyard of live stock, cows, and horses, and other domestic animals, the property of an honest Irish dairyman, were burned alive, and reduced to cinders! This happened on Tuesday night, 24th ult., about 10 or 11 o'clock, and is attributed to malicious incendiarism; but poor Hogan, when asked if he suspected any particular villain, replied in the negative, saying he was not conscious of having ever made an enemy. We hope that this honest dairyman will not lose his customers—that they will consider his hard lot, and make no contracts that would prevent them from again giving him their patronage, when it shall please a favoring Providence to enable him again to ask it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS should forward communications intended for insertion in the *Miscellany*, not later than the Saturday before the day of publication, as our increasing circulation compels us to go to press every Monday morning; and should be addressed—Editors of the Irish Miscellany, Boston, Mass. Subscribers should mention the township, county and State in which they reside.

¶ We cannot return any manuscript sent us for publication.

¶ JOSEPH HART, St. Louis, Mo.—Your paper is forwarded regularly from this office every Tuesday. We cannot account for its not reaching you. The fault must be in the Post Office. We sent you the gift picture through the same source a fortnight before the receipt of your letter. Let us know if you have received it. We hope it has not been stolen.

OUR Newport friend must remember that our terms are cash in advance. We can make no exception to this rule. We will supply a club of ten for \$10.

¶ HELENA, New York.—The sentiment of your poetry does you credit; but the verses do not come up to our standard.

¶ JAMES COUTER, New York.—We will endeavor to answer your questions in a future number.

¶ GARRYTOWN, St. Louis, Mo.—The palace of Kinross was situated on the banks of the Shannon, near Killalea. There is not at present a vestige of it standing.

¶ ENQUESTER, Boston.—Colonel Villars commanded the convoy which was surprised by Sarfield, as represented in our gift picture of that gallant exploit. The most daring feature in the affair was the fact that it took place in close proximity to William's camp.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

There is a clock in New Haven three hundred and forty-nine years old.

Waver is the lightest ship that man ever embarked in:—Courtship.

Don't meet troubles half way, for they are not worth the compliment.

The old lady who believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgment, is not yet dead.

Woman has found her true 'sphere' at last. It is about twenty-seven feet round, and is made of hoops and crinoline.

It is the opinion of a Western editor that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed. He says some of his went half a mile.

A member of the Lazy Society was complained of for idleness. His defence was that he was going down hill, and that it was more labor to walk than run.

An exchange speaks of a chap with feet so large that when it rains or when he wants to get in the shade, he lies down on his back and holds up one foot. It fully answers the purpose of an umbrella.

Ladies don't know whether they like smoking or not. With special favorites they like it; with general favorites they dislike it; with no favorites they detect it.

Like the colored bottles in the chemist's window, is rouge on the cheek of a maiden; it attracts the passers by, but all know the drug they advertise.

'I would go to the end of the world to please you,' said a whining lover to his adored. 'Well, sir, go there and stay,' was the kind reply, 'and I shall be pleased.'

Why is a pretty young lady like a locomotive engine? Don't give it up—there are lots of reasons. She sends off the sparks, transports the mails (males) has a train follow her, and passes over the plain.

A Quaker having sold a fine-looking, but blind horse, asked the purchaser: 'Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault with him?' 'No,' was the answer. 'Neither will he see any in thee,' said old Broadbrim.

A young lad recently ran away from home and went to a tavern, where he was found by a friend, with a cigar in his mouth. 'What made you leave home?' 'Oh, confound it,' said he, father and mother were so saucy I couldn't stand it any longer, and I quit 'em.'

A French writer has said that 'to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake; and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day.'

DAN GRAY, an old fisherman, caught a large perch a day or two ago, in which a plain gold ring, with the initials, 'R. F. O.' was found. What a romantic interest and history may that little band of gold embrace!

A MEMBER of the Hope Hose Company of Philadelphia, attending, with the company, the funeral of a fallen member, dropped dead in the Cemetery while the officiating clergyman was addressing those present on the uncertainty of life.

When Lord Townsend was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the then Provost of Dublin lost no opportunity of repeating solicitations for 'places.' 'My dear Hely,' said his lordship, 'you have a great many things, and I have nothing to give but a captaincy of Dragoons.' 'I accept it then,' replied the Provost. 'What, you take a captaincy,' answered his lordship. 'Zounds! it is impossible; I only meant it as a joke.' 'And I accept it,' said the Provost, 'merely to show you how well I can take a joke.'

WM. MEANS, a slave, recently bought himself at auction, in Memphis, Tennessee.

DR. McKENZIE, the literary editor of the Philadelphia Press, says the original of *Walter Swallow*, in 'David Copperfield,' was Dickens' own father.

'I always sing to please myself,' said a gentleman, who was humming a tune in company. 'Then you are not at all difficult to please,' said a lady who sat next to him.

THE value of slave property in Mississippi, is \$225,000,240. Each slave in the parish of St. Mary, Louisiana, nets his master \$174 a year, almost thirty-three percent. of his assessed value.

THE use of guano in Great Britain has more than trebled within a year. The importation in 1857 amounted to 55,658 tons, while in 1858 it amounted to 174,804.

A DISTINGUISHED lady once reproved the librarian for putting books written by male and female authors upon the same shelf. 'Never do it,' said she, 'with out putting a prayer-book between them.'

It is not knowledge alone which makes us happy; it is the quality of the knowledge. Perfect knowledge is conviction; and it is conviction which makes us happy, which absolutely satisfies us, and which changes dead knowledge into living.

WE have a span of horses, said a Yankee the other day at our place, that support themselves without any cost. 'Why, how is it?' exclaimed a listener. 'Why, you see,' remarked the questioned, 'one is a rocking-horse and the other a clothes-horse.'

'PA,' simpered a young boarding-school piece of codfish, 'are you going to have a coat-of-arms painted on the panels of our new carriage?' 'Yes, child,' replied the sober-minded parent, 'a saw and a buck, for with that I earned my first money.'

GOV. MORRIS, while the surgeons were amputating his leg, observed his servant standing by, weeping. 'Tom,' said Mr. Morris, 'why are you crying there? It is rank hypocrisy—you wish to laugh, as in future you will have but one shoe to clean instead of two.'

'THROUGH every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered at my own ignorance.' This candid and rather sad confession of Sir Walter Scott, in his biography, is one of those rare examples of honest self-humiliation, which might be imitated with profit by thousands of later authors.

It is a characteristic of narrow-minded men, that they grasp the few ideas which lie within the limited circle of their comprehension, with a clearness which often deceives us in our estimate of their intellect. They are like beggars, who know the stamp and date of every penny in their pockets.

THE ship *Roger Stewart*, Capt. Turner, from Havre, arrived at New Orleans on Saturday, 13th ult., with nineteen cabin and twelve steerage passengers. Among the former were seven Catholic priests, five sisters of charity, and four nuns, the greater portion of whom, we are informed, are en route for Texas.

'MASSA says you must sartin pay de bill to-day,' says a negro to a New Orleans shop-keeper. 'Why, he isn't afraid I'm going to run away, is he?' 'Not exactly dat, but look ahen,' said the darkey, mysteriously, 'he's gwine to run away heseff, and darfor wants to make a big raise!'

MESSRS. TIFFANY & Co., jewellers, New York, have purchased from the Atlantic Telegraph Company, the 80 miles of cable now on board the *Niagara*, and they propose to cut it up in small parcels for distribution throughout the country.

AN Ohio editor recently attempted to describe the powerful effects of warm weather, and here is one instance:—A small negro boy injudiciously leaned up against the sunny side of the house yesterday, and fell asleep. In a few minutes he began to soften, and in three quarters of an hour he run all over the yard. His mother dipped him up in a wash tub.

THRILLING SCENE AT CAPE MAY.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer describes a thrilling scene at Atlantic City a few days since, owing to the perilous position of Miss V., of Senator Shillit's family, who, with Mr. Bonaventure, from New Orleans, while bathing, got beyond the surf. The lady said she was sinking, and Mr. B., who could not swim, found himself helpless in his efforts to rescue her. I was a spectator of the scene. The gentleman struggled and sunk, but the young lady appeared to be floating easily and rapidly went on with the receding tide. When the perils of these bathers were fully appreciated the shrieks of females and the cries of men added to the general alarm. This case seemed hopeless, for there was no boat, no cord, no stick by which it could be deemed safe to approach the suffering parties. Still some bold hearts went to work, and by great effort succeeded in catching Mr. B., who was dragged, apparently lifeless upon the beach. Even after this was done the lady still floated onward, but by the energy of Mr. Clayton was aroused from a state of syncope, and made to seize a plank by which she was drawn to the beach. Her preservation was miraculous, for, having learned the rules for floating, she threw herself into the proper position before she became insensible, and thus her body kept upon the surface of the waves. Had she clung to her companion both must have been drowned.

ROBBERY AT THE U. S. MINT.—On Wednesday last two well-dressed young men visited the United States Mint, at Philadelphia, and whilst in the building succeeded in robbing the cabinet of coins. An attendant accompanied them through several departments, but while in the 'specimen room,' or cabinet where there is a very large collection of old and new valuable coins, no one was in their company. After passing about twenty minutes at the Mint they took their leave, and returned their thanks to the officers for the kindness afforded them in having been permitted to inspect the many objects of interest therein exhibited. But shortly after their departure it was discovered that one of the cases of the cabinet had been opened by means of a false key, and the following articles feloniously taken therefrom: A square slug of gold, valued at forty dollars; one twenty five dollar gold piece; and a twenty dollar California gold piece. Information was forwarded to the office of recorder Enen, where a description of the stolen property, and those suspected of the robbery, was given to detective officer Edward G. Carlin, who within an hour of the robbery arrested two persons giving the names of Charles Mervine and Charles Morris, and by positive evidence succeeded in fixing the crime upon them. The prisoners are both young men of refined address, and when questioned as to their places of residence refused to give any answer. It is thought that the names which they have given are assumed ones. They were committed in default of \$2,500 bail each. [National Intelligencer.]

THE POLICE OF LONDON.—The police of London are seven thousand strong, and are believed to be the most efficient body of the kind in the world. A letter to the New York Express says:—'They are bold men, perfectly fearless, most of them of long experience, and ready at any moment to grapple with a rogue or ruffian. I have seen them handle two or three fellows who were disposed to resist their authority in a way which was a caution to peace disturbers.'

They are about everywhere, especially active in preserving order on the Sabbath, and in walking the streets of London it is difficult to be beyond the sight or call of a policeman. As they are retained during good behavior, and are not subject to political change, and do not feel anxious about offending pot-house politicians, or hesitate to refuse to fraternize with drunken rowdies, they are doubly efficient, and are ever prompt in the discharge of duty. Their uniform is neat, and every man seems to average six feet.'

CYRUS W. FIELD has crossed the Atlantic 21 times in the service of the Atlantic Telegraph Company.

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THE IRISH MISCELLANY

INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

Having favorably commenced the second volume of our publication, we seize the occasion for the purpose of tendering thanks to those of our friends who have generously contributed to our support. To start, and successfully carry on an ordinary newspaper, so that it will, in a reasonable space of time, become remunerative to its proprietors, is a task not easily accomplished, and which consummation does not generally happen in one case out of a hundred. Our enterprise, being of a nature entirely different from that of any other Irish paper heretofore established in this country—requiring a much greater expenditure of capital and artistic talent—called us various misgivings, and a constant fear that it would not meet the desires and expectations of our patrons. How far our efforts have been successful, is for them to decide; but we trust that it will not be considered egotistical on our part when we assert that the Miscellany has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of partial friends, and that even those who have been enemies from the start have made suitable acknowledgment of its merit.

Since we have had the control of the Miscellany our way has not been—

‘The primrose path of dalliance’

We have been beset by obstacles innumerable; but having a strong confidence in our ultimate success, we were determined to surmount all barriers, and though we have not, as yet, brought the paper to that pitch of perfection which is our desire, we trust soon to make it as acceptable as is possible to our readers.

In beginning a new volume, we introduce various innovations, tending to the improvement of the paper, in every way that is possible. We shall give each week, an epitome of Irish news—not the hacknied local quotations which interest only the few, but extracts from the leading journals, which will be gratifying to the many. In this respect, we will not be following in the steps of any of our contemporaries, but, on the contrary, will be striking out a path eminently our own. It will also be our aim to give the best class of wood engravings which can be procured, portraying national subjects, and, as our outlay in this respect will be infinitely larger than that of any Irish journal published in this country, we look for a commensurate return. In short, it is our intention to make the paper meet the requirements of all classes of readers.

As an inducement, therefore, to new subscribers, we offer to each person who will pay one year's subscription in advance, commencing with the first number of the first volume, (not the second, as inadvertently stated in previous numbers,) directly to us or through any of our authorized local or travelling agents, a copy of our first Gift Picture, representing Sarsfield's Surprise of the Seige Train of the Prince of Orange. When completed, each volume of the Miscellany will form a book of four hundred and sixteen (416) pages, and will alone be worth the price of an entire year's subscription. The same inducements are offered to clubs, as to single subscribers.

CLUBS! CLUBS!! CLUBS!!!

There is no town or village so small, but a club of six or more subscribers for the Irish Miscellany can be easily obtained. Will those of our friends who are well-wishers of the land of their birth, do us the favor of getting up Clubs. Our terms will be—

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We have determined to appoint a number of Travelling Agents, to travel in the various States of the Union and canvass for subscribers for this paper. We do this in the earnest request of many warm friends, who think we do not take the requisite steps to make the paper known as extensively as it ought to be.

Persons desirous of becoming Travelling Agents, who can be well recommended, are requested to apply at our office forthwith. None but faithful, reliable men need apply. To such a liberal commission will be allowed. Apply at our Publication Office, 4 Water Street, Boston.

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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 32.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18 1858.

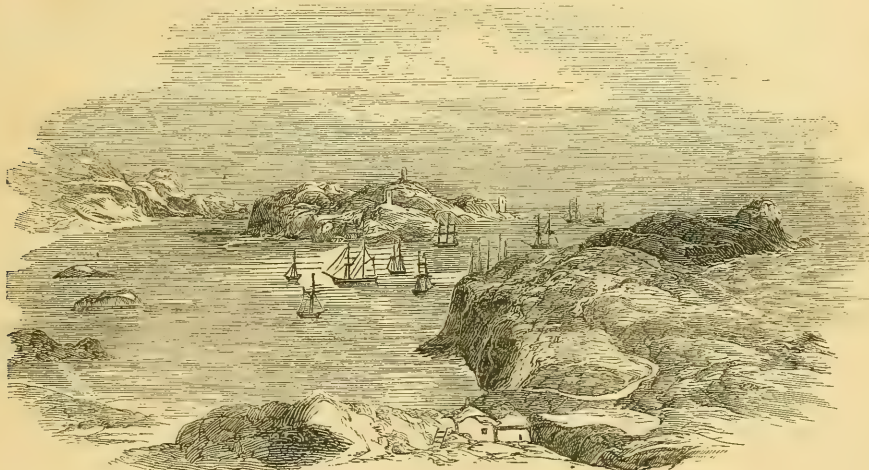
[PRICE FOUR CENTS

TOURING IN IRELAND.

In our last we gave 'Cork and its Associations'; we now give illustrations of scenery from other

parts of the south. The first of the engravings is a sketch of Crookhaven, a most picturesquely situated little town, the focus, or at least the future focus, of

what promises to be the scene of vast mining industrial enterprise in this part of Ireland, as it would have been long before this but for the untoward circum-



CROOKHAVEN HARBOR.

stances, now happily fast passing away, which have hitherto retarded the prosperity of the interesting portion of the empire we are at present speaking of.

Revering again to the main road, on the way to Killarney, and between Crookstown and Gougane Barra, we come to the spot indicated in the second

of the annexed smaller illustrations. Inchigeela is about twenty-four miles distant from Bandon, possessing a church, parsonage, chapel, police

barracks, an inn, and several white-washed houses. Here we again obtain a view of the river Lee, which runs close by the village. After quitting Inchigeela, a short and pretty drive brings us in sight of the lakes, about three miles in length. Here the Lee expands itself into a broad sheet of water, and three continuous lakes present in their entire course a diversified series of the most animated scenery, dotted with little islands. The road along the side of the lakes is very beautiful, and winds round the northern margin of the shore, from which point the best view is Gougane.

Quitting the northern shore of the lake, we follow the course of the Lee, and enter a lonely valley, encompassed with mountains, and, after a few miles' ride, arrive at the village of Ballingeary, or 'the Place of the Wildernes,' thirty miles distant from Bandon, and within four miles of the source of the river Lee. A spacious chapel, a national school house, a roadside inn,



INCHIGEELA CASTLE, ON THE ROAD TO BANTRY BY GUGANE BARRA.

and some few houses, constitute the village, from the bridge of which is a wild moory glen, through which flows the B. llingery stream, winding down the valley, and emptying itself noiselessly into the Lee. A rude and ancient church stands upon an eminence, about a mile up the glen, and several antiquated buildings are observable in the vicinity. A few miles further on, we approach Gougane, through a narrow road, situated at the base of a steep mountain, presenting the appearance of a craggy wilderness, and arrive at the head of Keimaneigh Pass, within a short mile of the Holy Lake of Gougane Barra, situated at the bottom of a circular chain of mountains, wild in the aspect of its surrounding scenery; but the tourist can form no conception of the scene of lovely loneliness till he contemplates it within its perfect amphitheatre of rugged hills. A short curve in the pathway at once displays the whole scene to view, and a more complete picture of wild desolation or

majestic mountain grandeur it is impossible to conceive. The small island, whence its sacredness, is nearly midway in the lake; and on the island are a group of graceful ash trees, and the ruins of a chapel, the hermitage of Saint Finnibar of the Silver Locks, before he journeyed to found his great church at Cork. The well here was supposed to be consecrated, and there was a great bi-annual pilgrimage of peasants, who had faith in the power of water to cure all diseases, both of man and beast. The lake of Gougane covers five hundred acres. Its waters are generally placid, and in their still depths the giant hills around are reflected. Proceeding along a causeway, we are brought to the little verdant inlet where numerous small fountains gush out in tiny streams, the source of the 'Silver Lake.'

Should the tourist have an opportunity, we would advise him to ascend the top of the mountain which overlooks the Lake of Gougane, and which is accessible, although with much toil and difficulty, in the summer season. The summit is a mass of black rock, in the form of a druid's altar, from which a magnificent view of Bantry Bay is obtained; the Killarney, Glengarriff and Berehaven mountains are also seen to great advantage, while underneath, the Pass of Keimaneigh, and the surrounding scenery of Gougane, form a glorious landscape. Returning from this lonely scene, we re-enter the main road, and a hearty luncheon having been disposed of at the refreshment room provided there, and a change of horses effected, we start again, and soon arrive at the celebrated Pass of Keimaneigh, thirty-four miles from Bandon. Mr. John Windele, in his 'South of Ireland,' speaking of Keimaneigh Pass, observes:—'Nothing in mountain scenery of Glen, or dell, or dale, can well equal this gloomy pass. The separation of the mountain ground at either side is only just sufficient to afford room for a road of moderate breadth, with a rugged channel at one side for the water, which, in the winter season, rushes down from the high grounds, and, meeting here hastens onward to pay the first tribute offered to the Lee. A romantic or creative imagination would here find a grand and extensive field for the exercise of its powers; every turn of the road brings us to some new appearance of the abrupt and shattered walls, which at either side rise up darkling to a great height, and the mind is continually occupied with the quick succession and change of objects so interesting, resolving and comparing realities, sometimes giving form and substance to airy notions.'

On arriving at the end of the pass, a beautiful view of Bantry Bay opens before us, and presently we approach the Atlantic Ocean. Wending our way round the head of this splendid harbor, by an excellent and picturesque road, we enter the enchanting valley of Glengarriff, fifty-three miles from Bandon.

It is of this ravishing spot that the cynic, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, throwing aside for once his captiousness, exclaims:—'Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder; perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean or the Baltic, English travellers would flock to it in hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland? It is less than a day's journey from London, and lies in a country far more strange to most travellers than France or Germany can be. The best view of this exquisite scene—the charm of a soft climate enhancing every other—is obtained from the height of the hilly road leading to Killarney, and at the foot of which is a pretty cottage, preferred as a residence for many years by Lord Bantry to the stately mansion at Bantry. The summit of this hill, which is, in fact, within a private demesne, may be attained if the tourist will make up his mind for a fatiguing walk; but the result will amply reward him.'

Not long since there existed at Glengarriff only a single hotel, and even that was an indifferent one. But now that Queen Victoria has made an Irish tour the fashion, visitors will find in the very centre of the fairy solitude of this 'rugged glen' (for such is the literal translation of 'Glengarriff') not an ill-furnished and uninviting wayside posada, but a splendid caravansary

on the most comprehensive and elaborate metropolitan scale, charges excepted; for in this respect, Mr. Roche, the landlord, is fortunately not ambitious of rivalling the Babylonian Bonifaces; and the same may with truth be said of his diligent and well-catering neighbor, the proprietor of Eccles' most admirable hotel. By lost Glengarriff is seen to the fullest advantage. Having taken a general view of the delightful amphitheatre surrounding Roche's Hotel, we proceed to Cromwell's Bridge, passing Ganish and Brandy Islands, and enter the limpid waters of the Glengarriff River.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

When the Duke of Ormond was on his passage to Ireland to undertake the government of it as Lord Lieutenant, in the reign of Queen Anne, he was forced by contrary winds upon the then almost barren island of Ila. There was no house in this place where his grace could find tolerable accommodation but a poor clergyman's house, in which were three small rooms, and these very poorly furnished; however, these inconveniences were compensated by the happy disposition of the landlord, and the frugal but decent hospitality, with which his excellency was particularly pleased. The wind, some days after, shifting about, the duke and his retinue prepared for again setting out on their passage, but before he went on board, he asked his landlord what his living was.

'Twenty-two pounds a year,' replied Joseph, for that was his name.

At which the duke, being surprised, asked again how he came to have his establishment so decent and neat on such a small salary.

'Why,' replied Joseph, 'my wife, Rebecca, is an excellent housewife, and as we have two cows, she sells the milk and cheese, and almost supports the family, whilst we reserve my twenty-two pounds for clothes and our children's education, which, at all events, I am determined to give them, and then the world is before them, let them shift for themselves.'

Ormond was charmed at the sight of so much contentment, which this poor but generous clergyman enjoyed; and having made Rebecca a handsome present, he promised to advance Joseph in the church, and immediately went on board.

Joseph having waited with anxiety for some time to hear from the viceroy, at last resolved on going to Dublin, and pushing his fortune, for which he seemed to have had only this single chance in his whole life. He set off, and soon arrived in Dublin. He imagined the best way of succeeding would be, if possible, by preaching before the Duke of Ormond, and using every stroke of address to make him recollect who he was, and what he had promised. Joseph therefore applied to the dean to be permitted to preach in the cathedral next Sunday. The dean, who knew nothing about him, seemed surprised at the request, and being of a humane disposition, he did not peremptorily refuse it, but judging it necessary to be acquainted with the abilities of the person to whom he was to grant this favor, he entered into a conversation with the stranger on various subjects, and finding him to be possessed of a considerable share of ability, he permitted him to preach next Sabbath forenoon, before the viceroy, and both houses of the Peers and Commons.

Joseph mounted the pulpit, and chose that remarkable text, 'But the chief butler remembered not Joseph, but forgot him.' He enlarged on the text in the manner he judged best calculated to promote his purpose, and then made the following application:—'Now, my honored hearers, let us turn our thoughts inward, and question ourselves, 'did ever I get a kind office done me by one of an inferior station in life, one, who, like the poor widow in the gospel, freely gave a mite, though it was all her living; and have I overlooked such generosity,

and barely forgot to reward it seven-fold? Have I ever been exposed to the inclemencies of the storm, and where conflicting elements seemed to conspire for my ruin? and did ever any of a low but contented station of life, with open arms receive me and my weather-beaten attendants into his house, although he had no hopes, or at least, no certainty of retaliation on my part, and have I allowed such benevolence to pass unrewarded, and ashamed to acknowledge my benefactor, have suffered him to languish under the iron grasp of poverty?'

Here the duke could not help examining his own conduct, and, upon recollection, found that he was guilty of some pieces of negligence equally criminal, and perfectly similar to this, which had just now been described in such affecting colors; but he was still more excited, when, upon a thorough examination of the preacher, he found that he strikingly resembled his own hospitable landlord in the island of Ila; upon which he turned to one of his lords and asked him 'if this was not their old landlord in Ila?' He replied that he thought it was. The duke desired the parson to be invited to dinner that day. Joseph came accordingly, and the duke asked him did he not come from Ila to remind him of his promise to provide for him? Joseph acknowledged that such was his intention, 'as he thought the neglect of him only arose from the important concerns of the government with which his excellency was entrusted.'

To which the duke replied, 'you are a worthy man,' and after dinner ordered some of his clerks to look over the vacancies of the church. The clerks, upon searching, told the duke there was only a living of four hundred pounds per annum, and he immediately preferred Joseph to it. The Duke of Ormond was soon afterwards divested of all his dignities, and escaping a trial by retreating to France, he was fugitated, and his large fortune was forfeited to the crown. The generosity of his friends for some time supplied him; but these aids were soon withdrawn, and the once great Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lieutenant General of Her Majesty's armies, &c., &c., now found himself surrounded with all the horrors of indigence, contempt and death.

The generous Joseph, hearing of his benefactor's misfortunes, consulted with his wife, whether they could not live upon one hundred pounds a year out of his living of four hundred a year, and remit three hundred of it annually to the duke. She readily consented, and immediately Joseph remitted to his grace the first quarter of his annuity. Struck with this second act of kindness, his grace wrote an account of it to a certain great personage at court, who, although in different interests, yet still preserved the ties of friendship inviolable. Being delighted with such real generosity in a poor man, the courtier got Joseph preferred to a second living, which raised his income to eight hundred pounds yearly; but, prior to the second preferment, the Duke of Ormond died in exile.

This story was related by an officer in the army, who declared he was descended from the hero of it, Joseph of Ila.

AN ANECDOTE.—The celebrated Bentley, when in France, went to visit the Countess of Ferrers, then on a party of pleasure at Paris. He found with her so large a party that he was quite embarrassed how to behave, what to say, or what countenance to show. Soon tired of this painful situation, which he much felt, he retired as awkwardly as he entered. So soon as he was gone, Lady Ferrers was asked who that man was that they all thought so ridiculous, and on whom every one had something to say and to remark. 'He so learned a man,' replied Lady Ferrers, 'that he can tell you in Greek and Hebrew what a chair is, but does not know how to sit on one.'

ON THE AURORA BOREALIS.

The aurora borealis, northern lights, or streamers, is a kind of meteor appearing in the northern part of the heavens, mostly in the winter season and in frosty weather. It is not known at what time this meteor was first observed. The first recorded in Britain was the remarkable one, on the 30th January, 1560. From that period till about thirty or forty years ago, they were generally seen in Ireland almost every winter season; and sometimes every night during certain periods of the year. It is remarkable, however, that of late years, they have scarcely been seen in this country; but I understand a very brilliant aurora borealis was observed in the winter of 1833 in Scotland.

This phenomenon was certainly known to the ancients, and is described by Ari-totle in his *Meteorology*, lib. i. c. 4—9, as well as by many others of the ancient philosophers. They generally begin in the north, extending towards the west, but sometimes inclining to the east, a few hours after sunset, or between that and midnight, by a cloud appearing in the horizon, sometimes a few degrees above it, seldom so high as forty degrees, and scarcely above 50 degrees; or the cloud is separated from the horizon, so that the blue sky may be seen between them. When the phenomenon increases so as to spread to a considerable extent, its progress shows itself by a general movement of the whole mass; numerous breaches are formed in the arch, and instantly disappear, while vibratory corrugations of light strike, as by shocks, every portion of the matter constituting the phenomenon.

It is in the northern latitudes of Sweden and Lapland that the aurora borealis are so singularly beautiful, and afford travellers, by their almost constant effulgence, a very beautiful light during the long winter nights. A more interesting spectacle can scarcely be conceived; but whoever sees it for the first time, cannot behold it without terror, for, fine as the illumination is, it is attended with a hissing noise through the air, terrific in the extreme. The natives describe what they then hear by the expression, 'Spolachi codjat,' that is, the raging heat is passing; and in some parts of Lapland the inhabitants believe that it is the spirits of the dead engaged in battle. And so fearful is the sound, that the dogs of the hunters on the borders of the icy sea are so frightened, that they lie down, and will not move till the noise has passed.

Various theories have been formed by philosophers in order to account for the streamers; but their origin, with their appearing and non appearing, is even at this day a matter of doubt. They were by the ancients considered to arise from vapors and exhalations, which, rising from the earth, mix together, and at length take fire; others again imagine that the ice and snow of the polar circles reflect the solar rays towards the concave surface of the upper regions of the atmosphere, whence they were sent back to us, and produced all the appearances that accompany the aurora borealis.

Among the moderns, Mairan supposes that the phenomenon takes place when the solar atmosphere approaches so near the earth as to be more exposed to the attraction of our planet than to the sun's attraction, and must, therefore, fall into our atmosphere, and by the more rapid circulation of particles of air in the equatorial regions, it is soon repelled towards the poles; and this he states as the reason why the aurora borealis appears oftener in the north, and then proceeds to explain the other circumstances of the phenomenon, and also the zodiacal light. But it has been calculated that the streamers are sometimes elevated more than 780 miles above the surface of the earth, so in order to maintain his theory he was obliged to give the atmosphere a height incomparably greater than is generally ascribed to it, or than it really has; besides it is plain, according to this hypothesis, that

the streamers should proceed from the equator to the poles, instead of proceeding from the poles to the equator, as they invariably do.

Euler next proposed a theory which supposes the particles of our atmosphere to be driven by the impulse of the solar rays to a great distance, and to become luminous by these rays being reflected on their surface. He extends this explanation to the appearance of the tails of comets, and the zodiacal light, but it is needless to follow him, as his whole theory is founded on gratuitous assumptions.

The next, and probably the true theory, is that of the celebrated Dr. Franklin. According to him, the electric fluid conveyed from the equator to the polar regions, by clouds that are charged with it, falls with the snow on the ice that covers those regions, and being accumulated there, breaks through the low atmosphere at the pole, and runs along the vacuum over the air towards the equator, diverging as the degrees of longitude enlarge, till it finds a passage to the earth in more temperate climates, or is mingled with the upper air, and gives all the appearance which the northern lights assume.

Now it can be shown, experimentally, that in exceedingly rarified air, the color of the electric spark passing in through it is green; in denser air it has a blue tint, and passed to a violet and purple as the condensation of the air is increased. In making experiments, it is found that in proportion as the medium is more rare, its conducting power increases, and a smaller intensity of electricity is required for the production of light. In the ordinary vacuum of the air-pump, the passage of electricity is rendered sensible by streams or columns of different light, occasionally varying in their breadth and intensity, and exhibiting movements which give them a marked resemblance to the corrugations of the aurora borealis, and almost confirming the theory of Franklin.

The ingenious Mr. Dalton, in his *Meteorological Observations and Essays*, supposes the aurora borealis to be a magnetic phenomenon, whose beams are governed by the earth's magnetism; as it is highly probable that magnetism is nothing but a kind of electricity, they of course are the same, or the one only a modification of the other, similar to electricity and galvanism; Mr. Dalton's theory differs in that case but little from that of Dr. Franklin.

The latest theory of the aurora borealis is that of the ingenious Swedish philosopher, M. Libos, or, as Dr. Gregory spells it, Libes. (See Haug's *Nat. Phil. Trans.* by Gregory.) He proceeds by stating that the production of hydrogen gas is next to nothing at the poles, therefore as often as the electricity is put into an equilibrated state in the atmosphere, the spark, instead of passing through a mixture of hydrogenous and oxygenous gas, at the poles as it does in our climates, must pass through a mixture of oxygenous and azotic (or nitrogenous) gas, and therefore cause a production of nitrous gas, nitrous acid and nitric acid, all which give birth to ruddy vapors, whose red color will vary according to the quantity and proportion of those different substances which are generated; these vapors are carried towards the meridian, where the air is most diluted, so that they approach more and more towards the spectator, and it is probable that their motion may be assisted by a north wind. Lastly, the slight detonations which are sometimes heard depend upon the small quantity of hydrogenous gas which is found in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and which combines with the oxygen to form water.

These principles, at the same time that they account, in M. Libes's estimation for all the phenomena accompanying the aurora borealis, explain also why it is so common towards the poles, and so rare in temperate regions; while thunder, which is frequent in the torrid zone, is scarcely ever heard in

the polar regions. The disengagement of hydrogen gas is very considerable at the equator, and in all the torrid zone, but very little towards the poles, and when we excite the electric spark in a mixture of hydrogen, oxygen, and azote, it combines in preference the bases of the two former gases, that is hydrogen and oxygen. The electric spark ought, therefore, to occasion thunder solely in hot countries, and to produce aurora borealis alone in cold ones. This is, in part, found to be the case; the torrid zone is the ordinary theatre for thunder storms; at 40 or 50 degrees they rarely occur out of the summer season, and near the poles they scarcely occur at all.

The rain of a thunder storm is accompanied by lightning, and generally preceded by a period of heat, which greatly facilitates the decomposition of water; there must, therefore, be a great quantity of disengaged hydrogen, which is raised into the superior parts of the atmosphere, and this hydrogen, when passing into the gaseous state, carries with it a great quantity of electricity. Now it cannot be doubted that lightning is produced by the electric fluid; but as to the rain that is formed the moment the lightning traverses the air, it can only arise from one of the two following causes: either from sudden precipitation of the water which was dispersed in the atmosphere, or from the combination of the oxygen and hydrogen gas, occasioned by the electric spark.

Libes remarks that the rain of a storm takes place very frequently without there having been any cloud to disturb the transparency of the atmosphere; yet it cannot be supposed that the water, which is in very small quantities, and perfectly dissolved in the air, can be so precipitated at once as to form an abundant rain. Hence, he recurs, on the contrary, to the electric spark, which, in its passage, effected with inconceivable rapidity, meets with mixtures of oxygen and hydrogen gas, the combination of whose bases becomes effected, and gives birth to those violent explosions called thunder, as well as to a quantity of rain, proportional to the quantity of eiform fluids; or, in other words, proportional to the oxygen and hydrogen gas, whose bases have been combined by the electric fluid passing through them. This hypothesis explains clearly how there may be lightning without thunder, though there may be many clouds in the air at that time; and why there should be many thunder storms in hot countries, and few in cold ones. For if there be not the proper proportion of oxygen and hydrogen gas in that part of the atmosphere through which the electricity darts, no explosions can take place.

This theory is most ingenious, but it is not without its difficulties. Could it be satisfactorily proved that thunder was really the noise occasioned by the explosion of the two gases, as the report of a cannon is caused by the ignition of the powder, it would stand a fair chance of being the prevailing theory; but many objections can be urged against it. It has however, been almost univversally adopted by the northern philosophers on the continent.

Ballymena Co., Antrim. J. GERRY.

P. S. Similar lights have frequently been observed towards the South Pole, called Aurora Australis. See *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 461, Sec. 23—25; and Vol. 54, No. 53.

The following remarkable occurrence took place shore, some years since, at Ballyvaston, on the sea county of Down—A strong wind setting in on the land raised the sandy soil about ten feet from the bottom, and thereby overwhelmed and nearly destroyed a rabbit-warren; by which storm the vestiges of several cottages were discovered, and the hearth-stones and wooden chimney frames surrounding them appeared. From these traces it is manifest that this place was formerly inhabited.

ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY.

LABRACH LOINGSEACH, OR THE DUMB PRINCE.

In the year of the world 3665, the monarch Cobthach reigned in Ireland. He waded through seas of blood to the throne, murdering with his own hand his only brother, Logary, the lawful king. He then seized on the regal authority, and caused Olioll Ayney, the son of Logary, and all his family, to be basely murdered, with the exception of Mayne or Maon, the son of Olioll, a child of about ten years, who was so shocked and horrified at the deeds of blood which he had witnessed, that he lost both his senses and his speech, and thus escaped the tyrant's hate, as a person not likely to disturb his reign of usurpation.

The unfortunate Mayne was removed by some friends of his father's cause to the court of Scoria, Prince of Corea Duivny, now known as the barony of Barrymore, county of Cork, where he was protected until he perfectly recovered the use of his senses, though he still remained dumb.

Such was the situation of affairs in Ireland, when one sweet evening in summer, a beautiful young lady walked from the palace of Scoria. She was tall and exquisitely shaped, with her curling and fair hair falling gracefully down her shoulders, and round her high and polished brow. It was Moria, the daughter of the Prince of Corea Duivny; she was accompanied by a young man who had just reached the dawning of manhood.

The darkening shades of twilight were slowly falling over the landscape, the mountain-tops looked dim and distant, and the breeze was softly sighing itself to rest. The lady and her companion wandered for some time without an object, and at length sat down on a moss-covered shelving bank of rock which hung over a mountain rivulet, and the youth placed himself at her feet. He was gazing upwards with an intent and anxious gaze. The twilight was now past, and the summer's moon was rising lonely in the heavens.

'Alas! poor boy,' murmured the princess, 'well mayest thou look towards yonder heaven; 'tis the only resting-place thou art likely to find. As the base bound takes the young wolf-dog by the throat, so the usurping tyrant stretches forth his hand against thy life.'

The last sentence, though partially uttered and broken by a sigh, was caught by the quick ear of the boy. He turned his pallid features to her with an agonized expression of gratitude. His countenance thanked her for the interest she had taken in his forlorn fortunes; he would have spoken, but he could not—he was dumb. The tears stood in his eye. She laid her hand upon his shoulder with an action of affection and sympathy.

'Look not so troubled, play-fellow, of my childish days,' said she, 'my father has the will and the power to shield you, and Moria loves you tenderly and faithfully!'

The youth arose, and as he turned towards her, the moonbeams fell full upon his face. It was agitated and convulsed by many feelings—he gasped as if for utterance—his eyes rolled in his head, and an agony seemed to shake him, and pronouncing the name, 'Moria,' he fell senseless to the earth. She was wild with surprise and terror at hearing the dumb youth speak; and she was on the point of running for assistance, when her father, with a party of soldiers, came to the spot. He gazed on the prostrate young man, and his brow grew dark with sorrow. 'What!' said he, 'have they already dabbled in his blood? have the weapons of the murderers drank the pure gore of their lawful king?'

He stooped down, and finding no traces of blood, and that life was not extinct, he ordered the soldiers to bear him to the palace.

'He still lives,' he continued, 'and may yet baffle the usurper's vengeance; but,' seeing his daughter, said, 'Moria, what do you do here, or what is the reason of all this?'

The young woman endeavored to explain, and the old man eyed her sternly, as she related how she heard the young prince pronounce her name.

In a few days after, and when Mayne had recovered the perfect use of his speech, a barque was privately prepared, and he was conveyed to the shore, where a favoring breeze filling his sails, he embarked for France, where he was kindly received by his relative, the king of that country. Here his courage and superior abilities soon raised him to distinction, and, finally, to the command of the armies of the kingdom. The love of Moria, and the feelings of the patriot were lulled in his bosom by the flow of honors and fortunes that covered him; and the dangers and bustle of the busy life which he was obliged to lead, gave little time for reflecting on his usurped crown in the green isle of his heart; and new friends, honor, fame, ambition, and a new home, chased from his breast all the warmth of the feelings which inspired it on leaving his native country. Years flew over him, and found him still the favorite warrior of the French king and the French people.

He was sitting one evening in an alcove that opened into a beautiful garden, in a listless, yet unpleasant kind of mood, the sounds of a harp from a brake of rose trees in the garden fell on his ear. It proceeded from a wandering minstrel from a strange country, who, having delighted the ears of the menials, they placed him there to try if his matchless skill in the instrument could dispel for a while the melancholy that had dwelt within their master for some time. The first sounds of the music that reached the ear of Mayne made him start, for they were those of his far-off home, and notes well-known and cherished in his by-gone days.

It was one of those sweet thrilling effusions that to this day characterize the music of his country. The air ceased, and another as well known and beautiful succeeded—both were favorites with him in the days of his youth, and, like the spirits of departed friends, their melodies arose within him, upbraiding him with having forgot the land of his birth, and the lips that used to breathe them in tones of surpassing sweetness and tenderness. But what was his surprise when, in his own still well-remembered and soft flowing native tongue, the minstrel accompanied the music by words similar in meaning to the following:—

SONG.

There is a home to which I stray
In thoughts by day, and dreams by night;
Its fields to me are ever gay,
Its skies to me are ever bright;
Loved land! I turn, with what delight,
And bless the hour that once again
Will give thy rude cliffs to my sight,
High rising o'er the foamy main.

I would not be a glittering thing,
To live in countries far away,
For all the wealth the world could bring,
To lure or captivate my stay!
Earth could not show a bower so gay,
But it would make me love it more;
Nor power a glory could display,
To tempt me from its emerald shore.

There live the friends I've loved and tried,
That is the land my fathers won;
And shall I throw their name aside
And never say I am their son?
Shall I a base life still drag on,
A hireling on a foreign strand,
And live and die alike unknown,
A stranger in the stranger's land?

The words had scarcely died away on the breeze of evening, when Mayne, springing from his couch, rushed into the garden to where the minstrel was exercising his art. A few brief words passed between them, when, rushing into each other's embrace, they shed tears at the meeting, and long and loving was the first kiss of greeting. Gentle reader, the minstrel-wanderer was Moria!

It was winter, and Cobthach's palace of Dencrea, near Rosscarberry, was the scene of feasting and mirth. The day had been spent chasing the deer over the hills of Erin, and the night was now passing in joyous festivity. The monarch was reclined on a magnificent couch in the midst of his princes and nobles, when an old man, enveloped in a grey mantle from head to

foot, entered the hall of banquet, and placed himself at the fire. He was dressed in a druid's habit, appeared very aged and feeble, and, without speaking, he glanced a keen dark eye on each and all, and took his seat. The king and nobles eyed him with wonder and astonishment, but did not speak; there was a mystery about his appearance which the king did not feel inclined in his heart to elucidate. But among the young warriors there were sneers and suppressed titters, until one, bolder than the rest, addressed the old man.

'My father is old,' said he; 'why should he wander? He should have rested in his oak crowned cell this frightful night.'

'Nay, my son,' replied the druid, 'fear not for me; the storm effects not the rock, though it be old in the ocean; the winds and the waves dash harmlessly round it.'

'But,' replied the young man, 'the rock is always young in its strength, and age has fallen heavily on my father.'

'My head is hoary,' replied the druid, 'but—' 'Aye,' interrupted another, 'it is certainly very venerable, but time has dealt unfairly by this curling tress,' and he held up to the view of the rest a long black tress of hair. The laugh became general against the druid, in which the king was fain to join. The druid spoke not, but his eyes flashed terrific lightnings on all around. The king met his glance, and quailed beneath the fury of its meaning; an increasing hatred and dread was inspired within him, and he ordered the druid to leave his presence. It was then that the druid stood erect, and casting off his hoary disguise, with his long grey mantle, he appeared a youthful warrior, covered from helmet to heel in glittering armor, and with a powerful axe in his hand.

'Seize him,' cried the king aloud; 'seize the traitor!' but no one stirred to do his bidding. 'Traitor, will you not stir,' said he, fiercely striking one of the nobles that stood near him. The stroke roused the nobleman from his astonishment.

'Death to my honor,' he cried aloud, 'a blow from the blood-stained hand of Cobthach the usurper!' and unsheathing his blade, he rushed furiously upon the monarch, but numbers threw themselves between him and Cobthach. Strife of the most deadly nature was about taking place in the hall of feasting, for some of the princes and nobles siding with their injured compeer, and others joining the king, were about (forgetting the druid) to commingle in bloody broil, and the king, in the confusion, endeavored to effect his escape; and, gliding from the combatants, made for a private door; but the mail-clad stranger, with the uplifted axe, stood ready to receive him. Cobthach turned to another entrance, but there the stranger stood before him again. Cobthach eyed him maliciously, and drawing his sword, rushed on the stranger with determined courage; but the young man stepping from before the deadly thrust, with the uplifted axe dashed the usurper's skull to pieces. A cry arose from one who beheld the king fall, and saw the streaming axe raised high in the stranger's hand. The nobles gazed in astonishment, and the stranger spoke.

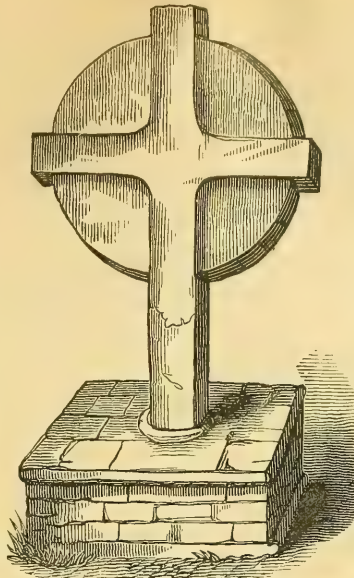
'The vengeance of my father's house is on my steel,' he cried; 'here in this hall, where Cobthach murdered my grandfather Logary, the king, and my father, Olioll Ayne, the Good; here have I, Mayne, revenged their fall.'

Some shouted 'long live the grandson of Logary!' but the greater number shouted, 'Revenge on the murderer of Cobthach!' and again wild tumult and the clash of arms arose within the hall. Mayne put a small horn to his mouth, and blew a shrill blast, which was answered from without; and soon the guards of the palace, surprised and unarmed, were seen flying before a band of strange soldiers, clad in polished armor, and soon the hall was filled with the victorious foreigners.

It is useless now to dwell longer on our history. The crown was given to Mayne, who then obtained the title of Labrach Loingseach, and who in a short time after espoused the beautiful and faithful Moria, as it was to her love and fidelity he owed the kingdom.

ON WIT.—Wit, in King Charles the second's reign, seemed to be the fashion of the times; in the next, it gave way to politics and religion; while King William was on the throne, it revived, under the protection of Lord Somers and some other noblemen, and then those geniuses received that tincture of elegance and politeness which afterwards made such a figure in the Tatlers, Spectators, etc., through the greatest part of the reign of Queen Anne; but since it has broken out only by fits and starts. Few people of distinction trouble themselves about the name of wit, fewer understand it, and hardly any have honored it with their example. In the next class of people it seems best known, most admired, and most frequently practised; but their stations in life are not eminent enough to dazzle us into imitation. Wit is a sort of imagination in the speaker, that strikes the imagination of the hearer with an idea of beauty common to both, and the immediate result of the comparison is the flash of joy that attends it; it stands in the same regard to sense, or wisdom, as lightning to the sun—suddenly kindled and as suddenly gone; it as often arises from the defect of the mind as from its strength and capacity. This is evident in those who are wits only without being grave or wise. Just, solid and lasting wit is the result of fine imagination, finished study, and a happy temper of body. As no one pleases more than the man of wit, none is more liable to offend; therefore he should have a fancy quick to conceive, knowledge, good-humor and discretion to direct the whole. Wit often leads a man to misfortunes, that his prudence would have avoided; as it is the means of raising a reputation, so it sometimes destroys it. He who affects to be always witty, renders himself cheap, and perhaps ridiculous. The great use and advantage of wit is to render the owner agreeable, by making him instrumental to the happiness of others. When such a person appears among his friends, an air of pleasure and satisfaction diffuses itself over every face. Wit, so used, is an instrument of sweet music in the hands of an artist, commanding, soothing, and modulating the passion into harmony and peace. Neither is this the only use of it—it is a sharp sword, as well as a musical instrument, and ought to be drawn against folly and affectation. There is at the same time an humble ignorance, a modest weakness, that ought to be spared; they are unhappy already in the consciousness of their own defects, and 'tis fighting with the lame and sick to be severe upon them. The wit that gently glances at a foible, is smartly retorted, or generously forgiven; because the merit of the reprover is as well known as the merit of the reprov'd. In such delicate conversations, mirth, tempered with good manners, is the only point in view, and we grow gay and polite together; perhaps there is no moment of our lives so pleasantly occupied, certainly none so agreeable. Wit is a quality which some possess and all covet; youth affects it, folly dreads it, age despises it, and dullness abhors it. Some authors would persuade us that wit is owing to a double cause; one, the desire of pleasing others, and one of recommending ourselves; the first is made a merit in the owners, and is therefore ranged among the virtues; the last is styled vanity, and therefore a vice, though this is an erroneous distinction, as wit was never possessed by any without both, for no man endeavors to excel without being conscious of it, and that consciousness will produce vanity, let us disguise it how we please. Upon the whole, vanity is inseparable from the heart of man; where there is excellency it may be endured; where there is none it may be censured, but never removed.

IRISH LEGISLATION.—In May, 1784, a bill, intended to limit the privilege of franking, was sent from Ireland for the royal approbation. In it was a clause enacting that any member who, from illness, or other cause, should be unable to write, might authorize some other person to frank for him, provided that, on the back of the letter so franked, the member doth, at the same time, give under his hand a full certificate of his inability to write.



ANCIENT CROSS OF FINLAS.

It is generally known that Finlas was the reputed residence of St. Patrick, who conferred upon it many endowments and privileges. He blessed a well, which is said to have singular virtues in healing diseases, and there are, to this day, to be seen, on the bushes about, various bits of cloth, said to be the cast-off bandages of those who were healed, which they hung up as votive tablets, to commemorate their cure. He also prophesied that his favorite residence should be, hereafter, an eminent city, and, according to Joceline, 'should be lifted up into the throne of the kingdom,' and so become the future capital of Ireland.

To commemorate these and sundry other important benefits, a cross was erected, at a very early period, in this village to his memory, and held in such estimation that two baronies of the county, Upper and Nether Cross, were denominated after this famous monument, in one of which it stood. It was set in a romantic glen, called the Watery Lane, and resorted to by all the country.

When Cromwell's army were proceeding to the siege of Drogheda, they passed through Finlas, and, observing the cross, they cast it down and broke it. The people of the parish, anxious to preserve it from further violation, secreted it by burying it in consecrated ground; so it disappeared, and the memory of it alone remained among the traditions of Finlas. In the year 1816, the Rev. Robert Walsh, then curate of the parish, was much interested about this cross, and made inquiries into the truth of the tradition. There was in the parish an old talkative man, named Jack White, who, amongst other stories, frequently mentioned this, and to him Mr. Walsh applied. White informed him that he had heard from his father, who was a very old man, that his grandfather had pointed out to him the spot where the cross was actually buried, and offered to show him the place, which was within the precincts of the present churchyard. Workmen were immediately procured, and, after some labor, the cross was actually found, buried in the spot which the traditions of the village had pointed out, and disinterred, after it had remained concealed in the earth, if the tradition be equally true, for one hundred and sixty-eight years.

The cross is of granite, being, with the plinth or pedestal, about ten feet high. It is formed of arms, issuing from a circle, like that at Clonmacnoise; but it is not so highly ornamented with sculpture. On close inspection, it appears as if the stone was decomposed on the surface, leaving indistinct indications of figures,

among which fancy has traced serpents and dragons, as if in allusion to those venomous reptiles which St. Patrick had banished from the country. The cross at Clonmacnoise is supposed by Ledwich to have been erected in 1280; judging from the different state of preservation, and ruder structure, it is probable that the Finlas cross is much more ancient.

When it was found, the shaft was broken in two, occasioned, apparently, by violence, and also, perhaps, because it was thin and weak, and not proportionate to the great weight of the head of the cross. The parts were re-united by iron cramps, and the whole was re-erected near the place where it had been found. It was a time of scarcity, and the parishioners entered into subscriptions for the poor laborers of the parish, and this was one of the works on which they were employed.

THE BOGS OF IRELAND.—Whether these morasses were at first formed by the destruction of whole forests, or merely by the stagnation of water in places where its current was choked by the fall of a few trees, and by accumulations of branches and leaves, carried down from the surrounding hills, is a question never yet decided. In a report of the Commissioners on the Bogs of Ireland, published some years since, it is stated that three distinct growths of timber, covered by three distinct masses of bog, are discovered on examination; and it was given as the opinion of Professor Davy, that in many places, where forests had grown undisturbed, the trees on the outside of the woods grew stronger than the rest, from their exposure to the air and sun; and that, when mankind attempted to establish themselves near these forests, they cut down the large trees on their borders, which opened the internal heart, where the trees were weak and slender, to the influence of the wind, which, as is commonly to be seen in such circumstances, had immediate power to sweep down the whole of the internal part of the forest. The large timber obstructed the passage of vegetable recreation, and of earth falling towards the rivers; the weak timber, in the internal part of the forest, after it had fallen, soon decayed, and became the food of future vegetation. Mr. Kirwan, who wrote largely on the subject, observes, that whatever trees are found in those bogs, though the wood may be perfectly sound, the bark of the timber has uniformly disappeared, and the decomposition of this bark forms a considerable part of the nutritive substances of morasses; not withstanding this circumstance, tan is not to be obtained in analysing bogs; their antiseptic quality is, however, indisputable, for animal and vegetable substances are frequently found at a great depth in bogs, without their seeming to have suffered any decay; these substances cannot have been deposited in them at a very remote period, because their form and texture is such as were common a few centuries ago. In 1786, there were found, seventeen feet below the surface of a bog, in Mr. Kirwan's district, a woollen coat of coarse, but even net-work, exactly in the form of what is now called a spencer. A razor, with a wooden handle, some iron heads of rows, and large wooden bowls, some only half made, were also found, with the remains of turning tools; these were obviously the wreck of a work-shop, which was probably situate on the borders of a forest. These circumstances countenance the supposition that the encroachments of men upon forests destroyed the first barriers against the force of the wind, and that afterwards, according to Sir H. Davy's suggestions, the trees of weaker growth, which had not room to expand, or air and sunshine to promote their increase, soon gave way, and added to the increase.

EGYPTIAN AZURE.—This beautiful pigment, which has preserved its brilliancy of tint for more than seven-cuten hundred years, may be easily and cheaply made:—fifteen parts of the carbonate of soda, with twenty of powdered opaline flints, and three of copper filings, when strongly heated together for two hours, will produce a substance, which, when powdered, will be of a fine, deep sky blue, and closely resemble the Egyptian azure in tint.

THE BRIDGE OF TENACHELLE.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, ESQ.

The dawn of an autumn day was beginning to expose the havoc of a storm, the last gusts of which still shrieked through the stripped forests of Bawn Regan, when two mounted fugitives appeared among its tangled and haggard recesses, urging their horses over the plashy brakes and cumbered glades at a speed which plainly told that they were flying for life or death. In the grey uncertain twilight, as they flitted, wavering and swift, from shadow to shadow, it was barely distinguishable that one was a female, and, but for the deep panting of their exhausted horses, and the snapping and rustling of the leafy ruins underfoot, as they plunged down the thickly strewn alleys of the forest, they might have passed for the spirits of some stormy hunter and huntress, chasing the night shadows for their game, so ghostly, wan, and unsubstantial, seemed everything around them. But the assiduous hand of the horseman on the slackening reins of his companion, the whisperings of encouragement and assurance at every pause in their speed, and, above all, the frequent look behind, would soon have betrayed their mortal nature, their human passion, their love, and fear, and danger.

They were the lady Anna Darcey and the Earl of Kildare, who had fled together from Dunamare, where he had been lately under arrest, and were now hastening to the Geraldine's county of Offaley. Their story is soon told: the noble prisoner had won the daughter of his keeper to aid in his escape, and to accompany his flight and fortunes.

By degrees, as the morning advanced, the evidence of their sufferings, through the wet night they had passed, became more and more apparent. The earl's plume hung dripping and torn over his brows; his cloak fluttered in rent shreds or clung to his stained armor; his face was torn with briars, and his horse's flanks were as red from the high force and goring thickets as from the spur; for they had attempted their passage by a horse-trace of the deep forest, and had strayed in the tempestuous midnight from even that dangerous pathway. It was a sad sight to look on such beauty as shone through the wretched plight of his companion, clad in so forlorn and comfortless a wreck of all that a tender woman needs upon an inclement journey. But, although the rain had beaten down her long hair till it hung heavily against her cheek, it had not weighed the rich curl out of it; nor had her eyes been dazzled into any dimness by the lightnings; her cheek was blanched, it might be as much from the washing of the recent showers and chill dews as from apprehension; but neither fear, nor the violence of piercing winds and rain, had subdued an unconquerable grace and stateliness, that asserted its innate nobility over her whole person, relaxed although it was, and sinking under almost insupportable fatigue.

'I would give the best castle in Offaley,' cried the earl, in deep distress and impatience, 'for one sight of the bridge of Tenachelle, with my ten true men upon the hill beyond. Hold up a little longer, dearest lady; had we crossed yonder ridge, we should see the Barrow beneath us, and that once passed, all would be well. Alas, for thy poor hands! how they tremble on those reins. Would to God that I could bear this in thy place.'

'Better this,' she replied, her faltering voice attesting how much she suffered, 'better even this than what I fly from; and I am not yet so weary—although my hands are numbed upon this cold damp bridle. I think more of my poor Sylvio's hardships—and she patted the drooping neck of her palfrey, willing, perhaps, to hide a tear, that she could not restrain, by bending aside—'Alas, my lord, the poor animal is falling momentarily. I shall never be able to urge him up this hill.' While commiserating her palfrey's weariness, Lady Anna

had turned her eyes from the face of her companion, and it was well that she did not see the sick and despairing pang that crossed his features, as he looked along the opening glade in the opposite direction, for, right between them and the yellow sunrise, there came down a party of horsemen, their figures and numbers distinctly marked against the sky, although still more than a mile distant; and, as the earl cast his eyes over the broad expanse of tree-tops and green hills, he all at once saw them on the ridge of the horizon. 'Lady Anna,' said he, in a low voice strangely altered, 'Anna, love, the road is here more level; let us hasten on.'

'Hast seen any one, my lord?' she inquired, hastily, raising herself at his words, and looking around in alarm, but the pursuers were already out of sight, within the shadow of the hill. 'Is there any new danger, Gerald?' she again asked, as he put his hand to her reins, and shook out her palfrey into a canter in silence.

'None, dearest; no more danger than we have been in all the night—but, lash your horse,' he cried with involuntary earnestness; 'lash him now, love, and do not spare!' and then again, endeavoring to conceal the cause of his agitation—'If we be not at the bridge by dawn, my men may have been withdrawn out of sight of the O'Moore's country; therefore, hurry on, for the sun is already up, and we may not find them there.'

They strained up the hill at the top of the exhausted palfrey's speed, and the lady for a while seemed satisfied. 'Why dost thou look behind so often, my lord?' she said at length, turning her head along with him. 'I see nothing but the tops of trees and the red sky.'

'Nor do I, Anna,' he replied: 'but do not turn in the saddle; for, weary as thy palfrey is, he needs all the care; hold him up, dearest—on, on!'

'We are pursued then,' she cried, turning deadly pale, and the earl's countenance for a moment bespoke hesitation whether to stop and support her at all hazards, or still to urge her on. 'We are pursued,' she cried; 'I know it, and we must be overtaken. Oh, leave me, Gerald, leave me, and save thyself!' The earl said not a word, but shook up her palfrey's head once more, and drawing his dagger, goaded him with its point till the blood sprang.

'Oh, my poor Sylvio!' was all the terrified girl could say, as stung with pain and reeling from weakness, the creature put forth its last and most desperate efforts.

They had struggled on for another minute, and were now topping the last eminence between them and the river, when a shout rang out of the woods behind. The lady shrieked—the earl struck the steel deeper into her palfrey's shoulder, and stooping to his own saddle-bow, held him up with his left hand, bending to the laborious task till his head was sunk between the horses' necks. 'Anna!' he cried, 'I can see nothing for Sylvio's mane. Look out between the trees, and tell me if thou seest my ten men on the hill of Cleganne.'

'I see,' replied the lady, 'the whole valley flooded from side to side, and the trees standing like islands in the water.'

'But my men, Anna, my men! look out beyond the bridge?'

'The bridge is a black stripe upon the flood. I cannot see the arches.'

'But beyond the bridge,' he cried, in the intervals of his exertion, now becoming every moment more and more arduous; for the spent palfrey was only kept from falling by the sheer strength of his arm—'beyond the bridge, beside the pollard elm—my ten men—are they not there?'

'Alas! no, my lord, I cannot see them. But Mother of Mercies!' she shuddered, looking around, 'I see them now behind us!' Another shout of

mingled voices, execrating and exulting, sounded from the valley as she spoke.

The earl struck his brow with his gauntleted hand, yielding for the first time to his excess of grief and anguish, for he had raised his head, and had seen all along the opposite hills the bare, unbroken solitude that offered neither hope of help nor means of escape. Yet he girded himself up for a last effort, he drew his horse close to the palfrey's side, and, 'Dear Anna,' he said, 'cast thine arms now round my neck, and let me lift thee on before me; black Memnon will bear us both like the wind—nay, dally not, for the sensitive girl shrunk for a moment from the proposal; 'remember thy promise in the chapel on the rock,' and he passed his arm round her waist, and, at one effort, lifted her from the saddle; while she, blushing deeply, yet yielding to the imperative necessity of the moment, clasped her hands round his neck, and aided in drawing herself up upon the black charger's shoulder. The palfrey, the moment it lost the supporting hand of the earl, staggered forward, and, though relieved of its burden, fell headlong to the ground. The pursuers were now so near that they could see plainly what had been done, and their cries expressed the measure of their rage and disappointment; for the strong war-horse, although doubly burdened, yet thundered down the hill at a pace that promised to keep his start; and hope once more revived in the fainting hearts of the earl and the lady.

'Now thanks to Heaven!' he cried, as he found the powerful charger stretching out under them with renewed vigor; 'thank Heaven that struck down the slow-paced loiterer in this good time! Now, Memnon, bear us but over yonder hill, and earn a stall of carved oak, and a rack of silver. Ah, the good steed! thou shalt feed him from thine own white hands yet, lady, in the courts of Castle Ley! Look back now, love Anna, and tell me what they do behind.'

The lady raised her head from his shoulder, and cast a glance along the road they had traversed. 'I see them plying whip and spur,' she said, 'but they are not gaining on us—Red Raymond rides foremost, and Owen and the threeangers; I know them all—but oh, Mary mother, shield me! I see my father and Sir Robert Verdun; oh, speed thee, good horse, speed!' and she hid her face again upon his breast, and they descended the hill which overhung the Barrow.

The old channel of the river was no longer visible; the flood had overspread its banks, and far across the flat holms on the opposite side swept along in a brown, eddying and rapid deluge. The bridge of Tenachelle spanned from the nearer bank to a raised causeway beyond, the solid masonry of which, resisting the overland inundations, sent the flood with double impetuosity through the three choked arches over its usual bed; for there the main current and the backwater rushing together, heaved struggling round the abutments, till the watery wave swelled and surged over the range-wall and fell upon the road-wall of the bridge itself with solid shocks, like seas upon a ship's deck. Eager for passage, as a man might be whose life and the life of his dearer self were at stake, yet, for an instant, the earl checked his horse, as the long line of peninsulated road lay before him—a high tumultuous sea on one side; a roaring gulf of whirlpools, foam, and gushing cataraacts on the other. The lady gave one look at the scene, and sank her head to the place when she had raised it. As he felt her clasp him more closely and draw herself up for the effort, his heart shamed him to think that he had blenched from a danger which a devoted girl was willing to dare; he drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and Memnon sprang forward on the bridge. The roadway returned no hollow reverberation now, for every arch was gorged to the keystone with a compact mass of water, and, in truth, there was a gur-

gling and hissing as the river was sucked in, and a rushing roar where it spouted out in level waterfalls, that would have drowned the tramping of a hundred hoofs. Twice did the waves sweep past them, rolling at each stroke the ruins of a breach in the upper range wall over the road, till the stones dashed against the opposite masonry; and twice were both covered with the spray flung from the abutments; but Memnon bore them on through stream and ruin, and they gained the causeway safe.

The earl's heart lightened as he found himself again on solid ground, though still plunging girth deep at times through the flooded hollows; but he passed the embankment also in safety, and were straining up the hill beyond, when the cries of the pursuers, which had been heard over all the storm of waters ever since their entrance on the bridge, suddenly ceased. There was the loud report of an arquebuss, and Memnon leaped off all his feet, plunged forward, reeled and dropped dead. Red Raymond's arquebuss was still smoking, as he sprang foremost of his troop upon the bridge. Behind him came Lord Darcy, furious with rage and exultation. 'Secure him first,' he cried, 'secure him, before he gets from under the fallen horse—bind him hand and foot! Ah, villain, he shall hang from the highest oak in Clan Malir! and, for her, Sir Robert, she shall be thy wife—I swear it by the bones of my father, before that risen sun hath set! Come on!' and he gave his horse head, but suddenly his reins were seized on right and left by his attendants. 'Villains, let go my reins!' he cried; 'would ye aid the traitor in his escape?' and, striking the rowels deep into his steed, he made him burst from their grasp; but, almost at the same instant, he pulled up with a violence that threw him on his haunches, for a dozen voices shouted, 'back, Raymond, back!' and a cry arose that the bridge was breaking, and the long line of roadway did suddenly seem to heave and undulate with the undulating current. It was well for Lord Darcy that he did so; for the next instant, and before his horse's fore feet had ceased to paw the air, down went the whole three arches with a crash, swallowed up and obliterated in the irresistible waters. Among the sheets of spray and flashing water thrown up by the falling ruin and the whirlpools of foamy froth from the disjointed masonry, and the tumult of driving timbers, and the general disruption of road and river, the musqueteer and his horse were seen sweeping for one moment down the middle of the stream, then rolled over and beaten under water, and tumbled in the universal vortex out of sight forever.

Stunned, horrified, his horse trembling in every limb, and backing from the perilous verge abrupt at his feet, the baron sat gazing at the torrent that now rushed past him. The frightful death he had escaped—the danger he was even then in—the sudden apparition of the river's unbridled majesty, savage and bare, and exulting in its lonely strength, all the emotions of awe, terror, and amazement, crowded on his soul together. His daughter and her lover, it might be her husband and her paramour, lay within a gun-shot upon the hill, before his eyes, for Anna had thrown herself by the side of the fallen and unextricated earl; but he saw them not, he thought not of them. He got off his horse like a man who awakens from sleep-walking, and grasped the nearest of his servants by the arm, as if seeking to make sure of the reality of their presence.

'Ha!' he exclaimed, 'this is a perilous flood, Geoffrey; we must have the scarp of the ditch looked to; but how is this? Ho, villains! where is my daughter? O fiends of hell, am I here!' and he started at once to a full consciousness of his situation. He tore off his helmet and heavy breast-plate, but his servants crowded round him and withheld him from the river, for he cried that he

would swim the torrent himself if none else would. 'Dogs!' he cried, 'take off your hands! would you aid the rebellious girl—the traitor's leman—the leman of a Geraldine! Raymond, reload your arquebuss—red hound where is he? Ha! drowned? O slaves and cowards, to let him be lost before your eyes and stand idly by! Owen Garreboyle, thou art my foster-brother; Sir Robert Verdun, thou hast been my son in bounties numberless; will you see me robbed of my child in my old age; nor strike a stroke for gratitude or fealty? Is there no man here will venture in for the love of my father's son?'

At this last appeal, his foster-brother threw off his cloak. 'Give me your hands, comrades,' he said to his companions, 'for though the Barrow were a river of fire, I would go through it for the love of Mac Roger More.'

'Not so,' cried the distracted old man; not so, my trusty kinsman; enough lost already without thee, my bold and loyal brother. But, Sir Robert Verdun, I had looked for other conduct from thee to-day; there is the lady that I would have given to thee this morning—there, sitting by her paramour upon the hill-side; and I tell thee I would rather let her marry him, Geraldine and rebel as he is, than bestow her on a faint-hearted craven, as thou hast this day shown thyself to be.'

'You wrong me my lord,' replied the knight; 'you wrong me vilely. I would rather be the merest Irishmen in Connaught, than son-in-law of such a cruel tyrant and unnatural father.'

'Get thee to Connaught, then, ungrateful traitor! Go!' cried the enraged baron; and the knight, turning, indignantly from his side, was soon lost to sight amongst the overhanging woods.

But, as he disappeared, there rose into view on the opposite hill a party of troopers, making at a rapid pace for the river. 'They are the traitor's men,' cried Darcy, 'they will rescue him before my eyes—and my child—oh, would that she were rather dead? Shoot, villains! let fly a flight of arrows, and slay them where they lie!' But he knew as he uttered the unnatural command, that they were far beyond arrow-range, and that, even were they not so, no man of his company would bend a bow in obedience to it. A few shafts were discharged against the party descending the hill, but they fell short, and disappeared in the water or among the rushes and underwood of the flooded hollow.

'Gunpowder and lead alone can reach them,' cried Garreboyle. But the arquebuss is gone, and here is nought save wood and feather. Let them shout, for a shout of scorn and defiance sounded across the flood, as the servants of the earl relieved him from the fallen horse, and found him, past hope, unhurt—'let them shout; we shall meet yet with a fairer field between us. My lord, they are mounted again, and going.'

'Let them go,' said Darcy, without raising his eyes to witness his departure. He sullenly resumed his armor, sprang in silence upon his horse, struck him with the spurs, and turning his head homeward, galloped back by the way he came.

IRISH PRUDENCE.—In 1705, a pamphlet was published in Dublin entitled 'The Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Irish Forfeitures,' which contained matter highly offensive to the government. On its being discovered that Francis Annesly, one of the commissioners, and a member in Parliament for the borough of Downpatrick, was one of the authors of said report—he was expelled the House. It was afterwards found that James Hamilton, Tullamore, John Frenchard, and Henry Langford, were also authors of said report; but on the House learning that Mr. Hamilton was dead, they prudently entered the following resolution in their journals:—'The House being informed that James Hamilton of Tullamore, is dead, the House thought fit not put farther question on him.'

IRISH SNAKES.

There is something bordering on the ridiculous in the very title of our essay, St. Patrick having not only extirpated the 'verment' from old Ireland, but also prohibited, under severe pains and penalties, any again coming hither. Their expulsion has been handed down by tradition, and faithfully recorded in our annals in both verse and prose.

From this period, Ireland remained free from snakes, toads, and all other venomous creatures, a fact acknowledged by all authors, whether natives or strangers. Donat, bishop of Fesulae, says, when noticing Ireland,

'No poison there infects, no scaly snakes.'

Joceline, of Furnes, in his Life of St. Patrick, confirms this statement, and Sir James Ware says, 'This island does not nourish any venomous creature, nor will they breed in it, though they were imported.'

Even old Fynes Moryson, who cannot be accused of any partiality to the country, bears witness to its truth; he says, 'I may not omit the opinion commonly received, that the earth of Ireland will not suffer a snake or venomous beast to live.' Modern authorities also furnish us with additional information on this subject. About 1797, a gentleman is said to have imported from England into Wexford, a number of vipers; but mark the result of his patriotic labors; no sooner were they loose among our shamrocks and shining daisies, than they were as dead as a herring before you could have said Jack Robinson.'

We are sorry to record that the virtues of the good old times have passed away, as snakes are at this moment free denizens of the county of Down, and gambling in its shrubberies and plantings—aye, and within a few miles too of the place where the ashes of our saint are said to repose. The particulars regarding the introduction of these serpents are as follows:—

In the summer of 1831, a gentleman by way of experiment, to ascertain whether snakes would survive in Ireland, brought from Scotland a few pair of what are usually called the common snake, (coluber matrix). These he put into plantation at Milecross, near Newtownards, where they soon, from their number, gave evidence of becoming as fruitful as if they had been in South Carolina. About July, 1832, some of these snakes were observed basking about the bottoms of the hedges where they had been placed, and one of them having crawled into an adjoining field, was killed by a blow of a stick. It was a female, full of eggs, and measured three feet three inches in length.

Up to this time the introduction of the snakes at Milecross had been only known to few, who concluded that they had perished long since, but the news of the astounding fact, that they were not only alive, but had also propagated their kind, becoming known, it excited the utmost alarm. It was immediately reported that they were rattlesnakes, and that their number were increased to several thousands; some old women even declared that they had heard the noise of their rattles, above a mile from where the defunct snake had been slain; and to complete the alarm, their powers of fascination were said to be such, that birds were seen dropping into their mouths, as they attempted to fly over the trees where these monsters lay.

In the meantime, the report of an enormous rattlesnake having been killed near Newtownards reached Belfast, and presently all the virtuosi of that town, from the puny naturalist to the executioner of butterflies and moths, were seen hastening in the direction of Milecross, anxiously inquiring for the great serpent, which rumor had now enlarged to the length of ten feet and a half. To the great joy of these humble disciples of Linnaeus, the dead snake was at length discovered, but shrivelled like a dried eel-skin. It was, however, considered a very valuable prize, and was conveyed with all possible care and despatch to Belfast, and deposited in its Museum. We have only to add that the alarm soon subsided in the county of Down, and that the remaining snakes still peacefully repose among the shrubberies and mosses of Milecross.



TERMONFICKAN.

TERMONFICKAN, or as it is now called, **Torfickan**, is a handsome village in the county of Louth, four miles north of Drogheda, pleasantly situated on a small river (over which is a handsome cut-stone bridge), half a mile from the sea-shore, and is chiefly resorted to in summer for the benefit of sea-bathing.

The name signifies the sanctuary of Saint Fechan, who was Abbott of Fowre, in the county of Westmeath; of whom Colgan says that he 'founded the noble monastery of Eadara, which the lord of the territory of Lany endowed with great possessions, and with the tract of land extending from the river, which leaves the monastery to the sea;' and we learn from Ware, that there was here an abbey of Regular Canonesses, the possessions of which were confirmed by Pope Celestine the Third, A. D. 1195.

In former times the founder of a church was obliged, prior to its consecration by the bishop, to endow it with certain properties for the maintenance of the clergy connected with the establishment. To these lands, which were denominated *Erenach* or *Termon* lands, various privileges were annexed: they were exempt from all lay charges, and became sanctuaries; and strictly '*territorium ecclesiasticum*'—and were, in some respects, equivalent to our glebe lands; and hence the name, *Termonfickan*.

The parish church of Saint Fechan is handsomely situated on a rising ground over the river, and is a neat commodious structure, having a good steeple and spire, but cannot boast of much antiquity. In the churchyard is an antique stone cross, about six feet high, with bas-reliefs of the usual description, but much defaced; the church also contains some handsome mural monuments.

A short distance from the church, and commanding the road to the sea-shore, is a lofty, square, embattled tower, apparently of the reign of Henry the Eighth, in very good preservation. It consists of three stories, having a parapet at the top, with a look-out tower; and a platform on the side next the coast. From its situation and appearance, it has evidently been intended as a defence, and even yet might be used as such to advantage, being very strong, and commanding the country all round. It is now inhabited by mendicants, and is called the '*curato's house*;' for what reason I could never learn.

Termonfickan has been the residence of two remarkable characters—Doctor James Ussher and Doctor Oliver Plunket; the one celebrated for his learning,

the other for his misfortunes. Of the latter it may suffice to say, that he was characterized by Bishop Burnett as 'a wise and sober man; who was for living quietly, and in due submission to the government.' He was convicted of an impossible crime, and sentenced to an ignominious death. He was dragged on a sledge to Tyburn, and executed on the 1st of July, 1681, in the presence of an immense multitude of spectators.

After his execution, his head was severed from his body, which was divided into quarters, and buried in St. Giles's churchyard in the fields. At the end of two years it was raised, and conveyed to a monastery of English Benedictines at Lambpring, in the Duke of Brunswick's territories in Germany, and re-buried there with much pomp. The head, however, even yet adorned with silvery hair, is preserved in a monastery of Dominican nuns at Drogheda, in an ebony casket, in very good preservation, and even yet retains in its features the benign and peaceable character of the archbishop's countenance.

LEGEND OF THE FRIAR'S LOUGH.—About five miles to the north-west of Burrisokane, and a little to the west of Loran, in the barony of Lower Ormond, and county of Tipperary, the Friar's Lough is situated. In winter it expands to a considerable breadth, but in summer is no more than fifteen or sixteen perches in circuit. Its appearance is no way interesting, as being partly in a swampy, unwooded country, and nearly surrounded by an old cut-away bog. The neighboring peasantry have a strange story respecting this Lough, but for which, indeed, it would not be at all worthy of notice. Tradition records that a huge monster, in the form of a serpent, committed great ravages throughout all parts of Ireland (and especially in the neighborhood of the Lough), in which men, cattle and houses were destroyed. If it was possible that a single man had it in his power to kill the enormous reptile, he might do it at pleasure, for he would not think it worth while to devour a single individual, as not being sufficient to give him one bit, whereas a hundred men would not be able to do him the least injury, for they dare not go within his reach, else he would instantly swallow them up. After being a long time wandering through the island (to the great destruction of the inhabitants, as well as of cattle and even timber, for trees were devoured when no other food was to be had), a friar took it into his hands to

overcome him. The holy man walked up to the monster's side, and ordered him to go on towards the west, which command he instantly obeyed. Having arrived at his destined place, he looked on the friar, and asked him how long he was doomed to remain *UNDER WATER*? The answer was, till the day of judgment, which gave the monster much uneasiness, and caused him to turn on a man who was ploughing in an adjacent field, and devour him along with the plough and horses; no sooner was this done than he plunged into the deep. As soon as the friar saw him under water he covered him with a large pan, and thus prevented the huge reptile from destroying the entire island, with its inhabitants.

I have been informed by good authority that a line with a plummet was let down about thirty years ago, in order to ascertain the depth of the Lough, but, although the line was over a hundred yards in length, no bottom could be met with. I have also been informed that on a fine summer's day, if a stone should be cast into the Lough, in about three minutes after the stone has immersed in the surface of the water, a gurgling noise is heard, as if the stone struck against metal; however, I cannot declare the latter to be a fact. The track of the monster, as he passed on to the Lough, is still pointed out by the peasantry inhabiting that quarter. In deed the *SERPENTINE* way which they shew is very remarkable; it commences about three miles east of the Lough, in the bog of Kilcarne. Suffice it to say, when a new road (which is part of the direct line between the town of Banagher and Burrisokane), was making through the bog, the workmen at one time gave up ever having the shaking swamp (across which the road had to pass) filled up, notwithstanding it being no more than three or four yards in breadth.

HOUSE FLIES.—The troublesome little insects may be effectually destroyed without the use of poison. Take half a spoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of brown sugar and one tablespoonful of cream; mix them well together; and place them in a room, on the plate, where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

GARLIC.—The smell of garlic, which is formidable to many ladies, is perhaps the most infallible remedy in the world against the vapors, and the nervous disorders to which women are so often subject.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS should forward communications intended for insertion in the *Miscellany*, not later than the Saturday before the day of publication, as our increasing circulation compels us to go to press every Monday morning, and should be addressed—Editors of the Irish *Miscellany*, Boston, Mass. Subscribers should mention the township, county and State in which they reside.

W. McC. Boston.—We do not receive pay for an insertion of this nature. Excuse us for not inserting Ireland's Freedom. Could you not read some work on the 'Art of Poetry' before you try again?

T. I. WALSH, Quebec.—Many thanks. The question asked will be answered next week.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1853

THE MAN FOR GALWAY.

Our readers will find elsewhere an account of proceedings attending a supper given last week by a large party of gentlemen, most of whom are Irishmen, to Capt. Thatcher and the officers of the 'Propeller,' of the new Galway line, which has just reached our shores. This vessel is the second thus far sent to us, and as it is the first step that costs in such things, and as that step has been taken with as great a degree of success as the more thoughtful friends of the scheme were prepared to look for, we hope that Mr. Lever, who seems to be the backbone of the whole thing—that is, the lever that started the machine—may turn out to be the very man destined by Providence to carry it out to a thoroughly successful termination. That he may cause stock in Irish-American steamships to pay, and to pay well,—that the new line may swell the purse, not of England only, but of Ireland, too,—that if it do not directly help all Ireland, in a money point of view, it may turn out to be a permanent and safe investment for Galway. If she wake up, even at this eleventh hour, and insist upon having her fair share of the cost, the responsibility, the profits, and the glory of the new enterprise, she may become rich once more; and not only all Ireland, but England and America, will find that a new element has been added to the commercial world, which should make it more united, stronger, richer, and perhaps better than it was before. The man who may do all this will assuredly be the man for Galway. Perhaps he may be the man for whom Ireland has looked so long. Who knows? In our Iron Age, national independence is measured by national wealth, and King Dollar, its emblem, is the product of labor-saving machinery, electricity, and steam. Anything, from any quarter, which may tend to save work, and reduce time and space to their lowest terms, is welcome to the spirit of the age. It makes King Dollar's face grow more golden colored, and it makes him grow in weight, size, and, consequently, in respectability. If this Galway line become a permanent Irish institution, the ambassadors of the commercial powers—the merchants—will bethink themselves of hastening to give Ireland 'assurances of their most distinguished consideration.' How long since Ireland heard that music, think you?

The telegraphic cable is as yet but an experiment. We mean the inter-continental cable, stretching along the bottom of a thousand or more miles of ocean. We have a degree of interest in the cable which will enable us to wait with the most exemplary patience until the aforesaid inter-continental highway for King Dollar's news shall have become, not a brilliant, because yellowish looking experiment—not a partially successful enterprise, but a thoroughly worked-out fact in the commercial or King Dollar's world, in the gambling or King Speculator's world, and in the professor's or King Poetic Science's world.

In the meantime, our world must move on, cable or no cable. It may require a period of three years or more until the enterprising managers of the cable may be in a position to prove to the last demonstration that the wire will transmit intelligence regularly, safely, speedily and surely; that it is in no special

danger of destruction other than that superinduced by the inevitable law of decay, and that an investment in the existing cable, or in any new and reasonable project of the kind, would be as safe as an investment of money in land, upon which you can walk, and in houses which you can see and inhabit, or let or sell. There are many men who are rich enough to help this new sea-serpent, and to send two more on their wriggling way across the deep, who, nevertheless, regard it just now as safe as a Spanish chateau, or a castle in the air, or a front row of house lots in the moon, would be as a thing on which to stake money. Some years must pass before these men will declare themselves satisfied, and they may then step in and sow where they did not reap. They may gain the ultimate profits, if there are to be any. As for the glory of having invented and established the thing, why, let the inventors have the glory. It is not worth much in the market now-a-days. It may bring a procession, a dinner, a few speeches and newspaper articles—nothing more.

But, in the meantime, it is certain that the telegraph from Galway to London, and of that from Newfoundland to New York, will be an accomplished, and, therefore, a paying business. English capitalists have lately dusted the forgotten maps of the western coast of Ireland and the eastern shores of America, and, to their utter astonishment, they find that Galway is really nearer to America than Liverpool is. Then they consider that, even if the cable turn out to be a complete success, only NEWS can be sent by it—it cannot shoot across the Atlantic men and merchandise. These must be carried by vessels, by the shortest route and the best vessels; for whoever crosses the ocean with goods for the American market, or for supplies therefrom to be sold in foreign parts, must remember that in trade the maxim 'first come to be first served' is the law, and that thousands—millions—may be won or lost by the gain or loss of twenty-four hours in a voyage across the Atlantic Ocean. And the practical conclusion drawn from these and similar considerations is, that, whatever may become of the cable, Galway furnishes a most available port for the entry and shipping of men and of merchandise in this inter-continental business. If the cable fulfil its promises the news from America can be used by the managers of the Galway enterprise as surely as the London and Liverpool merchants, and the steamer from Ireland may have the advantage of the shorter passage, and, accidents excepted, may always expect to reach the American market certainly hours, and with good management, even days in advance of the arrival of the English steamers.—Should the cable prove a splendid failure, Galway has still the advantage of the shorter route, with the additional security that the cable cannot be used in England against the interests of what is comically styled the sister kingdom, and that Galway may bring not only to America the freshest goods but also the latest news.

All this sounds finely in our imaginative ears, perhaps, and we have been so accustomed to take what might, could and should be done for what will, must, and shall be done by Irishmen at home and abroad for Ireland, that we almost instinctively put on a grave countenance when a project like this promising one of the Galway line is mentioned. It is like the old and yet ever new syllogism—such a nation will be free if it ought to be. But it ought to be; so it will be. The will does not seem to be wanting, at any rate.

But when, good gentlemen? Of course, there is a good time coming, if not in this world, certainly in the next, when time shall have been re-annexed to eternity. The 'good time coming' has been for many years the staple out of which orations, speeches, songs and 'talks' have been manufactured by orators, speech-makers, songsters and talkers,

and yet the staple is only the worse for wear—no manufactured goods appear—when you can find a market for it in London and Liverpool, and in New York and Boston the stock will rise, and the talkers will say—we told you so!

The stock will rise in value, but for whose benefit? Will Ireland be the gainer? Will she have a fair share of the profits?

And here we wish to offer a suggestion, which may or may not be of service. At the supper given in honor of Capt. Thatcher and his officers, it was noticed that our 'solid men of Boston' were not present. We here refer to our American fellow-citizens who stand high in a social or political sense. And we believe that some few regarded the absence of these gentlemen as a misfortune likely to affect the destinies of the new Galway line.

You are mistaken, gentlemen, utterly mistaken; and it is a singular thing that experience, especially your American experience, has not taught you that a procession, or a dinner, or a ball, means ONLY a procession, a dinner or a ball. We could name at least a hundred men, distinguished strangers for the most part, who dreamed the same dream, awoke, and found it not only a dream, but a nightmare.—Take the case of Kossuth. What a triumphal entry was that of his into New York—what a regal tour through the Eastern States, and what a humiliating decline and fall was his until the day when he left the country, as one disappointed, heart-broken Alexander Smith! And where is he now? He occupies a lower position than he did any time these ten last years. 'Distance lends enchantment to the view.' In Hungary and Turkey he was regarded by many as a hero—in America and in England he turns out to be one of the band who are forever singing about 'the good time coming.' And what we say of Kossuth may be said of several persons, famous and otherwise, who have alternately played the part of the 'hero of the day' at processions, dinners and balls, and who found that the people only wanted a holiday, the magnates wanted a dinner, and the women expected a dance. As for the hero of the day, why he might go and beg his bread after the nine days wonder created by his advent had been effaced by the appearance of some other hero or shero.

No, Cromwell was right when he said—'Trust in God, BUT keep your powder dry.' Another genius enunciated the same truth when he said, 'Help yourself and God will, in all cases, help you.' And so Mr. O'Connell loved to repeat the lines—

'Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free, THEYSELVES must strike the blow.'

It is as true now as it was then.

Why do you attach so much importance to a speech, a nod or a wink from others, when the work, if done at all, must be done by yourselves? You can do it. Very well, then, up and do it! A respectable and tangible beginning has been made whereby Galway and Boston may shake hands. Take care that neither by an over reliance upon others less interested than you are, or by a division of purpose and action among yourselves, you postpone for another decade, and perhaps for an age, the fulfilment of a promise which has been made so often to you, that it bears to you the sound of sure prophecy.

Irishmen in Ireland, and Irishmen and their descendants in America, can do this work. Will they do it? In another number we may offer a few suggestions which may serve to solve this question.

SERGEANT O'NEIL, who is well known amongst us for the services he has rendered in advocating the establishment of a Galway line of steamers to this country, has, 'to suit the action to the word,' sent to Ireland per steamer 'Propeller,' which sailed for Galway on the 14th inst., \$150 for Irish manufactured goods, for family use.

[Some time ago a reverend correspondent in the West wished us to give the original ballad from which the two lines quoted in our 'prospectus' were taken. We have not been able to procure a copy in print; but a friend, who often heard it sung, has supplied us with the following, from memory. We believe it will be found as nearly accurate as possible.—Ed. IRISH MIS.]

THE IRISH STRANGER.

O, pity the fate of a poor Irish stranger
That's wandered thus far from his home;
I sigh for protection from want, woe and danger,
And know not which way to go to roam.
Shall I ever return to Hibernia's green bowers,
Where thy rammy has trampled the sweetest of flowers,
That gave comfort to me in my loneliest hours?
But they are gone—shall I ever see them more?

With wonder I gazed on that proud lofty building
As in grandeur it rose for its lord;
With sorrow I beheld my own garden soon yielding
The choicest of fruits for his board.
O, where is my father's low cottage of clay,
Wherein I've spent many a long happy day?
Alas! his lordship has contrived it away;
It has gone—shall I ever see it more?

When nature was seen on each sloe-bush and bramble,
I sat smiling 'midst beautiful bloom;
Through the fields, without danger, I used for to ramble,
And lavish amidst their perfume.
I have ranged through the fields when the sweet feathered
through

Would joyfully sing their loud echoing song.
Those days of my pleasure passed sweetly along;
But they are gone—shall I ever see them more?

When the sloes and the berries hung ripe on the bushes,
I've gathered them off without harm;
I have gone to the fields and shorn the green rushes,
Preparing for winter's cold storm.
I have sat by the fire on a cold winter's night,
Along with my friends, telling tales of delight;
Those days gave me pleasure, I then could invite;
But they are gone—will I ever see them more?

O Erin, sad Erin! it grieves me to ponder
The wrongs of thy oft injured Isle;
Thy sons, many thousands, deploring do wander
On shores far away in exile.
But give me the pleasure to cross o'er the main—
America might yield me some shelter from pain—
I am only lamenting whilst here I remain,
The past joys I shall never see more.

Farewell, then, sad Erin, and those I left weeping
Upon thy disconsolate shore;
Farewell to the graves where my fathers lie sleeping—
Their graves I shall ever adore.
Farewell to each pleasure—I once had a home;
Farewell, now a stranger in England I roam;
But give me my freedom or give me a tomb,
And, in pity, I shall ask for no more.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

BY J. E. F.

No. 11.—A ride through the district of Burren.

A visit to the rocky and mountainous district of Burren, is one that should not be missed by the traveller in Clare. In driving thither, we skirted along the Atlantic, by way of Black Head, which, although not remarkable for romantic scenery, has a wildness that breaks the monotony of a drive by the sea-shore. On our right lay the rugged, rocky mountain, and on our left stretched the calm and placid waves of Galway Bay.

The town of Ballyvaughan stands on the coast, and in a line almost directly opposite to Galway. It is but a small town, and the best building it can boast of is the work house. A few miles farther on is another small village called New Quay, and it was here we hauled up for a couple of hours to refresh the inner man, and test the merits of the celebrated 'Poldoody oysters.' The present and only proprietor of the oyster beds is a Mr. Ryan. There are not many beds here, and yet oystermen all over Ireland cry out—'Poldoody oysters!' knowing their reputation. The bivalves are certainly good, yet it would 'puzzle a conjurer' to tell the difference between them and some we tried from neighboring beds, who do not rejoice in the name of 'Poldoody.'

Returning to Ballyvaughan, our driver took a differ-

ent route homeward, ascending Corkscrew Hill, as it is called, by the serpentine road. From the top of this hill, the view is very fine. On three sides are hills covered with limestone, with here and there a tuft of grass shooting forth, on which sheep (their noses sharpened) are fastening themselves for the knife of the butcher. At your feet lies the Vale of Ballyvaughan, with its castle, town and neat country houses, looking like an oasis in a desert.

After leaving Corkscrew Hill, a couple of hours 'jaunting' changed the aspect of the country from rock to peat; and for miles the eye can scarcely see anything but 'black turf.' Some of the customs of the Irish peasantry are to be despised, while others are worthy of imitation. One of the first is the constant putting the hand to the hat when they meet a well-dressed man on the road; and the latter is of invoking a blessing on persons working in the fields as they pass by them. You will scarcely ever see an Irishman pass a field of laborers without first stopping a moment and saying, in Irish, 'God bless the work.' In meeting one another, too, their first salutation generally is, 'God save you, to which is responded, 'God save you kindly,' and if it 'rains pitchforks,' they will usually say, 'it is a fine day, glory to God!' These things we frequently witnessed on the road.

The scene again changed from rock to rock, as we approached the ruined Castle of Lemenagh. This is in a tottering condition, and it is no easy task to pick your steps on the crumbling stairs. From the top the scene is not variegated, as you do not see woods, lakes, rivers and mountains, but rocks, rocks, rocks. The lower part of the castle is at present used as a stable, and the crows have taken possession of the upper part. In one of the rooms there is a trap-door, opening into a cellar, of whose depth and tenants there are marvellous stories. There is a story of this castle being inhabited at one time by a cruel and vindictive woman, who had obtained the soubriquet of 'Red Mary,' from her bloody deeds. Her custom was to invite travellers to partake of her hospitality, lodge them one night, but the next morning they were sure to step on the fatal trap, and they became travellers to another world.

Our driver hauled up at the little village of Corofin. A change of horses was made here, and towards evening we were skirting the romantic Lake of Inchiquin. The road leads up the side of a hill, which is thickly wooded, and as you stand at the edge of the lake, and look upward at the trees, rising one above the other, and then look at the mirror-like lake, in which you see the reflection of the hill, it would certainly need no coloring to make a charming picture for an artist.

The lake is said to contain excellent trout, and the place is much resorted to for pleasure-excursions from surrounding towns. There are a few swans gliding over its smooth waters. We fain would have wished that the 'shades of evening' would 'steal not o'er us,' but it was 8 o'clock P. M., and the darkening shadows made our driver give an extra touch to 'Rosinanta,' and the little lake of Inchiquin was soon far behind.

Kilfenora, another small town, remarkable for nothing except its age and some ancient stone crosses, was passed, and, as there had been a fair there during the day, there was a goodly number of the 'finest peasantry in the world,' strolling about the town, in search of friends to treat, or foes to maltreat. During the day they carefully tucked up the ends of their long riding-coats under their arms, to prevent them from being trodden upon, but now they were loose, and woe betide the luckless wight who stepped upon one of them; yet this is an impossibility, unless the wearer kindly consents to stoop a little, for the sake of a friendly 'scrimmage.'

This town was famous at one time for its faction fights, but, happily, they now seldom occur; and on fair evenings the citizens can sleep in peace without being disturbed at night by the cry of 'High for Neagle?' and 'High for Kelly!' and the bloody receptions they gave one another. The Irish peasants are growing wiser every day, and my prayer is, that they may continue so to do until they are wise enough to

know that Ireland belongs to themselves; and let them never use their shillelah but to knock out the brains of a soldier when their 'opportunity' comes.

To-morrow we bid adieu to Clare, proceed to Limerick, and thence in a few days to Dublin.

[To be Continued.]

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 7, 1858.

To the Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

Gentlemen—The first volume of the Miscellany lies before me, and a very valuable and interesting book it makes. Its well illustrated pages of men and places of poor Ireland recalls to memory many a scene of days gone by, never, I hope, to be forgotten by Irishmen.

'Where're we go, whatever forms we see,
Our hearts, untrammelled, fondly turns to thee.'

I cannot help congratulating you on the success the Miscellany has met with; it is just the paper that is wanted. The Miscellany, I have no doubt, will have, if it has not already, the greatest circulation of any Irish American paper published in this country.

The 'cable'—the 'cable' that cable that connects Ireland to the United States—would it were something stronger than a wire rope that joined Ireland to the United States. The past week has been one of unusual excitement in Philadelphia. On Wednesday, Sept. 1, we had a celebration on the success of the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. In the morning the military, various societies, citizens, &c., paraded, and made a very creditable display. At noon, there was a meeting in Independence Square. The meeting was opened with prayers by some of our prominent ministers, after which the Hon. Wm. D. Kelley delivered a very able and eloquent oration on the 'Cable,' in the presence of two or three thousand persons.

In the evening the firemen had a torchlight procession, with music, banners, &c. It was not as good as was expected. We also had fireworks on a very grand scale. The houses and stores on the principal streets were nearly all illuminated, with representations of the laying of the cable, Valentine Bay, Trinity Bay, &c., with curious inscriptions, some of which I give you:—'The United friends of human progress;' 'Chemistry and Electricity—Hand in hand they annihilate space.' Under a portrait of, Franklin was—'He drew the Prometheus fire from Heaven;' under a portrait of Morse, 'He harnessed it and made it obedient to man;' under portraits of Morse and Daguerre was—'Telegraph and Photograph;'—the combination is simple, yet contains much. Morse taught the lightning to convey thoughts, and Daguerre the sun to paint in truthful form. Another:

'The cable laid beneath the sea,
Shall breed perpetual peace betwixt you and me.'

But enough. I have occupied too much of your valuable space already. Perhaps I will say more of the 'cable' in a future letter; but I do not think it will benefit this country as much as most people suppose. I rather think it will prove more of an enemy than a friend to the prosperity of these United States. I hope otherwise.

Wishing you that success which industry and an endeavor to please so fully deserves, I am,

Truly yours, J. J. D.

AN ENGLISH JURY.—Ann Coate, a Taunton nymph, was indicted for stealing £2 13s 6d from the person of a soldier at Taunton. The foreman of the jury, who had been specially requested by the Clerk of Assize to assume the seat of honor, (we presume from some fancied intelligence upon his features,) said—'We find her guilty; but the evidence is very unsatisfactory,' (laughier.) The Judge—'Then you ought to find her not guilty.' A Jurymen (confidently to his lordship)—'Why you see the case rests entirely on the evidence of one man, who was three parts drunk, and that is very unsatisfactory to an upright mind. The Judge—'If you do not think the evidence sufficient, you should acquit her.' The Foreman—'Guilty.' The Judge (to the prisoner)—'You will be kept in confinement six weeks.'

[Written for the Miscellany.]

THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

BY LARRY LOAFER.

* After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.—SHAKESPEARE.

Life's fever o'er, he sleeps serene,
Enclosed in silent tomb;
Ambition's flame within his breast
Finds now no genial room;
His charging cry is heard no more
'Bove clashing steel and cannon's roar;
His sword and plume hang up at last,
Memorials of his prowess past.

Shrill trumpet's blast and beat of drum
May tell new conflict's near,
And victor hosts ring out their loud
Reverberating cheer;
Unheeded as the gentle breeze
Of summer through the leafy trees,
These martial sounds about him roll—
They gladden not again his soul.

His ear is deaf to music's strain
And tramp of squadron's feet;
Nor banners waving in the air
His grateful eye shall meet;
His steed, to whom the battle's roar
Than wild waves music on the shore
More joyous seem'd, now drops his head
Grief-stricken for the mighty dead.

Though death, with sullen gloom, invests
The air around this grave,
Say not that with life perishesth
The laurels of the brave;
His grateful country shall appear
The marble column high in air
His fame to tell, and history's page
Extol his deeds through future age.

(Translated from the *Reveu de la Presse*, May 3.)

DETAILS REGARDING THE LIFE OF THE POPE.

Generally speaking, the more exalted a man's dignity is, the more arduous is his life. I know people suppose the very reverse to be the case, yet it is nevertheless true. There is not so much freedom in the palace of the prince as in the lowly dwelling of the laborer. The highest dignity in the world is, beyond contradiction, the Pope—the Pope, the supreme head of religion on earth, High Priest of God, Bishop and Pastor of all the faithful, spiritual father of monarchs as well as of their subjects. There is moreover, no man who leads a more austere life than the Pope, more laborious, more toilsome, and more difficult. From noon till night, and from the first to the last day of the year, he is literally the slave of his sublime duty, and the servant of the servants of God, as the Sovereign Pontiffs designate themselves in their bulls and decrees.

You are, perhaps, anxious to know, dear reader, how the day passes with the Pope. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius the Ninth, is a handsome and majestic old man, of a tall commanding figure, a countenance mild and earnest, and a voice sonorous and sympathetic. The palace which he inhabits is called the Vatican, and adjoins the basilica of St. Peter's. The vast halls of the Vatican are magnificently and yet simply decorated; the walls are all covered with scarlet, and, except the Pontifical throne, there are no other seats but arm chairs of wood. After a long range of apartments, the first of which are set apart for the attendants and the guard, according to their rank, and the next for the different persons that compose the Pope's household, we come to the part especially designed for his Holiness. These apartments are small, and more simple than the rest. The first is the study of the Holy Father. There every day he grants the numerous audiences of which we shall speak presently. He is seated in an arm chair, richly gilt, and covered with scarlet velvet; before him is a large square table, covered with silk of the same color as the walls; above the chair is suspended a dais or canopy of the same dye, emblazoned with the Pontifical and royal arms; the stools or ottomans for the Cardinals and the princes, then two or three seats of

wood, and you have the entire furniture of this cabinet.

This first chamber communicates with a second, perfectly like it, except that at its end there is a bed, draped with red silk. This is the Pope's bed-chamber. Then there is a third apartment, the dining-room, again furnished in the same manner. The Holy Father always eats alone, from a table covered with red silk, like that in his study. The last of the suite is the library, a large and handsome apartment with four or five windows; it is here that the Pope usually holds his council of ministers.

His Holiness is always attired in white, and wears on his head a calotte, or cap of white silk; his soutan is of blue cloth in winter, of light woollen and white silk in summer. His large belt or girdle is also of white silk with tassels of gold. His slippers, which still retain the ancient name of mules, are red, with a cross embroidered on the instep of the foot. It is this cross which is always kissed by those who approach the Vicar of Christ.

When the Pope goes forth from his chamber, he puts over his soutane a lace surplice, a purple cope, trimmed with white fur, and which is called *moquette*, and, lastly, a stole embroidered with gold. He covers his head with a large hat of red silk, a little turned up on each side, and ornamented with a gold tassal. The usage of the Pontifical court does not permit him to appear in the streets except in a carriage; beyond the city gates he often takes long walks on foot, delighting to stop on his way to speak to the poor and the children, and giving his holy benediction to all whom he meets. The moment the Pope is seen, those who meet him uncover and prostrate themselves before him, in testimony of the respect due to the character of the Supreme Pontiff.

The Holy Father rises at an early hour. After prayers he proceeds to his chapel to celebrate the Holy Mass. This chapel is small, and near the Pope's apartment. The Holy Sacrament is always kept there, and Pio Nono, in his devotion towards the Divine Eucharist, watches himself over the replenishment of the two lamps that burn perpetually before the tabernacle. He celebrates the Mass slowly and in a saintly manner; his august visage is often bathed in tears, whilst he holds in his hands the hidden God whose Vicar he is. Ordinarily he says Mass at half-past seven, and is present repeating acts of thanksgiving at a second Mass celebrated by one of his chaplains. Then he recites on his knees, with one of the prelates of his suite, a part of the Breviary, and afterwards returns to his apartment.

The Pope's breakfast consists of a simple cup of coffee without milk. Italian sobriety is proverbial, and this is the first meal of nearly all the Romans. Up to about ten o'clock the Holy Father is engaged every day with his Prime Minister, who is a Cardinal, and who is called a Secretary of State. He is the person who has the principal charge of the temporal affairs of the States of the Church.

At ten o'clock the audiences commence—a most laborious task, which would be extremely onerous, exhausting and wearying if they did not relate to questions of the highest importance, and the most grave interests of religion and society at large. Cardinals, Bishops, Princes, Ambassadors, Priests, and the faithful, come from every part of the world, laying before the feet of the Head of the Church their requests, their homage, or their wants. The Pope remains seated during all these audiences. In his presence every one remains on bended knees, or if he permits it, standing; the Cardinals and the Princes alone having the privilege of seating themselves on the ottomans, to which we have already alluded. On entering this presence-chamber of the Pope, the persons admitted perform three genuflections; the first at the threshold, the second, after

having advanced half way, and the third, at the Pope's feet; they then kiss his foot or his hand, after which ceremonies the audience commences. As soon as this is over the Holy Father rings a little hand bell, and another visitor is announced, and at once introduced by one of the prelates in attendance. Gentlemen alone are thus admitted into the Pope's apartments by an invariable rule. As ladies, they are admitted to an audience once or twice a week, in a spacious saloon forming part of the museums of the Vatican.

The forenoon audiences last generally more than four hours in succession. When finished, at about two or half-past two o'clock, the Pope proceeds to his dining-hall, and partakes of a frugal repast. Then he recites, again on his knees, the remainder of his breviary; and after some brief moments of repose, he drives out to take a little exercise. Often the destination of these recreative drives is some venerable sanctuary where a feast is celebrated some hospital, or some prison. If the weather be unfavorable, the Holy Father contents himself with walking for a short time in his library on the covered corridors of the Vatican. At the close of the day, indicated in Italy by the sound of the Angelus, and hence called the *Ave Maria*, the Pope re-enters his palace, recites with his suite the Angelical Salutation, adding the *De Profundis* for all the faithful departed who have died during the day throughout the world. The audiences are then recommenced. Papers are here substituted to his Holiness for signature; the decrees of the different Roman congregations who share amongst themselves the supervision of the religious affairs of the whole Catholic world, are next laid before the Pope for his sovereign approval and final decision. These audiences continue till ten or eleven o'clock at night, after which the Holy Father takes a slight collation, consisting of some fruit and vegetables. He then finishes the recital of his breviary, and afterwards takes some hours of repose, so saintly and laboriously earned. With very rare exceptions, such are the days of the Pope. A life like this, notwithstanding the honors which attend it, is a continued subjection, an incessant abnegation of himself. Moreover, when a Sovereign Pontiff enters into God's views, as is the practice of our Holy Father the present Pope, the holy and admirable Pius IX., his life is perfect before the Lord, and merits more than any other life, the great and blessed recompense promised to the faithful servant.

DEBT.—Ferdinand Armine had passed the Rubicon. He was in debt. If youth but knew the fatal misery that they are entailing on themselves the moment they accept a pecuniary credit to which they are not entitled, how they would start in their career! how pale they would turn! how they would tremble and clasp their hands in agony at the precipice on which they are disporting! Debt is the prolific mother of folly and of crime; it taints the course of life in all its dreams. Hence so many unhappy marriages, so many prostituted pens, and venal politicians. It hath a small beginning, but a giant's growth and strength. When we make the monster, we make our master, who haunts us at all hours, and shakes his whip of scorpions forever in our sight. The slave hath no overseer so severe. Faustus, when he signed the bond with blood, did not secure a doom more terrific. But when we are young we must enjoy ourselves. True; and there are few things more gloomy than the recollection of a youth that has not been enjoyed. What prosperity of manhood, what splendor of old age, can compensate for it! Wealth is power, and in youth, of all seasons of life, we require power, because we can enjoy every thing that we can command. What then is to be done? I leave the question to the schoolmen, because I am convinced that to moralize with the inexperienced availeth nothing.

What is the difference between a man and a woman? Hard to tell. One can't conceive.

From the London Times

IRELAND PAST AND PRESENT.

Thirty years ago the condition of Ireland was a disgrace, not to England, but to Europe itself. Nowhere was there a people so ill-fed, so ill-dressed, so ill-housed. For these misfortunes and infirmities which bring upon the poor-people a twentieth of the people of prosperous England, and as much as a twelfth, or even a tenth, of some thriving agricultural districts, the Irish people had no legal resource except that liberty to beg which an English statesman once alluded to as a tolerable equivalent. For those who were ashamed to beg, and strong enough to dig, there remained the lowest description of husbandry known in the world, small holdings without proper buildings, implements, or stock, yet so necessary to the existence of the cultivator, that he allowed himself to be rack-rented out of all proportion or power. To defend his position when he could pay no rent, when another bid more, or when the landlord attempted a better system, he had no legal resource except combination to murder—a practice which has not yet received the sanction of any British statesman. Besides his rent to his landlord, generally an absentee, he had to pay tithes to a clergy whom he believed to be the agents of a satanic heresy, and who had precisely the same opinion of him and his creed. The more he paid the more he denounced, and when he discharged his legal obligations it was only to feed the flames of an odious persecution. Of course he did combine against landlord and clergy; he devised methods suitable to his condition and class, and found chiefs equally ready and fit.

So, thirty years ago, there raged a social war, which the greatest captain of the day pronounced to be not only fatal to our credit, but dangerous to our wealth, and pregnant with the worst consequences, if not met with timely concessions. A most able and unscrupulous man, who found his own line of greatness in ripening and organizing the social disorders of his country, and who set at naught every consideration that came in his way, held the heart of Ireland in his hand, and could do what he pleased with that excitable race. Thus at the same time there raged three fierce wars in the island—the political, the religious, and the predial.

The first brought its chief to head the legislature in its own halls; the second actually suspended for years the legal provision for the established clergy; the third threatened every day to send every landlord to the grave, where already lay, in many instances, his most active agents, his most improving tenants, and several of his relations and friends. The result of this was a social misery, an uncertainty of life, and a precariousness of condition utterly incompatible with happy and healthy existence.

The landlord would not reside where he hated and was hated in return; where he dispensed wretchedness, and where his life was sought. His wife could not bear a country where she lived half the year with the lower windows boarded with three-inch planks, where an obnoxious color provoked angry missiles, where her husband had given a site for a popish mass-house, and where every servant about the house was in secret league with the foe. So their visits were few and far between, and they generally resided where provisions were not so cheap, or life either, in this peaceful country. Every week, sometimes every morning, the landlord had letters from persons playing a double game between him and a band of assassins. He was duly informed of the proceedings of clubs that met every night for the enforcement of rude justice at the expense of landlords and their agents. He had to check the letters one against another, and to secure, if possible, by calling in fresh aid, that they were not all in collision against him.

When thus up to the arrangements of the shooting season, he would find his information verified by a murder or an attempt. It was, of course, gratifying to find himself on the right scent, and that his life certainly was sought. True, the assassins often failed, and the victims, or intended victims, had their conso-

lations. The assassins seldom failed to kill somebody, though often the wrong man. When one man was shot for another, the one had the comfort of feeling that he was the victim of a mistake, and the other was at least equally pleased to have the benefit of it. This was Irish society thirty years ago. The natural consequence of absenteeism and mutual hatred was something worse than barbarism. Yet there were also riot and extravagance. There were ideal income, overwhelming debt, consuming mortgages, millstones of settlement, huge castles never lived in or paid for, and every evil of public or private life, enough to have brought on a hundred bloody revolutions, but for the immensely preponderating power of wealthy and Protestant England.

Could it have been imagined thirty years ago that, in the year 1858, two men of different parties, an Irish Viceroy and an ex-Premier, would be drawing such a picture of Irish peace and prosperity as that given in the speeches of Lord Eglington and Lord Palmerston? Would a prediction of the Atlantic telegraph have been more disbelieved? How has this change come to pass? It is the result, we freely admit, rather of events than of any human wisdom. It is the work, mainly, of heaven, and not of man. Among the causes which have contributed we must reckon the gold discoveries, and that great prosperity which has raised the condition of labor, and given a man his due all over the world, nowhere so much as in Ireland.

Such is the part which events have had in the matter. Legislation, too, has done something; but it has, wisely perhaps, acted only a secondary part. It has followed in the train of events, mending, as it were, the ravages of the tornado, rebuilding after the conflagration, but finding even that work better than its own. We have to thank Providence for Ireland as it is, and it is no small encouragement to those who despair of the improvements they have set their hearts upon, that they little know the vast openings and opportunities that any day may bring.

MACBIRCH ARRESTED IN FRANCE.—The French authorities have not yet forgotten the affair of Dr. Bernard and the attempted assassination of the Emperor in January last. An Irish gentleman who, unfortunately for himself, possesses the Christian name of Bernard, and who has been domiciled for some little time in Brittany, was arrested the other day in the lawful discharge of his avocations, and committed to prison, simply because one of his names happened to be Bernard. The gentlemen to whom I refer is Mr. William Bernard McCabe, the author of the 'Catholic History of England,' and very well known upon the London and Dublin press. Mr. McCabe, it appears, is one of the 'own correspondents' of the London Morning Post, and in that capacity, assisted by the accomplished Paris correspondent of the aristocratic journal, visited Cherbourg to describe the fête, and pay his respects to the Emperor, to whom he is personally known. Mr. McCabe was allowed to 'circulate' about undisturbed, until at length the mayor of some little town fancied he smelt a rat, and having in his mind's eye visions of the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and other distinctions, caused Mr. McCabe to be arrested, simply because his name was William Bernard McCabe. He was accordingly taken (at his own expense) to the nearest jail, some miles distant, and incarcerated until further orders. The legal functionary of the district was then sent for, who declared the affair to be a mistake, as Bernard was not the surname of the prisoner, but McCabe, and that, said he, 'is evidently some English name, which nobody can understand.' He, however, declared that Mr. McCabe's passport was not regular, because it was not sealed! No foreign passports are sealed, so that the whole proceeding was grossly illegal, tyrannical, and unjust. Mr. McCabe was permitted to return home after a detention of several hours, if not days; but no apology was offered; neither was he refunded the amount which he was compelled to disburse for a conveyance to jail, and for the pay and maintenance of two gendarmes to arrest him. This was certainly adding injury to insult. [Freeman Correspondent.]

HORRIBLE CRUELTY TO AN ENGLISH WOMAN.—This it will be seen is a piece of the mobbing out of business. The woman had been the wife of an Irishman, and therefore she was hunted out of England when she became destitute.—

A respectable-looking and modest young woman, accompanied with a child, presented herself at the bar of the Cork police office, and made the following statement:—Her name is Susan Dunne, and she is the widow of an Irish cooper named Joseph Dunne, who had been in England from his infancy until his death, about two years ago; she is a dressmaker by trade, and by birth an Englishwoman, having been born in St. George's in the East, and lived there from her infancy; her husband was a Cork man; after his death she supported herself by working at her trade of dress-making, until she got a rheumatic fever, which compelled her to apply for relief at St. George's in the East; upon her recovery she desired to leave the work-house hospital, and go out to work at her trade as before, but the guardians would not permit her; she was forcibly brought before a magistrate (she thinks Mr. Yardley) and made to depose to her deceased husband's parish, which, as she had heard from him, was Cork; she objected to be sent to Cork, stating that she was a native of England, and had no business whatever in this city; despite her remonstrance, she was forcibly removed on board the steamer Adler, and landed at Cork on the following evening; she was provided with five shillings, and 'consigned' to the care of a man named Fitzgerald in Leitrim street, on whom she had an order for two night's lodging; she desired to be sent back to London again, as she was very well able to support herself at her trade, and had no business whatever in this town, where she was a total stranger, her husband having left it in his infancy.

Mr. Tooker—Your case is a very gross one, and I would advise you to go into the work-house here for a day or two, to enable the guardians to take it into their consideration, and bring it under the notice of the proper authorities.

Applicant said she had a claim for another night's lodging on Fitzgerald, and had part of the five shillings with which she was provided in her possession, and that she would prefer staying at the lodgings to going into the work-house. The magistrate then directed her to stand aside till he should take her case into consideration, with a view to sending her back to London.

Applicant, who speaks with an English accent, which left no doubt of the place of her birth, is a young woman of great propriety of deportment, and evidently a respectable person in every way, but having been the wife of an Irishman, she came in for her share of the injustice systematically inflicted on the country which gave him birth, but never had the benefit of his industry.—[Cork Reporter.]

EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.—The John and Lucy sailed from Birkenhead for Melbourne on Monday last with four hundred government free emigrants, the majority of whom are Catholics. They are accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Dunne as their chaplain, who has volunteered his services in order to initiate a step which would do more to promote emigration from Ireland to Australia than all the promises which the government could hold out. It is hoped the Australian government will see the necessity of regularly appointing chaplains on board their emigrant ships if they wish to draw a virtuous and useful population to their shores. The Rev. Mr. Dunne intends, we believe, to return to his native land as soon as he delivers up his charge.—[English paper.]

FAT MEN, ATTENTION!—The editor of the Ohio Cultivator, whom we thus judge to be fond of huge jokes, proposes in good faith to bestow a premium of a broadsword to the heaviest man who makes his appearance at the approaching Ohio State Fair. Each competitor will be equipped with fan and handkerchief, and, after being proved upon the scales, will parade as the 'Falstaff Guards.' The prize is open to the world.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

DR. CAHILL IN YOUGHAL.—In addition to the pleasure which the regatta afforded, the inhabitants of Youghal have, during the past week, been highly interested and instructed by a series of scientific lectures delivered in the Mall House by Dr. Cahill. The first of this course of lectures was delivered at eight o'clock on Monday evening before a crowded audience, principally composed of the elite of Youghal. The subject was 'Astronomy.' After some brief introductory remarks, and a simple, yet forcible description of the laws of the planets, the solar system, and the attraction of gravitation, he proceeded to illustrate how the sun had its orbit, and how, instead of being in the centre of the system, as was generally supposed, it was distant 300,000 miles from it. By this position, the sun counterpoised the rest of the planets, which, if centrally situated, it would not have succeeded in effecting. The learned lecturer then dwelt, at considerable length, upon the planetary changes and the effects produced by them, describing each topic so lucidly as to render it intelligible to the most juvenile or least mentally endowed of his auditors. The delivery of the lecture nearly occupied two hours, and at its conclusion the reverend gentleman was warmly applauded. The second lecture was delivered on Tuesday evening, the subject being the 'Tides.' It was, if possible, more fashionably and numerous attended than the preceding one. The learned lecturer described the composition of water, and, in speaking of the omicula to be found in it, observed, as a consolatory circumstance, that the 'drink divine' was endowed with the power of destroying any quantity of them. After the lecturer had described the action of the sun and moon on tides, he related how, from personal observations he had made on the latter planet, he discovered that there were no clouds in it, consequently no water, and, as a necessary result, no vegetation and no inhabitants. During the course of his lecture, he referred to that well discussed subject, 'the state of the Thames,' and expressed his opinion that the city of London could not be purified of its inodorous vapors, in consequence of its being situated at such a distance from the sea as to render it impossible for the tidal current to reach it and cleanse the river. The gifted lecturer was repeatedly interrupted in the delivery of his discourse by well deserved plaudits. He is to give a course of lectures this week in Cloyne, and we promise our friends there a rare intellectual treat, which they should not fail to avail of.—[Cork Examiner.

CARDINAL WISEMAN IN BALLINASLOE.—A prince of the church has come amongst us, and he has got a prince's welcome; and more than that, for no scion of that royalty, whose glories are of this world, and whose power lies in fleets and armies, could awaken in the hearts of his subjects that glowing love and glad enthusiasm with which this dignitary of a religion long proscribed, but never abandoned, long persecuted but ever cherished, and very long, and even yet, a bar and a disqualification to its followers, has been received in Ireland. No earthly potentate beholds that enlightened reverence or hears that unbought cheering which have greeted the appearance of his eminence amongst us, and which go with him like an atmosphere. This is no more than we expected, yet our gladness is not abated by our want of a surprise at the splendid demonstration of popular respect and affection for his eminence and his exalted position in the church which has taken place in that good old town in the very heart of Catholic Ireland. The scene on Tuesday evening was splendid and inspiring. Thousands upon thousands of the Irish people rent the air with their acclamations, and bright green boughs, more emblematic of the country, were waved to and fro—and again there was a hush, and the people were motionless upon their knees, and all was silent save one voice that only spoke a blessing! And when night fell, the brilliant illumination of the whole town betokened well the peaceful delight of the immense crowds assembled to honor the occasion. On Wednesday the cere-

mony of the consecration of the new church was gone through with great solemnity and splendor. The spacious building was thronged with a congregation assembled from all parts of Ireland, and representing all classes. The consecration was performed by the venerated bishop of the diocese, assisted by his clergy; the High Mass was celebrated by His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, and the sermon preached by his eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Happily suited to the place and the occasion, it thrilled every heart, awaking at once, and in perfect harmony, the deepest chords of national feeling, and the highest tones of religious devotion.—[Irish paper.

SAILING OF THE PACIFIC FROM GALWAY.—Again, punctual in every way, Mr. Lever's steamer Pacific has departed for Halifax and New York, full of passengers and goods, and with the mail bags for British America and the United States. The passengers of all classes were highly satisfied with the arrangements and berths provided for them. Many of the passengers were Americans. In the evening the Bishop of Galway, accompanied by many of his clergy, visited the Pacific, and thoroughly inspected her. They all expressed their admiration of her highly finished saloons, and the accommodation provided for all classes, particularly the third. His lordship was so much gratified with what he saw and heard, that he promised to use every means in his power to promote the Galway route for those who purposed to emigrate to British America and the United States, or back, as a matter of national duty, and thereby advance the prosperity of Ireland. Cardinal Wiseman was fully expected to visit the Pacific before her departure, and would have done so could he possibly—having regard to his other duties—have arrived in time. At three o'clock Mr. Lever received a telegram announcing that his eminence would not arrive in time.—[Cor. Freeman.

THE DUBLIN POLICE BILL AGAIN.—The London correspondent of the Post says:—"The members of the Irish government, with the approval of Lord Eglinton, have applied for and obtained the sanction of the government to prepare for the reproduction of the Dublin Police Bill of last session, and to obtain all returns and statistics that may be considered necessary by the promoters of that bill for the destruction of the police force, on the pretence that it contains too large a portion of Catholics. The bill is to be brought forward again at the opening of the next session; and the whole strength and power of the government will be put in requisition to carry it through. Indeed, my informant assures me that some returns have already been called for in Dublin, connected with the renewed movement."

DIRECT TRADE WITH AMERICA.—We are happy to report that our local manufacturers are beginning to encourage direct shipments of goods from Ireland to the United States. Messrs. Charley and Malcolm, the respectable and active agents for the new line, have forwarded the following goods from this port for shipment in the Pacific steamer, Captain Thompson, from Galway for New York, 24th August:—Linen thread, 10 boxes, 6,330lbs., value £400; sewed muslins, 7 boxes, £100; linens, 49 boxes, 39,066 yards, value £3,509; linen handkerchiefs, 24 boxes, 6,688 dozen, value £2,280; and 82 first, second, and third class passengers.—[Belfast Mercantile Journal.

On Wednesday evening, the 17th August, about sunset, a curious atmospheric phenomenon resembling that known in Germany as 'the spirit of the Broken,' presented itself to those who happened to be on the canal walk below the first seat, opposite the college lawn. The clouds were broken with flying showers, and a sudden burst projected a gigantic image or reflection of the steeple and spire of St. Mary's Church against a cloud. The image was dark and well-defined, and lasted for the space of about five minutes, when it vanished. The sun was setting at the time, and there was a sheet of mist falling between that luminary and the object reflected. The image was about the height of itself above the spire.—[Kilkenny Moderator.

LINEN TRADE.—The symptoms of revival in the various branches of the linen trade, we are happy to say, become every day more decided, with an upward tendency for nearly all classes of goods. At Ballymena, on Saturday, the supply was very fair for the season, buying being brisk at late rates. The Armagh market on Tuesday was also fairly supplied; demand, however, was not so active for the past few markets. The supply at Lurgan is very small, without alteration in prices. Linen Yarn.—Tows continues in active demand, as do also the lower numbers of linen. Stocks of all kinds very moderate.—[Belfast Mercury.

We are informed by a correspondent that Guy Lloyd, Esq., Croghan, has called on all his tenantry to take leases of their holdings for twenty-one years. Such a procedure, strangely at variance with the 'mopping out' being practiced by a great number of the landlords of the country, reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Lloyd, as a Christian and a landlord. We heartily wish that others would follow the example so nobly set them, and afford to the tenantry the protection which is denied them by the British legislation.

DONNEYBROOK.—Sunday, being what is called 'Walking Sunday,' over 20,000 persons visited the scene of the celebrated fair. A few tents were erected in the vicinity of 'the green' for the sale of refreshments. The crowd was most orderly, and the police arrangements prevented any confusion arising in the ordinary carriage thoroughfare.

FRANCE.

The Paris 'Presse' enumerates its recent grounds of complaint against England. It says:

'She found us good to take Sebastopol; she then greatly appreciated the services of our fleets and armies; but, peace signed, by what concession did she recognize this co-operation? She deserted our alliance for that of Austria; she sacrificed to her new friend the union of the principalities, which she had herself demanded; she opposes at Constantinople the cutting of the isthmus of Suez, required in the interest of the whole world; in profound peace she takes possession of the island of Perim, in order to find herself in a position to command the Red Sea, when the day shall arrive on which she can no longer prevent its being opened. She had as ambassador to Constantinople a declared enemy to France, haughty, whimsical, and passionate, combining in supreme perfection all the faults of the English character, crowned by an avowed hatred of our country. While the blood of our soldiers flowed at Inkermann to save the English army, Lord Stratford, at Constantinople, worked against us, and now, after an absence of some months, he is sent back to Turkey to continue the same manoeuvres. Honestly speaking, is that the conduct of an ally or an enemy? If England thinks she has need of the alliance, let her change her tone and conduct; the time has passed when Lord Melbourne could threaten, in open Parliament, to sweep our fleets from the Mediterranean. Since then, France has risen and England has descended. Other relations and other conduct are required.'

AUSTRIA.

The Cologne Gazette says:—"During the late military manoeuvres at the Camp of Neunkirchen, near Vienna, an incident took place, the motives of which have not yet been cleared up. The Hungarian Regiment Don Miguel fired ball cartridges at a German regiment drawn up in front of it, killing three men and seriously wounding eight others.

A private letter of the 14th ult. gives some explanation of this affair. It appears that in an order of the day lately published, General Degenfeld praised the good conduct of a regiment of infantry of Bohemia at the expense of another regiment composed of Italians and Hungarians. The latter are said to have been much enraged at this circumstance, and did not hesitate to revenge what they call an insult offered to their corps and the nationality. For want of balls, they loaded their muskets with stone; the result was, as stated, that several men of the other regiment were killed, and a greater number severely wounded.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.—When you first step into St. Martin's Hall, and you see Mr. Dickens trip lightly out of a side room, and skip on to the platform, and place himself under a reflector so ingeniously fixed in relation to a crowd of flaming gas-jet that he stands in quite a flood of light, your first internal exclamation is—Well, what a swell, to be sure! Of all dress coats the dressiest, with its imposing collar and rosette fixed in one breast; most immaculate of white vests, and formidable white choker, that would infallibly make its wearer stick fast in Temple Bar, were he trying to get through; labor of the 'nobbiest' trouser maker in London, encasing those limbs, which describe exactly the letter V inverted, as they now stand, (fixed in that position, we afterwards perceive, for the night;) work of a dexterous coiffeur, that hiresuit show! Its old story. Haven't all the novelists been swells? But he opens the book—done up, by the way, in the same 'nobby' style as its author. All the lights in the hall are lowered, save those flaming jets which shine on the reflector set over the novelist's head. The audience are in gloom; the reader is bathed in quite a golden flood of light. He, truly, looks well. What an eye! large, luminous, piercing. Still, a hearty, open, English look about that face, as we come to look longer at it, in spite of the profuse beard, which, at the first glance, gives a Continental feeling to it. He reads. A voice rich, deep, and flexible, amply atoning by fluent ease and rapid variety of inflection for lack of power. If it wants width of compass, it has a command of all that is serviceable in rendering the pathos and the humor blended so exquisitely in the reader's stories. Those who have heard Mrs. Fanny Kemble read a play of Shakespeare's may form some idea of the flexibility of Mr. Dickens's voice as well as of the flexibility of his face. The two move in harmonious, because effortless, unison; a change in the one is always accompanied by a corresponding change in the other. As we look and listen, we wonder at the singular combination of dramatic and literary power. Mr. Dickens is the greatest mimic and one of the greatest story-tellers of the age. Mr. Dickens's dramatic power has only one drawback. It is too perfect. Its very excellence exposes all the deficiencies of the works which he reads. His strength as a reader demonstrates his weakness as a novelist. No deformity in the matter can escape detection, so perfect is the form in which it is presented. The reading throws so strong a light upon each picture in the book that, if they are daubs—and many of them do deserve no higher name—their imperfections are exposed to the most listless ear.

COLONEL LEWIS AND JOHN BYRNE AGAIN.—On Friday, the 13th instant, the court house of Carrackmacross presented a scene of excitement rarely witnessed in that quiet locality, and excited an interest rather unusual there. However, the circumstance of Colonel Lewis and John Byrne again coming before the public sufficiently accounted for the fact, and amply repaid the audience for its attendance. On the bench were Thomas Johnston, of Longfield, Esq., J. P.; and Plunket Kenny, J. P. The collectors were Mr. Swanzy for the gallant (!) colonel, and Mr. Gibson was concerned for poor, persecuted Byrne; and the charge against him was, that on the morning of the 8th instant, four cows, two heifers, and a goat, the property of Byrne, were found trespassing on a part of the lands from which he was lately evicted. The colonel's staff, to sustain his cases, were two brothers named John and Edward Clendenning, assisted by a worthy named Roundtree, and the colonel's schoolmaster, who rejoiced in the old Milesian name of O'Connor; each and every one of whom swore to finding the cattle on the sanctified farm at the 'dead and stilly' hour of two o'clock in the morning of the 8th inst.; and Byrne's defence was that the cattle were taken by Roundtree off the present farm, which was

taken for him for his cattle, and which is situated in county Armagh, and intentionally put on the waste farm with the undoubted desire of fining him for trespass. The swearing on each side was diametrically opposite, Byrne distinctly maintaining that at or about the hour stated he heard cows passing from the direction of his present farm past his door, and upon going from his bed in pursuit, he recognized the two Clendennings and Roundtree, each armed with a gun, and having cattle on the waste farm, from which he was recently evicted; and upon his asking who had removed his cows, that trespass was demanded. Byrne also stated that he had on the same morning called at the police station and communicated the fact to the men. The magistrates stated that so contradictory swearing they had never heard; but that on due consideration they came to the conclusion of dismissing the case, a decision which appeared to have at least justice on its side. The colonel has summoned a good many others from the same locality, but the cases were of no public interest. Byrne's trial lasted for upwards of two hours.

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The following anecdote is related by the Paris correspondent of one of the New York journals, as having occurred soon after the Crimean war:

The emperor is without doubt an eccentric man, but eccentric in the most agreeable manner; for, by his universal philanthropy, he has removed the time-honored impression from the public mind, that benevolence, urbanity and wisdom were incompatible with the title of sovereign, which so often is but another name for tyranny, hastiness and imbecility. The last little story, or rather truth, which is told of him is, that in years past, when he was in the days of his surveillance and adversity, a soldier had it in his power to insult, mortify and degrade him. However, time rolled on and released him, not only from the hands of his brutal enemy, but placed him on the throne of France. In the meantime, the soldier had gone to the Crimea, and there showed sufficient bravery to warrant his name being put on the list as a candidate for the medal. This list was, of course, submitted to the emperor, and, when he recognized the name of his former tormentor, he directed that he should be brought before him.

The man approached, not without fear and hesitation, for he, as well as the emperor, had not forgotten what had taken place. 'Well,' said the emperor, 'do you remember when I was in your care how you treated me?' The soldier bowed, abashed. 'Very well,' continued his majesty, 'your name is on the list; tell me, if our situations were once more reversed, would you forget and forgive the past? What would be your object in summoning me as I have done you—with reproaches or a punishment even more cruel than that?' 'Your majesty,' replied the man, 'I cannot hope for your forgiveness, and were our situations reversed, I do not think I could grant pardon, and, therefore, do not expect from another that which I could not accord myself. You have doubtless summoned me before you to overwhelm me with disgrace. But I beseech you, sire, to remember I only did my duty.' 'And not on that occasion only did you perform your duty,' rejoined his majesty, 'for you have acted bravely during the war, and I have sent for you that I might place this medal with my own hands upon your breast. Never shall it be said that Louis Napoleon permitted personal feeling to withhold a well earned reward from a brave soldier.'

PERRY'S FLAG SHIP.—Capt. Norman, of Erie, is raising the remains of the flag ship Lawrence, of Commodore Perry's fleet. A large portion of the hull has been taken up. The timber is in good condition, notwithstanding the fact that it has lain in the water for a long series of years. Some of the planks and heavy timbers bear the marks of cannon balls, and are considerably shattered. The timber will be sold at the Perry celebration at Put-in-Bay, on the 10th inst., for the benefit of the Perry monument fund.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

During the attack of the English and French fleets on the Chinese forts at the mouth of the Pi-Ho river, as an English pursuer was coming on deck from below, a round shot took off his hat in a most unceremonious manner. 'Hillo!' he exclaimed, 'that was a close shave!' and the next moment he fell dead. The concussion of the atmosphere had destroyed his hold on life, it seems, and yet left him time to make the exclamation. Similar instances to the effect of what is termed the wind of a ball have been recorded.

Montelambert, in a recent essay, says:—'The craving for public office is one of the worst of social maladies. It spreads through the entire nation a venal and a servile humor, which by no means excludes the spirit of faction and love of anarchy. It creates a crowd of hungry beings capable of the utmost fury to assuage their appetites, and ready for any business when the appetites have been appeased. A people of place-hunters is the most worthless of all populations.'

A Hanover paper tells the world that the 'silly prejudices against horse flesh' has altogether vanished in Denmark and Northern Germany, and that in the city of Hanover alone, in the course of Whitsunweek, about two thousand pound of horse flesh were consumed. The number of horses slaughtered for eating in that city is between two and three thousand a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams closed their London engagement on July 31, and preceded to Rissingen, in Bavaria, on a tour of health. They were to return to London about the middle of September to open the new Adelphi. They have been in England twenty-five months, and have played twenty-seven successful engagements.

'Come here my little Eddy,' said a gentleman to a youngster of seven years of age, while sitting in the parlor, where a large company was assembled; 'do you know me?' 'Yes, sir, I think I do.' 'Who am I then?' let me hear. 'You are the man who kissed sister Angeline last night in the parlor. Angeline fainted.'

General Lee once found Dr. Cutting, the army surgeon, who was a handsome and dresy man, arranging his cravat complacently before the glass. 'Cutting,' said he, 'you must be the happiest man in creation.' 'Why, General?' Lee replied, 'Because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on the earth.'

The British government have under consideration an application to send two Irish scholars to the ruins of Carthage, to examine whether any remaining inscriptions there can be identified with the Irish language, as there is so much reason to believe that the Phenicians spoke the language of the Gael.

A vendor of cement, describing its action, said it was particularly useful in mending jars. A witty purchaser asked him if would mend the jar of a door. 'There is no occasion for its use in that case, said the pedlar, 'for that is generally sound enough.'

WHAT NOT?—A duel was fought in Mississippi last month by S. K. Knot and A. W. Shott. The result was, Knott was shot, and Shott was not. In those circumstances, we should rather be Shott than Nott.

The Dublin correspondent of the Times says:—'The eldest son of the late Maurice O'Connell, and the heir to the residue of the Derrynane estate, is serving his time to an English architect.'

'Will you have the kindness to hand me the butter before you?' said a gentleman politely to an ancient maiden. 'I am no waiter, sir.' 'Well, I think you have been waiting a long time.'

It is stated that within the last three months no less than four thousand clerks have left New York for want of employment.

There are more lies told in the brief sentence 'I am glad to see you,' than in any other single sentence in the English language.

Why is a bar-room like a pump? Because it is rarely without two suckers.

Why is a creditor like the grass? Because he looks better after he gets his dues.

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THE IRISH MISCELLANY
INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

Having favorably commenced the second volume of our publication, we seize the occasion for the purpose of tendering thanks to those of our friends who have so generously contributed to our support. To start, and successfully carry on an ordinary newspaper, so that it will, in a reasonable space of time, become remunerative to its proprietors, is a task not easily accomplished, and which consummation does not generally happen in one case out of a hundred. Our enterprise, being of a nature entirely different from that of any other Irish paper heretofore established in this country—requiring a much greater expenditure of capital and artistic talent—caused us serious misgivings, and a constant fear that it would not meet the desires and expectations of our patrons. How far our efforts have been successful, is for them to decide; but we trust that it will not be considered egotistical on our part when we assert that the Miscellany has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of partial friends, and that even those who have been enemies from the start have made suitable acknowledgment of its merit.

Since we have had the control of the Miscellany our way has not been—

'The primrose path of dalliance'

We have been beset by obstacles innumerable; but having a strong confidence in our ultimate success, we were determined to surmount all barriers, and though we have not, as yet, brought the paper to that pitch of perfection which is our desire, we trust soon to make it as acceptable as is possible to our readers.

In beginning a new volume, we introduce various innovations, tending to the improvement of the paper, in every way that is possible. We shall give each week, an epitome of Irish news—not the hacknied local quotations which interest only the few, but extracts from the leading Journals, which will be gratifying to the many. In this respect, we will not be following in the steps of any of our contemporaries, but, on the contrary, will be striking out a path eminently our own. It will also be our aim to give the best class of wood engravings which can be procured, portraying national subjects, and, as our outlay in this respect will be infinitely larger than that of any Irish Journal published in this country, we look for a commensurate return. In short, it is our intention to make the paper meet the requirements of all classes of readers.

As an inducement, therefore, to new subscribers, we offer to each person who will pay one year's subscription in advance, commencing with the first number of the first volume, (not the second, as inadvertently stated in previous numbers), directly to us, or through any of our authorized local or travelling agents, a copy of our first Gift Picture, representing Sarsfield's Surprise of the Siege Train of the Prince of Orange. When completed, each volume of the Miscellany will form a book of four hundred and sixteen (416) pages, and will alone be worth the price of an entire year's subscription. The same inducements are offered to clubs, as to single subscribers.

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We have determined to appoint a number of Travelling Agents, to travel in the various States of the Union and canvass for subscribers for this paper. We do this at the earnest request of many warm friends, who think we do not take the requisite steps to make the paper known as extensively as it ought to be.

Persons desirous of becoming Travelling Agents, who can be well recommended, are requested to apply at our office forthwith. None but faithful, reliable men need apply. To such a liberal compensation will be allowed. Apply at our Publication Office, 4 Water street, Boston.

BACK NUMBERS of the Miscellany, from the commencement of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 4 Water street, Boston. Will our friends in want bear this fact in mind?

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COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO THE OFFICERS OF THE STEAMER 'PROPELLER.'

Last week, the first of a line of steamships between Galway, Ireland, and Boston and New York, arrived at this port, and the event was duly announced in the papers. Many of our Irish citizens, however, regard the establishing of direct communication with Ireland as an event of considerable importance, as it really is, and determined to celebrate it by a banquet at the Parker House, given in honor of Captain Thatcher and his officers, of the steamer 'Propeller,' the pioneer of the line. The dinner took place on Thursday evening, and was a highly successful affair, there being no less than sixty persons present.

A few minutes past eight o'clock, the company sat down to well-filled tables, presided over by Patrick Donahoe, Esq., while on his right was Capt. Thatcher, and on his left the other officers of the steamer.

The large dining room of the Parker House was very tastily decorated with American, English and Irish flags, and even a harp was not forgotten.

A few minutes before ten, Mr. Donahoe called the company to order, and alluded to some of the advantages which were likely to result from a direct communication with Ireland.

The toast-master, Sergeant O'Neil, read the first regular toast, which was 'the President of the United States.' It was responded to by John C. Crowley, Esq., with his usual felicity. He welcomed Captain Thatcher to Boston, and prophesied the most happy results from the establishment of the new line of steamers. He thought that Ireland, with her great advantages for trans-Atlantic enterprises, would yet fulfill her mission, in defiance of bigoted legislation.

The next regular toast was:—'Captain Thatcher and the Officers of the steamer Propeller. Our knowledge of them, though recent, yet acquired by personal intercourse and information gained from passengers on her first trip to this country, satisfies us that they are pre-eminently adapted to their positions. As the pioneers of a new era in the commercial enterprise of the old land, we hope often to hail their presence among us with delight.'

Capt. Thatcher was greeted with cheers when he arose to respond. He said that he wished the task had fallen to some other person to acknowledge the hospitality and kindness which he had received from the citizens of Boston, and especially the Irish portion. He said that the proprietors of the steamers were wealthy men, and were determined to put the best steamers upon the line that ever could be produced. He felt prouder of the little hooker which he had brought over than if she were a splendid steamer. He concluded by stating that the Board of Trade of Boston entertained the most favorable opinions respecting the project of establishing steam between Galway and Boston.

Mr. Ambrose A. Thayer then sang an original song, which was warmly applauded.

Captain Thatcher begged to propose a toast, which was drank standing:—

'The sons of Ireland, wherever they are.'

The next regular toast was 'the City of Boston,' and it was responded to by B. S. Treanor, Esq., the vice president. He didn't like the action of the city council in not receiving Capt. Thatcher and officers with appropriate honors, in honor of the prospect of a new line of steamers. If the city has neglected the pleasure, the Irish citizens have not, and he was glad to be present to help honor the occasion.

The next toast was: 'John Orrell Lever, the founder of the Galway line of steamers.'

Mr. T. J. Jones was called upon to respond, but he declined in favor of Capt. Thatcher, who pledged his word to bring Mr. Lever to Boston the next trip, even if he had to 'bag him.'

Other toasts were given and responded to by Mr. John Spottiswoode, Sergeant O'Neil, and Mr. Ryan. While Mr. O'Neil was speaking in response to a toast complimentary to Father Peter Daley, of Ireland, he stated that a huge cane, made of hickory and suitably inscribed, was to be placed in Captain Thatcher's

hands to be carried to the good priest, a present from the Sergeant.

The evening was passed quite pleasantly, and the company did not separate until a late hour.

THE GALWAY LINE OF STEAMERS.—The advantages claimed in favor of this line of steamers are:—that Galway possesses unrivalled natural advantages as a packet station for the transmission of mails and passengers, it being 360 miles nearer to Halifax than Liverpool; that it is within three hours' direct railway communication with Dublin; that it also has iron foundries where steam machinery can be made and repaired; that it possesses numerous warehouses capable of being used as the American grain and produce depot for the United Kingdom, and that its hotel accommodation is not surpassed by that of any city in Great Britain. Besides these advantages, the saving of insurance on ships and cargoes is 25 per cent less than it is on the channel ships, as the dangers of that navigation are avoided. An annual loss of 500 ships and 1000 lives in the channel creates the extra demand of the Insurance Companies. Decreased consumption of coal, stores and provisions, will enable the Galway line to run at cheaper rates of freight and passage than any other—and should not only command a large traffic, but commend itself to the public, here and on the other side of the Atlantic, as a great international benefit. Everything in the future bids fair to constitute Galway the great highway of communication for passengers, freight and mails between the United States and Europe.

THE 'LADY EGLINTON' AT QUEBEC.—The citizens of Quebec extended a complimentary ball and supper to the officers of this steamer upon her arrival at Quebec. There were speeches made by the Mayor, Capt. Bishop, Purser Berriman, and others.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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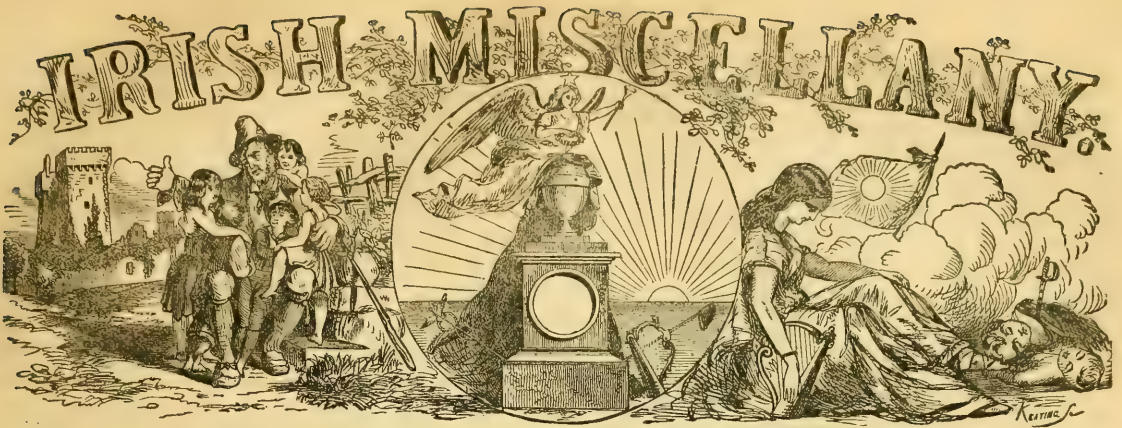
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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 33.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25. 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

The accompanying head is an excellent and authentic likeness of William Smith O'Brien, who has, after a tedious exile, returned to his native land, and the home of his fathers. He is the second son of Sir Edward O'Brien, of county Clare, who sat for several years in the Irish parliament. Born on the 17th of October, 1803, and is now about 55 years of age. He was educated at Harrow School and Cambridge University, and in 1830 was elected a member of parliament for the borough of Ennis. Though sometimes acting with the whigs, he did not consider himself a party man. He spoke occasionally with effect, and as he exhibited an aptitude for business, was placed on

several important committees. In 1837, he voted against a measure introduced by the whig ministry, and his voting having placed the government in a minority, the ministers were forced to resign. Mr. O'Connell denounced him on that occasion, but he was sustained by his constituency, and returned to parliament from Limerick. In 1843, he opposed the passage of the arms act for Ireland, and received the thanks of the Repeal Association for his vote. He became an active member of that association, but withdrew, with others, on the passage of Mr. John O'Connell's peace resolutions, joining in the new party that resulted therefrom. Mr. O'Brien belongs to the most ancient family (in a heraldic sense) in Europe. He traces, very distinctly, his relationship to the celebrated Brien Boroiuhe (Brien of the cow tribute), the victor King of Ireland, who, in 1014, at Clontarf, defeated the Danes, a grand and last engagement, having previously defeated them in fifty-seven battles, and freed his country forever from their yoke, though he lost his own life in the last hour of victory. At the coronation of King Brian, at Tarn, in 1008, the senachies (her-

alds) traced back his lineage for forty generations, to Ollial Ollial, King of Munster, four hundred years before Christ. In the various struggles of the native chiefs with the English invaders, the O'Briens were found to be an unconquerable clan. Whichever side they espoused was generally successful in the end. It was, unfortunately for Ireland, too much the practice of the native chiefs to battle with each other, instead of with the common enemy. But, more disastrous still, they sometimes sought the aid of the Anglo-Norman invaders to bear down upon their border rivals. The aid was freely given, with a view, of course, to establish more firmly the English power in the country, and, by weakening and dividing the native princes,

prepare the way for more extended conquests, at each change in the chess-board of chieftain ambition. The O'Briens were one of the five families, of royal blood, to whom Henry the Second accorded special privileges; and, during the first four hundred years of English connection, their extensive possessions in Limerick and Clare were not much diminished, for they generally managed to keep up a good understanding with the English, and had subsequently taken the English titles of Earls of Thomond and Lords of Inchiquin, by which they forfeited much of their popularity with their clansmen. At the Reformation, and particularly during the dreadful reign of Elizabeth, the various chief members of this ancient family suffered the loss of much of their possessions, and would, it is likely, have been stripped of all, but for the expedient of the widowed mother of the young O'Briens of Clare, who advised one of two sons to conform to the Protestant worship, and the other to remain in the Catholic faith, as, by these means, the family estate would be preserved, whichever party triumphed. It was this circumstance, we believe, which gave to the Protestant church the ancient family of O'Brien. Sir Edward O'Brien, the father of William, retained a goodly remnant of the ancient property, and Mr. William Smith O'Brien is himself the possessor of Cahermoyle, a handsome inheritance and mansion near Adair, in the county of Limerick. He was married to the daughter of Alderman Gabbett of Limerick, and enjoys, in his elegant home, all the happiness which it is possible for a human being to enjoy. A peculiar independence of spirit seems ever to have distinguished Mr. Smith O'Brien. Upon one occasion he refused to stand for the county of Limerick, if his constituents persevered in their intention to seek the influence of O'Connell in his behalf, against the opposing candidate. In par-



WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

liament he ever stood aloof from the parties; as a Protestant, he was ever liberal, and voted for the emancipation of the Catholics and the dissenters. At one time (1835) he was very anxious to have a state provision extended to the Catholic clergy, and actually put a notice on the books of parliament to that effect. But it was from an admiration of that exalted body of men, and thorough knowledge of their wants and privations, and not with the deep Machiavelian object of connecting them with the state, and silencing their advocacy of the people's liberties by a bribe. Mr. O'Brien is, we believe, averse to such a measure now. To parliament he is a good debator, a talker of matter, not of words merely. He was universally respected by both sides of the house, and has proved, in the Roebuck battle, how coolly and calmly he can smile, in bitter contempt, upon the assembled insolence of England. Mr. O'Brien bears about his person an indispensable dignity, a perfect gentleman in manners and in air, the Bayard of the House of Commons. Every step of his, as he walked up the floor of the British parliament-house, proclaimed him a hero, and the descendant of heroes. When he spoke, the minister listened; and when the suggested, the minister deferred. His motion, in 1843, for a committee of inquiry into the state of Ireland, split up the House of Commons into twenty parties. A leader of the aristocracy—one of themselves—he brought forward charges against English legislation which, coming from O'Connell or any other man, would lack the force of partisanship, but coming from one of those great pillars upon which sovereignty responds, it shook the entire structure of that thing called British government. Mr. O'Brien, in conjunction with several other members of parliament from Ireland, non repealers, presented to the British parliament a solemn appeal or petition, setting forth the many grievances which Ireland endured, and demanding various specific remedies. This most solemn appeal was signed by many of the Irish peerage and baronetage, by a great number of the landed gentry, bankers, and merchants. It was an unusually solemn and last appeal for justice to Ireland, and the motion now made by Mr. O'Brien was to test the disposition of the English parliament to hearken to the voice of the most wealthy and respectable men of Ireland.

His speech was, indeed, a truly able one. He proved that in the distribution of high official appointments in Ireland, twenty-seven in every thirty offices were given to English or Scotchmen; in the minor grades, connected with excise or customs in Ireland, thirty-six in every thirty-seven, were English or Scotchmen; that in the distribution of church incomes, the Protestant hierarchy enjoyed annual millions from the soil, while the Catholic hierarchy depended upon the voluntary support of the people; that in the franchise of the people, and the number of their representatives, England, with sixteen millions of population, was represented in the House of Commons by five hundred and eight members, while Ireland, with nearly nine millions, possessed but one hundred and five members; that Ireland contributed full four millions annually of net revenue to the support of England, but in the outlay of that immense sum, not more than a few thousand ever came back; that while England habitually expended, under the head of navy stores, six millions per annum, not more than eight thousand pounds, under that head, were expended in Ireland. The wasting absentee drain, the grinding grand-jury tax, poor law, and tithe system, were all exhibited by Mr. O'Brien to England, in their true colors, in a clear, methodical and convincing manner. The debate lasted three days. All the leading men, on every side, delivered their sentiments, and the diversity of opinion as to the best means of restoring peace to Ireland rivalled the fabled blessings of Pomona's horn. Some contended for the destruction of the Irish church, others for the distribution of its wealth among the other religious ministers of Ireland. Some proposed that Catholic bishops should have seats in the house of lords. Others urged the extension of franchise, and more members in the House of Com-

mons for Ireland. Others, again, were for a tenure bill; for the construction of railways at the public expense. The high conservative members proposed as sweeping alterations in the government of Ireland as did the whigs; and the premier could not, in his reply, conceal the difficulties under which he labored. The motion was, however, resisted by a clear majority of seventy. William Smith O'Brien then entered a solemn protest, signed by himself and several other members, upon the journals of the House, which declared it incapable or unwilling to do justice to Ireland, and soon after seceded from parliament and joined the Repeal Association.

O'Connell and the leaders in Conciliation Hall received this debate with extraordinary pleasure. He declared that all his hopes for Ireland would be realized; that on reading this debate, he gave himself up entirely to pleasure, and spent one day in perfect idleness—a political holiday, in the enjoyment of unmixed delight.

Mr. O'Brien was refused a committee of inquiry. The House adjourned, without doing anything for Ireland. He travelled through Europe during the recess, to look into the state of society abroad, and to revive his exhausted frame. On his return, he found Ireland almost in rebellion. O'Connell and the repeal leaders arrested, and the whole island in a state of blockade. He decided soon to stand by his country. He deliberated upon the step he was about to take. He knew he was about to tear himself from those fascinating circles in which he had moved from infancy; to turn friends and relatives into foes; to incur the charge of apostasy from his caste; to become the follower of O'Connell, and incur the taunts and rudeness of the whole circle of partisan journals.

Had he been a thing of fashion or foppery, he never would have had courage to do this; but he has the heart of a true patriot and a hero. He did abandon all his personal friends; and in a letter, which O'Connell designated an 'EVENT,' joined the Loyal National Repeal Association of Ireland. The following extract from this able letter will disclose to the reader a glimpse of his mind:—

'Ireland, instead of taking her place as an integral of the great empire which the valor of her sons has contributed to constitute, has been treated as a dependent tributary province; and at this moment, after forty-three years of nominal union, the attachments of the two nations are so entirely alienated from each other, that England trusts, for the maintenance of the connection, not to the affection of the Irish people, but to bayonets which menace our bosoms, and to the cannon which she has placed in all our strongholds.' And then he goes on to show that, as a member of parliament, he attended in his place, session after session, night after night, trying to extort from the minister of England some attention to the affairs of his country. And then he describes his recent visit to the continent. He says: 'After visiting Belgium, and all the principal capitals of Germany, I returned home, impressed with the sad conviction, that there is more human misery in one county in Ireland, than throughout all the populous cities and districts which I had visited. On landing in England, I learned that the ministry, instead of applying themselves to remove the causes of discontent, have resolved to deprive us even of the liberty of complaint. I should be unworthy to belong to a nation which may claim, at least, as a characteristic, virtue that exhibits increasing fidelity in the hour of danger, if I were to delay any longer to dedicate myself to the cause of my country.'

'Slowly, reluctantly convinced that Ireland has nothing to hope from the sagacity, the justice, or generosity of England, my reliance shall be henceforward placed upon our country and her patriotism.'

The effect of this junction upon Ireland we will not endeavor to describe at present. It is impossible to exaggerate it. Mr. O'Brien, a Protestant, a

man of the highest station, wealthy and independent in mind, of powerful abilities and indomitable resolution, tears himself forever from his aristocratic relatives, and flings himself into the arms of the common people, to live among them or die at their hand. The people were electrified with joy, and not without cause. A grand banquet was given to him at Limerick, at which O'Connell presided, and on that memorable occasion, a new alliance was formed in favor of Ireland, which should have lasted forever. Mr. O'Brien seemed determined to be true to that alliance. He had been in every post of difficulty or danger. When the Clontarf meeting was dispersed, he offered to hold a monster meeting of his constituents in Limerick, and take the chair upon the occasion, in defiance of the government. When O'Connell was put upon trial, he was at his back every day in the courts; and, during O'Connell's celebrated speech in defence, he stood up behind him the entire day. When O'Connell was sent to prison, O'Brien issued an address to the people, signed with his own name, in which he declared 'war to the knife' against the oppressors of Ireland, and, in the Repeal Association, next day, made use of these remarkable words: 'They have sent a man to prison who has submitted quietly to their decree, but who, if he chose to raise his finger, could call around him two millions of men that would die rather than see him go to prison.'

When Sheriff Porter proposed a national militia of one hundred thousand men, to give the Irish members 'pluck,' Smith O'Brien, in the association, echoed the call, and said he wished he might not die till he saw an Irish army in Ireland, ready to protect Ireland from all invasion. When, in February, O'Connell resolved not to go to the English parliament, but to hold a little parliament at home, O'Brien said, in Conciliation Hall, 'Although no monarch, with sound of trumpet, opens our parliament, the uncrowned monarch of Ireland is amongst us, guiding our councils and animating our hearts. We adopt the sentiment of the men of 1782, and we declare that no power on earth, morally speaking, has the power to make laws for this country, save the king, lords, and commons of Ireland.' When Mr. Macaulay, on the Maynooth debate, went out of his way to denounce the repeal and repealers—when he said that, though Ireland were in open rebellion, though the fleet of France were confronting the British fleet in the Channel, though the repealers of America were in the Shannon, yet the union should not be repealed until England was shaken from her place among the nations—Smith O'Brien replied, in Conciliation Hall, 'If Ireland were once in the field, if the fleet of France confronted England in the Channel, if the American repealers were coming in the Shannon, then the future history of Ireland would be written as that of an independent nation.'

These three or four traits in Mr. O'Brien's character will be sufficient to give our readers an idea of the firmness and fearlessness of the man whom the people of Ireland had placed in command, and, in their estimation, next to O'Connell. Between him and O'Connell, there existed the most affectionate friendship. O'Brien owned O'Connell, the chief of Ireland, her guide and her advocate; he took no step without consulting him; nor, on the other hand, did the Liberator take any serious step without consulting the member for Limerick.

After the French revolution of 1848, he was very bold in the expression of his views, both in parliament and in Ireland, and was brought to trial with Mr. Meagher for sedition. The government failed to convict him, and he was liberated. He was afterwards arrested, tried for treason, and sentenced to death; but his punishment was commuted to transportation to Van Diemen's land. During the Eastern war he received permission to visit Europe, and latterly to re-

turn to Great Britain, of which he availed himself. He is a man of great ability, great resolution, and a sincere lover of his native land. We here close for the present our biography of this celebrated patriot.

THE DANCER OF PROSPERITY.

A SUPPOSED DIALOGUE BETWEEN SOCRATES AND HIS PUPIL, ALCEBIADES.

What can afford greater happiness than uninterrupted prosperity? This was a question proposed by Alcibiades to his tutor, as they sauntered on the banks of the Ilissus. It was suggested by a previous conversation on the history of Xerxes, and on the changes to which everything earthly is liable—a liability strikingly displayed in the life of that extraordinary monarch. 'Prosperity,' said Socrates, 'marked with her favors the commencement of his reign. The Persian diadem was placed upon his head, while his elder, but less fortunate brother, Artabazanes, was passed by with cruel and unjust neglect. Xerxes received the kingdom in a flourishing state, and seemed qualified by nature to maintain all the glory and all the power which his father had acquired; nor was there, if we may credit the assertions of his panegyrists, in the extensive empire of Persia, one so worthy to manage its affairs. Though the dominion he received on his accession to the throne was vast, he established his fame, increased his wealth, and added to his almost boundless possessions by the conquest of revolted Egypt. Yet, in the midst of all his glory and his greatness, while on the march to universal monarchy, his pride was mortified, and his progress checked, by a handful of Spartans at the pass of Thermopylae. Subsequent defeats completed the ruin of his projects, and sent him back to Persia covered with disgrace. In a small fishing-smack, he re-passed the Hellespont, which but a few months before, he had pretended to chain, and lash into obedience. To complete the tragic tale, scarcely had he reached his home and begun to lose the memory of his sorrows and disgrace, in the gratification of every sensual desire, when the assassin's dagger disturbed his effeminate repose, freed the unhappy monarch of his earthly cares, but sent him to those dismal shades reserved in Tartarus as the abode of tyrants, and fixed his residence in the place allotted for the punishment of those who attempt the destruction of the peace and happiness of man.' From this detail of facts, which had transpired within his own memory, Socrates furnished his disciple with many moral reflections, obviously deducible from the history, and peculiarly adapted to allay the raging thirst for power, which was parching the soul of that noble youth. 'You may always,' said he, 'rest upon this observation, that uninterrupted prosperity never has been, nor shall be the lot of man. Adversity clouds his brightest scenes, and embitters his sweetest draughts. Night does not more regularly succeed the day, nor winter the summer, than misfortune follows a train of prosperous events.'

'Wherefore, then,' murmured Alcibiades, after having remained for a time wrapped in thought, 'wherefore have the gods denied us such a source of happiness; for what can be more conducive to the happiness of man than uninterrupted prosperity?'

'My young friend,' said Socrates, 'from which of these two sources do you imagine the purest felicity to spring—a life of virtue or of vice?'

'Doubtless' replied the youth, 'from a life of virtue. You have frequently proved to my satisfaction that the more virtuously we live, the more do we approximate to the life of the gods—that however distant the result, misery is the inseparable attendant of crime, and happiness the invariable reward of virtue.'

'Well, then,' said Socrates, 'wherein think you, does a virtuous life consist? In the action of apa-

thy or sloth, or in the exertions of industry and application.'

'Certainly,' replied Alcibiades, 'the proper exertion of both corporal and mental powers for the attainment of justifiable objects.'

'And do you not perceive,' continued the philosopher, 'that while prosperity damps and deadens the energies of man, adversity appears to recruit his faculties with unusual vigor, and affords powerful incentives to renewed, redoubled efforts?'

'Proceed,' said Alcibiades; 'when I disapprove, I shall signify it by a negative.'

'To refer,' said Socrates, 'to those interesting events which just now occupied our attention, do you imagine that prosperity would so completely (if at all) have elicited the fortitude of Leonidas, or so effectually called his valor into action, or so signally developed his patriotism, as the adverse circumstances in which he was placed actually have done. Had Greece been in a prosperous state, would Themistocles so readily have sacrificed his ambition for the welfare of his country, as he did, when he saw destruction impending over Athens, and waved his claims, and permitted his rival, Eurymedon, to command the confederate fleet, a post of honor to which the former thought himself alone entitled to aspire? Is it possible that victory would have crowned him with glory, and emancipated Greece from the fear of bondage, in the naval conflict at Salamis, had not the Grecians perceived themselves, by the artifice of their general, reduced to the desperate alternative of submitting to slavery, or obtaining a triumph?'

'If we refer for illustrations to the events of private life, the young merchant possessed of but a small patrimony engages with avidity in commercial concerns, and gives up all his soul to the acquisition of gain. Prosperity crowns his exertions, and pours the treasures of India at his feet. But the golden flood, as it fills his coffers, drowns and smothers all his energies, which once gave life and vigor to his efforts. His desires are satisfied, and unless some fresh stimulus to action is presented, he becomes at once the prey of indolence, resigning the conduct of his commercial pursuits into the hands either of a stranger or a hireling: he bids a last farewell to the busy scenes of the Piræus; and either choosing some splendid mansion in the city for his future residence, there wallows in luxury and debauchery, or seeking some retired corner of Attica, buries himself in the slothful apathy, which too frequently pollutes the villas of the great. As virtue then is the true source of felicity, and as prosperity is generally found fatal to active exertion, I wish to draw the conclusion.'

Alcibiades remained silent, while his venerable instructor proceeded in the argument.

'To take one more view,' said he, 'of the subject, whether do you think the gratification of a selfish individual, or the good of mankind, of the greater importance?'

'Beyond all question,' replied the youth, 'the good of mankind.'

'And,' continued Socrates, 'if these two objects be set in competition with each other, which should have the preference?'

'Certainly the latter.'

'Remember,' said Socrates, 'what you have admitted, and recognising these sentiments, turn for an exemplification of the argument to the history that has furnished us in a great measure the matter of this dialogue. Suppose that the prosperity of Xerxes had been uninterrupted, and that he had conquered Greece (may the gods avert the omen), his vanity would have been flattered, his pride fed, and every selfish desire of his heart gratified—but how? By the misery of Greece. One worthless individual would have succeeded in the most infamous designs; while millions of the human race were hurled into the abysses of adversity and woe.

Look through the world, and see the connexion that exists between the different members of society. Like the several parts of the body, to each of them the fates have allotted some particular office to fulfil, some particular ^{part} in which to move. If one member were allowed to ^{be} ^{the} ^{moisture} engross the nourishment which should ^{be} ^{the} ^{moisture} another, the body would become monstrous; and if this were to continue for any length of time, the whole corporal system would be disorganized. The same appears to me precisely applicable to the relation which the individuals of society bear to each other. The desires of one thwart the wishes of a second; and the desires of the second will be found to run counter to the wishes of a third. If uninterrupted prosperity were to attend the plans of the ambitious man, what could you expect but that destruction and death would devastate the globe? If uninterrupted prosperity were to crown the sordid pursuits of the covetous, in what caves should the helpless widow, the unfriended orphan, hide their devoted heads? If uninterrupted prosperity were to smile upon the malignant devices of the envious, the infamous stratagems of the debauched, the deep laid schemes of the unjust, where could we provide an asylum for virtue, or a refuge for chastity, or a sanctuary for justice? Explain. But were the gods to grant prosperity to all, the flood gates of misery would be opened, and the world deluged with blood. Anarchy, worse than primæval, would destroy the noblest works of Deity, and the reign of chaos recommence with tenfold horrors.'

'You have convinced me,' cried Alcibiades; 'I am ashamed of my rash exclamation; I see that were the gods to grant what I murmured against them for denying, the spark of virtue that lingers in the human soul would become extinct; and every bond that holds society together would be annihilated.'

'Instead, then,' said Socrates, 'of seeking a temporary happiness from the intoxicating draughts of prosperity, seek that true and lasting felicity of which virtue is the only source.'

SMUGGLING IN THE NETHERLANDS.—Dogs of a very large and strong breed for the purpose of draft, are harnessed in the Netherlands, like horses, and chiefly employed in drawing carts with fish, vegetables, eggs, etc., to market. Previous to the year 1725, such dogs were also employed in smuggling, which was the more easy, as they are extremely docile. As it is probable that this mode of smuggling may have been again resorted to since the year 1815, the following account will be found correct. The dogs were accustomed to go backwards and forwards between two places on the frontiers without any person to attend them. A dog of this kind was often worth six or seven lous d'ors, as the training cost some trouble. Being loaded with parcels of goods, lace, &c., like mules, they set out, and only when it was perfectly dark. An excellent, quick scented dog, always went some paces before the other, stretched out his nose to all quarters, and when he scented custom house officers, &c., turned back, which was the signal for immediate flight. Concealed in ditches, behind bushes, &c., the dogs lay, till all was safe; they then proceeded on their journey, and reached at last, beyond the frontier, the dwelling of the receiver, who was in the secret. But here, also, the lender only at first shewed himself, but on hearing a certain whistle, which was the signal that everything was right, they all hastened up. They were then unloaded, taken to a convenient stable, where there was a good layer of hay, and well fed. There they rested till midnight, and then returned in the same manner back, over the frontiers. In London, the butchers make dogs draw carts with a quarter of ox-beef; and the poor peasantry of Ireland might make dogs draw manure when they could not afford to keep a horse.

'How would you divide drachms?' asked one printer of another. 'Why,' replied the other, 'I would drink one half.'

A VISIT TO JOANNA.

BY THE HON. MRS. ARSKINE-NORTON.

I do not recollect ever having been consulted, in the course of my travels, during a morning's visit, to a small island to the north of the channel to the Mozambique. It is inhabited by a horde of Arabs, who, as far as I could make out, took possession of it between two and three centuries since, and have remained unmolested, as well by their savage neighbors of Madagascar, as by those of the opposite continent; their only enemies are the Mainotes, inhabitants of an island near them.

We anchored before Joanna early in the morning of the 22d of July, 1821.

Whilst I was dressing, I observed a canoe coming off, and presently after, from the bustle on deck, I knew visitors had arrived. Of course I was prepared by the descriptions I had received, yet I found it a very difficult matter to preserve my gravity on being introduced in form by my husband to his old acquaintances (for he had been here twice before,) Lord Wellington, Lord Sidmouth, Admiral Rodney, and the prime minister, who, although the most distinguished among them, bore only the simple title of Bombay Jack. Lord Wellington wore, over his loose and rather ragged drab trousers, an old red coat, with a pair of epaulettes, which had seen good service on some gay marine, and a cocked hat to match. Admiral Rodney sported a naval coat with two pairs of epaulettes, one laid over the other on each shoulder. Bombay Jack and Lord Sidmouth were in plain clothes, that is to say, arrayed according to their own fashion, with, however, sundry amusing decorations; all without shoes and stockings.

They spoke English, Bombay Jack particularly well. He was a keen, shrewd, little old man, and had, under his king, governed Joanna for many years. He had received the appellation of Bombay Jack from the following circumstance. A ship belonging to the East India Company had been wrecked on some part of the coast of Joanna; the crew were most hospitably and kindly treated by these poor Arabs. Two vessels passing soon after for Bombay, part of the sufferers were put on board of one, and the prime minister, with the remainder, embarked in the other. They arrived at Bombay, and the Company, always noble in its rewards and encouragement, promised to send them every year a present of a little cloth, and some other articles valuable to them; this promise, I believe, has been punctually performed, and has not only secured the assistance and good will of these islanders, but has also proved an inducement to their neighbors to 'go and do likewise.'

'You shall see, masters,' said Jack, when seated in our cabin, with a glass of wine before him, 'that Bombay Jack be no fool. Long, long time since (early in 1800), Frenchmen came here, like Joanna very much; ask no questions, come on shore, build huts, buy food, and then begin plant cotton. I no like this. Frenchmen very civil, but very shy; when cotton grow and money come, they take Joanna, and we go into the sea; no, no, that not do—Bombay Jack too canning. Cotton planted—cotton coming up well. One dark night, when Frenchmen all sleep, we go very quiet, boil water, and pour it very quiet over all cotton plants. Next morning Frenchmen wake—cotton plants all dead; they come to me; I tell, 'Cotton always do so—a little time good, good, then all die in one night.' Very well. Frenchmen next day pack up, go on board little ship and go away. Good-bye, good-bye,' continued Bombay Jack, standing up, however, and waving his hands in exultation; then turning to us, he said, 'what people say if I not do this? Why, they no more call me Bombay Jack—but they call me—Jack-Ass.'

Each of these Joanna noblemen had with him a packet of papers, containing characters given to him by the commanders, officers, or passengers of different vessels, recommending the bearer as a good and honest washerman, &c. Some also, had their patents of nobility drawn up and signed by the different

commanders, who had dubbed them with the titles they bore.

As it was early, and they promised to treat us with plenty of good milk, eggs and coffee, on shore, we agreed to accept their invitation to breakfast; accordingly, a young lady who was with me, and myself, put on our bonnets, and the boat was ordered. While we were assembled on the deck, ready for our trip, Lord Sidmouth came up to us, and whispered, 'You no give washing to Lord Wellington; great reason he—no wash well, and always steal people clothes; better wait and give to Prince of Wales on shore; he very good washerman, and very honest.' We extricated ourselves from this little court intrigue by saying, that as we had so lately left the Cape, and should remain so short a time at Joanna, it was probable we should not require their services in this respect.

We were soon on shore. The village (or city, perhaps I ought to call it), was composed of small, low, irregular habitations, looking extremely hot, silent, and dull; the two last qualifications I attributed to the total absence of women, who, perhaps on account of our visit, were kept more out of sight than usual. The abode of the king was singular; it was built of wood, in the shape of a ship, upon an arch. We went underneath the arch, where a small door opened to a narrow flight of stairs, which conducted us to his majesty's apartments; they consisted, as far as we saw, of three small rooms; the first was an armory, containing a tolerable display of muskets, neatly arranged and in good order; the second was the presence chamber, where, at the head of a rude table, elevated on cushions, and wearing a scarlet mantle, trimmed with tarnished gold lace and fringe, white petticoat trousers, and a turban, sat the old king, white George the Third; round his neck and on his turban he wore what he intended to be taken for precious stones. Near him stood the Prince of Wales, a fine, intelligent young man, dressed neatly after the fashion of his country. No one sat down.

The king nodded graciously to us (the two ladies,) and asked my husband which of the two belonged to him, and then enquired why and wherefore the other one was not disposed of, with sundry other queer questions, which I began to think the sooner I put an end to the better. I therefore requested his majesty's permission to pay our respects to the queen and princesses, which was immediately granted, and we were conducted by the Prince of Wales through a short, narrow, dark passage, which was ended by a curtain. This being withdrawn, we discovered, after peering about a little, three female figures seated on cushions on the floor; they had handkerchiefs placed rather gracefully over their heads, the rest of their persons were concealed by shawls.

The two girls, so far as the dim light permitted us to observe, were good-looking, with fine, but heavy eyes; their whole appearance indicated melancholy and indifference; they stared at us, but I could not trace in their look either curiosity or interest. The old lady, who seemed to have a little more life in her, put one or two questions through her son. How long had I been married? How many children had I? She then spoke a few words in her own language to her son, and we courtesied and took our leave; the three bowed their heads like automaton, and I was glad to escape from a scene which presented my sex in so miserable and degraded a condition.

On returning up the dark passage, we went into the third apartment, which contained a table and a few chairs; the table was covered with a cloth (not over clean, considering there were so many washermen); cups, saucers, and plates, of English white ware, were placed on it, with two large bowls of milk; here we took our seats. A great deal of talk and bargaining were going forward in the presence chamber for things wanted from our ship. When these important affairs were settled, my husband joined us, and rice, fresh eggs and coffee were placed on the table, and we managed to make a very good breakfast, after which we took our leave of the shrewd and merry old king, and,

according to a promise we had made, proceeded to the residence of the Prince of Wales, where we were to pass the morning, until the bargain that had been concluded was executed.

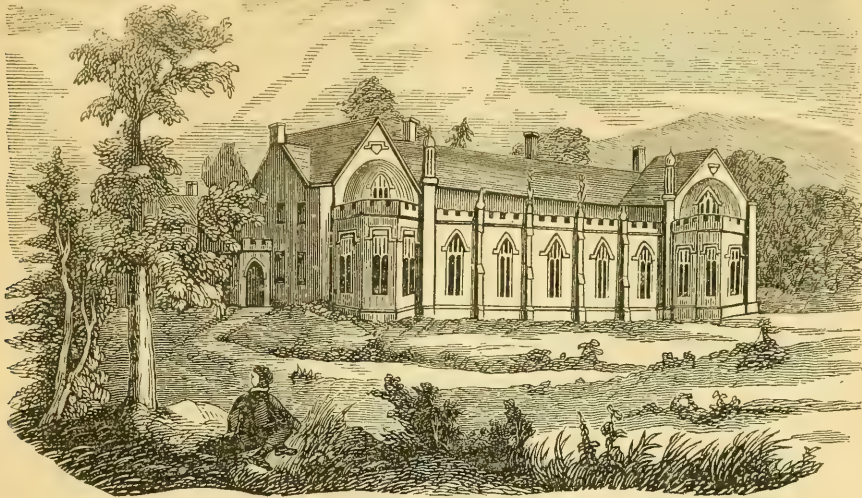
As we walked along I heard from one of the huts a buzzing, humming noise, like a set of schoolboys at their tasks. I popped my head in, and found I was not mistaken, and, from the glance I had of the schoolmaster, I was sure he was a European; but we were so hurried along, on account of the intense heat, that I had no time for further observation. The residence of the Prince of Wales, I was gratified by remarking, evidently showed the improvement of the rising generation; it had a cheerful verandah, and two or three little rooms behind, which were airy and clean. The walls of the verandah were entirely covered with pictures, prints, and wood-cuts, &c., with a number of little common looking-glasses, children's toys and beads.

After we had taken off our bonnets and rested, and fanned ourselves until we were as cool as we could be in a shade where the heat was at least 96 degrees Fahr., we accepted the prince's proposal to introduce us to his wife, and accompanied him into a back apartment, very superior in all respects to that of the queen. A curtain that was suspended in the centre was looped up, and behind it sat the princess, on a low couch. She was young, and near her first accouchment, more animated, but not so pretty as her sisters-in-law. An old woman was seated on the floor opposite the couch, who, we understood, was her mother, and who seemed wrapped up in the contemplation of her daughter's grandeur. She was not, however, grand enough to satisfy her husband, who whispered something to her, on which she reluctantly pointed to a bundle on a shelf behind her; this he took down, and opening it, threw a shawl over her, which, I suppose, he considered richer than the one she had on, and, having laid another on the couch, put back the bundle and left us.

As soon as he was gone, she spoke to her mother and smiled a little, as if she were amused at what he had done; she then turned to us with some attention and curiosity, and touched and examined the materials of our dresses, but as we could do nothing but stare and smile at one another, I was not sorry when his royal highness returned. As he appeared the most civilized of their community, I ventured to ask him whether the princess would not prefer sitting out with us in the verandah. He smiled, and shook his head. 'Not to-day, lady, too much stranger.' He then inquired what we called the relationship that would exist between his father, the king, and the child that was expected. I explained to him the terms grandson, granddaughter, grandchild, grandchildren, which he quickly understood, and repeated with a good accent. We soon took our leave, and returned to the verandah.

The island of Joanna, which, I believe, is about the size of that of Madeira, is very beautiful and fertile; a wild luxuriant vegetation covers its surface, undulating with hill and dale to the very margin of the sea; towards the interior it is very mountainous. Every thing that has yet been tried thrives exceedingly well, not even excepting cotton; of coffee there is abundance. The inhabitants themselves are eager for improvement, and very capable of it, and their veneration for the English is so great that I am sure, with a little management, we might effect any change we judged proper.

When the breeze sprang up we took leave of Joanna, her monarch, and his court. As the island faded on our view, I could scarcely believe what I had witnessed was real life. If, reader, you have ever had the luxury of sitting out a solemn play by strolling actors in a barn, with their robes, and their rags, their tinsel and poverty, their assumed dignity and inexorable gravity, you will be able to form a just idea of my impression—only that yours was produced by representation, and mine by reality.



GLENCAIRNE ABBEY.

GLENCAIRNE ABBEY, situated on the same margin of the river Blackwater with Lismore Castle, from which it is about three miles distant, is a pretty edifice, in the abbey style, and forms a prominent feature amongst the many beautiful and truly picturesque objects with which the banks of the above river are ornamented. It belongs to the family of the late Henry A. Bushe, Esq., by whom it was finished; and we regret to remark, that notwithstanding the bold situation, and the judiciously designed and highly finished compartments of the interior, yet (owing to the original projector), the exterior of the walls, with the exception of the buttresses, are a composition of plaster in imitation of limestone, which, although at present wearing so very pleasing an appearance to a superficial observer, must, in a few years, inevitably moulder to decay.

We the more readily make the above remark, as the immediate and surrounding country abounds with limestone, which might be procured at no great expense, and this prevent the defects to which plaster must be liable.

WEARING THE MANUFACTURES OF OUR OWN COUNTRY A MEANS OF EMPLOYING THE POOR. 'Every stranger who travels through this beautiful island seldom finds much fault with the farm of a gentleman; but all his sympathies are called forward at seeing the miseries and wretched condition of the Irish cottager. As far as the eye can reach, tracts of ground are in the possession of these poor people, who have nothing to lay out upon them but the sweat of their limbs, extort by reiterated toil what will support their families and pay their rents, but are utterly unable to spare from such claims a shilling to improvement. Persons of this description make the most part of the Irish community, and, for many reasons, moral and political, their amelioration ought to be a matter of the first concern.' This is the observation of a person generally esteemed an intelligent traveller, and there can be no doubt that the amelioration of the condition of the Irish laboring poor is a matter of prime importance. The most difficult point, however, appears to be how to give those who are capable of working, an alternative from the labors of the field in manufactures, and thus prevent such a pressure upon one source of income, as must inevitably lower the prices of labor,

from the multitude of applicants. One great means of amelioration would be to inspire those persons who compose 'the greater part of the Irish community' with that proper pride which would prevent their marrying till they have the means of supporting their wives and children upon better fare than potatoes and water. If these and a few other obvious sources of amelioration were assiduously followed up, we should no longer see immense tracts of grounds wasted under inadequate cultivation, and crowds of people, in whom idleness engenders the propensity to turbulence, sharpened by that distress which arises from that discomfort of bad dwellings, scanty clothing, and wretched fare, the consequences of improvident poverty. It is much to be desired that some person, thoroughly acquainted with the subject, would point out the particular manufactures that, unpreoccupied by England, could give support to our redundant population, which has increased, is increasing, and ought not to be diminished, provided it be employed. It is true amongst individuals as among nations, that idleness is the parent of vice, and that the only lasting cure for disturbance there, will be found in giving occupation to the people, and inculcating upon their minds the principles of industry and right notions of independence.

Employment is always preferable to gratuitous assistance, because it sustains the dignity and independence of the human character, and keeps alive those feelings in the heart of man, which render him honest and useful; but how, will it be asked, is employment to be created? We will answer—BY WEARING THE MANUFACTURES OF OUR OWN COUNTRY. In whatever degree this is done, in the same proportion will the poor be effectually relieved; but if it were UNIVERSALLY practised, poverty might not disappear, but its worst consequences would vanish, and the face of the country instead of being disfigured and disgraced by swarms of mendicants, would assume a cheerful aspect, and that wholesome hue of industry, which is indicative of national prosperity.

Irish linen has acquired perfection in its manufacture. Why? Because it is universally worn. The North exhibits an appearance as different as light and darkness, from the wretchedness of the South and West, why? because its population is employed.

Such are the effects of using as a small portion of our clothing, the manufacture of our country—if it was entirely composed of materials worked up by our own people, those good effects would be still more widely extended, and every part of Ireland would gradually assume the grateful aspects of the northern districts.

If every man in Ireland determined this day to wear Irish wollen cloths, in three years that manufacture would equal anything that England can produce; and if every woman came to the same determination, in the same period our cottons, cambrics, etc., would be on a par, if not superior to the British fabrics. That such a universal feeling should prevail, there is little hope; few people act upon system, or feel rationally and judiciously for the poor, though they have a tear for every novel, and a half penny for every street beggar; but there are still many who judge more wisely, and act more consistently, and they will, perhaps, listen to those suggestions, and adopt them. Their example, by a happy contagion, may, perhaps, extend itself, and of this they may be assured, that wherever it prevails, the consequences to the poor and to themselves will be most favorable.

That some general measure of this kind must be proceeded upon, in behalf of the poor, there cannot be the shadow of doubt. If there are many now who suffer the penalties of indigence from the want of occupation, what will be the state of the country in but a few years hence, when its population may be increased by a third, or eventually doubled? Are the people, according to Swift's modest proposal, to eat one another, or to sit with their hands before them, and die of want in the rags and tatters of garments made in another country.

SIR FRANCIS BLAKE DELAVAL represented the borough of Andover, in the British parliament, in 1771, and, it is related, he obtained his election by a very singular manœuvre. He got a culverin, and, at the time of polling, he discharged five hundred gunweas, which, flying among the voters, soon determined their choice. This might literally be called bombarding the town, and taking it by surprise. Such a 'coup de main' would succeed at most elections.

SALLY M'DONNELL.

About the beginning of the last century there lived an apothecary at the entrance of a village in one of the northern counties in Ireland. His name was Stewart, and he practiced medicine and surgery very successfully. Owing to his triple profession and economical habits, he was reputed well to pass in the world, and every year added to his wealth. The rear of his dwelling looked to some fields, and the court-yard that belonged to it was enclosed by a low wall; yet, though unprotected, both from his situation and the state of his premises, Stewart had hitherto lived in security. One night he was, as usual, attending some of his patients, when Sally M'Donnell, his only servant, who on such occasions attended the shop, and took care of the house, was preparing to go to bed as the clock had struck twelve. She knew that her master would not return till morning was advanced, and she shut the shop and bolted all the doors and windows, raked the kitchen fire, and went into a small room that opened from it, where she slept. She began to undress herself, when she heard a noise from the rear, as if some person was trying to break into the kitchen from the window; she concealed the light from her candle and listened; the noise ceased, and was resumed at intervals, as if the persons were fearful of alarming the inhabitants; hardly knowing what she did, she seized a cleaver, and placing herself by the window waited the result in silence. The attack on the window soon recommenced—the shutter gave way, the window frame and panes of glass were broken, and two heads pushed in through the aperture. Sally made blows at both with all her strength, and they were withdrawn; heavy groans followed, and after a while all remained silent. She listened anxiously, expecting another attempt, but none being made, she secured the broken window as well as she could, by placing the kitchen table upright against it and several weights, and, looking the kitchen door, she repaired to the room behind the shop; here she relighted the fire, and remained till Mr. Stewart's return early in the morning. She related all that had passed, and said she feared having seriously wounded the assailants. He examined the court-yard and passage through the fields, and, from the traces left, agreed in her opinion. This event caused much conversation and speculation in the hitherto peaceful village. Some weeks rolled away, during which Stewart made every effort to discover the perpetrators of the outrage, but in vain; an impenetrable mystery seemed to hang over the transaction.

One market day, a handsome young man, of genteel appearance, came to the shop to have a hurt dressed in his hand. He paid liberally, and, as he seemed uneasy about it, though Stewart did not consider the injury material, he desired the stranger to call whenever he came to the village, and that he would dress it. One day that the patient came Stewart was otherwise engaged; and as Jones said he was in haste to return home, Sally was desired to attend to his hurt, and continued to do so; but as the wound in the hand healed by her judicious management, she inflicted another by her bright eyes; her patient became in love with her. Sally was pretty, and not insensible to the admiration she excited—she returned the compliment, and fell desperately in love with her engaging patient. He proposed marriage as soon as she acknowledged her partiality for him. She consented to make him happy, and wished to inform Stewart of the approaching change in her situation.

'Alas, my sweet girl,' said Jones, 'that would ruin me entirely; it is easy to see he never would consent, for he intends you for himself. I have not been coming here so long without finding that out.'

Sally felt that her lover had reason for his surmises; and she agreed that their marriage should be private. Jones told her that her master would

easily forgive her when it was over, and he saw the good circumstances in which Jones was.

In the north of Ireland, runaway matches were considered in a less unfavorable light than in the south. In Sally's class of life they frequently occurred; and having arranged all the necessary preliminaries with Jones, as to where they were to be married, one fine night in April she stole out after Stewart had retired to rest, and carefully closing the hall door, proceeded on her expedition. Jones was waiting for her according to appointment; they then walked down the road that led from the village, and, cheered by the soft whispers of love, she recovered her spirits. He had left his horse in a ruinous house, and, leading him forth, placed Sally on him, and then mounting before her, struck into a brisk trot. After travelling for some time, she asked, had they far to go? He replied that a few miles would bring them to his friends. He soon turned off the high road down a lane. Sally asked why he did so.

'I prefer this short cut, as there is less danger of pursuit; who ever heard of runaways keeping to the public road?'

The rapid rate at which they travelled prevented their conversing much, but Sally fancied that Jones's manner was changed—his answers were short and dissatisfactory; and when he laughed at her questions, it made her tremble—it was not like a human laugh. Though the moon did not shine brightly, there was sufficient light to guide them. He now entered on a common that led to the remains of a forest; the ground became rough and rocky, much encumbered with underwood, and some fine old trees were scattered through it.

'Do your friends live here?' asked Sally in surprise.

'You shall know.'

She became alarmed, and tried to get off the horse; but Jones grasped her, and with Herculean strength held her before him, swearing dreadfully that if she did not keep quiet she never should reach the ground alive. He soon afterwards alighted, and led the horse, still holding her firmly. At length he stopped and whistled—she strained her eyes but could not perceive any house. The whistle was soon answered, and a man appeared through the gloom and took the bride, telling Jones 'that they had been waiting for him since nightfall.' He took Sally off, and told her 'she was now near the end of her journey.' She begged to know where he was bringing her, and struggled to get away.

'Come, come,' said he, 'this is soon ended; and taking her in his arms, he carried her down a sloping path concealed by the underwood, till a rock seemed to impede his further passage; here he let Sally down, still holding her firmly, and slipped behind the rock, dragging her after him through so narrow a passage that none but those acquainted with it could think it led to any cave. The entrance to it was so low that Jones was obliged to enter on his hands and knees; after he had passed the narrow inlet, next they entered a tolerably sized apartment; a bog wood fire afforded light—some women were seated around it, their ferocious countenances looking still more appalling from the fitful gleam cast on them.

'Here,' said Jones, bringing Sally forward, 'here I have brought her to you, and a tough job I had of it, sure enough.'

A yell of savage joy burst from the women, and they crowded round her exclaiming, 'are you come dear?' it is you that is welcome, dear; the devil will have you soon, dear; now you shall pay for the death of my brother, of my father, of my husband.'

'Let me at her,' roared one, 'until I murder her in style.'

'No,' said another, 'we must share and share like in the job.'

'Let's think how we can worry her most,' shouted all together, and they devised many horrid plans, that made the poor girl's heart cease to beat, and were going to seize her when Jones interposed.

'Softly, ladies—fair and softly is the word—is Mother Beldrum here?'

'No, no, noble captain, she isn't; but what of that,' bawled the rest.

'Then hands off, hands off every one of you, or by——' here he swore an oath that made even the female fiends draw back. 'You must stop proceedings,' resumed Jones in his usual mild manner, 'till the old girl comes; she must not be balked of her revenge.'

'Aye, aye, that is but fair, for Judy lost her only son by the first blow this dearie struck.'

'But,' said another, 'Mother Beldrum can't return till past midnight at soonest, and must we wait till then, noble captain?'

'Why, I say you must,' said Jones, authoritatively: for Judy is not to be vexed nor cheated at no rate—a mother's claim is always first on the list; you know the rules.'

Sally wept, begged, entreated Jones for mercy—reminded him of the love he had professed, to lure her from her home, &c.

'Love! love!' said Jones, sneeringly—'talk to me of love, indeed—do you know who I am? Pretty love mine is, you fool.'

She hung on him, renewing her supplications for mercy. He scowled at her like a demon, and flung her from him, saying she must have as much mercy as she showed to others.

'Take her into your charge,' he said to the women; 'I have done my part—I have performed my promise—do you do the rest; but mind, not a hair of her head shall be touched till Mother Beldrum's return; and now get me my supper, for the night air has made me in proper tune for it.'

One of the women approached Sally, saying, 'Come along, dearie.'

The poor girl followed her in silent agony. They passed through a similar passage as in the entry, and, after some windings, the woman stopped, laid down a lamp, and unlocked a door, then opening it, pushed in Sally, saying, 'Make the best of your time, dear, none ever left this room but to die—we'll soon be coming for you.' She left the lamp, then locked the door, and departed.

What had passed at first seemed to Sally as a frightful dream; but, by degrees, her fortune returned, and she resolved to try for some chance of escape. In this faint hope she examined every part of her prison, and perceived a tremulous motion in some of the stones that seemed to compose the wall. 'Surely,' thought Sally, 'if there be any passage hence, it cannot be known to the present inhabitants, or I should not be left here. I cannot be worse off, so come what may of it, I will try the chance for my life.'

Again she felt the wall—a stone fell; she removed more with as little noise as possible, and after much labor succeeded in enlarging the aperture sufficiently to admit her; she pushed through, and, guided by the rays from the lamp she carried, proceeded along a winding passage of considerable extent, and reached the end; here she was impeded by another door-way, built up as the former; she labored hard, and had just removed sufficient to permit her to get through it, when a horrid shout resounded through the windings of the cave; urged by despair, she forced through and found herself in the open air. It was now nearly dark, and she ran at hazard, stumbling against the rocks and over the underwood: at last she was stunned by striking against the trunk of a large tree; hardly recovered from the blow, she looked back, and fancied she saw light gleaming at some distance. This roused her completely—she doubted not that it was from the gang in pursuit. She climbed the tree, and

placed herself amongst the highest branches: she had hardly effected this when the light approached more rapidly, and she discerned the party in pursuit, carrying lanterns, and carefully exploring the underwood. As they came sufficiently near to hear what was said, curses and execrations were liberally bestowed both on herself and on those who had confined her in that apartment. She distinguished the voice of Jones, exclaiming, as they paused in consultation under the tree—

'I wash my hands of it, Mother Beldrum. I knabbed her—I brought her herr, and gave her to those cursed jades that could not keep the bird in the hand—so Judy, don't be bothering me—we may catch her yet, woman—she can't be gone far.'

Judy broke into furious reproaches against the other women, who returned her abuse, by saying she deserved it all for being so close and not letting them into all the in and outs of the cave. The vocal storm raged more and more fiercely, and from words they proceeded to 'deeds of arms.' Jones now interposed his authority, and commanded peace, reminding the fair combatants that they were losing time, and that they had better disperse and continue their search, that Sally must be near at hand.

'But what good is in that,' said Mother Beldrum, in her sharp, shrill tones, 'if she were even under our feet; there are twenty holes she could hide in, and we never the wiser—so we lost pretty Peggy.'

'Aye,' said another, 'but if we did, she could run like a deer, and had light to run too.'

'Beware,' said Jones, in an elevated tone, 'how you provoke me by referring to by-gones. Search away, for as the dawn comes on, we have no business here. To-morrow is the fair of A——, and the cattle will soon pass. Hush, I hear a noise—could they be coming already?'

'What is worse,' said Judy, 'the sky is getting someways reddish—look here and there, and every where for her.'

'Shall we blow out the lights?' asked one of the party—'the light shows far.'

'Hush, you fool,' said Jones, 'are we not near the fairy mount—they will think the fairies are dancing if they see the lights, and won't like to interrupt them. I only fear the cattle—they will push on right a head, and the drovers must follow.'

Shortly afterwards Sally heard a distant bellowing—it soon afterwards struck Jones.'

'Aye,' said the robber, 'it is as I said—here are the drovers. Quick, quick—search those bushes and this dry dyke, and then back with us, and there's an end to it.'

The search continued till the noise of the cattle became so distinct that the gang feared detection, and, cursing their bad luck, they went off.

Sally remained in the tree, in violent agitation, dreading their return; but these painful moments were soon ended. The dawn rapidly advanced, so as to enable Sally to distinguish objects, and to her great comfort, she recognized amongst the foremost drovers a cousin, to whom she imparted her situation, and placed herself under his care. He restored her to Mr. Stewart that evening, who rewarded her by marriage for her sufferings in his cause. The gang of freebooters quitted their retreat, and though it was explored, they left no clue by which they could be traced.

In childhood I have often wandered over the scene of the above tale, and was shown the wreck of the fine tree that had sheltered Sally M'Donnell.

AN ATHENIAN, who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man, who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. 'I would bestow my daughter,' said Themistocles, 'upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man.'

LAMMAS' FLOOD—FLINN'S ROCK.

A TRUE STORY.

Who that has travelled the Dublin and Derry road but must remember the picturesque little town of Newtownstewart, just twenty miles from Derry, with Bessy Bell hanging over it, in majestic grandeur, on the one side, and the pellucid stream of Mourne rolling rapidly along the other side, threatening, in its circling course, to sap the foundation, not merely of the town, but of Bessy Bell herself. A little above the town are the beautiful vale and glebe house of Moyle, embosomed in the sombre shade of Mary Gray, and almost surrounded by the rivers Monterlony and Strool, which, uniting—

'Gie a huzzaw,

W! Joy that they run through the bouny Ardstraw.'

The united river is thence called the Mourne, and if the traveller, by coach or car, can prevail on the driver to slacken pace, about three quarters of a mile below the town, where the river, running pretty close to the road, forces its rapid way through the rocky channel, in a deep ravine of about two hundred yards over, and cast his eye right towards the centre of the river, rather up the stream from the principal ledge of rocks, there he will perceive a single stone, having nearly a cubical form, and which, on account of its size and peculiar shape, was formerly known by the sobriquet of the Giant's Finger-stone, but latterly, from the circumstance which I am going to relate, it has been called Flinn's Rock.

To persons living in the neighborhood of mountains, the effects of Lammas' Floods are very well known. At that season the rains often come on suddenly, and the mountains, coming in for a large share, and having their surfaces encrusted, as it were, by the summer's drought, frequently send the floods down the glens with such precipitation, and in such vast quantities, that the river bed, which, but a few minutes before, was little more than an empty channel, will present to your view, a roaring torrent, filled from bank to bank; and, very often, to the small detriment of the farmer, bursting its boundaries—forcing its irresistible course over meadows, corn and potato fields, and bearing along on its foaming surface the produce of the Holmes.

It was, I think, in the August of 1812, that Charley Flinn, a wheelwright, residing in the town of Newtownstewart, and the subject of my story, was exposed to one of the most singular adventures that the history of Lammas' Floods contains. Flinn had been felling trees in a wood, some distance above the town, and seeing a freshet in the river, on this day, he availed himself of it to float his timber down to his own yard, which was convenient to the strand. He had just hauled out a portion, about fifty yards above the bridge, and was in the act of landing a very large tree, when the water, of a sudden, began to extend around him and his assistants; and it was evident, from the dark and gloomy appearance of the atmosphere, in the direction of the river's source, that there was heavy rain in that part.

The flow of waters increased, until the spot where they a few minutes before stood was occupied by a fast increasing torrent. In the meantime, the tree, notwithstanding the efforts of a number of men, was floating down the stream, and Flinn, in order, as he thought, to manage it better, threw himself astride over it. The river was still rising very fast—so much so, that poor Flinn had scarcely got himself balanced on the tree, when the men were no longer able to hold it, and away it floated, into the middle of the stream, bearing Charley along with it, in the least enviable situation imaginable.

The alarm spreading over the town, men, women and children were running in every direction. Many persons were mentioned for rescuing Charley, but the only one considered practicable was to pro-

cure coils of rope, which, being done, the bridge afforded a convenience for extending the rope from side to side, over the river; the rope was then borne along, as quickly as possible after Flinn, who, not being a swimmer, still kept fast to the tree, sometimes carried to one side of the river, sometimes to the other, according to the course of the stream. The tree was now approaching the rocks before mentioned, and the humane persons, who were hurrying to Charley's relief, were yet far behind.

Many and loud were the cries of the spectators, as Flinn drew near the rocks, through which it was impossible for him to pass without being dashed to pieces. He was just entering on the scene of horror, and seemed launching into eternity, when the end of the tree struck into a cleft in the Giant's Finger-stone, and stood as fast as if moored by anchors. Now was the time for Charley to attempt escaping from his perilous seat. He crawled along the tree, and clambering up the side of the rock, got himself safe on the top of it. The men bearing the rope were hastening to his relief as quickly as circumstances would permit, but they had still a considerable way to come, and the flood was increasing so rapidly, that there was every appearance of the rock, on which Flinn stood, being covered before the rope reached him. The shores, by this time, were crowded with people; some projecting schemes, some shouting to the men coming down the river, and a great many offering prayers to heaven for that deliverance to Flinn which no exertion of theirs could effect.

At this time, Flinn himself was on his knees, imploring the assistance of the Most High; and it was evident, from the signs he made to the people on the shore, that he was recommending himself to their prayers, for, from the roaring of the flood, as its waters bounded from rock to rock, not a word could be heard, even by those who would speak to each other on shore. The water was now dashing up against his feet, and the next roll was expected to carry him off, when the men succeeded in reaching him with the rope. Signs were made to him how he should act, but he could not understand them.

The prospect of deliverance brightened upon him; besides, the current was now tumbling over the rock, and he could keep his place no longer; he gave the rope a turn round his body, and consigned himself to the mercy of the boiling surge. The river here was about one hundred yards over, and the rock upon which Flinn had stood was considerably towards the eastern shore; but that side being much rougher than the western, he chose the latter, although the distance was much greater. The men on that side kept pulling the rope, but no trace of Charley could be observed from the time he left the rock, and it was thought he had struck against the bottom, and had lost his hold; however, at length he rose to the surface, within about three yards of the shore, but just when his friends were hurrying to take hold of him, and the open arms of his shrieking wife were extended to embrace him—as if fate had decreed that Charley should be drowned—the rope broke, and he was once more sunk in the raging element.

This was the moment for acting, not thinking; as the rope gave way, two men leaped into the flood; one missed, the other succeeded in taking hold of some part of Flinn's clothes, and, by the hold, drew him ashore, but apparently lifeless. Every means which could be applied on the instant were had recourse to, and, in a little time, he began to exhibit signs of life, his strength gradually increased, and in a few hours he was so far recovered as to be able to walk home.

CUTTINGS of Russia leather laid in a chest amongst clothes are an infallible preservative against moths.

SCENERY AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.

TRIM is the assize town of the county of Meath, and lies on the banks of the pleasant Boyne, a river as famous in Irish history as the Tiber was in that of the Roman. It is of ancient date, and its castle, rugged and ruined—a relic of the age of iron—shows that formerly it was a place of great importance. Indeed, being within what is called the 'Pale,' and distant only twenty-two miles from Dublin, it was one of the strongholds of the Anglo-Normans. The castle was erected by the De Lacys, who figure so conspicuously in the transactions of the period when Henry II. despoiled the monarchs of Meath of their possessions, and parcelled them out, by a mere stroke of the pen, among adventurers, who had to obtain and keep possession of the booty by the sword, and a stout heart and strong arm. Trim belonged to the O'Melaghins, and they were so dissatisfied with the arrangement, that for centuries afterwards the 'stern alarms of war' rang their horrible discord over the fruitful and beautiful plains of Meath. The castle was the home of warriors, and, although now mouldering in ruins, sufficient is left to give an idea of its former almost regal splendor.

The walls are in circumference four hundred and eighty-six yards, defended by ten flanking towers, at almost equal distances, including those of the gates, one of which is in a good state of preservation, as well as the arches over the ditch, and barbican beyond it. The south gate had its portcullis, the groove for which, and the recess for the windlass, may still be very distinctly traced. This great safeguard of the 'English adventurers' was partly erected by Hugh de Lacy, the constable of whom Scott has made such great use in one of his undying romances. As a soldier and statesman, he was far in advance of the age; but, like all the descendants of the roving men of the north, had rather strong peculiarities on the subject of the rights of property. This idiosyncrasy provoked the hostility of the original possessors of the land, and no doubt, was the cause of his death at the hands of the assassin. Cambrensis describes this event in a manner which gives us a picture of the Anglo-Norman soldier in the utilitarian garb of a builder. He was giving some instructions concerning the hewing of a block of timber, and, says the chronicler, 'as each man was busily occupied, some lading, some gravelling, the General also digging with a pick-axe, a desperate villian among them, whose tools the nobleman was using, espied both his hands occupied, and his body inclining downwards, still as he stroked, watched when he stooped, and, with an axe, cleft his head in sunder, little esteeming the torments that for this traitorous act ensued.' Such was the inglorious death of the great Hugh de Lacy, whose portrait, as given by Cambrensis, is not very flattering:—

'He was of dark complexion, with black and deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, and his right cheek, down to his chin, sadly scarred by an accidental burn. He had a short neck, and muscular and hairy chest. He was low, and badly made. His character was firm and resolute, and he was as sober as a Frenchman. He was always most attentive to his own business, and most watchful, not only over his own department, but also over every thing that was to be done in common. Although skilled in military affairs, his frequent losses in expeditions show that he was not lucky as a general. After his wife's death he indulged in habits of general profligacy. He was desirous of money, and



TRIM CASTLE.

avaricious, and, beyond all moderation, ambitious of personal honor and distinction.'

However, whatever were the defects in his character, his body was much esteemed, for two Abbeys contended for the honor of its possession; and the Pope had to adjust the quarrel by giving his head to one and his trunk to another of the holy edifices.

The castle is not the only object of interest, in Trim. There is 'the yellow tower,' part of a tall temple which marks the site of a famous abbey, said to have been founded by St. Patrick, and dedicated to the Virgin. Close beside it is a small building, which, in the age of chivalry, was the residence of that renowned soldier Sir John Talbot, 'the scourge of France'—

"So much feared abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes."

About seven miles from Trim stands what remains of the early dwelling place of the modern foe to France, the Duke of Wellington. The duke, who then signed his name 'A. Wesley,' represented Trim in the Irish parliament from June, 1789, to September, 1793, but seldom resided at Dangan, the family seat of the Wellesleys. This mansion was sold by the Marquis of Wellesley, and being let on lease to the notorious Roger O'Conner, was largely insured by him, and shortly afterwards 'accidentally' consumed by fire. It is now but a collection of bared and broken walls—a mere shell, and the demense is completely stripped; indeed, so extensively have been the ravages, that, with the exception of a few stunted and very aged hawthorns, not a single tree remains of the hundreds that flourished when the marquis and duke were boys. The wreck of the house is inhabited by a farmer and his family, who show the place to strangers, and veraciously assert that on the day of the battle of Waterloo, just at sunrise, a great battle was fought in the air right over Dangan House; and that, with the charging and struggling of men, tearing of horses, and smoke of the guns, it was a very terrible sight indeed. This legend, or rather stale coinage of the brain, is not sufficiently interesting to detain a visitor very long at Dangan, for the dreary and ghost-like appearance of the walls is sufficient to drive the most enthusiastic admirers of the 'Duke' from the locality. We gladly hastened away, and, thinking of Moore, directed our steps to the renowned 'Hill of Tara,' and with the sweetest of melodies on our lips, found the place as described, dreary and desolate—a succession of grass covered mounds; and the imagination had some difficulty in conceiving that its owner was treading on the ashes of a city. We felt with the poet that—

'The harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if the soul were fled.'

This poem, sparkling though it be with gems of thought, contributes little towards convincing us of the existence of the early Irish city to which it alludes, with its palace '900 feet square, containing one hundred and fifty apartments, 150 dormitories, and in height 27 cubits.' A thousand guests sat daily down to dinner, and 150 drinking horns were kept in constant requisition. The antiquarian helps us out of the difficulty, and it may safely be assumed, we think, that 'Tara' was for ages the chief seat of the monarchs of Ireland, and from thence were promulgated the laws that governed the country. It was also the resort of Druids and musicians, and the great strongholds of the

Druid priesthood for centuries. One hundred and forty-two monarchs occupied its throne, and it was not until 565 that it was finally abandoned as the seat of monarchy. The hill was cursed by a saint, who, saith tradition, 'with a bishop that was with him, took their bells which they had, which they rung hardly, and cursed the king and place, and prayed God, that no king or queen ever after would or could dwell in Tara, and that it should be wast for ever, without court or palace, as it fell out accordingly.' Druidism received its death blow at the hands of St. Patrick, and the roasting of a sanguine adherent to the mysteries of the oak and the shade prostrated it completely. This personage was Lucan the Bald, and the story of his untimely end is rather curious. St. Patrick, it seems, had invited him to an amicable display of their respective powers, and the trial water was among the number.

The legend says: 'All things being done between the magician and St. Patrick, the king says to them, 'cast your books into the water, and him whose books shall escape uninjured, we will adore.' Patrick answered, 'I will do so;' but the 'magician said, 'I am unwilling to come to the trial of water with this man, because he has his water as his god;' for he had heard that baptism was given by St. Patrick with water. And the king answering said, 'Allow it by fire;' and Patrick said, 'I am ready;' but the magician being unwilling, said, 'This man, alternately in each year, addresses as god water and fire.' And the saint said, 'Not so; but thou thyself shall go, and one of my boys shall go with thee into a separate and closed house, and my vestment shall be on thee, and thine on him, and thus together you shall be set on fire.' And this counsel was approved of, and there was a house built for them, the half of which was made of green wood, and the other half of dry; and the magician was sent into that part of the house that was green, and one of the boys of St. Patrick, Binneus by name, with the vest of the magician, into the dry part of the house. The house being then closed on the outside, was set on fire before the whole multitude.

'And it came to pass in that house, by the prayers of Patrick, that the flames of the fire consumed the magician with the green half of the house, in which the garments of St. Patrick remained untouched, because the fire did not touch it. But the fortunate Binneus, on the contrary, together with the dry half of the house according to what is said of the three children, was not touched by the fire; neither was he annoyed, nor did he experience any inconvenience, only the garment of the magician, which he had about him was destroyed.' This was the ruin of Tara; the people turned Christians, and in a few more generations every vestige of its existence was swept away.

'But where we sought for Ilion's walls,
The quiet sheep feeds and the tortoise crawls.'

IRISH MISCELLANY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858

CHINA AND THE WORLD.

Some fifteen years ago, we heard a story about a Chinese schoolmaster. He improvised a map of the world out of a pail full of water. Said he—'Young men, the pail represents the world in which we live. The water in the pail means the Celestial Empire of China. The drops on the edge of the pail stand for the outside barbarian nations, such as England, Spain, France and America. Young men, you have here a striking representation of the relative importance of China and the world.'

China has certainly regarded herself as, not only precisely the first and most powerful nation on the earth, but also as the nation, the empire subsisting through all ages, and entitled, as a matter of course, to rule the world. All other races and nations are but as drops adhering temporarily to the edge of the pail. Either they evaporate, or they trickle down the outside, or they help to swell the column of water in the pail. In any case, they lose their individuality in that of the Celestial Empire. The emperor is the brother of the sun. Very few of his high officers, not one of his common subjects, not an outside barbarian, were he Napoleon, Francis Joseph, or James Buchanan, can look upon his face and live. The annals of the empire, which were systematically arranged by Confucius, fill twenty-seven thousand volumes. We have seen specimens of these quaint volumes, huge quartos, which would by modern printers be reduced to the size of small duodecimos. Nor need the reader wonder at the number of volumes required to tell the history of China in a manner satisfactory to the Celestials. It appears that the Chinese nation is now nearly thirty-four thousand years old, that is, the annals say so, and who can dispute their testimony, seeing that they were compiled about thirty thousand years after the foundation of the empire, and the compiler was Confucius, the greatest, wisest and best man China and the world ever saw?

One singular prop to the national pride of the Celestials has been the fact that most of the scientific inventions which have helped to make us, outside barbarians, Europeans and Americans, what we are, be the same more or less, are claimed by the Chinese as inventions of their own. Gunpowder was no novelty to them; neither was the printing press. Almost every new invention, or machine, got up by us, the drops on the edge of the bucket, may be said by them to have been in use in China for centuries. And it has not seldom turned out that the boasting talk of the Chinese was in some cases founded on fact. Even as the recent scientific travellers in Egypt have found, as they think, that Herodotus, until now called in history the father of lies, told a story about Egypt which may be true in the main, so modern travellers who have studied Chinese and Eastern matters closely say that Marco Polo's book is as reliable as Hume's History of England, to say the least.

The fact, as stated, of the priority of invention, on the part of the Chinese, in many things which we regard as proofs of our advanced grade of civilization, is not wonderful. China is certainly an old country, although not so old as she pretends to be, and her territories are, and have been for ages, very densely populated. Perhaps no country in the world can show as much cultivation and as many men to the square mile as China can. Its population is so redundant that the sickly male, and the female infants likely to be a burden to their parents, are drowned. This is not only a common thing, but it is recognized as a rightful proceeding. Catholic missionaries in China have saved, perhaps for heaven, certainly for this world, thousands upon thousands of these exposed infants.

China has also been always a self-sustaining na-

tion. She, the water filling the pail to its brim, never needed the drops that clung to the edge. As a general rule, admitting very few exceptions, foreigners, or, as they call us, outside barbarians, were never permitted to enter China, much less to travel through the Flowery Land—another name for it—with open noses, eyes and ears. A certain class of strangers were tolerated in particular places at stated times. These were strangers who called themselves ambassadors, and who had a few ships with guns, which would unluckily fire effectively. Then there were Catholic missionaries who, as we shall see hereafter, preached the gospel of Christ even in the remotest parts of the empire, and who willingly accepted a violent death, which was not seldom their portion, as the full reward of their labors. The Chinaman, however, was always expected to stay at home. Why not, seeing that it was his heaven on earth? Emigration was forbidden by stringent, highly penal, and, in general, pretty well executed laws. A travelled Chinese could hardly publish his book of travels with a reasonable degree of safety. The rule was, that the man who went out of the empire was civilly dead, so that no ruffian who would rob or murder him was in danger of punishment. Because of the overgrown size of the empire it was never so easy to enforce this rule in all cases as it was in the small empire of Japan, nevertheless, the rule was, down to the commencement of the present century, carried out with a degree of strictness sufficient to cause a Chinaman in Europe or in America to be regarded as a curious being, worth staring at and looking after. Since the discovery of gold on our Pacific shores, Chinamen have ceased to cause much remark in the streets of large seaport towns. This rule, then, affecting both emigrants and immigrants, and kept with fair Chinese strictness, made China and the Chinese a comparatively unknown land and people to us outside barbarians. China lived upon her own means, quite careless, as she said, whether we would or would not trade with her. If she exported tea and other goods, we should pay a good price, take such goods as she might choose to sell, and acknowledge that we were highly favored by her condescension in our regard. With the exception of opium, few things of consequence were imported until of late years. China was the world, and the world was China. The few drops on the edge of the bucket might be at times 'full of sound and fury,' but they signified nothing. In the Patent Office report, published periodically at Washington, we read that Mr. Jones has invented a machine, that Mr. Smith has designed an improvement in the same, that Mr. Johnson has improved Mr. Smith's improvement, and so on to the end of improvements, whatever that may be. That is not because we love money better than the Chinese do, but because our country is less thickly settled; the races inhabiting it are not resolved into a unit; we are a new people in a new world; we are a nation of freemen, theoretically at least—perhaps too much so in one sense, practically, if Judge Lynch is to be admitted as authority. We enjoy or suffer, as the case may be, an almost untrammelled intercourse with foreign countries, and, finally, we are of the race which is dominant in the world—whether Celts, Saxons, or Teutons, we are the children of Japhet, and all history goes to confirm the prophecy that the sons of Japhet shall be the rulers of the children of Shem and of Ham.

In China, then, there is no Patent office, as there is in Paris, London and Washington. As the tree may fall, so shall it lie, saith the Bible. As the invention may come from the hands of the inventor, so let it stand, saith poor, old, cracked China. No improvement can be registered, or permitted. And so China and the Chinese of a thousand years ago are as nearly as possible what China and the Chinese were twenty years ago. There have been always good and skilful mechanics, engineers, and

other scientific men in China, but their work, once done in China, for the Chinese, remained to the end in its original state, so far as its conception was concerned. Years, ages passed, but the same old machine was used. Travellers who had the privilege of cultivating a certain degree of acquaintance with the Chinese would often find, to their astonishment, that such things as the motive strength of powder, steam, electricity and magnetism had been familiar to the Chinese mind for ages. In fact, no ninth day wonder from the first printing press down to the feats of Signor Blitz, the juggler, or magician, could be described by you to a Chinaman, without your being forced to hear him say—'O! that is an old affair—we have known all about it for many centuries!' The fact that Chinese inventions have fallen, almost still-born, from the brains of Chinese inventors, and that improvement in their action is, in China, reckoned as an absurdity, might be illustrated by hundreds of examples. We will select three—painting, the press, and the gun, merely glancing at each topic.

You know what odd affairs the pictures on China plates and dishes are. Compare them with drawings from Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, and you will be convinced that the Chinese, the Egyptian and the Assyrian studied under the same master, and that the differences in the several styles are chiefly accidental, depending upon such causes as climate, religion and laws. Generically, the three styles sufficiently agree. The Assyrian and Egyptian empires have long since disappeared, but their cotemporary, China, remains yet a nation in the world. The three agreed in this rule, among others,—to walk in Indian file. No successor dared to do otherwise than follow the footsteps of his predecessor. And so a Chinese picture is now what it would have been if painted ages ago. The rule is—follow rigidly the copy, or model before you, and by no means deviate in the least detail from the regulations laid down no one knows how many centuries ago, by the masters of our art. Follow your predecessor, and follow copy. So, if you have your portrait taken by a Chinese artist of the first class, it will be a curious, if not a fine specimen of art. The fidelity with which he will copy every trifling detail is wonderful. If your face be dirty, your hair disarranged, or if there be a rent in your garments, down goes upon the canvass the deformity, the dirty face, the rent in your garment, or whatever disagreeable or laughable thing may be visible to the painter. 'How can we paint handsome face if no handsome got?' was the question put by a Chinese artist to an enraged sitter, who beheld his own ugliness too faithfully represented in the picture. The answer reminds one of the retort of Stuart, when a lady expressed her dissatisfaction with his portrait of her not very agreeable face. 'Madam,' said he, 'you have brought me a potato, and you ask me to paint a peach.' The Chinese artists also contrive to make you look like a Chinaman, and that, without erring in any detail worth mentioning, so far as you can see. Could a Chinese painter, of the fifth century of our era, rise from the dead, and take your portrait, you would not find his work very different from that of the Chinese artist of to-day.

As for Chinese printing, it is enough to say that it is almost precisely where it was in its infancy, and very far behind what a book printed in Europe was one year after the invention of printing.

The Chinese gun, which looks at you so savagely as you pass a fort, is not always a real gun. Like the guns which Gasparoni occasionally used, when he did not wish to do more than to frighten travellers, the Chinese guns were often made of wood or of paper. They made a terrible show, however, and frequently answered the purpose as well as real guns. And when the Chinaman had a serviceable piece, he would not mount it on a pivot or on a carriage; he would fasten it, with mortar, into a stone wall, where it would point in one direction, and only one. If you were exactly opposite, it might hit you, if not, why, so much the better for you. This old nation, then, which has endured for so many ages, and which forms a connecting link between our times and the old Semitic period, is now, at last, open to the European and American world of trade. So says the last telegraphic despatch. We have some questions thereupon, which we must reserve for discussion in a future number.

(Written for the Irish Miscellany.)

LOUGH CON, OR O'DONNELL AND HONORA.

BY COLNELLER LIGHE.

Near Lough Con's angry wave-girt shore,
Stood Brian's cottage, teagla fore;
His well-tried fields and pastures rare,
Were young O'Donnell's constant care;
Of wealth he had a goodly share—
But he had naught was half so fair
As his darling daughter 'Nora.

Nor did this young and rustic queen
Escape O'Donnell's fancy dream—
He saw her form on every hill,
Her voice he heard in every dell;
Thesecret which he long suppressed,
His every deed and word confessed—
He loved the young Honora.

At length, one eve, as the setting sun
His golden beams threw on Lough Con;
When the thrush had sung his last wild note,
And the lark on his lingering wing did float—
Near the pebbly shore they strayed together,
And there, they vowed to love forever!—
O'Donnell and Honora.

Ah! Peace and Love, how could ye dwell
Where tyrants vanquished, patriots fell?
To happier climes you now may soar,
And for a while leave Lough Con's shore;
For Ireland's rights, to avenge her wrongs,
O'Donnell joined the rebel bands,
And bade farewell to 'Nora.

Behold him, in the thick of fight!
See how he handles sword or pike!
With force he strikes terrible blow!
At every blow, a foe lies low!
And though amid the crash and rattle
Of Killalla's sharp-fought battle,
He ne'er forgets Honora.

Now, after many a hard-fought day,
The ranks, though not the hearts, gave way;
Now, Erin wept her valiant dead,
And o'er their fate her heart now bled;
Whilst the scaffold reeked with patriot's blood,
On Lough Con's shore once more they stood—
O'Donnell and Honora.

But hark! they hear the beating drum,
And random shots now reach Lough Con;
Haste! haste! O'Donnell! Nora cries;
Haste! haste! the listening waves replies.
Below my father's boat is moored,
And the yeoman's hearts, as thoreset, are heard,
Quoth the gentle-hearted 'Nora.

They quickly bend o'er the plover oar,
And shape their course to the distant shore;
The swelling waves their oars now lash;
Through the maddening spray they onward dash!
The wind is high, the night grows dark;
Ye Fates! preserve the slender bark
Of O'Donnell and Honora.

The billows loud and louder roar,
And lightning shows the far-off shore;
The rain in torrents now descends,
And thunder with the lightning blends,
A fearful shriek! the deed is done!
Oh, give us back, give back, Lough Con,
O'DONNELL AND HONORA.

*House of plenty.

†A term of endearment, as 'my dearest treasure.'

(Written for the Miscellany.)

SHANDON STEEPLE.

Old Shandon steeple, fare thee well,
That stands erect o'er the pleasant Lee;
Thy stately grandeur in verse I'd tell,
Had the pleasing duty been left to me.
Thy lofty spire is renowned in pages,
Where words of praise are submitted free,
By Father Prout, and other sages,
Extolling Shandon and the River Lee.
What a pleasing picture the artist paint'd;
Yes, 'tis naturally dear to me.
For in my boyhood I oft did wander,
In view of Shandon by the River Lee.
In the early morning thy bells are chiming
From the tall summit of thy minaret;
Although I'm far o'er the wide Atlantic,
In dreams I hear their sweet sounding yet.
Farewell sweet Shandon, with thy tow'ring steeple,
Farewell sweet Cork, and thou pleasant Lee,
You joys and losses, and kind-hearted people,
Whose rival 'mong nations I cannot see.

J. H. S. H. P.

THE HAUNTED INN.

Robert, an inn-keeper in a small, flourishing town on the Upper Rhine, had become rich through the custom which his house had for many years enjoyed. All at once, however, it fell off; for travellers who had been in the habit of putting up there, either avoided the place entirely, or preferred the inferior accommodations of another inn. Of the cause of this decline of his trade he could not long remain ignorant. The fact was, that his house was haunted by a ghost, and what traveller, weary with his journey, would like to have his rest broken at night by the pranks of a spectre?

Sigismund, a distant relative, who had an eye on the fair Rosina, the only daughter of the host, had of late years been frequently in this house, either on visits to the family, or when traveling upon business. He was accustomed always to sleep in the same room, in the upper story; and there he was destined to make the discovery, so unlucky to his kinsmen, that the house was haunted.

One night, when all the family had retired to bed, and were in their first sleep, Sigismund was roused by the spectre. Almost beside himself with terror, he rushed out in his shirt, ready to break his neck, down stairs, and called up the master of the house. It was without great difficulty that Robert could draw from him an explanation respecting the nature of the circumstance that had thrown him into such a vehement alarm. Having at length somewhat recovered from the fright occasioned by the apparition, he gave the landlord the following account:—

'I was fast asleep, when a white, deathlike figure opened my door, which I had locked before I went to bed. The noise awoke me. The spectre had a bunch of keys in one hand, and in the other a lamp which gave but a feeble light. It walked past my bed, paced the room several times, then set the lamp down on the table, and slipped into bed to me. I endeavored to cry out, but could not. Fear and horror paralysed my senses. God knows how I got out of bed without falling a prey to the hideous apparition.'

The trembling Robert awoke his people, and after maturely considering the pros and cons, he ventured, in their company and well armed, to approach the haunted chamber. He found the door fast; Sigismund, as far as he could recollect, had pulled it after him, that the ghost might have less chance of overtaking him in his flight. As he had taken out the key of the door after locking it when he went to bed, and laid it on the table by his bedside, it was found necessary to fetch the master-key before they could gain admission. This was accordingly done, and all eyes looked round for the spectre, but in vain—it was gone. Sigismund, however, durst not resume possession of his deserted bed for the remainder of the night.

Robert could not tell what to think of the story of his kinsman. He was too well acquainted with his character to suspect that he was playing off a hoax; he knew, too, that he was not a greater coward than himself; he had, therefore, no just cause to doubt the accuracy of his statement. At the same time, he was vexed when he reflected that the spectre might think fit to return; his house would, in consequence, get a bad name, and his business might be ruined. In spite, then, of his excessive fear of ghosts, as there was a possibility of delusion, he deemed it incumbent on him to investigate the matter more closely. To this end he repaired, the following night, accompanied by Peter, the most trusty of his people, well armed, to the haunted chamber. He assigned to Peter the post of danger and honor by the door, while he himself took possession of an easy chair, at the remotest corner of the room. The great house-lantern, containing a lighted candle, was placed on the table.

Long did they thus wait in vain for the visit of

the spectre. Both of them found it difficult to keep their eyes open, and nothing but the supposed danger of their enterprise furnished them with unusual powers of vigilance. Sleep, nevertheless, began to exercise its despotic sway over the landlord. He could not help nodding, and it was but now and then, and with incoherent words, that he answered the observations addressed to him by Peter. The latter, meanwhile, heard, as he thought, something coming up stairs, and imagined that he could distinguish soft steps.

The effect on his sleepy senses was powerful and instantaneous. He gave his master notice of the impending attack. Sleep, however, had completely overpowered the landlord, and, under these circumstances, Peter deemed himself justified in leaving his post, and rousing his master by no very gentle shake to the conflict. Both trembling, drew their cutlasses, and took post behind the arm-chair. The spectre was already at the door, and the bunch of keys which it carried rattled like chains. The door opened, and the figure of a living corpse presented itself. It was covered from head to foot by a white shroud, walked twice round the room, and then glided, with a deep sigh, into the bed.

Glad to see the coast thus far clear, Robert seized the lantern and made a precipitate retreat down stairs, not only leaving his arms in the possession of the enemy, but, in his haste, dashed the lantern with such force against the balusters that it was shattered to pieces.

Peter, who, at the first appearance of the spectre, had squeezed his eyes together, and in his fright commended his soul to all the saints, had meanwhile sunk on the floor behind the arm-chair. He saw nothing, heard but little of what was passing about him, and awaited his fate with patient resignation. The crash of the lantern, which should have recalled his senses, only served to increase his stupefaction.

Robert hurried back to bed, without undressing, and covered himself over head and ears with the clothes, so low had his courage fallen after his late excitement. Next morning, at a very early hour, he called up his servants and family, and eagerly inquired how poor Peter was; but no one had seen or heard anything of him since the preceding night.

The cheering light of day, which dispels fear, and restores courage to the faint-hearted, once more raised Robert's spirits. Accompanied by his people, he went in quest of his lost attendant, to the place where he had left him. Peter, probably fatigued and exhausted with terror, had sunk into the arms of his kind deliverer, sleep, and lay snoring at full length on the floor behind the arm-chair. His good-natured master rejoiced sincerely at this sight, for he was sorely afraid lest the spectre had bodily carried off the poor fellow.

The adventure of the night was soon known to all the townsfolk. The more sensible of them laughed heartily at the landlord's absurd conduct, and called him a stupid, superstitious, chicken-hearted coward. This language soon reached his ears, and vexed him to such a degree, that he repaired immediately to the burgomaster of the town, to make affidavit of the particulars of the affair. At the same time he requested the magistrate to take measures for ascertaining the reality of the apparition, and the truth of his supernatural adventure, for in no other way could he retrieve his lost honor in the estimation of the incredulous public.

The magistrate complied with his request, and the town-serjeant was sent for, with four courageous fellows, to pass the next night in the haunted chamber. Whether the spirit deemed its opponents in this instance too formidable, or whether it had actually decamped, so much is certain, that it did not think fit to show itself to the party which was anxious for its appearance. The men repaired to their post the two succeeding nights, but the obstinate ghost was not to be seen.

Robert had thus put himself to a useless expense, and, if he had previously been the talk of the whole town, he now became the butt of general ridicule.

It was not long before Sigismund, in company with a friend, again passed through the place. He was informed that the spectre, which had once given him such appalling evidence of its existence, had since terrified the landlord and Peter almost out of their lives, and resolved not to sleep any more at his kinsman's. The courteous solicitations of the fair Rosina, however, had great influence over him; he could not refuse her invitation, and ventured once more to lodge under the same roof with her, but only on the express condition that he should not lie in the haunted chamber.

His friend and fellow-traveler was of a different way of thinking. Desirous of an interview with a ghost, he insisted on having a bed prepared for him in the very room which the spirit had been accustomed to visit. The landlord was not a little gratified to think that he had at last met with a person willing to avenge, as he termed it, the honor of his house.

Sigismund's friend took his measures with coolness and deliberation. He placed on the table by his bed a brace of loaded pistols, provided himself with a couple of candles, in addition to the night-lamp, went to bed unconcerned, slept soundly, and awoke next morning without hearing or seeing anything of a spirit. He did not fail to impress upon the mind of his companion the silliness of the fear of apparitions, and begged him, as a friend, to bear him company the following night, that he might not appear a coward in the eyes of his Rosina.

Sigismund, sensible that his friend's exhortations were well-meant, plucked up a spirit and repaired with him at bedtime to his former chamber. All the inmates of the house had retired to rest, and not a sound disturbed the midnight silence. All at once, faint steps were heard ascending the stairs, and slowly approaching nearer and nearer to the room. The same pale spectre, dressed in white, which had terrified him once before, again made its appearance. Sigismund, overwhelmed with horror, never thought of the pistols, which lay near the bed, but again sought safety in flight, leaving his friend to cope by himself with the ghost.

His fellow-traveller, though not a little startled, closely watched the apparition. It approached him; and he could not help shuddering when he saw it preparing to get into bed to him; he sprang out, and had a good mind not only to quit that, but, like Sigismund to abandon the field altogether. On second thought, however, he mustered courage, seized a pistol in one hand and a candle in the other, drew back a little, and thus awaited what was to happen.

The ghost seemed to take no notice of its armed antagonist; but so much the more closely did he watch the apparition. It seemed to be of the female sex, to judge from the bosom, which was not very carefully covered. He approached nearer to the bed, on which the unwelcome visitor lay most quietly, and scrutinized his features. His terror gradually subsided and ceased to bewilder his senses. Heavens! how agreeably was he surprised, to recognise in the slumbering figure the lovely Rosina! For fear of disturbing the fair night-walker, he durst not, though strongly tempted, steal a single kiss, but softly quitted to room to call her parents and his friend.

None of them, however, was in any hurry to obey the summons. The jocose and confident manner in which their guest spoke of his discovery, and a word which he whispered in the ear of the landlady, induced the latter to follow him alone to the haunted chamber, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the nocturnal apparition. Ashamed to be surprised in courage by a woman, Robert and Sigismund could not stay behind. They sneaked after the advanced guard, and before they ventured to go into the chamber, cautiously peeped in at the door, while the mother's eyes had been for some time fondly fixed on her darling. She knew from former experience that Rosina had a predisposition to walking in her sleep, and she was too thoroughly convinced of her virtue and innocence to attribute her being in such a situation to any other cause than that singular disorder.

It was long before her timid spouse would trust either the assurances of his better-half or his own senses, till at last Rosina herself furnished evidence too strong to be resisted. She quitted the bed with her eyes shut, took up the night-lamp which had gone out, and walked through the astonished company, who made way for her, out of the room. They followed her in silence, because they had either not had sufficient presence of mind to wake her at first, or because they wished to spare her the embarrassment of so awkward a situation.

She found the way down stairs, without once tripping, to her chamber. All retired, again to rest, and Sigismund, in particular, resumed the place which his Rosina had occupied with very different feelings from those which he had left it. The inference which he drew in regard to her sentiments towards him from her behaviour in the liveliest of all dreams, could not but be exceedingly flattering to him. Nothing, therefore, could prevent him next morning from making Rosina a formal offer of his hand, and explaining to her parents his further views. They had little to object, and the heart of Rosina still less.

Thus the horror and apprehensions of a supernatural visitation terminated in a joyous wedding, which was consummated in the same chamber where the innocent Rosina had twice filled her lover with inexpressible alarm.

GIANTS—The belief in the existence of giants appears to have been founded upon so many seeming evidences of authority, that, in the fondness of man for wonders, it is not surprising that he has, nearly to our own times, entertained this fallacy. First among the circumstances which have fostered this belief, is the very common opinion that, in the earliest ages of the world, men were of greater stature than at present. Pliny observes of the human height (vii. 16) that "the whole race of mankind is daily becoming smaller," a most alarming prospect if it had been true. But all the statements made on this subject tend to convince us that the human form has not degenerated, and that men of the present age are of the same stature as in the beginning of the world. In the first place, though we read in sacred and profane history of giants, yet they were, at the time of their existence, esteemed as wonders, and far above the ordinary proportions of mankind. All the remains of the human body, as bones, and particularly the teeth, which have been found unchanged in the most ancient ruins and burial places, demonstrate this point clearly. The oldest coffin, or rather sarcophagus, in the world, is that found in the great pyramid of Egypt, and is scarcely six feet and a half long. From looking also at the height of mummies which have been brought to this country, we must conclude that the people who inhabited Egypt two or three thousand years ago were not superior in size to the present inhabitants of that country. Neither do the inferences from the finding of ancient armour, as helmets or breast plates, or from buildings designed for the abode and accommodation of men, concur in strengthening the proof of any diminution of stature in man.

Passing over the fables of the giants of profane history, we come to their mention in scripture before the Flood, in the sixth chapter of Genesis, vi. 4—"there were giants in the earth in those days"—where, the Hebrew word 'nephilim' does not signify giants, as commonly translated, but violent men. Some think that instead of giants in stature, monsters of rapine and wickedness were intended to be represented, and Dr. Johnson says that the idea of a giant is always associated with something fierce, brutal and wicked. The context in the next verse that 'the wickedness of man was great in the earth,' renders the above interpretation more probable than any in relation to the stature of man. In the thirteenth chapter of number v. 33, the reference to 'the giants, the sons of Anak, which came of the giants,' implies the family of Anakim to have been of great stature, and the context states circumstances of comparison, in the people

being as grass-hoppers in their sight; still, the fears of the spies may have magnified the dimensions of this family into the gigantic.

The notion of the existence of giants formerly has also, in many instances, been founded on the discovery of the bones of different large animals belonging to extinct species, which have been ascribed to human subjects of extraordinary stature. The bones of an elephant have even been figured and described by Buffon as remains of human giants, in the supplement to his classical work. The extravagance of such suppositions have been completely exposed by geologists, and the supposed fossil remains of gigantic human bones are proved to have belonged to the 'Megatherium' and 'Palæotherium,' and other individuals, which certainly proves that in remote ages there existed animals of much larger dimensions than any now in being, though we have no reason to suppose that the variety extended to our own species.

In more modern times the belief in giants has been fostered by the exaggerated accounts of the colossal stature of the Patagonians, such as have been already explained. Blumenbach observes:—"The supposed Patagonian giants have sunk, in the relations of travellers from Magalheens' time down to our own, from twelve feet to seven feet, and, at best, are little taller than any other men of good stature."

The practice of associating certain stupendous phenomena of nature with giants has, doubtless, strengthened belief in them, especially in the minds of the young; the 'Giant's Causeway' in Antrim is an example. Indeed, the majority of such phenomena, which strike the beholder with their magnitude, have been referred by ignorant persons to giants, or 'the devil.' Such are the 'Devil's Punch-bowl' in Hampshire; 'the Devil's Arrows,' in Yorkshire; and the 'Devil's Jumps,' a conspicuous group of barren and somewhat conical hills in Surrey, apparently the remaining portion of a stratum of sand, reduced by abrasion to their present irregular form. Cromlechs, and other huge stones, and Barrows, or the burial-places of heroes, and even Stonehenge itself, have probably caused the existence of giants to linger in the minds of weak persons, until an acquaintance with geology has enabled them to trace these phenomena to natural causes.

Coleridge has oppositely exposed the fallacy of the belief in giants, by imagining a traveller in some unpeopled part of America, to be attracted to the mountain burial-place of one of the primitive inhabitants. He digs into it, and finds that it contains the bones of a man of mighty stature; and he is tempted to give way to the belief, that as there were giants in those days, so all men were giants. But, a second and wiser thought may suggest to him, that this tomb would never have forced itself upon his notice if it had not contained a body that was distinguished from others—that of a man who had been selected as a chieftain or ruler for the very reason that he surpassed the rest of his tribe in stature, and who now lies thus conspicuously inhumed upon the mountain-top, while the bones of his followers are laid unobtrusively together in the plain below.

The best account of giants, at once scientific and popular, that we have seen, will be found in Jameson's Journal, 1853. It is by the eminent naturalist M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and extends to nearly fifty pages of the above journal.

NOTHING TO DO.—Idleness is fatal to longevity, as proved by returns concerning classes who are not soldiers. At the age of thirty, an agricultural laborer may expect to live forty-one and a half years longer; a nobleman, the lord of parks and broad acres, only thirty-one years! The laborer is commonly badly lodged and poorly fed; but he works, and works every day; the nobleman rarely does anything that can be dignified with the name of work—hence he dies of ennui and self-indulgence.—Chambers.

[Written for the Miscellany.]
NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.
BY J. E. F.

N^o. 12.—Adare, and Abbeyfeale Lodgings.

Having finished our rambles in Clare, we once more took our places on the mail-coach, and early in the afternoon we found ourselves again in Limerick. The city at present is full of strangers, and the streets at eve present a busy and animated appearance. Limerick is noted for its beautiful women and beautiful lace, and certainly it is justly so in regard to the former; but I am not so good a judge of the latter.

The next morning, we got on board the train for Adare, nine miles from the city, and in less than half an hour we were in the center of that pretty town. Procuring a pass from 'mine host' of the Dunraven Arms Hotel to enter the demesne of the Earl of Dunraven, we presented it at the porter's lodge, and were at once admitted within the gate. Our first visit was to the ruins of the Franciscan Abbey, which are altogether different from any we have ever yet visited, being divided into cells or compartments, and all decorated with ornamented stone sculpture. We then crossed the demesne, and entered the castle of the Earl of Desmond, the last of the noble race of Fitzgeralds. Well might the poet Davis, in describing the ancient glory of the Geraldines, exclaim:—

'What gorgeous shrines, what brehon lore,
What minstrel feasts there were,
In and around Maynooth's gray keep,
And palace-filled ADARE!'

We ascended to the top of this castle, not by the ancient staircase by which the Desmonds were wont to ascend, but one of later years, which the present Earl of Dunraven has built for the accommodation of visitors. His estate has no less than six old ruins upon it, and upon one of these the Catholic Church is built, and the Protestant upon another.

The Earl's own house is certainly a splendid building, built of the most beautiful cut stone, and shaped into turrets and towers innumerable. There is an inscription running the full length of the front of the building in text letters of cut stone, as follows: 'Except the Lord build the house, the labor is but lost of those that build it.' There are also various other inscriptions on different parts of the building, among which are the following: 'Love God only.' 'Honor and Obey the Queen.' 'Eschew evil and do good.' 'This goodly house was erected by William Henry, Earl of Dunraven, and Caroline, his Countess, without borrowing, selling, or leaving a debt.'

Leaving the demesne, and not feeling fatigued, we started for Rathkeale, six miles farther on. This is a stirring town, with about four thousand inhabitants. After dining here, we pushed on to Newcastle, some six or eight miles distant. At our entrance into this town, we met some of the fair sex belonging to upper tennism, whose amplitude was as great as the most fashionable belles of Washington street, Boston, as 'hoops' had been carried to Newcastle. There was a crowd in the town, it being a fair day, and it was more difficult to get through the streets than it would be to push through 'crinolines,' many of the men seemingly having a mortgage on both sides of the town, and continually walking from one side to the other, yet keeping on the road homewards.

About a mile outside the town, as two men were walking arm-in-arm, and professing eternal friendship to one another, they became warm over some trifling dispute, and soon talked of settling it by an appeal to their blackthorns. Other persons coming along, endeavored to prevent them, but they being unsuccessful, took sides in the 'scrimmage.' Now commenced the fight in earnest, and such a one I never want to see again. Each man was provided with a shillelah, which they brought down with telling force upon one another, seemingly not caring whether friends or foes, for I noticed that the two who first commenced it were both beating one man, and then one another. We, not relishing such amusements, doubled our pace up the mountain road, but not until six men passed us, both

pursued by the police. The men who passed us were more or less covered with blood, one of whom was an old man upwards of 60 years, who was hardly able to walk from loss of blood, and was at last obliged to take refuge in a cabin by the roadside.

We were soon on the side of the mountain, and night fast closing around us. The road was a dreary one. On our right was a valley of bog land, from whence a thick mist was arising, illuminated occasionally by some ignis fatuus, or 'Will o' the Wisp,' and on our left, the bleak mountain. There was scarcely a house to be seen, and we kept vainly endeavoring to pierce the darkness in search of a friendly light, to ascertain our distance from Abbeyfeale, where we intended to stop for the night.

Discerning one at last, we inquired the distance to the town, and asked for a drink. Two bowls of milk were given to us, but whether by man, woman or child, we could not tell, and when we offered money it was refused by a sturdy 'No!' The light was extinguished when we knocked at the door, and a little urchin was sent to the cross roads to show us the way, who told us it was yet three miles to Abbeyfeale, and it was midnight ere we reached it.

A travelling theatrical company having pitched their tent in the center of the town, we went thither, and inquired of a man in the crowd for a hotel. He went with us to it, where we knocked loud and long, until at last a gruff voice bawled out through the key-hole—'What do you want?' We modestly answered, 'A night's lodging.' The gruff voice exclaimed—'All full!' and then went off muttering something about being called out of bed at this hour of the night. The man who directed us here then brought us across the street, and roared out, in a voice loud enough to be heard all over town, we thought, 'Paddy Neil! Paddy Neil! there's two gentlemen from Limerick here who wants a bed.' Somebody with a red nightcap on (Paddy, I suppose), put his head out a window and said: 'Divil a bed is there in the house; they are all full!' The prospect was beautiful; midnight, pitch-dark, no lodging to be had, and the next town ten miles off. The man thought it was too bad; and we thought so too, remembering our grave-yard adventure, and fearing something like a repetition.

He finally brought us to a little cabin (we would go almost anywhere), and rousing the inmates, who came peering at us in their night-gear, made them get a bed ready. After half an hour's delay, an old woman ushered us up a ladder into a dingy room with six beds in it, and then left us to grope our way to bed by the flickering light of a piece of bogdeal. Dirty as the room looked, our bed was scrupulously clean, and after fervently recommending ourselves to Providence, we lay down. The actors playing Hamlet kept me awake some time, and one of them just said—'I am thy father's spirit!' when some one took hold of me and told me to move over. Thinking it was my companion, I obliged him, when I heard the same voice tell him to 'move over.' I now became alarmed, and asked the 'spirit' what he wanted. He replied, by asking me if I was his brother? Not being aware of having one, I told him no; but that my other bedfellow and I were travellers, and had stopped at this 'hotel' for the night. The fellow then sloped, and visions of throats cut from ear to ear vanished, to revisit us only in our dreams that night.

LOWELL, SEPT 14, 1858.

To the Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

Your neat paper is eagerly read each week by numerous subscribers in Spindledom, and it is the wish of all that you may meet with complete success in your endeavors to please your patrons. The congregation of St. Patrick's Catholic Church lately went on an excursion to Harmony Grove, Westford, accompanied by their good pastor, Rev Mr. O'Brien, and the affair passed off satisfactorily, the net proceeds being over \$300, which is to be devoted to charitable purposes. The management of the picnic was entrusted to the Mathew Institute, and the reverend gentleman highly complimented them on their success in

carrying it out, which certainly was no easy task, the party numbering above fifteen hundred, being the largest picnic that ever left this city.

The Mathew Institute is a society formed at the time of Father Mathew's visit to this city, and has sent forth since, lawyers, clergymen, and orators. It numbers among its ranks some of the leading young men of the city, who have dashed forever the wine-cup from their lips, and become disciples of the Apostle of Temperance. They have a good library, and are adding to it constantly. The Institute, at its semi-annual election last week, elected the following officers:—President, James Marren; Vice President, A. F. Anderson; Clerk, Owen Morris; Collector, Thos. Costello; Treasurer, Cornelius Driscoll; Librarian, James Barry; Cor. Secretary, Edward Oates; Trustees, F. McAnulty, G. B. Lang, J. E. Fitzgerald, James Duffy, Frank Haviland. Yours, &c., GERALDINE.

THE OBJECT OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO BERLIN.—A precious bit of scandal is going the rounds in England. It is said that the object of Queen Victoria's visit to Prussia was to try the influence of her presence in appeasing the storms that have disturbed the peace of the young couple united but eight months ago!

Nor, says rumor, are these conjugal tiffs merely light breezes that create a momentary ripple on the surface of the waters, but perfect hurricanes, scattering destruction and ruin. The young Prince, who had, as it was formerly reported, been as really in love with the English Princess for two years before he married, as though he had a right to make a love-match, now carries his antipathy to as great an extreme—the quarrels they have together are so fierce, that the Princess is said to have complained to her mother of personal ill-treatment. This rumor is treated with derision by those who judge from the behavior of the Prince and Princess in public by their smiling looks. The Princess, when a child, was noted for a spirit of obstinacy and contradiction of no ordinary stamp, and which, if it has not since been checked, may be the cause of unhappiness to herself and those around her. There used to be a little anecdote extant, that fully illustrated her childish disposition. She was reprimanded one day by the Queen for addressing Mr. Brown, the apothecary to the royal family, without the title of Mr. The Princess took no notice of the reproof, but continued to do so, on which her mother told her if she again did it, she should be sent to bed. The next time the apothecary made his appearance in the nursery, the Princess said, 'Good morning, Brown, and good evening, too, Brown, for I'm going to bed, Brown!' This is very childish, but shows what was the natural temper of little Miss Absolute.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.—An event of some importance in the history of Great Britain, and indeed in the history of the world, has just transpired, viz: the political death of the great East India Company. Henceforth the crown will be supreme in the government of India, and the house in Leadenhall street will 'shrive into an association of receivers of dividends.' 'This day,' says the London Times of September 1st., 'will have a place in chronologies for another great event, but one which might almost have slipped from notice, for it looks to the past. To-day the East India Company ceases to hold a place among states and sovereignties. Like the many princes whom it has disreigned from power, and left in the enjoyment of privileges and titles, it has long been deprived of actual dominion. The company has only a name and an income; or, only adding to those what India herself supplied to her conquerors—the modest officers of information and advice. But, as the Great Mogul no longer exists, even in name, the East India Company has now wholly ceased from political existence. This day Queen Victoria becomes the sovereign of India, without any fiction of tradition of the past coming between her and her just titles.'

BIOGRAPHY OF PAUL MORPHY.—Paul Morphy is a native of the city of New Orleans, and was educated at Spring Hill Cottage, near Mobile, Alabama. His father was born in Charleston, South Carolina, of Spanish parents, and became one of the most eminent Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana. United to a French Creole lady of the latter State, the subject of our sketch was born on the 22d June, 1837; and at the early age of ten years, learned the moves of chess from his father, at his own earnest solicitation. The family of Morphy has long been known in the South and West of the Republic, for the eminence of its members in the mysteries of Caissa; and foremost among them stood the uncle of our hero, Mr. Ernest Morphy. This gentleman is of equal strength with Mr. Rousseau of New Orleans, who has, for many years, been a frequent visitor at the leading clubs of London and the Continent. At a very early age, young Paul had played some hundred games with his uncle, and about half as many with Mr. Rousseau, almost all the games towards the last being won by their youthful opponent. Whilst still a mere boy, he played 30 games with Mr. James M'Connell, winning all but one, and on the 23d and 25th of May, 1850 (not yet 13 years of age), he encountered the celebrated Hungarian, Herr Lowenthal, the result being in some measure, no doubt, owing to Mr. L's underrating his young antagonist, Morphy, 2; Lowenthal, 0; drawn, 1. It is not unfair to suppose that the desire to wipe out this defeat, had something to do with Herr Lowenthal's challenging his youthful victor in the match pending. For several years past, Mr. Morphy had only played with amateurs, to whom he gave the rook or knight—odds in which, from his brilliant style of play, probably no one living can surpass him. But the meeting of the first congress of American chess-players last year, in New York, offered a field for the display of his extraordinary powers, and his visit to the Empire City was hailed with satisfaction by nearly all the leading athletes in the States. Comparatively little is known in England of the strength of American players; at the time of the congress, the New York club contained such men as Mead and Thompson, gentlemen well known at the Café de la Regence, and who received only small odds from Kiezeritzky, and players of equal grade. Lichtenheim, a trifle stronger, had been President of the Konigburg Club in Germany, and Charles H. Stanley is no new name to Englishmen. In other cities of the Union were amateurs of equal force, such, for instance, as Montgomery of Philadelphia and Paulsen, then unknown to fame.

The Hon. A. B. Meek, Judge of Probate in the State of Alabama, and one of the leading jurists and orators in America, was the first to give the New York Club an idea of Paul Morphy's powers. When he informed the members that the youthful Louisianian would certainly carry off the prize in the tournament, he incurred a good deal of bantering; one gentleman answering: 'Because he beats you, Judge, you think he must necessarily beat everybody else,'—a reply which, however brilliant, proved unsound. Mr. Paulsen also gave it as his decided opinion, previously to Mr. Morphy's arrival, that he would vanquish all competitors; and he frequently expressed his belief, during the congress, that should Morphy visit Europe, he would prove his superiority over every living player. Mr. Paulsen's admiration for the young Louisianian was so great, that whenever the latter was engaged in a game, he could not be lured from watching him. But it is not merely over the board that Paul Morphy exerts his powers. As a blindfold player, no one ever before succeeded in conducting seven games, with the exception of Paulsen, and he has frequently stated in New York that he felt satisfied Morphy could play as many games as himself. The latter is considerably stronger blindfold than Paulsen, and some of his battles are surprising examples of brilliant strategy. We are happy to announce to our readers that Mr. Morphy intends playing eight blindfold games simultaneously during his visit to London. Mr. Morphy is about five feet three inches, and his slenderness of figure is such as to give him a remarkably youthful appearance.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

THE PACHA OF EGYPT—IRISH MANUFACTURE.—Amongst the many specimens of native skill in art manufactures which have recently been exhibited, nothing has been produced better calculated to sustain its high character than some magnificent specimens of lace embroidery executed for his Royal Highness, Ali Said Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, which we examined yesterday at the waterooms of the Messrs. Cordner & Co., Dame street. The lace is intended for the internal decoration of a grand state carriage now being built in England for his highness, and, strange as it may appear to those who are but too fond of seeking to depreciate anything in the shape of manufacture produced by Irishmen at home, it could not be produced from some eminent establishments in England in the ornate and costly style which was demanded. The drawing of the pattern was furnished and forwarded from the East by Mr. R. Stephenson, the eminent engineer, and on its being received by Messrs. Cordner, they readily undertook the order, and sent back a specimen of their work with judicious alterations on the pattern for approval. They received an immediate order to proceed with the work, irrespective of cost, and acting on these instructions they produced an article in every way worthy of native skill, and well suited to show how much Irishmen could accomplish with the air of common fair play and encouragement. The lace is of the finest silk texture, made to represent a silver ground, upon which are embroidered the Ottoman emblems in gold—a star within the horns of the crescent. These emblems are relieved with exceeding good taste by a monogram of arabesque characters in black silk embroidery of the viceroy's name. The edges of the lace are of rich purple, adorned with miniature stars and crescents. The tassels are composed of rich purple silk, magnificently braided with massive bullion wire. Some estimate may be formed of the splendor of this product of our Irish looms when it is known that two ounces of gold are wrought into every yard, of which seven or eight hundred yards are required. The state equipage for which this lace must be appropriate must rival in splendor the chariots of the Assyrian; and we are only too happy that the Messrs. Cordner have given a convincing proof, if any was required, by the manner in which this gorgeous fabric has been cunningly woven, how much Irish skill and Irish enterprise can accomplish when receiving encouragement and patronage. [Freeman.]

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN IN LOUISBURGH.—A Louisburgh correspondent writes:—On the night of the 26th ult., our little town was honored with a visit by our truly honorable and highly distinguished countryman, the pure and uncompromising William Smith O'Brien. He was accompanied on his way hither from Westport by our revered curate, the Rev. Martin M'Hale, at whose residence he was entertained, as were also the Rev. Michael Curley, our zealous parish priest, the Rev. Patrick Donoghue, and other clergymen. On hearing that the great patriot had arrived, the people simultaneously rushed forth, eager to catch a glimpse of the noble descendant of Brian. In honor of their renowned guest, the inhabitants erected a large fire, and then began to illuminate their windows. Light followed light in rapid succession, until the town appeared one flaming mass. Willing to testify their esteem for him, who earned it so dearly and so well, they raised thunder shouts of joy and exultation that rent the welkin asunder, and wakened the wild echoes of many a mountain-dell. An Irish piper struck up several national airs, the liquid sounds of the national music floating in the night breeze, summoned to the gay scene many a lad and lass, who on 'light fantastic toe' bounded along through the mazes of the merry Irish jig. In the

course of the night, Mr. O'Brien addressed the people in flowing and pathetic language, which it were vain attempting to describe, and which called forth loud and long continued bursts of applause. The heroic chief visited the Rev. James M'Ginn, PP. Clareland, the following day. From Clareland he proceeded to Achill; and is now on his way, I dare say, round the north-western coast of Mayo. May God speed the brave!

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN IN WESTPORT.—Our distinguished countryman and incomparable patriot, Smith O'Brien, arrived in this town to-day, from Connemara, where he had been taking a tour of the Western Highlands, with the romantic and picturesque scenery of which he was highly pleased. He was accompanied by Martin O'Flaherty, Esq., and if it had been known that the town would be honored by a visit, brief though it was, from him, nothing would exceed the manifestation of popular feeling and enthusiasm that would have taken place on such an auspicious occasion. He was received by the principal men of the town, and after receiving their congratulations, and partaking of the hospitalities of the worthy curate, Father Cavanagh, Mr. O'Brien left for Louisburgh, en route to Clare Island, in company with the Rev. Mr. MacHale, whose guests he will be this evening. His stay lasted only a few hours. [Tuam Herald.]

CARDINAL WISEMAN.—Our illustrious visitor has been travelling rapidly over the country, everywhere receiving demonstrations of affection and respect from the people. At Athlone his reception was an ovation—from Athlone his eminence proceeded to Parsons-town to inspect the celebrated monster telescope of Lord Rosse, and here again he was surrounded by thousands of people anxious to see him and to get his blessing. At Moate similar scenes were repeated, and in fact, unless his eminence is being hurried through the country by railway, he is never without an attending throng of persons anxious to do him honor. On Wednesday, at twelve o'clock, his eminence returned to Dublin from Athlone, where he had been on a visit to Mr. John Ennis, M.P. At seven o'clock in the evening he proceeded, in company with the Hon. and Rev. Monsignor Talbot, to the banquet at the Mansion House, given by the Lord Mayor in honor of Mr. Bright, the engineer of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and to celebrate the successful laying of the cable. [Nation.]

CLONMEL ART EXHIBITION.—The van containing the Government and her Majesty's collection towards this exhibition, has arrived at the railway station here, and through the kindness and attention of Mr. Whitestone, has been carefully locked up in a special covered store. Nearly two hundred and fifty season tickets have already been sold, and some large cases of paintings and statuary have been received; on the whole, the forthcoming exhibition promises to be eminently successful. An early application for season tickets is desirable, lest, at the time of opening, there may be a difficulty in procuring them. [Clonmel Chronicle.]

Mr. Dargan has in contemplation to run a steamer from Foynes to Kibbaha, and construct a railway from thence to Kilkee, a distance of only four miles, to be completed by public subscriptions, without the intervention of an act of parliament.

The employees of the Gas Company are actively engaged, under the superintendence of Mr. Kearney, in putting up the gas fittings in the Court-house, for the Clonmel Art Exhibition, which opens on the 8th September next. [Tipperary Examiner.]

The Dublin Mercantile Advertiser states that the quantity of land under tillage this year will be over 20,000 acres more than in 1857.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte is now making a tour through Scotland, visiting Iverness and the Highlands. His object is mainly to study and investigate the Celtic language.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

A STRANGE affair has occurred at Constantinople. A resident physician, Dr. Zallonia, an Austrian, was called in to prescribe for the favorite wife of a great Turkish personage, and on questioning her in the harem, he found that she was suffering from an inflammation of the bowels. He slightly touched with his finger the part affected; on which, a eunuch, who was in attendance, misinterpreting the act, rushed on him, knocked him down, and beat him until he was half dead. The woman's husband, hearing the noise, hurried in, and being told what had taken place, stabbed the physician in the thigh with a dagger. The blow was so violent that the weapon broke. The wounded physician, bathed in blood, was removed to the street, and left to get home as well as he could. Dr. Zallonia a few days after died of the injuries which he had received.

As the 11.20 Hudson River train was on its way from Albany to Troy, Tuesday, two men were walking upon the bridge which crosses the Wyant-skill Creek. One hastened to jump off. The other took his time, supposing that the train was a local one, and would stop at the station. When he discovered his mistake, there was no escape from certain death for him but to jump into the Wyant-skill, about twenty-five feet below. This he did, and striking the hard, pebbly bottom, was so bruised and shocked as to be rendered senseless for some three hours. The Hudson Star says he is now doing well.

LETTERS from Salt Lake City narrate the history of a *habeas corpus* case instituted for the recovery of a child which was abducted from its father in England four years since. The plaintiff is Mr. Henry Polydore, the father of the child, whose mother, Mrs. Polydore, carried to Utah after deserting her husband for the Mormons. The woman was formerly a Roman Catholic. The case is conducted under instructions from Washington, and at the request of the British government.

THE future Duchess of Malakoff, who is related to the empress, and was brought up by her mother, is a handsome person, thirty years of age, much admired in her own country and in France. She came there with the Countess of Montijo, and it was noticed that she was constantly with the empress at Cherbourg. The marshal has already arrived in Paris for the publication of the banns. It is said that the marriage was to take place on the 8th of September, the anniversary of the taking of the Malakoff.

ON the arrival of a train at Chicago, from Detroit, the other evening, the crowd of people about the depot were greatly astonished to see a man, or the semblance of one, covered with a thick coating of dust, emerge from beneath one of the passenger cars. Scraping the dirt out of his eyes, he gazed about with a wild, bewildered look. To the questions that were put to him, he stated that he had ridden from Michigan city to Chicago on the truck beneath the floor of the cars!

HUME, the American medium, is actually married to Mlle. Kroll, or Kroff, who brings him the sum of \$160,000 in cash. Since his marriage, it is said the spirits have left him, for in one of his attempts to evoke the shadow of a deceased aunt of one of his new relatives, the spirits refused utterly to obey. But he has played his cards out, and has secured a fortune and a wife at twenty-nine years of age; he had better retire on his laurels, says the New York Times.

By the death of a Mr. Hobson, of Calcutta, a youth, now in the employ of a printer in London, is suddenly put in possession of more than a million and a half sterling. It is said the young man had no previous knowledge of the relation, except as to having once heard his mother say she had a brother in India.

WEIGHING A THEFT.—A citizen missed two pounds of fresh butter, which was to be reserved for himself. The maid, however, had not only stolen it, but fastened the theft on the cat, observing, moreover, she caught her in the act of finishing the last morsel. The wily cit immediately put the kitten into the scales, and found it to weigh but a pound and a half. This city mode of reasoning being quite conclusive, the girl confessed her crime.

THE most desperate piece of coolness we have heard of recently was that of a young man named Maynard, in Bad Ax county, Wisconsin, whose leg was recently amputated. During the operation he asked for a chew of tobacco, and inquired the price of a cork leg, saying that he intended to have one as soon as he got well and could earn it.

THE question as to whether it is lawful to relieve a man against his will, was discussed in Columbus, Ohio, on Friday last, in consequence of the indifference manifested by one Myers when his pardon was received just as they were preparing the drop. A large crowd sympathized with him in his apparent disappointment.

THEY tell a story about a man out west who had a hair-lip, upon which he performed an operation himself, by inserting into the opening a piece of chicken flesh; it adhered, and filled up the space admirably. This was well enough, until, in compliance with the prevailing fashion, he attempted to raise moustaches, when one side grew hair and the other feathers.

JACK IN MALTA.—A few days since one of our tars was seated outside a cafe (as is usual with customers during the summer), his legs extended in another chair, a boy at each foot cleaning a shoe, while Jack himself was eating an ice cream, which he complained of as not being strong enough.

THE fight between Charles Lynch, an American, and John Sullivan, a young aspirant for fistic honors in the English prize ring, took place on the 17th ult., near London. After twenty-nine rounds, at the expiration of forty-eight minutes, Lynch was declared the victor.

A MAN named Wm. Farrell, residing in Cincinnati, pursues a novel occupation. He was arrested recently for an offence, and in complainant's affidavit he was stated to be a clerk to a keeper of a house of ill-fame.

M. POITEVIN, the intrepid French aeronaut, whose excursions on horseback caused so much excitement in London, has met the fate of several of his predecessors. He fell into the sea, near Malaga, when descending with his balloon, and was there drowned.

WITHIN a week, says the New York Tribune, ten thousand children have applied for admission to the public schools in that city, and have been turned away because there was no room for them. The rejection of these ten thousand prevents twenty or thirty thousand more from applying.

IN New York city, Saturday night, three burglars, who were arrested, made a desperate resistance. Each of them drew revolvers and fired at the officers, who gallantly returned the shots, severely wounding one of the burglars and 'scratching' all the others.

THERE is a woman in Cincinnati who beats her husband severely whenever he does not earn his daily twenty-five cents. The neighbors had to rescue him the other day, for the lady he had sworn to protect was giving him too much of a large stick for comfort.

PERSONS who are too shy and awkward to take their due part in the bustling world, console themselves by assuming that the active and forcible qualities possessed by the real actors in life's stirring scenes are incompatible with others which they choose to deem higher and more important.

THE ship Junior, which has become well-known by the horrid mutiny which occurred on board of her, is fitting out for the north Pacific whale fishery, and is to sail under the command of Capt. Lafayette Rowley, of Edgartown.

A FEW morning since, a New York rag-picker came upon a bundle in Broadway, and put it in his bag, supposing that he had made a successful venture. On arriving at home, he found that it was a dead baby.

LIEUT. PIGRAM, who distinguished himself in the fight with pirates in the East Indies, during the Perry expedition, has been appointed to the command of the steamer Water Witch, fitting out for Paraguay.

IT is announced in the English papers that Queen Victoria has granted a free pardon to a young man named Wm. Craft, who was sentenced to six years' imprisonment at hard labor for an assault on kissing a young lady against her will.

A MRS. PLANTER was recently brought before a London Police Court for having nine husbands. She owned up to four of them, but of these she did not know what had become of two of them. They had probably transported themselves.

'THE Ultimate Objects of Napoleon III.' is the title of a spicy little pamphlet, which believes that Bonaparte means his queen shall do her shopping in Regent street, London, with her own guards around her carriage.

A SON of Rogers, the sculptor, was recently baptized in St. Peter's church at Rome. Many Americans were present, among them Mr. Rogers himself, who is not a Catholic.

THERE are no less than six respectable gentlemen who claim to be the originators of the Atlantic Telegraph project. Have we got to go through a celebration with each one?

JOHN McKEON, the gentleman whose services were totally dispensed with by the government, is now one of the writers of the Tribune, says the New York News.

PROFESSOR MORSE, of telegraphic fame, studied painting in England, and was the first person to deliver a course of public lectures upon Art in America.

THERE is a talk of a combined English and French expedition against Madagascar, simply because the ladies and gentlemen there have eaten a few English men flavored with garlics—(Gallics.)

A GOOD DUTCH REASON.—'Mynheer, do you know what for we call our boy Hans?' 'Do not, really.' 'Well, I will tell you. Der reason we call our boy Hans is, it ish his name.'

FICKLENESS OF THE SEX.—A girl at school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she grows up a woman, she objects to having even one.

THE eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should never want a fine house nor fine furniture.—Franklin.

CIVILIZATION.—Man's struggle upwards, in which millions are trampled to death, that thousands may mount on their bodies.

WHAT can be more John Bullish than a London paper's discovery of Mr. Morphy the American chess-player's 'capability of improvement'?

THE price of the passage of the three horses purchased in this vicinity for Louis Napoleon, by the Vanderbilt steamer Ariel to Havre, was \$500.

A MASS for the repose of the souls of Lopez and his companions was celebrated in the Saint Louis Cathedral, in New Orleans, on the 1st inst.

BEN JONSON wrote somewhere, 'He makes a wicked led.' In Mississippi, in praising a dancer, they say, 'She makes a mighty fine leg.'

SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE!

THE IRISH MISCELLANY
INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

Having favorably commenced the second volume of our publication, we seize the occasion for the purpose of tendering thanks to those of our friends who have so generously contributed to our support. To start, and successfully carry on an ordinary newspaper, so that it will, in a reasonable space of time, become remunerative to its proprietors, is a task not easily accomplished, and which consummation does not generally happen in one case out of a hundred. Our enterprise, being of a nature entirely different from that of any other Irish paper heretofore established in this country—requiring a much greater expenditure of capital and artistic talent—caused us serious misgivings, and a constant fear that it would not meet the desires and expectations of our patrons. How far our efforts have been successful, is for them to decide; but we trust that it will not be considered egotistical on our part when we assert that the Miscellany has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of partial friends, and that even those who have been enemies from the start have made suitable acknowledgment of its merit.

Since we have had the control of the Miscellany our way has been—

‘The primrose path of dalliance’

We have been beset by obstacles innumerable, but having a strong confidence in our ultimate success, we were determined to surmount all barriers, and though we have not, as yet, brought the paper to that pitch of perfection which is our desire, we trust soon to make it as acceptable as is possible to our readers.

In beginning a new volume, we introduce various innovations, tending to the improvement of the paper, in every way that is possible. We shall give each week, an epitome of Irish news—not the hackneyed local quotations which interest only the few, but extracts from the leading journals, which will be gratifying to the many. In this respect, we will not be following in the steps of any of our contemporaries, but, on the contrary, will be striking out a path eminently our own. It will also be our aim to give the best class of wood engravings which can be procured, portraying national subjects, and, as our outlay in this respect will be infinitely larger than that of any Irish journal published in this country, we look for a commensurate return. In short, it is our intention to make the paper meet the requirements of all classes of readers.

As an inducement, therefore, to new subscribers, we offer to each person who will pay one year's subscription in advance, commencing with the first number of the first volume, (not the second, as inadvertently stated in previous numbers,) directly to us or through any of our authorized local or travelling agents, a copy of our first Gift Picture, representing Sarsfield's Surprise of the Seige Train of the Prince of Orange. When completed, each volume of the Miscellany will form a book of four hundred and sixteen (416) pages, and will alone be worth the price of an entire year's subscription. The same inducements are offered to clubs, as to single subscribers.

CLUBS! CLUBS!! CLUBS!!!

There is no town or village so small, but a club of six or more subscribers for the Irish Miscellany can be easily obtained. Will those of our friends who are well-wishers of the land of their birth, do us the favor of getting up Clubs. Our terms will be—

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To a club of twelve, 19.00

The whole of the money must invariably be sent at one remittance, and in advance.

In addition to this great reduction of price, each member of a Club will be entitled to copies of all our splendid Gift Pictures. Let our friends exert themselves, and by their patronage make the Miscellany the foremost Irish journal on this continent.

TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED.

We have determined to appoint a number of Travelling Agents, to travel in the various States of the Union and canvass for subscribers for this paper. We do this at the earnest request of many warm friends, who think we do not take the requisite steps to make the paper known as extensively as it ought to be.

Persons desirous of becoming Travelling Agents, who can be well recommended, are requested to apply at our office forthwith. None but faithful, reliable men need apply. To such a liberal commission will be allowed. Apply at our Publication Office, 4 Water street, Boston.

BACK NUMBERS of the Miscellany, from the commencement of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 4 Water street, Boston. Will our friends in want bear this fact in mind?

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This school will be opened in the same place on the first evening of next month, where adults and those of riper years, will be carefully and assiduously instructed in the various branches of learning, suitable to their calling.

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August 17th, 1858.

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New York, march 27

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Mr. Mitchell having commenced in the 28th number of the paper, a series of Letters addressed to the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, which when completed will furnish an entire history of

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With their Causes and Consequences,

The Southern Citizen will be the more interesting to both American and Irish readers. Besides these contributions from Mr. Mitchell, the Southern Citizen will continue to have its usual quantity of original matter upon political and literary subjects prepared by him. The circulation, though large and constantly increasing, the proprietors have thought will be much more extended by an announcement in this form.

Communications with remittances may be addressed to Mitchell & Swan, Knoxville, Tennessee, or to any of the following Agents:

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B. S. TREANOR, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, 15 Massachusetts Block, Court Square, Boston.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles of Real Estate. feb1

THE LATE BANQUET to the officers of the Galway steamer, aside from its having surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the projectors thereof, resulted in one good, which cannot too often recur, namely: bringing together in fraternal union the real friends of poor Erin and of whatever conduces to her substantial benefit. In foreign climes and particularly in large communities, the emigrant—whose path, even under favorable auspices, is not altogether free from brambles—loses a certain portion of his individuality; and, in illiberal localities especially, the genial promptings of his nature become, as it were, choked up. Reunions like that referred to, where a common object is in view and disinterestedness the watchword, tend powerfully to bring out man's better self. Having had ample opportunity for testing this fact, it affords us extreme gratification to make honorable mention of two gentlemen who were most active in fitting the officers of the Propeller—PATRICK HOLLY, of the Old Colony House, South street, and JOHN GLANCY, of the Northern House, North Sq. Representatives alike of the extreme sections of Boston, they may be said truly to typify the Irish character—the one, a fine specimen of the old Irish gentleman, to whom our people are indebted for originating the late creditable proceedings, and who, with almost prodigal liberality, kept open house throughout for committees—the other, a noble pattern of the untainted, youthful Irishman, whose zeal and activity as committee-man and treasurer could not be surpassed. We know how distasteful it must be to those gentlemen thus to parade their names and actions in print; but, essaying a feeble requital, we allude to them here, not because they are patrons of this paper, nor that they are in deservedly easy circumstances, but simply because in promiscuous gatherings modest merit is almost always certain to be overlooked. To be sure, where all were so busy, it may look like invidiousness to single out one or more co-operators in a good work, and indeed, under ordinary circumstances, nothing could be more repugnant to our feelings than to do so; but a sense of justice has impelled us to pen the foregoing, and we only reiterate the sentiments of all the other gentlemen on the committee, when we add that the enthusiasm, the self-denial, and the laborious efforts of Messrs. Holly and Glancy will not be forgotten.

—Till Time's effacing fingers

Has swept the lines where men's fingers linger.

Of Mr. Mooney, who not merely, in his capacity of Custom House officer, superintended the steamer from the moment of her arrival until her departure, but inspected, directed, and successfully carried out the arrangements, and of Mr. Donahoe, on whom was actually forced the honor of presiding at the banquet, where he so happily and with so much dignity discharged his duties,—it would afford us exceeding pleasure to write according to their rich desert; but, mindful of the futility of attempting to 'paint the lily or gild refined gold,' we forbear.

CORRECTION.—The statement in our last to the effect that Sergeant Thos. O'Neill had sent to Ireland, per steamer Propeller, for one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of Irish manufactured goods, 'for family use,' was incorrect. In justice to that gentleman, we would now state that the sum remitted was twice that stated, and that the goods were not ordered 'for family use,' but merely as specimens, consisting of good Kilkinny blankets, Frieze cloth for overcoats, ladies' woollen dress patterns, Irish flannel, and a small quantity of Limerick lace, now sold in this country as French. Mr. O'Neill, practising what he preaches, wishes to see Irish manufactured goods in the American market, as Irish goods, not as English, and is determined to have specimens to show the public, and will practically demonstrate that the Irish people, who laid the foundation of English manufactures, can yet produce the most splendid fabrics. We hope to see the noble example set by Mr. O'Neill followed by other of our citizens.

DEPARTURE OF THE GALWAY STEAMER PROPPELLER.

It having been publicly announced by placard that the Galway steamer Propeller would leave this port on Tuesday afternoon last, at 4 o'clock, that the steamer John Adams had been chartered to accompany her down the harbor, and that the Lafayette Guard, Captain Moore, would be on board, and honor her with a salute of one hundred guns, caused considerable excitement among the friends and promoters of the new enterprise. As early as 2 o'clock, Long and Central wharves presented signs of animation and excitement. The convoy was gaily dressed, and crowded to her utmost capacity. The Artillery company having marched on board, and all arrangements being completed, the Propeller and her convoy cast off at half-past 4 o'clock. This was the signal for enthusiastic cheers from the multitudes assembled on the wharves and in the rigging of the vessels, and from those on board the two steamers, who continued to keep up mutual salutations. The scene presented was not unlike a naval tournament. It was a joyous affair. We think we are safe in saying that no other people in the world could so deeply feel the interest attached to a new enterprise, as do the Irish in this. They freely poured forth blessings upon the ship, her captain, and the undertaking. After proceeding ten or twelve miles, the Galway steamer hove to, and the convoy steamed twice around her, when those on board returning to Boston took a final farewell, and returned on board the John Adams. The Propeller now put on her 'seven-leagued boots,' and was soon out of sight. Darkness closing in, rockets were sent up from the returning steamer. The Irish people may well feel proud of the festivities given in honor of the arrival of this pioneer ship, while to those who started and carried out the arrangements, too much honor cannot be awarded. Capt. Thatcher is to command the first large vessel to this port, and he declares that Boston will have a regular line.

MARRIAGE OF MR. DONAHOE'S DAUGHTER.—The Catholic Cathedral in Franklin street was densely crowded on Tuesday forenoon, 14th inst., by young and old of both sexes, who attended to witness the marriage of Mr. Patrick Hughes of Toronto, Canada West, with Miss Mary E. Donahoe, daughter of Patrick Donahoe, Esq., proprietor of the Boston Pilot. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Fitzpatrick. In the afternoon they left the city, en route for Saratoga, from whence they will proceed to their Canada home. We wish, heartily wish the happy couple all the felicities incident to the state on which they have so auspiciously entered.

We have received from Messrs. Alexander Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, a copy of the Old Farmer's Almanac for 1859, which is just published. We also received from the same enterprising house an amusing book for children, entitled 'Goody Right-Thursty,' by Magpie, with fifteen illustrations. Likewise, for a map of Frazer's River Gold Regions.

JOHN SAVAGE'S NEW TRAGIC PLAY 'SIBIL.'—Mr. Savage's five act tragic play, entitled 'Sibil,' (yet in MS.), was produced in St. Louis on Monday, the 6th inst. Miss Avonia Jones personated the heroine, and Mr. Charles Pope the hero. We are delighted to learn by the St. Louis papers that it was a decided success.

TEN READY WAYS TO MAKE MONEY. being ten original receipts for the manufacture of useful articles, which command a quick sale, and insure a full pocket. Formerly sold for \$5; but now sent to any person for one gold dollar. Address T. L. REILLY, Peace Dale, R. I.

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SCENERY AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.

The maritime county of Donegal, in the province of Ulster, has scattered over its surface the ruins of many ancient castles, strongholds of the earlier Irish chieftains, or the English settlers by whom they were dispossessed. Of these, Donegal Castle, lying near the clean little town of the same name, is perhaps the most interesting.

It was for ages one of principal residences of the O'Donnells, the chiefs and princes of Tyrconnell—the land of Connell, from Connell, one of the most eminent of their ancestors. In the annals of the Four Masters, they are called 'siol na Dallagh,' i. e. the seed of Dallagh, from Dalagh, another of their chiefs. There was also a celebrated monastery here, in which the aforesaid Annals of the Four Masters were written, and they are sometimes called the Annals of Donegal from that circumstance.

During the terrible civil wars of 1641, the castle was abandoned, and has since been left to the exclusive guardianship of old Father Time. It is now a picturesque ruin, and, standing close to the river Easky, is one of the most conspicuous objects in the neighborhood.

On the fall of the O'Donnell family, in the reign

of King James the First, and the attainder of the celebrated Red Hugh O'Donnell, and of Rory, Earl of Tyrconnell, their immense possessions were sequestered as forfeited to the crown, and granted to English and Scottish settlers, who are the ancestors of the present possessors of the estates.

This castle was granted by patent, dated 16th November, 1610, to Captain Basil Brooke, for twenty-one years, if he should live so long, with one hundred acres of land, the fishings, customs, and duties, extending along the river from the castle to the sea. Captain Brooke was knighted 2d February, 1616, by Sir Arthur Chichester, Knight, Lord Deputy, and had a regrant of twenty-one years, or his life of the castle, by patent, dated 27th July, 1620, and on the 12th February, 1623, he had a grant of the fee of the castle for ever.

Sir Basil Brooke repaired the castle, and resided in it until his death, in 1633. He was a branch of the family of Brooke, of Norton, in Cheshire, and his lady was Anne, daughter of Thomas Leicester, of Toft, in that county. Henry Vaughn Brooke, Esq., Member of Parliament for the County of Donegal, was his descendant and heir at law, who left the estates of his family to his nephew, Thomas Grove, Esq., who took the name and arms of

Brooke, by royal sign manual, in 1808. He died without issue, and the estates of the family went to Thomas Young, Esq. of Lough Esk, who also took the name of Brooke by royal sign manual, dated 16th July, 1830, and is its present possessor.

The castle stands close to the side of the river, above the bridge, and is in tolerable preservation. At present it is surrounded by a garden belonging to the inn, and great care seems to be taken to preserve it from further decay. On entering it, the visitor first comes into a large hall, arched above, and communicating with other apartments on the ground floor. From this a staircase leads to a large room on the second floor, which seems to have been formerly used as a banqueting hall, and still retains some vestiges of its former magnificence. At one end there had been a splendid window, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, but this is now nearly destroyed.

The castle is well worth visiting. The family to whom it belonged, though they are now nearly forgotten, or only remembered by those to whom they are endeared by the traditions of the country, or by the few who find a pleasure in dipping into the ancient history of Ireland, once acted a very prominent part in the civil transactions of the kindom ;



DONEGAL CASTLE.

they received, perhaps, within these walls, embassies from foreign princes, and though it may be said of the last of their race, that

'In the fields of their country they found not a grave,'

yet they long continued to hold a distinguished place in the courts of foreign princes, and graced the hostile camps of Europe while fighting against their native land.

'Compell'd unwilling victories to gain,
And doomed to perish on a foreign plain.'

Even as connected with the polite history of the age, the castle has some interest from the frequent mention made of it in Lady Morgan's novel of O'Donnell.

The scenery around is extremely fine. The castle and town lie at one end of the most magnificent defile in Ireland. It is known as the Pass of Barnes Gap, and is thus described by those graceful writers Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall:—

'It is above four miles in length, between mountains of prodigious height, which soar above the comparatively narrow way, and seem linked with the clouds that continually rest above them. The road is level the whole distance, nature having, as it were, formed it between these huge mountains in order to surmount a barrier that would be otherwise completely impassible. All along the course, from its commencement to its termination, rushes a remarkably rapid river, foaming over enormous masses of rocks, which every now and then divert its passage, forcing into a channel that, after taking a circuitous route, again progresses onwards by the side of the traveller. The mountains pour down innumerable contributions, which seem to the far-off spectator only thin and narrow streams, but, approached nearer, become broad and deep rivers, forming cataracts at almost every yard.

'Our visit to this singularly stupendous pass was made at a lucky period; the day previous there had been a heavy fall of rain, and while we rode through it, as it were that we might see the great natural marvel to advantage, the reader will imagine that every tiny rivulet had been converted into a rapid river, while the river had been swelled into an absolute torrent. When this had been nearly passed, we found ourselves on the brow of a high hill, from which we looked down on a rich and fertile valley, in the centre of which was Lough Eske, one of the smallest, but one of the most pleasing and beautiful of the lakes of the country.'

Of the chieftains who, by their deeds of heroism and ferocity, have rendered this pass famous, we could not select a more distinguished one for a passing notice than Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, a determined enemy of the English and Scots, and whose revolt in 1608 led to the plantation scheme of James I. This intrepid warrior had been provoked to revolt by a personal insult, and was in the outset very successful, slaying the English governors of the Ulster towns, and levying contributions on the whole country side. James' favorite plantation scheme had not as yet been carried out, but already many Scots had settled themselves along the alluvial lands that border the Loughs Foyle and Swilly, and it was Sir Cahir's most desired end and aim to extirpate the intruders. At length, in a desperate battle with the English, he and the greater portion of his followers perished, and peace was restored to these fine districts.

[Of the manner in which this renowned chieftain met his death, there are many conflicting statements, but a tradition implicitly believed by the peasantry of the country, is too romantic, and, considering the condition of the province and character of the people at the period, too probable to be lightly passed over. We refer our readers for an account of Sir Cahir's death to No. 6, vol. I., Irish Miscellany.]

In a wild coast district, like Donegal, with its

rugged cliffs and innumerable indentations, it is not to be wondered at that, amongst the uneducated, a belief in fairies should be as rife as in the remote and perhaps less polished regions of the west. In Donegal, the 'good people,' or, as Ossian and other bards call them, 'the spirits of the hill,' are very much respected. They are supposed to dwell in pleasant hills, raths, moats, &c., and although in their original shape but a few inches high, have the power to assume any form, and frequently, either for benevolent or mischievous purposes, take upon themselves the human one.

They differ materially from the fairies of England, and we think we shall amuse our readers by making them more familiar with these genuine Irish spirits, or elves, or, as the natives term them, partly from fear, and partly from affection, 'good people.' They have an airy, almost transparent body, and so delicate is their form, that a dew drop, when they dance on it, trembles, but never breaks. Both sexes are of extraordinary beauty, and mortal beings cannot be compared with them. They do not live alone or in pairs, but always in large societies. They are invisible to man, particularly in the daytime, and as they can be present and hear what is said, the peasantry never speak of them but with caution and respect, terming them the good people or their friends, as any other name would offend them. If a great cloud of dust rises on the road, it is a sign that they are about to change their residence and remove to another place, and the invisible travellers are always saluted with a respectful bow. Every part of their dwellings is decorated in the most splendid and magnificent manner, and the pleasing music which has issued from them in the night has delighted those who have been so fortunate as to hear it. During the summer nights, when the moon shines, and particularly in harvest time, the elves come out of their secret dwellings, and assemble for the dance in certain favorite spots, which are hidden and secluded places, such as mountain valleys, meadows near streams and brooks, churchyards where men seldom come. In the first rays of the morning sun, they again vanish with a noise resembling that of a swarm of bees or flies.

Their garments are as white as snow, sometimes shining like silver. A hat or cap is indispensable, for which purpose they generally select the red flowers of the fox-glove, and by it different parties are distinguished. The secret and magic power of the elves is so great as scarcely to know any bounds. Before their breath all human energy fails. They sometimes communicate supernatural knowledge to men, and if a person is seen walking up and down alone, moving his lips as one half distraught, it is a sign that an elf is invisibly present and instructing him. They are marvellously temperate, merely refreshing themselves with dew drops, not mountain, which they collect from the leaves. Their power over the human race is peculiar, and in some degree unlimited. It is believed that they punish all who inquisitively approach or tease them; to those who are friendly and confide in them they are obliging and well-meaning. They remove humps from the shoulder, make presents of new articles of clothing, and undertake to grant requests.

But they are supposed to have another and very peculiar connection with mortals. It seems as if they divided among themselves the souls of men, and considered them thenceforth as their property. Hence certain families have their particular elves, to whom they are devoted, in return for which, however, they receive from them help and assistance in critical moments, and often recovery from mortal diseases. But as, after death, they become the property of their elves, the death of a man is always to them a festival, at which one of their own body enters into their society. Therefore they require that people shall be present at funerals, and pay them reverence. They celebrate an interment

like a wedding, by dancing on the grave, and it is for this reason that they select churchyards for their favorite places of resort.

The different parties of these supernatural beings hate and make war on each other with as much animosity as nations among mankind; their combats take place in the night, in cross-roads, and they often do not separate until daybreak parts them. This connection of men with a quiet and good tripe of spirits, far from being frightful, would rather be beneficial, but the elves appear in a dubious character, both evil and good are combined in their nature, and they show a dark as well as a fair side. They are angels expelled from heaven, who have not fallen into hell, but are in fear and doubt respecting their future state, and whether they shall find mercy at the day of judgment. This mixture of the dark and malevolent is visibly manifested in their actions and inclinations. If, in remembrance of their original happy condition, they are beneficent and friendly towards man, the evil principle within them prompts them to malicious and injurious tricks. Their beauty, the wondrous splendor of their dwellings, their sprightliness, is nothing more than illusive show, and their true figure, which is frightfully ugly, inspires terror. If, as is but rarely the case, they are seen in the daytime, their countenances appear to be wrinkled with age, or, as people express it, like a withered cauliflower; a little nose, red eyes, and hair hoary with extreme age.

One of their evil propensities consists in stealing healthy and fine children from their mothers, and substituting in their room a changeling who bears some resemblance to the stolen infant, but is, in fact, only an ugly and sickly elf. He manifests every evil disposition, is malicious, mischievous, and, though insatiable as to food, does not thrive. When the name of God is mentioned, he begins to laugh; otherwise he never speaks, till, being obliged to do so by artifice, his age is betrayed by his voice, which is that of a very old man. The love of music shows itself in him as well as extraordinary proficiency; supernatural energies are manifested in the power with which he obliges everything, even inanimate objects, to dance. Wherever he comes he brings ruin; a series of misfortunes succeed each other; the cattle become sick, the house falls into decay, and every enterprise proves abortive. If he is recognized and threatened, he makes himself invisible and escapes; he dislikes running water, and, if he is carried on a bridge, he jumps over, and, sitting upon the waves, plays on his pipe, and returns to his own people.

Such are the attributes of the good folk who used to inhabit the romantic nooks and corners of Ireland, but who now, sad to relate, are fast disappearing before the march of those ruthless conquerors—reason and common sense. The elves, wicked and good, must all vanish in the beams of the sun destined at no distant day to rise over the gem of the western sea, and lend brilliancy to the 'good time' for which it has so long waited.

FORMER TIMES.—Light is intended by our Maker for action, and darkness for rest. In the fourteenth century the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning. The King of France dined at eight in the morning, and retired to his bed chamber at the same hour in the evening. During the reign of Henry the VIII., fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time, the nobility, gentry and students dined at eleven forenoon, and supped between five and six afternoon. In the reign of Charles the II., four in the afternoon was the appointed hour for acting plays. The diversions of the day were tournament, tennis, hunting, racing, and such active exercises. Formerly active exercises prevailed among robust and plain people; the milder pleasures of society prevail as manners refine.

LOVELINESS IN IRISH MARVELOUS

I had well nigh adored Evelina,
So late from the Continent come,
But I thought upon festal Malvina,
As fair, but a 'keeper at home.'

Again, from this bright Evelina,
Adorned in a gay Tuscan hat,
I was rescued in time by Malvina,
In a bonnet of Irish straw plat.

In a rich Cashmere shawl, Evelina
Aimed a wound at my wavering heart;
But an Irish silk scarf, my Malvina
Waved between, and averted the dart.

A glove of Fripon's, Evelina
Drew gracefully over her arm;
But the Limerick one of Malvina
Had a native and conquering charm.

In a French brodered robe, Evelina
My wandering senses beset;
But my guardian stood forth in Malvina,
Attired in our own tabinet.

Decked by Spain, India, France, Evelina
At the revel was 'murdering sleep';
While in fancy I saw fair Malvina
View industry's ruins, and weep.

Adieu then, said I, Evelina—
She hummed one of Italy's songs;
But I heard the sweet harp of Malvina
Complaining of green Erin's wrongs—

That her heaven-favored sons ever lasted
To leave her forlorn and distressed;
And the wealth of her rich valleys wasted,
In regions less lovely and blest.

THE EFFECTS OF FEAR.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

The circumstances which give rise to fear are of very dissimilar natures—sometimes the cause is ludicrous, often, too often, serious. Sometimes fear arises from a natural cause, and not unfrequently from a supposed supernatural; but arise from what cause it may, ludicrous, serious, natural, or supernatural, it is admitted by all that fear is a very unpleasant sensation to the person laboring under its influence—has frequently led to very serious results, and the paroxysm has often ended in the most lamentable manner. Fear we believe to be as inherent a principle of nature, and as closely bound up with humanity as the passion of love, or any other of the many feelings that either honor or disgrace human nature: it is an involuntary convulsion; and an individual could as easily prevent a fit of coughing while laboring under influenza, as an attack of fear when induced by time, place, circumstances and matter.

It is not our intention to enter into a philosophical definition of the passion of fear. There are none who do not know what it is; and therefore, without further preface, we proceed to give a practical illustration of its effects.

John M'V—, or, as he was familiarly called, Tippy Bobby, not many years since carried on the business of a barber in the town of D—. In person, he was rather diminutive, not exceeding four feet eight inches; but in his youth possessed as great a share of life, and as high an opinion of himself, as ever was contained in a body twice the dimensions; for as he was wont to say, if he had a small body he had a large soul, and, 'tis not the size of a man, but the spirit of a man that constitutes the man; and certainly, as he bustled through the street, with head erect, and elbows squared, to attend the many calls on him to beautify the person, and bedizen the locks of his numerous fair customers, his appearance proclaimed his self-sufficiency and the consequence he attached to his office in no very small degree.

But it was within the walls of his domicile that John shone forth in all his glory, while operating on the visages of his penny-a-shave customers; and to do him justice, few could equal him in the ease, smoothness and rapidity of his shave. Light and

de-frize of his beard as he moved down the chevaux-de every description of jaw, or dug into the recesses of a deeply pock-pitted countenance. Obligated to use a stool to reach the elevation of the chin, which he mounted with the air of a Cicero ascending the rostrum, he tucked in the napkin in the most scientific manner, and flourished his razor and applied his brush with inimitable grace, filling the ears with his oratory, as he occasionally did the mouth with his suds; for John thought, that as he had a prescriptive right to take every man by the nose, he might, without offence, be indulged in a joke; and being on the whole a very useful member of society, and withal a right merry little fellow, he was indulged, and his shop was the resort of all those who duly appreciated the luxury of an anodyne shave, heightened and seasoned by a sprinkling of news, flattery or scandal.

Thus John's batchelorship rolled on; but man is not born for a life of enjoyment; and these palmy days of his existence could not last for ever. Goldsmith says in his Vicar of Wakefield, that 'the fortunate events of a man's life are generally those of his own procuring;' he might have added the unfortunate also, so it proved at least with John. In an evil hour he took into a wife—and verily she was a Tartar—the perfect reverse of himself—coarse and bulky, strong and lusty, an Amazon in her appearance, and a termagant in her manner; before the influence of her malignant star John's sun quickly set. She soon began to assert her superiority; and after a few inefficient kicks, the meek and gentle spirit of the little man quailed beneath the lightning of her frown, and gradually but surely his spirit was broken, and the poor fellow settled down despondingly into that most abject of humanity—a hen-pecked husband.

In addition to her other good qualities, Mrs. M'V. was a confirmed drammer; and I still can fancy her fiery, bloated, overgrown appearance, as she filled with arms akimbo the door of John's once happy home, and poured forth her vituperation and abuse on all who came within the range of her discursive faculty. Her unfortunate helpmate, of whom perhaps you might catch a glimpse under her elbow, generally came in for the largest share; while crest-fallen and chop-fallen, only the shadow of what before was scarcely more than a shadow, he would listen in silence until the tempest would exhaust itself. Occasionally, when beyond the shot of her battery, a flash of his native fire would break forth—his tongue would become unchained—his elbows would again mechanically square, and his head would erect itself as of old; but a single twinkle of her basilisk eye was sufficient to recall him to a sense of his hopeless situation, dispel his day-dream of happiness, cast a blight on his enjoyments, and crush him into hopeless nothingness.

'Tis a long lane has no turn.' So says the proverb. After a few years thus spent in connubial bliss, the native fire of her temper, aided by the artificial fire of the whiskey, kindly came to John's relief, and drying up the springs of life, inflammation of the liver took her off, with the unanimous consent of all her friends. She left a few pledges of her love behind, and John felt himself again a man, and once more began to breathe freely. But, reader, have you ever observed a high mettled horse, or perchance a pony, his native fire subdued—his will conquered and kept within bounds by a strong rein and powerful hand—he becomes submissive to the will of the rider; suddenly the rein snaps, and all his former impetus returns; on he dashes, heedless of consequences and reckless of danger, and proud in the consciousness of regained liberty, perhaps rushes madly over a precipice—just so it was with poor John: his drag being removed, and freed from the incubus that so long incumbered him, the recoil of his spirits hurried him beyond the bounds

of propriety; he plunged eagerly into company, drank deeply of the liquid poison, neglected his ruin.

His friends beheld with pain the course he was pursuing; they expostulated with him on the folly of his conduct; they set before him the melancholly consequences, but without effect; and knowing the instinctive dread of his wife, which still hung about him, they determined to try an experiment to fright him into propriety. Accordingly, one night, after he had as usual retired to rest in a state of intoxication, he was suddenly roused from his slumber, and beheld a figure enveloped in white, the face, as far as was uncovered, deadly pale, standing by his bed, which announced itself to the terrified man as the ghost of his dear, departed Mary Anne.

John's teeth chattered, and a cold sweat bedewed his forehead as he gazed on the apparition, which commanded him in a hollow voice instantly to arise and fall on his knees; always accustomed to obey, he mechanically crept from his bed and did the spectre's bidding. Truly did he promise that he would no more offend, and dreadful were the denunciations of wrath should he break his promise; and the scene was closed by swearing him, that he would not for twelve months drink more than a naggin of spirits per day, to wit—one half in the morning, and the other at noon; after which he was ordered to bed, and the ghost departed.

In the morning he awoke to a full consciousness of the terrific events of the past night; he would willingly persuade himself it was all a dream, but even a dream in which his wife was a party was not one of the most agreeable description; and to avoid as much as possible, a recurrence of one of the same nature, he arose, determined to fulfil to the letter the import of his oath, and to commence the world a new man; but alas, little did he reckon on the frailty of human nature. On entering his shop, his friends were there to see how their plan worked. Unfortunately they could not keep their own counsel, but too plainly betrayed by their enquiries, and suppressed mirth, the hoax they had played. The truth flashed upon his mind; and from sheer vexation that he should be made the object of their sport, and the butt of their ridicule, he plunged deeper into the mire, and that evening was put to bed in a state of perfect insensibility.

Determined not to be foiled by the failure of their first attempt, and foolishly wishing to enjoy the terror and perplexity of their unfortunate victim, they that night made a second attack. Roused from sleep by the most alarming noises and rough usage, poor John was horrified at beholding not only the spectre of his wife, but several others around him. In a voice of fury she upbraided him with the breach of his oath in the most cutting terms; she rehearsed the various acts of her love and kindness to him while on earth; and finally declared, that as there was no hope of his recovery here, she was determined to bring him with her. John listened with a vacant stare to all that was said, his teeth were clenched, his eyes were set, he neither spoke or moved; but when they proceeded to put her threats in execution by pulling him forcibly by the heels out of bed, his whole frame became convulsed: he gave a piercing scream of agony—it was his last. They had carried their joke too far; human nature could not bear it. Poor John was seized with a fit in the hands of, shall I say, his murderers, and before morning he was a corpse.

The matter was hushed up; it was supposed he had died of apoplexy. The unlucky actors in the tragedy certainly made the only reparation in their power, by protecting and providing for his family; and at the present day, his son occupies his shop, and fills his former situation in society.

EDWARD COLLINS.

A TRUE STORY, together for five years than Edward and Ellen Collins, during which time three children blest their union, two of whom died at a very early age; but the first born, a beautiful little girl, remained.

'Twas the approach of Christmas, and in those days when that happy time was hailed with pleasure by the peasant and the mechanic, music was heard under the windows for many nights successively, and all seemed joy and gladness of heart. How altered are the times now. No waits now break the still gloom of the winter's night, or cheer the few mechanics who sit up to finish their labors. No servant is now called before daylight to brighten her kitchen utensils. Now no poet composes the new carol, nor even are the old ones repeated or sung. All seem mute and melancholy. 'Tis true, indeed, that the season is observed by some; but it is only looked to as a time of drunkenness and immorality. But to turn back to the good old times.

A week or so before the festival, Edward Collins left his home with four pounds in his pocket, to buy his Christmas beef, coals, groceries, etc. Evening came, no Edward returned. Ellen sat by the window in sad suspense, anxiously awaiting his return; her little girl sat in the middle of the floor neglected and unheeded, playing with some little toys. At length, wearied with disappointed hope, Ellen's patience forsook her, she could remain no longer in suspense. Heedless of the interrogatories of her infant, she snatched her cloak and out she ran. After searching many places in vain, she returned home, and although in frantic plight, still indulging the pleasing expectation that Edward might have returned during her absence—but her hopes were vain: nothing had been heard of, or from him. She found her dear little infant with its head resting on the sill of the window, where it had cried itself to sleep, and removing it gently to its bed, again rushed forth in the hope of receiving some information relative to her husband. Returning home the second time in a state of distraction, she recollected that he had told her while at breakfast that he had a tavern near George's-quay to call to, to regulate some bells. This cast a momentary gleam of joy over her hopes. Away she ran to the place, where she learned that he had been robbed of the four pounds, and that he had gone in pursuit of a person who was suspected. This intelligence, in some degree, relieved her mind, thinking within herself that he had overtaken the thief and had thereby been detained. But hope had only been revived to find again a still greater depression. Twelve o'clock was struck in long and heavy chimes, by the parish clock—still no Edward. The whole long night she sat by the window, her attentive ear marking every distant footstep. At last the lazy winter's morn broke the murky mist—but no Edward returned.

Bills were now posted in every direction. 'Twas all in vain—no information—no gleam of hope shot a ray across her benighted soul. She now got boats with drags, thinking he might, in pursuing the robber to some of the coal barges, have fallen or been thrown overboard; and by the persuasions of an old woman, used the charm of the floating sheaf, and every time the eddies would turn it, did she order the drag to the spot.

She was at length informed that had a person answering the description of her husband been seen on the quay the day before mentioned it would be impossible for him to escape the press-gang; a tender having dropped down the channel, and there having been a hot press for men all the week, but on that day in particular they had made a sweeping haul.

After some further inquiry, she found herself in some degree relieved. She hastened home, kissed her child, telling her that her father would soon return. But this, instead of setting her young mind at rest, made her more anxious. She daily continued to tease her poor afflicted mother with—'Oh my, oh my, when will dada come home? I wonder what keeps him—'

promised me a doll when home.' The mother's tears would flow copiously, as she strove to frame some excuse to the child; and when the infant would see her weep, she would weep also, though ignorant of the cause.

A considerable time passed away ere she received any intelligence of her lost one. At length one morning as she sat at breakfast her ears were assailed by the postman's loud call, 'Ellen Collins—ship letter—one penny.' 'Oh! thank God,' exclaimed Ellen, at last—and seizing on the letter, she broke the seal with all the eagerness of hope and love. The substance of the letter confirmed the report of the coal master. He was pressed and hurried away in spite of all his importunities, and had no hope of being released. He advised Ellen to sell his tools, and with the money turn her hand to some business till his return. This was a dagger to her soul; she swooned away, and it was a considerable time before she was again brought to consciousness. The following week she received another letter, with an order to receive monthly money, Edward's half pay. As soon as her health permitted, she applied for and was regularly paid. Still buoying herself up with the hopes of his return, she in the simple fondness of her heart kept Edward's tools and workshop; the rent of which, with the apartments she held herself, took within a few pence of the monthly money. To maintain herself and child she labored with self-destroying attention at plain work, by which she could merely procure a scanty support.

Thus she went on for two years and a few months, still hoping. One day as usual, she attended the custom-house for the allowance she received. The clerk who used to pay her, seeing her stand amongst a crowd of women, cast his eyes to the book, and said, Mrs. Collins, I am sorry to inform you that your money is stopped.

Imagination can scarcely portray her distress, she staggered and was prevented falling by the women who her carried her away.

Her situation now became alarming. 'Tis true she had plenty of work, but taking one shilling and sixpence rent out of her earnings, left her but three, and sometimes only two shillings and sixpence, to support herself and daughter, still living in hope that her Edward would yet return. She was now advised to go to the war-office and know at once if he was dead or alive. She did so. After some search the clerk laid out the book before her, where it appeared that in the list of the killed in a recent action, three of the name of Edward Collins had fallen.

For three weeks after this she was unable to attend to her work through lowness of spirits. In this state of affairs the landlord would come in every week and carry away some article to the amount of his rent, telling her at the same time how sorry he was to see her so reduced, that he would not sell her goods, and that anything he took would be safe until in her power to redeem them.

After this she continued to struggle for nearly two years. She had now given up all hopes of ever seeing her Edward again on earth. Oft did she wish to be released from her earthly prison, that she might meet him in the realms of never ending bliss.

One dark hazy morning in the beginning of December, a respectable dressed man entered a baker's shop in the neighborhood where she lived, and asked the baker's wife who was attending the shop, if one Edward Collins lived thereabouts. The baker's wife told him all about the unfortunate circumstance; how he was taken by the press-gang and dragged away; then of the misery in which poor Mrs. Collins lived. Whilst they were thus conversing, a beautiful little girl came in, called for a quart of raspings and laid down a half-penny.

'You saw that little girl? that is a daughter of the unfortunate Collins.'

'Eh! the daughter,' exclaimed the stranger, clapping his hand on his eyes, and rushing out of the door, darted down the street, overtook the child, and threw some shillings into her bosom, and disappeared in an instant.

About twelve o'clock at noon, a woman appeared waddling up the street under a basket, heavy laden with beef and mutton. Entering the court, she cried out in a coarse loud voice, 'Is it here Mrs. Collins lives?'

The first to answer was the landlord, who, on seeing the load, told her, that a Mrs. Collins lived there, but such a basket could not be for her, she must mistake.

The basket woman insisted she was right. There she was ordered to leave it, and there she would leave it, and no where else.

'Oh! very well, very well,' was his reply, 'you'll soon be walking back for it I can tell you. 'Pon my word, a fine basket for a beggar and not able to pay her rent.' In he ran to his wife. 'Be dad,' said he, 'this is not a bad thing neither. There is a basket of beef and mutton gone into Mrs. Collins fit for an alderman's table. No matter, she owes me three weeks rent to-day, and as there is nothing in her room of that value, I think a piece of that beef will just match me. However, I'll wait till evening, that I may be certain whether it be her's or not, though I'm pretty sure the right owner will be sending for it soon.'

In the meantime the basket woman drove in the door of the gloomy room.

'Is it here where Mrs. Collins lives?'

'Yes. What's your will, my good woman,' was the answer.

Without further questions the basket woman turned her back to an old deal table to disengage her neck from the leather strap of her basket, and began to unload it. 'What lends this?' said Mrs. Collins, in amazement.

'Why, ma'am, have I done any harm to the table? was the reply. 'Troth, there's no one could think so plentiful a gentleman would have such a bad furnished kitchen. God bless him at any rate; sure his myself oughtn't to make remarks for I may go home for the day and get a glass too out of the half-crown he gave me.' By the time she had run over this soliloquy, her basket was emptied.

'My good woman,' said Mrs. Collins, 'I hope you counted the sundry joints; I know you'll soon be back for them.'

'Faix, ma'am, I never was mistaken yet in any place that I was sent to. Good day, an' God bless you.'

What to think of this day's events, puzzled poor Ellen. 'Ah, mother,' cried her little daughter, 'maybe it was that good gentleman that gave me the four shillings this morning that sent it. Shall I cut a bit of it and broil it, mother? It's so long since I tasted a bit of meat that I'm longing for a morsel of it.'

'Don't attempt the like,' replied Ellen, 'till we see farther. My gracious! who could have sent it?'

While she was thus speaking to her daughter, the tramp of four coal porters were heard entering the court, each bearing a bag of coal on his back.

'Is it here Mrs. Collins lives?' was their shout.

'Out ran the landlord. 'I believe you're all mad to-day,' said he, in a surly tone, 'you'll find her in the back parlour.'

'Ye might answer a body civil, whoever ye are,' replied the porters.

'Here's the coals, Mrs. Collins; where shall we throw them.'

'What coals? I ordered no coals,' said poor Ellen.

'Oh! but we're ordered to leave them here.'

'By whom?' questioned Mrs. Collins, with hasty speech.

'Begad, ma'am, we can't say, but the master of the vessel bid us leave them here, and not take them back for any one.'

'Good gracious,' said Ellen, 'what can all this mean,' as she heard another shout in the court.

'Is it here, Mrs. Collins lives?'

'Yes, I am Mrs. Collins,' was her reply; when another porter entered with hams, butter, bacon and every other thing that a huxter's shop could produce. Those were laid on the floor. While this basket was unloading again, the shout of another porter was heard—'Is it here Mrs. Collins lives?'

This porter brought tea, sugar, wine and whiskey, with numerous et ceteras; nor did he leave the room till the baker and chandler shouted, 'is it here, Mrs. Collins lives?'

The landlord stood directing, yet almost distracted to know what it all could mean; even the windows of the court were crowded with gapers. As to poor Ellen she sat motionless, looking at it all. She left her door wide open. 'If any one comes to claim them,' said she, 'they cannot say that I had them concealed.'

'I hope no one will come for them,' replied the daughter—'sure all that's here would open a shop.'

While she was thus discoursing, another voice was heard at the threshold—'Is it here, Mrs. Collins lives?'

'Oh! Edward, Edward!' she exclaimed, springing to the door—'twas Edward Collins himself.

THE IRISH SKYLARK.

Of the many birds passing under the notice of the ornithologist, all are found adequately endowed by nature; some with a perfection of form, and others with beauty and brilliancy of plumage. Some there are which to a casual observer nature would appear to have neglected, and left destitute of any attractions. To which we might reply—she has done so, but only to lavish all her resources in enriching them with a matchless and over-compensating melody. To this class belong the unrivalled songsters of every clime—the mocking bird of the far West, the red-wing of Norway, the nightingale of England, and the skylark of Ireland. Thus is the skylark introduced to our notice, not as the favorite of a class, but of the community, its admirers ranking equally amongst the noblest as the lowliest. Unobtrusive in habits as in its plumage, its crouching attitude in the meadow and stubble-field, concealed during summer by the height of the meadow grass, and in winter by inequalities of the broken earth, together with its habit of never perching upon trees, might cause it to appear more sparingly distributed than it really is were it not for its impatient song, which prompts it to bid farewell to fear, and soar heavenward with its melody. Breeding on the ground, its most favorite place to nidify in is the impressed footmarks of the cattle, made in damp soil, which offers, when hardened by the sun, a sufficient protection for the young. It must be a matter of surprise that the brood of the skylark, apparently so inadequately protected, should escape the stray footsteps of cattle, or the numerous enemies the open situation exposes it to.

As to the song of this species, so pre-eminently delightful, we might well feel delicate in venturing on a subject which has formed a favorite theme with the poets of all Europe. From the quaint style of Chaucer to the 'bonnie lark' of Burns, all have selected this 'neebur sweet' as the most worthy of their choicest praise.

When sioging on the earth, before and after the breeding season, a clod or bank is the station generally chosen, from which it pours forth its melody. But it is at daybreak that

'His large heart in little breast exulting sings.'

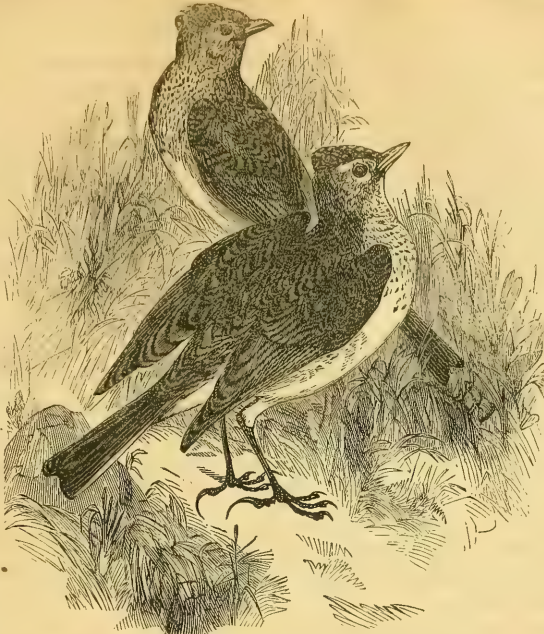
Then, amid the silence of early dawn—

'Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn.
Ere yet the shadows fly, he, mounted, sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations.'

Although generally the song of the lark is associated with morn, on several occasions we have heard it as late as midnight; but these were nights of unusual moonlight and brightness, and at such times, if disturbed, the skylark utters a few hurried notes whilst flying off. Its song, whilst on the ascent and descent, is so varied, that many persons can easily detect the difference without observing the bird, the notes in the ascent being of a gushing impatience, hurried out, as it were, from an excessive overflow of melody, which, becoming gradually modulated when at an elevation, as if satisfied with its efforts, it sinks gradually towards the earth, with a sadder and more subdued strain. None of the poets have been attentive enough to observe this except the great Florentine, who, in his *Divina Comedia*—

'Like to the lark,
That, warbling in the air, expatiates long;
Then, thrilling out her last sweet melody,
Drops, satiate with the sweetness.'

If the term bird-worship be allowable, we know no



THE IRISH SKYLARK.

people of any country in the world to which it is more applicable than our own, nor any bird more worthy of that eminence than the skylark.

Mentioned in a recent work on Natural History as being so valuable for its song as to bring the extravagant price of twelve or fifteen shillings in London, if the author had the opportunity of pricing some of the birds exposed at the windows of the working shoemakers in Dublin, he would find that they would average from one to three pounds, and the majority could not be purchased for 'love or money.' Such has been the answer of many who would starve themselves, if necessary, to feed their worshipped bird. Such was the answer of Huggart, a poor chandler in Belfast, who refused the offer of a cow for his favorite skylark.

We know that the emigrant, who, having reared some favorite lark, takes it with him to another land, with a sod of Irish earth placed beneath it, that one day a portion of clay from the old land may cover him.

ON COMETS.

There is no branch of physical astronomy more difficult to explain or understand than the theory of comets, which is at present but very imperfectly investigated, even by the most skilful astronomers. Comets have no visible disc, and shine with a faint nebulous light, accompanied with a train or tail turned from the sun. They appear in every region of the heavens, and move in every possible direction. In the ages of ignorance and superstition, they were regarded as the infallible harbingers of great political and physical convulsions; wars, pestilence, and famine, were among the dreadful evils which they foretold. But we trust that the age of mental darkness and superstition is now fled, for, although modern philosophy is yet unable to discover the nature and use of comets, they are at present regarded only as bodies attached to the different systems of the universe for some useful purpose, which the sagacity of some future ages will, perhaps, be able to explain. The laws by which they move, or, in other words, the elements of no less than ninety-seven, have been observed and calculated from the year 837 till the present time, of which 24 have passed between the orbits of Mercury and the sun, 33 between the orbits of Mercury and Venus, 21 between the orbits of Venus and our earth, 15 between the or-

bits of the earth and Mars, 3 between the orbits of Mars and Ceres, and 1 between the orbit of Ceres and Jupiter. Their orbits are inclined in every possible angle; but there are only eight whose inclination is less than ten degrees, consequently there is less danger of their interfering with the planetary bodies. When we examine a comet with a good telescope, it appears like a mass of vapor, surrounding a dark nucleus, of different degrees of density in different comets. As it approaches the sun, its pale cloudy light becomes more brilliant, and when it reaches its perihelion, it is often brighter than the planets. The tails are generally concave towards the sun, the fixed stars are always visible through them, and sometimes they are so brilliant that they have been distinguished during full moon, and even after the rising of the sun. Astronomers have entertained various opinions respecting the comets. The Peripatetics supposed they were meteors generated in the higher regions of our atmosphere, after the nature of falling stars. But it has been demonstrated that they move in higher regions than the moon, and consequently they are above the earth's atmosphere. Tycho Brahe and Apian imagined that the tail was occasioned by the rays of the sun transmitted through the nucleus of the

comet, which they supposed were transparent like a lens. Kepler thought that it was the atmosphere of the comet driven behind it by the impulsion of the sun's rays. Descartes ascribed the phenomenon to the refraction of the nucleus. Sir Isaac Newton maintained that the tail of the comet is a thin vapour ascending by means of the sun's heat, as smoke or vapour does from the earth. Euler supposed that the heat is produced by the impulsion of the solar rays driving off the atmosphere of the comet, and that the curvature of the tail is the combined effect of this impulsive force, and the gravitation of the atmospheric particles to the nucleus of the comet. Dr. Hamilton, on the other hand, thought it a stream of electric matter issuing from the body of the comet. From these and various other accounts, the reader will probably coincide with the writer's opinion, which is, that the theory of comets has never yet been discovered. Neither is there sufficient authority for maintaining that they are so intensely hot when approaching the sun. The chemical properties of their atmosphere may be such as will totally exclude the action of the calorific rays of the sun from producing any great heat on the nucleus of the comet; and to maintain that these bodies are employed to convey back to the planets the electric fluid, which some philosophers imagine is continually dissipating—that one of them occasioned the great deluge which seems to have over-run our globe, and that they are intended to supply the fuel dissipated by the sun—is to give loose reins to conjecture, without contributing in the smallest degree to the progress of science.

Leplace, who, as an astronomer, is entitled to our highest respect, observes that the fears which the appearance of comets at one time inspired have been succeeded by an apprehension of another nature, lest among the great number which traverse the planetary system in every direction one of them should destroy the earth. But, he says, they pass so rapidly near us that the effect of their attraction is not to be feared. It is only by striking the earth that they could produce the dreadful effect; but the shock, though possible, is very improbable in the course of an age. Nevertheless, the small probability of such an event, if it be considered with respect to a long course of ages, may become very great. We may imagine the effect of such a shock upon the earth.

LADY BRINDON—AN OCCURRENCE OF THE
LAST CENTURY IN DUBLIN.

In the good old days, or, as an Irishman would say, the real *noctes ambrosiana*, when shops were not called saloons, nor markets bazaars, when hair-dressers did not advertise as artists, 'pour couper les cheveux,' and charity sermons were not jobbing speculations—which period, for exactness sake, we will lay down about seventy years ago—lived the Dowager Lady Brindon, the disconsolate widow of three worthy and short-lived consorts. Whether this occurred by fate, or the singular good fortune of the lady, is not for me to hint at; certain it is that she obtained and gotrid of them all at a quicker pace than the young ladies of the present time, albeit pupils of Logier and Montagu, can reasonably calculate on being able to waltz away their help-mates' properties, or music themselves into a suit of sables. Lady Brindon, at the time of our story, had been twenty years, or so, a widow, and never could be prevailed on, or, as she said herself, to listen to a suitor's vows after the last irreparable affliction. She inhabited a very large, gloomy looking mansion, which, by an ancient map of our metropolis, I find to have stood in the centre of a field not far from M—— church, as the building mania had not encroached so far then into the country, as in our house-breaking generation. The house was surrounded by a high dead wall, and the mouldy wooden gate was never unbarred, except to chosen and favorite visitors; she was immensely rich, kept up a numerous suite of servants, (there never was a relative seen at her table), went twice a year to the Castle, once a quarter disturbed the dust in her crimson cushioned pew in Christ church, and amused herself the remainder of the day with her old China, and the novels of Fielding. Her 'une grande passion' was cards; every variety of game (I am wrong, she did not play cards), that the invention of Hoyle could devise, were as familiar to her as quacking to Dr. L——, or pruning to Sam Rogers; they were her manuscripts, her library. She played high, bragged with spirit, and always wagered considerably on the 'odd trick.' I am told that when she lost, her anger, her fury was dreadful; she would curse the winners, and, dashing the gold on the table, pour an entire flask of wine into a large heraldic-mounted silver goblet, and drain it at a draught. One of her companions was a great tragedian, who is condemned to immortality in the writings of him 'who blazed the comet of a season'—a man of great talent, who brought her all the newest and most sinful tales of scandal—revived her spirits when she was low, by quoting Voltaire and Marmontel, and calmed her conscience by the aid of French philosophy. He was invaluable, for he was also her ladyship's butt, and he bore it all as he expected a legacy; and he got one—a stuffed parrot. The last of the respectable triumvirate, was a gentleman who exercised the profession of medical doctor, and who, from rather a curious coincidence, attended all her ladyship's husbands in their last illness. His success, be it good or bad, in this part of his practice, certainly had such an effect in his neighborhood, that no one ventured to call him in afterwards. He sustained no loss; however, by the desertion, for, after the death of Lord Brindon, he set up his carriage and became more intimate than ever with the dowager, over whom he exercised a most unbounded and mysterious influence. She dreaded, hated, and was chained to him. In her wildest temper, a look or a frown would paralyze her into motionlessness; while before strangers he would be all cringing and sycophantic servility. The doctor's house adjoined her ladyship's, with whom he spent more hours than he allotted to his family, to whom his behavior was cruel and tyrannical. Many rumors, prejudicial to the character of all, were circulated respecting their meetings and intimacies, and were not disbelieved.

Lady Brindon was considered to be the worst and most disgusting of human beings—a bad old woman.

It was a Saturday evening in January; the usual party were assembled in the drawing-room at an early hour, as it was Lady Brindon's intention to go to the castle that night. She had dined before the customary time, to enjoy a hand at loo before she retired to dress. The housekeeper was sitting in her own apartment (a snug little Brussels carpeted room, whose windowed walls were hung with tapestry and Hogarth's prints), reading the works of Thomas Aquinas (translated), and enjoying a pinch of Mr. Lundy Foot's snuff, which had not yet come into fashion. The college bell was tolling for night roll; and, as she remarked the hour, wondered also at the length of time her mistress prolonged the game; then giving the fire a stir, which made it throw out an enlivening radiance, reflected in the burnished fender and opposite mirrors, which testified her own diligence and economy, she composed herself again to her volume. Her thoughts were not this night on the proper tension for study; the characters were passed over by her spectacle aided optics, leaving no impression or idea behind; and the worthy old gentleman, perceiving her situation, wisely shut up the book, went over with it to her private shelf, where she deposited it, and returned with a large bottle labelled poison, but which was varacious French brandy, and what was better, smuggled. Wishing a relish for her cordial, she pulled a bell, which was answered by Mr. Mahony himself, the tasselled and powdered guardian of her ladyship's cellar. By his agency a cold pie was procured, and the worthy subordinates sat down, like the mice in the fable, to the remnants of the day's feast.

'Did you hear any noise, Mrs. Lambert, last night on the lobby?'

'Bless me! what do you mean, Mr. Mahony? Do not alarm me—you know how timid I am, and my residence with her ladyship is not calculated to strengthen the delicacy of my nerves.'

'Well, I'd better not mention it. A glass of wine, Mrs. Lambert. But had you been as long here as I have staid, and seen one of the many horrid acts I have been forced to look at, you would be afraid to walk up stairs alone.'

'I declare I wish I was safe home out of this house, the loneliness of it (a little more paste if you please), and the violent passions of her ladyship, make me quite unhappy. I really must—but bless me, there is the bell rung!—again—gracious, what noise is that? 'tis like her voice.'

A crashing—a loud scream—and another violent pulling at the bell, interrupted and ended their sociality, and hurried Mahony upstairs. When he entered the room, the party had risen from their seats; the card-table was overturned—the cards blazing in the fire—the gentlemen in loud and angry altercation, and Lady Brindon fainting on a chair.

'Give your mistress a glass of water, she is unwell.'

She rallied her energies when she heard the command.

'No sir, I am perfectly well—I want no aid. Send Lambert to my toilet, Mahony, and have my carriage brought round quick. Leave the room!'

The astonished man rushed down stairs, and gaspingly inquired:

'Mrs. Lambert, for God's sake tell me how many gentlemen were playing cards with my mistress to-night?'

'A foolish question to ask me; surely not others but Mr. M—— and Dr. Thompson.'

'Then, as certainly as I am a living man, there was another in the room when I went in first. There were three round the fire, which burnt up higher than ever I saw it—but I could not see his face—but it was dressed like my old master. But she is

ringing again; Mrs. Lambert, hurry up to her.'

'God help me, she'll be in one of her tempers to-night.'

An hour after, the gentlemen having left the house, Lady Brindon, hooped and diamonded, taking the key of her dressing room with her, was handed into her carriage and drove off.

The Master of the Ceremonies had just made his most exquisite and elaborate congee at the conclusion of a minuett, when a bustling ever-green courier, a colonel in the Battle-axe Guards, forced a passage among the long trains and lappets of aldermen's, and other civic ladies, and whispered through the ronge and false curls, a message into the ears of Lady Brindon. She immediately left the vice-regal presence, and, pale, and passionless, faltered into her carriage. As she drove through the streets, she perceived a rushing of the people, a crowding of the mob towards the direction she was driving in. She pulled the check string and inquired the cause from her servant. His answer was drowned in the hollow rattling of a fire engine which flew past her over the pavement; and the air was heavy and suffocating with a dense fog of sulphur and smoke. When she turned into her own street, a loud cheering, as if in derision and scorn, called her attention to a house blazing in conflagration, and darting up its fiery particles to the black clouds that frowned down in anger on the ruin. Her heart was sickened, for she knew it to be her own. A passage was made for her through the mass of firemen, spectators, idlers and plunderers; she stepped out, and calmly looked on; she thought not then of her plate, her jewels and her pictures. Her mind was engrossed by another and far different design. Thompson was most zealous in his attempts to save some of the property, and succeeded in rescuing various parchments and leases of the estate. She drew him aside and asked him in tones of horror, had he been in her boudoir.

'It was impossible,' said he, 'to penetrate to it. In that room, which you always kept locked, the flames burst out first.'

The water which was now flooded upon the flames, momentarily darkened their awful splendor; but vain was every effort to subdue them—they, like Medea's gifts, ceased not until they utterly destroyed. Lady Brindon here remarked a young stranger in a naval dress among the foremost in the perilous task of working the engines; she was told by Thompson that he was his son, who had returned that day after a voyage from China. She called him to her and said:—

'Sir, I have seen your bravery, and it shall be recompensed—you can still befriend me. Listen—dare to struggle up the staircase, in the first room on your left, you will find a small box on the table,—it is clasped with iron, and is marked with my name engraved in silver on it; I have sworn on the penalty of my soul, never to sleep a night without that box being in my room. If you value your father's life, and my immortal welfare, bring it to me, for it contains what may hang your father and myself. Bring it, I say, and I will share with you one half of the wealth still left me.'

'Lady Brindon, I shall try to save it, but not for the sake of your polluted gold.'

He dashed among the falling walls, like Curtius into the gulf, and an impenetrable cloud of smoke greeted his entrance. There was a cry—he was never seen more.

The heart of Thompson was unmoved—he heeded not his perished son. He and his partner in villainy grew pale, so very pale that the flames were reflected in their pallid ghastly features. With a demoniac smile he turned round to her, and asked her to walk into his house, as she saw nothing more could be done, and the night air was unwholesome.

'Not yet, Thompson, not yet. It is but right that

I should see the bonfire that is provided at my own expense; 'tis the dearest I ever witnessed, and I shall sit out.' And she remained and saw it out.

When the last spark was quenched, and the last beam of her mansion consumed, Lady Brindon retired to her room in Thompson's house. When they met the next morning, the haggard countenances of both evidenced the agonizing pangs with which late awakened remorse had visited their hardened consciences. When the Sabbath bell rung for service, Thompson, who had not been seen in a consecrated temple for years, suddenly rose from the breakfast-table, and, beckoning in silence to his youngest son to follow him, left the house. Lady Brindon viewed him with wonder, but offered no remark, and shortly after sat down to write, at which employment she continued the remainder of the day. Thompson entered his parish church with the air of a terrified and pursued criminal, who seeks at the altar a sanctuary and asylum from enemies who hunt him for his blood. He avoided his own seat where his family always attended, and hid himself in one of the back aisles, among the poor and contrite, who go to pray and not to criticise. He listened patiently to the conclusion of the service, and then took a short path to his own house through the unbuild-on and unreclaimed fields. His manner was less morose to his son, and he attended in silence, and interrupted not the childish prattling of the boy, who perceived his parent's dejection, and tried to cheer it away.

'Father, do you know what they say was the cause of the fire last night?'

'How could I. But they will give a wise reason, I dare say; tell it to me.'

'I am almost afraid to say it; but don't be angry with me. It is reported that the devil was one of your party at cards, and that he lost, and flung the cards into the fire, and breathed upon all the room, and—'

'Fie, William, to listen to the servants' ignorant and superstitious stories; never again repeat such nonsense. But wait, William, you are not able to get over that stile; let me go first, and then I can assist you.'

The son was much astonished to see his father (when he had ascended the last step which led over the wall which separated the field they were in from Thompson's garden) start back, and grasp at the branch of a tree, against which he reeled.

'So soon,' he murmured; 'is it to be so soon?'

'Father, what is the matter? You look unwell.'

'William, tell me,' and he took his son's hand—'you are a good boy, and have been taught to speak the truth; tell me, did you see any figure leaning over that wall and looking upon me; it was like—but did you see it?'

'No, indeed, sir, I saw nothing, and how could you?'

'Peace, you foolish child, let us hurry home.'

Lady Brindon was still writing when they returned. Thompson desired his family to leave the room, and having locked the door, took a chair and sat down opposite her.

'You are busy to-day, madam, so have I been. I have a message for you.'

He wrote down some words on his tablet, and handed them to her. She trampled the writing under her feet.

'You dreaming coward, what infernal scheme are you now planning against me?'

'None, madam; but we are playing a game in which I think we will both be losers.'

'Then you must have been grossly deceived by imagination; you never saw it.'

It was not in the darkness of the night, when imagination may be cheated by unreal phantasies, and the faculties are powerless and weak, I saw it. No, in the brightness of the noon-day sun, in company with my child, whose spotless purity should

have protected me, he confronted me, and fascinated me with his accursed presence. The fiend has not forgotten.'

'Then heaven have mercy on us both!'

'Amen, madam, we need it much.'

And their last conference was ended by the prayer.

Thompson, complaining of a faintness and benumbing coldness, retired early to his bed chamber, and was found next morning dead on the sofa, as if in a tranquil and spirit-stealing slumber.

On the evening of the day on which his remains were committed to the tomb, Lady Brindon, having been left alone in her room, rung the bell violently. As the servant hastened to obey the summons, he heard a tremendous noise in the room, as though two individuals were engaged in a scuffle, which was succeeded the next moment by a dreadful crash and heavy fall; and, on opening the door, he found her ladyship lying senseless on the floor—the chair on which she had been seated, together with the tables on which the candles had been placed, all overturned. And he afterwards positively affirmed, that, as he entered the room, he saw something, bearing a form which he could not well describe, dash through the window in a vivid flame. A surgeon was instantly procured; and after nearly an hour's exertion, her ladyship once more gave signs of animation; but, on opening her eyes, with an agonizing shriek, she exclaimed—'there he is!—and again sunk back into a kind of swoon, from which she never recovered.

The extraordinary circumstances which thus caused her dissolution, formed, for a considerable time the table talk of the day, while the friends of the deceased endeavored to make it appear that it was merely the reflection of the candles, as their rays flashed across the windows in their progress from the table to the floor, which had operated on the servant's vision in such a way as to produce a supernatural appearance.

With the fame of the celebrated lady above referred to, we have no doubt that the greater proportion of our Irish readers are well acquainted. As, however, there are two versions of the story, so far as regards her ladyship's concluding days, we think it well to mention, for the benefit of our readers, that, by many, the concluding part of the story, relative to her ladyship either having been carried off or frightened to death by his black majesty, or one of his satellites, is altogether a fiction; that, after the death of Thompson, she gave up the world and never afterwards resumed her station at the cathedral, castle, or card table. We understand that her monument is still pointed out, adorned by descending angels and weeping cupids, holding up a tablet, which commemorates her charities and her virtues, and we have little doubt, that as she was rich and highly connected, she got an excellent character in the newspapers of the day—at least, if she did not, the newspapers of former days must have been very different from what they are at present.

ELECTIONEERING ANECDOTE.—At the close of an election at Lewes, the Duke of Newcastle was so pleased with the conduct of a casting voter, that he said—'My dear friend, I love you dearly; you're the greatest man in the world! I long to serve you! What can I do for you?' 'May it please your grace, an exciseman of this town is very old. I wish to succeed him as soon as he shall die.' 'Aye, that you shall with all my heart. As soon as he is dead, set out to me my dear friend; be it night or day, insist upon seeing me, sleeping or waking. If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-inn-fields; if I am not at Lincoln's-inn-fields, come to court; if I am not at court, never rest till you find me; nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the King and I were talking secrets together in the cabinet.' The voter swallowed everything with ecstasy. The exciseman died

the following winter. As soon as the Duke's friend was apprised of it, he set off for London, and reached Lincoln's-inn-fields about two o'clock in the morning. The King of Spain had, about this time, been seized by a disorder, which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expressions, he could not possibly survive. Amongst these the Duke of Newcastle was the most credulous. On the very first moment of receiving this intelligence, he had sent couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with the utmost haste, as soon as the death of his Catholic Majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, the Duke gave the strictest orders to send any person to his chamber who should desire admittance after he had retired to rest. When the voter asked if he was at home, the porter answered—'Yes; his grace has been in bed some time, but we were directed to awaken him as soon as you came.' 'Ah! heaven bless him! I know that the Duke always told me that I should be welcome by night or by day. Pray show me up.' The happy visitor was scarcely conducted to the door, when he rushed into the Duke's bed chamber, and, transported with joy, cried out—'My lord, he's dead.'

'That's well, my dear friend; I am glad of it, with all my soul. When did he die?'

'The morning before last, and please your grace.'

'What! so lately? Why, my worthy good creature, you must have flown—the lightning itself could not travel half so fast as you. Tell me, your best of men, how I shall reward you?'

'I beg that your grace will please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him.'

'You, you blockhead! you, King of Spain! What family pretensions can you have? Let me look at you?'

The astonished Duke drew back the curtain, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was seen with rage and disappointment; the voter was dismissed with all the violence of anger and refusal. At length the victim of the Duke's passion became an object of his mirth, and, when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he made the voter an exciseman.'

DOCILITY AND FACILITIES OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS. Birds of prey teach their young not only to fly at and seize their prey, but also to catch it dexteriously on the wing. M. Dureau Delamalle has observed falcons and hawks training their young in this manner. I lodged, said he, from 1794 to 1798 in one of the combles of the Louvre. The building was not then finished, and contained many birds of prey, which, not being molested in a city where it was not permitted to shoot them, were quite tame. My window looking into the square court of the Louvre, I had many opportunities of seeing the birds. At the time when the young were beginning to fly, I have often seen the old birds coming with a dead mouse or sparrow in their talons, hovering over the court, and calling to the young birds which remained in the nest. The latter came forth on hearing their parents, and fluttered under them in the court. The old birds then rose perpendicularly, aprizing their scholars of the circumstance by a loud cry, and let fall the prey, on which the young birds precipitated themselves. At the first lesson, with whatever care the old birds dropped the mouse or sparrow, so as to fall near the young ones, it was seldom that the latter caught the object; and when they failed, the old birds came down like a ball, and carried it off before it had reached the ground. They then ascended to repeat the lesson, and never allowed their pupils to eat the prey until they had caught it in the air. When the young birds had become perfect at this exercise, the old ones brought them living birds, and repeated the manoeuvre until the former were able to catch them, and had consequently learned to provide for themselves.

The most ignorant have knowledge enough to detect the faults of others; the most clear sighted are blind to their own.



SALMON FISHING AT HASLING PLACE.

THE SALMON.

Salmon fishing is a sport both profitable and entertaining, and is by no means local in its character, being equally pursued, and with common success, either in the old or the new world. The engraving given herewith represents a famous fishing station in Ireland, known as Hasling Place, a very prolific one as it regards the annual yield of this delightful representative of the finny tribe. The salmon is so well known for its quality as an article of food, as well as for the immense quantities in which it is taken, that it requires no other claims to recommend it strongly to our notice, and probably in no country of the world, in proportion to its size, are the fisheries so extensive, or the value of so much importance as in Ireland. The number of fish obtained in the spring in a proper state for food is small compared with the quantity procured as the summer advances. During the early part of the season the salmon appear to ascend only as far as the rivers are influenced by the tide, advancing with the flood and retiring with the ebb, if their progress be not stopped by any of the various means employed to catch them. It is observed that the female fish ascend before the males; and the young fish of the year, called grise, till they have spawned once, ascend earlier than those of more mature age. As the season advances, the salmon ascend higher up the river beyond the influence of the tide; they are observed to be getting full of roe, and are more or less out of condition, according to their forward state as breedish fish. They shoot up rapids with the velocity of arrows, and frequently, clearing an elevation of eight or ten feet, gain the water above, and pursue their course. If they fail in their attempt it is only to remain a short time quiescent, and thus recruit their strength to enable them to make new efforts. They often kill themselves by the violence of their exertions to ascend, and sometimes fall upon the rocks and are captured. The fish having at length gained the upper and shallow pools of the river, the process of spawning commences. A pair of fish are seen to make a furrow, by working up the gravel with their noses; when the furrow is made, the male and female retire to a little distance, one on each side of the furrow; they then throw themselves on their sides, again come together, and rubbing against each other, both shed their spawn

into the furrow at the same time; it requires from eight to twelve days to lay all their spawn, and they then betake themselves to the pools to recruit themselves. The adult fish having spawned, are out of condition and unfit for food. With the floods of the end of winter and the commencement of spring, they descend the river from pool to pool, and ultimately gain the sea, where they quickly recover their condition, to ascend again in autumn for the same purpose as before. The fry are observed to collect in small pools or mill-dam heads preparatory to quitting the river. The descent begins in March, and continues through April and part of May. It rarely happens that any salmon fry are observed in the rivers late in June. The salmon fry at first keep in the slack water by the sides of the river; as they become stronger they go more towards the mid stream; and when the water is increased by rain they move gradually down the river. On meeting the tide they remain for two or three days in that part where the water becomes a little brackish from the mixture of salt water, till they are inured to the change, when they go on to sea all at once. There their growth appears to be very rapid, and many return to the brackish water increased in size in proportion to the time they have been absent. Fry marked in April or early in May have returned by the end of June weighing from two to three pounds and upwards. These small fish, when under two pounds weight, are by some called salmon-peal; when larger, grise. These fish of the year breed during the first winter; they return from the sea with the roe enlarged: the ova in a grise being of nearly the same comparative size as those observed in a salmon, but they mature only a much smaller number. The growth of the salmon from the state of fry to that of grise has been shown to be very rapid; and the increase in weight attained during the second and each subsequent year is believed to be equal, if not to exceed, the weight gained within the first. The increase in size is principally gained during that part of the year in which the fish may be said to be almost a constant resident in the sea. That the food sought for and obtained to produce and sustain so rapid an increase of size must be very considerable in quantity, as well as most nutritious in quality, cannot be doubted. That the salmon is a voracious eater may be safely inferred from the

degree of perfection in the arrangement of the teeth, as well as from the well known habits of the species most closely allied to it. From the richness of the food on which the true salmon solely subsists arises, at least to a certain extent, the excellent qualities of the fish as an article of food. The salmon is a noble fish, and most deservedly retains the very highest rank in the angler's estimation. He is the prince of fresh water visitors; and his title to precedence has never yet been questioned. His magnitude, his keen and lively eye, his muscular powers, his rapid and graceful motions, his beautiful proportions, his shining silvery scales, his intellectual instincts, and his superior, rich, and delicate flavor, unite in establishing his decided superiority over all other fish.

Neither should it be forgotten that salmon fishing is considered the angler's highest sport, whilst it affords the best criterion of his professional skill. Indeed, angling for this noble fish may be deemed the measure or standard of the angler's dexterity, the test of his professional proficiency, the legitimate object of his loftiest aspirations, affording an undeniable proof of his fitness to take his stand amongst the most accomplished adepts of this interesting craft. The salmon reaches a considerable size in many of the rivers of both this country and Europe; some attaining the enormous weight of seventy or eighty pounds. The general weight is greatly below this; and from ten pounds to five and twenty, may be considered a high average, even in the best salmon rivers. During the spring and summer the markets of our cities and towns are abundantly supplied with this much esteemed fish.

IDLE VISITS.—The idle are a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when, by frivolous visitations, they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and, like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honor of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an insupportable load of ennui, and then sallies forth to distribute it among his acquaintances.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1858

CHINESE MANIFEST DESTINY.

Our readers will remember that we showed in our last number how it was that China awoke to a consciousness of the disagreeable fact that she was not the greatest nation on the face of the earth. Russia, England, France and America—four drops on the edge of the bucket—have proved to her that they were as great, to say the least, as she, and that each of them was a pail full of water. If any one of the parties were but a drop on the edge of the pail, it was China. And so China turned pale, and gave up the matter in despair. Such a disagreeable consciousness at times is had by men of a generation passing away, and who almost wonder at and hate the rising generation which hustles them out of their places, because they pity the ignorance of the young men, and are enraged with their presumption, and think that they themselves, who have so long enjoyed power, should be allowed to retain it in peace so long as a spark of life remains in their bodies. China is more than old; she is fossilized. Old nations, like old men, are compelled to yield to the exigencies of the times, and make way for the young ones, who are more fully alive to the spirit of the age. The change is not seldom a disastrous one, but, in the case of China, it is likely to bring about good results.

Of course England, in the time of the opium war, and again lately, by the active demonstrations of a warlike nature which she, in concert with France, has made in the Chinese seas, must be said to have helped materially in giving this wholesome lesson to old, worn out, cracked China. The moral support afforded by the presence of the American fleet aided the development of the result in question. But another younger and too powerful nation seems to have settled the thing in a very quiet manner. We mean Russia. While the others fought a little on the southeastern borders of China without being able to force their way to the capital, much less to conquer the nation and overrun the land—while they talked long and loudly—so loudly that most people thought that England alone would be the bull able to break everything in the China shop, Russia quietly spins her web at the north and northeast; takes possession of a valuable portion of territory long a subject of negotiation between her and China, and which not only brings her into immediate contact with the Chinese in a part of the country where she will not be for years, if for ages, disturbed in her operations by any other western power, but gives her a new highway to the ocean, thereby vastly increasing her means for doing good or evil in the world, and enables her to communicate directly with Peking, the capital which the eyes of few outside barbarians, except Russians and Catholic missionaries, ever saw. In truth, Russia and the missionaries have known the interior of China longer and have seen more of it than either party would like to tell to everybody.

The Chinese, like many old men once strong, but now approaching their second childhood, are very proud, tenacious of old opinions and ways, and yield not to reason, but to superior force. Now Russia has always exhibited herself to China in the attitude of a very strong nation. Mere trade and commerce seemed scarcely even a secondary object with her. She would have lands; the free navigation of rivers forming outlets to the ocean which might one day turn out to be of immense consequence; she would have silent, but overpowering influence in China; she thirsted for more and more power, and her recent transactions with China have enabled her to make a stride in the coveted direction which astonishes the world. If she sent a hundred traders to China, she detailed for them a thousand

stout and devoted guards. The Russian sword, generally covered gracefully with a diplomatic veil, was ever pointed at the Chinese heart.

France, as a first rate power, was hardly known to the Chinese, because of her (until of late years) comparatively inferior navy, and because her warlike operations have been confined chiefly to Europe, America, Africa and western Asia—all drops on the edge of the Chinese bucket. Now, indeed, she exhibits herself to China in the light of a power which would dispute with other nations the supremacy of the seas. And it seems probable that she has obtained from the sick Chinaman her full share of the gain looked for as the result of the late or present contest, and she stands in this respect on the same footing with 'the most favored nations,' Russia excepted, of course. She has not only consulted her interests, but also her deeply rooted Catholic instincts, in demanding that Christianity shall be hereafter openly and freely professed in China. Many of the missionaries in that country or Frenchmen or Belgians. It was well that France should make her first very notable appearance on the Chinese stage as a strong man, armed and fully prepared for battle.

England, on the contrary, has appeared for the most part, to John Chinaman as a 'nation of shopkeepers—an armed trading company. Indeed, she has given some reason to the Chinese for thinking so. The right-minded public men of China regard her with more horror and dislike than a temperance lecturer would express for a low rum-seller whom he is not strong enough to put down, and who smuggled bad liquor into his house, and into the houses of his friends and neighbors. England appeared on the Chinese stage as a trader in opium, and one who, in buying or selling, would always drive a hard bargain, get the best end of it, and, if necessary, would bring out the soldiers to sustain the impositions of the traders. Nevertheless the Chinese have begun to learn a thing that has been patent to the world these hundred years past, namely, that when England chooses to exert her power in an earnest, dogged way, she becomes an enemy not to be despised by any enlightened, young and strong nation, still less by China, a nation which is old, falling into pieces, and fast sinking into the barbarous state. It would appear that England has also compelled the government of China to agree that Christianity may be freely and openly professed in the empire. This is natural enough. France ranks as a Catholic nation, although she tolerates Protestantism; hence, when she says that religion must be free in China, she means the Catholic religion. England ranks as a Protestant nation, although she is forced to recognize the claims of Catholicity to a certain extent. But she never does so unless upon compulsion, and without grumbling and bellowing like a sick bull. Hence, when she says that religion must be free in China, she means Protestantism first, and, if possible, throughout and last.

America, like Russia, seems to have obtained all the privileges granted to the 'most favored nations,' at the expense of some treasure, but of no blood. It is true that her face is comparatively new to the Chinese people, and they were somewhat disposed to regard Brother Jonathan as a son of John Bull with at least all the good qualities of his father; some of his bad ones, and, withal, a thorough knowledge of the ways of trade. But it was always noticed by the suspicious and keen-witted Chinese that the American, being a sort of cosmopolite, behaved better than the Englishman, who, in his secret soul, more than half believes that England is the sun which gives light and heat to all other nations. To him, England is the water in the well-filled pail, and other nations are the drops adhering to the edge of the bucket. So the Englishman is prone to appear in foreign lands as if he were 'mon-

arch of all he surveyed,' as if there were no man hardy enough to dispute his title to reign. He speaks to no one whom he does not know; he holds his head at an angle of twenty degrees skyward, and looks and talks, when he may talk, as if the whole world worth speaking of were England, and as if England were the whole world worth mention.—The American, on the contrary, is, or was until very lately, rather noted for his modest deportment in foreign lands, and when under the observation of the people. This was true of him, whether he were a merchant or a traveller. In China, he is simply a merchant, of course. He goes thither that he may bring a fortune back to his own home. He behaves very like the traveller who was hungry—entered a cottage and asked for a pot of hot water. He dropped a clean round stone into the water. When asked why he did this, he answered, 'I am making soup.' 'Soup, of water and a stone? Poor man!' 'Perhaps you will give me an old bone that I might throw into it?' 'Here are two good shin bones.' 'Perhaps a little bread, that I might toast and cut up, would be afforded to me?' 'Certainly, here it is.' Have you a morsel of salt, pepper and mustard?' 'Of course, here they are. Poor man! only think of his trying to make soup out of a stone and a pot of water! He must be used to a hard life.' 'Will you make me forever your debtor, by giving me a little of carrot, parsnip and onion, that I may flavor the stone in this boiling pot?' 'Of course, poor man; here they are.' And so the traveller, who must have been an accomplished Yankee of the school of Sam. Slick, got a good dish of soup.

The Indians in Asia, and our own North American Indians, were not much differently treated by the Sam Slicks of the East India Company, now happily dead, and by their brethren, the Pilgrim Fathers of this continent. In both instances, the settlers, or weary travellers, or strangers, asked for very little—only air enough to breathe, water enough to quench thirst, and land enough to raise a few hills of corn. All the world knows how the East India Company grew until, from a handful of scared traders on a small scale, it became a sovereign power, ruling the best parts of Asia. And the world knows well how the Pilgrim experiment on this continent succeeded, until the little band which humbly besought of the Indians leave to breathe a little air, drink a little water, and plant a few rows of corn, has become a powerful nation, and the original owners of the land are, like their East Indian brethren, removed, killed if rebellious, and gradually exterminated from the land, so far as such extermination may be required by the political, civil or social exigencies of the times.

Brother Jonathan has been, in his capacity as a trader, rather meek than otherwise in his dealings with the Chinese. He is as modest as he was when he was a poor, hungry Pilgrim Father, and he knows well the state of the board, and what move to make next. John Chinaman sees and, to a certain extent, appreciates all this, and so thinks that Brother Jonathan, if he bring plenty of money, is, on the whole, a much more endurable person than John Bull.

Besides, Russia—omnipresent Russia—has doubtless done to America some service in this respect. Russia has her agents, open and secret, everywhere. Her eyes are always open, her ears attentive, and her reasoning powers are strong. She knows precisely what she wants; how much she can get; when to recede; when to advance; who will help her; who will be a tool; who will be an enemy, and who will keep a neutral stand. America has hitherto stood less in the way of Russia than any other of the great Powers, Prussia not excepted. America, too, is, as yet, conveniently distant from Russia, and the chances are that the two countries will not come into serious collision until the next century. Their interests promise to harmonise sufficiently for many years. Some writers give another reason for the somewhat extraordinary good feeling which has generally obtained between America and Russia. Both are despotisms, say they. One is the despotism or autocracy of the crowd; the other is the autocracy of one man. Extremes meet here, understand one another, and shake hands.

Be all this as it may, it seems highly probable that the Chinese government has been led to regard America with a more favorable eye, in consequence of the timely representations of Russian agents, who, of course, have minute instructions from their own government. Russia may regard English and French operations in the East with feelings of jealousy, but there is no reason why she should not regard America as perfectly neutral, at least, and, in most cases, a reliable friend in need; an enemy, under existing circumstances, never.

In our next number we will pursue our speculations on the manifest destiny of the Flowery Land.

[Written for the Irish Miscellany.]

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM.

Behold that ray on yon distant highland!
 Valentin's harbor now gleams in light,
 And Commerce smiles on old Arrian's island—
 Ye men of Erin, behold the sight!

With Galway steamers and ocean cable,
 The dawn of freedom breaks o'er the land;
 Meanwhile, in bondage, you are unable
 To hail its advent with untied hand!

No horseman mounts his embattled charger—
 No Irish soldier tramps o'er her plain—
 No fortress frowns over mountain gorge, or
 Well-armed galleys defend her main.

Surrounding nations behold with wonder.
 How calmly you in such bondage sleep!
 With 'Death to tyrants' in tones of lauder,
 Your brothers greet you beyond the deep!

Degraded serfs, but our brothers no less,
 And sons to heroes of high renown,
 Does martial flame in your bosoms glow less—
 Or shrink you still 'neath the Saxon frown?

Has Cherboung's fete no inspiring prestige
 To rouse to action your race to-day,
 Or see you not 'em of hope a vestige,
 Your foul dilettos to wipe away?

Your ancient foe—the British lion—
 La Manche's fortress chains in his den,
 Which gives assurance, you may rely on—
 Your land's your own if—YOU BE BUT MEN!

Awake, arise then, ye sons of Brian,
 And take your stand on your mountain crag,
 With naked gloves, and with mien defiant,
 To Heaven high, fling your own green flag!

Away with party, foul feud, and faction—
 These are the bonds which you still retain—
 With firm resolve, and united action,
 Together strike for your isle again!

When shall the Saxon cease to defame you—
 The vernal heard from your shore shall flee—
 The God of Battles will then proclaim you
 A victor people!—a nation free!

Boston, Sept. 25.

T. F. W.

[Written for the Irish Miscellany.]

WASHINGTON.

BY ALPHONSUS W. HEARNE.

A thoughtful mind, high aim, and iron will,
 Are attributes which mark the truly great;
 Such men have noble missions to fulfill,
 And leave examples all should imitate.

In times of discord they accelerate
 The progress of events, and history's pages
 Class them with the few, the fortunate,
 Whose names are brilliant honors to their age,
 Whether a poet, statesman, general or sage.

One name, whose splendor makes most others pale—
 This land doth proudly boast one glorious name—
 'Tis WASHINGTON, the patriot, whom we hail
 With filial love and truest heart-acclaim;
 Of myriads he has won the purest fame,
 The tyrant's tamer, yet the people's friend,
 He bowed the Gessler's neck, yet fed no flame
 Of grovelling passion to attain his end,
 But climbed the higher path to heights which still transcend.

His name will last forever. He is not
 Of those who pass away. His fame and TIME
 Are coexistent for that he has wrought
 On deathless annals his career sublime,
 And sounded one great lesson through the clime,
 Which Freedom canopies, 'How frail the reed
 On which the monarch leans.' By this will climb
 The great of future ages, and the breed
 Of birth, throned tyrants crushed, fair Freedom will succeed.

JOHN BROUGHAM strains the Atlantic cable under
 the head of 'The Shot in Davy Jones's Locker,'
 thus:—

Tot of despots, type of slaughter,
 Let it plumb the yielding wave;
 Deep beneath the placid water
 May it ever find a grave!

Iron arm of mad ambition,
 Soon thy hurtfulness shall cease;
 Sent upon a gentler mission,
 BIND IT NOW TO KEEP THE PEACE.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

CATOCTIN.

BY 'ORANMORE.'

Part Second.—Travelling.

The gas burned late that night in number 360,
 Massachusetts avenue.

Tired as we all were, we would have gladly
 turned it off and turned-in, rather than turn-to,
 and transfer those huge snow-drifts of summer gar-
 ments from the piano-lid to beneath the lids of the
 trunks and handboxes 'heaped and pent' around
 us.

The trunks, as we sound them, with reference to
 the reception of the snow drifts aforesaid, reveal—
 '— in that lowest depth, a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour them—'

and soon, like butter, they melt in their mouths,
 leaving no sign, save the moisture on our brows.

What need to specify the various articles, besides
 clothing, compressed miraculously therein. Every-
 body knows there should be a certain number of
 things provided for use or comfort in so isolated a
 region, that one would not care to hold up to the
 eyes of Argus, or publish on the house-top, but
 concerning which curiosity should be satisfied by a
 confidential whisper to the effect that—'It's all
 right; they're in.'

There's no great harm in mentioning Havana
 cigars, and Blackberry Cordial, and trout lines, and
 pistols, expecting to find coffee there, and no enemy
 to meet—one of the raciest enjoyments of a run to
 the country.

The trunks are packed. Packed doesn't express
 it; crammed, rammed, jammed, solidified. Nothing
 short of box-wood or ebony can be closer in com-
 parison, or heavier in the mass, and, I faith, nothing
 short of 'Ebony' can lift them.

The spring-locks have caught, the lashes are
 strained over the lids, and sidewise, like crabs, the
 creaking, rumbling burden cars are wheeled on
 their castors convenient to the hall door, and to the
 stage driver.

The doors and gates are locked and bolted, and
 the burners turned off tightly everywhere, but in
 our own rooms, where one jet is reduced to a sickly,
 sleepy-blue, will-o'-the-wisp looking flame, that
 radiates no light nor heat, and attracts no mosqui-
 toes, for we sleep

'—all night by a fire-fly lamp,'

or, what is the nearest artificial approach to one.
 And soon our lids are closed and sealed with the
 kiss of sleep.

Yet we were scarce conscious of it. So gently
 does the ministering angel shower Lethan dew
 from his shadowy wings, that refreshed and won-
 dering at, and applauding our endurance, with a
 vanity similar to that of the 'self-made man,' we
 awoke at cock-crow, equally foolishly exultant.

'I really can't sleep a wink. I'm astonished at
 myself. I've lost so much rest, too, and I feel as
 fresh as though I had gone through no fatigue at
 all.'

'So do I!'

Such, in amount, were the first words in the
 morning.

'It is three o'clock. We must hurry. Awake the
 children.'

'Plenty time for that—poor little things! Let
 them sleep until Mary comes in to dress them.'

'Well, but we'll be late.'

'Call to Winnie, please, and tell her to hurry up
 breakfast—anything.'

And Winnie was awake too, miraculously. Prob-
 ably she hadn't slept either, or 'little Mary,' who
 followed her down stairs.

'Tempus fugit.' All of us know that much Latin,
 and that much 'hard fact.'

Breakfast, which was very good—all Winnie's
 meals are capital—was not more than well begun,

when the heavy rattling, jingling, and rumbling,
 peculiar to a stage-coach, grew momentarily more
 audible, until it swallowed up all other sounds,
 and with a creak, and a crash, and a drag, hushed
 at the door.

A short, rapid 'rat-tat-tat,' with the knuckles,
 on the door, intimated the intimacy of a certain
 friend of ours (nomme de plumed 'Vernon,') who
 never pulls the bell.

'All ready?' he asks, hurriedly, as he follows the
 question into the hall.

'All ready,' I reply, pushing back my chair, and
 hastening, cup of coffee in hand, to the door, to see
 'who's aboard.'

'Good morning, Mrs S. Good morning sir,' to
 Mr. S. Where's Doctor Whitehead?

'He was to have breakfasted with me at half-past
 four this morning, but did not come. I can't im-
 agine the reason. I have sent Hannah around to
 learn; she'll be here presently.'

'We haven't a minute to spare, wife,' I said. 'Are
 the children ready?'

'Almost; by the time Hannah gets back.'

'Ah, we can't wait for the girl at all!' impatiently
 exclaimed S. 'I told her to tell the doctor we had
 gone down to the cars, and to follow us right away.
 Make haste, driver; up with the luggage, and let's
 be off—only fifteen minutes left.'

'Then,' replied I, 'its no use going. You had all
 best jump out, take a good breakfast, which is on
 the table, and go in the eight o'clock train.'

'No!' impulsively said S. 'We can drive like
 mad, and be down there in no time. Where's the
 babies?'

'Amelia!' I called; 'where's Ida and Hal?'

'Winnie, tell Mary to hurry with the children;
 we're off.'

'Ah!' exclaimed S., 'arn't they ready? I'd kept
 them ready dressed, and standing on their heads all
 night, for the matter of that, but I'd have 'em all
 ready to start.'

'Here they are,' cried Winnie, in a sharp treble.

'Hurry up—quick!' vociferates S., as Mary, armed
 with Hal, and drowsily pulling along Ida, shuts
 to the gate. 'Hurry up! We can't wait here all
 day!'

'All aboard!' cries the driver.

'Go ahead!'

'Good-bye, Winnie. Take good care of the house,
 and fruit, and everything, and tie up the chande-
 liers.'

'Indeed I will, ma'am, and God bless you,
 ma'am. Good-bye, ma'am.'

Another 'Good-bye, Winnie,' in a shrill child's
 voice.

'Good-bye, Miss Ida. Good-bye, Halley!' in re-
 sponse.

'Bye-bye! Gee-e! Get up!' prattles Hal. Every-
 body laughs and

'Smack goes the whip, round go the wheels,
 Were never folks so glad.'

'Just as I expected!' I exclaimed, a few minutes
 after, pointing to a long, dense, spiral column of
 white smoke, floating like a streamer over a line of
 passenger cars, sweeping around the curve of Capito-
 Hill.

'The d—dickens!' emphatically growls Savage.
 (At the same time that he excuses himself to the
 ladies, I will to the reader for the mention of a
 name intended to be suppressed.)

Now, as the Irishman said, in his search for the
 last penny, which he knew was in his pocket, 'Con-
 cealment is useless.'

'The dickens! What shall we do?'

'What I at first proposed,' I suggested, 'with this
 difference.'

'Well?'

'Leave our traps in charge of the baggage master,
 until we return, in time for the eight o'clock train;

come to my house, and finish that fine breakfast you whilom disdained.'

'Be it so! 'Tis the best we can do.'

'Massa,' volunteered a negro porter, respectfully touching the badge—'Willard's Hotel'—on his hat. 'De eight o'clock train doesn't connect, so as you kin git to Fredrick fo' night. You'll have to wait dar, at de Relay House, all day, till five o'clock in de evening.'

A succession of mingled groans and sighs issued from the window of the stage-coach at this announcement from the sable porter.

'Thank you, uncle,' we recovered sufficiently to gasp. 'Then we'll stop at the Relay all day. We can't lose another night's rest, in order to get up in the morning.'

The luggage was left, the horses were turned, and a few minutes galloping deposited us once more at the door of '360.'

How soon we become reconciled to what needs must be! We had not reached my house ere we had planned at least half a dozen ways of spending the day at the Relay.

Some of us went to breakfast, and others 'didn't feel like it,' but more like tasting those magnificent plums, that so gracefully bow the branches over the mossy rock, imbedded in my front garden. So, up the tree gallantly I went, and a glass dish soon held a pyramid of the tempting purple, fit for royalty. I should rather say, for a 'sovereign.'

That old grey rock! It weighed several tons, and it was 'at some little cost' and trouble, that I was enabled to

'Place it where it stands.'

It is a fine specimen, and elicits the admiration of every one of taste, whose eye catches its picturesque, jagged outline; its grey, and yellow, and red tints, mingled with moss, scarred by the elements, indented with the tooth of time.

I found it 'out of town,' of course, and with the aid of a couple of crows, backed by a couple of colored men, it was tumbled into a cart, drawn a quarter of a mile, and deposited where it now lies, under the plum tree. It is part of a landscape garden (I confess, on a limited town-scale), but this old rock is, by general consent, pronounced 'a study.'

Early in the spring, I had my garden put in order, and one day discovered the man working very industriously about that rock with a spade, while a wheelbarrow, tipped over on its side, was lying in wait to carry it away. I explained—to his astonishment.

'Half-past seven! Jump in.'

'All in?'

'All in.'

'Drive on!'

This time we are in time. Luggage is checked, quarter paid to porter, tickets bought, seats secured, preliminary steam-scream given, fastenings uncoupled, when—

'Why, here's Doctor Whitehead!' exclaim the ladies all together, as the reverend gentleman comes in smiling, and takes an opposite seat.

No time for explanations—we're off at last.

FRETTING ABOUT TRIFLES.—As regards the 'career of small anxieties,' one great art of managing with them, is to cease thinking about them, just at that point where thought becomes morbid. It would not do to say that such anxieties may not demand some thought, and, occasionally, much thought. But there comes a time when thought is wasted upon these anxieties; when yourself, in your thoughts, going over the same ground again and again to no purpose, deepening annoyance instead of enlarging insight and providing remedy. Then the thing would be to be able to speak to these fretting little cares, like Lord Burleigh to his gown of state, when he took it off for the night, 'Lie there, Lord Treasurer.'

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME.—Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money he can spare ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, this is important, not only because he can ordinarily build more cheaply than he can rent, but because of the expense caused by frequent change of residence. A man, who early in life builds a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this, there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a house that we can call our own. It is a form of property that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and ennobles the possessor. The associations that spring up around it, as the birthplace of children, as the scene of life's holiest emotions, as the sanctuary where the spirit cherishes its purest thoughts, are such as all value; and whenever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted. The greater part of our happiness in this world is found at home; but how few recollect that the happiness of to-day is increased by the place where we were happy yesterday, and that, insensibly, scenes and circumstances gather up a store of blessedness for the weary hours of the future! On this account we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be beautified without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower garden, and to surround your dwelling with these simple beauties, which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you to brighten the landscape, and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs the ivy around the ruin, and over the stump of a withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practices to animate the senses and please the mind. Follow her example, and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you. Beauty is a divine instrumentality. It is one of God's chosen forms of power. We never see creative energy without something beyond mere existence, and hence the whole universe is a teacher and inspirer of beauty. Every man was born to be an artist, so far as the appreciation and enjoyment of beauty are concerned, and he robs himself of one of the precious gifts of his being if he fails to fulfil this beneficent purpose of his creation.

MUSILENA, a famous Andalusian bandit, the terror of travellers in the south of Spain, whose exploits rival the most renowned of the robber race, has just been killed. The soldiers traced him to his birthplace, to which he repaired after a successful booty foray in Cordova, but the first search revealed nothing. A spy, who had been brought up by the authorities, insisted that Musilena must be in the house, when all the soldiers but four were sent off. The officer, posting his attendants outside, re-entered the house, and asked a female to show him over it. She willingly consented and conducted him to a low, dark room, the door of which was immediately shut and a pistol discharged at him. Here was the bandit; but the officer was not hit, and a desperate fight took place between the two. Those outside heard the scuffle, and broke open the door just in time to save the officer and kill the robber—to the joy of the Cordovans.

THE UNIVERSE.—Suppose the earth to be a ball of one foot in diameter. On that scale of proportion the sun would be one hundred feet in diameter, and the moon three inches. The sun would be two miles from us, the moon thirty feet—Jupiter ten miles from the sun, and Herschel forty. The highest mountains on the face of the earth would be one-eighteenth of an inch in height. Man would be an imperceptible atom.

MANNERS.—The custom-house officers of every nation I have yet travelled through have a different manner of examining your luggage. Your crusty, phlegmatic Englishman turns over each article separately but carefully; your stupid Belgian rummages your trunk as if he were trying to catch a lizard; your courteous Frenchman either lightly and gracefully turns up your line linen, as though he were in taking a lobster salad, or, much more frequently, if you tell him you have nothing to declare, and are polite to him, just peeps into one corner of your portmanteau, and says, 'C'est assez.' Your sententious German ponders deeply over your trunk, pokes his fat forefinger into the bosom of your dress-shirts, and motions you to shut it again. But none of these peculiarities had the Russians. They had a way of their own. They twisted, they tousted, they turned over, they held writing-cases open, bottom upwards, and shook out the manuscript contents, like snow-flakes; they held up coats and shirts, and examined them like pawnbrokers; they fingered ladies' dresses like Jew clothesmen; they punched hats and looked into their linings; passed Cashmere shawls from one to the other for inspection; opened letters and tried to read their contents (upside down); drew silk stockings over their arms; held boots by the toes and shook them; opened bottles and closed them again with the wrong corks; left the impress of their dirty hands upon clean linen and virgin writing-papers; crammed ladies' under-garments into gentlemen's carpet-bags, forced a boot-jack into the little French actress's reticule; dropped things under foot, trod on them, tore them, and laughed; spilled 'eau de Cologne,' greased silk with pomatum, forced hinges, sprained muscles, ruined springs, broke cigars, rumpled napkins, and raised a cloud of puff-powder and dentrifice. [Cooper.]

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.—I am told that, a month ago, the Mount of Olives was covered with beautiful flowers; now they are all over, and as most of the corn is cut, it is rather bare. It is dotted over with scattered olive trees, which, in our Saviour's time, were probably thick groves, giving a good shelter from the heat of the sun. Its present look is peculiar; the rock is a light gray limestone, showing itself in narrow ledges all up the sides; the soil is whitish, and the grass now burned to a yellowish color on the ledges in narrow strips, forms altogether a most delicate and beautiful color, on which the gray green olives stand out in dark relief. The evening sun makes it at first golden-hued, and afterwards, as Tennyson writes, the purple brows of Olivet. * * In the afternoon we walked up to the top of the Mount of Olives, whence you overlook the whole city, and also to the sea, the Dead Sea, which is really only fifteen miles off, and which looks quite close. This is one of the most impressive views in the world, and if I have time I will certainly paint it, but I fear that I shall not be able. On the top of the Mount of Olives are gardens, and corn-fields stretch down its sides, but all beyond seems perfectly barren rock and mountains. The Dead Sea seemed motionless, and of a blue so deep that no water that I have seen can compare with it. The range of mountains beyond is forty or fifty miles off, and a thin veil of mist seemed spread between us and them over the sea, through which they appeared aerial and unreal; and, as the sun sinks, the projections become rose-colored, and the chasms a deep violet, yet still misty. When the sun left them, the hazy air above them became a singular green color, and the sky over rose red, gradually melting into the blue. [Memoir of Seddon, the Artist.]

LORD AND LADY PALMERSTON have been staying in Paris, and visited Count Walewski previously to his departure for the waters of Vichy. The ex-premier has also been twice received by the emperor at St. Cloud, and on one occasion accompanied his majesty on a morning's shooting excursion in the preserves. There are, of course, all sorts of rumors afloat respecting this 'cordial reception,' and it is whispered, that the old British fox, not lion, has come to Paris to make matters smooth before his return to office!

THE NEW REVOLUTION IN IRELAND.

We plead guilty of having thought that the moral force principle of the great O'Connell would not affect an amelioration of the oppression under which the Irish people struggled; much less make them free and independent, giving them the repeal of the union, versus nationality. To us it appeared as if they had petitioned and begged about long enough, and that as long as they kept on memorializing, the government of Britain felt no fear, nor cared a fig. The men of ninety-eight (who fears to speak of ninety-eight,) had for us a much nearer affinity of sentiment, and, living or dead, we hallow them as patriots of purpose and of will, not of theory or gasconade. The movers of ninety-eight were of like conviction and material, and their cause had our whole heart, and, especially that it was a failure, do we wish to be identified in their cause and with them, who, although defeated, repudiated 'The Beggar's Opera,' and believed in God, justice, and their own right arm. The Cromwellian doctrine of 'trust in God and keep your powder dry'—the principle 'that God helps them who help themselves'—is our conviction.

The idea never struck us that salvation would come to Ireland without a fight, a manly stand-up fight, in the face of God and all mankind; and, although unarmed, and every chance against them, we believed it would have been better to have died by the sword than by famine. Ninety-eight and forty-eight are passed forever, leaving their memories and impressions behind them, and Ireland slowly recovers from the famine and its hand-maid, the plague, to face her old oppressor in a new character, in a new and more promising warfare, one that all her sons can legally engage in, one that must create a unity of purpose, and engage the warmest efforts of all her children. Although not the O'Connell movement, yet a movement that that great man would, if living, have entered into with all his might, with his great heart and indomitable will—a moral force movement, which presents Ireland to the world as the key of Europe, the connecting link between the two continents, the nearest and by far the safest port in Europe, for Europe and America to transact their world-wide business through. Already has a revolution commenced, which places England a little in the background, and which has caused a world-wide discussion of the questions—'Where is Ireland?' and 'What has she done for freedom?'—a revolution which will show her competency as pre-eminently skilled in the manufacture of the most beautiful fabrics, and must bring to light her too long dormant resources, giving her capitalists a chance for honorable investment, and her willing sons a proper remuneration for their labor. A new life infused, a new epoch in her history is commenced. She dates her salvation from the first Galway steamer reaching these United States. The laying of the 'ocean cable' proved her proximity; its success or its failure establishes that important fact. Opposition will soon cease, 'commerce is king,' and will not be retarded by a newspaper war.

Governments have to follow in the wake of the nation's interests, and make the best of circumstances they may not like. The line to New York is to be followed by a line to Boston, and the ten or twelve line of feeders which are running to Galway from the principal ports in Europe to supply them with freight, will ere long be increased to twenty, and safely may Mr. Lever see, without being a prophet, that many years will not elapse ere a steamer will leave Galway for the United States per diem. Irishmen everywhere will help, as well as rejoice, in the new and moral force revolution, which will ere long be felt in every hamlet in the old land, and which has already presented our country to the world in a new and more interesting relationship, where she will be read and known of all men. 'Erin go brah!' O.

Scraps of leather burned under a plum tree will effectually kill the curculio insects which destroy the fruit.

VISIT OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT NEW YORK MILITIA TO IRELAND.

We must confess we are not so sanguine as many of our friends that this regiment, composed of citizens of Irish birth, will receive permission from the British government to visit the home of their nativity. Under the often enunciated doctrine of 'self-preservation is nature's first law,' we are of opinion that that government will refuse it. We think the cabinet of England may consider it a political law also. If this law or doctrine is true individually, why not so in relation to governments? It is so, and particularly so with despotic governments, who dread the advent of republican sentiments more than the bayonets of a mail-clad foe; and ignorant must the man be of the wisdom and foresight of British statesmen, if he thinks they will see no danger in such a visit. Is not history before their eyes? The revolutions in France have always awakened the Irish people, and led them to look round for leaders to direct them in severing their connection with Great Britain. The American Revolution united them for fatherland, raised up the army of volunteers of eighty-two, which declared Ireland free and independent. The cause of the two countries, if not exactly identical, helped each other, and procured the independence of both. We believe British statesmen know all this, and will act upon it. Would it be to them politic, that a regiment of American soldiers, clothed in green and gold, drilled to perfection, before whom no equal number of men in the world could stand in fight, but recently exiled by the oppression of that government, should return to the homes of their childhood, without stirring the Irish heart, or being stirred thereby themselves? Is the Irish soul dead—its chivalry a dream—its impulsiveness become extinct—its love for freedom or home less now than ever? We say no, emphatically, no. If we know ourselves and our countrymen, we think the tombs would open, and the graves give up their dead, at such a sight, and believing as we do, in the moral character of the men composing the 69th regiment, and in the great principle of subordination, which perfection in drill inculcates, yet we say, believing we know a little of the Irish heart, we can not expect the men composing this fine regiment, under all the surrounding circumstances of home, and friends, and country, to so conduct themselves in demeanor and language as to receive the approbation of that government which slew their brethren by halter and famine, and drove their cherished teachers into penal servitude, and sent themselves outcasts and exiles upon a heartless world. If it should be granted, we will rejoice in it, none more so, only we are not so sanguine as many of our friends; and if it does take place, we shall lean back in our old straw bottom, take a whiff at our dudden, and assert that the millennium is come. Yes, we repeat it, then will 'the wolf have lain down with the lamb,' the 'Atlantic cable' and 'Galway line' appear insignificant and small matters in our eyes. Then will we say nothing is impossible. What next? That's all. O.

FRANCE AND IRELAND.—The Laborer's Hall, College street, Glasgow, was recently crowded to hear Mr. George Archdeacon deliver the first of his third series of lectures to the Irish people. The bill calling the meeting was headed France and Ireland, and showed the warm sympathy which existed between the two nations, when such men as Sarsfield and Dillon bore arms for France at Fontenoy and other great battle fields. The lecturer, after briefly but forcibly alluding to Cherbourg, and the changed condition of France and England in the channel, glanced at the difficulties of former naval commanders of France, when attempting descents on Ireland or England, difficulties, he said, now removed forever by immortal Cherbourg, which lights and points the way to invasion. Mr. A. next read at length from The Nation, the magnificent speech of the venerable Archdeacon Fitzgerald, pronounced a glowing eulogy on that reverend pastor—called on the meeting to endorse the glorious sentiments contained in this now world-known address—and fin-

ished this part of his subject by reading the manly reply of Sir Charles Napier to Roebuck, Lindsay, and others who returned from France to sneer at her prodigious resources. The only thing, he added, that seems strange in Sir Charles's letter is, that he even doubts the cordial ally, and says, in a time of profound peace, Napoleon III. might suddenly lend a hundred thousand men to sack England. 'For shame, Sir Charles!' humorously said Mr. Archdeacon. 'Is this your dependence on governmental alliances?' The Rev. Mr. Kenyon's speech was then quoted from amidst the most enthusiastic cheers of the vast audience, after which the lecturer ended his discourse by an appeal to his countrymen, one and all, to aid the national movement which he hoped to see soon in progress. The Irish Protective Association, he said, had already done much good in Glasgow, and would soon be able to effect much more by the aid of its newly acquired strength. Mr. Walter Freen, in a very neat address, proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, who, he said, had effected much good in Glasgow, and whose name had now become a household word amongst the Catholic Irishmen of the city. He trusted they would soon give the talented, patriotic, and veteran lecturer a more solid proof of their esteem and affection. Mr. Michael M. Loughlin seconded this motion, which was carried with enthusiasm. Mr. M'Quade said he came to listen, and he was truly delighted with the convincing, eloquent, and patriotic address of Mr. Archdeacon. It was time again, he said, to band together; he wished to see religious tolerance fully borne out, and wished to see Ireland obtain justice; his object now was to inquire about their society, and to tell them he would be with them again at Mr. Archdeacon's next lecture.—[The Nation.]

COMET OF 1858.—This remarkable comet is now visible to the naked eye, as predicted by Dr. Gould some weeks ago. It is now only one hundred and forty millions of miles distant, and is rapidly approaching the earth, and already shows through a common opera-glass a well defined tail. We are told that during the first week in October the comet will be of the most striking brightness, possibly the largest of the century, and at that time will be seen near Arcturus, perhaps even surpassing that brilliant star in splendor. It is now visible for about an hour after sunset, and an hour before sunrise, in a line with the two stars called the pointers, and forming nearly a right angle between these and Arcturus. It is now best seen at four o'clock in the morning.

A SMART DOG.—A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, said, in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, 'I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes.' Though he spoke in an unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, jumped up, and leaping through an open window, scrambled up to the turf-roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field. Not seeing the cow there, he ran and looked into the barn where she was, and finding all right, came back again. The shepherd again said the same words, and the dog repeated his look-out; but on the false alarm being a third time given, he got up, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation that he could not help laughing at him, on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.

ADOPTED AMERICANS.—The following were the names of the foreign born citizens, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and the places of their birth; Matthew Thornton, Ireland; Francis Lewis, Wales; John Witherspoon, Scotland; Robert Morris, England; James Smith, Ireland; George Taylor, Ireland; James Wilson, Scotland and Button Gwinnett, England.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

IRELAND.

The London Gazette of Friday gives the following account of the acts of bravery for which Gunner Connolly, an Irish hero, received the decoration of the Victoria Cross from the Queen:—

'Bengal Horse Artillery—Gunner William Connolly date of act of bravery, July 7th, 1857. This soldier is recommended for the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in action with the enemy at Jhelum, on the 7th of July, 1857. Lieutenant Cooke, Bengal Horse Artillery, reports that 'about daybreak on that day I advanced my half troop at a gallop, and engaged the enemy within easy musket range. The sponge-man of one of my guns having been shot during the advance, Gunner Connolly assumed the duties of second sponge-man, and he had barely assisted in two discharges of his gun, when a musket ball, through the left thigh, felled him to the ground. Nothing daunted by pain and loss of blood, he was endeavoring to resume his post, when I ordered a movement in retirement, and, though severely wounded, he was mounted on his horse in the gun team, and rode to the next position which the guns took up, and manfully declined going to the rear when the necessity of his so doing was represented to him. About eleven o'clock A. M., when the guns were still in action, the same gunner, whilst sponging, was again knocked down by a musket ball striking him on the hip, thereby causing great faintness and partial unconsciousness, for the pain appeared excessive, and the blood flowed fast. On seeing this, I gave directions for his removal out of action, but this brave man hearing me, staggered to his feet and said, 'No, sir, I'll not go there whilst I can work here,' and shortly after he again resumed his post as sponge-man. Late in the afternoon of the same day my three guns were engaged at one hundred yards from the walls of a village with the defenders—viz., the 14th Native Infantry, mutineers—amidst a storm of bullets, which did great execution. Gunner Connolly, though suffering severely from his two previous wounds, was wielding his sponge with an energy and courage which attracted the admiration of his comrades, and while cheerfully encouraging a wounded man to hasten in bringing up the ammunition, a musket ball tore through the muscles of his right leg, but, with the most undaunted bravery, he struggled on, and not till he had loaded six times did this man give way, when, through loss of blood, he fell in my arms, and I placed him on a wagon, which shortly afterwards bore him in a state of unconsciousness from the fight.'

SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION AND CULTIVATION OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.—The committee of this society recently met for the transaction of business. They beg to acknowledge the receipt of the 'Poets and Poetry of Munster,' from W. S. O'Brien, Esq. The following subscriptions were announced: Very Rev. T. H. O'Ryan, V. G., St. Croix; Rev. J. A. Tracy, C.C., High street; and Adam Armstrong, Esq., Ballygawley, 5s. each, being the first yearly subscription from these patriotic gentlemen. The committee report that the subscriptions are to go to pay rent, printing, postage, &c., and for the effective working of this thoroughly national and non-political society, friends are earnestly solicited to forward their subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged. As names are being taken for a class for ladies, parties wishing to join are respectfully solicited to signify their intention.

The picturesque little village of Belleek during the past few months has become a scene of unusual activity and bustle of preparation, owing to the discovery of a valuable and prolific bed of the mineral substance requisite for the manufacture of porcelain on the banks of Lough Erne, above Castledawell. It is due to the enterprise of a Dublin commercial gentleman of the highest respectability, that this discovery has been turned to account, and there is every reason to believe that the speculation will prove a remunerative one. [Ballyshannon Herald.]

GALWAY AND NEW YORK.—ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE.—We are much pleased to announce that first-class berths for eight young missionary priests, from the above inestimable college, have been engaged in the Prince Albert on her next voyage, by the Very Rev. Mr. Rush, at the West Convent, for the United States and British America. This is a feature in the intercourse between Ireland and America which is peculiar to both nations. Irish priests must accompany the Irish people as long as a policy of emigration prevails, and the propagandism of Catholicity in the United States will be through the medium of Irishmen and women. [Galway Vindicator.]

THE INVASION OF IRELAND.—There is a singular coincidence connected with the visit of Cardinal Wiseman to Ireland. He landed in Dublin on the same day that Cromwell did two hundred years before—passed through Drogheda, on the same day as that on which the siege was commenced by the Puritan, and he preached his sermon in Dundalk on the 3rd of September, exactly two hundred years to a day after that on which the bloody tyrant and fanatic died. What a contrast between the sanguinary route of the one over the mangled corpses of women and children, and priests, and the ovation of the distinguished ecclesiastic who has come on a mission of peace and love. [Drogheda Argus.]

We have heard with regret that the Irish Metropolitan Magazine has been numbered with the dead, and that in giving birth to the present offspring, she passed away to be recorded with the many other Irish productions that have had a hard struggle for life, and ultimately perished. We have upon various occasions noticed the very spirited and agreeable articles that have from time to time appeared in the magazine, and we cannot but regret that the enterprising proprietors should not have been successful in this national speculation.—[Saunders.]

VALUE OF AMERICAN WHEAT IN IRELAND.—This day (Saturday) thirty tons of American wheat, part of the cargo of the Prince Albert, was purchased by Messrs. Miller and Campbell of this town, from the shippers, Fennell, Power & Co., of New Orleans, at nine pence ten shillings per ton, which is within 6d. per cwt. of the value of new Irish wheat in Galway. [Galway Vindicator.]

We understand that the National English Opera Company, following the example set them by Mdle. Piccolomini, have chosen the Galway route for their trip to the United States. They sail per the Prince Albert on the 14th inst.

THE LIGHTING OF BALLINA.—On Wednesday evening the important event of the lighting of Ballina with gas was inaugurated by a public banquet, which did ample credit to the town, and particularly to those to whom the arrangements connected with it were confided. Robert Paget Bourke, Esq., was in the chair.

On Thursday morning, some fishermen who were at work in a fishing hooker on the 'Maid' Bank, about three miles outside Cork Harbor Light, took a monster halibut. The fish was with some difficulty brought up safely, and proved to be one of the largest specimens of that description of flat fish ever met with, weighing nearly five hundred pounds. It was captured with a hand line.

FRANCE.

General M'Mahon, instead of being governor of the colony, is only 'Commandant Superior of the land and sea forces in Algeria.' There is, however, a rather curious clause in the decree constituting his new office, under which, in case of need, he may exercise quite as much power as the governor-general could have done. Art. 4 authorizes the 'commandant superior' to take all measures necessary to 'cause the authority of the emperor to be respected, and to insure the execution of the laws, and enable him, in case of urgency, to suspend the execution of measures ordered by the gen-

erals and prefects.' It is clear, therefore, that while Prince Napoleon will have full latitude to try his hand as a governor, General M'Mahon is empowered to declare himself dictator in Algeria whenever he pleases. General M'Mahon is in the prime of life, under fifty years of age. He is a tall, handsome, active man, of gentlemanly manners, and large private fortune. He has been twenty-five years in the army, and before the Crimean war saw a great deal of service in Algeria, where he now goes with such a high command. It will be remembered that General M'Mahon was the only senator who voted against the 'Public Safety Bill' in February last, and it is to the credit of the emperor that this act of independence has not stood in the way of his promotion.

A FORTUNE IN A BOTTLE.—A bottle has been picked up on the beach between Trouville and Honfleur, which, on being broken, was found to contain a paper dated 3d August, on board the Crocodile, and purporting that the writer, on board the vessel, which was about to founder, having neither heirs nor relations, bequeathed his fortune to whoever might find the paper. This fortune the writer declares to amount to 340,000fr., and to be deposited in the hands of M. Faiseau-Lavanne, Rue Vivienne, Paris. The writer also expresses a wish that his house at Valparaiso shall be converted into a chapel in which mass should be celebrated on the 3d of every month for the repose of his soul.

The 'Siecle' denies the boasted superiority of the English navy over that of France, and maintains that, extraordinarily numerous as are the vessels of England, they are not proportioned to the vast extent of her colonies. And, alluding to the project of making Paris a seaport, it speaks of the effect which such a project in the brain and heart of France would produce among the French in general, adding that this is all that is required to make France a nautical state.

ENGLAND.

OAKS IN ENGLAND.—The Parliamentary Oak in Clipston Park is said to be 1500 years old. This park existed before the Conquest, and belongs to the Duke of Portland. The tallest oak was the same nobleman's property; it was called the Duke's walking stick, and was higher than Westminster Abbey. The largest oak in England is the Calthorpe Oak, Yorkshire; it measures 78 feet in circumference at the ground. The Three Shire Oak at Workop is called so from forming parts of the counties of Nottingham, Derby and York. This tree had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, drooping over 777 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Golenos, in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810; the bark brought 200 pounds, and its timber 670 pounds. In the mansion of Tredegar Park, Monmouthshire, there is said to be a room 42 feet long and 27 feet broad, the floor and wainscot of which were the production of a single tree—an oak—grown on the estate. [Sir W. Symonds.]

AMERICAN COFFEE AND ENGLISH BEER.—In the United States the consumption of coffee is eight times as great as in Great Britain, and probably the consumption of beer in Great Britain is eight times as great as in the United States.

One day last week one of the kitchen gardeners at Dangstein House, Rogate, was moving a heap of rubbish, and found in it nearly 200 snakes. [West Sussex Gazette.]

Scotland is to erect a monument forthwith to the Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg. The vale of Ettrick is the select site for this mark of national gratitude and affection.

GREECE.

A CATHOLIC KING.—The son of Otho, King of Greece, refuses to renounce Catholicity to enable him to sit upon the throne of Greece. He declines joining the Greek church, and adheres to the ancient faith, like his father before him.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.—A room in the principal inn of a country town had the reputation of being haunted. Nobody would sleep in it, and it was therefore shut up; but it so happened that at an election the inn was chock full, and there was only the haunted room unoccupied. A gentleman's gamekeeper came to the inn, exceedingly fatigued by a long journey, and wanted a bed. He was informed that unless he chose to occupy the haunted room he must seek a bed elsewhere.

'Haunted!' exclaimed he; 'staff and nonsense! I'll sleep in it! Ghost or demon, I'll take a look at what haunts it.'

Accordingly, after fortifying himself with a pipe and tankard, he took up his quarters in the haunted chamber, and retired to rest. He had not lain down many minutes when the bed shook under him most fearfully. He sprang out of bed, struck a light, and made a careful examination of the room, but could discover nothing. The courageous fellow would not return to bed, but remained watching for some time. Presently he felt the bed shake violently; the floor was firm; nothing moved but the bed. Determined, if possible, to find out the cause of this bed-quake, he looked in the bed, under the bed, and near the bed, and not seeing anything to account for the shaking, which every now and then seemed to seize on the bed, he at last pulled it from the wall. Then the 'murder came out.' The sign-board of the inn was fastened to the outer wall by a nut and screw, which came through to the back of the bed, and when the wind swung the sign-board to and fro, the movement was communicated to the bed, causing it to shake in the most violent manner. The gamekeeper, delighted at having hunted up the ghost, informed the landlord the next morning of the real nature of his unearthly visitor, and was handsomely rewarded for rendering a room, hitherto useless, now quite serviceable. All the ghost stories on record might, no doubt, have been traced to similar sources, if those to whom the 'ghosts' appeared had been as 'plucky' as our gamekeeper.

Some years ago a tall, gaunt, knock-kneed, red-headed, cross-eyed Hoosier, who was a hunter of the classical Wabash, conceived the idea of making a visit to the home of his progenitor in old Kaintuck. He did so—ranted round amongst the girls some, and was, of course, from his native impudence and unearthly ugliness, the 'observed of all observers.' One morning the whole neighborhood was astonished with the news that the ugly Hoosier had eloped with Mrs. B., an amiable, good-looking woman, wife of Mr. B., and mother of half a dozen little B.'s. For two long years the disconsolate husband mourned over his untoward bereavement. At the end of that period, however, to his utter astonishment, in popped Mrs. B., looking as bright and rosy as ever. After the first greeting was over, the injured B. thus addressed his truant spouse:—'Nancy, how could you take up with that thar onairly ugly Hoosier, and leave me and the children all forlorn, as you did?' 'Well, Josh,' said Nancy, 'that thar ugly critter from Indarany was a little the best whistler I ever hern tell on. You know I was always fond of good whistlin'; I used to think you could whistle some, but I never heard whistlin' asis whistlin' my senses clean away, and I follered him off on that account. A short time ago, however, he caught the measles, and they spit his whistlin' forever—the charm was broken, and so I concluded to come back to you; but O Josh! that Hoosier was the awfulest whistler that ever pucker'd!

NOVEL APPLICATION OF ARTILLERY.—A road contractor in France near the Pyrenees, having lately found the process of blasting an overhanging rock rather difficult, and a mortar battery of the 10th regiment happening to be passing along, he telegraphed to Paris for leave to open fire upon a crag seventy yards above the road, over which it impended. A few rounds of ten-inch shell soon brought the entire mass to fragments. About ten minutes served for the operation.

THE CUNNING OF THE RAVEN.—In the narrative of the Arctic voyage of Capt. McClure, of the British navy, is the following story of the two ravens which became domiciled on board the Investigator. The raven, it appears, is the only bird that willingly braves a Polar winter, and in the depth of the season he is seen to flit through the cold and sunless atmosphere like an evil spirit, his sullen croak alone breaking the silence of the death-like scene. No one of the crew attempted to shoot the ravens, and they consequently became very bold, as will be seen from the following story:—'Two ravens now established themselves as friends of the family in Mercer Bay, living mainly by what little scraps the men might have thrown away after meal times. The ship's dog, however, looked upon these as his especial perquisites, and exhibited considerable energy in maintaining his rights against the ravens, who nevertheless outwitted him in a way which amused every one. Observing that he appeared quite willing to make a mouthful of their own sable persons, they used to throw themselves intentionally in his way just as the mess-tins were being cleaned out on the dirt-heap outside the ship. The dog would immediately run at them, and they would just fly a few yards; the dog then made another run, and again they would appear to escape him but by an inch, and so on, until they had tempted and provoked him to the shore, a considerable distance off. Then the ravens would make a direct flight for the ship, and had generally done good execution before the mortified-looking dog detected the imposition that had been practised upon him, and rushed back again.'

In speaking of the Duke of Malakoff's marriage, the Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin says:—'The bridegroom certainly is neither young nor handsome; but he can offer a name that fame has borne to every part of the civilized world, and well-earned titles. He can place in the marriage corbelle twenty Russian flags, and as many India shawls, or volants d'Angleterre—and what fair one could resist such inducements? Mlle. Sophia Valera is twenty-eight years old; her mother, the Marchioness of Panizza, is an intimate friend and relative of the countess of Montijo, with whom the bride resides during her stay in Paris. The lady and one of the suite were in the excursion to Cherbourg, where it is said the proposals were made. She is not rich; but the Emperor, who has the marriage at heart, will bestow a handsome wedding portion on the bride, who is a great favorite with the Empress. The way in which the old lion was taken captive by this young gazelle is rated as follows:—The Duke had, last winter, much admired the Andalusian belle at the Tuileries, but when the subject of marriage was broached, he always replied that he was too old. While walking one day in the gardens of St. Cloud, Mlle. Valera gathered a rose, and the Marshal asking if she intended to bestow it upon him, she replied with rare apropos, 'No, Monsieur le Duc, you only like laurels.' On this plain hint, the veteran took courage and spoke—or rather he lost it, and fell into the toils'

The Paris papers give an account of the duel between the Duc de Grammont and the Count de la Bonna, as follows:—A young French duke, of illustrious name, entered the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, a fair lady on his arm, and passed before a Sardinian nobleman, aide-de-camp to the gallant sovereign of Piedmont. In passing, he bowed to the Sardinian, but the salute was not responded to. 'Sir,' said the duke, presently returning to the officer, 'I believe that I am of sufficiently good family for my salutation to be returned.' 'It does not please me to salute you, M. le Duc,' was the reply. 'Then I shall compel you to do it,' retorted the other, and he removed the officer's hat from his head and made a motion with it as if bowing to himself. A blow was the reply to this aggression. The next day the parties fought with swords. The Frenchman was wounded in the wrist, and the seconds put an end to the combat.'

VARIOUS

A French music teacher in New York, a gay youth of fifty, with a wife and children, made love to one of his pupils, a miss of sixteen. She indiscreetly encouraged him in proposals to elope, but instead of keeping her appointment, sent some brothers with raw hides, who made the teacher sing a dismal tune while they dusted his coat most soundly.

QUEEN VICTORIA at the palace of Potsdam was conducted by her daughter to the rooms formerly occupied by Frederick the Great, and in which no alteration has been permitted to be made since the death of that celebrated monarch.

The last new wrinkle is 'cable punch,' at which intemperate youths take a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

The following notice was lately fixed, says a London paper, to a church door in Herefordshire, and read in the church:—'This is to give notice, that no person is to be buried in this churchyard, but those living in the parish; and those who wish to be buried, are requested to apply to the parish clerk.'

An English officer writes from India of the taking of a Rajah and the sacking of his palace. They found in the treasure vaults bags containing 320,000 rupees and £80,000 in gold, with jewels estimated at £200,000. Pleasant fighting when it comes to the palaces.

The petite Poccolomini, who is to sail from Galway this month for this country on a starring expedition, was drawn in her carriage by the students of Trinity College, Dublin, from the theatre to her hotel in Sackville street. Afterwards she appeared on the balcony and bowed her acknowledgments.

MR. LEDYARD writes a most sensible letter touching the thirst for blood and vengeance that exists in England towards the natives of India, and says—'It is better that we should forget than that we should endeavor to perpetuate their recollection by palpable inventions. Lord Wellesley pulled down the column which marked the sight of the Black Hole of Calcutta; let us not raise fresh monuments to render perpetual the hatred of races. The most glorious monument that we could show in India, after the deadly struggle in which we have been engaged, would be a people reconciled to us, after all that has passed, by our justice and moderation.'

A GRAND nephew of the famous Kleber testifies to the good character, bravery, reputation for courage, &c., of Capt. de la Riviere, the gallant Zouave, who has been somewhat conspicuous lately.

JACOB BROOME, Know Nothing, in a speech made at the Cooper Institute, N. Y., urging a union between the Americans and Republicans, said he was in favor of sinking all quarrels and shaking hands until they killed the democratic party, and when they had done that, they might fight like devils amongst themselves.

OFFICER.—'Didn't you guaranty, sir, that the horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy?' 'No more he wont; it is after the fire that he shies.'

In boring an Artesian well at Bourn, Lincolnshire, a spring was struck which throws the water twenty-five feet above the earth's surface at the rate of three hundred and sixty-five gallons per minute, or 191,844,000 gallons in twelve months. It has only one equal, and that is in Paris.

'Sm,' exclaimed a matter of fact and rather irascible author to a waggish bookseller the other day, 'I hear that you have lately said in the presence of others, that you intend giving me h—, the next time I entered your store. 'That's so,' replied the other, 'and here it is,' handing him Dante's Hell bound in good antique. The gentleman pocketed the insult and walked quietly off.

SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE!

THE IRISH MISCELLANY
INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

Having favorably commenced the second volume of our publication, we seize the occasion for the purpose of tendering thanks to those of our friends who have so generously contributed to our support. To start, and successfully carry on an ordinary newspaper, so that it will, in a reasonable space of time, become remunerative to its proprietors, is a task not easily accomplished, and which consummation does not generally happen in one case out of a hundred. Our enterprise, being of a nature entirely different from that of any other Irish paper heretofore established in this country—requiring a much greater expenditure of capital and artistic talent—caused us serious misgivings, and a constant fear that it would not meet the desires and expectations of our patrons. How far our efforts have been successful, is for them to decide; but we trust that it will not be considered egotistical on our part when we assert that the Miscellany has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of partial friends, and that even those who have been enemies from the start have made suitable acknowledgment of its merit.

Since we have had the control of the Miscellany our way has not been—

'The primrose path of dalliance'

We have been beset by obstacles innumerable; but having a strong confidence in our ultimate success, we were determined to surmount all barriers, and though we have not, as yet, brought the paper to that pitch of perfection which is our desire, we trust soon to make it as acceptable as is possible to our readers.

In beginning a new volume, we introduce various innovations, tending to the improvement of the paper, in every way that is possible. We shall give each week, an epitome of Irish news—not the hackneyed local quotations which interest only the few, but extracts from the leading journals, which will be gratifying to the many. In this respect, we will not be following in the steps of any of our contemporaries, but, on the contrary, will be striking out a path eminently our own. It will also be our aim to give the best class of wood engravings which can be procured, portraying national subjects, and, as our outlay in this respect will be infinitely larger than that of any Irish journal published in this country, we look for a commensurate return. In short, it is our intention to make the paper meet the requirements of all classes of readers.

As an inducement, therefore, to new subscribers, we offer to each person who will pay one year's subscription in advance, commencing with the first number of the first volume, (not the second, as inadvertently stated in previous numbers,) directly to us or through any of our authorized agents, a copy of our first Gift Picture, representing Sarfield's Surprise of the Seige Train of the Prince of Orange. When completed, each volume of the Miscellany will form a book of four hundred and sixteen (416) pages, and will alone be worth the price of an entire year's subscription. The same inducements are offered to clubs, as to single subscribers.

CLUBS! CLUBS!! CLUBS!!!

There is no town or village so small, but a club of six or more subscribers for the Irish Miscellany can be easily obtained. Will those of our friends who are well-wishers of the land of their birth, do us the favor of getting up Clubs. Our terms will be—

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To a club of twelve, 19.00

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In addition to this great reduction of price, each member of a Club will be entitled to copies of all our splendid Gift Pictures. Let our friends exert themselves, and by their patronage make the Miscellany the foremost Irish journal on this continent.

TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED.

We have determined to appoint a number of Travelling Agents, to travel in the various States of the Union and canvass for subscribers for this paper. We do this at the earnest request of many warm friends, who think we do not take the requisite steps to make the paper known as extensively as it ought to be.

Persons desirous of becoming Travelling Agents, who can be well recommended, are requested to apply at our office forthwith. None but faithful, reliable men need apply. To such a liberal commission will be allowed. Apply at our Publication Office, 4 Water Street, Boston.

BACK NUMBERS of the Miscellany, from the commencement of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 4 Water Street, Boston. Will our friends in want bear this fact in mind?

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August 17th, 1858.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS should forward communications intended for insertion in the *Miscellany*, not later than the Saturday before the day of publication, as our increasing circulation compels us to go to press every Monday morning; and should be addressed—Editors of the Irish *Miscellany*, Boston, Mass. Subscribers should mention the township, county and State in which they reside.

☐ We cannot return any manuscript sent us for publication.

A. CATHOLIC, Providence, R. I.—We are well aware of the objectionable nature of some of the sentiments and opinions set forth in the publication referred to, as we have frequently had occasion to erase them. Last week the gentleman whose duty it is to attend to this department was sick, and the work fell upon other hands. We repudiate such language, and it will not be repeated. We thank you for calling our attention to these matters.

JAMES O. KAVANAGH, Providence, R. I.—It was Dr. Brennan who first designated our country the 'Emerald Isle.' He was the writer of the text of the United Irish Society, and the author of the well-known ode 'To the Memory of William Orr,' and other of the ablest compositions to be found among the political literature of his time.

DARBY MCKEON.—Our old friend Darby must not take it amiss that his last blast has not yet been heard. The sound of his bugle shall ring through the columns of the *Miscellany* next week. Would that its music could resound from every Irish hill top, and reverberate through every vale and glen of Ireland.

A. G. MALLOY, Baraboo.—Your impromptu on a 'Lady of Fashion' is a good hit at the modern style of ladies' dresses; but we must 'shut our eyes' to all such 'delicate matters.' 'The Crusader' shall appear.

A. FRIEND, Boston.—Valentine Lord Clonoury was imprisoned in the Tower of London during the years 1799 and 1800 for a supposed complicity with the patriots of '98.

J. A. SONADENIS, Pa.—We are much obliged; but the portrait you send is not good enough. The authorship of this verse is doubtful.

GLENMORE, Boston.—The first stanza is very smooth, but the other two are not so perfect. We will see what can be done for you.

MONONIA, N. Y.—Your 'Lines to a Friend' will appear in season; but the subsequent poetic tale is more suited to publication in pamphlet form than to our limited space.

THE SCHOOLBOY, by J. Meagher Kavanagh, is excellent, and shall appear in due course. A little patience friends. CORRESPONDENTS not replied to in this number will meet with as early attendance as possible.

MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANISM.—Taxing the poor man to pay for the property of the rich is distinctively Massachusetts Republicanism. Not content with adding two years to the period of probation of adopted citizens, by the late Republican Legislature of Massachusetts—fearful of the great democratic element which they possess—the state authorities have resorted to another dodge to deprive that hard-working class of citizens of their vote at the coming election.

It is now found out that the poll tax should cover one-sixth of the whole state tax, thus making the poor man, who cannot afford to pay any taxes (nor should he pay any,) pay a per ratio from his small pittance, for the relief of property; otherwise the poor man, who has nothing but his labor without property or other means, must be taxed to protect and help the wealthy, and pay a share from his family's necessity, of that debt which wealth alone owes the state. We are much mistaken, however, if the love of relieving the property of the rich is the real cause of this fanatical movement. It is rather the fear of the growing power and strength of the adopted citizens' vote which is the real cause.

We call a poll tax nothing better than a property qualification, and that the working man may be shut out from the ballot-box, is this high-handed policy now resorted to. Where is the voice of the democracy that, from every stump does not assail this foul infringement of the citizens' right?—where the law that disfranchises him because he is not wealthy? If it exists, blot the foul stain from the statute which makes the distinction between wealth and labor. We are very much mistaken if this thing can long exist; nay, it must be crushed out. Property alone owes the debt and must be made to pay it.

MR. JAMES SULLIVAN, our indefatigable travelling agent, will visit the state of Connecticut on business for the *Miscellany* this week, when we hope our friends there will give him a cordial welcome.

WEST TROY, Sept. 15, 1858.

Editors of the Irish *Miscellany*—

Sirs—Permit me to ask your reason for discontinuing publishing the sheet of music which you were wont to insert in your paper? It is indeed a sore stroke to many of your friends, as many of them took your paper solely on account of that 'soul-stirring Irish music.' It would, indeed, be a pleasure to all your friends to behold once more a sheet of music in your paper.

AMICUS.

In publishing a newspaper, or a literary periodical like the Irish *Miscellany*, it is difficult to meet the tastes of every class of readers. Thus one reader complains that we do not publish Dr. Cahill's very able letters; another that we do not give more news from Ireland; a third says he does not want such news in a literary publication; a fourth that the space devoted to music might be occupied with better matter, and so on to the end of the chapter. We cannot meet the wishes of all our friends, and must therefore steer a course guided by the chart we have made. Our prospectus is our guide, modified by such circumstances as time and experience dictate. We have, therefore, to say in answer to our friend 'Amicus,' and others who have written to us on the same matter, that we have not discontinued the publication of our fine old airs. We look upon that department of our paper as one of its great features; but we intend to publish them only occasionally. We thus hope to meet the wishes of our readers, and preserve the musical feature of our sheet.

—[ED. IRISH MISC.]

LAWRENCE BRIGADE BAND.—This fine band, under the excellent leadership of the gentlemanly Mr. Desmond, composed of a body of young men connected with St. Mary's Catholic Church, Lawrence, Mass., who have devoted their time and talents to the study and practice of the 'divine art,' have now reached a degree of perfection which unremitting application alone can produce. Their deserved popularity is fully attested by their numerous and well attended concerts at the City Hall, Lawrence, and at Huntington Hall, Lowell. The celebration of last St. Patrick's Day, in Dover, N. H., by the Irish Benevolent Association of that city, who secured their services, and again, on a recent excursion of that society to Alton Bay, called forth on their performances the highest encomiums of the Dover press. It affords us pleasure to perceive that these young men, who thus devote their time to so laudable an object, should receive due encouragement and support, and we would recommend all our Irish societies, and friends in general, when they wish to enliven their occasional festivities, to secure the services of the 'Lawrence Brigade.'

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THE IRISH MISCELLANY

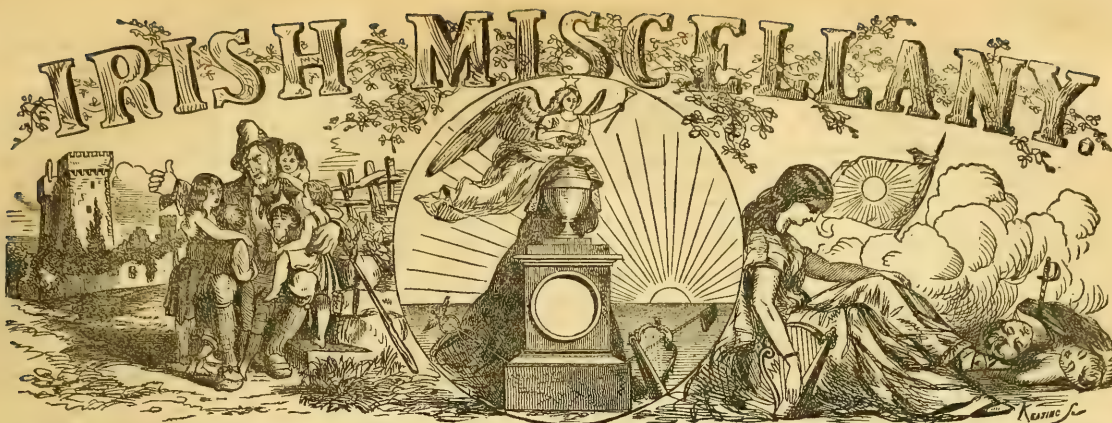
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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 35.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS]

FATHER MATHEW—HIS BIRTHPLACE.

Our illustration presents a view of Thomastown Castle, in Ireland, the birthplace of Father Mathew. The scene is not without interest, since the 'apostle of temperance' made that country the field of his labors, administering the pledge of total abstinence to hundreds of thousands of his countrymen and others, and became widely known throughout the world. Father Mathew was quite a marked man in his personal appearance. We very well remember a clerical-looking gentleman, attired in a suit of black, with small clothes and silk stockings, a benevolent expression on his rather large but handsome features, with a bright intelligent eye, and the manners of a gentleman. Our readers are all familiar with the career of this remarkable man. For years he was engaged in the work of redeeming his fellow-countrymen from the grasp of intemperance. His labors resulted in eminent blessings to them in his native land. Some years ago he visited America, travelled through the length and breadth of the land, administering the pledge, and left the impress so distinctly marked here, that multitudes hail him even at the present time as their deliverer from the power of a vice debasing and destructive of every hope of honor or advancement. We need not eulogize him; his name is written upon the imperishable tablet of many a heart, and he will long be remembered as the apostle of temperance, and regis-

tered as a public benefactor, when many a marble record of factitious greatness shall have been effaced by the tooth of time. The Rev. Theobald Mathew was born on the 10th of October, 1790, at Thomastown, near Cashel, in the county of Tipperary. Mr. Mathew lost his parents at an early period of life, and was then adopted by Lady Elizabeth Mathew. About the age of thirteen, he was sent to the lay academy of Kilkenny, and after remaining there seven years, he was sent to Maynooth, to pursue his ecclesiastical studies. After some time, stimulated by the example of two old Catholic friars of Kilkenny, he joined their order. On Easter Saturday, in the year 1814, he was ordained Roman Catholic priest, and soon after proceeded to Cork. In the discharge of his ministerial duties he has ever been zealous and untiring. He has made the poor and the deserted the objects of his special care, and the more wealthy classes placed full confidence in his integrity. As a witness to, and the executor of wills, he has had a large portion of the wealth of Cork pass through his hands. With the management of all the public charities there he was more or less connected, and the time he was long able to devote to meetings of committees, &c., was the astonishment of every one. By his exertions, and almost entirely at his own expense, he had also established there a cemetery, which is one of great beauty. Although frequently called the 'Apostle

of Temperance,' the Rev. Mr. Mathew was not the originator of temperance societies. They were first formed in the United States; and the Rev. George Carr established the first in Europe in August, 1829, at New Ross, Ireland. Shortly after, one was formed at Cork, and Mr. Mathew, from his great popularity, was invited to assist in carrying out the designs of the founders, who belonged chiefly to the Society of Friends. At first there was but little progress made; but at length, and particularly in 1838, the rapidity of the advancement of the temperance cause was astonishingly great. At this period, two days in each week were devoted by Mr. Mathew to administering the pledge. Day after day the streets of Cork were crowded with those who came to take the pledge. It seemed as if some mania had seized the people; it was a movement which none could doubt, and yet which few could understand. The people came from all parts—from places near and from others at a great distance. They came unasked and unsolicited, and they braved every hardship, want and fatigue to accomplish the journey. His influence over his fellow-man is almost unparalleled.

Thomastown Castle has been occupied by Father Mathew's family ever since they went to Ireland from Wales, in 1610. The castle with its domain is considered as one of the most beautiful places in Ireland. It is situated in what is called the Golden Valley, about four miles from Cashel, in the county of Tipperary.



BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER MATHEW—THOMASTOWN CASTLE, COUNTY TIPPERARY.

MORNING ON ROSTREVOR MOUNTAIN.

Tis morn'ing—from their heather bed
 The curling mist arises,
 And circling dark Slieve donard's head,
 Ascend the drowsy skies.
 Tis morn'ing; and beside Cloch-mhor
 In solitude I stand,
 A stranger on my natal shore,
 And this, my fatherland.

Rostrevor! each illum'd line
 Of early life's romance,
 Deep in this magic page of thine
 Is mirror'd to my glance:
 Clonallan's spire, Rosetta's shades,
 From Classic Arno's Vale
 To Ballyedmond's groves and glades—
 Land of my homage, hail!

Yon orb—the beautiful, the bold,
 Hath left his ocean bride,
 And from her couch of wavy gold
 Comes forth in regal pride.
 Fair sun—I've seen that crown of rays
 As gallantly put on,
 And mark'd thy robes of crimson haze
 O'er other waters thrown.

Rock'd on the billowy bed that haves
 Beneath the burning line,
 I've seen where the horizon weaves
 Its purple threads with thine,
 And mark'd in all their pride of birth,
 Thy parent lutescences given,
 To gladden scenes more fair than earth—
 The sea—the sea and heav'n!

Yes! and where Gunga's mighty streams
 Their sacred waters spread,
 I've seen beneath thy worship'd beams
 Ten thousands bow the head:
 And by the Brahmin's funeral pile
 In that far hemisphere,
 Sunrise, alas! I've met thy smile,
 Mocking the burning bier!

In Saugur's sickly jungle met—
 Met on the arid sand,
 Where the dark domes of Juggernaut's
 Profane pagoda's stand—
 Met in Calcutta's graveyard gloom,
 Piercing the tainted air,
 Thy sick'ning rays—a marble tomb
 Engulf'd my memory there.

Once high o'er Afric's southern seas,
 In solitary mood,
 Within the 'Vale of silver trees,'
 On Table Hill I stood;
 The fresh free air, the morning beam,
 The vapour crested brow,
 Of Coffee-Holland—as a dream,
 All pass before me now.

Again, adown and deep ravine,
 I gaze on fruit and flower—
 A labyrinth maze of silky green—
 A many-tinted bower:
 Tall aloes crown the rocky steep;
 Pomegranate blooms are spread,
 And the umkoba branches sweep
 Across the torrent's bed.

Blushes the crassula, as when
 Its scarlet blossoms lay
 In the wild fig or sumach glen,
 That looks on Table Bay;
 And ships bear up by Roben's Isle,
 From farthest India's shore.
 False dreams, away! ye but beguile—
 I stand beside Cloch-mhor.

THE FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

'Who'll buy a heart?' sweet Harriet cries—
 Harriet the blooming and the fair,
 Whose lovely form and dove-like eyes
 Can banish grief and sooth despair.

'Come, bid—my heart is up for sale;
 Will no one bid? Pray, sirs, consider,
 Tis kind, and sound, and fond, and hale,
 And a great bargain to the bidder.'

'I bid,' says Gripus—'I will pay
 A thousand guineas promptly told.'
 'That's no bid, sir—let me say
 A faithful heart's not bought with gold.'

'I bid, with marriage faith, and plighted
 A heart,' says Frank, 'with love o'erflowing.'
 'Ay, that's a bid—that something right—
 And now my heart is—going: going!'

OLD NANNIE BOYD.

One evening, during the severe winter of 1799, as Nannie Boyd came in from the byre (cow-house), with a pail of milk in her hand, she thus addressed her family—'This is gaun to be a very severe night, childer. I saw in the morning that the tap o' Slieve Bawn, between us and the glens, was white wi' snu'; I have been now upwards of forty years living in this place, and I danna remember to hae seen a mair gloomy and dismal-looking evening. Gang you, Bab, and put the sheep in some safe and sheltry place: they are a' come cown from Knockrammer, as if led by some natural foreboding to Knockcoghram, on purpose, it would seem, to be near the houses and human aid: and gang you, Jack, and bring in mair peats; for you may depend it will be an easier task now than in the morning: and, Jean,' said she to the girl, 'bring in plenty o' water.'

Her orders no one disputed. Her son, wrapping himself in his great coat, set off with the dog to the hill. The turf and water were soon brought in; and a large fire put on. Nannie took her seat at her wheel in the corner, and several of the neighbors' girls, who, according to custom, come in with their wheels, formed a semi-circle round the fire, and commenced their nightly task with one of Burns's songs—

'The gloomy night is gathering fast.'

An hour had elapsed, when Nannie stopped her wheel, and said—

'I wonder what detains Bab sae lang on the hill?'

'Hoot,' said one of the girls, 'do ye think that Bab will be in Knockcoghram, and no gang owre to the Brownstown, and see his sweet-heart?'

Nannie seemed satisfied, and resumed her wheel. The wind had now risen, and a choking drift was falling fast. A rap came to the door; but as every one lifted the latch, and came in without any ceremony, little attention was paid to it; till a second was given, when one of the girls rose, and opened the door. A man of genteel appearance entered, covered with snow, from which being disengaged, he thus addressed the family:

'This is a very snowy night, and I believe I have nearly lost my way. Is there any one in this house will conduct me safe to Broughshane, and I will reward him handsomely.'

'I'm thinking,' said Nannie, 'ye had beter come forward to the fire, an' warm yersel'; it's an unco cauld night; and I doubt there's nane in the town could gang wi' ye, but my son, Bab; and he's no in at present. Sit down at the fire, and we'll see what can be done.'

The stranger took a seat; and Nannie, without saying a word, lighted a candle, stepped into the room, and soon returned with a plate of butter, some oat-cakes, and the heel of a cheese, which she placed on the kitchen table, saying to the stranger—

'Turn round your chair, and take a bite o' bread; ye nae, maybe, travelled a lang road the day, and ye canna be the worse o' eating something.'

The gentleman thanked her, turned round, and took a hearty luncheon, adding 'that he had come from Cushendall, by what the people there told him was the shortest way to Broughshane, though I suspect,' said he, 'that they intended to put me wrong; yet, I must acknowledge, that they told me also that the road I was travelling would take me to my destination.'

'Might I mak sea free,' said Nannie, 'as to ask what business ye follow, that obliged ye to come owre the hills at this season o' the year. It was weel the ground was frozen; otherwise ye might hae been lost a' the gither.'

'Indeed, Madam,' said the stranger, 'I am a soldier: at present under strict orders to join my regiment now in Ballymena; giving his name at the same time.

At the mention of the word soldier, one of the girls slipped out.

'And if ye be a soldier,' said Nannie, 'why bat ye hae on a red coat? I ay like to see folk appearing in their proper colors.'

'That is very right,' said the gentleman; 'but I only arrived from Scotland yesterday; and as the people in this country were so lately in a state of insurrection, I thought it safest to put on colored clothes, lest I might meet with some insult, or, perhaps worse, from the inhabitants, among whom I am a total stranger.'

'Ye needna hae been sae scar'd,' replied Nannie, 'for ye woudna hae met wi' any thing but civility either in the glens or in the braid; that is, provided ye conducted yersel' discreetly, as a stranger ought to do; for though the glens folk are mainly Roman Catholics, and, we in the braid, mainly Presbyterians, yet we live on the best terms. When any o' folk gangs down there, they are treated wi' the utmost kindness and friendly feeling, and when they come up here we do what we can to make a return.'

'I wish, Madame,' answered the stranger, 'that this was the universal practice in Ireland; but I forget Broughshane, which, if possible, I must be in to-night.'

'Indeed,' answered Nannie, 'I just think ye may be thanku' that ye're in bigged we's. Do ye hear how awfu' the storm is raging without, an' the drift whirling through the air—(I wish Bab was hame); look at that window and see how its blinded wi' the sna. Ye man e'en content yersel' whar ye are till the morn'ing; I can gie ye a clean bed and plenty o' blankets, which ye'll find usefu' on sae cauld a night.'

The gentleman went to the door, looked out, and returned, saying 'he would be happy to accept of her friendly offer, as the night was getting still worse.'

Shortly after, her son Bob returned, almost choked with drift, and covered with snow; from which being disengaged, he sat down at the fire, saying that he never had experienced so severe a night.

'This is a stranger,' said his mother, 'that wants somebody to conduct him to Broughshane; but I think he is better here than out in sic a night; he's a military man, and gaun on some important business I suppose; but nobody could gang out the night on any account.'

'It would be,' replied her son, 'a tempting o' Providence to gang the length o' Skirry, through sic storm; he will, I hope, content himself whar he is till the morn'ing.'

The stranger and Bob soon got into conversation; the former related many interesting anecdotes in military life, and described many of the towns in which he had been quartered, and some of the most remarkable highland hills, glens, and mountains that he had visited, and with which he seemed quite familiar; but when he told them that the city of London contained more inhabitants than the counties of Antrim and Down put together, they were amazed, and scarcely gave credit to his assertion.—Bob, on the other hand, told him that the place where he now was, was called the Fourtowns of Skirry in the braid; that though it was a mountainous district, the inhabitants were a tolerably well-informed class, having a respectable book-club, and the newspapers circulating regularly among them, &c.

In this way the night passed till bed-time, and after all the night's avocations were finished, Bob brought forward the 'bigga bible, ance his father's pride,' and seating himself, said, with becoming gravity, 'let us worship God.' Choosing a psalm, he commenced singing, in which he was joined by the stranger and all the family, and afterwards he read a chapter in the bible, and then knelt down to

pray, offering up the thanks of a grateful and pious heart to the dispenser of all good, for the protection which his humble roof afforded them in such a dreadful night; imploring His protecting care over such as were so unfortunate as to be overtaken by the storm, or, perhaps, perishing in the snow.

The gentleman, after all was finished, remarked that he almost fancied himself at home in Scotland, observing, at the same time, that from the accounts which he had been taught to believe, he did not suppose that any portion of the inhabitants of Ireland were so strictly religious; but he was assured by Bob, that what he now witnessed was a common practice in many districts of Ireland.

The night still continued wild, while the tempest o'er the chimney top sounded a melancholy dirge. They all repaired to rest, but Jack still thought on—

'Ilk happy bird, we helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing;

What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cower thy chattering wing,
And close thy e'e'?

It is enough to say that the next morning was as bad as the preceding night; and the storm continued with unabated fury till the following morning, during which time the stranger amused himself reading a newspaper and some of the books belonging to the club; and after the weather became settled, it was deemed impracticable to go any length from the house.

'Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring.'

But in a few days the road was deemed passable, and he, after proffering Nannie a handsome remuneration for her trouble, which she peremptorily refused, proceeded, under the guidance of Bob, to the road leading to Broughshane, which, after much difficulty, they gained. Here the gentleman again requested Bob to accept of some recompense for his trouble, but this he absolutely refused; and, after a cordial shake of hands, and many thanks on the part of the stranger, they parted.

It is generally known that the leaders of the insurgents in the county of Antrim, in case they were defeated, had appointed the mountain of Slemish, a high and conspicuous hill, near the centre of the county of Antrim, as their chief place of rendezvous, and at this place they were to consult what was next to be done.

It happened that a Mr. A. H—y, who had the command of the pikemen, or at least a large party of them, at the battle of Antrim, was wounded by a musket ball in the front of his shoulder, which penetrated so far that it had to be extracted from the opposite side; with difficulty and peril, he made his way to Slemish, and through some means or other, got shelter, though a perfect stranger, in Nannie Boyd's till his wound would be whole, which it was at the time of the stranger's calling, though he was still unable to use it. Mr. A. H—y happened to be in a neighbor's house, the night already mentioned, and the girl hearing the stranger say that he belonged to the military, she conjectured he was a spy, and so she warned Mr. A. H—y not to venture into the house till the stranger had left the place, in consequence of which he remained where he was till the gentleman's departure. At this period orders had been issued by the military, who then had the administration of the law, that a paper containing the names of all the family, males and females, should be posted on the outside door of every inhabited house. This was done to Nannie Boyd's; but the stranger either did not, or seemed not to take any notice of it. He well knew, however, that all the family were not at home; for Nannie had informed him that she had two other sons, who were tradesmen, and would not be home for some time.

During the summer of that year, one night, when

all the family were fast asleep, old Nannie was awakened by the trampling of feet about the house, and a loud and furious knocking at the door, demanding entrance. She rose hastily, and lighted a candle, when she found, to her great dismay, that the whole house was surrounded by a large party of military, foot and horse; she opened the door, in great trepidation, as was demanded, and an officer, accompanied by a number of soldiers, entered; but the moment the officer saw her he ordered the men to retire, and, stretching out both hands to her, asked how she was.

She drew back, saying, 'That she didn't think he would have been so unkind as to come about her house at that hour o' the night, wi' a parcel of soldiers to frighten her sae; nor did she think she had deserved such treatment at his hand.'

He clasped both her hands while a tear started in his eye. 'No, my good woman, don't think me so base; I knew nothing of the place I was coming to, being conducted by an informer, who told the commanding officer in Ballymena, that he would, for a certain sum, bring us to a house in which was one of the rebel leaders; but it is, perhaps best, that I was appointed to command the party.' So saying, he stepped out, and ordered the men to keep their stations round the house, and let no one escape; adding that he was acquainted with the people of the house, and would search it himself, which he did very strictly; but there was one place that he did not come near, and there lay concealed poor Mr. A. H—y, in trembling expectation of his fate.—Finding none but the family, he ordered the men away, and with a hearty shake hands, and warm and fervent prayer from old Nannie for his welfare, he took his leave. Long after the officer left the country, Mr. A. H—y was made a prisoner, and lodged in Carrickfergus goal; but as no witness appeared against him, he was at length liberated, when he went to Glasgow, and died there only a few years ago. Some years after her son's marriage, Nannie went to reside with her daughter at Raloo, where she died, and is buried in Raloo graveyard, near Larne. Her son Bob died in America in 1852. Many years after, when Jack had, by his industry, advanced himself to a higher grade in society, he happened to spend an evening among a number of literary characters and other gentlemen in Belfast; one of whom related, by way of anecdote, some of the principal events above mentioned; Jack viewed him more minutely, and discovered that he was the same person who had lodged with Nannie during the snow storm, and on making himself known, and reminding him of some minute circumstances, it is impossible to describe the kindness and friendship which he experienced from the officer, whose inquiries about Nannie and her family were sincere and affectionate.

SIMPLE SCIENCE.—Nature presents us with numerous instances of minute subdivisions, which utterly baffle our powers of conception.

Thus human hair varies in thickness from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch, and each one is a capillary tube. The fibre of the coarsest wool is about the 500th part of an inch in diameter, and the finest only the 1500th part. The silk line, as spun by the worm, is about the 5000th part of an inch thick; but a spider's line is, perhaps, six times finer, or only the 30,000th part of an inch in diameter, inasmuch, that a single pound of this attenuated, yet perfect substance, would be sufficient to encompass our globe.

Animalcules are so small, that many thousands together are smaller than the point of a needle. Leeuwenhoek says there are more animals in the milk of a codfish, than men on the whole earth, and that a single grain of sand is larger than four thousand of these animals. Moreover, a particle of the blood of one of these animalcules has been found, by a calculation, to be as much less than a globe of 1-10th of an inch in diameter, as that globe is less than the whole earth.

He states that a grain of sand, in diameter but the hundredth part of an inch, will cover 125,000 of the orifices through which we breathe, and that of some animalcules, 3,000 are not equal to a grain of sand.

It is ascertained by the microscope, that the smallest insects with which we are acquainted are themselves infested with other insects as much smaller than themselves, as those are smaller than the larger animals that they infest. How inconceivably small then must be the parts of such organized creatures! But by analogy we may carry our reasoning still further by conceiving that even these creatures may again be infested with others proportionally smaller, till we are as much lost in the scale of descent, as we are in that of ascent through the regions of the universe.

Hence this part of the creation, and the laws of organization, confound the inquiries of men even more than the vastness of the universe; for our most powerful microscope enables us to magnify with effect only 40 or 50 thousand times, whereas the atoms concerned in producing the phenomena of nature are doubtless millions of times less than the smallest object that can be seen with the naked eye.

Odors are capable of a much wider diffusion, if we are to ascribe their action to the radiation of atoms, and not, as many suppose, at any affection of the medium by which they are surrounded. A single grain of musk has been known to perfume a room for the space of twenty years.

And a piece of wire gilt eight grains, or the sixtieth of an ounce of gold, may be drawn out to a length of 15,000 feet, the whole surface of it still remaining covered with gold.

A grain of gold may be beaten to cover 50 square inches, which is then only the hundred-thousandth part of an inch thick; and still it maintains all its qualities as gold.

If a grain of gold be melted with a pound, or 5,760 grains of silver, and a single grain of the mass be dissolved in diluted nitric acid, the gold, though only the 5761st part of a grain, will fall to the bottom and be visible, while the silver remains dissolved in the acid.

A grain of silver may be beaten till a microscope shows 1000 distinct parts; if one of these be then dissolved, it will tinge 18000 grains of water; a grain is therefore divisible into 18,000,000 sensible parts.

A pound of cotton has been spun so fine that it would extend 168,000 yards, or 25 miles. A quantity of vitrol being dissolved and mixed with 9000 times as much water will tinge the whole; consequently it will be divided into as many parts as there are visible portions of matter in that water. If a candle be lighted, it will then be visible about two miles around, and, consequently, were it placed two miles above the surface of the earth, it would fill with luminous particles a sphere whose diameter is four miles, and before it had lost any sensible part of its weight.

It is not, however, to be hence presumed that the space is filled with luminous rays, for rays of light travel 200,000 miles in a second, and 20 per second produce continuous vision. Hence, if we divide the circumference, 12 miles, or 7,200,000 tenths of an inch, there will, at one time, be but 1,440 rays emanating from the candle, so as to produce distinct visions two miles distant in every tenth of an inch. The effect of odors may be similar. Indeed, a candle fixes oxygen while it parts with light.

Montserrat had Irish colonists for its early settlers, and the negroes to this day have the Connaught brogue curiously and ludicrously engrafted on the African jargon. It is said that a Connaughtman, on arriving at Montserrat, was, to his astonishment, hailed in a vernacular Irish, by a negro from one of the first boats that came alongside. 'Thunder and turf,' exclaimed Pat, 'how long have you been here?' 'Three months,' said Quashy. Three months! and so black already! 'Hanum a diaoul,' says Pat, thinking Quashy a ci-devant countryman, 'I'll not stay among ye'; and in a few hours the Connaughtman was on his return, with a white skin to the emerald isle.

LEGEND OF OSSHEEN, THE SON OF FIONN.

'Of all the numerous ills that wait on age,
What stamps the wrinkle deepest on the brow?
To find each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.'—BYRON.

When St. Patrick was laboring to extend the Christian faith in Ireland, the legend says that in his peripatation he met a very aged man, whose gigantic dimensions far exceeded the ordinary stature of men who lived in that age. He described himself to be Ossheen, the son of Fionn Mac Cumhal, the famous king or commander of the Fianna Eirion, the celebrated domestic troops of the kingdom that flourished in the commencement of the third century of the Christian era.

These brave 'heroes of the western isle' had disappeared from the earth, and the fame of their extraordinary prowess lived then, as now, in the traditional records of the land. Ossheen alone survived the lapse of ages, borne down by the weight of years, and the melancholy memory of by-gone days, among a strange and degenerate race. He had been conveyed to 'Tire-nan-Oge, the elysium of the heathen Irish, and on this permitted return to earth, the gallant band which he left in all the pride of chivalry were gone,

'And of their name and race,
Left scarce a token or a trace.'

The passage of Ossheen to the 'Country of the Immortals,' and his return to earth, happened in the following manner.

The Fianna Eirion, which formed the national guard to defend the land against foreign invasion or domestic treachery, were, it is said, quartered on the people during the winter season; but from May to November they lived on their romantic hills, supported by the produce of the chase. Lough Lene was a favorite summer haunt, and often did the hunter's cry, and the matchless speed of the tall Bran, force the mountain deer to lave his panting breast in the waters of the lake. The wild district by the banks of the western Arglin, in the county of Cork, where the writer of this legend resides, bears testimony to the trace of their footsteps. Drumsclara, or the parting hill of heroes, near that stream, is yet pointed out as the fort to which Gual Mac Morna, the leader of the northern troops retired, when he withdrew in anger from Fionn.

The troops were hunting in the last-mentioned district in the harvest season, when they received intelligence that a corn-field in the neighborhood of the camp was on different nights much trodden down by some unaccountable means; for though the field was well minded, the perpetrator of the mischief remained undiscovered. Many of the soldiers watched in vain, and at last Ossheen, the son of Fionn, volunteered his service. In the stillness of the night he heard a rustling in the corn, and by the light of the moon, he discovered a beautiful white colt, without a spot. The hero advanced, and the colt slowly retreated; but as they approached the ditch, he bounded forward and seized the animal by the mane, which floated in the midnight breeze.

The alarmed colt fled with an eagle's speed, and the pursuer perseveringly followed. The chase had not continued long when the earth suddenly opened; he held by the floating mane, and shortly after their descent, he found himself in a fair, extensive country, and the white colt, the object of his pursuit, metamorphosed into a beautiful lady, whose yellow ringlets were yet strained in his determined grasp; with an ineffable smile, whose magic completely took away the intention of returning, she welcomed him to Tire-nan-Oge; and the pleasures of the chase, and the society of his brothers in war were things forgotten as if they had never been.

When Ossheen had spent some time in the region of immortal youth and unfading spring, he felt strongly inclined to visit the green land of his birth, and regain the society of his former friends. Upon intimating this wish to the lady, she assured him that to seek the Fian Eirion would be fruitless toil, for that race of heroes had long since disappeared from the earth.

'Ah!' said he, 'why attempt to deceive me? Fionn,

the king of men—Oscar, my countless son—Dearnid, of the eagle's speed—Conn, the subtle—heroes whom I left only twelve months since, are not surely dead.'

'You have already spent three hundred years here,' said she, for the longest measure of duration on earth is but as a moment in our estimation; yet if you are determined to revisit your favorite haunts, you may proceed; this horse will safely convey you to earth; but if you alight from his back during the journey, it will preclude your return to this place, and you will find your youth and strength vanished, and yourself laden with three centuries of years and infirmities.'

He departed, revisited the cloudy Mangerton, winded his course beneath the savage Turk, stretched his view into the far prospect from romantic Clarah, and roused the red deer of the Galties, but in vain. No long-remembered friend met his eye; the land was occupied by a feeble and diminutive race; the very face of nature was changed—rivers had abandoned their ancient channels—deep valleys were level plains, and the wavy forests became barren moors—he had not known it as the land of his love, had not the multifarious hills, and the firm-set, everlasting mountains been the unchangeable landmarks of his memory to guide him through the altered scene.

Filled with the deepest melancholy, he retraced his foot-steps to Tire-nan-Oge; but as he came to the bank of a deep river, he saw one of the degenerate men of that time, vainly endeavoring to raise a sack of corn which had slipped from his horse's back into the middle of the stream. Ossheen had not forgotten his military oath, one clause of which bound the ancient Irish soldier to assist the distressed. He spurred into the current, and endeavored without alighting to raise the sack with his foot, but it remained unmoved. Surprised that a weight so apparently light should mock his effort, he sprang into the water, when both his horse and the treacherous apparition disappeared, leaving him a wretched and forlorn being, bent beneath a load of years.

'The Dialogue of Ossheen and Patrick' can tell the difficulty that apostle had in converting the haughty worshipper of Crom to the mild and humble doctrines of the Christian religion. He became a member of the saint's household, and when he lost his sight through extreme old age, he had a servant to conduct his steps. It appears that Ossheen's appetite corresponded with his stature, and that the saint's housekeeper dealt his portion with a niggard hand, for when the old man expostulated with her one day on the scantiness of his repast, she bitterly replied, that his large oat cake, his quarter of beef, and miscawn of butter, would suffice a better man.

'Ah,' said he, his memory adverting to the days of his strength, I could yet show you an ivy leaf broader than your cake, a berry of the quickbeam larger than your miscawn, and the leg of a blackbird that would outweigh your quarter of beef.'

With that want of respect to the aged and destitute which indicates the ill-tempered and rude of that sex, she gave him the lie direct, but Ossheen remained silent.

Some time after, Ossheen directed his attendant to nail a raw hide against the wall, and to dash the puppies of a bitch of the wolf-dog species that had lately littered, against it. They in succession fell howling and helpless to the ground, except one, that clung with tooth and nail in the hide. He was carefully reared, and when he was full grown and vigorous, Ossheen one day told his attendant to conduct him to the plain of Kildare, and to lead the dog in a leash. As they went along, Ossheen at a certain place asked his guide if he beheld anything deserving of particular notice; and he replied that he saw a monstrous plant resembling ivy, that projected from a rock, and almost hid the light of the sun, and also a large tree which bore a red fruit of enormous bulk. Ossheen carried away the leaf and the fruit. They shortly reached the plain of Kildare, and he again demanded whether any strange object met the servant's attention.

'Yes,' said the other, 'I perceive a dallan of extraordinary size.'

He then desired to be led to the stone, and after removing it from its place with one giant effort, he took from the cavity beneath, a Cran-tubal, or sling, a ball, and an ancient trumpet. Sitting on the upturned dallan, he blew the musical instrument. The loud blast seemed to pierce the concave sky, and though the sound appeared to sweep the earth, it was sweet and harmonious. After the lapse of some hours, the blind musician inquired if his attendant beheld any thing uncommon.

'I perceive,' said he, 'a flight of birds advancing from every quarter of the heavens, and alighting on the plain before us.'

He continued the magic strain, when his attendant exclaimed that a monstrous bird, the shadow of whose bulk darkened the field, was approaching.

'That is the object of our expectation,' said Ossheen, 'let slip the dog as that bird alights.'

The wolf-dog bounded with open jaws to the fight, and the bird received his attack with matchless force. The thrilling blasts of the trumpet seemed to inspire the combatants with renewed rage; they fought all day, and at the going down of the sun the victorious wolf-dog drank the life of his prostrate foe.

'The bird is dead,' said the affrighted servant, 'and the dog, bathed in blood, is approaching to devour us.'

'Direct my aim,' said the hero, 'towards the dog.'

Then launching the ball from the cran-tubal, it arrested the rapid progress of the savage animal, and felled him lifeless to the earth.

The leaf, the berry, and the leg of this amazing blackbird, were the spoils which he produced to the housekeeper in proof of his veracity. This was the expiring effort of the warrior bard, for the legend records, that indignation at this woman's insulting language shortly afterwards broke his heart.

Such is the legend of Ossheen, the son of Fionn, and which, in some of the more distant districts of Ireland, is handed down from father to son, as being the true history of this last of the noble race to whom it alludes.

THE WIND AND THE WEATHER.—Nothing is more difficult than to form any tolerable theory as to weather or wind, and yet it is a most amusing speculation. In Ireland the wind generally does half the duty of the sun; it dries the ground, and saves the harvest; without it the country would be scarcely habitable—fanned by the zephyrs, we have the winters of Italy and the summers of Tempe. Other countries in our latitude are perished in spring and early summer, by east and north winds, caused by the melting of the snows on the continent, or the rarification of the air at the Equator. This we seldom experience to any inconvenient degree. The Sirocco sometimes visits us—the Bise very rarely. It is true that our zephyrs are not always of the mildest—when the condensed vapors of the Atlantic are precipitated on the Emerald Isle, there is a pressure of the atmosphere, and a disengagement of air, that often threatens to sweep all before it.

Young trees thrive better in Ireland than in any other country; but when there is not great shelter, they cannot grow large—the oak is twisted, the larch bent, the fir and the elm blown down; yet formerly Ireland was celebrated for fine timber—so she may be again, if planted largely and in masses. This is not a country for screens and clumps—she wants woods. The best places to plant, are the east and north sides of hills, in general the most sterile, though most sheltered part; on the plain the tree is exposed to every blast, on the hill-side to but one. If all tenants were obliged to plant a few acres to the west of their farms, (perhaps ten per hundred,) it would give ornament, shelter and fire wood. The best timber for Ireland are oak, ash, larch, birch, Canada poplar, timber sally, and the common Norway pine.

What is that which increases the effect by diminishing the cause? A pair of sunflowers.

RAMBLES IN THE COUNTY OF MEATH--THE RUINS OF NEWTOWN.

At a short distance from the well-known Yellow Steeple of Trim, on swelling banks within a glorious sweep of that 'darling of the ocean,' the Boyne, on both sides of which they extend, are the extensive remains of the religious foundations of Newtown, the principal of which are the monastery, with its customary appendages, and the ruins of the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. It was founded in the year 1206, by Simon de Rochfort, the first English prelate who assumed the title of Bishop of Meath, removing the episcopal chair from Clonard, the cathedral church of his Irish predecessors in the see, to the new structure at Newtown, which he designed as an Abbey of Canons Regular of the Order of St. Victor. About this period, this haughty churchman appears to have possessed almost unbounded sway over the broad plains of Meath, and to have enjoyed the confidence and support of the powerful De Lacys. He abolished several of the minor bishoprics, and had himself erected sole Bishop of Meath, under which title he and his successors sat next in rank to the Archbishop, as lords spiritual in the Irish Parliament.

The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul is one of the most elegant structures amongst the remains of the monastic establishments to be encountered in all directions about Trim, and it is said one of the very earliest specimens of the light-pointed Gothic in the kingdom. The portions of the southern wall, and of the eastern and western ends, which still remain, are luxuriously mantled with ivy, particularly the eastern window, which now lies open to the ground, and is some fifty feet in height. In the walls of a small parish church adjoining is the sculptured tomb of one of the mitred ecclesiastics, besides portions of exquisitely carved imposts, capitals, mouldings, and other fragments of the abbey.

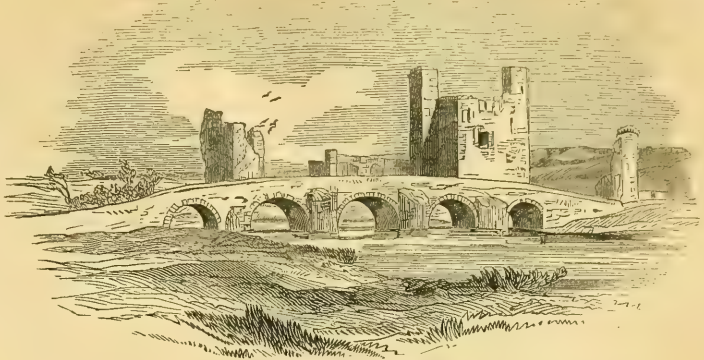
In the front of the chapel are the remains of the splendid tomb erected to the memory of Sir Lucas Dillon, an able jurist, and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in the reign of Elizabeth. It is an altar tomb, with the recumbent figures of the knight and his wife, Jane Bath, and inscribed with the armorial bearings of the Dillons, Baths, and Barnewalls, and with a shield having two bends.

Sir Robert Dillon, father of Sir Lucas, was Attorney General to Henry VIII., and, at the dissolution of the monasteries, received from that monarch a grant of the lands of Newtown, where his brother Thomas was prior in the year 1511. In 1568 Sir Lucas had a further grant of the Abbey of the Virgin Mary in Trim, and of the towns of Canonstown, Grange of Trim, Ladyrath and Rathnally. He was the ancestor of the Earls of Roscommon. The inscription, which is now illegible, is thus given by Lodge:—

*Militis hic Lucas Dillonis ossa quiescunt,
Conciliis Regni Summus, Baroq. supremus
Mense Februarii decimus cum septimus instat,
Tempora lustrali profusus flumine clausit,
Terrenos linquens celestes sumpsit honores.*

A portion of the adjoining ground is still used as a graveyard, and it is to be regretted that fragments of the ancient sculpture of the Abbey are so frequently employed as head-stones by the peasantry.

A synod was appointed in Newtown in 1216, and, in 1485, one of its priors, Thomas Scurlock, was appointed Treasurer of Ireland. Two years later its prior, who, like those of his brethren at Trim, was implicated in the rebellion of Lambert Simnel, received the royal pardon. The last prior was Laurence White, who surrendered the priory and its possessions in June, 1513, and three years afterwards the house was finally suppressed by Parliament, and granted to Henry VIII., when the establishment was found to consist of 'a church, two towers, a hall, store-house, kitchen, brew-house, two granaries, a pigeon-house, and haggart; also of four messuages, twenty acres of arable land, being part of the said demesne, on the north side of the Boyne, and the close containing an acre of pasture, with three gardens in Newton—annual value, besides reprisal, one hundred and one shillings and fourpence; in addition to 550 acres of the first land in Meath, a



NEWTOWN CHURCH.

castle, several villages, gardens and messuages scattered through the adjoining country. This, therefore, must have been one of the richest monastic establishments in Ireland.

Immediately adjoining the bridge, on the southern side of the river, are the remains of a massive square keep, with square towers at two of its angles. From it a regular range of buildings extends somewhat lower down to the river, along the water's edge, to a smaller tower, near which is the eastern gable of a small chapel with a fine triple window. At a short distance by the roadside is a light circular turret, which probably commanded the gate, as it did one of the approaches to Trim. Within the walls of this extensive enclosure are also the remains of the Hospital or Priory of St. John the Baptist, of the thirteenth century, for friars of the order of Couched Friars, or Cross-bearers, and to which the Bishops of Meath were great benefactors. This fraternity wore a cross embroidered on their habits, and devoted themselves to the redemption of Christian captives.—*Irish Lit. Gazette.*

THE MISERIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

An author by profession may always be known by certain outward, unquestionable appearances of poverty, which are sure indications of genius and a total disregard for decency. His exalted pursuits elevate him above the paltry considerations of cleanliness; the luxury of a change of linen, or the perplexing extravagance of two coats, would only distract his attention from his literary pursuits, or frighten his bookseller out of all recollection of his person. His face should resemble a dried mummy, and his eye be sunk deep in the socket, like the wick of an expiring parish lamp; the skiny exterior of his upper lip should be well covered with snuff, and his teeth give proofs of his attachment to a social pipe; his hat should be of the fashion of his boyish days, pinched into a thousand eccentric forms, by way of amusement, while waiting in anxious expectation of a great man's notice, or a bookseller's liberality; his boots should be waterproof—i. e. one hole to let the water in, and another to let it out—his pocket-handkerchief (if he does not use the sleeve of his coat) should have more holes than the French admiral's flag at the battle of the Nile, and must on no account be washed above once in six months, for fear of wearing it out. In his carriage, he should preserve a gentle bend, by way of reducing his altitude to the level of common-place understandings. He should be exceedingly cautious how he frowns, lest it should be misconstrued into contempt; nor can he be too particular in the indulgence of a laugh, lest it should be taken for derision. He may accept any invitation to dinner, and is never expected to return the compliment; nay, he may pop into any family, where he has the least footing, without hesitation, and take pot-luck, and charity prescribes the necessity of their pressing him to stay.

He must always be ready with a good joke, cut and dried, to suit the humor of his company, to defend his host with, or amuse the family party. Everything he says will be sure of applause, as coming from an author, and, above all, he must endeavor to be egotistical. If he should lack wit, and be without conversational talents (no unusual thing for a modern to want), he need not be uneasy, if he can only manage to pass for an eccentric, and then his excessive stupidity will be placed to the account of his deep study and total abstraction. He should, on no account, shave more than once a week, because a long beard may be considered a mark of singularity inseparable from original genius. He must never think of paying his debts; first, because such a practice is wholly unprecedented, and would ruin the whole profession by example; secondly, because, if any one has trusted him, he may be sure they did so from motives of charity and without hope of payment; or, thirdly, if any one has been mad enough to indulge in such a chimerical expectation, his folly deserves correction. His residence should be in the attic of some old-fashioned building, where, in times past, a celebrated poet was starved to death, or some distinguished literary character has since committed suicide. His furniture should be a truckle-bedstead, with a flock mattress, and an old great coat for a coverlid; his couch or settee formed by the side or end of it; his box, for if he has no wardrobe to fill it with, he still should have a box, to give him consequence with his landlady, and serve the double purpose of shutting out prying curiosity from his papers, and forming a writing-desk by his bedside. In writing he should be ambidextrous, and, in catching an idea or a passing thought, jump instantly out of bed and commit the subject to paper on the inspiration of the moment. If he ever is imprisoned for debt, he should attribute such an occurrence not to any wild hope of enforcing payment, but merely as a friendly act, done in the idea that seclusion from the world may correct his idleness, better his fortune, and afford him at once the opportunity and incitement to pursue his labors. If he has not tasted of all these, and ten times more miseries than are here related, then he is no true author.

There are a set of dull, heavy, leaden-headed college mechanics, who, having served an apprenticeship to the art of translating the classic languages, as they are called, lard their conversation with a succession of misplaced quotations, in monkish Greek or Latin, in the hope of passing for authors. Now, be it known, we utterly reject any such pedantic persons, and any such claims to the rights and privileges of genius, or the delightful sensations of the miseries of authorship.

Look upon a field of corn. The ears which lift their heads the highest have the least in them. It is the same with men. Be assured that the heads of those who are most elated by vanity have the least judgment, merit, or capacity.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

AN INCIDENT ON THE SOUTHERN ROAD.

'Hallo, waiter.'

'Coming, sir.'

'Has my horse been fed?'

'He has just had his oats, sir.'

'Did you see that his near hind shoe was secured, as I desired?'

'All is right, sir; the smith is only this moment gone.'

'Well, my good fellow, please to have him saddled and brought round in about half an hour; in the meantime, you may amuse yourself by making out my bill.'

The servitor vanished, and the gentleman was left alone in his meditations and a pint of port. He was evidently an old and experienced traveller, well appointed in all respects for the road; he was a stout built, well-fed Englishman, exhibiting that thoughtful and practical expression of countenance which so much characterises the man of business in England. He had already travelled twenty Irish miles, and nearly the same number yet intervened between where he then was and the village at which he purposed to put up for the night. He had not been long in Ireland, and the tales he had read and heard repeated (too often grossly exaggerated) of pikes sixteen feet long, of houghings, burnings, and other aboriginal amusements, had not conveyed an over favorable impression regarding the country he had undertaken to journey through. Evening was fast closing in; and when from the window he looked on the wide black bog through which his road lay, presenting as it did, after a heavy day's wet in November, a dismal contrast to the level surface of the English 'turnpike road,' and then turned alternately to the pleasant turf fire which glowed upon the hearth, and to the fine old wine that sparkled seductively in his glass, he sighed at the thought of resigning the comforts which these conferred, for the cheerless misery which that presented. He was not a man, however, to be easily depressed; so finishing his port, and ordering a few more sods to the fire, he mixed, by way of a finisher, a fiery tumbler, strongly impregnated with the 'spirit of the mountain.' He then turned his huge 'Peter-sham' so as to acquire more of the genial influence of the blazing turf, and proceeded to examine his arms. These consisted of a case of pistols splendidly mounted, feather-sprung, and detonating. Having perfectly satisfied himself that no tricks had been played with their charges, he placed them carefully in the two breast-pockets of his great coat, situated inside the lining, so as to protect them alike from damp and prying observation. With such companions, he thought himself capable to face Collier or even Captain Rock himself, should either venture to oppose him. The waiter now entered, and announced that his horse was ready; so, settling his bill, he arose, and tying a silk handkerchief around his throat, and pulling on his large 'fearnought,' he mounted his horse, a fine strong animal, who answered his rider's caress by a spirited neighing; then, placing in his mouth a lighted cigar, and slipping a 'douceur' into the ready hand of the officious hostler, who, in rather a mysterious tone, wished him 'safe journey,' the traveller rode off.

The night was becoming pitchy dark, and the rain, driven full in his teeth by a biting gust, was falling fast; but his horse, which possessed great strength and action, having been well refreshed, bore him gallantly; and, after an hour's good going, he calculated upon having distanced the inn eight or nine miles. As he advanced, however, the road became more hilly, broken, and difficult, and was in some places so narrow that he was in danger of being swamped in the deep drains which ran parallel on either side, and he was therefore obliged to dismount and lead his horse by the bridle. Having proceeded a little further on, he came to where four

roads crossed, and seeing a light in a miserable hovel, which was situated in a small field, a little from the wayside, he secured his horse to a tree, and advanced towards it, in order to ascertain his way correctly. His path, though short, like some passages in music, he found very difficult to get through. He had sunk knee-deep in the mire, and on attempting to cross a trench, fell into a pool of green and stagnant water, scrambling out of which, he straightway found himself in company of a portly animal, 'epicuri degrege porcum,' who, with her infant progeny, had been enjoying a profound repose. The noise occasioned by his unceremonious entree seemed to cause great alarm in the hovel; the rushlight which had gleamed from the four-paned window (three of straw and one of glass,) was instantly extinguished, and a loud and boisterous chorus became hushed in silence. Having made good his entrance, he found himself in a small earth-floored room, furnished with a deal table, flanked by low forms of the same material; at the head of the table sat three men, dressed in dark frieze coats, all busily employed in inflicting summary justice upon a coarse cheese of home manufacture, and oaten bread, while occasionally they made acquaintance with a large black bottle, whose contents appeared somewhat more caloric than 'blessed water from the spring.' At the lower end of the table sat the mistress of the establishment, and four ragged half-starved children, engaged at their vesper-time meal, composed of that root which Malthus vituperates, and Sadler praises.

Our friend, having procured the necessary information, requested the assistance of one of the youngsters, to guide him through the difficulties of the way. While he was speaking, he observed that one of the frieze-coated personages, a pale, thin, determined looking man, was eyeing him most scrutinizingly. Accompanied by the boy, the traveller took his departure—previously, however, requesting the company to feel no uneasiness from his visit, for he was neither a spy nor a still-hunter, a proctor nor a process-server on a professional tour. As he left the room, he noticed that the opposite apartment was used for a stable, and contained three horses ready saddled in their stalls. Having passed the most difficult part of the road—

'Good night, my fine little fellow,' said the traveller, 'you have conducted me safely, and here is a shilling for your trouble.'

The boy closed his hand fast upon the coin, and, running home, entered the room, exclaimed 'mother, mother, look what the gentleman snt you—a white shillin'!

'A shillin', you gossoon!' said the woman, holding it up to the light; 'for a shillin' it's mighty heavy an' yellow intirely.'

'You 'omadhawn'! isn't it a 'suvin'—a rael golden one,' shouted the pale man, as rising he snatched it from her, and, in his impatience, struck with a hazel switch his astonished companions. 'Blood an' fire, boys,' he continued, 'what are yees at? Don't yeess see the gentleman is gone, that threw away his suvins as if they were fardins, an' carries no smaller change than yellow gold. What a beautiful 'dish of throat' we let slip through our fingers,' and he bit his lips in vexation.

'It's not too late yet,' said one of his comrades; 'an canther will do us no harm.'

'Thrus for you, 'a bouchal'; so I'll just fresh prime the poppers, an' be with the yeess in no time. Whelan, bring out the horses.'

In two minutes the robbers were in full chase. Through the stillness of the night air, the hurried tramp soon reached the ears of the pursued.

'There is no use in flying them,' thought he, as the terrible suspicion burst upon his mind; 'they are fresh, and I am weary; I will therefore await them, and prepare for the worst.' He then took out a pistol, cocked it, and drawing up his horse,

held the reins tightly, and prepared for the attack. They were now up with him.

'Ha, the three of them!' exclaimed he, as turning an angle of the road, they broke upon his view. 'The long odds are against me, but the knowing ones may be taken in.'

'Stop, stop!' shouted two of the villains, riding furiously up, and halting one at each side of him, while the third held back in the rear.

'Who dares stop me? Cowards, stand off!' exclaimed the traveller, sternly.

'Be aisy now, my darlind,' said the pale-faced ruffian, 'an' we'll be civil to you,—and at the same time, both the robbers were covering him with their short carbines—'we only want whatever loose cash you may happen to have about you; an' to save both of us trouble an' uneasiness, give it dacently.'

A shot from the traveller cut short his harangue; and the robber's horse, startled by the report, broke away, leaving his rider dead upon the ground.

'Oh, ye murderin' thief,' roared one of the remaining assailants, 'you've kilt my brother; but it'll be the dearest shot you ever fired;' and as the echo of the traveller's pistol died away, a ball from the carbine passed through its victim's back. The gentleman reeled, but fell not, and, with instinctive courage, wheeling round his horse, sprung the bayonet of his discharged weapon, and, with all the energy of coming death, stabbed his slayer to the heart. They fell together to the earth, gory and lifeless.

Early next morning, the inhabitants of the village of B—— were surprised at the appearance of a horse straying through the street, with a broken bridle, and saddle stained with blood. The alarm spread, and search being made, the bodies were found lying as they fell—the clothes of one of them torn, and his pockets rifled. None of them could be recognized; they were all strangers in that part of the country. The requisite forms of the laws were complied with, and after the inquest, the remains of the unfortunate gentlemen were decently committed to the earth. A case of handsome pistols were found on the fatal spot, which were deposited with the sheriff of the county—sole memorials of the dead. Time rolled on, and mystery dwelt upon the matter—until even the memory of the dead had well nigh passed away.

About seven years afterwards, however, a man having been condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, in the assize town of T——, sent for the governor of the gaol, the night before execution, and presented him with a small copy of 'Falconer's Shipwreck,' as a memorial of the scene of the kindness he had experienced from him; but he made no confession whatever. In a blank leaf were the initials, 'W. H.,' which were found to correspond with those engraved on the pistols that had belonged to the murdered traveller.

ANECDOTE OF STRONGBOW AND HIS SON.—When Strongbow was marching to Wexford, through the barony of Idronne, to relieve Fitzstephen, he was briskly assailed by O'Rian and his followers; but O'Rian being slain by an arrow, shot at him by Nichol, the monk, the rest were easily scattered, and many of them slain. It was here that Strongbow's only son, a youth about seventeen years old, frightened with the numbers and ululations of the Irish, ran away from the battle, and made towards Dublin; but being informed of his father's victory, he joyfully came back to congratulate him. The severe general, however, having first reproached him with cowardice, caused him to be immediately executed, by cutting him off in the middle with a sword. So great an abhorrence had they of distardiness in those days that, in imitation of the Romans, they punished it with a severity which, how commendable soever it may be in a general, was nevertheless unnatural in a father.

SOMNAMBULISM.

We have many striking instances that the mental faculties are by no means torpid during the time of sleep; but in the following circumstances, fully authenticated, there is ample proof that the powers of the mind may, at that period, sustain greater labor than during our waking moments. The subject is one well-deserving of attention, both in a medical and a philosophical point of view. Some time since, John Buckridge, son of a wealthy and respectable farmer, residing near Leeds, in Yorkshire, was placed at a grammar-school, within a few miles of that town, kept by the Rev. Mr. Dunne.

Young Buckridge, who was entered as a boarder, displayed very little inclination for learning during the first month of his probation; he talked incessantly of the plough and harrow, the dairy and the farm-yard, and wished often and heartily that he was amongst them, and free from the tedious and disagreeable task of poring over books, the contents of which he neither knew nor seemed to wish to know. He thought

'Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.'

However, the principal of the establishment neglected no means to endeavor to call forth whatever share of intellect the boy might have; still he evinced no thirst for improvement, and his retentive faculties being extremely defective, he seldom remembered in the morning any part of the lesson committed to keeping on the preceding evening. In this manner the boy continued to plod on wearily with his studies, until the expiration of another month, when a visible change was remarked in the manner that he performed the various school business allotted to him; he that before was only remarkable for dullness and stupidity, became the most correct and generally perfect student in the entire academy; but the cause of this most singular change still remained a mystery.

During the usual hours for business he was, as before, listless and inattentive—neither did he relax in his accustomed amusements, so that he did not seem to devote one hour more to study. It happened, however, that one of the ushers, who occupied an apartment contiguous to the school-room, hearing a noise in the passage, betwixt the hours of twelve and one, when the family had all retired to rest, was induced to watch, on the supposition that thieves might have broken into the house. On partly opening his door, all was dark and silent; but in a few minutes after, young Buckridge ascended from the kitchen with a lamp alight in his hand, which he had brought from thence.

The usher's fears now gave way to curiosity, and he determined to watch the movements of the boy, who was evidently enjoying a profound sleep. Buckridge passed on with a rapid, though cautious step, to the door of the school-room, which he unlocked, and proceeded directly to the place that he generally occupied, opened a desk in which his books were deposited, took them out, and arranged them in due order before him, and instantly fell to study.

The extremely astonished usher, imagining that it might have been a trick of the boy's, shook and pinched him repeatedly, but to no purpose; he seemed insensible to everything, save only the pursuit of learning, and after having successfully perused the different lessons marked for his business on the following morning, he arose from the seat, and repeated them at the principal's desk, as if he had been there for examination, in the most perfect and satisfactory manner.

The usher having faithfully reported this singular discovery, Mr. D. resolved to watch the following night, and he enabled to question the lad; he accordingly did so, and about the same hour as on the preceding night, young Buckridge arose from his bed, and went through the same

ceremony, with the addition of writing his English exercises, which were not included in the business of the former day. Having completed this important affair, he proceeded as before to Mr. Dunne's desk, where that gentleman now really stood, together with the usher, and here he repeated in regular succession his various lessons, replied to many questions put to him by Mr. D., and finally, having delivered in his exercises for examination, returned to the kitchen with the lamp, which he carefully extinguished, and went back to bed. Being closely questioned, in the morning, as to how he had become so perfect in his school business, he could not assign any reason whatever for his being so, and declared that it surprised himself. One thing is certain, that the sleep was by no means counterfeit, the lad knew nothing of it, but almost invariably quitted his bed at the same hour, and went through his school business with the same unremitting regularity.

On this subject a writer in the 'Medical Adviser' gives it as his opinion, that although the brain, during sleep, performs no functions of reason or instinct, yet the pressure occasioned by the passing of the blood through it, while in that state, produces sensations that agitate in a confused manner the shadows of those realities which it has been accustomed to bear. It is a recurrence of the sensorium to those actions of thought to which it has been familiar, unmixed with, and unregulated by any impressions from the external senses. It is common to see people move their lips, tongue, and limbs during sleep. The same cause moves the sleep-walker to the various actions which he performs; and somnambulism is only a dream of more extended power than others. There has been no effectual remedy against this unpleasant and dangerous affection. In many instances, terror properly regulated during the action of sleep-walking might be tried with benefit on persons who are not very nervous or delicate. The following cases may serve to strengthen this opinion.

Edward Harding, a student of Trinity College, Dublin, who inhabited an attic in the left wing of the University, was in the habit of walking upon the roof in his sleep. One night, having taken a relation, who was locked out, to sleep with him, they had not been in bed more than two hours, when the latter saw him deliberately get up, put on his clothes, strike a light, and sit down, apparently to study. This, however, did not surprise him, as he thought his friend was preparing for the approaching examinations. In a few moments he observed him opening the window, and immediately proceeding to walk out of it upon the roof. Recollecting that his friend had the habit of sleep-walking, he pursued him cautiously. The day was just dawning, and he could see him distinctly walking along the parapet with destruction within an inch of him. Actuated with strong fear for his friend's safety, he proceeded in the gutter of the roof, until he came behind Mr. Harding, who now stood at the extreme end of the building, and seemed to look upon the distant earth with the greatest 'sang froid,' and, seizing him suddenly by the arm, pulled him upon him into the gutter, there holding him by force, notwithstanding his violent exertions to disengage himself, until at length he became quite awake and sensible of his perilous situation. He never afterwards walked in his sleep, although he used to get out of bed at night, and mope about for a moment or two; but he would wake in the greatest terror, which, however, soon dissipated, and he rested well the remainder of the night.

A lady in Scotland is said to have been cured by a similar effect. She was the daughter of a gentleman who inhabited an old romantic house in Dumfriesshire, and sundry strange noises, music, &c., having been heard by himself and his domestics about midnight, in a certain room, it was consider-

ed to be haunted. A friend having been on a visit at the house, the conversation turned upon the circumstance of the haunted apartment, when the guest, who was a young man not to be frightened by a ghost, proposed to sleep in it. This was acceded to, and he retired to the 'abode of horrors,' amidst the prayers and pity of the wondering domestics.—About one o'clock, while he was yet sitting at the table reading, the door was opened, and a female, in a long white robe, entered. The figure proceeded to different parts of the room, and at length sat down to an old spinette, and played some pretty airs. The young man now perceived it was no ghost, but 'bona fide' his host's daughter. He approached her to applaud her performance, and the lady having stood up, took her hand to conduct her to the door, when she awakened, and perceiving her situation, retired almost overcome with terror. This adventure completely cured her. We would recommend, in cases of sleep-walking, to seize the arms suddenly, and halloo in the ears until the sleeper awakes, or the application of a jug of cold water, by pouring it suddenly upon the head. In this latter case, however, care should be taken to have the body well rubbed with dry towels after the operation.

A TRULY BRAVE MAN.—When the American army was at Valley Forge, in the winter of 1777, a Captain of the Virginia Line refused a challenge sent him by his brother officer, alleging that his life was devoted to the service of his country, and that he did not think it a point of duty to risk it, to gratify the caprice of any man. His antagonist gave him the character of a coward throughout the whole army. Conscious of not having merited the aspersion, and discovering the injury he should sustain in the minds of those unacquainted with him, he repaired one evening to a general meeting of the officers of that line. On his entrance, he was avoided by the company, and the officer who had challenged him insolently ordered him to leave the room—a request which was loudly re-echoed from all parts. He refused, and asserted that he came there to vindicate his fame; and after mentioning the reasons which induced him not to accept the challenge, he applied a large hand grenade to the candle, and when the fuse had caught fire, threw it on the floor, saying, 'here, gentlemen, this will quickly determine which of us will dare brave dangers most.' At first, they stared upon him for a moment with stupid astonishment, but their eyes soon fell upon the fuse of the grenade, which was fast burning down. Away scampered colonel, general, ensign, and captain, and all made a rush at the door, simultaneous and confused. Some fell, and others made way over the bodies of their comrades; some succeeded in getting out, but for the instant there was a general heap of flesh sprawling at the entrance of the department. Here was a colonel jostling with a subaltern, and their fat generals pressing lean lieutenants into the boards, and blustering majors and squeaking ensigns wrestling for exit, the size of the one and the feebleness of the other making their chance of departure pretty equal, until time, which does all things, at last cleared the room, and left the noble captain standing over the grenade with his arms folded, and his countenance expressing every kind of scorn and contempt for the train of scrambling red-coats, as they toiled and hustled and bored their way out of the door. After the explosion had taken place, some of them ventured to return, to take a peep at the mangled remains of their comrade, whom, however, they found alive and uninjured. When they were all gone, the captain threw himself on the floor as the only possible means of escape, and fortunately came off with a whole skin and repaired reputation.

A governess, advertising for a situation says 'she is perfect mistress of her own tongue.'



ROSTREVOR.

THE VILLAGE OF ROSTREVOR, far famed for its beautiful and romantic scenery, and fine strand for bathers, is situated about seven miles from the town of Newry, in a little cove formed in the northern side of the widely extended bay, which is completely open in front to the waters of the Irish Sea, and is truly a rural retreat; lying at the foot of a beautiful romantic mountain of the same name, which is closely covered with full-grown oaks, and other trees of different heights and hues, and which forms a part of that extensive range of mountains which stretch along the shores of Mourne, it is well defended from the severity and force of those storms which frequently sweep along the coast of Ireland. From its little quay, a delightful walk, completely covered over by trees, conducts the stranger for nearly a mile's distance along the banks of the bay, giving to view at every step, from some new point, some prospect which had not previously attracted his attention.

As a watering place, Rosstrevor has been long celebrated, and is not only a popular place of resort in the summer and autumn seasons to the inhabitants of the northern and eastern districts of Ireland, but is much frequented by the smoke-dried denizens of the manufacturing towns of Lancashire. With the inhabitants of Liverpool it has long been a favorite, and we are not surprised at their partiality, for it is indeed a lovely spot. The town, or, perhaps, to be more correct, village, is situated on an acclivity, ascending gracefully from the margin of a land-locked bay, and backed by precipitous and lofty mountains; villas, noble mansions, rustic cottages, and every variety of rural dwelling completing a scene wherein there is a combination of mountain, of low land, and of wood and water. The rank of the inhabitants contributes to the neat and beautiful appearance of the place, and the public decorations are in character with the sublimity of the surrounding landscape. A handsome church and steeple at the upper extremity of the market-place strongly relieve the dark front of the mountain behind, and a little way up the hill is a neat school-house, and also the Roman Catholic chapel, from the west side of which there is a delightful view of the village.

Rosstrevor is the united surnames of two respectable families, whose properties were here united by a marriage of their representatives. On the beach stands a slender and graceful obelisk erected to the memory of the brave General Ross, who fell whilst heading an attack on Baltimore in the last American war. It is a

handsome cut-stone obelisk, standing on a very prominent situation, upon a base which forms a number of steps, composed of the same material. On the four sides the various engagements in which the gallant general bore a conspicuous part are recorded, especially that in which he lost his life. It stands in the middle of a field or park, which is enclosed by a deep fosse and embankment. From this point several fine views to the right and left may be taken. Not far from this is a handsome cottage, erected by the late General, and in which Mrs. Ross continued to reside during the summer seasons. In this direction also are the ruins of an old 'ivy-mantled castle,' said to have been built in 'days of yore,' by one of the lords of Iveagh, but at so remote a period that even the legend concerning its lordly owner has been carried down the stream of dark oblivion.

The traveller will observe on the summit of Rosstrevor mountain a stone of enormous size, lying immediately above the wood; it is called the Cloughmorn stone, and is generally visited by persons stopping any time at Rosstrevor, as the prospect from it is most extensive and sublime. There is also an enchanting spot close by the village, called Fairy Hill—the scenery surrounding which is beautiful beyond conception.

AN ADVENTURE.

It is many years since a gentleman happened to take up a night's lodging in a room which overlooked a church-yard, situated in the midst of a small town. Whether he was a stranger, a visitor, or a resident there, I cannot at this moment call to mind; nor do I mention the name of the town, for obvious reasons.—The gentleman was young, strong, and by no means visionary, so that if he looked out of his window before he retired to rest at midnight, it was most probably to speculate upon the weather. Once having looked, however, he could not withdraw his gaze—his eyes were rivetted upon the church, for he perceived, to his great surprise, that a light was burning within it, casting a dull gleam from the windows which surround the altar. He watched for a few moments in silence, and, it may be supposed, with as much awe as curiosity, until he was certain that there could be no deceit, for the light remained burning in the same place. He was resolved to ascertain what so singular an appearance could mean; but he would not go alone—perhaps he durst not—perhaps he wished for the company of

other witnesses besides himself. One or two neighbors were called up, and the keys of the churchyard procured after some delay. There burned the light still, and though their eyes were anxiously fixed upon it as the gate creaked upon its rusty hinges to admit them, it neither faded or moved. They approached the building; the windows were so high that, to gain any view of what might be passing in the interior, it was necessary to have recourse to a ladder; this, too, after some delay, they obtained. They applied it to the large window of the chancel, and there was some deliberation as to who should first ascend. The gentleman who had given the alarm at last volunteered the service, and with a panting breath, and a brow covered with beads of dew, reached the top and looked down, the rest huddling together behind him, and pressing closely one upon the other. The sight he saw was sufficient to shake the courage of the stoutest. The communion-table had been uncovered, as for the rite, and drawn a short distance from the wall. Two candles had been brought from the vestry, lighted, and placed thereon; three figures were seated round it, playing at cards. They were young men of licentious habits and notorious impiety, and their flushed countenances and disordered clothes showed that their present audacious act of sacrilege had been planned at some debauch.—But there was a fourth at the table—that fourth a corpse, which had that day been buried in a vault within the church. It had been dragged from its grave by these blasphemous rioters to assist at their game, as if they were resolved that no horror should be wanting. You may think how ghastly the dead face looked when contrasted with their rude and glaring countenances; how chilling was its motionless silence in return to their infernal ribaldry. Those who beheld looked long ere they could believe that living men could dare to perpetrate so enormous a crime. Other inhabitants of the neighborhood were presently collected, the church door unlocked, and the gamesters interrupted—who could have dared to wait until the game was played out? They were immediately taken into custody, and it was further discovered that the criminals belonged to some of the most respectable families of the place. How they had gained an entrance, or what had tempted them to so fearfully wicked an act, was never known, or, if it was known, was never told; for, in consideration of their families, the matter was hushed up, the miscreants allowed to escape from—, to re-appear there no more.

IRISH MISCELLANY

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858

PRESSURE FROM WITHIN.

In the few preceding articles on Chinese affairs, we have seen how the 'Flowery Land' has been forced, by a strong pressure from without, to endure, not only on her borders, but also within her boundaries, the presence of outside barbarians. She endured it with all the patience which Massachusetts—in some respects a sort of China in its own respectable way—endures the presence of a southern gentleman who may be looking hereabout for an unhappy colored gentleman in difficulties, who preferred to leave his one master, the south, and a home, such as it was, for a host of masters, a north which promises him everything and gives him nothing, and for a home, such as it is, which can never be to him a home.

The pressure from without on China came chiefly from those insignificant drops of water on the edge of the bucket—England, France, America and Russia. To the action of these powers, at times working separately, at times in real or apparent concert, the opening of the Chinese oyster to the hungry world is in a great measure due. But there has been also a pressure from within which has materially helped to make China somewhat more like other countries, inasmuch as it has lent a hand to unlock the inside fastenings of the Chinese gates, so that strangers may come in. This pressure from within came from three causes—emigration of the native Chinese to newly discovered gold regions, revolution, and the mysterious fact that, notwithstanding so many cruel laws against Christianity, Roman Catholic missionaries might at any time be found by those who needed their services in the very heart of China.

Before the discovery of the yellow dust of the Californian regions, a Chinaman was an object of curiosity to the multitude of outside barbarians. He might be seen occasionally in a seaport town, but it is probable that there were more Chinese in Rome and Naples, in 1841, than in America and England. The policy of China has always been to keep her children at home. As we intimated in a former article, she was never able to enforce this law with Japanese strictness, because of the far greater number of her subjects and the immense extent of the territory which she had to guard. But, with her knowledge and consent, few or no Chinese went abroad, and no stranger came in if she could prevent his entrance. She is one of four powers which have clung to this policy with some success. Japan carried it out so faithfully that, while foreigners could not enter the land and live, native Japanese sailors who were so unlucky as to have been shipwrecked, and who had been rescued by some foreign vessel, were not permitted to return to their own country. If the humane captains who rescued them landed them at a Japanese port, they were either imprisoned at once and for life, or otherwise disposed of, or returned as damaged goods to the captain's hands. Nativism is by no means an American institution—it was borrowed at second hand by our know-nothings from old, cracked China and worn-out Japan. Know-nothingism, should it succeed in the long run, would prove to be a startling evidence of the decay of our civilization.

Paraguay, under the late dictator, Dr. Francia, was in this respect a faithful imitator of China and Japan. And Central American travellers occasionally allude to a mysterious tribe, said to be the last remnant of the aborigines of America—not our Indians, not the Aztecs of Mexico, but a nobler and far more civilized race. They are, or were supposed to inhabit a plain almost entirely separated from the rest of the world by mountains and natural barriers

of every description. No man can leave the place; the stranger who stumbles upon it is imprisoned, or put to death, or, in rare cases, adopted by the tribe, and becomes a genuine Native American, the only condition being that he must thenceforward know nothing of the world outside.

Since the year 1848, however, Chinamen have been no novelty to us outside barbarians. Since the discovery of the yellow treasures in California, the Chinese managed to escape by twos, threes, dozens, and, finally, by hundreds, from their own country to the golden land, until California is tired of seeing them coming in such numbers. Of course, most of these adventurers are from the open seaports, such as Canton, Shanghai and Hongkong, because there is a frightfully large class of hungry people in those places; because their intercourse with English and American merchants teaches them that China is not all the world, and because the means of escape by way of these ports are easily obtained. The few thousands who run away are but as a drop in the Chinese ocean—no one misses them. It is known that they ran away only when they return with gold, and gold, in China, as in all other lands, affords an inducement strong enough to cause hordes of men to leave friends, family and home, and submit to every species of privation and danger. My neighbor, who is not half so enterprising as I am, went to California, and returned, after a few years, a rich man. I will go too. The conclusion is as reasonable in China as it is in New England. Perhaps more reasonable, because a sum which would be regarded as a very poor pittance here, or a moderate allowance at best, would be a splendid fortune to a Chinaman at home. The Chinese adventurer always means to return to his native country. A Chinaman naturalized in a foreign land, declaring in good faith his intention of becoming an adopted citizen, is indeed a rare specimen of humanity. So the imported Chinaman spends little, lives by himself, and takes all that he can get. He does not, in the least degree, help to enrich the community, to which he sticks like a leech. His color, race, manners, habits, customs, language, and religion, are all strange to his new fellow gold-hunters. He came, say the enraged Californians, a miser, a rascal, a heathen, and a beast; as such he stays with us, and as such he goes away with a full purse, out of which the state has gained less than nothing. If he would stay at home, we might let the thing pass, but presently a horde of his cousins, friends and neighbors rush in to fill, not only his place, but ours.

And so it has come to pass that Chinamen have become so numerous in California as to afford ground for suspicion and alarm among white men, who mean to spend their money somewhere in America. The Chinese form a community more distinct from ours, less resolvable into ours, and more repugnant to our feelings than even the Mormons or Indians. Christianity is an element in the real constitution of this land; often outraged, it is true, but still a living element. The Chinamen not only bring with them their hideous customs, their droll way of living, their dog and rat-eating propensities, but also their whole ritual of idolatrous and demon worship. The American market for Chinamen was, even four or five years ago, regarded by the yellow men in so favorable a light that at least two companies of jugglers and actors visited the land, and astonished our Yankees with their grotesque capers. These companies amused us all, at any rate, and so they did more good to the country than the Chinese gold diggers ever did. One result of the Chinese rush upon us was, that the few old-fashioned Chinese tea merchants in the country, who formerly sported their odd costume in the streets, enjoying the notice taken of them, and the prospect of gaining money by making of themselves walking advertisements, now dress like

the rest of mankind in these parts. The Chinaman dressed for dinner, and eating after the manner of his people, was once a godsend to a collector of curiosities. But who turns to look at him now?

The California mines, and the prospect of quick gains, proved strong enough to open the gates of the Celestial Empire to out-goers and to in-comers. And those gates will never again be closed. So long as we outside barbarians of Europe and America talked to them about our strength, numbers, civilization, literature, arts, sciences, inventions, and of our religion, John Chinaman laughed at us. He pretended that, in each of these and other mentionable things, he was not our scholar, not even our equal—he was our master. We could not name a thing which he did not know before we knew it, and which he did not know better than we. But, when we told him that across the Pacific, in a land almost opposite his shores, gold—in China a very scarce commodity, a little of which can do much—was to be had for the mere trouble of picking it up, he admitted that China needed one thing which America had, and so he crossed the ocean and built for himself a China in miniature, which might answer his purpose until he could return in the shape of a Chinese millionaire.

The mysterious revolutionary movement which has shaken China to her centre, and which has troubled the land for several years past, has aided the Chinaman who would emigrate in the accomplishment of his purpose. No one, Russia always excepted, knows the precise condition of that movement. We only know that it is an uprising of the native Chinese against the Tartar dynasty, which took possession of the government and of the fat of the land a few centuries ago. The leader—a sort of Brigham Young in his way—claims to be not only the inheritor of the rights of the deposed Chinese emperors, but also an emissary from heaven. It is not yet known how many thousands have been killed in this war; we only know that it has been a very cruel civil contest, and that it bid fair to revolutionize the whole empire. Occurring, as it did, contemporaneously with the demonstrations of the western powers against China, it helped quite materially the cause of England and France. A man whose house is in flames cannot stop to look after the enemy who is thundering away at his gates. But what induces us to speak of the revolution here, is the fact that it has thrown the empire into a confused state; it has made the administration of the laws more uncertain, and, in this connection, it has made it just now far more easy to the Chinaman to emigrate, make his fortune abroad, and return without attracting much notice. And this state of affairs, providentially, comes at the very time when Chinamen have greater inducement than they ever had to leave the empire for a season to seek their fortune, and when western merchants, anxious to find their fortune, are as eager to get into China as some Chinese are to get out of it.

We may here observe that the new branch of Chinese traffic, the Coolie trade, has been materially aided by the state of the Chinese mind which we have attempted to describe. These Coolies are to be slaves, of course, and the trade, besides being in substance a revival of the old slave traffic, is a great wrong done to the Chinese, who are told, of course, that they will be transported without charge to the golden regions in America, and that, after they may have compensated, by light work, for the expenses of their passage and keeping, they will be free to dig for as much gold as they can ask for, and roll in it, if they wish to make their yellow skins approach nearer to a rich golden color. The poor wretches believe all this; they live, or vegetate at the starvation point at home, and so they agree to become coolies, and find that, if death do not meet them on their way, as he often mercifully does, they have consigned themselves to a state of slavery in many respects more hopeless, more abject, more wretched, than that of the imported negro.

We will conclude our remarks on this subject in our next.

JOHN SAVAGE'S NEW PLAY OF "SYBIL."

The dramatic talent of Irishmen has long been a matter of pride and exultation to the student of Irish literature. Congreve, Farquhar, Arthur Murphy, Goldsmith, Kelley, Brinsley Sheridan, Shiel, Sheridan Knowles, Hanim, Brougham, Bourciquet, are names familiar as household words to the lovers of dramatic genius. To the long array of Irish dramatic authors, whose works have stood the test of the most acute critics of the day, and still live, enriching our literature, and shedding honor upon our country, is now to be added the name of John Savage. It will be seen by the following notices of his new tragedy of "Sybil," which we take from some of the leading American papers, that it has met with complete success wherever performed, and received with intense enthusiasm by the most intelligent audiences.

We congratulate our young countryman upon this new proof which he has given of the versatility of his literary genius. Poet, journalist, historian, are titles which but few, if any, of his years can boast; yet Mr. Savage has distinguished himself in all these departments of literature, and his play of "Sybil" now places him in the front rank of dramatic authors. But to our notices:—

"The New York correspondent of the London Morning Post of August 31 calls the remembrance of the readers of that journal to 'John Savage, who, at a very early age, became foolishly implicated in the troubles of 1848, and was expatriated in consequence.' The 'world of London' is informed that Mr. Savage is now domiciled in Washington as a journalist, in connexion with our spirited contemporary 'over the way,' and, further, that 'he has recently completed a tragedy in five acts, entitled 'Sybil,' which is to be produced during the winter, the principal 'role' being filled by a gifted young actress, who is now studying the part. She is enthusiastic concerning the merits of the piece, and I am informed by those who have seen the 'Sybil' that it really is a meritorious production. As a matter of course, it is devoted to the delineation of female character, and the author's delicate perceptions of womanly feeling and instinct have been highly commended.' The 'gifted young actress' alluded to in the London Post is Miss Avonia Jones of this city, who has so justly attracted the attention and applause of the critical and dramatic world. We perceive by the St. Louis papers that 'Sybil' has been produced there, and that a decided success, for both actor and author, has been the result."

We clip the above from the National Intelligencer of the 25th. In the St. Louis Republican we find unequivocal evidence of the result alluded to by the Intelligencer:—

"SYBIL, A PLAY, BY JOHN SAVAGE.—A few days since, we stated that, from lack of room, our remarks concerning the new play, as performed at the St. Louis Theatre, must appear in a future number of the Republican. Whenever, as in the present instance of a success such as 'Sybil' has merited and may boast, we can obtain the manuscript from which to copy sentences, more than ordinary pains may properly be given to description and analysis. The piece is simple, partially founded on fact, and possessing little real interest as a story. Something of a similar narrative makes the groundwork for many a play, but in the use of colors which compose a picture, ignorance or skill on the part of the artist has much to do with the grand effect. Mr. Savage gains for himself much credit for faithful exposition of demagoguism and villainy, no less than for the descriptive progress of his plan to make just retribution. The character of Colonel Sharpe is one too frequently met with and too seldom shown up to the public gaze, either on the stage, or by the press. He is a smooth-faced villain, utterly unworthy a position of trust, but by connivance easily obtaining such position; utterly destitute of moral integrity, but an acknowledged favorite at the club! In the delineation of this character Mr. Savage has been most happy, and the good actor finds room for the display of talent, as in strict accordance with the duty

of his profession, he holds the mirror up to nature, and shows vice her deformity. Eustace Clifden is a fine fellow, of course the opposite to Sharpe, and quite justly made to become the instrument of Sybil's vengeance. It is fit that the man who so loved her should be the mortal bane of him who so betrayed her. William Acton, a young lawyer and an early suitor for the hand of Sybil, very magnanimously forgetting his rejection by her, caring more for the just punishment of Sharpe and the acquittal of Clifden, is a prominent part in the mechanism of the piece. The characters of Lowe, Old Acton and Barnabas, are required for the setting forth of the author's meaning; but like the ladies, other than the heroine, they do not assist in the unraveling of the plot, and as Mr. Macready once said of the character of Glavis in the Lady of Lyons, 'although needed he would not be missed.'

Such women as Sybil have lived, have been wronged, have thirsted for vengeance, and have died when vengeance was accomplished. Thus much for hints at the general tenor of the play. It contains many brilliant passages, and in its situations and conversations there is a degree of interest sufficient to compel the attention and applause of the audience. But it is a piece which calls for acting of no common order. The materials of an edifice may be furnished ready for use, but your good architect must see that all is in proper place, and the truth of original design never forgotten. As evidence of his skill in description of matters political, (for a long time a resident at Washington and understands how politicians pull infernal wires,) we quote a few lines of the conversation between Sharpe and Barnabas, in reference to Sharpe's opponent, young Acton.

'Every line a man writes is political capital for his enemies. Then he is obscure, that's certain. Little known among the masses, and for a good reason, they do not mix with them; he is a haughty aristocrat, a man who only knows the people when he wants their vote.

Bar.—Is that really the case?
Sharpe.—Simpleton. We must make it appear so. It may or may not be—what is the difference to us? That he is shy and reserved is, I understand, the fact. Well, it is just as likely it is from pride as from anything else. Perhaps he is a fellow of delicate feelings. Delicate feelings are very unpopular things. They alone, would go very hard against him. If we could persuade him to wear kid gloves, it would save us a few thousand. Kid gloves are not popular; if anything, they are more ruinous than delicate feelings. Then he is cautious of taverns. Couldn't the popular eye discover a demijohn in his study? Pride, tender feeling, kid gloves, private demijohns, political death, certain.'

Sybil is first discovered firing at a mark, which practice, she tells us in her soliloquy, has been followed by her for five years, that she might acquire the steadiness and certainty of aim necessary for the accomplishment of her revenge, viz: the death of him who had betrayed her. From the first vision of Sybil to the fall of the green curtain, there was no lack of interest on the part of the audience in the performance of the piece.

As for the goodness and purity of heart, which in her girlhood had been hers, had given place to one overruling desire and determination of revenge, Sybil told her dreadful story, and vowed to consummate her purpose. Her first converse with Eustace is well written by the author, and most naturally spoken by Miss Jones. But the real interest of the piece dates from the acceptance of his hand upon the condition that he is to be her avenger. The dialogue is earnest, natural, and sometimes beautiful. The recitation was one of the best exhibitions of dramatic reading we have ever heard. The scene in which Col. Sharpe allies Alfred Stevens, was urged by Sybil to leave her husband's house, and that in which she exposed his villainy, and then her endeavor to prevent Clifden from risking his life in an encounter, were so vividly and beautifully played that the audience, when the curtain fell upon the act, called the Sybil before it and greeted her with tremendous applause.

The acting of Miss Jones in her wild appeal to the jury, in the fifth act, we do not remember to have seen equalled by any actress in a similar suppositious posi-

tion. It was, perhaps, the best point in the play. On the whole, the piece was a decided success, and many anxious inquiries have been made for its repetition. But the engagement of the actress closed last evening, and Sybil cannot be played here until her return. We hope for that return, and pray it may be speedy. No one on the stage has in the same space of time, accomplished as much, or been as richly repaid for intense study, by heartfelt plaudits, as Miss Avonia Jones.

ALIENS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

As chroniclers for the Celtic race, we feel pleased to notice anything which has for its object the good of our race. The following is the correspondence which has taken place between Sergeant Thomas O'Neill and the Hon. the Secretary of War, relative to the enlistment of aliens in the United States army. It is gratifying to see that the Secretary attaches so much importance to the matter, and we may soon expect to hear of the evil being remedied. We understand that a similar correspondence has taken place with the Hon. the Secretary of the Navy, which we will publish in due time:—

Boston, Sept. 20, 1858.

To the Hon. the Secretary of War:—

Dear Sir—I wish respectfully to call your attention to the fact which has many times came under my personal observation, and which I think the Honorable Secretary will deem worthy of consideration.

It is well known that a great portion of the army of regular service of the United States are Irishmen, and that one-fourth of that number are not naturalized. There are many men in the service who have no tie to the country save the oath of enlistment. To the country this is no evil, as I know, from experience, they faithfully serve the land they wish to adopt; but to them it is a great misfortune that—before or at the time of enlistment—the service does not require the applicant for service to declare his intention to become a citizen of the republic, thus, when his five years expire, he could receive the certificate of citizenship, and not be an alien in the land he loves, and for which he has very likely shed his blood.

Believing the Secretary will give this matter his kind consideration, I remain obediently, and very respectfully,

THOMAS O'NEILL.

Hon. JOHN B. FLOYD, Secretary of War.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington, Sept. 23, 1858.

Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th inst., in regard to the proposed requirement from aliens enlisting in the army, that they should first declare their intention to become citizens of the United States. I have already given this subject my attention, and take occasion to say that I fully concur with you in regard to the policy indicated in your communication.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

JOHN B. FLOYD, Sec. of War.

THOMAS O'NEILL, Esq., 7 Milton place, Boston.

THE LAUNCH OF THE 'GENERAL ADMIRAL.'

On Tuesday, September 21, the largest wooden ship in the world was launched from the ship-yard of Mr. William H. Webb, on the East River. The vessel is the 'General Admiral,' a man-of-war, built by Mr. Webb for the Emperor of Russia. Her keel was laid on the 21st of September, 1857, (the anniversary of the Grand Duke Constantine's birthday,) by the Russian Minister and a number of Russian officers, with all the ceremony usual on such occasions, and it is expected that she will be completed by next October. The model is what is called the long, flat floor, full bilge, sharp ends, round stern, no poop nor cutwater, short forecastle deck. She is expected to attain a speed of fourteen knots under sail, and her draught of water will not exceed twenty-five feet. Her dimensions are: Length on spar deck, 307 feet; breadth, 55 feet; length over all, about 325 feet; depth to spar-deck, about 34 feet. She is pierced with forty-four side ports, and two stern ports on lower deck. Her armament will consist of forty shell guns of large calibre on gun deck, and twenty long guns and two pivot guns of the largest size on her spar deck. The ship is built of white oak. She will be propelled by two direct horizontal engines, each cylinder of which will be eighty-four inches in diameter, and three feet nine inch stroke, with a nominal power of 800 horse, but an actual horse power of 2000.

THE following lines were written by request on the melancholy death of a beautiful young woman who had returned to this city, from a late visit across the Atlantic to the home of her early and joyous childhood, and who was about to be married to a respectable and worthy young man of Roxbury:—

Yes, she cross'd the stormy ocean,
Bade her dearest friends adieu,
With fond hopes and warm emotion
Love's young token to renew—
Faithful Annie—
Paths of virtue to pursue.

Ah sweet girl! when on the billow
Sailing for New England's shore,
Sleepless on my lonely pillow
I have watch'd thy coming o'er,
Longing, praying,
Thou 'd be mine forever more.

Soothing zephyrs softly breathing,
Sparkling dew drops, vernal rain,
Morning blushes gently stealing
O'er thy weak and slender form—
'Charming imities,'
Thou hast fallen in their train

Thy fond hopes, dear girl, are over—
Weeping willows drape thy bed—
In the grasp of thy cold mother,
Thou art sleeping with the dead;
Mould'ring beauty,
All my joys with thee are fled.

Ah! no more those bright orbs cheering,
'Neath thy placid brows serene,
Nor thy smile of hope endearing
'Twards the goal of 'love's young dream';
Bride celestial,
Fled all fleeting joys terrene.

Far from home, lov'd nait Erin,
Low beneath the willow tree
Sleeps as pure and fair a maiden
As e'er cross'd the dark blue sea;
Guileless girl,
Truth and virtue bloom'd in thee.

Ah, loved Annie! why thus leave me
Pensive, languid and alone;
Thy bereavement sorely grieves me—
Sweetest treasure thou art flown
Up to heaven,
There with virgin spirits 'thron'd.

Sad we watch'd thy wasting form
On death's painful couch impaled,
Sad to see the heaving storm
In thy bosom still prevail—
Drooping lily,
Steep'd in anguish, languid, pale.

Chaste and lovely mould'ring form,
Angels guard thy sombre home,
Till the great devouring storm
And the final trumpet is blown,
Then, lone captive
Rise immortal from the tomb!

South Boston, Sept. 21.

TOLAND.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

CATOCTIN.

BY 'ORANMORE.'

Part Third—Past and Present.

Soon the classic precincts of 'Swampoodle,' or 'English Hill,' swim circling backward from the view, and the last glimpse, for the present, is obtained of its equally free-soil and sagacious pigs and populace. The view being momentarily shut out by the castle of the 'Little Giant'—high, Douglas—who, by enchantment, has there had confined a peerless damsel, yclt, Cutts, the daughter of a mighty auditor—the descendant, perchance, of 'Fine-car'—a famous auditor in Fairy History.

The mansions of Senator Rice, and Vice-President Breckinridge, built in the same style, adjoin.

On the other hand—the right—peering over the spinning hill top, whirl the huge iron pillars of the new Capitol dome, circumgrating in the mazes of Fulton's 'Last Waltz.' On their broad capitals rest, apparently, nothing else, as yet, other than the vault of heaven, frescoed with cumuli. Finally, the dome itself ducks behind the lengthening, rock-

ing-road that backward extends over the hill-top, and forward conducts to 'the country.'

The well-known song says:

'Oh, my lovely 'Cinda!
I saw her at the window.'

But, travelling in the cars, and seated at the window, a far more provoking cinder strikes the eye, without the privilege of seeing either the cause of your tears and distress, or anything else. Thus, just as I was about to make a note, I caught a mote.

As soon as this 'atom'—the 'History of' which Dean Swift never wrote—had been dislodged, I was enabled to see—

First—Pierce's Mill. A picturesque, romantic scene; my favorite, from childhood, of all the charming spots around Washington. Ever since the first holiday afternoon, I trudged up yonder red clay road, with a pillow-case of chestnuts, or shell-barks, or chinquapins (as the case might be), swung over my shoulder, one hand scarce containing the 'candies' I had culled for future use; the other grasping an 'Indian bow and arrow;' specimens of the handicraft of kind-hearted Ham Degges, one of the big boys at Strahan's—our school.

Ham (naturally associated with days of imprisonment) is now a stalwart six-footer, master-builder, and President of a Fire Company.

These recollections of Pierce's Mill, and a train of thoughts beside, enough to make a volume, sweep o'er my mind more rapidly than the train of cars around the curve, that removed the Old Mill from sight, and brings into view the wood-crowned heights of 'Eckington' the peaceful retreat of the admired sage—the truly honorable Joseph Gales; and full also is this sweet place of associations. Here have I and my brother, at the same tender period alluded to, often drank nearly a pitcher of milk, at the urgent bidding of the matronly 'Biddy, the dairy maid.'

'Dhrink enough of it now, and may God bless you for a good boy, as you are!'

Later in life—one or two autumns ago, the last occasion—seated under the golden-leaved forest trees, our ears filled with the harmonies of nature, and hands employed in transferring the lineaments of the landscape to a sketch book; our reveries and occupations have been sweetly interrupted by the rapidly spoken, gentle-toned salutation, and beautiful smile of him who has been rightly named—'Pleasant Gales.'

That great mind and great heart! Long may they pour oil on life's troubled waters. It is a peculiar enjoyment, simply to have had that open, noble countenance kindly smile upon you. One is made happy long after with the cheerfulness it imparts. Much could I write concerning this beloved and distinguished man, far more interesting to the reader than anything these papers can contain; but this is beyond the limits of my present plan.

Ere you would think the iron-horse could recover his breath, from the long, shrill neigh he gave at starting, his glad 'ha! ha!' peals forth again, trumpet-toned, as he plunges, now like a war-horse, up to the battle-field of Bladensburg.

History's story of Bladensburg all the world knows; but, apart from that, it has for us an interest, connected with a sojourn for the season, now and then, at 'Kirkwood Hame,' about three miles over the woods there to the west.

'Memories there also.'

Recollections of bright, rudy faces, and music 'i' the air,' breathed from the lips like dewy rose-buds; as redolent of poetry, purity, and perfume, as new mown hay-fields.

Heigho! Over my door is long ago inscribed—
'Here lives Benedict, the married man.'

'What ho!' my fancy, whither wilt thou lead me? Back from Kirkwood Hame, its spring and brookside to—Bladensburg station.

Yonder, over the old, rude, bannisterless bridge,

leisurely cross the smiling young folks. Hat, flat, or sunbonnet on, and polished tumbler in hand, they go to take 'another drink of the Spa.' In advance of them, already within the paling enclosure, a group similarly composed is assembled. Some are dipping glasses into the sunken cask, containing the spring, which is protected at the surface by parallel iron bars. Others have drank and retired; others await their turn.

Dashing equipages, open barouches, &c., are drawn up outside, filled with sunshades; a scene all crinoline and silk. A gay encampment, every 'fille du regiment' laughing merrily. The horses are drinking from the trough, which overflowing, still receives the surplus ebullition of the Spa. Livered coachmen and footmen stand by, with gallon stone jugs in hand, waiting an opportunity to fill them. This water thus finds its way to Washington and Baltimore, and further.

All this we see and note while the train stops a moment, and in a moment we leave the spring to summer, which it will be ere our return.

Next, Beltsville.

More reminiscences. Recollections of Carroll's Mills, and Laurel Mills, and the Powder Mills.

And of old Uncle Peter, of the Powder Mills, who was blown up so high one day as to enable him to cast an eye so far over the country that he lost it. That is, he came down with only the left eye right, and his face tattooed with gunpowder, to the admiration of a New Zealander.

Poor Uncle Peter! He surpassed that exploit next time. In a subsequent explosion he was blown higher still—at least, I presume so, as he never came down again anywhere. I sincerely hope—in fact, I trust he is in heaven.

And well I recollect old Mr. Carroll. A perfect 'fac simile' of the benevolent Peter Parley, with the additions that

'The stump of a pipe stuck fast in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;'

a bit of stick in one hand, and a bit (a shilling) in the other, one of which—the coin, which I least deserved—was regularly extended to me, on our meeting, during my growth from his knee-breeches to his waistcoat pocket.

Well, well, I haven't time, nor you patience to recall the half I know of old Mr. Carroll or Uncle Peter, or the 'Big Boys.'

Oh! the Big Boys. They would make a story of themselves. Only think of three old bachelors, brothers, named—What?

Nobody knows. They call themselves Shadrach, Meshac, and Abednego, and doubtless they have passed through a fiery furnace, to induce them to lead the hermit lives they do, shunning all communion with their fellow men, and flying, terror-stricken, from the face of woman, if accidentally encountered. The last temptation of St. Anthony—

'A laughing woman, with two blue eyes;
would, in their case, have been the most signal in its failure, except that, literally, in their opinion, she is

'The wickedest devil among them all.'

They must have passed through the fiery furnace innumerable times, to have so long baffled impertinent curiosity, and preserved their 'incognito.'

The Big Boys are waited upon by Ned, 'Black Ned,' or 'Bachelor Ned,' for he is called each of the three. Bachelor Ned is as ascetic as his masters. Nobody knows where he or they came from; whether he belongs to them, or serves them through affection. He is cook, farm-hand, milk-maid, washerwoman, chambermaid, and assistant nurse, in case of sickness in the family. He is also something of a doctor and something of a parson. The dogs on the farm are bulls and mastiffs, and those of the fiercest natures, and the female of every creature, save where indispensably useful, has been sedulously excluded from the singular home of the Big Boys.

These strange beings cannot now be short of seventy years of age each, at least, and Bachelor Ned, sixty. They are really Big Boys, fully or over six feet high, and proportionally stout.

The cars leave Beltsville, and the next point to note is the Relay House. Here we must remain until five o'clock. On this account, it is suggested it shall be called the Delay House.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

ENLISTING FOR THE QUEEN.

BY DARRY MCKEON.

Air — Shan Van Voeth.

I'm enlisting for the Queen,
Says the Shan Van Voeth,
That so kind to you has been,
Says the Shan Van Voeth;
That mild and gentle queen,
That ruled in Skibbereen,
That bann'd our Holy Green,
Says the Shan Van Voeth.

That lady without guile,
Says the Shan Van Voeth,
From our friendly sister isle,
Says the Shan Van Voeth;
That lady without guile,
That our pure and lovely isle
Doth plunder and revile,
Says the Shan Van Voeth.

She's a charming little wench,
Says the Shan Van Voeth,
You wot see her in a pinch,
Says the Shan Van Voeth;
She adores you in her pinch,
To stick you in a trench,
As targets for the French,
Says the Shan Van Voeth.

Wont you die to save her throne?
Says the Shan Van Voeth,
That blood-stained Saxon throne,
Says the Shan Van Voeth;
Wont you prop that falling throne,
With your Irish blood and bone,
That robbed you of your own?
Says the Shan Van Voeth.

There will soon be warm play,
Says the Shan Van Voeth,
On the land and on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Voeth;
She wants you for that day,
Your lives to throw away,
To uphold her cruel sway,
Says the Shan Van Voeth.

Will you fight to bind the chains,
Says the Shan Van Voeth,
On your own dear native plains?
Says the Shan Van Voeth;
Will you die to bind the chains,
For some tithes' sordid gains,
Round your bleeding mother's veins?
Says the Shan Van Voeth.

A war cloud's coming fast,
Says the Shan Van Voeth,
Her bloated power to blast,
Says the Shan Van Voeth;
May its fiercest vengeance fast
Her every effort blast,
For now and for the past,
Says the Shan Van Voeth.

May our Erin's deadly foe,
Says the Shan Van Voeth,
Meet a total overthrow,
Says the Shan Van Voeth;
May Erin's brutal foe,
Forever be laid low,
Bad luck to them says no,
Says the Shan Van Voeth.

SILENT INFLUENCE.—It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along, day and night, by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he 'poured it from the hollow of his hand.' But one Niagara is enough for the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every meadow, and every garden, and that flow on very night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that is done.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[For the Irish Miscellany.]

Messrs. Editors.—As a warm admirer of your excellent little journal, I cannot withhold from you that need of praise which you so richly deserve. Gratitude is a quality of the Irish heart, and it readily acknowledges merit where it is due. I have been an attentive reader of your admirable and patriotic Miscellany from the beginning, and am proud to say that you have not only fulfilled your promise, in giving us a magazine suited to our tastes and feelings, but have more than realized our most sanguine expectations. I anxiously wait the arrival of every Saturday that brings round your thrice welcome 'visitor,' and would readily forego the pleasure of a good dinner in order to digest its well-filled pages.

Your Miscellany covers a void for which my heart long yearned. I have longed to see the day when I would behold a magazine devoted to Irish interests and nationality, that would show to the world Irish genius in all the walks of literature, from the mythic tale to the most elaborate essays upon science, political economy and jurisprudence. It has many claims upon our hearts and affections; it lays before us, as in a mirror, scenes that were near and dear to us in the land we love best, revives the polished literature, thereby giving the lie to our adversaries, who slanderously say that Ireland is only productive in 'potatoes and pigs.'

Many thanks to Messrs. Editors for the patriotic steps you have taken in bringing out a 'rale' Irish journal, full of fun, wit and anecdotes; the most enchanting descriptive scenery, and the most charming poetical effusions, which, for depth of pathos, were never before equalled, excepting in the case of the Jews, during their captivity, when sitting down by the rivers of Babylon, their minstrels unstrung their harps and poured out the full tide of their grief when they remembered Zion.

The condition of the Irish race is not unsimilar to the Jews of old, banished from country, and among your poets may be found some favored sons of the muses that 'pour out the full tide of their patriotic hearts' upon the wrongs of Ireland, in 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn.' Among these may be reckoned the author of the 'Poor Irish Stranger,' in the Miscellany of the 18th inst, which, for 'Amor patriæ' feeling and pathos, is not surpassed by the Scottish poet, in his soul-stirring strains of the 'Exile of Erin.'

These are the qualities which endear the Miscellany to us; but I fear there are some who do not encourage any laudible effort made to elevate the standard of their country and race by contributing to its support. It is a burning shame for Irishmen to permit magazines, devoted to their interests, to languish for the want of that patronage which they so richly deserve. If they would reserve the small sum of two dollars a year for a subscription to some useful paper, how soon would their condition be improved. It would elevate their moral tone, and be a source of pleasure to the family circle, instead of laying it out upon 'rot-gut in the doggeries,' or to be domiciled under the bed for a rainy day.

Up, therefore, my countrymen! and repel the charge that you are not a 'reading class,' by subscribing to the Miscellany in which you will find a 'luxurious treat' of all that is 'rich, racy and spicy.'

As for myself, I say 'Esto perpetua' and in genuine Celtic courtesy, I hail it with a 'cead meilla fálta,' and am yours, Messrs. Editors, for the diffusion of Irish literature.

M. DOWNING.

Indianapolis, Ind. Sept. 20th, 1858.

HEAT OF MOONLIGHT.—Professor Piazza Smith, the astronomer royal for Scotland, in his interesting account of the recent scientific expedition made by him to the Peak of Teneriffe, has set at rest the vexed question of the heat of the moonlight. He says that his thermometrical instruments were sensibly affected by the moon's rays, even at the lowest of two stations occupied by him at different elevations.

INDIA YET ALIVE.

Having heard nothing from India lately, we came to the conclusion that the patriots were all used up by British bayonets, or blown from the cannon's mouth; but Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, does not think British interests quite safe there yet. Hear what he says:—

WHAT A SIKH IS LIKE.

Part of the road is crowded with the baggage of a Sikh regiment returning towards the Panjab. What piles of 'loot'!—I am told that that is a more expressive word than either 'pillage' or 'plunder,'—each surmounted by a gaily dressed lady, while the lean-limbed sinewy Sikh, in his dust-colored turban, carkee tunic, and tight trowsers, strode along lightly by the side of the cart, laughing and singing with delight at the prospect of a return to his native deserts. It is a serious thing to reflect upon, that there are seventy and odd thousand of these fiery soldiers, who, now faithful to us, are full of Panic faith and more than Oriental cunning, and who were but too often the foremost and the most sanguinary among the ringleaders of the mutiny—seventy-three thousand of them drilled, equipped and armed, fighting for us south of the Sutlej, and talking of the time when they may have to fight against us. Their present 'Goroo' is John Lawrence; but there is no one in India more deeply sensible of the danger which may come from the race he rules with such facile and mighty hand than the great administrator of the Panjab. These fellows are 'eliquant' with gold. They have huge ear-rings of the precious metal, and cables of it with fringes of mohurs round their necks. Their sword-hilts are nuggets; the richest scarfs and shawls encircle their lithe waists. With their flashing black eyes, fine thin noses, glossy black mustaches, beard, and upturned whiskers, light, grinning smile opening up the rows of sharp teeth, their quick, light tread and lithe movements, they put one more in mind of tigers than any race of men I ever beheld.

WILL THE SIKHS REBEL HEREAFTER?

The tiger has tasted blood in the plains below, but his meal will content him for the present. It must not be supposed that the beast did not give trouble now and then. Like the Hindoo, he regards the cow as a sacred creature, and in one instance we had to give orders that no oxen should be slaughtered except at a distance from the camp, in order that the Sikhs might not be offended. Some of these regiments, such as Wilde's and Brayer's, the Ferozepore regiment, have fought as hard, if not more fiercely, done as much service and lost as many from the enemy as any of our English battalions; but it cannot be denied that much depends upon their officers. The men can, of course, march better, and resist the heat of an Indian summer better than ordinary Europeans. Some men they will follow to the death—for others they will not stir an inch. The general relation of the European to the native soldier is admirably expressed in a metaphor suggested, I believe, by Sir Colin Campbell himself, in describing the merits of the two races:—'Take a bamboo and cast it against a tree, the shaft will rebound and fall harmless; tip it with steel, and it becomes a spear which will pierce deep and kill. The bamboo is the Asiatic—the steel point is the European.' Of the Sikh this is true only to a certain extent. He is made of tougher and denser material than bamboo; he is at least of oak, and hardens in the fire. Hodson's horse refused to charge, if my letters tell me truth, the other day at Nawabgunge; but the Sikh never absolutely refuses to face the enemy.

When the transport Birkenhead struck a rock near the Cape of Good Hope, and broke in two, there were only boats enough to save the women and children. There was no rushing or crowding then. Col. Moore called his brave Inniskillens and formed them into line on the deck of the sinking steamer, while their wives and children embarked in the boats. The noble fellows, as they stood in line, gave three hoarse cheers for their departing dear ones, and maintained their ranks unbroken till the deck was swept from under their feet.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We make the following extracts from our latest foreign exchanges:—

IRELAND.

GALWAY AND AMERICA.—The success of the *Lever* line of packets is even more than an accomplished fact. In proof, the following circumstances are mentioned in connection with the sailing of the *Prince Albert*, which is destined to make her second outward trip across the Atlantic on Tuesday next. Every berth on board the *Prince Albert* is engaged—first, second and third class; and orders were yesterday issued to the agents at the different localities to enter no more passengers, just to prevent disappointment. There is to-day, in Galway, awaiting shipment by the vessels of this line, more than twice as much as can be carried in the vessel for next week, and we may state that such arrangements are being made by Mr. Lever, for putting additional vessels on the line as will obviate any inconvenience or disappointment for the future. We speak of these things not in a mere boastful character, but as facts of great significance. To-day we had an opportunity of looking over the book which registers the goods received for shipment to America at the Galway terminus of the Midland Great Western Railway. Every day, and by every train since Monday, large consignments of goods have been received from almost every manufacturing district of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Take for instance, on Wednesday, the 8th ult., there appeared on the goods' list of the early train the following entry: 26 bhd's of porter to Hubert and Parish, New York; City of Dublin Steam Packet Company, to W. H. Butler, 48 cases goods; Jones, to ditto, 16 boxes of linen. By next day's train there arrived, addressed Jones to Butler, 61 boxes of linen, 66 boxes of linen, 7 cases of muslin, 12 bales of prints. In making mention of these we do not, of course, pretend to enumerate all the miscellaneous articles intended for exportation. This morning Captain Waters received a communication from Mr. Lever, requesting to know whether it would be possible to fit up additional accommodation for the number of first and second class passengers who were offering; but, on consultation with Captain Thompson, R. N., the managing marine director of the line, who is in Galway at present, and actively assisting in the fitting out of the *Prince Albert*, he thought it better to advise that no more passengers should be taken than what the ship was prepared to carry according to her ordinary complement. In the propriety of this arrangement we entirely concur, as it is best to study the comfort and convenience of the passengers already entered rather than grip at too many. A ship from Liverpool, the *Ballot*, bringing a cargo of the prime steam coal to Mr. William Evans, our enterprising fellow citizen, arrived in the harbor.—Her anchor was scarcely dropped when the cargo was purchased by the agent of Mr. Lever, Mr. W. H. Butler, and the vessel was hauled alongside the *Albert*, and the coals shipped for her outward voyage. Yesterday Captain Waters and Captain Thompson were engaged in seeing to the shipment of water and stores in abundant supply, and it is now certain that when the *Blue Peter* is hoisted at the fore on the afternoon of Tuesday next, the *Prince Albert* will be in as good trim, as well filled, as well found, and as well regulated, in every respect, as any first-class ship that ever crossed the Atlantic, from the shores of Great Britain.—[Galway Vindicator, September 18th.]

'NO IRISH NEED APPLY.'—Words, dear fellow-countrymen, taken from the foot of English advertisements, and published for the information of such Irishmen or women as may be seeking for employment in England—spoken and published while Irish soldiers are getting killed and maimed in foreign lands in the service of England, and while Englishmen are fattening and rioting on the property of

the Irish people. 'No Irish need apply,' say the English advertisement for small employments, and where the letter is not written the spirit is acted on. Amongst the people of Ireland, we are sorry to say, there are some who, though born and bred on the soil, have never felt one indignant heart-trob at the reading of such words. They always fancied somehow or other that they were not included in the insult, they fancied it was only the poor 'Papists' that were objects of antipathy in England, they felt certain that 'enlightened Protestants' would be always welcome, even though they should have been nursed in the very greenest of the green fields of Ireland; but they were mistaken. On them, too, lay the English insult, on them, too, aye even though they should have on the very blackest of black coats, and the very whitest of white neckties, and have in their hands the very largest of English bibles—on them, too, did the English people spit every time they used the words, 'No Irish need apply.'

A very fair proof has been given in the following advertisement taken from the columns of the saintly Record:—

'Wanted immediately, a curate of decided piety, and possessing a missionary spirit, to assist the Vicar of a very populous parish in the diocese of Lichfield. A title can be given. No Irish need apply. Address (prepaid) S. J., Ivy House, Penn Road, Wolverhampton.'

To us this would seem a very hard hit, but probably the Irish curates and their folks accept it as a particular favor. We believe they would take much more of the same class of article without complaint; they are too busy pitching into the 'Romanists' to heed a hiss and a few kicks from their English masters.—[Nation.]

DUNBRODY ABBEY.—We have received an account of the last meeting of the Kilkenny and south-east of Ireland Archaeological Society, by which it appears that the correspondence between Mr. Knox (Lord Templemore's agent) and the Rev. James Greaves (honorable secretary of the society) was under consideration. The society having turned their attention to the ruins of Dunbrody, brought it before Lord Templemore, and his lordship directed his agent to say that he would give £100 towards repairing the abbey, if a certain antique seal in the possession of Captain Alcock, of Wilton, were handed over to him. The Rev. Mr. Greaves procured the seal from Captain Alcock, and wrote to Mr. Knox that he was ready to carry out the agreement proposed, but Mr. Knox raised objections, and after considerable delay, and some sharp letter-writing, the seal was returned by Mr. Greaves to Captain Alcock. The society passed a resolution approving the conduct of Mr. Greaves in the transaction.—[Wexford People.]

ENCOURAGEMENT TO RECRUITING.—The mother of two brave young fellows now in the 18th Royal Irish in India, and with it in the whole of the service which the regiment has gone through, was obliged to beg twopence on Monday last in this city to release a letter which reached the Post Office, addressed to her by one of her sons. She has children at home dependent upon her. She is a woman of excellent character and the best habits. She would not be in want if her two sons were with her. She has the gratification now, after a long interval, of knowing they live. But the recompense she receives from the British Government, by which the 'bravery and glory of our army,' is vaunted, medals and ribbons and crosses dispensed to it—a relief fund invoked—and tributes and thanks formerly offered, is what?—the liberty to beg.—[Munster News.]

ONE HUNDRED artillery are encamped at Glaston (Kingstown), employed in mounting guns on the Dublin Martello towers.

THREE officers of Dublin garrison compromised for £15 to prevent legal proceedings, for annoying respectable females at Dalkey.

FRANCE.

Prince Napoleon gave a grand dinner at the Palais Royal to General MacMahon, and the superior functionaries of the department of Algeria, to some political and literary personages, and to several chiefs.

The following is from the *Gazette de France*:—
'Whenever the French have been able to attempt the boarding of an English man-of-war they have taken it. In consequence, in the construction of vessels, English builders have endeavored to render boarding more difficult, by making them larger below than above, so as that there may be a considerable distance between the gunwales of the rival vessels. If a maritime war were to break out, the military superiority of France would necessarily give her the advantage over England, who has no soldiers, and who cannot find enough to re-conquer India, the empire which has become necessary not only to her commerce but to the maintenance of her constitution. We would make war on sea as on land. We would take her liners in double quick time, as we do redoubts and entrenched camps. A battalion of Zouaves or Chasseurs de Vincennes, thrown on to a three decker, would soon be masters of her, and at the end of the war we could reckon up the number of line-of-battle ships which each country would possess. Boarding is what would decide the question of preponderance between the two nations; and that is so much the French way of making war, that, at the very beginning of the conflict, England herself might easily be taken by the boarding of our heroic soldiers. We examine these hypothesis, not to embitter our neighborly relations with England, or to menace and humiliate our allies, but to show them that a rupture on their part would be sheer madness; to prove also that it is an established fact in politics that the best means of consolidating peace is to demonstrate to those who may be tempted to trouble it, the impossibility of sustaining a conflict with an equality of chances, which is the least that can be hoped for in war. Our readers will therefore find, in the considerations which precede, an additional reason for entertaining confidence in the duration of peace.'

A Paris letter in the *Nord* of Brussels has the following:—Lord Palmerston, during the last days of his residence at Paris, saw more than once Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Cowley, Lord Howden, Baron de Rothschild, and M. Thiers. M. Thiers came up from his retreat at Franconville, where he is completing the last two volumes of his history of the Empire, to see the ex-minister. At one of their meetings at the Hotel Bristol, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was present, and the conversation having turned on the state of Turkey; M. Thiers asked Lord Palmerston if he thought the 'sick man' was about to die. The English statesman replied, according to his custom, by pleasantry—'I was one day walking in the streets of London,' said he, 'when a person told me that my pocket handkerchief was hanging out of my pocket, and that I should lose it! Thank you, sir, I answered, but I believe that unless some one pulls it out, it will not fall! Well, Turkey is in the same position—if she be not thrown down she will, I am convinced, maintain herself perfectly!'

An order has been given by the French government for six new screw frigates, of 900-horse power each, two to be built at Rochefort, two at L'Orient, and two at some other port, each to be 'blanche' or 'cuirasse,' as the term goes, with plates of polished steel, each weighing twenty-two cwt., five feet in length, two and a half feet in breadth, at a cost of £57 each plate; these plates are to be inserted between the planks of every part of the frigates above high water mark, and will render them impervious to shot and shell. The iron hail storm will pour down on them in vain, 'impavidum jactantur.' Steel shot have been fired at the plates from short and long ranges in the Polygon at Vincennes, and they have sustained less injury than Ichabod Crane when the ghost threw its head at him in Sleepy Hollow.

A new kind of man-of-war is constructing at Cherbourg, to be called the Battering Ram.

[Abbreviated from the London Star.]

THE OLD IRISH CHURCH.

The reputation and accuracy of Dr. Merle D'Aubigne as a historian are very seriously questioned, in a volume which has appeared from the pen of a learned lady of Dublin,* and which has been written not only with a view to oppose some of his conclusions respecting the early British Church, but to show how far the church, which existed in Ireland in the first few centuries of the Christian era, differed from churches which exist now, and how little its real character and history are understood and appreciated. Mrs. Webb, the writer to whom we refer, proves that Dr. D'Aubigne has made a great historical blunder respecting the country of the ancient Scots, assuming that it was North Britain and not Hibernia, and that through this blunder he has been led to act with apparent injustice towards Ireland.

In exposing the fallacies of Dr. D'Aubigne, we cannot help thinking that Mrs. Webb assumes a too high position for that writer. His volumes have been eagerly read, very much quoted, and upon the whole have furnished much entertainment to a wide circle of readers in England; but they are evidently too partisan to take rank as dignified and reliable history. The true historian, anxious only for the display of facts, should like the naturalist or the translator of language, as much as possible confine himself to the explication of what lies before his eyes, and should certainly never go to work as a barrister would do with his brief, or the leader of a party with his dissertation, the one only being anxious to support his client, and the other to uphold foregone conclusions. Dr. D'Aubigne penned history for the sake of defending the Protestant religion, and only for that end, and the consequence is, what we see in Mrs. Webb's Annotations, that he put aside that which did not serve his purpose. It is clearly the duty of Dr. D'Aubigne to revise his sketch of the Early British Church, if not to write a new one altogether.

Leaving Dr. D'Aubigne and his errors, we will now call attention to some of the interesting historical illustrations which Mrs. Webb supplies of the doctrines and operations of that old Irish Church, with which St. Patrick and St. Gallas were associated. The Church of Rome, notwithstanding all Mrs. Webb has written, may still claim the Irish Church which existed previous to the ninth century as her own, and, if so, we can only say that the Church of Rome will thereby only rise higher in the public estimation. In the first place, the annotations before us show that, as members of this Irish institution were placed by the Carolingian monarchs of Europe, and during a brief period of literary revival, in the most important positions, such as the principals of universities, the seminaries in which these men were educated must necessarily have been vastly superior in literature, science, and philosophy to what they have been generally represented. Mrs. Webb endeavors to prove, on the authority of ancient continental writing, that the founder of the University of Paris was an Irishman under the patronage of Charlemagne.

Indeed, she not only mentions that Claude of Turin was an Irishman, but also that the founder of the University of Pavia, the chief Italian school of that age, was his fellow-countryman who went over with him to France in the year 592.† The philo-

*Annotations on Dr. D'Aubigne's Sketch of the Early British Church, with an Essay on the Introduction of Alphabetical Writing into Ireland. By M. Webb, Wertheim and Mackintosh.

†Appropos to this, Mr. Savage has an interesting note in his popular 'Ninety-Eight and Forty-Eight.' He says: 'Its (Ireland's) scholars had been the school-founders and preceptors of Europe. To have studied in Ireland, like Alfred the Great and Willibrod the Northumbrian—who, says Alcuin (a famous Saxon writer and correspondent of Erigena, quoted by Anderson), 'studied twelve years in Ireland, under masters of high reputation, being intended for

sophical researches and the profound insight of such Irish scholars as Virgilius, who in the eighth century wrote on the rotundity of the earth, and of Erigena, who, in the ninth century, was the founder of scholastic theology in continental seminaries, are adduced, by the writer, along with others, to prove that neither the learning of the Irish schools, nor the principles of the Irish Church have been faithfully represented. As an illustration of the speculations of the Irish philosophers of these times, we may mention a curious fact relative to Erigena, namely, that one thousand years before the appearance of Dr. Gall, the phrenologist, this Irish churchman had not only conceived a phrenological system, but had gone so far with it as to map out the human functions on the human cranium. It is said a copy of Erigena's craniological chart will be found either at Oxford or Cambridge. It certainly would be worth the search, not to aid the phrenologists, for that may be a matter of no importance, but as evidence of the extent to which an old church were allowed to carry their speculations.

With respect to St. Patrick, our authoress fixes the present French town of Bonneval, in the department of Eure de Loire, as his birth-place, and, after following him to Ireland, she quotes from his traditional 'confession' to show the simplicity of his manners, the apostolicity of his creed, and the earnest missionary zeal he displayed. After St. Patrick came the celebrated Columba, or Columbkille, and the manners and principles of Christianity in that age are exhibited by a characteristic incident. The tyrant Diarmid ruled over a province, and, excited by his oppression, Columba undertook to pray when a battle became inevitable, that the enemies of the prince might triumph. They did so, but the Church declared that Columba, in taking any part or lot in war contentions, had violated the precepts of the Son of God, and there was mourning and grief on that account. In the days of Columbanus there was an incident of much the same kind. When he resided in Switzerland, a war had broken out between Thierry and Theodobert. Thierry was the common enemy of the Church and of the principles of justice, and Columbanus was solicited to pray for the success of Theodobert. 'No,' replied the priest, 'for that is contrary to the spirit of our religion, seeing we are commanded to pray for our enemies.'

King Thierry once appeared at the threshold of his monastic or educational establishment, attended with several followers, and for the purpose of forcible entry to discover what was going on. Columbanus, however, terrified the intruder out of his wits, by the exclamation, 'King Thierry, know that if you seek to violate the discipline here established, you stand out in defiance of God and his servants, and I tell you that your kingdom shall be destroyed, and with it all your royal race.'

To the Annotations is appended an essay on the Introduction of Alphabetical Writing into Ireland, which contains some singular deductions from remarkable facts that bear on the authenticity of ancient Pagan chronicles. It is an essay to which the attention should be directed of those who take an interest in the history of Irish literature, or in the ethnology of European nations.

a preacher to many people,' was one of the greatest recommendations of Christianity as well as learning. The Latin and Greek of the Irish was famed, and Erigena even translated one of Aristotle's works into Chaldaic and Arabic as well as Latin. In the two earliest schools of learning in Europe, Paris and Pavia, were the celebrated Irish scholars, Clement and Albin.'

TRAIL OF THE MENAPI. In 'Ninety-Eight and Forty-Eight,' &c. By John Savage. New York: Redfield. 1856. There is an evident confounding of Claude and Clement. Mrs. Webb no doubt alludes to the Claudius (a contemporary of Clement, among other things is famous for a commentary on Galatians (which was printed), and a work on Matthew, which is in the British Museum. In the 'Historical Sketches of the Ancient Irish,' Alcuin, the instructor of Charlemagne, is the authority given for Clement's presence at Paris. At all events it is admitted that an Irishman, whether Claudius or Clement, was a chief instructor, if not the founder of the University of Paris.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

WHY are sheep the most dissipated and unfortunate of animals? Because they gambol in their youth, frequent the turf, are very often black-legs, and are universally fleeced.

BEMUS, a spruce young man from the city, was riding out into the country a few days since, with his 'gal,' and as the sun was hot, he stopped under the shade of a tree to let his horse breathe. The 'skeeters' were very thick, and Bemus, thinking to have a little fun, called to a farmer at work in the field: 'Hallo, sir; 'what do you feed your muskitoes on?' 'We feed 'em on little city fallers and hosses.' Bemus whipped up.

'JOHN did you ever bet on a horse-race?' 'No, but I've seen my sister Bet on an old mare.'

LIES are hiltless swords, which cut the hands that wield them.

ONE of the best looking girls in a certain seminary is a red-headed girl from Vermont. Out of compliment to her hair, they call her 'the torch of love.' Rather more poetic than complimentary.

A POOR son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an avaricious hunk, who told him he employed no Irishmen: 'For the last one died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge.' 'Ah, your honor,' said Pat, brightening up, 'an' is that all? Then you'd give me the place, for sure I can get a certificate that I never died in the employ of any master I ever served.'

PERHAPS men are the most imitative animals in all the world of Nature. Only one ass spoke like a man, but hundreds of thousands of men are daily imitating him.

WERE it not for the tears that fill our eyes, what an ocean would fill our hearts!

SOME one has defined an editor as a poor fellow who empties his brains to fill his stomach.

YOU seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend.' 'Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances.'

WHEN you go to drown yourself, always put off your clothes; they may fit your wife's second husband.

THE last rain showed one ludicrous sight—an attempt to crowd two fashionably dressed women under one umbrella.

HUMBOLDT tells us that he met, one day, in his travels, with a naked Indian, who had painted his body so as to represent a blue jacket and trousers with black buttons.

A MERCHANT lately advertised for a clerk 'who would bear confinement.' He received an answer from one who had been seven years in jail.

'I'd have you to know, Mrs. Stoker, that my uncle was a banister of the law.' 'A fig for your banister,' retorted Mrs. Grumly, turning up her nose, 'haven't I a cousin as is a corridor in what the navy?'

'AN, doctaw,' does the cholera awfect the highaw awda?' asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician in New Orleans. 'No,' replied the doctor, 'but it's death on fools, and you'd better leave the city immediately.' The fellow sloped.

'POMPEY, why is a journey round dis world like a cat's tail?' 'Well, Cuff, I doesn't 'zackly see any semblance 'twix de two, fust.' 'Well, den, nigger, I 'spec I'll hab to tell you. Bekase it am fur to the end of it.'

DIGGS saw a note lying on the ground, but knew that it was a counterfeit, and walked on without picking it up. He told Smithers the story, when the latter said, 'Do you know, Diggs, that you have committed a very grave offence?' 'Why, what have I done?' 'You have passed a counterfeit bill, knowing it to be such,' said Smithers, without a smile, and fled.

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sonable space of time, become remunerative to its prop-
rietors, is a task not easily accomplished, and which consum-
mation does not generally happen in one case out of a hun-
dred. Our enterprise, being of a nature entirely different
from that of any other Irish paper heretofore established
in this country—requiring a much greater expenditure of
capital and artistic talent—caused us serious misgivings,
and a constant fear that it would not meet the desires and
expectations of our patrons. How far our efforts have been
successful, is for them to decide; but we trust that it will
not be considered egotistical on our part when we assert
that the Miscellany has far exceeded the most sanguine ex-
pectations of partial friends, and that even those who have
been enemies from the start have made suitable acknowl-
edgment of its merit.

Since we have had the control of the Miscellany our way
has not been—

'The primrose path of dalliance'

We have been beset by obstacles innumerable; but having
a strong confidence in our ultimate success, we were deter-
mined to surmount all barriers, and though we have not,
as yet, brought the paper to that pitch of perfection which
is our desire, we trust soon to make it as acceptable as is
possible to our readers.

In beginning a new volume, we introduce various inno-
vations, tending to the improvement of the paper, in
every way that is possible. We shall give each week, an
epitome of Irish news—not the hackneyed local quotations
which interest only the few, but extracts from the leading
journals, which will be gratifying to the many. In this
respect, we will not be following in the steps of any of our
contemporaries, but, on the contrary, will be striking out
a path eminently our own. It will also be our aim to give
the best class of wood engravings which can be procured,
portraying national subjects, and as our outlay in this re-
spect will be infinitely larger than that of any Irish journal
published in this country, we look for a commensurate re-
turn. In short, it is our intention to make the paper meet
the requirements of all classes of readers.

As an inducement, therefore, to new subscribers, we offer
to each person who will pay one year's subscription in ad-
vance, commencing with the first number of the FIRST
volume, (not the second, as inadvertently stated in previous
numbers), directly to us or through any of our authorized
local or travelling agents, a copy of our first Gift Picture,
representing Sarsfield's Surprise of the Seige Train of the
Prince of Orange. When completed, each volume of the
Miscellany will form a book of four hundred and sixteen
(416) pages, and will alone be worth the price of an
entire year's subscription. The same inducements are offer-
ed to clubs, as to single subscribers.

CLUBS! CLUBS!! CLUBS!!!

There is no town or village so small, but a club of six or
more subscribers for the Irish Miscellany can be easily ob-
tained. Will those of our friends who are well-wishers of
the land of their birth, do us the favor of getting up Clubs.
Our terms will be—

To a club of six persons sent to one address, \$10.00,

To a club of twelve, 19.00

The whole of the money must invariably be sent at one
remittance, and in advance.

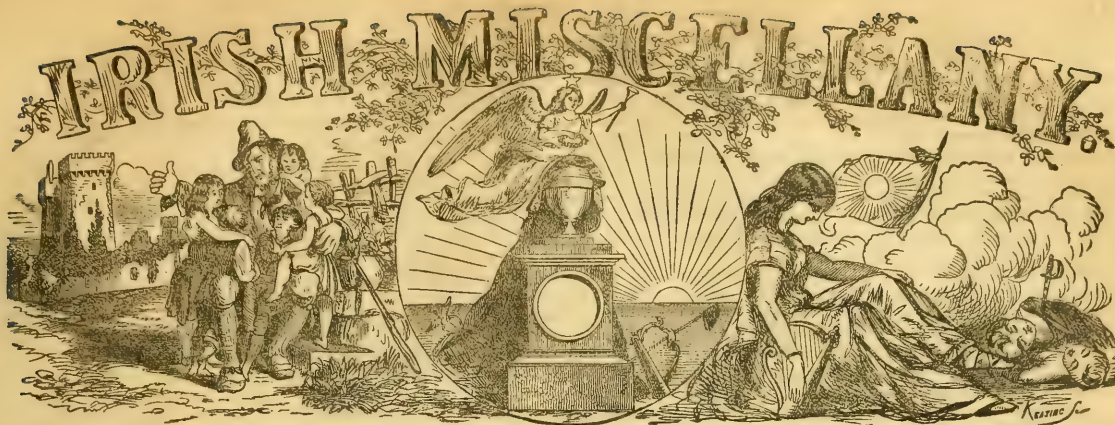
In addition to this great reduction of price, each member
of a Club will be entitled to copies of all our splendid Gift
Pictures. Let our friends exert themselves, and by their
patronage make the Miscellany the foremost Irish journal
on this continent.

TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED.

We have determined to appoint a number of Travelling
Agents, to travel in the various States of the Union and
enlist for subscribers for this paper. We do this at the
enrapt request of many warm friends, who think we do
not take the requisite steps to make the paper known as ex-
tensively as it ought to be.

Persons desirous of becoming Travelling Agents, who
can be well recommended, are requested to apply at our
office forthwith. None but faithful, reliable men need ap-
ply. To such a liberal commission will be allowed. Apply
at our Publication Office, 4 Water street, Boston.

BACK NUMBERS of the Miscellany, from the commence-
ment of the paper, may be procured through any of our
regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publi-
cation, No. 4 Water street, Boston. Will our friends
want bear this fact in mind?



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[PRICE FOUR CENTS

THE ABBEY OF HOLY CROSS.

This magnificent ruin, which is generally considered as one of the finest remains of the pointed style of architecture in Ireland, is situated on the river Suir, about two miles below Thurles, in the county of Tipperary. It was originally founded in the year 1182, for Cistercian monks, by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, and not by his son, Donagh Cairbreach, as stated by Archdall, Ledwich, Gough, and other compilers, as may be seen from the foundation charter, which still exists, and is given at length in the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, beginning thus:—'Donald, by the grace of God, King of Limerick, to all kings, dukes, earls, barons, knights, and Christians of whatever degree throughout Ireland, perpetual greeting in Christ.' This charter is signed by Christian, Bishop of Lismore, Legate of the Holy See in Ireland, Maurice, Archbishop of Cashel, and Britias, Bishop of Limerick. According to Mr. O'Halloran, in his "Introduction to the History and Antiquities of Ireland," the abbey was erected in honor of a piece of the true cross, which Pope Pascal II., about the year 1110, sent as a present to Murtough, monarch of Ireland, and which was covered with gold and set with precious stones. A present of this kind was made to one of the Munster Kings by the Papal See, as we have notices in our annals of the same period of presents to some of the other Provincial Kings of Ireland of pieces of the cross; and it is certain that a relic of this description has been preserved with reverence in this abbey from a very remote period, and exists even to this day. On this account, as it appears, it was from its very foundation endowed with peculiar privileges and very extensive possessions, and the original charter of the founder was confirmed, in 1186, by King John, during his visit to Ireland, as appears by the following record:—

'Edward, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Aquitaine, to all to whom these presents come greeting. Know ye that brother Thomas, abbot of the church of Mary of the Holy Cross, near Cashel, came into our Chancery of Ireland the day after the feast of Michael the Archangel, in the 13th year of our reign, at Cashel, and exhibited in our said Chancery a certain charter not cancelled, nor in any respects vitiated, under the seal of John, formerly Lord of Ireland and Earl of Morton, in these words:—'John, Lord of Ireland and

Earl of Morton, to all justices, barons, &c., as well French as English, Welsh and Irish, and all other liege men of Ireland, greeting—Know ye that, for the love of God, and for the salvation of my own, and the souls of my predecessors and successors, I have granted and given, and by these presents do grant and give, to God and the blessed Mary of the Holy Cross, and to the Christian monks serving God there, in free, pure and perpetual alms, the underwritten lands, as fully and freely as Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, gave and granted, and by his charter confirmed, to the Cistercian monks of the Holy Cross, to wit: Kelkaterlamunu, Ballydubal, Ballyidugin, Ballygirryr, Ballymyolestobin, Ballytheloth, Gardath, Ballaschelagh, Ballythoughal, and Ithologin. These lands I have given for the salvation of my soul, and those of my predecessors and successors, and for the souls of my soldiers who lie there. To enjoy peaceably, with all liberties and free customs, without any secular exactions, in fields, ways, forests, fisheries, &c., I have also granted that they shall be free from all muelts in my

courts, for what cause soever they shall be amerced, and also free of all toll whatever; they shall also sell or buy, for their own use, throughout my land of Normandy, England, Wales and Ireland; and that their lands be not put in plevine. Witnesses—A., Bishop of Ferns; John de Courcey, de Angulo, Riddell, Chancellor, and David of Wales.'

The charter of John was also confirmed by King Henry III., in 1223, who, on the 30th of September, took this house under his royal protection, and renewed that protection in 1224, and subsequently, as we have already stated, by King Edward III., in 1320, and by King Richard II., in 1395.

In a general chapter of the order, in 1249, the abbey was subjected by the Abbot of Clairvaux to that of Furness, in Lancashire.

This abbey is said to have been a daughter of the abbey of Nenagh, or Maig, in the county of Limerick; and the abbot, who was a baron of parliament, was styled Earl of Holy Cross, the lands of the abbey being an earldom, distinguished by the name of the



THE ABBEY OF HOLY CROSS.

County of the Holy Cross of Tipperary, and which enjoyed, as Camden informs us, 'peculiar privileges, in honor of a piece of our Lord's cross formerly kept there.' He was also usually Vicar-General of the Cistercian order in Ireland.

William O'Dwyer was the first abbot; and in the fifth year of the reign of Elizabeth, the abbey and its extensive possessions were granted to Thomas (not Gerald, as Archdall and Ledwich state), Earl of Ormond, 'in capite,' at the annual rent of £15 10s 4d.

It appears from Camden, and other writers, that the crowd of persons who thronged to this abbey, from reverence to the holy relic preserved there, was incredible; nor were these persons exclusively of the lower or middle ranks of society, but included the greatest nobility of the land. In 1569, the great O'Neil made a pilgrimage here, as did one of the Desmonds in 1579.

We have already stated that this identical piece of the cross still exists. It is in the hands of the Roman Catholic clergy of the place, and is described by Doctor Milner as being about two inches and a half long, and about half an inch broad, but very thin. It is inserted in the lower shaft of an archiepiscopal cross, made of some curious wood, and inclosed in a gilt case. The doctor also says that this relic was preserved from sacrilege in the reign of Henry VIII. by the Ormond family, and by them transmitted to the family of Kavenagh, a surviving descendant of which deposited it in the hands of its present keepers.

The architecture of the building was the most beautiful Gothic then in use, consequently, as its erection was nearly coeval with the Anglo-Norman invasion, and the founder was evidently Irish, it affords another proof of the progress which Gothic architecture had made in Ireland previous to the age of Henry II. The groins and vaultings of that portion which is still rooted have an air of elegance that nothing can exceed, so that the contrast they present makes the beholder keenly regret the dilapidations to which it had once been subjected.

Its very ruins, which to this day occupy a considerable space, evince the former greatness of this celebrated establishment. Its steeple, supported by an immense Gothic arch, with ogives springing diagonally from the angles, has been greatly esteemed. The choir is forty-nine feet broad, and fifty-eight long, with lateral aisles. On the south side of the choir are two chapels, intersected by a double row of Gothic arches, and on the north side are two other chapels, finished in the same style as the former.

The architecture of the nave is inferior to that of the transepts, choir, and tower, which is supported on either side by a beautiful Gothic arch; the roof is groined and pierced with five holes, to admit of the passage of the bell ropes. The two transepts are also groined, and each is divided into two chapels, one of which contains the baptismal font and an altar-tomb, now in a state of decay, probably the tomb of the founder. This chapel was lighted by a window of very curious design.

In the choir are two rich monumental relics, of a very original and gloomy style of architecture, a cut and description of which we will give in a future number of the Miscellany.

When one of Ireland's oppressed sons, wearied with his day's labor, stops at eventide to contemplate the ruins of the old abbey, other personages occupy his thoughts. On these stones, which the sinking sun is gradually leaving in darkness, he reads a whole history of foreign oppression, of civil wars, of defeat and misery. An O'Brien founded the church, probably one of the descendants of that old King of Munster, Brian Boru, celebrated in song as Brian the Brave, who, abandoned by the other kings, accompanied by his five sons, his grandson, his fifteen nephews, and all his faithful followers, met the Danes on the plains of Clontarf, and drove them back to their vessels, after a bloody engagement, in which the valiant old King, then ninety years of age, together with his bravest sons, and the flower of his clan, was slain.

A LEGEND OF BALLYLEBANE CASTLE.

At Ballylebane, upon the high road leading from Athy to Castlecomer, there stands, or stood a few years ago, the ruins of a small castle belonging to the Hovendens family. Time had not spared it, and little remained to assist conjecture as to its former figure or extent; only a few feet of mouldering wall, or bare foundation, marked the situation of the inner square tower, or keep; while all the outer fortifications, with the exception of a shattered danking turret, built over a deep draw-well, had entirely disappeared. The local traditions say, that Owen Roe, enraged at the death of a favorite piper, whom the Hovendens shot as he was sitting on top of a baggage-cart, had stormed the castle, and reduced it, with dreadful slaughter of its defenders, to this state of desolation; be this as it may, it is certain that, somehow or other, it fell into a ruinous condition, and was deserted by the Hovendens, who pulled most of it down in order to build a dwelling-house upon the site.

The Hovendens are descended from one of those seven adventurers, who obtained such extensive grants of lands in the Queen's County, from Sir Henry Sydney, after the bloody and treacherous massacre at Mullaghmast, in 1577, where the proprietors were nearly all slain. The original founders of these seven tribes, as they have been called, may be taken as the very type of the early English settler in Ireland. Conscious that they were held in utter abhorrence by the native Irish, who still believe that none of their descendants ever lived to see his eldest son attain the age of twenty-one, they maintained a perpetual war with, and oppressed them by every means in their power. All the cruelties that the most diabolical invention could suggest were hourly perpetrated upon the wretched and unarmed people around; the blood actually freezes with horror at the mere recital of the crimes committed by Cosby, who met his fate from the O'Byrnes, at Glendalough, by Bowen, whom young O'Moore, the sole survivor of Mullaghmast, shot at his castle-gate, or, by Hartpole, whose memory is to this day held in such detestation, that, when his monumental effigy was accidentally found in Carlow, a few years ago, it was dragged through the streets by the populace, and thrown, with every mark of indignity, into a quarry-hole near the present court-house, and when this generation had passed away, when their descendants could no longer take the lives of the people by the sword, and the English trooper had slowly merged into the Irish landlord, they became grinding rack-renters and heartless exterminators; proud, ignorant, rapacious, and besotted, they plunged headlong into the wildest career of wickedness and dissipation. The Hovendens, if they never imitated the others in their earlier barbarities, seemed fully determined upon rivalling them in their latter extravagance. Ballylebane Castle, if we may believe tradition, exhibited an unchanging scene of drunken riotings for years together; acre after acre passed from their hands—frittered away, as well from the demands of their mortgages as from the expenses of a continuous litigation between whole hosts of spurious claimants to the property (the Hovendens, somehow or other, never having been great admirers of the holy state of matrimony,) until, at length, they, who once lorded it over all from the Barrow to the Dinern, dwindled down to the impoverished masters of three or four townlands.

Gradually, as the property became more and more subdivided, they deserted Ballylebane, and erected a number of houses, with tall, narrow windows and high gable-ends, in various parts of the country. The castle consequently fell into ruin, and was held in great disrepute by the country people generally, as much on account of its lonely situation, and the unholy lives of its former proprietors, as because it was currently believed to be inhabited by several

ghosts, and by 'the spirit' of one hard-drinking, fox-hunting Hovenden in particular, who was known, in his old age, by the name of Daddy Jack. It is with it in this stage of its existence that we have to do at present.

On a winter's evening, in the year 18—, there was assembled in Ned Murphy's house a large circle of his friends and acquaintance, who had met to congratulate with him on the joyful occasion of the christening of his first son. Ned declared he was the happiest of mortals. The company in general did not appear to labor under any depression of spirits, but seemed bent upon doing ample justice to the good things which, in the exuberance of his joy, he placed before them so plentifully. Ned was, in the eyes of his neighbors, a rich man; he had ten acres of land, well tiled and well stocked; his rent was paid to the day, and it was reported that he had money in the bank; he remained a bachelor so long 'that half the girls of the parish gave him up in despair, when suddenly he took a trip down the county Carlow, and, after a fortnight's absence, came back a Benedict. He was a round, dapper little fellow, with a roguish, laughter-loving black eye, in perfect keeping with the expression of dry humor perpetually flitting around the corners of his mouth. On this night, however, all was evidently not right; a vague shadow of uneasiness that crosses his face occasionally, with a furtive glance at the door now and then, showed that he apprehended some unwelcome visitation. Report stated that he was the most obedient of husbands, in other words, that he was dreadfully henpecked; his wife had the reputation of being a money-maker, or skin-flint, and it was even said that she kept the honest man upon short-comings occasionally. Hence his alarm, for, however improbable, still he dreaded lest she might pay him a visit every moment; when he had matters his own way he had determined 'to do the thing decent for wanse.'

Nevertheless, not without some misgivings as to the result, when 'the mistress' should come to hear of his extravagance, still he strove to conceal his nervousness, and, with the help of a few stiff dandies of Cassidy's best, partially succeeded.

But whatever anxiety honest Ned might feel, his guests seemed to be no way alarmed as to the consequences of his indiscretion. Never were people better disposed for enjoying themselves; as the glass circulated freely, the laugh, the joke, the quaint burst of humor, and the racy anecdote, showered merrily around. By-and-by, Matty Fahy's appearance with the pipes was greeted uproariously, and the room was immediately cleared up for a dance. Light hearts and glorious strains ye were made for each other! Sure, never did mortal piper play so sweetly! And, whilst the young, with nimble feet, thus kept time to Matty's soul-stirring music, the old yielded themselves up to enjoyments more tranquil, but not less dear. Some looked on at the merry dance, now chiding, now reproving, kindling now with the contagious spirit of the moment, and enthusiastically beating time to some old favorite air, while ever and again reverting back, with a sweet melancholy, to those long-past, well-remembered times, when, at evening's close, they too were summoned to like festivities by the same delightful strain. But the greater number thronged round the fire, gravely discussing the fate of the weather, the last harvest, the stirring politics of the day, and a thousand other such topics. Gradually the conversation takes another turn. The loud hum of many voices is stilled, while all are bending forward in attitudes of eager attention, as they listen to some story or other that Jack Farrell—the greatest 'shanahus' in all Slieveamargue—is telling. Subdued sounds of admiration and astonishment burst forth occasionally—at these times his voice assumes a deeper tone, and his gestures become more energetic.

Jack is a strange character. Originally a gardener, he is now a self-taught mason; and in the various ramblings, incidental to his new vocation, has cultivated an extensive acquaintance with the old walls and older traditions of the neighborhood. He is profoundly skilled in prophecies, and, I believe, entertains no doubt as to the authenticity of them all. He knows as much about records as a college of heralds—it is even reported that he has all the tomb-stones in the parish by heart. As a proof of his skill in genealogies, he has published his own pedigree, in which, with what justice does not exactly appear, he claims descent from Patrick Sarsfield, the chivalrous Earl of Lucan, and from the O'Moores of Leix. In consequence, he has long since repudiated the vulgar name of Jack Farrell, and, at the time of the late census, was, by his own request, enrolled among the rest of her Majesty's subjects, under the name, style, and title of John Sarsfield Moore O'Farrell. Nevertheless, I am sorry to state, that this claim of his, however well-founded, is as yet far from being generally acknowledged; while some evil-minded persons, irritated, I suppose, at the results of certain inquisitive propensities which he occasionally manifests, have strangely perverted it into Sarch-field Farrell.

Now, before introducing him more closely to our readers, it may be as well to premise that his accuracy as to dates or occurrences is not always unquestionable. His stories generally, indeed, have some foundation in fact; but so much of the marvellous has, in process of time, been mixed up with the reality, that it is now impossible to distinguish between them. Bearing this caution in mind, however, we may now safely return to the chimney-corner, where we left him flourishing away a little while ago.

He had just concluded, in his own felicitous way, what he was pleased to term a historical account of the causes which led to the erection of Cobler's Castle, a nondescript ruin near Stradbally, and was drinking in, with gratified ear, the long murmur of wonder and applause that greeted the peroration, when Larry Doolan exclaimed:

'Why, thin, Mistor Farrell, it's yourself, long life to you, that has a power of fine stories, anyhow! An' talkin' iv these ould, anshient places now, did any iv yiz, boys, ever hear him tell about this one here above in Ballyebane? Lord preserve us! there's a dale iv spirit in it.'

Jack shook his head slowly, as he replied: 'I often hard th' ould man sayin' that, barrin' the rock ov Dunamase itself, there was no place in the whole country to aigual it in the regard iv the quare noises by night. Troth, I have stories about the same that id make the hair stan' ou yer heads wid pure fright, stout as many iv yiz think yourselves.'

'Lord save us and bless us!' ejaculated Larry, 'it's they that wor the terrible wicked set, I'm sure. I was often tould that there was athilly no ind to the drinkin', an' swearin', an' fox-huntin', an' ballyraggin' iv all soorts that used to be there. Begor they must have been shockin' rich to hould it out so long.'

'Rich,' said Jack. 'Faix, you may say that, 'alanna! Arrah! did none of yiz ever hear how one iv em kem back from the wars in a grand coach, wid six grey horses, and the world's ind of goold in the boot? It's he that was the rale divil, too! Nothing a'most was too hot for him. Such atin' an' drhinkin' never was seen as was in his time, an' he was able to use as much tin himself. Begor, he had the right sort of an appetyite, an' no wonderer ayther! Many's the morning, when he was out in the wars, and after fastin' for three or four days together, maybe, that he'd have to sit down to take his share iv an ould horse, an' be thankful to get that same. Troth, I think the hunger iv him times never left his breast, especially the hardships he wint through at the siege of Jerusalem. That was the

awfullest sieg I ever hard till iv. I believe it happened a couple iv year after the big frost. Such thunderin' iv cannon, such murder, or such confusion, never was afore. He was shut up in the town, while the Frinch peppered away at the walls; but divil the much harm they were able to do him, they wor so desperate high an' strong! Sum say it was Boney himself that follid thim hot-foot from Agypt, but I'm iv the opinion that it happened long afore his time. Howsumever, Captain Hovenden was shut up inside, an' things soon began to run mighty short. Min, wimmen, an' childer wor famishin' wid hunger, till they were ready to swally one another a'most. Ev'ry ateeable thing was soon gone, an' at last yiz might see more given for a rat or a mouse maybe, than id buy a pair iv bullocks here. An' this was how the captain med the money. His company was posted in a great ould barrack iv a place, wid more underground cellars, an' shores, an' hidin'-places, than wor in all the rest iv the town, an' the whole iv em wor swarmin' wid rats an' mice 'galore.' So he set his thraps, an' inthired into the purvision thrade. As he sowld his marchandize a thrife under the market price, he soon got wonderfull call intirely. All the goold iv Jerusalem, an' the plate, an' the diamonds, wor powrin' into him like hail, so that he was in a fair way of makin' his forthin all in a slap, whin the guvonor surrendhered, an' he was forced to go home wid his ridgemint.

Well, may dears, he kem back in the greatest spindhur, as rich as a Jew, an' he held his head as high as any lord. Many said he was to be married to th' Earl of Ossory's daughter; an' so he would, too, I believe, only she didn't fancy him much, because he was so yellow in the face after all the varmin he e't at the sieg. The goold was mostly in great long bars, an' I'm tould, he med no more ov one iv thim nor ov it was a lump iv coal, so that yiz might see 'em lyn' about the castle in all directions. He lived on in great pomp, every one, high an' low, payin' their goort to him, in the hopes iv a thumpin' legacy, for he had nayther chick nor child of his own. But faix he was able enough for thim all. He knew well what they wor about, an' that it was his money, not himself, they liked; so he hid it about the place everywhere—down in the draw-well an' under the foundations, an' in every hole an' cranny he could think iv. Thin he run out one mornin' in his shirt, roarin' 'millia murder,' an' cryin' that the whitefeet wor after robbin' him of every pinny in the world. Begor, there was a grate change in his friends from that minit. He was invited to a grand dinner at Bambrick's iv Maidenhead for that very night, but whin they hard what happened, they sint him word they wor sorry they couldn't have the pleasure iv his company—Mrs. Bambrick was so bad wid the toothache—and they cut him dead at church nixt Sunday. A'most every one did the same; so he shut himself up in th' ould castle, an' tuck to atin' an' drhinkin' tin times as hard as afore. No livin' man could stan' it long, an' he dropped down in a fit one mornin' while he was swarin' at the sarvint boy for not havin' his glass ready whin he called for it—so the saycret died wid himself. All the goold iv Jerusalem, an' all the plate, an' all the dimons, was hid, no one knew where, an' no one, barrin' he dhremt about it, ever found a pinny to this day. There's not many, to tell the thruth, id like to go nigh the place after nightfall; but I know well that there's a dale ov it down in the draw-well still, for wasn't there a silver spoon found below in Ballynamurrougha well, an' every one ov yiz knows there's an underground passage between 'em.'

'Begor, Mistor Farrell,' said Larry Doolan, 'you are right enough in that. Arrah, boys, look at us strhivin' here, in could an' hardship, an' lashions iv goold rottin' away down there, widout as much as one to look at or pick it up. What's to hinder uz

from makin' it our own?' 'Tut, tut, Larry,' replied old Jack Lawlor, 'what's the use of talkin' in that wild way? The never rease the pinny iv it nayther you nor any one else 'ill ever handle while Daddy Jack has it under his thumb. It's a shockin' place for sperits, the Lord be praised.'

'Faix!' answered Larry very stoutly, 'I wouldn't fear man nor the divil, ov I was sure iv the money, an' I think there's more iv uz so, too. What do you say, Mistor Farrell?'

'I'm afear'd, Larry, that it's a bad job. Howsumever, there's no use in talkin', the goold is in it, and so are the sperrets; but I often hard it said, that whin nine or ten go together, they don't like to face thim—especially ov all go in stout, lettin' on not to care a 'thraenase about 'em.'

'Well, boys, what 'ill yiz do?' said Larry. 'There is enough in it for us all, and if yez wait till mornin', it'll turn to slates upon us. So don't be faint hearted. Faix, I think, we've all so much of Mistor Murphy's good sperits inside of us—an' here's many happy days to himself an' the little one—that we needn't stan' in dhread iv any bad sperits that may be outside. So sind round the glass, an' let us be off in God's name! Mistor Farrell 'ill show huz where to sarch.'

Although 'Mistor Farrell' did not seem to relish the proposal much, still, after privately rummaging the cupboard for some preservative against evil spirits, he gave his consent. Larry's eloquence, or the dread of being esteemed cowards, induced nine or ten others to volunteer, and it was resolved to set out upon the expedition instantly, much to the consternation of old Jack Lawlor, who looked upon them as doomed men.

The appearance of the night was certainly not calculated to renew their courage. It was pitchy dark; the rain was falling in torrents, while a bitter cold wind swept furiously along. Larry, however, who was beginning to get rather uproarious, declared this to be just the sort of a night that answered. 'For, boys, you see,' cried he, 'it so mortal dark, that av there was a dozen ghosts right forinist us now, the niver as much as one iv thim we'd be able to see!'

Few seemed to coincide with him in this opinion, but appeared to be silently engaged in calculating the probabilities of Daddy Jack, or some other equally dreaded 'sperrit' being lurking on every bush on the way. A nearer approach to the castle did not tend to allay their fears. Many actually began to meditate on the possibility of effecting their retreat unobserved. Nevertheless, desperation kept them together, and all entered the old court-yard in silence.

Just then, a momentary gleam of moonlight revealed to them the figures of the twelve apostles, carved in stone, which the Hovendens, not for devotional purposes, it may be well presumed, had, at some remote period, built into the wall. This 'Mistor Terrell' hailed as a propitious omen. They at once fell to work accordingly, and, under his directions, began to clear away the rubbish from a ruinous archway, leading, as he assured them to the vaults. One of the company was set to watch, lest any 'sperrit' should come on them unawares; and, as every one, under a great appearance of zeal, wished to be as much out of the way of all apparitions as possible, such mutual objections as these might be heard on all sides:

'Pursune to you Larry! do you mane to throw the wall o'ry top iv me?' 'Oh, 'millia murder,' Tim Darcy, my leg's just bruck wid you!' 'Mistor Farrell, will you see how this vagabone Collier has me just kilt!'

Nevertheless, the breach was at length reported practicable, and 'Mistor Farrell,' not without some internal misgivings as to the preservative powers of the holy-water he had taken with him from Ned Murphy's, entered first, bearing his light in hand. The aspect of the vault was not very inspiring. It was large and gloomy, with an indescribable feeling of dampness and mouldiness about it—unpleasantly suggestive of the presence of a couple of ghosts at the least. Slowly, therefore, and cautiously, they followed, prepared to retreat upon the least noise. There was no gold, how-

ever, nor the appearance of any, and 'Misther Farrell's' heart sunk within him as he reflected that the spoils of Jerusalem must have been hidden somewhere else. Suddenly, at the further end of the vault, he stumbles upon something. Heavens! it's a bar—long and thick! and how clearly it rang upon the pavement just now.

Ah, gold! gold! let no one say he cares not for thee, until he has been tempted first. But a moment ago, and he vowed to share treasures untold with his companions—now he dreams only of appropriating this single bar. Mentally he estimates its value, as it lies before him—a thousand pounds at least—and resolves to live like a gentleman for the rest of his days. His own hurried glance alone marked it as yet. How shall he hide it from them forever? A happy thought strikes him. He lets the light fall, as it accidentally, and placing the bar in his breast, shouts in an agonized voice, 'Oh, Lord, preserve us! here's Daddy Jack.'

The word was enough. With a yell of despair, that will long be remembered in Ballylebane, all rushed to the narrow entrance, battling, shrieking, and trampling one another down, like a very incarnation of terror, forced their way out. Down the steep hillside, bruised and bloody, they broke away, nor passed till each, at his own fireside, told in breathless haste, how the 'sperrit' had chased him, how, as he fled faster than the wind, it was agony to feel its fiery breath, growing fiercer every moment, while he dared not look behind, until, at his own door, it vanished in the most approved manner, with a hideous howl, pale, blue flames, and a strong sulphurous smell. Next morning a thousand additional terrors were discovered, the fame of Daddy Jack being wondrously increased thereby, until he was universally dreaded by the whole parish as the most formidable 'sperrit' of whose appearance there is any record in ancient or modern time.

To return to our friend 'Misther Farrell.' Chuckling over the success of his stratagem, he bent his steps homeward, rejoicing; over the green fields of Coombeg, and by the pleasant hedge-rows of Castletown, he sauntered along; what delightful visions occupy his soul. Poising the bar in his hand, he ponders whether it will be more advisable for him to purchase an estate or to invest it in the funds; filled with their pleasing cogitations he arrived at his own door. What can have occurred? Why this house is positively smaller than when he last saw it, and he registers a vow to exchange his residence on the morrow. Rat-tat-tat-tat! was there ever such a dignified nock as his? Did ever a born gentleman pace his drawing-room more gracefully than John Sarsfield Moore O'Farrell walks up and down, in silent thoughtfulness, upon his cabin-floor? Old Rose can bear it no longer.

'For shame! you could vagabone, what a time it is for you to be out drinkin' an' gallivantin', disturbin' me from my night's rest, and showin' sich example to the childer.'

'Rose,' replied he, pompously, 'you should larn to speak more grammatically; your accent is shockin' vulgar, an' I'm afraid that I must get the master to tache you for a long time afore I can bring you into any soort iv decent society! why you'll make a holy show iv me afore the quality.'

'Oh, you misfortunate odd man, its blinded wid the drink you are, or gone cracked entirely! Boys, will yiz get up, an' help me to put your father to bed?'

'Whist, woman! an' look at that. Light a rush, an' look at that bar iv gold—feel the weight iv that yer soul—there's sumthin' to be talkin' about.'

'A bar iv gold, morriah!' said Rose, as she took it in her hand, 'didn't I know, you old vagabone, that you wor blinded wid the drink—musha, look at what he calls a bar iv gold, a lump iv a rusty odd crowbar.'

'Misther Farrell' got a lesson. He has not since alluded to the siege of Jerusalem, though he was heard to say 'that the sperrit gave him a shockin' malavogin in the vault.' Certain it is, that he appeared in public next day, with his face in a woful state of dislapidation; but we leave it to our readers to determine whether old Rose or Daddy Jack knows the most about it.

A HAUNTED CHAMBER.

Give an Irish peasant, after the labors of the day, a comfortable turf fire—place him around it with all the young and old of his acquaintances—let the tale of ghost and goblin go around—let him listen to the garrulity of old age, as it records the wondrous adventures that happened while the bloom of youth were yet upon its cheek, and he will deem himself happier than the sons of the noble and the wealthy of the land, for whom the proud mansion shines in splendid magnificence, while the sounds of merriment and rivalry re-echo through its halls.

No country ever abounded more in tales of the wonderful than Ireland; not a sod throughout its wide extent that is not associated with the recollection of some preternatural occurrence. Walk with a peasant through any part of the country, and this was the residence of a ghost—that was the abode of the fairies; here a horrid murder had been committed, which accounts for its being shunned by the weary traveller, and there some faithless damsel had broken the pledged vow, while even hence her white shad-dow-y form is seen to glide in the moonlight across the green sward, which had been witness to her perfidy. Superstition is natural to man, and it has existed in all ages; it is strange, however, that all nations, though characterised each by a sort of superstition peculiar to themselves, yet agree in one point, namely—a firm belief in the existence of a mysterious connection between this and the world of spirits. Philosophy may endeavor to prove the fallacy of such opinions, and no doubt can do so to a considerable extent, but yet some regard must be paid to the general concurrence of mankind, and in deference to it 'tis only fair to imagine that, at one period of the world, the grave was not 'the bourne from which no traveller returns,' but that the spirits of the dead have been permitted to revisit the scene of their early pilgrimage. Ireland, however, the land of fay and of fairies, of glen and of valley, peopled with strange and incorporated beings, is more filled with wondrous stories, that excite in us 'thoughts beyond the reaching of our souls,' than any other country perhaps in the world. After all, it may not be unprofitable that such things should have been believed in; by means of them semblances of its early national character have been preserved, and a knowledge of the manners and customs of its original inhabitants, which would otherwise have been lost, has come down to us, lighted through the dark vista of successive generations, by the adventitious lustre of traditional legends. The diffusion of Christianity now tends to weaken and almost to destroy our credulity, but nevertheless, it is pleasing occasionally to lift the veil of oblivion, which time has spread over the events of by-gone days, and view the state of the human mind before the light of revelation had spread its refulgence over the world.

In the western part of Ireland stands a large and beautiful castle, the residence of a very old and wealthy family. It is finely and romantically situated; all the beauties of nature seemed to be clustered together in rich profusion around it; a large lake rolls its glossy waters in front, thickly planted around with trees of all kinds, which in some parts rearing their vast foliage to a considerable height, are reflected back in sombre relief from its clear and mirror like surface. Behind it, at some distance, a long range of mountains, in some parts thickly planted to their summits, rise in sublime grandeur till they almost lose themselves in the clouds; the castle itself, which has been lately rebuilt, except one old ivy covered tower that has been allowed to remain as evidence of its antiquity, is large, spacious, and now embellished with all the beauties of modern architecture. From parts of it may be seen the broad sweep of the Atlantic, heaving along in majestic swell; a spacious piazza in front, supported by massive magnificent pillars of the Corinthian order, give it at first view a dark and imposing appearance. Before the castle was rebuilt, a large fissure in the wall was very remarkable, the more so, as, according to the story, it could never be repaired. Frequent attempts have been made, but all proved ineffectual; the work went on very well by day, but after the interval of one night it

resumed its former appearance. Parties had often sat up in order to discover the means by which such a strange counteraction of the labor was effected—they saw nothing, they heard nothing, and yet in the morning the same old crack was visible in the wall. The reason that is given for it is this:—Some centuries before there was one room in the castle which was said to be haunted; strange and confused noises had been heard in it, till at last it was shut up and completely deserted, no one willing to expose themselves to the horrors which had been endured by those who had already ventured to sleep in it; many daring persons had made the experiment, and the account given by them was truly wonderful. Some had the most frightful and appalling dreams of bloodshed and murder, which they saw perpetrated before them, while the bed on which they lay was floating in a boundless sea of blood, which was lit up by a blue sulphury light.—Some imagined that they were to the top of a high precipitous cliff, beneath which lay the infernal regions, while by some unseen power they were plunged into the fiery abyss below. Some thought that they were conveyed to a dismal vault lined round with skeletons, each holding a torch, which emitted a blue sulphurous light, while a taper of the same kind seemed to cast its horrid glare through the empty sockets of their eyes, and occasionally they sent forth an unearthly laugh that re-echoed through the vault. Others thought that they had seen the devil stalking through the room. It was also remarked of all who had ever slept in the room, that they never survived long, but generally pined away without any apparent cause. The wonderful events connected with this room spread far and wide, and though it was now completely shut up, yet the domestics were frequently frightened by the horrid noises which proceeded from it. A belief existed in those days that the devil had frequently selected particular places on earth, which he visited with his presence; such selection was generally supposed to indicate that the place thus pitched upon had, at some period, been the scene of some dreadful murder, or other crime, by which it has been polluted, and it was supposed that he could not be dispossessed of his thus strangely acquired tenement, or the place itself freed from its defilement, except by some mysterious mode of exorcism and subsequent purification, known only to the priests, who never failed to prove the high value which they set upon this secret knowledge; by the exorbitance of their demand whenever applied to to exert their sacerdotal influence. In accordance with this belief, a neighboring monk was applied to, and when the terms, upon which he agreed to expel the evil spirits were finally settled, he took up his residence at the house; he went through a long and toilsome ordeal of preparation, such as fasting, praying, and other sorts of penitential duties for some weeks. At length, when the necessary preliminaries were arranged, he took up his night's abode in the room; he brought with him his missal, a pair of wax candles, and a human skull; what use he made of the skull could never be discovered. On the first night nothing remarkable happened; on the second the noise was long and more confused than usual; on the third night, which was to determine the event, the noises increased, a dense body of smoke issued from the room, and towards the approach of morning, a terrible crash, which shook the house to its foundation, was heard, and the priest came out exulting in his victory; the devil had sprung through the wall and had caused the fissure, which never could be filled up while one stone of the old wall remained. The priest was handsomely rewarded, and the fame of the occurrence soon spread over the kingdom; long was the spot through which the devil had escaped pointed out to the spectators. The form of all, however, is now changed; never since have any noises been heard, and people sleep in it, forgetful that even once it had been the scene of so extraordinary an occurrence.

For every bad there might be a worse; when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful it was not his neck.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

In number 5, vol. I., we gave an illustration and sketch of the Giant's Causeway, Ireland. We now present our readers with three more cuts and a short sketch on the same subject. The entrance to the causeway through the Giant's Gateway is most imposing. Colonnades of perfectly-formed basaltic pillars rise up against the face of the cliff in apparently the greatest order, and near it is the Lady's Chair, so called from the fact that it is frequently made use of as a seat by the fair visitors to the Causeway. Whether it possesses any of the virtues ascribed to it we cannot say. Like the Giant's Well, the erection of this far-famed stone is partly the work of human hands.

The general effect of the Causeway on the mind of the visitor is one of awe and solemnity. 'What shall I say of the Causeway?' inquires Lord John Manners. 'There are three promontories running into the sea on the level with the waves, or nearly so, composed of upright blocks, of stone, each, it may be, a yard in circumference, hexagonal, pentagonal, octagonal, and one or two nonagonal in shape; some of the cliffs, too, are fluted in this manner, with columns thirty feet high, resembling at a little distance the pipes of an organ. A very steep and narrow track took us from the Causeway to the summit of the cliffs—an ascent of about 300 feet, and a walk of a couple of miles along their edge to the Pleas-kin Rock. It rained furiously, so that it was only now and then we could obtain a fair view of the dark creeks, and bold rocks, and strange formations of whinstone, which diversify this mysterious coast.'

At short distances from the coast the sea is studded with numerous small uninhabitable islands, and the coast itself is intersected with many deep and solemn looking caves, which can only be explored by means of boats. A rock called 'Sea-Gull Island,' from the fact of these birds frequenting it in vast numbers, lies to the east of the Chimney Tops. This rock, probably, formed part of the mainland at some distant period of time. The view seaward is grand indeed.

On the cliffs all round the coasts of Donegal and Antrim similar masses of columns are observable. The pillars called the Chimney Tops are among the most singular and remarkable phenomena belonging to the Causeway. They are three in number, the tallest standing upwards of forty feet from the face of the cliff. These rocks, according to Mr. S. C. Hall, were mistaken by the crew of a ship belonging to the Spanish Armada for the chimneys of Dunluce Castle, and were fired upon accordingly. The story goes, that the giants, in revenge for the insult, hung out lights from the cliffs, which so bewildered the ship's crew that they fouled among the breakers, and were lost on the coast. At any rate, there is a little bay here called Port-na-Spania.



LADY'S CHAIR.



SEA-GULL ISLAND—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

In order to view the Causeway with effect, and to enjoy its varied aspects, the artists and the true lovers of nature will not be satisfied with one hasty view of it and its surrounding wonders. They will contrive to see it at sunrise, when the dawn first flings its kaleidoscope tints on those myriad groups of columns; also at sunset, when the red light of departing day, alternating with deep shadow, brings forth in beautiful relief the outlines of each pillared mass; and, loveliest of all, when the summer moonlight flings its mystic lustre over a scene surcharged with endless shapes of grandeur and sublimity. The Causeway, as a whole, cannot, as already intimated, be properly seen or enjoyed from the land. The tourist will have to embark in one of the many well-manned and serviceable row-boats which are always in waiting either at the Causeway itself, or at the shore near the village of Ballinatory.

THE CHIMNEY SWALLOW.

The following curious account of a settlement of chimney swallows we extract from 'An Account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States,' by J. Audubon, recently published:—

'Immediately on my arrival at Louisville, in the state of Kentucky, I became acquainted with the hospitable and amiable Major William Croghan and his family. While talking one day about birds, he asked me if I had seen the trees in which the swallows were supposed to spend the winter, but which they only entered, he said, for the purpose of roosting. Answering in the affirmative, I was informed that on my way back to town, there was a tree remarkable on account of the immense numbers that resorted to it, and the place in which it stood was described to me. I found it to be a scyamore, nearly destitute of branches, sixty or seventy feet high, between seven and eight feet in diameter at the base, and about five for the distance of forty feet up, where the stump of a broken hollowed branch, about two feet in diameter, made out from the main stem. This was the place at which the swallows entered. On closely examining the tree, I found it hard, but hollow to near the roots. It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, in the middle of July. Swallows were flying over Jeffersonville, and the woods around, but there were none near the tree. I proceeded home, and shortly after returned on foot. The sun was going down behind the Silver Hills; thousands of swallows were flying closely above me, and three or four at a time were pitching into the hole, like bees hurrying into their hive. I remained, my head leaning on the tree, listening to the roaring noise made within by the birds as they settled and arranged themselves, until it was quite dark, when I left the place. I had scarcely returned to Louisville, when a violent thunder storm passed suddenly over the town, and its appearance made me think that the hurry of the swallows to enter the tree was caused by this anxiety to avoid it.

Next morning, I rose early enough to reach the place long before the appearance of daylight, and put

my head against the tree. All was silent within. I remained in that posture probably twenty minutes, when suddenly I thought the great tree was giving way, and coming down upon me. Instinctively I sprang from it, but when I looked up to it again what was my astonishment to see it standing as firm as ever. The swallows were now pouring out in a black continued stream. I ran back to my post and listened in amazement to the noise within, which I could compare to nothing else than the sound of a large wheel revolving under a powerful stream. It was yet dusky, so that I could hardly see the hour on my watch, but I estimated the time which they took in getting out at more than thirty minutes. After their departure no noise was heard within, and they dispersed

in every direction. I immediately formed the project to examine the interior of the tree, which, as Major Croghan had told me, proved the most remarkable I ever met with. This I did, in company with a hunting associate. We went provided with a strong line and rope, and succeeded in throwing the line across a broken branch. Fastening the rope to the line we drew it up and pulled it over until it reached the ground again. Provided with the longest cane we could find, I mounted the tree by the rope, and at length seated myself on the broken branch; but my labor was fruitless, for I could see nothing through the hole, and the cane, which was about fifteen feet long, touched nothing on the sides of the tree within that could give any information. I came down, fatigued and disappointed. The next day I hired a man, who cut a hole at the base of the tree. The shell was only a few inches thick, and the axe soon brought the inside to view, disclosing a matted mass of exuviae, with rotten feathers, reduced to a kind of mould, in which I could perceive fragments of insects and quills. I made a passage through this mass. This operation took up a good deal of time, and knowing that if the birds should notice it, they would abandon the tree, I had it carefully closed. The swallows came as usual that night, and I did not disturb them for several days. At last, provided with a dark lantern, I went with my companion about nine in the evening, determined to have a full view of the interior of the tree. I scrambled up the sides of the mass of exuviae, and my friend followed. Slowly and gradually I brought the light of the lantern to bear on the sides of the hole above us, when we saw the swallows clinging side by side, covering the whole surface of the excavation. In no instance did I see one above another. Satisfied with the sight, I closed the lantern. We caught and killed with as much care as possible more than a hundred, stowing them away in our pockets and bosoms, and slid down into the open air.'



GIANT'S GATE.

AN IRISH WAKE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

I have often, indeed always, felt that there is something extremely touching in the Irish cry; in fact, that it breathes the very spirit of wild and natural sorrow. The Irish peasantry, whenever a death takes place, are exceedingly happy in seizing upon any contingent circumstances that may occur, and making them subservient to the excitement of grief for the departed, or the exultation and praise of his character and virtues.

My entrance was a proof of this. I had scarcely advanced to the middle of the floor, when my intimacy with the deceased, our boyish sports, and even our quarrels, were adverted to with a natural eloquence and pathos, that, in spite of my firmness, occasioned me to feel the prevailing sorrow. They spoke, or chanted mournfully, in Irish; but the substance of what they said was as follows:

'Oh, Denis, Denis, 'avournen!' you're lying low this mornin' of sorrow!—lying low are you, and does not know who it is (alluding to me) that is standin' over you, weepin' for the days you spent together in your youth! It is yourself, acushla agus ashore machree! (the pulse and beloved of my heart!) that would stretch out the right hand warmly to welcome him to the place of his birth, where you had both been so often happy about the green hills and valleys with each other. He's here now, standin' over you, and it's he, of all his family, kind and respectable as they are, that was your own favorite, Denis, 'avournen dhelish!' He alone was the companion that you loved! With no other could you be happy! For him did you fight, when he wanted a friend in your quarrels! and if you had a dispute with him, were you not sorry for it? Are you not now stretched in death before him, and will he not forgive you?'

All this was uttered, of course, extemporaneously, and without the least preparation. They then passed on to an enumeration of his virtues as a father, a husband, son, and brother; specified his worth as he stood related to society in general, and his kindness as a neighbor and a friend.

An occurrence now took place which may serve, in some measure, to throw light upon many of the atrocities and outrages which takes place in Ireland. Before I mention it, however, I think it necessary to make a few observations relative to it. I am convinced that those who are intimately acquainted with the Irish peasantry, will grant that there is not on the earth a class of people in whom the domestic affections of blood-relationship are so pure, strong, and sacred.

The birth of a child will occasion a poor man to break in upon the money set apart for his landlord, in order to keep the christening, surrounded by his friends and neighbors, with due festivity.

A marriage exhibits a spirit of joy, an exuberance of happiness and delight, to be found only in the Green Island; and the death of a member of a family is attended with a sincerity of grief scarcely to be expected from men so much the creatures of the more misanthropic feelings. In fact, their sorrow is a socialism in humanity—at once deep and loud—mingled up, even its wildest paroxysms, with a laughter-loving spirit.

It is impossible that an Irishman, sunk in the lowest depths of affliction, could permit his grief to flow in all its sad solemnity, even for a day, without some glimpse of his natural humor throwing a faint and rapid light over the gloom within him. No; there is an amalgamation of sentiments in his mind which, as I said before, would puzzle any philosopher to account for.

Yet it would be wrong to say, though his grief has something of an unsettled and ludicrous character about it, that he is incapable of the most subtle and most desolating intensity of sorrow.

But he laughs off those heavy vapors which hang

about the moral constitution of the people of other nations, giving them a morbid habit, which leaves them neither strength nor firmness to resist calamity, which they feel less keenly than an Irishman, exactly as a healthy man will feel the pangs of death with more acuteness than one who is wasted away by debility and decay.

The Irishman seldom or never hangs himself, because he is capable of too much real feeling to permit himself to become the slave of that which is factitious. There is no void in his affections or sentiments, which a morbid and depraved sensibility could occupy; but his feelings, of what character soever they may be, are strong because they are fresh and healthy.

For this reason, I maintain that when the domestic affections come under the influence of either grief or joy, the peasantry of no nation are capable of feeling so deeply. Even on the ordinary occasions of death, sorrow, though it alternates with mirth and cheerfulness, in a manner peculiar to themselves, lingers long in the unseen recesses of domestic life; any hand, therefore, whether by law or violence, that plants a wound here, will suffer to the death.

When my brother and I entered the house, the body had just been put into the coffin; and it is usual after this takes place, and before it is nailed down, for the immediate relations of the family to embrace the deceased, and take their last look and farewell of his remains. In the present instance, the children were brought over, one by one, to perform that trying and melancholy ceremony.

The first was an infant on the breast, whose little innocent mouth was held down to that of its dead father; the babe smiled upon his still and solemn features, and would have played with his grave clothes, but that the murmur of unfeigned sorrow, which burst from all present, occasioned it to be removed. The next was a fine little girl of three or four years, who inquired where they were going to bring her daddy, and asked if he would not soon come back to her.

'My daddy's sleepin' a long time,' said the child, 'but I'll waken him till he sings me, 'Peggy Slevin.' I like my daddy best, bekase I sleeps wid him, and he brings me good things from the fair; he bought me this ribbon,' said she, pointing to a ribbon which he had purchased for her.

The rest of the children were sensible of their loss, and truly it was a distressing scene. His eldest son and daughter, the former about fourteen, the latter about two years older, lay on the coffin kissing his lips, and were with difficulty torn away from it.

'Oh!' said the boy, 'he is goin' from us, and night or day we will never see him or hear him more, Oh, father, father, is that the last sight we are ever to see of your face?—why, father dead, did you die, and leave us forever?—forever—wasn't your heart good to us, and your words kind to us—oh! your last smile is smiled—your last kiss given—and your last kind word spoken to your children, that you loved, and that loved you as we did. Father, core of my heart, are you gone forever, and your voice departed? Oh, the murderers! oh, the murderers, the murderers!' he exclaimed, 'that killed my father; for only for them, he would be still with us; but, by the God that's over me, if I live night and day, I will not rest till I have blood for blood, nor do I care who hears it, nor if I was hanged the next minute.'

As these words escaped him, a deep and awful murmur of suppressed vengeance burst from his relations. At length their sorrow became too strong to be repressed, and as it was the time to take their last embrace and look of him, they came up, and after fixing their eyes on his face in deep affliction, their lips began to quiver, and their countenances became convulsed. They then burst out simultaneously into a tide of violent grief, which, after having

indulged in it for some time, they checked. But the resolution of revenge was stronger than their grief, for standing over his dead body, they repeated, almost word for word, the vow of vengeance which the son had just sworn. It was really a scene dreadfully and terribly solemn; and I could not avoid reflecting upon the mystery of nature, which can, from the deep power of domestic affection, cause to spring a determination to crime of so black a dye.

During all this time the heart-broken widow sat beyond the coffin, looking upon what passed with a stupid sense of bereavement; and when they had all performed this last ceremony, it was found necessary to tell her that the time was come for the procession of the funeral, and that they only waited for her to take, as the rest did, her last look and embrace of her husband. When she heard this, it pierced her like an arrow; she became instantly collected, and her complexion assumed a dark shade of despairing anguish, which it was an affliction even to look upon. She then stooped over the coffin, and kissed him several times, after which she ceased sobbing, and lay silently with her mouth to his.—The character of a faithful wife sorrowing for a beloved husband has that in it which compels both respect and sympathy. There was not at this moment a dry eye in the house. She still lay silent on the coffin; but as I observed that her bosom seemed not to heave as it did a little before, I was convinced that she had become insensible. She was then brought to the air, and, after some trouble, recovered. I recommended them to put her to bed, and not subject her to any unnecessary anguish, by a custom which was really too soul-piercing to endure. This, however, was, in her opinion, the violation of an old rite sacred to her heart and affections—she would not hear of it for an instant. Again she was helped out between her brother and brother-in-law; and after stooping down, and doing as the others had done—

'Now,' said she, 'I will sit here, and keep him under my eye as long as I can—surely you won't blame me for it; you all know the kind husband he was to me, and the good right I have to be sorry for him! Oh,' she added, 'is it throe at all?—is he, my own Denis, the young husband of my early, and my first love, in good earnest dead, and going to leave me here—me, Denis, that you loved so tenderly, and our children, that your brow was never clouded against? Can I believe myself, or is it a dhrame? Denis, 'avick machree! 'avick machree! your hand was dreading, and a good right it had, for it was the manly hand, that was ever and always raised in defence of them that wanted a friend; abroad, in the faction fight against the oppressor, your name was ever feared, 'acushla! but at home—at home—where was your fellow? Denis, 'agrah,' do you know the lips that's spakin' to you?—your young bride—your heart's light—oh, I remember the day you was married to me like yesterday. Oh! 'avournen,' then and since wasn't the heart of your own Honor bound up in you?—yet not a word even to me. Well, 'agrah machree,' it isn't your fault, it's the first time you ever refused to spake to your own Honor. But you're dead, 'avournen, or it wouldn't be so—you're dead before my eyes—husband of my heart—and all my hopes and happiness goes into the coffin and the grave along wid you, forever!'

ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF DESMOND.—In the reign of Elizabeth, Gerald, Earl of Desmond, was defeated, wounded, and taken prisoner, by his great rival, Butler, Earl of Ormond, with whom he was always at war. As the Ormondians were conveying him from the field, stretched upon a bier, his supporters, with a natural triumph, exclaimed, 'Where is now the Earl of Desmond?' 'Where,' returned with energy the wounded chief, 'where, but in his proper place, on the necks of the Butlers.'

[A correspondent of the Dandalk Democrat, who witnessed a coursing match in the county of Meath, and which was very pompously described in a local paper, gives the Democrat the following verses. He seems to have no friendly feeling for that jolly good soul 'Leander,' 'the wit of all circles,' and Farney's white-headed boy!]

'GROVES OF BLARNEY' IN THE COUNTY MEATH.

My muse I'm forc'd to describe a cour-
That lately happened in Drumeau town,
Where the worthy lord, like a mighty grand lord,
In wealth and splendor came rowling down.

To paint the quality in all their jollity,
An' genteel farmers that figured there,
I've no ability, but with all humility,
I will enday vor I do declare.

There were hares in plenty, with grey-hounds twenty,
All bent on mischief I'm grieved to think,
Besides the beaters, likewise spectators,
All cowl'd and hungry for want of drink!

There was the Earl of Bective, a real detective,
Looking most effective, beating through the furze,
While Mick O'Hara was as good as Pharaoh,
Or the Lord of Tara, in boots and spurs.

There was a Mister Adam among the madams,
Dispensing etables with wine and punch,
And the famed 'Leander,' a mere by-stander,
Till their honors twigged him, and gave him lunch.

There were two distillers, besides several millers,
With the Lady Killen of fame and might,
And tenant righters, all splendid fighters,
When opposition is out of sight.

There were famed attorneys that came long journeys,
(The precious emblems of Kilkenny cats),
And those handsome Saxons, the Mister Jacksons,
Show'd their attractions in Jerry hats.

I'm not a jaynoyn, or I would explain yez
The fine diversion with hound and hare;
As my understandin' is not commandin',
Besides for sportin' I little care.

Yet, altho' 'tis winter, was I a printer,
I'd surely venture to paint the scene—
The verdant rushes and the large whin bushes—
Where thieves' foxes are all serene,

So now to finish, I must diminish,
Since I can't replenish my slender rhyme,
But a far-famed gammoner, in the Newry Examiner,
Will tip the biarney some other time.

CATHOLIC GENTLEMEN IN THE PENAL TIMES.

BY LADY MORGAN.

'Pray, was O'Donnel the Red, an ancestor of yours, Colonel O'Donnel?'

'My immediate ancestor, madam,' he replied; 'a very brave and very unfortunate man, who lived the lord of this region, and died with only this sword to bequeath to his posterity. You will find the name of Hugh O'Donnel mentioned with honor in all the histories of Ireland, whether traced by her enemies or her friends. But I believe the most authentic, though the simplest account of him, will be found in the old national chronicle, called the 'Annals of the Four Masters,' from which the pages you have read are extracted.'

As he spoke, he took the volume which lay on the desk, and running over its pages, he said: 'This is one of our most curious chronicles extant. The late master of this retreat, my dearest friend, and nearest kinsman, was engaged in translating from it the history of our family, when death closed his own. You must perceive that what has been done by my late venerable kinsman has been done carelessly, and is indeed rather a loose abridgment than a just translation, exhibiting that want of connexion so frequently obvious in the last efforts of declining intellect, when all links of association hold feebly together, when the mind only recovers itself by starts and imagination, if not wholly extinguished, sends forth but brief and sudden sparks from its decaying fires; yet the author of these feeble fragments had once nerve, spirit, and talents, adequate to fill the highest station, to crown the boldest enterprise.' The Abbe O'Donnel distinguished himself

in the diplomacy of Spain. His services, however, less known than felt, were marked rather by their success than their recompense.'

'It is lamentable,' said Mr. Glentworth, 'that talents so rarely found should be employed in the service of any country but their own.'

'True,' said O'Donnel, 'it is indeed lamentable—destructive to the country and fatal to the individual. But to command the services of genius, it must be unrestricted. It is the equal right, the equal hope, shining on all alike, which gives vigor to ability, and a right direction to the vague impulses of ambition. Sink the individual in the scale of social consideration, withdraw from him the natural motives which should give strength to resolution; and energy to action, and you banish or degrade him; he remains at home, alternating between the torpor of disgraceful indolence and the wildness of sullen disaffection, or he retires to other countries, to offer those talents, those energies, to foreign states, for which he finds no mart at home. Like the liquid element, the human mind flows cloudy and polluted through narrow and prescribed channels, and derives its brilliancy, its purity, its wholeness, and its utility, alone from the freedom of its course, and the agitation of its own natural and unrestrained motions.'

'To this alternative of idleness or banishment were the gentlemen of Ireland reduced by religious disqualification, at the period when the original of that picture, accompanied by a younger brother, bade adieu to the land of his fathers. The brothers offered their services in causes with which their feelings held no alliance. The younger O'Donnel entered the Austrian army, where so many of his kinsmen had already distinguished themselves. He rapidly attained the rank of a general officer, lived in honor, and died in glory.'

The elder brother, with an early imbibed taste for philosophical diplomacy, became an efficient agent in the court of Madrid, and expiated his illusion by his disappointment. He found himself involved in the narrow and illiberal views of a crooked and intricate policy, and discovered, too late, that the labor of an unfortunate alien, received alternately with an enforced confidence or a natural distrust, are accepted with reluctance, and rewarded with parsimony.

In a moment of this melancholy conviction (his strong passions ever veering to extremes), he abandoned the world, and threw himself into the Abbey of La Trappe. He was soon, however, again sought for, because his talents were soon missed, and the royal entreaty and papal authority once more dragged him on the scene of life, at the moment he was found digging his grave.

Yet when death, after a course of years, robbed him of the prince he served, he remained uncompensated, unprovided for, advanced in life, and careworn in spirits. Then it was that his affections (having completed the circle of objects, which in turn possess the bosom, and mark the stages from the cradle to the tomb), returned to the goal from whence they started. His country, his home, awakened his heart's last warm impulses, and the fond desire so common among the Irish, that his eyes should be closed by the hands of kindred affection, led him back to that paternal roof, and to those ties, whose images time and absence had rather strengthened than obliterated from its remembrance. He had left an elder brother, the representative of the faded honors and lessened fortunes of his family, and to the sons of this brother he looked forward for the bright reflection of his own ardent youth, for the solace of declining years. He returned after thirty years of exile, but found no home, nor brother, nor brother's children.

There was, at the period to which I allude, a penal statute in force, which struck at once against the law of God and man, and tore asunder the holy

bond, which forms the type of every social institution, the tie of filial and parental love. By this law it was enacted that the son of a Catholic parent, by conformity to the established church, could legally possess himself of the property of his family (when so gained) from the rightful heirs. A crime thus sanctioned, did sometimes—not often—find its motive in the sordid selfishness of human depravity.

Oh, then many a blessed tie was rent asunder—many a grey head was bowed with shame and sorrow to the grave. Brother raised his hand against brother.' He paused again in emotion, and then continued: 'In a word, such was the event which hailed the Abbe's return to this country—the youngest of the two nephews had abjured a faith which only entailed misfortune, and, reaping the fruits of his apostasy by taking the letter of the law, left his family and the natural heir destitute.'

The injured brother, maddened with the double wrongs of himself and his infant son, gave vent to nature's bitterest indignation. The brothers fought—fratricide was added to apostasy, and the guilty survivor, not able to appear on the scene of his crimes, left his country forever.'

HALL OF TARAR.—In the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, there is preserved a fragment of an ancient Irish manuscript, containing a description of the Banqueting Hall of Tamar, or Tara, which is very curious. It states that 'The Palace of Tamar was formerly the seat of Coon, of the hundred battles; it was the seat of Art, and of Cairbre Liffearach, and of Cathar Mor, and of every king who ruled in Tamar on the time of Niall.'

In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tamar was nine hundred feet square; the surrounding rath seven diu, or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments, one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping rooms for guards, and sixty men in each; the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve porches, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers, and nobles.

The eating hall had twelve stalls, or divisions, in each wing, with tables and passages round them; sixteen attendants on each side, eight to the astrologers, historians, and secretaries in the rear of the hall, and two to each table at the door; one hundred guests in all; two oxen, two sheep, and two hogs, at each meal divided equally to each side.

The quantity of meat and butter that were daily consumed here, surpasses all description; there were twenty-seven kitchens, and nine cisterns for washing hands and feet, a ceremony not dispensed with from the highest to the lowest.

UMBRELLAS.—In the Female Tatler, of the 12th of December, 1709, we meet with the following advertisement:—'The young gentleman belonging to the Custom House, that for fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella at Willis's coffee house in Cornhill of the mistress, is hereby advertised, that to be dry from head to foot on the like occasion, he shall be welcome to the maid's patters.' It would seem, from the satire conveyed in this notice, that this useful invention had at first been considered as too effeminate for men. When the Emperor Joseph II., while on his travels, under the name of Count Falkenstein, at Metz, he attended a review. The count had no parapluie. The major general offered his to the count, which he refused, saying, 'I value not a shower, it hurts nothing of a man but his clothes.' The instant after, all the umbrellas were folded up and disappeared. When the late Marquess of Cornwallis was leaving a nobleman's house, and stepping into his carriage, a servant offered to hold an umbrella over him. 'Take that thing away,' said his lordship, 'I am neither sugar nor salt, to suffer by a shower of rain.'



KILCOLMAN CASTLE.

SCENERY AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.

The name of Spenser is so associated with Kilkoman Castle that we feel assured we shall gratify our readers by laying before them a sketch of all that remains of the poet's princely residence in the county of Cork.

The castle is now, alas! in ruins, although within its deserted halls the proud Desmonds once held almost regal sway. The situation of this architectural fragment of a former age now looks bleak and cheerless, owing to the surrounding mountains being completely destitute of timber; but a well-founded tradition exists that the woods of Kilkoman extended to Buttevant, three miles distant. The estates have long since passed from the poet's family, which are now supposed to be extinct. The chief portion of the property was forfeited by a grandson of Spenser's through his attachment to the cause of the unfortunate James II. And upon this incident we may observe that, although the Stuart family were supported by the noblest and bravest in the realm, although rivers of blood were poured forth in their behalf, the dearest ties severed, and the fondest associations broken, yet all would not do—their power passed away.

Spenser was created poet-laureate to Queen Elizabeth; but for some time were only the barren laurel, for no pension was attached to the possession of the honor. As the Scotch say, the lord-treasurer, Burleigh, did not 'fash' himself much about mere 'poet-creatures.' Perhaps, owing to his devotion to the severe and dry duties of statesmanship, he was unable to appreciate the melody of words orderly arranged, and, in a spirit of economy, protected the civil list from another addition to its burdens. It was said that he disobeyed the queen's express order, and intercepted the bounty intended for the poet. We should scarcely think this probable; no minister would have dared so to trifle with the masculine character of Elizabeth. However, where the fault lay is still a mystery; and we have it upon record that Spenser resented this ungracious treatment by writing his 'Mother Hubbard's Tale,' in which he painted the misfortune of depending upon courts and great persons in a very lively manner. But though Spenser had no interest with the lord then in power, he was, nevertheless, held in considerable esteem by the most

eminent men of the time; and upon Lord Grey being appointed deputy of Ireland, he was presented with £50 a year and a large grant of land, 328 acres of which belonged to the unfortunate Earl of Desmond.

It was the 'gentle poet' who advised the English government, in its wars with the Irish people, to burn their fields of standing corn, and so brought war's worst desolation upon the land. He also represented to the English government the extermination of the Irish bards, that the people might the more easily be subjugated. One of the conditions upon which he received the land was, that no Irish should be permitted to live upon it. The result of this harsh and inhuman policy—for most of the English settlers were similarly restrained—as might have been foreseen, was to increase the hatred with which the Irish naturally regarded these intruders, and to expose the latter, more openly to the vengeance of their enemies. The desolate pile resting in lonely grandeur on the banks of the 'Mulla fair and bright' shows how ineffectual was oppression to banish the memory of a wrong. The castle seems brooding over its vanished greatness, and the poet's favorite stream rolls sadly along, as if in mourning for the bard, who had fallen a victim to the bad passions which a vindictive policy encouraged.

It was in 1586 that Spenser took up his residence in this ancient castle, and, in the retirement found within its walls, devoted himself to the Muses. As he wandered along the banks of his beloved Mulla—a poetical name substituted by him for the harsh name of Awbeg, which the river still retains—it is pleasing to imagine that the glorious vision of—

'Heavenly Una, and her milk-white lamb'

burst upon his mind, and that as he rambled, regarding nature with a poet's eye, he drew the outline of his beautiful poem, 'The Faery Queen'—a work, for brilliancy of fancy, richness of thought, and noble imagery, unsurpassed by anything of a similar nature in the English language. Throughout his poems we find numerous allusions to the scenery in the neighborhood of Kilkoman, and of Castletown Roche, where he possessed another small estate. In 'Mutability' he celebrates the barony of Armory, or Fermoy, under the name of Armilla,

and in 'Colin Clout's come home again,' he bestows the tribute of his admiration upon his favorite Mulla. In this poem there is a chaste and beautiful memorial of the friendship which subsisted between Spenser and Sir Walter Raleigh. The poet describes his friend as a shepherd of the ocean, coming to visit him in his retirement. The lines are exquisite, and we cannot resist the temptation to quote them.

—'I ate as was my trade,

Under the foot of Mole, that mountain bore;
Keeping my sheep amongst the cool shade
Of the green alders of Mulla's shore.
There a strange shepherd chanced to find me out;
Whether allured by my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound shrouded far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right;
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he light? himself he did uylep,
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name.
And said he came far from the main sea deep.'

The last line alludes to the roving disposition of Sir Walter Raleigh, and how touching is the affection which the bard manifests for his kindred spirit.

Scated in

'The cool shade
Of the green alders,'

we may imagine the kind of conversation with which two such congenial souls would rob time of its tediousness. Raleigh, with the ardor of the adventurer, and the fire of the bravest soldier that 'ever set squadron in the field,' would glowingly describe the countries he had visited, enumerate their resources, and expatiate on the advantages which would accrue to England from their possession. The poet would listen with greedy ear—for who loves not the marvels of strange lands?—and then he would, at a bound, mount his Pegasus, and, perhaps, pulling forth a manuscript, written in a most 'text and clerk-like hand,' read to the delightful enthusiast by his side, himself no mean poet, a few pages of 'The Faery Queen.'

When the rebellion of Tyrone, in 1598, broke out, Spenser was compelled to fly to England, to escape the retaliations which were everywhere being directed against the English settlers. He saved his life, but his castle was burned, and his only child perished in the flames, and all his property plundered by what the English government called rebels. He died the same year, utterly crushed in spirit, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1868

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

One fault, easily amended, would make this periodical always distasteful to a large and rapidly growing portion of the reading community. We allude to the sectarian tone which, from time to time, is found to be so unreasonably prominent in it. We would say nothing about this matter if the magazine would show its colors, and declare that it was and is designed to suit the peculiar tastes of the Protestant middle class reading public. When we take up a number of Blackwood's magazine, we know, to a comma, what we are to have as reading matter. We shall find in it tales, essays, sketches, reviews, and political articles, written in the very best English that can be found in the superior class of publications of our age. The ambitious student, who would be noted for his pure English, should give his days and nights to the study of Blackwood rather than of Addison. Many writers have tried to imitate him successfully, but most have failed.—As Horace says, while commenting upon the imitatively simple style of Cæsar's narrative of his wars, the ambitious imitator will, in most cases, sweat profusely and labor in vain.

But every reader of Blackwood knows very well that the magazine is High Church in religion, and High Tory in politics, and intensely British throughout. It has no good word for dissenters, and it professes to abhor 'Romanism,' the more especially since the Oxford movement, and the conversion of so many High Church clergymen and others of lofty standing to the Roman Catholic church. Blackwood is fair in this respect; he tells you what dishes he will set before you. If you find him an enemy, you have an honorable one, who told you from the beginning that he had no love to waste upon you.

An American, who might take up a copy of a magazine published in a slave state—say the Southern Literary Messenger, if it be in existence yet—would expect to find its politics shaped to suit southern tastes. Frequent, and often able, apologies for the institution of slavery, and as able indications of the doctrine of State Rights, would be naturally looked for in such a periodical, and the northern man who might find in this thing matter of accusation would be a silly fellow.

The same principle applies to our new Atlantic monthly, of which we have on some occasions reason to be proud. It is generally understood that most of the contributory to this magazine are disposed to support the Free-soil or Republican party. Hence, no intelligent reader should be surprised, although he might be sorry, to find in it elaborate articles, written in opposition to the doctrines concerning slavery as held by the Democratic party, and as expounded by Presidents Pierce and Buchanan.

It is so with all newspapers and other periodicals, with the exception of that class which may be regarded upon their own showing as purely scientific or literary publications. No Republican would dream of reading the Boston Post for articles on his side of the question, and no Democrat would be willing to take the Atlas and Bee as a guide in politics. The Protestant who would read the Boston Pilot for any other purpose than to be well informed as to what the Catholics were doing would be no true Protestant, and the Catholic who would read an avowedly sectarian paper, with the remotest expectation of finding in it anything like justice to Catholicity, would be an ass, to say the least of it.

Assuming that the lower class of readers are content only what are called 'flash novels and papers,' and assuming that the higher class of readers, when they look at a magazine, open only such as the Atlantic and Blackwood, we may safely assume that Harper's magazine has a very liberal, and, in most

respects, a deserved share of the patronage of that immense and highly respectable, but most impressive body—the middle class of American readers. Now, these men and women may be, and are, of all shades and shadows of religious and political belief, opinion, or whim. Harper expressly acknowledges this in his standing advertisement, printed on the cover of the magazine. He says that the publishers 'will contrive to fill the magazine with articles inculcating sound views in life and morals, leaving, as heretofore, the discussion of sectarian opinions in religion, and sectional questions in politics, to their own appropriate organs. Wise men and true patriots agree upon points far more numerous than those upon which they differ. The object of the magazine will be to unite rather than to separate the views and feelings of the people of different sections of our common country.'

Now that is an excellent programme for a magazine that enjoys the very great and respectable patronage which Harper's books can show. And, in most points, the magazine fulfils the promise made by its proprietors. In literature, it is tolerably eclectic—selecting specimens from nearly all schools of English literature—one, perhaps, excepted; and its selections are generally made with taste and skill, and few things may be found in it offensive to the major and minor morals. To be sure, its leaning is towards sentimentalism, but this must be regarded as a recognition of the quality of the reading which Harper's great public likes best. It occasionally betrays the Free-Soil tendencies of its conductors, but this seems to occur without design, not to say malice aforethought. It always gives a good supply of readable jokes, and an excellent summary of passing events. Its reviews of books are commonly fair, and its 'voyage, travel, and excursion articles,' furnish entertaining and sometimes instructive matter.

But, Harper's is a sectarian magazine, after all, and the man who buys it, under the supposition that it is not, commits a singular mistake. It is essentially a magazine prepared to suit the tastes of the middle class of American Protestant readers, and serves up dishes for them skilfully made. Since the appearance of the so-called American party, that is to say, within the last four years, this thing has been quite noticeable—somewhat painfully so. This has been apparent not so much in the general tone of the articles, as in the appearance, from time to time, of some elaborate letter, sketch, or essay, written by a bigoted Protestant, describing his personal experience in countries really or nominally Catholic, and who knew too little of history, and of the doctrines of Catholicity, and of the bearings of those doctrines on religious, social, political and civil life in those countries to enable him to stand up as a competent, fair and honest witness. Now we would respectfully submit that there are several good reasons why this sectarian course should not be pursued.

In the first place, the promise given by Harper to his readers is not kept. A Catholic takes up the magazine expecting to find in it useful or entertaining matter, without the admixture of anything offensive to him as a Catholic. He sees that great care is taken in order that the feelings of no member of any of our prominent sects shall be wounded, and, trusting to the assurance given by the conductors, he takes it for granted that his religion, too, will be let alone. But it is not so. He finds articles, often illustrated with grotesque cuts, showing up his church and its workings in various lands as anything but proper, respectable or religious. Harper does not keep his promise.

Then, nothing is gained by this course. The articles in question are not numerous; the mischief is, that you may pitch upon one of them in any number. Now, it would be 'carrying coals to Newcastle' to tell Harper that he could provide good matter in

place of this anti-Popery stuff, and so please all his readers without giving just grounds of offence to any.

In the next place, let us observe that it is not good policy in a periodical like Harper's to ignore the already great and daily increasing number of persons born in the Catholic church in this country, who are, or might be, readers of such magazines as his. Honesty is the best policy also in literary life. It may be natural enough for professed 'anti-Popery' writers, speakers and preachers, to treat Catholicity as they do; but, in other walks of life, a different spirit is at work. In France, during the awful years of the first revolution, God was not recognized in political, civil, social, or literary life. He has since vindicated His ways in all these things. In many lands the Catholic church is officially declared to be politically, socially, civilly, not to say religiously, dead. And yet Catholicity everywhere 'still lives.' How does this happen? Macaulay cannot tell you, although, in his essay on the History of the Popes, he has a paragraph containing the most sublime description of the hold of the Catholic church upon the world to be found in any book. It is not good policy, then, ever for the conductors of a literary magazine to ignore a power which has endured for eighteen centuries, which 'still lives,' which somehow contrives to fatten on dry bones and rough treatment, and which says that, as she has heretofore lived always and everywhere, so will she live everywhere and always to the end of time, in spite of her enemies—yea, in spite of her friends.

Again, a conspicuous feature in Harper's is the biographical, historical, and traveller's articles, some of them very readable withal. Now, apart from the pleasure obtained from the perusal of things of this sort, the main object should be, on the part of the conductors, to make their readers satisfied that the descriptions or notices in question are reliable and true. No doubt, Harper would have it so. Otherwise, the articles would be merely bits of historical or biographical romance, and should be published under some such heading. Indeed, not a few of them should be so published, if published at all. Then the reading public would know what to say to them, as the judicious readers of Scott know what to say to such absurd pictures as may be found in the 'Abbot' and 'Monastery.' But here is an article, for instance, on Italy. Mr. Blank, a Roman Catholic, who reads Harper's, and rather likes the magazine, and who has, perhaps, spent more years in Italy than Harper's man has months, looks over the article, and tosses it and the magazine aside in disgust. He conceives at once a condemnatory judgment, or, at least, a suspicion against ever historical, biographical, or traveller's article in the magazine, and not without at least a good show of reason. He says Harper gives his word and honor that ALL articles of this sort shall be written by competent, intelligent, and trustworthy persons. But I know that of the statements in this article before me some are absurd and some are false, so that the whole article is a lie. If I detect a man in the utterance of statements concerning places, men and events which I know to be untrue, how can I trust him when he writes about men, things and places of which I have no personal knowledge? The inference seems to be a just one, particularly where Catholic persons, events and places are concerned.

THE GALWAY LINE OF STEAMERS.—Arrangements have been perfected in New York for presenting a flag to Captain Waters, upon the next sailing of the Prince Albert on the 18th inst. Miss Theresa Esmond, the dramatic reader, has consented to make the presentation. The design of the flag is the American ministerial crest, encircled by the shamrock, inclosing the harp of Erin, and having the inscription, 'To Captain Thomas J. Waters, Prince Albert,' beneath.

[From the Irish Literary Gazette.]

BLARNEY.

The groves of Blarney they are so charming
 All by the purling of sweet silent brooks,
 Being harked with poises that spontaneous grow there,
 Planted in order in the rocky nooks.
 'Tis there the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
 The blushing pink, and the rose o' the lane,
 Likewise the lily and the daffodilly,
 All flowers that scent the sweet fragrant air.'

This famous place occupies the midst of a fertile vale about five miles west of the city of Cork. The village itself is in an insignificant hamlet, containing a plain and spireless church, a single hostelry, and a pump—a venerable monument of Eld. Nearly a century ago it was a thriving town, with thirteen mills at work in its vicinity, and a market place, in which considerable business was transacted weekly; but its prosperity has long since died away, the only evidences of it now existing being a paper manufactory, and Mr. Mahony's woollen mill.

The rustic chapel of Blarney is situated at the end of a romantic glen, and in close proximity to it arises a round tower. Apropos of this tower, we may indulge in a pardonable self-gratulation at the advantage we possess, in this instance, over all who have written on this vexatious 'erux' of antiquaries; for, inasmuch as they have long wrangled and still dispute about the origin of these cylindrical puzzles, we can unhesitatingly decide on that of the Blarney 'clogheaghe,' which was built by the late parish priest, the Rev. Mathew Hargan, a ripe Irish scholar, and one of the most simple minded and hospitable of men. The proportions of the tower are by no means symmetrical; it is misshapen and stunted, and has been happily compared to a monster churn.

The chief object of interest at Blarney is the castle. Square, hoar and massey, its walls appear above the verdure in which they are embosomed, effectively contrasting with the vivid greenery of the richly foliaged trees. It is said to have consisted of four towers similar to that now existent, but not a vestige of the extinct towers remain, although the mounds and hollows in the vicinity of the castle attest its former extent and importance as a stronghold. Before describing the castle, however, we will briefly glance at the deeds of the more prominent members of the ancient clan for whose defence it was erected.

The M'Carthy More family were formerly the chief sept in Desmond, or South Munster. In antiquity of descent, the M'Carthy's may vie with any of the oldest families in Europe. Long before the English set foot on the 'Island of Saints,' members of this race held sway over Munster as its kings. Their name is derived from Carthach, King of Munster, who flourished about the beginning of the eleventh century. His great grandson, Dairmid, Prince of Desmond, has gained an unenviable notoriety by his treacherous surrender of Cork to a handful of Anglo-Norman adventurers, in 1172. His son rebelled against, captured, and imprisoned him, but he was soon released from duress by the timely aid of Raymond le Gros, to whom he made extensive grants of land in return for this service. Dairmid subsequently repented of his base surrender of Cork, and was slain in a second unsuccessful attempt to recover the city, in 1185. Soon after this event, began one of those interminable feuds between the M'Carthy's and the O'Briens of Thomond, which stain the page of Irish history.

This strife had scarcely subsided, when a new and more deadly one arose between the M'Carthy's and the almost equally powerful sept of the Geraldines, a branch of those degenerate Normans, 'to use the words of an eminent writer, 'who had forgotten their origin, and had adopted the Celtic language and manners. For nearly two centuries the feud between the rival clans desolated the province.

The minor septs of the Donovans, O'Driscolls, M'Mahans, and Sweenies, took part with either of the two principal clans, by which they weakened themselves, and contributed to the aggrandisement of the M'Carthy's and Geraldines. About the middle of the thirteenth century, Munster was devastated by the contending factions, and its valleys, now so peaceful, rang with their fierce slogans.

A trait of social life in those rude times, highly illustrative of the period, has been handed down to us. Bards were then held in deep veneration, were hospitably entertained in the houses they visited, and the place of honor allotted them at table. It is said that Donald Roe M'Carthy, in the thirteenth century, contested the palm of hospitality and generosity with Maguire, prince of Fermanagh. In order to decide their contention on this head, a bard, after having spent a year in each of their houses, awarded the prize to Maguire, in a poem, in which he declares that the latter possessed a more numerous retinue, and consumed a larger quantity of victuals in his household than his rival, M'Carthy More, with his far more extensive territory.

In 1195, the head of the M'Carthy's, of Desmond, was created Lord Muskerry, and in 1660, Donogh M'Carthy obtained the title of Earl of Clancarty. The fourth Lord Muskerry, Cormac Laidir, or the Strong—an ominous title for his weaker neighbors—built the castle of Blarney in 1449, together with other castles and abbeys, among them the friary and castle of Kilerua. The English settlers paid him a tribute of £40 per annum for his protection. Cormac met a violent death by the hand of his brother, in 1495, and the fratricide himself was slain by a near relative—unnatural crimes, that recall those prompted by the ruthless ambition of Eastern princes. Cormac Oge Laidir, who succeeded Cormac the Strong, defeated James, Earl of Desmond, in a sanguinary engagement at Mourne Abbey, near Mallow. The eighth lord, Cormac Mac Teige, was a brave, accomplished, and able chieftain. He gained a decisive victory over the Earl of Desmond's brother, for which he was knighted and made sheriff of Cork. He warmly espoused the English cause. In October, 1601, he reinforced Sir G. Carew, Lord President of Munster, with a large body of Irish at the siege of Kinsale; but having been accused by his cousin, Teige M'Cormac Carthy, of a secret understanding with the Spaniards within the town, he was arrested and imprisoned. Having escaped from prison, he succeeded in obtaining pardon from James I. His descendant, Cormac Oge M'Carthy, was summoned to parliament in the reign of James I., as Baron of Blarney. That monarch subsequently conferred on him forever the lordship of the lands of Blarney, including the castle and village. Donagh M'Carthy, Lord Muskerry, engaged in the civil war of 1741, taking a prominent part in favor of the monarchy. He was opposed by O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin, who defeated him in a well-contested fight. He was consoled for this discomfiture by being appointed Lord President of Munster by Charles I. Lord Biobhill, who took part alternately with the king and the parliament, as his interests dictated, besieged and took Blarney Castle, in 1643, and occupied it for some time. After the restoration, Lord Muskerry was created Earl Clancarty, and his estates restored to him; and at the Revolution, his son, Donagh, embraced the cause of James II. During the wars of this period, Earl Clancarty imprisoned the Protestant citizens of Cork in Blarney Castle. After the unsuccessful efforts of James to regain the throne, the extensive Clancarty estates, yielding a yearly revenue of £200,000, were confiscated, and their lord exiled on a paltry pension of £300 per annum. Blarney Castle and grounds then came into the possession of Dean Davies, of Cork, from whom they were purchased by the Hollowsword-blade company. In 1703, Sir James Jeffreys obtained the lands by purchase, and they still continue in that family.

Robert, the fourth Earl of Clancarty, after serving as captain in the English navy, settled in France, where high honors were bestowed on him. At the age of sixty-three, he married, for the second time, a young wife, 'of whom,' says Mr. Windle, in his invaluable 'Notices of Cork,' 'it is related that the earl, having been left a legacy of £20,000, by a relative who died in England, sent over his wife to receive it, and that she, after having obtained its possession, remained with it in England. The dove returned no more.' After passing a thoughtless, convivial life, he died at the advanced age of eighty-four. His sons left no issue, and the title has become extinct.

Having thus rapidly sketched the fortunes of some members of the once potent lords of Blarney, we shall return to the castle and 'groves.' [For engraving and description of Blarney Castle see No. 7, Vol. I., Irish Miscellany.] The remains of the former are still in good preservation. It is about one hundred feet high, and stands on a limestone rock, at whose base flows a stream called the Comane. The walls are surmounted by a parapet, supported by corbels, the whole crowned by crenelated battlements. A narrow, winding staircase leads to the apartments (if we may dignify them with that term,) which are so small, gloomy, and cheerless, that they are better suited for the lairs of wild beasts than for the habitation of man. The uppermost apartment constituted the kitchen, in which are two spacious fire-places. The great hall occupies one of the higher stories, and its vaulted roof often rang with the merry shouts and songs of many an O and Mac, as they quaffed deeply from the wassail bowl, or the huge wine stoups and flagons of the olden time. The 'Earl's Chamber,' (so called from having been the favorite apartment of the late Lord Clancarty), overhangs the Comane. It is a narrow, vaulted room, with a tiled floor, lighted by a projecting bay window, and with some tattered remnants of tapestry hanging from the walls. On the very topmost point of the castle is that miraculous stone to which the castle, and, indeed, Blarney itself, is chiefly indebted for its celebrity, neither the keep nor the place being invested with much historical or legendary interest. The virtues of the stone are said to be derived from the cannon of Broghilly, by which it was displaced. It was subsequently secured in its position, where it is duly and often kissed by pilgrims from almost every land. Among these was Sir Walter Scott, who, in August, 1825, applied a credulous osculation on the stone. This magic stone imparts the gift of telling what is commonly termed a 'bouncer,' with the most imperturbable countenance, and a tongue so wheedling and dulcet, as to render him who has paid homage to its shrine irresistible among the fairer portion of the human family.

The genuineness of the stone, however, is disputed, and another is considered as the veritable one. It is in the face of the outer wall, about eight feet from the summit, and from its position the attempt to kiss it would be attended with great danger. At the base of the castle, on the northern side, are situated the prisons. They consist of two gloomy holes, the inner one so pitch dark and ill-ventilated that it must have been a horrible place of punishment for the hapless prisoners who were confined there. A little to the west of the donjons is the 'cave,' a low, dark, subterranean passage, in which the following lines occur in the well-known ballad, 'The Groves of Blarney'—

'For 'tis there's the cave where no daylight enters,
 But bats and badgers are forever bred;
 Being mo'd by nature, that makes it sweeter
 Than a coach and six or a feather bed.'

The fine family mansion of the Jeffreys adjoined the castle; but a wayward member of it, 'more Hi-

bernico,' had it totally dismantled, in order, it is said, to make a ruin in keeping with the old fortalice! This gentleman also sold the statues that once adorned the groves, and which, though rudely cast, invested the place with a classic elegance that heightened its natural charms. Father 'Prout,' the living representative of the late erudite presbyter of Watergrass Hill, thus bewails their loss:—

Oh! the muse shed a tear
When the cruel auctioneer,
With a hammer in his hand to sweet Blarney came!

And, again, referring to their purchaser, Sir Thomas Deane—

Who bought the castle furniture and fixtures, O!
And took off in a cart,
(’Twas enough to break one’s heart,
All the statues made of lead, and the pictures, O!

Quitting the old keep, with its reminiscences of the past, and its weather-stained, time-worn walls, we must glance at the other attractions of Blarney. Of these, the groves are among the most prominent. The grounds are thickly planted with stately trees, which, interlaced in many places overhead, afford an emerald canopy, that shields from the ardent heat of the summer sun. Verdant glades spread away on all sides, through which the sunlight plays with a misty shimmer, and beneath which the dappled kine are seen to stray. These glades are alternated with expanses of rich grazing land, and carefully cultivated ground under crops; for the present proprietor, St. John Jeffreys, Esq., is well skilled in farming, adopting all the improvements of draining, subsoiling, &c., introduced by the late Mr. Smith, of Deanstown, of agronomical renown.

In the immediate vicinity of the castle is situated the ‘Rockclose.’ This is an enclosed space of a few acres of ground, very tastefully laid out. Masses of rock, covered with lichens and heath-blossoms are skillfully arranged, so as to appear as if they were the natural productions of the soil. Shady retreats and arbors are disposed in positions which command charming prospects of the surrounding scenery; in a word, nature here is dressed, but not disguised, by art.

A flight of steps, roofed in by massive stones, leads down to a verdant inch, laved by the waters of the Comane. This is known as ‘the Witch’s Stairs,’ and certainly this gloomy passage has an eldritch aspect, well-suited for the unholy rites of the weird sisterhood. Adjoining these stairs is the ‘witches’ kitchen,’ a fire-place cut out of the rock. On the inch, to which we have referred, stands a Cromleagh of immense size, luxuriantly mossed and lichened. This primitive altar attests that the Druidical worship of Baal was once celebrated in Blarney, and proves its importance at a very early period.

About midway in the well-wooded park the lake spreads its glassy sheet of water. It is nearly half a mile in circumference, and is of considerable depth. Among the fishes with which the song says it is ‘well stored,’ is a knowing red trout, who obstinately refused to be blamed into taking a ‘bite.’ A legend records that, on fine summer nights a number of enchanted cows rise from the lake, and pasture on its banks. While feeding they are milked by fairies, ‘deeny-dawny little craters,’ as our cicrone said. This milk is said to possess such healing properties that a thimblefull of it, it is averred, would restore the weakest of mortals to vigorous health. As happens usually with beings pertaining to the spiritual world who visit our sphere, the enchanted cattle and the tiny elves vanish at cock-crow. Tradition also asserts that the last scion of the Clancarthys buried the family plate in the lake, and that the part of it in which the treasure is hidden is never to be divulged until one of the race regains their ancient inheritance.

The attractions of Blarney have been extolled in various songs. The best known of these is ‘The Groves of Blarney,’ by Richard Millikin, of Cork, a

verse from which we quote at the head of our article. From another ballad, less popular, but quite as humorous, styled, ‘Blarney Castle, my darling,’ we shall transcribe a few stanzas. After lamenting the dilapidated state of the castle, the poet proceeds:—

’Bad ’cess to that robber, old Cromwell, and to all
his long battering train,
Who rolled over here like a porpoise, in two or
three hookers from Spain;
And because that he was a Freemason, he mounted
a battering ram,
And he loaded it up of dumb powder, which
in at its mouth he did cram.

’It was now the poor boys of the castle looked over
the battlement wall,
And they saw that ruffian, old Cromwell,
a feeding upon powder and ball,
And the fellow that married his daughter, with
a great big grape shot in his jaw
’Twas bald I-er-ton they called him, and he
was his brother-in-law.’

The ballad then mentions a singular effect of Cromwell’s diabolical art:—

’Black Cromwell he made a dark signal,
For in the black art he was deep;
So, though the eyes in the people stood open,
They found themselves all asleep.’

The following is Father Prout’s version of the last verse of this amusing song:—

’Then the gates he burned down to a cinder,
And the roof he demolished likewise,
Oh, the rafters, they flamed out like tinder,
And the building flared up to the skies.

And he gave the estate to the Jeffers,
With the dairy, the cows, and the hay,
And they lived there in clover, like heifers,
As their ancestors do to this day.’

In treating of Blarney, we cannot omit an event so interesting as the visit of the Prince of Wales to this shrine for imparting fluent and mendacious tongues. His royal highness, accompanied by the gentlemen of his suite, proceeded from Cork in a ‘jaunting car.’ After exercising his lungs and legs in climbing the broken stone staircase to the top, being doubtful which of the rival stones was the true one, he declined to kiss either, in reference to which abstention on the part of the prince, the following verse occurs in a sneering doggerel, which appeared in Punch, and which attempts to be witty at the expense of our warm feelings, forgetting that the flunkeyism (excuse the vulgarism) of Englishmen, not alone to royalty, but to all great personages, is sometimes disgusting to behold.

’And Captain de Ros, too, it’s well he was close to
The royal offspring, his legs to secure,
While Biddy Casey, that keeps the keys, she
Was takin’ it aisy on the second flure.

Little she was dhramin’ how the Prince was schamin’,
To be let cranin’ down over the wall,
For a kiss o’ the stone there, which it’s well known there,
Makes a man a deluder, for good and all.’

The ‘groves’ are a favorite resort of pic-nic parties from Cork, and from the exuberant joviality which prevails at them, it would seem as if the pic-nickers (to mint an expression), were inspired by the miraculous stone, whose peculiar virtues permeate the surrounding atmosphere, and penetrate even to Dr. Barter’s hydropathic establishment, where the patients, stimulated, doubtless, by the magic influence of the stone, are always lively and chatty.

We must close here for the present, as it will require another article to describe this fine establishment.

It is stated that the number of absolutely vicious newspapers sold yearly in England is 11,702,000. Infidel and polluting publications have a yearly circulation of 110,400,000; periodicals of the worst class, 520,000. The circulation of innoxious publications is less extensive by several millions. Moral and enlightened England!

THE COMET.—One of the grandest comets mentioned in history is at present visible to the naked eye in the heavens. Its first appearance is not accurately defined, although it is presumed to be the same as the one which appeared A. D. 104, and again in the summer of 683, and it is thoroughly identified with that which made its appearance in August, 975, in the summer of 1264, and in the spring of 1556. The advent of this wanderer in 1264 is recorded in terms of wonder and astonishment by nearly all the historians of the age. It was at the height of its splendor in August and the first of September. Both European and Chinese authorities testify to its enormous magnitude. The tail appeared fully one hundred degrees in length, and in China it appeared curved like a sabre. Its movement was from Leo, through Cancer and Gemini, into Orion. It continued visible until the second of October, the night of the death of Pope Urban IV., of which event it was considered the precursor. At the close of February, 1556, this comet again became visible in the constellation Virgo, and was closely observed by Paul Fabricius, astronomer at the court of the Emperor Charles V., at Vienna, and its course, which lay through Virgo and Bootes, past the pole of the heavens in Cepheus and Cassiopea, was traced and published the same year by Lycosthenes, or Conrad Wolfhard, at Nuremberg. It was last seen by the Europeans about the end of the third week in April, and by the Chinese about the tenth of May. Dr. Halley calculated the elements of the comet of 1556, from the observations of Fabricius; and Mr. Dunthorne, fifty years later, attempted the determination of the orbit of the comet of 1264, and the results were so similar that the two bodies were declared to be identical, and the period being about 292 years, Mr. Dunthorne expected a reappearance about 1848. His memoir is published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London. About twenty years later, M. Pingre examined the subject critically, and arrived at the same conclusion which Mr. Dunthorne had drawn. This valuable memoir on the subject was published by the French Academy in 1760. Between 1843 and 1847, Mr. Hind, Secretary to the Royal Astronomical Society of London, made a careful calculation of the orbit of this comet upon the basis of Fabricius and the chart of Lycosthenes, correcting some manifest errors not noticed by Pingre. After making due allowance for delays and perturbations caused by conjunction with the planets, Mr. Hind prognosticated a reappearance at the next perihelion of the comet, about the second of August, 1858. We can testify to the wonderful accuracy of his calculations.

FATE OF THE APOSTLES.—St. Matthew, the apostle and evangelist, is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or to have been slain with a sword at a city in Ethiopia. St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria in Egypt, until he expired. St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece. St. John was put into a caldron of boiling oil, and escaped death; he afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus. St. Peter was crucified at Rome, his head downwards, at his own request, thinking himself unworthy to die in the same posture and manner as his blessed Master. St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or tower wing of the Temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller’s club. St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hieropolis, a city of Phrygia. St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by command of a barbarous king. St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people until he expired. St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel, in the East Indies. St. Jude was shot to death with arrows. St. Simon Zelotes was crucified in Persia. St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded. St. Barnabas of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews at Salonicia. St. Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Jessy darlin', I must leave thee,
To other lands afar I roam;
Oh! let not our parting grieve thee,
I go to seek for thee a home.
My heavy heart I leave with thee,
And lighter feel to journey on,
For well I know you'll think on me,
And pray for Dermot when he's gone.

How sad our fate that naught relieves,
To see our country's sad decay;
For all the Lord 'above' us gives,
The Lord 'below' soon takes away;
Thus am I driven to forrin parts,
Tho' smiling plenty round me lies,
For 'tis the 'rent' has 'rent' our hearts,
And bath'd in tears thy soft blue eyes.

How sweet it was in by-gone times
To see the plow 'reward our toil;
But now we leave for other climes,
And 'plow the sea,' but not the soil,
For oh! the cruel landlord spurs
Our father's prayers, our mother's tears—
Heeds not their age, but rudely turns
Them from the home of happier years.

Our cow across his fields had fled,
And for a pound, in 'pound' he put her;
We had none else to give us 'bread,'
And did not look for any 'but-her';
And there he kept her many a day,
While we with grief were overpowered;
She died—we felt, but dare not say,
That our 'brave' landlord was a 'cow-herd.'

The rent was due—the cow was dead—
The pig was seized—the corn taken—
We prayed for food; he laughed and said,
Your bread is baked, your pig is 'bakin'.
The little ass you used to ride,
My Jessy dear, on market day,
He took that too; the children cried
To see it kick'd and let away.

We toiled and starved while life held on,
And how we lived he never axed us,
'I'll land and food, aye all was gone,
With less to give, the more he taxed us.
Our clargy, too, we could not pay;
But then for his he took our praties;
Thus for his soul we paid, to pray
But oh! it got our curses gratis.

See! where you sun now sinks to rest,
There lies the land our home shall be,
With Freedom, plenty, doubly blest,
And thou to share it, love, with me.
Hark! 'tis the bell—one last embrace,
Until for thee I send or come,
To lead thee to that happy place,
My Jessy dear, thy Western home.

J. MAC E.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

BY J. E. F.

No. 13.—Sights in the Metropolitan City.

Rough as was our couch, and troubled though our dreams last night, we awoke much refreshed. The adventures of the previous day and evening seemed at first but a dream, but when we surveyed our bed-chamber, and recollected our ghostly visitant, who wanted us to 'move over,' we were forced to believe that the scenes were truly real.

Making our toilet as best we could, we followed the example of our room-mates, and 'went below.' A substantial breakfast was awaiting the 'gentlemen from Amerikee,' and as it looked tempting, we did not keep it waiting long. We were asked several questions about America; if it was 'true they burned no turf at all, at all, but burned timber in iron boxes?' One man asked me my opinion as to 'the best place to go to, New York or the United States?'

We now called for our bill, and after sundry calculations between our 'landlord' and 'landlady,' they told us that the sum total was eighteen cents; three cents each for our bed, and six cents each for our breakfast! Living must be cheap in Abbeyfeale.

Leaving our 'hotel,' we proceeded to a coach-office, hired a post-car to go to Askeaton, and we went thence to Limerick by rail.

The following morning found us on board the cars, steaming it for Dublin, where we arrived early in the afternoon. We quartered ourselves at the Angel Hotel, Inns Quay, and after dinner strolled down to see some friends go off in the Liverpool steamer. There were seemingly many emigrants preparing to go on board on their way to America, and on looking at the rosy cheeks of the women, the ruddy, healthful look of the men, and contrasting them with the change America would produce in a few years, I could not help cursing the laws which forced them to seek elsewhere that freedom which they are here denied, and that reward for their labor which is here refused them.

But hark! the bell of the steamer sounds, to give warning to those who are not passengers to go ashore. Now are the parting embraces given, and the last adieu said. Many persons came as far as Dublin to see their friends off, and here they part with them for a time, but many, alas, for ever.

I noticed two incidents here which made a deep impression on my memory, and I asked myself the question why it was that a people loving their country like the Irish would not themselves be masters of her soil. An old woman, apparently about sixty, sat on a box on the dock before the steamer left. I stood close to her, and saw her open a piece of paper, then stooping down, fill it with dust, and carefully put it in her bosom. I was curious to know why she did it, and asked her, when she told me that her daughter, who was sick in America, requested her to bring out some Irish earth, to be placed in her coffin when she died, I have read of the Irishman who made a request that the sod of turf which he had with him might be placed with him in his 'narrow house' when he died; but here I was witness to a real scene, and believed that which I formerly doubted.

The second was this—Leaning against the bulwarks and aloof from the general confusion, I noticed a tall, muscular-looking Irishman, dressed in a frieze coat and knee-breeches, with a little bundle on the end of a stick over his shoulder. He seemed agitated, and frequently threw down the bundle, as if he was going to step ashore, and then pick it up again. The second bell struck; he sprang over the side of the steamer, and kneeling down, kissed the ground, saying, 'Ould Ireland, I'll kiss you before I leave you forever,' and then jumped on board the steamer as it slowly moved out.

Crossing the Liffey by Carlisle Bridge, we wended our way through streets, lanes and alleys to St. Patrick's Cathedral. Sending a youngster to the sexton's house for the key, he sent his daughter (by the way a very handsome girl,) to conduct us through its lofty aisles. Previous to the Reformation it was a Catholic church, but since then it belongs to the established church, that is, the church established by the English law in Ireland.

The first object of interest shown us was the tomb of the eccentric and well-known Dean Swift, one of the most celebrated wits that ever lived. Next to this is a slab to the memory of his 'friend,' Mrs. Hester Johnson, better known to the literary world as 'Stella.' There are numerous monuments to archbishops, bishops, &c., some centuries old, and there are also slabs to the memory of soldiers who fell in the Borneo and Crimean wars. Over the grave of some soldiers of the 18th Royal Irish are two flags which that gallant corps carried in England's war from '37 to '50, and the way in which these flags are riddled, proves the gallant 18th nobly did their duty for the arch enemy of freedom.

On the wall, near the ceiling, are flags ranged all along, which belong to the knights of St. Patrick. Near the communion table is a cannon ball suspended by a chain, said to be the one by which Gen. St. Ruth was killed at the battle of Aughrim. Near the door is a small tablet to the memory of Swift's servant, Alexander McGee, erected by the Dean 'in memory of his discretion, diligence, and fidelity in that humble station.' Leaving this gloomy mausoleum of the dead, which was interesting to us as containing so many objects of antiquity, and doubly interesting when

described by our fair conductress, who was very intellectual. We came down Dame street, and entered the grounds adjoining Trinity College. Here we met many of the students, in cap and gown, poring over huge volumes. What a host of luminaries the classic walls of Old Trinity have sent into the world!

The shades of evening warned us to depart, so we came out and turned down Westmoreland street to Carlisle Bridge. From here a good view of Dublin by gas-light can be had. Sackville street, with its splendid stores and crowded sidewalks; the Liffey reflecting back the countless lamps which line its sides; the numerous boats plying up and down beneath your feet; and the endless number of jaunting-cars flying past you, gives a good idea of the Metropolitan City by gas-light.

[To be Continued.]

(For the Irish Miscellany.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN., OCT. 11.—The 26th of October will long be held in grateful remembrance by the Catholic population of New Haven, it being the occasion of the consecration of divine worship of another church, under the name and auspices of St. John, the apostle and the evangelist, which was dedicated by the Right Rev. Francis P. McFarland, bishop of the Diocese, assisted by the Rev. John Smith the pastor, and Rev. E. J. O'Brien, of St. Mary's, M. Hart, of St. Patrick's, Hendrickson of Waterbury, Lynch of Birmingham, and Smith of Bridgeport. The sermon was preached by the justly celebrated Father Larkin, S.I., who selected his text from the first verse of the eighty-third psalm, 'How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts—my soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord.' To attempt to give a report of the sermon would do injustice to the illustrious preacher; sufficient to say it was one of the most eloquent discourses ever delivered in this city, replete with Christian sentiments, a vast store of theological love and philosophical reasoning. The edifice is built on the same spot occupied by the first Catholic church in this city, which was destroyed by fire some ten years since, and adjoining is the old Catholic burying-ground, in which repose many of the early Irish settlers and some of their descendants. The building is of the Celtic style of architecture, which was prevalent in Ireland during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and reflects great credit on the architect, Mr. P. A. Keeley of New York, and the principal builder, Capt. Thomas W. Cahill of this city.

In the afternoon the Right Rev. Bishop delivered an instructive and interesting discourse on the 'Sacrament of the Eucharist.' Twenty-four years ago, the first church (Christ Church) was dedicated. Then there were scarcely two hundred of a Catholic population; now there are three large and handsome churches, with a Catholic population of about ten thousand.

VILAFRANCA.—The harbor of Villafranca was taken possession of fraudulently by Louis XIV. in 1691, and he kept it forcibly for five years. France took it again in 1705 after a terrific siege, and it was only restored to Savoy by the treaty of Utrecht. Again was siege laid to it and a sea blockade by a combined French and Spanish fleet in 1644—60,000 men were in camp on the land side, and the King of Savoy was forced to take refuge on board an English squadron, while this army fell back on the Vado. Marshal Belisle recovered it again from Savoy for France, 1746. It seems this insignificant 'coal box' was worth fighting for in those days.

By a telegram from Turin it appears that the Piedmontese Gazette, which is the official journal, declares that the pretended sale said to have been made to Russia of the port of Villafranca consists in the simple gratuitous concession of an abandoned establishment for convicts, which is to be transferred into a depot for coals and stores.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

GALWAY AND AMERICA.—Who that visited the good city of the Tribes, even so late as twelve months ago, would have believed it would at this moment be the very centre of attraction, as it were, of the United Kingdom? Parliament is not sitting, the queen is gone to Scotland; everybody, therefore, is any and everywhere but in the Babylon of England, which, for the nonce, and as far as novelty goes, might as well be called the great desert of Zahara. Liverpool, Manchester, Belfast, and last, though not least, even Dublin, now that the cardinal is gone or going, are dull and dreary sojourns. News there is none, and conversation flags, save and except when it turns on the Lever line, and a cheap, expeditious, and pleasant trip across the broad Atlantic and back. Never did fairy wand work more sudden and wonderful changes than a brief month or two have witnessed in the city of Galway. A seven days' voyage from that noble port to America has actually become a fact, as Brother Jonathan would exclaim. Of all the fast men of the day commend us to Mr. John Orrell Lever. Here is a private gentleman, who, whilst the world around him stands spell-bound, petrified, and lost in wonderment at his venturing even one argosy on such a speculation, suddenly employs vessel after vessel in the same enterprise, till he has nearly brought a little Armada together. The passage, which some few years ago was a terrible undertaking, now becomes almost a pleasant pastime. Everything is done to render it agreeable—the invariable courtesy of the officers—the admirable accommodation—the excellent 'cuisine,' the good cheer, and the good company. Passengers are already more numerous, and goods for transit more plentiful than the vessels, though so capacious, will carry. The Prince Albert, which sailed on Tuesday for New York, had all her berths engaged, and so large was the quantity of merchandise sent for shipment that she was compelled to leave a considerable portion behind.—The importance of Galway as a commercial port is, therefore, already unquestioned, and the benefits it must produce to England as well as Ireland are regarded by those most competent to form a correct opinion on the subject as far beyond present calculation. All that is required to render success doubly sure, and the results doubly more beneficial in every respect, is substantial aid and co-operation on the part of Government. This, after the fair promises which have been so temptingly held out, will, we sincerely trust, not be found wanting. There must be no lagging, no niggardliness, no hesitation, no too nice a balancing, at a juncture when, for the first time since the union of the two countries, there appears a reasonable hope for prosperity to Ireland. England and Ireland may be likened to two sisters, one of whom has received her marriage dower and her inheritance, whilst the other is left to struggle on for herself, without parental assistance, encouragement, or countenance of any kind. It is time that there should be an end to this unfair division of substance, this inequitable law of primogeniture, leaving one of the same family friendless and forlorn, whilst the other is pampered with luxuries and overlaid with wealth. Ireland, through Galway, makes a just demand; let England be as just in conceding it, and with as good a grace as she applies her millions to the strengthening of her coast defences, the embellishment of her cities, and the convenience, comfort, and accommodation of her people wherever their interest or well-being may require the outlay.—[Catholic Telegraph.]

We may live to see the capitalists of Lancashire making Galway a great cotton port, and setting up their mills and looms in the west of Ireland, and thus evading that heavy toll which Liverpool levies upon Lancashire, and through Lancashire upon Great Britain and the world. If this is ever done it will not be done in a day, but every improvement in the west of Ireland, every step towards order, industry, and contentment, will render it more probable and feasible.—[Globe.]

THE TENANT RIGHT QUESTION.—On Tuesday a large and influential meeting of the friends and promoters of the Tenant Right cause was held at Mill-street, in this county. The proceedings excited a rather unusual stir in this remote country town, the streets, from an early hour in the forenoon, being thronged with substantial looking farmers from the country for many miles around, who had come to attend the meeting, while a large number of clergymen also arrived for the same purpose. The baronies of Duhallow and Muskerry were very fully represented, numbers having come from the districts of Newmarket, Kanturk, Banteer, Shinnagh, Macroom, Ahabollogue, Clonrohid, &c., &c.

It has been calculated that upwards of 4,000 visitors have taken up their quarters at the Royal Victoria Hotel during the present season. Judging from this number, and the vast numbers that have been at the railway, the lake, and the other hotels in the neighborhood, irrespective of lodging-houses, there must have been at least 20,000 visitors at Killarney during the present season. On one occasion lately an accurate census of the number who slept in the different hotels on a certain Saturday night was taken and found to be 526.—[Tralee Chronicle.]

FORTIFICATION OF SPIKE ISLAND.—We have learned from a correspondent that it has been determined greatly to strengthen and extend the defences at Spike Island, which occupies so commanding a position at the entrance of the harbor to Queens-town. For a long time there has been a convict depot on Spike Island; but our correspondent states that some of the convicts have already been removed to other establishments, and that it is in contemplation ultimately to break up the depot there. It is understood that all the defences in Queenstown, including Carsile and Camden Forts are to be placed in the highest state of efficiency.—[Mercantile Advertiser.]

On Monday evening the Clonmel exhibition rooms were thrown open for the benefit of the working classes, the charge of admission being only one penny. On repairing to the court-house to ascertain if the opportunity was availed of by the people, we were glad to learn that so great was the demand for the tickets that the efficient manager, Mr. Workshop, was, after a short space of time, obliged to order the police to keep the doors closed and refuse further admittance, so speedily and densely were the rooms thronged. Large numbers of people assembled in the hall and waited anxiously their turn to enter, according as the crowds lessened by the departure of those who had gratified their laudible curiosity, and all were delighted with the very pleasing retreat which had been afforded them.—[Press.]

Mr. Wm. L. Cole, editor of the Irish American, New York, who is taking a tour through Ireland, injured his foot by accidentally sliding off a rock, while crossing the Gap of Dunloe, Killarney. He is at the Railway Hotel, under the care of Dr. Murphy, who thinks that the accident is not serious.

GREAT BRITAIN.

OPPOSITION TO MACHINERY IN ENGLAND.—The application of machinery to the manufacture of boot tops has been the cause of considerable alarm to the cordwainers of Stafford, where the large majority of the population, male and female, are engaged in that manufacture. Several attempts have been made by the manufacturers to introduce the machine into Stafford, but they have been as frequently and promptly opposed by the workpeople. With the view, however, of producing goods at a cheaper rate, and thereby maintaining a standing in the home market, Messrs Newell and Springthorpe, shoe manufacturers, called their workmen together last week, and intimated their intention of using the machine, and issuing machine-bound tops for them to make up, to which the workmen declined

to give any answer, stating that they must first consult the trade societies. Accordingly, a meeting of the trade societies was convened for Tuesday night, at the Cow and Hare public house, and after a lengthened and patient consideration of the subject they decided upon resisting the introduction of the machine. Another meeting was also called by the publiccrier, and about 2,000 persons of both sexes assembled between six and seven o'clock in the new covered market. Mr. Newell was present, and addressed the meeting. He contended that it was perfectly useless for them to oppose the progress of machinery, and argued that such opposition, if persisted in, would have the effect of injuring the trade of the town. On the other side, several operatives addressed the meeting. They drew a most deplorable picture of the poverty and destitution the use of machines would entail on their homes. A resolution, pledging themselves not to manufacture any machine-turned tops was passed amid acclamation by the whole meeting, not a single hand being held up against it. The artizans appear to be in an unsettled state.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH BARDS AT LLANGOLLEN.—Most extensive preparations have been made in this, the 'loveliest of vales,' for the coming forsedd, accompanied by an eisteddfod, and with the royal chair of Powis, will commence on Tuesday, and extend over three successive days. It being the greatest possible event that the real Cymry (Welsh) can boast of, and of which they are so justly proud, an immense gathering is anticipated. The object of the eisteddfod is to promote the study and cultivation of the poetry, music, and general literature of the Cymry, to preserve the Welsh language, to encourage native art and manufacture, and to rescue from oblivion the national usages of the principality. Prizes to the amount of £500 will be given away to the most successful competitors in poetry, prose, oratory, music, works of art, &c. Among the prizes are £10 each to the male and female who shall wear, during the eisteddfod the most elegant and appropriate dress in the national costume of the principality. The meetings are to be held in a marquee built for the occasion, at a cost of £200, capable of accommodating 7,000 persons.

THE FUNERAL CAR OF NAPOLEON I.—The funeral car of Napoleon, now completed for transmission to Paris, was on Wednesday inspected by a large number of visitors, the vehicle having been placed near the Dial-square at the Royal Arsenal, for the convenience of Mr. Butters, a photographic artist, who attended with his apparatus, and took several views. The car has been fitted up in a most complete and superb manner. The drapery is of black cloth, festooned and looped, and the front and sides of the vehicle are hung with deep black silk fringe and tassels. At each corner of the iron rod a fine plume of black feathers is affixed. The car will be carefully packed and forwarded to its destination in a few days.

Upwards of 1000 68-pounders and other heavy guns have recently been sent to the various ports and towns on the English coast, the whole of which are fully equipped, and are furnished with appliances for projecting red-hot shell and other missiles of the most destructive description. This number does not include the large number of 18-pound battery guns, &c., which have likewise been applied to the above named stations.

The Times strongly advise the purchase of the Great Eastern for the Royal Navy to be used as a floating ram, observing that ten years hence, when the ship is no longer saleable, Parliament will be asked for a million pounds to build just such a vessel from the keel, and it will cost two million pounds.

It is intended, says the Bristol Mercury, that a powerful steamer shall run between Bristol and Galway, in connection with the Galway line of American steamers.

IRISH MUSIC--THE HARPER O'CONNELLAN.

There is perhaps nothing of which an Irishman may feel more justly proud than the native melodies of his country. Whatever tone of feeling they assume, whether of cheerfulness or tenderness, of wild merriment, or of deep sorrow, there is in them a grace and delicacy of feeling and a force and earnestness of passion, such as we in vain look for in the national music of any other country in the world, and which, as an unerring index of national character is most honorable to our little land of song. Our inestimable bard, Thomas Moore, has erred deplorably in supposing that our fine melodies must be of modern date, because 'it is difficult to conceive those polished specimens of the art to be anterior to the dawn of modern improvements.' True melody, the music of the soul, has no mortal artist for its inventor; it has been implanted in man's nature as a pure and heavenly gift by the great Creator himself, and the greatest masters of the art in modern days in vain attempt to rival the soul possessing and unaffected melodies of the unlearned minstrels of ancient days. In what did the real secret of the wizard Paganini's powers of astonishing or binding as by a spell the feelings of his hearers consist? Not in his extraordinary powers as an artist, great and matchless as those powers were in mastering the difficulties of art—but in the deep passion, the entire soul which he threw into a simple melody. Those who remember his performance of 'the prayer' by Rossini—the dead silence by which thousands were enchained—the palpitating hearts, the streaming eyes—will find how greatly superior in its effect a simple melody performed with passionate expression is to the most elaborate and refined labors of modern art. But it will be said this magical melody is Italian. We reply it is not. It is but a slight variation of the well-known song, 'How stands the glass around' composed by our countryman, General Wolfe, in the very soul and spirit of the music of his country. Our most beautiful melodies are indeed the most simple and the most ancient; their origin is involved in the dim obscurity of time. We had composers, however, within the last two centuries, whose strains, while they betray an acquaintance with the refinements of modern art still retain a great deal of the simple and touching beauty that characterises the earlier melodies of our country.

Of the melodies of these musicians, those of Carolan, the last great bard of Erin, are well known, but the compositions of his immediate predecessor, Connellan, are less familiar to the public, and are far too little appreciated. Unfortunately, but little is known of his history, and but few of his melodies have been preserved, and those few are in their kind of unrivalled beauty, and far superior to the compositions of Carolan. From Mr. Hardiman's valuable 'Irish Minstrelsy,' we learn that Thomas O'Connellan was born at Cloony Mahon, in the county of Sligo, early in the seventeenth century, and died in Lough Gur, in the county of Limerick, sometime previous to the year 1700. Of the remaining airs generally attributed to him are 'The Jointure,' 'If to a foreign clime I go,' 'Love in secret,' which truly 'dallies with the innocence of love like the old age,' 'Plauxy Davis,' which is known to the Scotch as 'The Battle of Killcranky,' and the 'Breath of Aughrim,' which is more popularly known under the name of 'Farewell to Lochaber.' These latter melodies were introduced into Scotland after his death by a brother of the deceased bard, named Laurence.

According to tradition, the skill of O'Connellan as a performer was equal to his inventive powers as a composer, and Mr. Hardiman has preserved a little Irish ode, addressed to him in praise of his matchless powers, in a strain of poetic beauty worthy of the occasion which gave it birth. We present it to our readers in an English dress:—

Where'er harp-note ringeth
Lerps'le around,
Thy hand its sweetness singeth,
Surpassing mortal sound,
Thy spirit-music speaketh
Above the minstrel throng,
And thy rival vainly seeketh
The secret of thy song.

In the castle, in the sheding,
In foreign kindly hall,
Thou art master of each feeling,
And honored first of all
Thy wild and wizard finger
Sweepeth chords unknown to art,
And melodies that linger
In the memory of the heart!

Though fairy music slumbers
By forest glade and hill,
In thy unearthly numbers
Shew'st thou 'tis living still!
All is compass of wild sweetness
Thy master hand obeys,
As its lady hand fleeth—
O'er harp and heartstring plays!

By thee the thrill of anguish
Is softly lulled to rest;
By thee the hopes that languish
Rekindled in the breast.
Thy spirit chaunteth sorrow
Like morning mists away,
And gaily robes to-morrow
In the gladness of thy lay!

—[Loughrea Journal.]

RISE OF STAR OF IRELAND.—In consequence of the enfranchisement of estates in Ireland by the operation of the act providing for the removing of encumbrances upon them, the introduction of a greater variety in crops, and other measures, that kingdom has risen to a good degree of prosperity. The rise of wages has been further promoted by the excessive emigration of its laboring population for several years to this and other countries. A better husbandry has from these causes succeeded the negligent and superficial culture of former times, and agricultural implements are being brought into use still farther to aid on the good work. Nor can it be doubted that the establishment of Galway for the port, whence a line of a dozen steamers will depart to various quarters of the globe, and to which they will return, will cause it to expand to the dimensions and opulence of a great city. This circumstance, together with the growing business of Southampton as a large maritime port, may perhaps impede the hitherto rapid increase of Liverpool, situated between the two rising cities; but the vast augmentation of the commerce of the world will not suffer any of them to decay, though none will be likely to reach that commercial supremacy which once entered into their dreams. Ireland seems destined to shake the poppies from her brow, awake from her lethargy of centuries, and run the race of successful adventure. The profitable manufactures in her northern counties, the revival of her agricultural labor, and now the termination of the Atlantic telegraph within her soil, and the brilliant commencement of commercial enterprise in Galway, must send a magnetic influence into other parts of that fine island, and arouse her from her ignoble slumbers to a glorious destiny.—[Newark Daily Advertiser.]

WARMING AND VENTILATION.—M. LEON DUVOIR, a French architect, has succeeded in warming and ventilating the Necker and Beaujon Hospitals, in accordance with the prescribed conditions, viz., keeping up a permanent temperature 15 degrees centigrade, maintaining a minimum ventilation of 60 cubic feet in winter, and an equivalent ventilation during the night in other seasons, and providing each patient with 15 litres (about 27 pints) of water heated to 100 degrees. The usual fires are sufficient to heat the water for warming, and the external air is admitted by means of reservoirs placed in the garrets. Both in winter and summer the air penetrates into the wards, through vertical shafts immediately behind each patient's bed, but in the former season it is warmed by previous contact with the tubes for hot water. This system of warming and ventilation is now applied to many public buildings in Paris, among which we may mention the Churches of the Madeleine and St. Surplice, the Conservatory of Arts and Trades, the Institute, the Imperial Mining Institution, and the Institution for the Blind.

WHEN you bury animosity don't set a stone up over its grave.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

A FELLOW was brought to King James I., and it was said he could eat a whole sheep at a meal. 'What else can he do,' asked the king, 'more than other men?' 'Nothing,' was the reply. 'Hang him, then,' said James, 'for it is a pity a man should live who eats the share of twenty men, and can do no more than one.'

A PRINTER'S TOAST.—Woman, the fairest work of creation. The edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.

A GENTLEMAN said at table that he wished he could manage without servants, as they were more plague than profit. 'Why not have a dumb waiter?' suggested a friend. 'Oh, no, I have tried them—they don't answer.'

SOME writer exclaims—'What is beauty without soap?' Sometimes fashionable beauty is nothing with soap. We have seen many a cheek from which the beautiful red-rose hue would vanish before that useful article like a ghost before the sunrise.

A DUTCHMAN was relating his marvellous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone saved. 'And how did you escape their fate?' asked one of the hearers. 'I did not go in to save,' was the Dutchman's placid answer.

WHEN young we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age. Maulhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; the ripe, the fertile season of action, when alone we can hope to find the head to contrive, united with the hand to execute.

PROUD men never have friends—neither in prosperity, because they know nobody; nor in adversity, because nobody knows them.

If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a part of the continent that joins them.

DURING the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him, 'Which way did the stairs run?' The witness, a noted wag, replied that, 'One way they ran up stairs, but the other way they ran down stairs. The learned counsel winked his eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

It is extraordinary how many defects we can discern in a friend after we have quarrelled with him. The same remark applies to a woman after she has rejected us.

'CUFFY, why don't you kick that dog?' 'What am I to do ob kicken' every cur what snarls at you? Don't you know dat am de way he wants you to bring him into notice?'

FRIENDSHIP.—The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

COST OF THE TENDER PASSION.—Man's first love is generally the cheapest—his last love the dearest.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York Times writes:—'We had a little excitement the other day in an elopement case. A young journeyman printer in the printing office of Thomas Buell & Blanchard ran off with the daughter of the Judge of the Orphan's Court, two or three days since. The printer was poor, but perfectly honest and respectable. The girl moved in the higher circles of life, and was but sixteen. The judge and his son came to the printer's working office—with pistols and rawhide, say some—and were very indignant; but, upon learning that the couple had gone through the ceremonies correctly, getting a license, and being married according to law, they were pacified, and both doubtless concluded to make the best of it.

A SON of Hon. A. G. Tallott, M. C., of Kentucky, has made his 'debut' in the ring as a clown.

MEN are said to be like bugs—the more brass they contain, the farther you can hear them.

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OUR NEW VOLUME.

Having favorably commenced the second volume of our publication, we seize the occasion for the purpose of tendering thanks to those of our friends who have so generously contributed to our support. To start, and successfully carry on an ordinary newspaper, so that it will, in a reasonable space of time, become remunerative to its proprietors, is a task not easily accomplished, and which consummation does not generally happen in one case out of a hundred. Our enterprise, being of a nature entirely different from that of any other Irish paper heretofore established in this country—requiring a much greater expenditure of capital and artistic talent—caused us serious misgivings, and a constant fear that it would not meet the desires and expectations of our patrons. How far our efforts have been successful, is for them to decide; but we trust that it will not be considered egotistical on our part when we assert that the Miscellany has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of partial friends, and that even those who have been enemies from the start have made suitable acknowledgment of its merit.

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In beginning a new volume, we introduce various innovations, tending to the improvement of the paper, in every way that is possible. We shall give each week, an epitome of Irish news—not the hacknied local quotations which interest only the few, but extracts from the leading journals, which will be gratifying to the many. In this respect, we will not be following in the steps of any of our contemporaries, but, on the contrary, will be striking out a path eminently our own. It will also be our aim to give the best class of wood engravings which can be procured, portraying national subjects, and, as our outlay in this respect will be infinitely larger than that of any Irish Journal published in this country, we look for a commensurate return. In short, it is our intention to make the paper meet the requirements of all classes of readers.

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We have determined to appoint a number of Travelling Agents, to travel in the various States of the Union and canvass for subscribers for this paper. We do this at the earnest request of many warm friends, who think we do not take the requisite steps to make the paper known as extensively as it ought to be.

Persons desirous of becoming Travelling Agents, who can be well recommended, are requested to apply at our office forthwith. None but faithful, reliable men need apply. To such a liberal commission will be allowed. Apply at our Publication Office, 4 Water street, Boston.

BACK NUMBERS of the Miscellany, from the commence ment of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 4 Water street, Boston. Will our friends want bear this fact in mind?

(From the Boston Ledger.)

BOSTON, Oct. 5

Mr. Editor—I noticed in your evening edition of Monday an article headed 'Fremmen Coming to Boston,' in which you state that the Hibernia Hose Co. of Philadelphia intended to visit Boston next month. Allow me to correct the mistake. The company which are making arrangements to visit our city is the Hibernia Fire Engine Co., No. 1, of Philadelphia, and not the Hibernia Hose, as reported. The latter company does not belong to the Philadelphia department, and has not for years. The company which contemplates visiting our city is the oldest organized company in the United States, their organization dating as far as 1752, and during the Revolution the Hibernia Fire Engine Co. No. 1 contributed towards carrying on the war with Great Britain something like £70,000 (not dollars) in money, and upon its roll you will find the name of Robert Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence, and upon the roll of to-day you will find such prominent men as Col. James Page, President of the company; Hon. Caleb S. Wright, John Thornley, Esq., &c. I hope that the firemen and citizens of Boston will give the old Hibernia a cordial reception.

G. M. B.

G. M. B., we flatter ourselves, is no bigot, or he would be better posted in those matters. He must know there are neither firemen nor militiamen bearing the Hibernian name in Boston, and it matters not if all the signers of that 'celebrated Declaration' were at their head, there would be one thing still lacking to ensure them a warm reception—that, we opine, would alter the case; let that company but substitute the word 'Saxon' for 'Hibernia,' then it matters not if an Arnold, a Burr, or a Hall, be amongst its members, they will be warmly received in Boston. Nor do we wish it otherwise, till Massachusetts 'marches to the music of the union.'

CHARLESTOWN, Oct. 9.

Editors Irish Miscellany:—

I pursued with gratification the correspondence published in your paper of this date, in regard to aliens in the army of the United States. I think it an imperative duty of the government to see that the recruit declare his intention to become a citizen when entering our service. In this connection, I would now inform you that Col. Dulany, of the marines, now commanding at the Charlestown Navy Yard, has taken a similar view of the matter, and a large number of the men under his command have already taken the necessary steps to become citizens.

The sergeant may remember that Col. Dulany, with the marines, travelled the same road, and at the same time, to the city of Mexico, as he did.

Yours, DAVID ARMSTRONG.

We do well remember those brave marines, and had some warm friends amongst them. They were considered as fine a body of infantry as ever stormed a battery. They were especially noticed for perfection in drill. They excelled in all their social arrangements, their commissary department being a pattern for the whole army. The men were cared for throughout the whole campaign almost as well as if they had been in quarters or on board ship. They, too, paid their contingent to the list of brave fellows who died upon the field in bearing aloft their country's flag, Col. Twiggs falling at Chapultepec while leading the stormers, as did also his son at Puente Nacional. Success to the marines.

T. O'N.

Mr. JAMES SULLIVAN, our travelling agent, will visit our friends in Norwich, New London, Meriden, Wallingford, etc. We trust all those waited upon will assist him in making the Irish Miscellany widely known among their friends and acquaintances.

AMUSEMENTS.

FRIDAY, OCT. 8, 1858.

The past week has been one of considerable activity among the managers of theatres. At the 'Boston,' Strakosch Operatic Company have produced the most popular of the Italian operas, and every evening met with the most decided success, the houses being at each representation all that could be desired either by the manager or his friends. It gives us, indeed, unalloyed pleasure to witness again the success of this, the finest theatre in the country. The engagement of this company closed Saturday afternoon at this house. They give on Sunday evening, at the Music Hall, Rossini's Stabat Mater, in connection with the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Burton will make his first appearance at the 'Boston' on Monday evening.

At the 'Museum,' Miss Eliza Logan will continue another fortnight. She will be succeeded by Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr.

At the 'National,' Mr. & Mrs. Chanfrau have met with great success. Their engagement closes this week. They probably will be re-engaged.

Miss Davenport appeared at the 'Howard,' Monday and Tuesday evenings, and, on Wednesday the manager announced that the theatre would be closed, and reopen on Monday next. Miss Laura Honey announces her retirement from Mr. Barrow's company.

We have nothing to notice in connection with Ordway's, more than the continued excellence of the performances and the success of the establishment.

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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 37.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

SCENERY AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.

Ireland is distinguished for its number of ruined castles, those stern abodes in which, in times of yore, feudal power, in the prime and vigor of its strength, lorded it over the vast districts which their possessors had acquired by the sword. And in no county do these picturesque remains more abound than in Wexford, where the Anglo-Norman invaders first acquired a permanent footing in the island. The one we have selected for our pictorial sketch this week is a view of all that is left of the once stately abode of the powerful Fitzstephen, who, in the month of May, 1169, landed on the Wexford coast with a small army, consisting, it

had with them as prisoners, to go to the walls of the castle and confirm the truth of the statement, upon which Fitzstephen and all his followers surrendered as prisoners of war. Of this tower, Mr. Shiel, in a speech delivered by him at Wexford, thus eloquently exclaimed:—‘Situate at the gorge of the mountain, and commanding the passage of the stream whose waters are darkened by its shadow, it is invested with many melancholy associations, and imparts to the solemnity of the scene what I may call a political picturesque. Years have flowed by, like the waters which it overshadows, and yet it is not changed. It stands as if it were the work of yesterday; as it was the first pro-

six centuries have effected in the condition of the country, and cannot be considered any more an eyecore to the people of Ireland than those of England. To the Wexford people it must ever be an object of interest, as the bulk of the inhabitants are descendants of the Normans, Saxons and Welsh who first placed their hostile feet on the shores of Ireland, and made the county of Wexford their favorite ‘location,’ as a Yankee backwoodsman would term it. However, if such reminiscences as the following are rather numerous, it would be as well not to be too curious in our inquiries about this old building, interesting as it is, both from association and historical recollection:—



FITZSTEPHEN'S TOWER, NEAR CARRICK.

is related, of no more than five hundred men, including knights, esquires, and archers. The ancient tower is situate on the pinnacle of a rock, and is considered one of the most picturesque objects in the kingdom. In this castle Fitzstephen was besieged by the men of Wexford; but he repulsed all their attacks for the time, and their object had ultimately to be accomplished by artifice. Having demanded a parley, the Irish informed the English knights that Strongbow and all the English adventurers had been destroyed, and that an immense force was on the march to Carrick. The intelligence was not much credited by Fitzstephen, and so the Irish compelled three bishops, whom they

duct of English domination, so it is its type.’ He afterwards declared that it ought to have been pulled down as a revolting object of Ireland’s first degradation. We question whether Mr. Shiel, in his maturer years, would be so severe. No doubt, when used as a fortress, the transactions that took place within its walls partook of the character of the times. But now ‘the head and front of its offending’ has disappeared, and we hope it will long endure, as a relic of that past to which the imagination so fondly loves to travel. It belongs to the days of chivalry, of heroic adventure, and of plunder on a scale of dazzling largeness; so it is a sort of landmark, pointing out the changes which

A chieftain named Wat Reoch, or Walter the Rough, had suffered by the depredations of a neighboring Irish leader called O’Morroe. Wat gave him warning that the next foray should be the last, and he surprised and captured the freebooter in the act of recrossing the river with his prey. ‘The moon was high, the tide low, and as Wat observed the long bank of shingle left bare by the receding waters, a horrid idea of retribution entered his mind. It was effected on the spot, and at the instant. A strong stake was procured, and fixed upright on the margin of the stream at low water mark. To this the captive was bound, one arm pinioned behind him, the other left free, and provided with a leaf

of bread. In this situation he was left, and for several successive tides Wat Neeloh watched his living victim from the windows of his tower. At length the flood tide came. One button after another in his jerkin disappeared beneath the water, which at last reached his chin, and soon closed over his head forever.

An account of a building so intimately connected with Irish history as this venerable tower of Fitzstephen, would be incomplete without reference to that memorable event, the Anglo-Norman invasion. Wexford lies directly opposite to Cardiganshire, in Wales; and from the earliest period a friendly intercourse had subsisted between the natives of both places. It was at length rudely broken by the stern alarms of war. The Anglo-Normans had frequently visited the county, and longed to obtain possession of its fertile lands. A pretext soon offered itself, occasioned by a domestic feud, in which a lady figured in a disgraceful character. Dermot MacMoorogh, King of Leinster, having seduced the wife of Roderic, Prince of Breffni, and taken her to his castle of Ferns, the bereaved husband, full of affection and wounded pride, addressed himself to Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught, complaining of the wrong and soon done him by the King of Leinster, and imploring his aid to revenge so great an outrage. O'Connor, moved with honor and compassion, promised him his succor. Out of this guilty amour arose the invasion of Ireland, and its subjugation by the English; and from this 'causa terrerima belli' the frail beauty has been called the 'Irish Helen.' The crime of the seducer excited a general spirit of indignation, and when Roderic marched an army into his dominions, Dermot, finding himself deserted by his subjects, fled to England, and laid his case before Henry II., at the same time swearing allegiance to that monarch. Henry issued an edict, stating that whoever should 'aid and helps his trustee subject, Dermot, King of Leinster, for the recovery of his land, might be assured of the favour and license of his sovereign in that behalf.' The deposed monarch's liberal offer of money and land, backed by the recommendation of Henry II., led to proposals on the part of Richard Earl of Chepstow, surnamed Strongbow.

The earl agreed to enter Ireland at the head of a sufficient force, and restore Dermot to his throne, and to receive, in payment for his services, the hand of Dermot's only daughter, Eva, and a settlement of Dermot's whole inheritance and property in Ireland upon him and his successor—a contract which was afterwards fulfilled. Strongbow, however, being somewhat tardy in his preparations, was anticipated, as we have mentioned, by Robert Fitzstephen, who had agreed to assist Dermot on condition of receiving a grant of the town of Wexford, with two cantreds of land adjoining. After being joined by Maurice de Pendergast, another adventurer, with an additional force of ten knights and two hundred archers, the invaders fortified themselves on a bold projection facing the Welsh coast until they obtained guides and assistance from Dermot, who remained secreted in his castle of Ferns, waiting the arrival of the strangers. In a short time he was enabled to send them his natural son, Donald, with five hundred horse. Thus reinforced, they made their way to Wexford, which, after a brief defence, surrendered, and so, at a comparatively little cost, the ostensible object of the invasion was attained, for Dermot was restored to his throne, and the Welsh knights received the promised payment. In about two years afterwards, Strongbow, in pursuance of his bargain with Mac Moorogh, landed in the bay of Waterford, accompanied by two hundred gentlemen of service and a thousand knights. He was followed by Henry II. with a large army, and from that time the Anglo-Norman warriors gradually obtained the same footing in Ireland as they had done in England. A county so colonised retains to this day features quite distinct from those common to the rest of Ireland.

THE STORY OF CONN-EDA;

OR THE GOLDEN APPLES OF LOCH ERNE.

[Translated from the Irish by Nicholas Kearney, Esq.]

It was long before the time the western districts of 'Innis Fodhla*' had any settled name, but were indiscriminately called after the person who took possession of them, and whose name they retained only as long as his sway lasted, a powerful king reigned over this part of the sacred island. He was a puissant warrior, and no individual was found able to compete with him either on land or sea, or question his right to the conquest he made by strength of his manly right hand, the point of his glittering javelin, and keen edge of his blue sword. The great king of the west held uncontrolled sway from the island of Rathlin to the mouth of the Shannon by sea, and far as the glittering Shannon wound its sinuous length by land. The ancient king of the west, whose name was Conn, was good as well as great, and passionately loved by his people. His queen was a 'Brenton' (British) princess, and was equally beloved and esteemed, because she was the very counterpart of the king in every respect; for whatever good qualification was found wanting in one, the other was certain to indemnify the omission. It was plainly manifest that heaven approved of the career in life of the virtuous couple, for during their reign the earth produced exuberant crops, the trees fruit ninefold commensurate with their usual bearing, the rivers, lakes, and surrounding sea teemed with abundance of choice fishes, while herds and flocks were unusually prolific, and kine and sheep yielded such abundance of rich milk, that they shed it in torrents upon the pastures; and furrows and cavities were always filled with the pure lactical produce of the dairy. All these were blessings heaped by heaven upon the western districts of 'Innis Fodhla,' over which the benignant and just Conn swayed his sceptre, in approbation of the course of government he had marked out for his own guidance. It is needless to state that the people who owned the authority of this great and good sovereign were the happiest on the face of the wide expanse of earth. It was during his reign, and that of his son and successor, that Ireland acquired the title of the 'happy isle of the west' among foreign nations. Conn Mor, and his good Queen Eda, reigned in great glory during many years; they were blessed with an only son, whom they named Conn-eda, after both his parents, because the Druids foretold, at his birth, that he would inherit the good qualities of both. According as the young prince grew in years, his amiable and benignant qualities of mind, as well as his great strength of body and manly bearing, became more manifest. He was the idol of his parents and the proud boast of his people; he was beloved and respected to that degree that neither prince, lord nor plebeian swore an oath by the sun, moon, stars, or elements, except by the head of Conn-eda. This career of glory, however, was doomed to meet a powerful but temporary impediment, for the good Queen Eda took a sudden and severe illness, of which she died in a few days, thus plunging her spouse, her son, and all her people, into a depth of grief and sorrow from which it was found difficult to relieve them.

The good king and his subjects mourned the loss of Queen Eda for a year and a day; and at the expiration of that time, Conn Mor reluctantly yielded to the advice of his Druids and counsellors, and took to wife the daughter of his Archdruid. The new queen appeared to walk in the footsteps of the good Eda for several years, and gave great satisfaction to her subjects. But, in course of time, having had several children, and perceiving that Conn-eda was the favorite son of the king, and the darling of the people, she clearly foresaw that he would become

successor to the throne after the demise of his father, and that her son would certainly be excluded. This excited the hatred and inflamed the jealousy of the Druid's daughter against her stepson to such an extent that she resolved, in her own mind, to leave nothing in her power undone to procure his death, or even exile from the kingdom. She began by circulating evil reports of the prince; but, as he was above suspicion, the king only laughed at the weakness of the queen; and the great princes and chieftains, supported by the people in general, gave an unqualified contradiction; while the prince himself bore all his trials with the utmost patience, and always repaid her bad and malicious acts towards him with good and benevolent ones. The enmity of the queen towards Conn-eda knew no bounds, when she saw that the false reports she circulated could not injure him, because he was a public man whose character was too well known and appreciated to suffer the least injury from the poisoned sting of calumny. As a last resource, to carry out her wicked projects, she determined to consult her 'Cailleachcheare' (henwife), who was a reputed enchantress.

Pursuant to her resolution, by the early dawn of morning, she hid to the cabin of the 'Cailleachcheare,' and divulged to her the cause of her trouble. 'I cannot render you any help,' said the Cailleach, 'until you name the duals' (reward.) 'What duals do you require?' asked the queen impatiently.

'My duals,' replied the enchantress, 'is to fill the cavity of my arm with wool, and the hole I shall bore with my distaff with red wheat.'

'Your duals is granted, and shall be immediately given you,' said the queen.

The enchantress thereupon stood in the door of her hut, and, bending her arm into a circle with her side, directed the royal attendants to thrust the wool into her house through her arm, and she never permitted them to cease until all the available space within was filled with wool. She then got on the roof of her brother's house, and, having made a hole through it with her distaff, caused red wheat to be spilled through it, until the house was filled up to the roof, so that there was no room for another grain within.

'Now,' said the queen, 'since you have received your duals, tell me how I can accomplish my purpose?'

'Take this chess-board and chess, and invite the prince to play with you; you shall win the first game. The condition you shall make is, that whoever wins a game shall be at liberty to impose whatever 'geasa' (conditions) the winner pleases upon the loser. When you win, you must bind the prince under the penalty either to go into 'ionarbath' (exile), or procure for you, within the space of a year and a day, the three golden apples that grow in the garden, the 'each dubh' (black steed), and 'coilean can mbuadh' (hound of supernatural powers), called Samer, which are in the possession of the king of the Fírbolg race, who resides in Loch Erne†. Those two things are so precious, and so well guarded, that he never can obtain them by his own power; and, if he would rashly attempt to seek them, he should lose his life.'

The queen was greatly rejoiced at the advice, and lost no time in inviting Conn-eda to play a game at chess, under the conditions she had been instructed to arrange by the enchantress. The queen won the game, as the enchantress had foretold; but so great was her anxiety to have the prince completely in her power that she challenged him to play a second game, which Conn-eda, to her astonishment, and no less mortification, easily won.

'Now,' said the prince, 'since you have won the

† The Fírbolgs believed their elysium to be under water; and the Irish still fancy that many of our lakes are peopled.

* 'Innis Fodhla,' Island of Fate, as some think, an old name of Ireland.

first game, it is your duty to impose your 'geis' first.*

'My geis,' said the queen, 'which I impose upon you, is to procure me the 'each dubh' (black steed), and 'cuilean con na mbuadh' (hound of supernatural powers), which are in the keeping of the Firbolgs, in Loch Erne, within the space of a year and a day; or, in case you fail, to go into 'ionarbadh' (exile), and never return, except you surrender yourself to lose your head and 'comhead beatha' (preservation of life.)

'Well, then,' said the prince, 'the 'geis' which I bind you by is, to sit upon the pinnacle of yonder tower until my return, and to take neither food nor nourishment of any description, except what red wheat you can pick up with the point of a bodkin; but, if I do not return, you are at perfect liberty to come down at the expiration of the year and a day.'

In consequence of the severe 'geis' imposed unexpectedly upon him, Conn-eda was very much troubled in mind; and, well knowing he had a long journey to make before he would reach his destination, immediately prepared to set out on his way, not, however, before he had the satisfaction of witnessing the ascent of the queen to the place where she was obliged to remain exposed to the scorching sun of summer, and the blasting storms of winter, for the space of one year and a day, at least. Conn-eda being ignorant of what steps he should take to procure the 'each dubh' and 'cuilean con na mbuadh,' though he was well aware that human energy would prove [unavailing, thought proper to consult the Great Druid, Fionn Badhna, of Sliabh Badhna, who was a friend of his, before he ventured to proceed to Loch Erne. When he arrived at the 'bruihegan' of the Druid he was received with cordial friendship, and the 'faihte,'* as usual, was poured out before him; and, when he was seated, warm water was fetched, and his feet bathed, so that the fatigue he felt after his journey was greatly relieved. The Druid, after he had partaken of refreshments, consisting of the newest of food and the oldest of liquors, asked him the reason for paying the visit, and more particularly the cause of his sorrow; for the prince appeared exceedingly depressed in spirit.

Conn-eda told his friend the whole history of the transaction with his step-mother, from the beginning to the end; which, when the Druid heard it, caused him to nod his head significantly, but he made no answer.

'Can you not assist me?' asked the prince, with downcast countenance, having observed the motions of the Druid.

'I cannot, indeed, assist you at present,' replied the Druid, 'but I will retire to my 'grianan' at sun-rising on the morrow, and learn by virtue of my druidism what can be done to assist you.' The Druid, accordingly, as the sun rose on the following morning, retired to his 'grianan,' and consulted the god he adored through the power of his 'druid-heacht.' When he returned, he called Conn-eda aside on the plain, and addressed him thus:—'My dear son, I find you have been bound under a severe—an almost impossible—'geis,' intended for your destruction; no person on earth could have advised the queen to impose it, except the Cailleach of Loch Corrib, who is the greatest Druidess now in Ireland, and sister to the Firbolg king of Loch Erne. It is not, I am sorry to have to inform you, in my power, nor in that of the deity I adore, to interfere in your behalf; but go directly to Sliabh Mis, and consult 'Ean chin-duine' (the bird with a human head), and if there be any possibility of relieving you, that bird shall do it; for there is not a bird in the western world so celebrated as that bird, because it knows all things that are past, all

things that are present and exist, and all things that shall hereafter exist. It is difficult to find access to his place of concealment, and more difficult still to obtain an answer from him; but I will endeavor to regulate the matter for you, and that is all I can do for you at present.'

The Archdruid then instructed him thus: 'Take,' said he, 'yonder little shaggy steed, and mount him immediately; for in those days the bird will make himself visible, and the little shaggy steed will conduct you to his place of abode. But lest the bird should refuse to reply to your queries, take this precious stone ('leag longmhar,') and present it to him; and then little danger and doubt exists but he will give you a ready answer.'

The prince returned heartfelt thanks to the Druid, and, having saddled and mounted the little shaggy horse without making much delay, received the precious stone from the Druid, and, after having taken his leave of him, set out on his journey. He suffered the reins to fall loose upon the neck of the horse, according as he had been instructed, so that the animal took whatever rode he chose.

It would be tedious to relate the numerous adventures he had with the little shaggy horse, which had the extraordinary gift of speech, and was a 'draoidheacht' horse, during his journey.

The prince having reached the hiding-place of the strange bird at the appointed time, and having presented him with the 'leag longmhar,' according to Fionn Badhna's instructions, and proposed his questions relative to the manner he could best arrange for the fulfilment of his 'geis,' the bird took up the jewel from the stone on which it was placed, in his mouth, and flew to an inaccessible rock at some distance, and, when there perched, he thus addressed the prince:—

'Conn-eda, son of the king of Cruachan,' said he, in a loud croaking human voice, 'remove the stone just under your right foot, and take the ball of iron and the 'corná' (cup) you shall find under it; then mount your horse, cast the ball before you, and, having so done, your horse will tell you all the other things necessary to be done.' The bird, having said this, immediately flew out of sight.

Conn-eda took great care to do everything according to the instructions of the bird. He found the iron ball and 'corná' in the place which had been pointed out. He took them up, mounted his horse, and cast the ball before him. The ball rolled on a regular gait, while the little shaggy horse followed on the way it led, until they reached the margin of Loch Erne. Here the ball rolled into the water and became invisible.

'Alight now,' said the 'draoidheacht' pony, 'and put your hand into mine ear; take from thence the small bottle of 'ice' (all-heal) and the little wicker basket which you will find there, and remount with speed, for just now your great dangers and difficulties commence.'

Conn-eda, ever faithful to the kind advice of his 'draoidheacht' pony, did what he had been advised. Having taken the basket and bottle of 'ice' from the animal's ear, remounted and proceeded on his journey, while the water of the lake appeared only like an atmosphere above his head. When he entered the lake the ball again appeared, and rolled along until it came to the margin, across which was a causeway, guarded by three frightful serpents; the hissings of the monsters were heard at a great distance, while, on a nearer approach, their yawning mouths and formidable fangs were quite sufficient to terrify the stoutest heart.

'Now,' said the horse, 'open the basket, and cast a piece of the meat you will find in it into the mouth of each serpent; when you have done this, secure yourself in your seat in the best manner you can, so that we may make all due arrangements to pass those 'draoidheacht peists.' Take the pieces of meat you shall find in the basket, and, with a

straight hand and well-directed aim, cast one into the mouth of each 'peist.' If you do so unerringly we shall pass them safely, otherwise we are lost.' Conn-eda flung the pieces of meat into the jaws of the serpents with unerring aim.

'Bear a benison and victory,' said the 'draoidheacht' steed, 'for you are a youth that will win and prosper.'

On saying these words he sprang aloft, and cleared in his leap the river and ford, guarded by the serpents, seven measures beyond the margin.

'Are you still mounted, Prince Conn-eda?' asked the steed.

'It's only half my exertion to remain so,' replied Conn-eda.

'I find,' said the pony, 'that you are a young prince that deserves to succeed—one danger is now over, but two others still remain.'

They proceeded onwards after the ball until they came in view of a great mountain flaming with fire.

'Hold yourself in readiness for another dangerous leap,' said the horse.

The trembling prince had no answer to make, but seated himself as secure as the magnitude of the danger before him would permit. The horse in the next instant sprang from the earth, and flew like an arrow over the burning mountain.

'Are you still alive, Conn-eda, son of Connmore?' inquired the faithful horse.

'I am just alive, and no more, for I am greatly scorched,' answered the prince.

'Since you are yet alive, I feel assured that you are a young man destined to meet supernatural success and benisons,' said the druidic steed. 'Our greatest dangers are over,' added he, 'and there is hope that we shall be able to overcome the next and last danger.'

After they proceeded a short distance, his faithful steed, addressing Conn-eda, said, 'Alight now, and apply a portion of the contents of the little bottle of 'ice' to your wounds.'

The prince immediately followed the advice of his monitor; and, as soon as he rubbed the 'ice' (all-heal) to his wounds, he became as whole and fresh as ever he had been before. After having done this, Conn-eda remounted, and, following the track of the ball, soon came in sight of a great city surrounded by high walls. The only gate which was visible was not defended by armed men, but by two great towers, which emitted flames that could be seen at a great distance.

'Alight on this plain,' said the steed, 'and take a small knife from my other ear; with this knife you shall kill and flay me. When you have done this, envelope yourself in my hide, and you can pass the gate unscathed and unmolested. When you get inside you can come out at pleasure; because, when once you enter, there is no danger, and you can pass and repass whenever you wish, and let me tell you, that all I have to ask of you, in return for any little service I may have rendered you, is that you, when once you get inside of the gates, will immediately return, and drive away any birds of prey that may be fluttering around to feed on my carcass, and more, that you will pour any little drop of that powerful 'ice,' if such still remain in the bottle, upon my flesh, to preserve it from corruption. When you do this in memory of me, if it be not too troublesome, dig a pit and cast my remains into it.'

'Well,' said Conn-eda, 'my noblest steed, because you have been so faithful to me hitherto, and because I had the pleasure, as well as the happiness, to meet with you, and you still would have rendered me further service, I consider such a proposal insulting to my feelings as a man, and totally at variance with spirit which can feel the value of gratitude, not to speak of my feelings as a prince. You, that propose to sacrifice your life for my welfare and benefit—what a horrid revolting proposal your good

* 'Faihte' means welcome, but it means much more in original MSS.

nature prompts you to make—a proposal which shall never be sanctioned by me, much less its details be carried into execution. Ah, you, who have been my dearest companion, faithful friend and infallible counsellor, to demand such a sacrifice at my hands! But as a prince I am able to say some what may—come death itself in its most hideous forms and terrors—I never will sacrifice private friendship to personal interest, no matter what the urgencies or provocations may be. Hence I am, I swear by my arms of valor, prepared to meet the worst—even death itself—sooner than violate the principles of humanity, honor and friendship! My life, in corroboration of what I state as a prince and a hero, shall be sacrificed before I will lay a single finger upon my noble steed and counsellor, to injure his life. Come, O death, come to your most hideous forms, and you will find what an Irish prince, filled with grateful feelings, can endure, with not only patience but cheerfulness! Well, let me say your death would lead me to victory. But what would that victory be but a triumph over a weak woman? What a sacrifice you propose!

'Pshaw, man! heed not that; do what I advise you, and prosper.'

'Never, never!' exclaimed the prince.

'Well, then, son of the great western monarch,' said the horse, with a tone of sorrow, 'if you do not follow my advice on this occasion, I can tell you that both you and I shall perish, and shall never meet again; but, if you act as I have instructed you, matters shall assume a happier and more pleasing aspect than you imagine. I have not misled you heretofore, and if I have not, what need have you to doubt the most important portion of my evans! Do exactly as I have directed you, else you will cause a worse fate than death to befall me. And, moreover, I can tell you that, if you persist in your resolution, I have done with you forever.'

When the prince found that his noble steed could not be dissuaded from his purpose, he took the knife out of his ear with reluctance, and, with a faltering mind and trembling hand, essayed experimentally to point the weapon at his throat. Conn-ed-a's eyes were bathed in tears; but no sooner had he pointed the druidic 'seian' to the throat of his good steed, than the dagger, as if impelled by some druidic power, stuck in his neck, and in an instant the work of death was done, and the noble animal fell dead at his feet. When the prince saw his noble steed fall dead by his hand, he cast himself on the ground, and cried aloud until his consciousness was gone. When he recovered, he perceived that the steed was quite dead, and, as he thought there was no room left for hope of resuscitating him, he considered it the most prudent course he could adopt to act according to the advice he had given him. After many misgivings of mind, and abundant showers of tears, he essayed the task of flaying him, which was that only of a few minutes. When he found that he had the hide separated from the carriu, he, in the derangement of the moment, enveloped himself with it, and proceeding towards the magnificent city in rather a demented state of mind, entered it without any molestation or opposition. It was a surprisingly populous city, and an extremely wealthy place; but it's beauty, magnificence and wealth had no charm for Conn-ed-a, because the thoughts of the loss he sustained in his dear steed were paramount to those of all other earthly considerations.

He had scarcely proceeded more than fifty paces from the gate, until the last request of his beloved 'draoidheacht' steed forced itself upon his mind, and compelled him to return to perform the last solemn injunction imposed upon him. When he came to the spot upon which the remains of his beloved 'draoidheacht' steed lay, an appalling sight presented itself; ravens and other carnivorous birds of prey were tearing and devouring the flesh of his dear steed. It was but short work to put them to flight; and, having uncorked his little jar of 'ice,' he deemed it a labor of love to embalm the now mangled carriu with the precious ointment. The potent 'ice' had scarcely touched the inanimate flesh, when, to the surprise of Conn-ed-a, it

commenced to undergo some strange change, and in a few minutes, to his unspeakable astonishment, and inexpressible joy, it assumed the form of one of the handsomest and noblest young men imaginable, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the prince was locked in his embrace, smothering him with kisses, and drowning him with tears of joy. When one recovered from his ecstasy of joy, and the other from his surprise, the strange youth thus addressed the prince:—

'Most noble and puissant prince, you are the best sight I ever saw with my eyes, and I the most fortunate being in existence for having met you. B-hold in my person, changed to the natural shape, your little shaggy 'draoidheacht' steed. I am brother of the king of this city, and it was the wicked Druid, Fionn Badhina, who kept me so long in bondage; but he was forced to give me up when you came to consult him, as my 'geis' was then broken; yet I could not recover my pristine shape and appearance unless you had acted as you have kindly done. It was my own sister that urged the queen, your step-mother, to send you in quest of the steed and powerful puppy hound, which my brother has long had in keeping. My sister, rest assured, had no thought of doing you the least injury, but much good, as you shall find hereafter; because, if she were maliciously inclined towards you, she could have accomplished her end without any trouble. In short, she only wanted to free you from all future danger and disaster, and recover me from my relentless enemies through your instrumentality. Come with me, my friend and deliverer, and the steed, and the puppy hound of extraordinary powers, and the golden apples shall be thine, and a cordial welcome shall greet you in my brother's abode; for you deserve all this and much more.'

The exciting joy felt on the occasion was mutual, and they lost no time in idle congratulations, but proceeded on to the royal residence of the King of Loch Erne. Here they were both received with demonstrations of joy by the king and his chieftains; and, when the purport of Conn-ed-a's visit became known to the king, he gave a free consent to bestow on Conn-ed-a the black steed, the 'coilean con na mbuadh,' called Samer, and the three golden apples of health that were growing in his garden, under the special condition, however, that he would consent to remain as his guest until he would set out on his journey, in proper time to fulfil his 'geis.' Conn-ed-a, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, consented, and remained in the royal residence of the Firlodge King of Loch Erne, in the enjoyment of the most delicious and fascinating pleasures during that period.

When the time of his departure came, the three golden apples were plucked from the crystal tree in the midst of the pleasure garden, and deposited in his bosom; the puppy hound, Samer, was leashed, and the leash put into his hand, and the black steed, richly harnessed, was got in readiness for him to mount. The king himself helped him on horseback, and both he and his brother assured him that he might not fear burning mountains or hissing serpents, because none would impede him, as his steed was a passport to and from his subaqueous kingdom at every time. And both he and his brother extorted a promise from Conn-ed-a that he would visit them once every year, at least.

Conn-ed-a took his leave of his dear friend, and the king, his brother; the parting was a tender one, soured by regret on both sides. He proceeded on his way, without meeting anything to obstruct him, and, in due time, came in sight of the 'dun' of his father, where the queen had been placed on the pinnacle of the tower, in the full hope that, as it was the last day of her imprisonment there, the prince would fail to make his appearance, and thereby forfeit all pretensions and right to the crown of his father forever. But her hopes were doomed to disappointment, for when it had been announced to her by her couriers, who had been posted to watch the arrival of the prince, that he approached, she was incredulous; but when she saw him mounted upon a foaming black steed, richly harnessed, and leading a strange kind of an animal of the dog kind by

a silver chain, she at once knew he was returning in triumph, and that her schemes laid for his destruction were frustrated. In the excess of grief at her disappointment, she cast herself from the top of the tower, and was instantly dashed in pieces. Conn-ed-a met a welcome reception from his father, who mourned for him as lost to him forever, during his absence, and when the base conduct of the queen became known, the king and his chieftains ordered her remains to be consumed to ashes, for her perfidy and wickedness.

Conn-ed-a planted the three golden apples in his garden, and instantly a great tree, bearing similar fruit, sprang up. This tree caused all the district to produce an exuberance of crops and fruits, so that it became as fertile and plentiful as the dominions of the Firlodge, in consequence of the extraordinary powers possessed by the golden fruit. The hound, Samer, and the steed, were of the utmost utility to him; and his reign was long and prosperous, and celebrated among the old people for the great abundance of corn, fruit, milk, fowl and fishes that prevailed during his happy reign. It was after the name of Conn-ed-a the province of Connacht, or 'Conn-ed-a, Connacht,' was so called.

JONATHAN SIMPSON, THE HIGHWAYMAN.—He was possessed of about £5000, but his expenses were so extravagant that this large sum was soon exhausted. He then went to the highway, committed a robbery, was apprehended, and would certainly have been hung had not some of his rich relations procured a reprieve. The difficulty of obtaining it may be guessed from the fact that it arrived at Tyburn just when the rope was about his neck. Such was his obduracy, that when returning to Newgate behind one of the sheriff's men, the latter asked him what he thought of the reprieve when he had come to the gallows. He replied, 'No more than I thought of my dying day.' When he came to the prison door, the turnkey refused to receive him, saying that he was sent to be executed, and that he was discharged of him, and would not permit him to enter without a new warrant. Upon which Simpson exclaimed, 'What an unhappy cast-off dog am I, that both Tyburn and Newgate should in one day refuse to entertain me. Well, I'll mend my ways for the future, and try whether I can't merit a reception at them both, next time I am brought thither.' He immediately recommenced his operations, and one day robbed a gentleman of a purse full of counters, which he supposed were gold. He kept them in his pockets, always anxiously looking out for his benefactor. About four months after he met him on Bagshot Heath, riding in his coach. 'Sir,' said he, 'I believe you made a mistake the last time I had the happiness of seeing you, in giving those pieces. I have been troubled ever since, lest you should have wanted them at cards, and am glad of this opportunity to return them; only, for my care, I require you to come at this moment out of your coach, and give me your breeches, that I may search them at leisure, and not trust any more to your generosity, lest you should mistake again.' A pistol enforced his demand, and Simpson found a gold watch, a gold snuff-box, and ninety-eight guineas, with five Jacobuses. At another time he robbed Lord Delamere of three hundred and fifty guineas. He was almost unequalled in his depredations; in one day he robbed nineteen people, and took above two hundred pounds, and in the space of six weeks committed forty robberies in the county of Middlesex. He even ventured to attack the Duke of Berwick, and took from him articles to a great value. But wickedness has a boundary over which it cannot pass. Simpson attacked two captains of the guards; a desperate struggle ensued, his horse was shot under him, and he was wounded in both arms and one of his legs before he was taken. He was sent to Newgate, and now found that he was not refused entrance, and he soon also discovered that Tyburn was equally ready to receive him. He was executed on the 8th of September, 1686. — [Whitehead's Lives of Highwaymen, &c.]

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH BY C. MANGAN.

That ballad, which is of a homely cast, was intended as a rebuke to the saucy pride of a woman in humble life, who assumed airs of consequence from being the possessor of three cows. Its author's name is unknown; but its age can be determined from the language, as belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century. That it was formerly very popular in Munster may be concluded from the fact that the phrase, 'Easy, oh, woman of three cows,' has become a saying in that province on any occasion upon which it is desirable to lower the pretensions of boastful or consequential persons:

O Woman of Three Cows, agraht! don't let your tongue thus rattle!

O don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.

I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say—what's true—

A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;

And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;

Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

See where Momonia's* heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,

'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!

If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning!

Mavroe† for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—

Who knows in what abodes of woe those youths were driven to house?

Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows!

Think of Donnell of the Ships, the chief whom nothing daunted—

See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchaniced!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—

Then ask yourself, should you be proud? good Woman of three cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrouded in story—

Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—

Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,

And so, for all your pride, my yours, O Woman of Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,

Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;

Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbor's poor, and you it seems are big with vain ideas,

Because, inaght! you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;

That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows,

But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

THE RUNNING UP.

Now, there you go! you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing;

And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,

If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,

I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

*Munster.

†My grief.

‡Forsooth.



THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

EXTRAORDINARY CAVERNS NEAR KILKINNEY.—About two miles from the city of Kilkenny, in the neighborhood of the Park house of the Dunmore family, are a number of caves, as curious, though not so extensive, as those mentioned in a previous article.

They are thus mentioned by a visitor:—

'After a difficult descent of about one hundred feet, the entrance to this subterranean world is gained. The appearance of the first cavern is uncommonly awful, and gives rise to the idea of a Gothic structure, grand in ruin. The solemnity of this place is not a little increased in its effect by contrast with the gaiety of those scenes which present themselves on every side previous to entering it. The floor is uneven, and stones or rocks of various sizes are scattered over it. The sides are composed of ragged rock, in some parts covered with moss, and in others curiously frosted, and from the arched roof several huge rocks project, that seem to threaten instant ruin.

'The circumference of this cave is not less than two hundred feet, and its height above fifty. There is a small but continual dropping of water from the ceiling, and a few petrifications resembling icicles. This place has its inhabitants, for, on entering it, you are surprised by a confused noise, occasioned by a multitude of wild pigeons, disturbed by your intrusion. From this apartment there is a passage to the left, where, by a small ascent, a hole is gained resembling the mouth of an oven, but larger, which introduces you to a place where, by the help of torches, day-light being entirely excluded, a surprising scene of monstrous stones piled on each other, and chequered with various colors, tremendous rocks, and an infinity of stalactites, presents itself.

'Nature, one would imagine, designed the first cave as a preparative for what remains to be seen; by it the eye is familiarized with uncommon and awful objects, and the mind totally fortified against terrors, the natural result of a combination of appearances so surprising, terrific and menacing. The spectator flatters himself that he has nothing to behold more awful, nor anything more dangerous to meet, than what he finds in the first cavern. But he soon discovers his mistake, for the bare want of that light which dresses nature with gaiety, is alone sufficient to render the second far more dreadful. In the first place he fancies ruin frowns upon him from several parts; but in this it is more immediately threatened from a thousand rocks rudely piled on each other, bursting in on him from the bending sides, or pending from the roof, while by one false step you are dashed to pieces in the precipice beneath. It would, indeed, be impracticable to range over the apartment, had not nature, as if studious of the safety of the curious, caused spars to shoot from the surface of the rocks, which prevent your feet from slipping beneath, and at the sides serve as ladders, whereby you can ascend and descend with tolerable facility.

This astonishing passage leads to an apartment far

more curious than any of the rest. On entering it, one is induced to believe himself in some ancient temple, decorated with all the expense and magnificence of art; yet, notwithstanding the splendor and beauty that catches the eye on every side, there is something of solemnity in the fashion of the place, which causes itself to be felt by the most indifferent spectator. The floor is covered with a crystalline substance, and the sides in many places encrusted with the same, fashioned in style not unlike the Gothic style of ornament, and the top is embossed with inverted pyramids of the like beautifully white and pellucid matter. At the points of these stalactites are perpetually hanging drops of pellucid water, for when one falls another succeeds. These splendid gems contribute not a little to the glorious appearance of the roof, which, when illuminated, appears as if formed of the purest crystal. Here also are three extraordinary and beautiful congelations, which, without the aid of a strong imagination, may be taken for an organ, an altar, and a cross.

The former, except when strictly examined, appears to be a regular work of art, and is of considerable size; the second is of a simple form, rather long than square, and the cross reaches from the floor to the roof, which may be about twenty feet. These curious figures are produced by the water which distils from the upper part of the cave, impregnated with lime, which, by gradual petrification, acquired at length those forms now so pleasing.

When this curious apartment has been sufficiently examined, the guides lead you a considerable way through winding passages, until a glimmering light surprises you. Here your journey—a quarter of a mile from the entrance—terminates; but on returning to the first cavern, an entrance into other apartments as extensive, though less curious, presents itself. The passages into some are so low that you are obliged to creep through them; by these you proceed till the noise of a subterranean river is heard—but farther none have ventured.'

THE church of St. John Lateran contains a trophy of the victories of Christianity over Islamism, for there is suspended, near the choir, the banner of John Sobieski, at the famous battle of Vienna. There are preserved in this place some of the most venerable relics in the world. Behind a large grating at the back of the choir, on the way leading to the sacristy, is placed the table on which our Lord instituted the Eucharist. The table appears to be about twelve feet long and about six feet in width. It was covered with plates of silver by the pontiffs. These were carried off by the constable of Bourbon in the sacking of Rome. Near this are other relics, at the sight of which the heart will be stricken with compunction. There is a part of the purple vestment which was placed on our Saviour's shoulders in the pretorium, a piece of the sponge which was steeped in gall and vinegar, a part of the tunic which St. John the Evangelist wore when he was brought prisoner to Rome from Ephesus, and also part of the chain with which he was bound; the shoulder of St. Laurence (his head may be seen on his festival in the chapel of the Pope's sacristan, at the Quirinal palace); the head of St. Pancratius, some of the blood of St. Charles Borromeo and of St. Philip Neri, and a tablet composed of the ashes of several martyrs. When we left the treasury, we went out into the cloister, where there are some good remains of the palace of Constantine. There are several relics, but as their authenticity rests merely on tradition, which is not considered sufficiently authentic, they are not exposed to the veneration of the faithful.

An Irishman attending a Quaker meeting heard a young Friend make the following announcement:— 'Brethren and sisters, I am marrying a daughter of the Lord.' 'Faith, an' it will be a long time before you can see your father-in-law,' replied Patrick.

THE THREE DEVILS.

'Seymour, have you heard the story Paddy Sullivan tells of himself?'

'No. Is that the man that lives in the nest, white-washed cottage on the bank of the river?'

'The same,' replied Richard Butler to his cousin, Mr. Seymour, as they sat over their wine, on a beautiful summer evening. The whole of the surrounding country belonged to him; and there were few of the peasantry you met for a mile round who would not, when asked who he was, reply, 'the Masther,' thinking that explanation enough.

'The same—but you must hear him yourself. May I trouble you to pull the bell—thank you—it is nothing without his own description. John (to a servant), send up to Paddy Sullivan, and tell him I will thank him to come down.'

Paddy was soon seen 'spreading' down; he seemed a fine stout man about forty, who, when he entered the room, exhibited a laughable exterior. His Sunday coat was taken from 'the box,' and donned over his everyday waistcoat, and his old working breeches formed but a poor contrast to his bright light blue stockings, part of the Sunday attire also. And, to crown all, the 'ould caubeen' surmounted his tall person, like the 'cap of liberty' on a May-pole.

'A fine evening, Paddy,' said Richard.

'Wisha, an' that's the truth for your honor, God bless it!' was the reply.

'Paddy, I sent for you to beg you would tell the story of the 'Three Devils,' to Mr. Seymour, my cousin.'

'Ya then, 'tis I would do so for your honor's dog, let alone for this fine young gentleman, and 'tis sorry I am 'tis not better, Masther Richard. But the story, sir, it was just next Michaelmas five years, afther our having most of the harvest gather in, in the little haggart, when I came home from the work, an' sure enough I was tired; it was about five o'clock, an' 'twas for all the world such an evening as this. Well, as I was saying, afther I came back, I went outside the door and sat down; an' sure I hadn't been there long, when up comes three little dacent-looking men, all in black, an', to tell the truth, I didn't like their looks at all. Well, one of the fellows says to me, 'Arrah, Paddy Sullivan, isn't that your name?'

'That's thrue for you,' says I, 'twas that I was christened surely; but how did you know my name?' says I—(for if I was to be shot, I couldn't say sir to the fellows.)

'Don't be afther axing what you know nothing about,' says the little fellow.

'And sure that's my reason for axing,' says I, 'because I don't know it.'

'Why thin, Paddy,' says he, 'do you think I'll make you as wise as myself?'

An' thin they all set up a laugh, an' 'such a laugh! An' thin says another fellow to me, says he, 'Paddy, do you know the way to the road?'

'Faix, if I don't, I ought,' says I; an' wid that the first fellow, who was the masther over them, as you are over us, sir (not that I compare ye), says mighty hard and slow—

'Paddy Sullivan,' says he, 'you had better answer the gentleman,' says he, 'd'ye hear?'

'Well I do, if that will plaze ye,' says I, though smart I spoke I was shivering all over.

'An' if you do,' says the masther, 'will you show it to us as we want to know the way?'

'There's a word wantin',' says I.

'Oh, iss!' says he, an' wid that he cocks up his nose (an' fine one he had of his own, that is a big one, I mane, for it was to a certainty the ugliest I ever saw), 'oh, iss,' says he, 'if you plaze—will that do ye?'

'Ay,' says I, 'that's what I likes, being polite.'

But he cut me short, an' says he, 'dont be botherin' us wid your blatherin' nonsense.'

So wid that I got afther, an' up I got, an' says I, 'come along, an' I'll show you the road.'

Off we went to the road. Well, as we went

along (I afore 'em), they were laughing as hard as they could pelt. I bore a long time all this, but at last I turns round, an' says I, 'wisha, sure you might as well let me into the joke; I likes a bit of fun as well as any one,' says I, (an' faix, that was true for me, your honor.)

Then the little man cocks himself up, an' says he, 'Paddy Sullivan, hold your tongue, I bid ye, ye'll know the joke, as you call it, perhaps sooner than ye wish.'

Afther that I never says a word till I got to the road, an' whin I got there, I says, 'there's the road for ye, an' God bless ye.'

'If ever you mention that name afore me again, Paddy Sullivan,' says the little fellow, 'I'll be the death of you—that is, while we're together.'

'Faix, an' that won't be long,' says I.

'Longer than you think, maybe,' says he.

'Wisha, then, if that's the way you talk,' says I, 'good-bye to ye.'

Oh, musha! An' I did look, an' sure I wasn't in a hurry to look again, for instead of three Christians born, there were three black things, with long cars an' tails! As soon as I had looked at 'em, the ould fellow says, 'You must come,' says he, 'wid us now.'

'The devil take me, if I do,' says I.

'An' so we will take you, never fear,' says he; 'shove along.'

'There's two words to that,' says I.

'Maybe not,' says he.

So wid that, they tuck up three little kippens off the road, an' no sooner did they touch them, than they became, afore my eyes, rale shillelaghs! 'Come, now, boys,' says the masther to the others, 'use these,' says he, an' sure enough they were the lads that knew how.

'So one fellow ups wid his bit of oak, 'Come, Paddy,' says he, 'I'm tould it's mighty hard to hurt you; try this, for I want to know if it's the case,' says he.

So he hits me a crack, an' 'pon my conscience, that was the rale delight, though, faix, I didn't think so at that time, to tell the truth. Afther that, I don't know how it was, but myself felt the legs runnin' away wid me; so off I pelted towards the town, and the fellows afther me like mad, an' slap into the town we went, an' that as hard as ever we could leg it, up one street and down another. Every turn I'd make, slap afore me at it would one of the fellows be; an' sure, thin, if my shoulders didn't pay the piper, no mather. Well, at last, as I went, like a dog afther a hare, round a corner, to be sure the black lad was there afore, but I ducked as I passed, and the fellow for once missed his aim. Well, faix, I laughed, an' says I to myself (for I was sfeard to say it out), I'm a clever fellow, for I bate the devil! (for didn't I tell your honor there were three devils all the time!) Arrah, the word wasn't thought of, when slap comes the lad ridin' on my back, an' he cocks his legs, out afore my mouth! Widout sayin' a word, I up wid my hands, an' I caught him by the calves of his legs, an' pinched him as hard as ever I could, an' wid that he began to roar like a bull, so that you might hear him a mile off, and then he fell off my back like a sack of whate! (I often heard that blacks were mighty touchy about the legs.) Well, 'twas myself was glad in my heart widin, an' sure enough I didn't go far at all, when at a turn there was another black afore me there—so, faix, myself tried another duck, an' he missed his aim like the other.

'Oh, ho, my lad,' says I, 'you shan't get a ride at all events'—but at that moment, smack came my lad on my back. Ah! if the other fellow's shins got it before, this chap got it ten times as hard, and if the other roared, he never could equal this lad.

'Well,' says I to myself, 'better have one than three,' says I, 'and I suppose I'll soon be rid of him too,' says I.

Arrah, the words weren't said (to myself) when the last fellow, who was the masther, says, 'Paddy Sullivan, 'tis you that knows a great deal about the matter; faix, thin, I won't jump on your back,' says he, 'but I'll follow till you can run no more, an' thin I'll have you say, an' 'tis I will punish you for my brothers, for I'm the devil.'

'A blue look-out,' says I, 'but I'm not tired yet, any how.'

So we pegged away like mad dogs, up one street, down another, through main street and little street, until, afther running a long time, I found myself afore the market—an' a fine one it is, Masther Richard—so slap I goes down it, an' slap comes the devil afther me. I went dodging through the people, an' afther a while I gives a look back, an' if I went towards the door I should meet him, an' faix, 'twas Paddy Sullivan had no fancy for that same. Well, jest thin, what shuld I see but a big baker's basket afore me, mighty invitin'. Widout delay, in I jumps, but I suppose the ould fellow seen me as I went in, for afore I could say Jack Robinson, he comes and hoises the basket, an' myself, an' all, on his back, an' away he pegs. Well, to be sure, I gave myself up for lost, an' sure well I might—the fellow legged up one street, down another; but many's the time my mother tould me that 'I banged Banagher,' an' sure that fellow, they say, banged my black friend—so 'twould be quare if I wasn't a match for him. Just as the fellow was runnin' like a house afire by a little shop, I made a grab at the sign-post. I caught it, an' there I hung, an', would you believe it, sir, sorra a bit of the devil missed me. Well, to be sure, 'twas myself that was glad to get rid of him, but I soon got tired of my place, for my arms were not able to hold up my big body.

I hadn't been there long when out comes the man of the the shop, a low, fat little man, and up he looks.

'Wisha, then, bad luck to your four bones,' says he, 'you omadhawn of the devil, what are you doin' there?'

'Oh, thin,' says myself, 'if you'll help me down, 'tis I that won't trouble this post any longer, an' 'tis I that's thankful to it, if you but knew all.'

'Ay,' says he, 'so you ought, for 'tis from a post like that you'll be endin' your days yet.'

'But not till you go afore me to thry if the beam is strong enough, an' 'tis your body that would give it a good thrial,' says I.

Wid that the little man's face got very red, an' in he walked, or waddled into the house, an' presently out he comes wid a wattle in his fist, an' out afther him comes a little boy, wid a chair—up he gets on a chair, an' begins bangin' me, for he well knew I could not touch him, in regard of being obliged to support myself wid both my hands. But at last, whin he went too far, an' continued peltin' away, what do you think, your honor, Mr. Seymour, I did?

'Why, I suppose you let yourself drop down,' answered Mr. Seymour.

'Oh, the sorra bit, your honor; but I awoke!'

'Awoke!' cried Seymour, 'surely you were not asleep?'

'Wisha, an' that's thrue I was, an' instead of the little man bein' batin' me, 'twas only the wife that was thumpin' my head, to awake me to go to my supper—so you see, sir, I only dreamt all about the three devils.'

A WITNESS was examined before a judge in a case, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken. The witness hesitated, until he riveted the attention of the entire court upon him; then, fixing his eyes earnestly on the judge, began, 'May it please your honor, you lie and steal, and get your living by stealing.' The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately said, 'turn to the jury, sir.'

WORKS OF FICTION.

Fiction, when properly used, is the source of much pleasure and improvement. By means of it much useful information and wholesome moral lessons may be inculcated; and it is certainly the simplest and most agreeable mode by which can be communicated to us an accurate knowledge of the manners and customs of different countries, a striking delineation of the various passions which at all times agitate the human heart, and an intimate and familiar acquaintance with specimens of chaste and elegant composition. To be able, however, to write fiction well, requires not a few qualifications. A refined taste, a sound judgment, a vigorous fancy, a fertile imagination, and a good command over languages, are all necessary for him who would excel in this department of letters. The narrator of facts requires merely to be able to describe well. He has a direct course marked out for him, from which he is not to deviate—his business is only to give a clear detail of events as they have occurred—to paint in the best colors the several scenes that successively develop themselves upon the landscape of time; but the writer of fiction has no such regularly placed train of circumstances lying before him, and he, therefore, requires more powers of invention to suggest incidents and characters, and a higher degree of discrimination to enable him to select the most suitable and proper. His field is imagination; and as he wanders over his wide and beautiful domain, he must not allow his attention to be distracted, or his taste to be confused, by the diversity of pleasing objects which are there presented to his view—flowers, wild, sweet, and blooming, are scattered in rich profusion around him; he must not, however, pluck them indiscriminately. Some he must pass over, which, though pleasing to the sight, may yet contain an asp under their leaves; while those which he does take, he must so arrange and classify that they may not be joined in a heterogeneous or ill-assorted union, but that harmonising in a soft and bland assimilation, they may coalesce with fitness and propriety. The English language abounds in fine models of fiction. The novels of Sir Walter Scott, though generally founded on historical facts, are yet interspersed with fictitious scenes and personages, which impart to them their chief attraction, and by means of which he has so clearly depicted the peculiarities of the national character. No other writer has made fiction so useful, by combining so much real instruction with improvement. In him, fancy is divested of all her wild absurdities—she runs not out into extravagancies—she soars not aloft, till amid the heights of her empyrean elevation, she loses sight of the world and its realities—she still hovers in view of mankind, and though she may sometimes rise, she never wanders—and when she does mount into the regions of idealty, 'tis but to bring down from thence images and illustrations to embellish the scenes and characters which are drawn from actual life.

It is plain how many advantages the writer of fiction has over the historian. The latter is subservient to the train of events; but the former has the train of events subservient to him: and thus, when he acts with prudence and taste, he is enabled fully to follow out a principle which he had laid down, and by a series of well-arranged circumstances, to trace the primal cause through all the variety of its consequences and relations. He has an abundance of materials at his command, and he has only to select the most suitable, clothe them in the most appropriate verbiage, and put them together in the most advantageous combination. We read works of fiction for our amusement. Our thoughts are then free and at ease. Other studies, which we pursue merely for instruction, require a continuous tension of the mind, and are not so inviting; but works of fiction form a pleasing and agreeable relaxation. Other studies are the field through which we have to search for objects worthy of our particular attention; but works of fiction are the neatly arranged flower garden, where a sweet odor breathes continually around. We recline upon beds of violets and roses, and listen to the gentle murmuring of the cascade

down its sloping declivity. By fiction, virtue and vice are represented in their true characters—set before us in such a way as to excite the proper emotions of approbation and dislike, and be always accompanied, the one with the due rewards, the other with adequate punishments. But there is another department of literature with which fiction is intimately connected, and which to some is the source of the highest intellectual pleasure which our nature perhaps is capable of enjoying—and that is poetry. Poetry—lovely poetry—descends upon us in the hour of our pleasures to exalt and elevate our feelings. In sweet and holy communion she holds converse with us, shedding a forestaste of heaven's enjoyment's upon our minds, and stilling and smoothing the perturbation of our thoughts into a mild and a balmy calm. Philosophy and science are the sterner beings with whom at times we associate for instruction; but poetry is the sweet companion of our recreations, coming down upon us in angelic mildness, and giving to all sublimity things an investiture of purity and delight. And how closely is fiction connected with poetry—

'The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.'

With fiction the mind of the poet peoples all his ideal abstractions. Everything around him teems with objects that furnish food for his imagination, and he either creates new groups of images with which to chequer his scenes, or those that do exist he puts together in new shapes, and diversifies by ever varying alternations. The poet, however, has fiction more completely at his command. He is not subject to the same restrictions as the essayist or the moral writer. The wilder and more improbable are the scenes which he describes, the higher spirit of poetry sometimes does he breathe; while he who writes for instruction must keep verisimilitude always before his view, otherwise his object will be defeated, from the deception being too glaring not to be continually perceived. In Shakespeare and Milton a great many of the characters are fictitious; but then we know all along that they are so, and we read them merely for the exquisiteness of the poetry; but it would detract very much from the pleasure that we feel in reading any of the novels of Scott, if the conviction were constantly intruding upon us that no such events occurred in the particular manner in which they are related; for though, when we close the volume, the consciousness that it is in great part fiction will return, yet the events are so like what might really have happened, that, unwilling to deprive ourselves of the pleasure we experienced, we take refuge in their probability, and almost believe them to be true, and thus insensibly the moral of the tale steals into our minds, and though afterwards we may be somewhat skeptical as to the truth of the facts, yet our judgment has long since decided upon the validity of the precept. The chief thing then to be attended to by writers of fiction is to keep probability always before them—not turning aside to introduce fine descriptions of scenes which have not in them the possibility of being real. Such things in stories of fiction are what the golden apples were to Atalanta; for though she gained possession of the fruit, yet, by stooping to obtain them, she was conquered in the race.

A POINT OF HONOR.—There was something very noble in the reply of the banished Queen of Denmark, who was suffering, charged with a crime of which her answer alone would prove her innocence, when solicited by her husband to return and be reconciled. 'No,' she replied, and she sacrificed a throne to the majesty of her resentment—'No! if the accusation is just, I am unworthy of his bed; if it is false, he is unworthy of mine.' Her accuser, who could send her a homeless wanderer into the world, was unable to deprive her of the consciousness of her integrity—and that feeling supported her.

SALT.

This most useful substance is found in various parts of the globe, especially in Poland, Hungary, Spain and England. In the province of Valencia, in Spain, there is a mountain of salt, called Cardona, five hundred feet high, and nearly three miles in circumference. The salt mines near Cracow, in Poland, which have been worked ever since the middle of the thirteenth century, are computed still to contain salt enough to supply the world many thousand years.

The principal repository of salt is the ocean, whence, in general, we are supplied with this useful article, which is separated from the salt water by evaporation.

The following is a brief account of the mode of evaporating sea-water, for the production of salt, in different countries:—

In the South of France, large trenches are cut near the sea, which fill with sea-water at high tide; the water being confined in these by flood-gates, the sun evaporates it, and the salt remains in the trenches, whence it is laid up for use.

On the coast of Syria, the rocks on the shore have been excavated into salt-pans, two or three yards long; these being filled with sea-water, the aqueous part evaporates, and a large quantity of salt gradually forms at the bottom.

At some places in Cheshire, they saturate the brine with rock-salt, previous to its being evaporated in boilers. One hundred tons of this saturated solution produces about twenty-three tons of salt.

In the Landgrave of Thuringia a new method has been adopted in the manufacture of salt. A number of wooden vessels are placed firm on posts, six feet from the ground, which may be covered or uncovered in an instant by a movable roof, according as the weather is dry or rainy; these vessels being filled with sea-water, the process of evaporation takes place merely by the heat of the sun. Salt thus produced is much purer than that procured by evaporation in boilers. Indeed, the salt of commerce is always impure; there are generally combined with it portions of earthy salts and other adventitious substances. The Cheshire salt is of much greater purity than any of the several kinds imported from France and elsewhere.

To dilate on the various uses of this most indispensable substance is quite needless, as there are few persons to whom the almost general use of it in our manufactures, domestic processes, &c., is unknown, still there are some purposes to which it might be applied more generally than it commonly is, especially in agriculture, in which, as an article of manure, it is of invaluable efficacy. However, by a superabundant use, it may produce a contrary effect, and render land sterile.

The inhabitants of the coasts of Hindostan and China sprinkle their rice fields with sea-water, using no other manure. In the interior of these countries, they sprinkle the land with salt before it is tilled; and this practice has been followed for ages with the most beneficial results.

In the feeding of cattle, salt is very advantageous; horses are very fond of it, and cows universally give more milk when supplied with it. There are some persons in cities who, during the summer months, avail themselves of the advantage of feeding cows with grains preserved with salt; and these cows never fail of continuing to give milk in the greatest abundance whilst supplied with such food. Dr. Mitchell relates that, in the back settlements of America, wherever salt abounds, the wild beasts of the forest assemble to regale themselves, and these places (called by the natives Licks), are so much frequented by them, that the ground is actually trodden to mud.

Another very useful purpose to which salt is applied is the glazing of stone ware. This mode of glazing was first introduced from Holland into England in 1700, since which time it has been used in these countries with invariable success. The whiteness of this glaze, in articles intended for domestic purposes, is so obvious that it needs no comment.



CARRIGAHOLLY CASTLE.

CARRIGAHOLLY CASTLE.— This castle is situated at the end of a nook or inlet, in the bay of Newport, in the county of Mayo, Ireland. The proper name is Carrickauile. It is a strong square tower, about fifty feet high, divided into four stories, and at the north and south angles are two small projecting turrets. The roof was raised considerably above the parapet wall that surrounds it, as may be perceived by the gable ends, in one of which was a window. This served as a banqueting room, as it has a chimney, the only remains of one to be seen in the building. On the south-west angle is a low round tower, which served as a guard-room this has two stones and loopholes for the discharge of musketry.

In this castle lived the famous Grace O'Maley, known among the Irish by the name of Grana Uile. She was the daughter of Owen O'Maley, and widow of O'Flaherty, two Irish chiefs in those parts. After the death of the last, she married Sir Richard Bourke, styled Mac William Eighter, who died in 1585, after having by her three sons and one daughter.

In 1586, Lord Deputy Sidney wrote to the council in England, 'that O'Maley was powerful in galleys and men.'

Grana, who was a high-spirited lady, became fond, at an early age, of the watery element, and accompanied her father and his sept in many naval expeditions. The coast was plundered of cattle and other property, and many people were murdered during these excursions. Grana was ever foremost in dangers; and courage and conduct secured her success. All along the north-west coast the affrighted natives trembled at her name. Her fame attracted many desperate and hardy mariners from distant parts; her larger vessels were moored in Clare Island, where she had a strong castle; her smaller craft she kept at Carrigahooly. A hole in the castle wall is now shown, through which passed a cable from a vessel, and fastened to her bed, that she might be the easier alarmed, and prevent surprise.

In 1575, Grace O'Maley brought four vessels of force before Howth Castle, and landed a number of men to besiege it. The cause of offence was her messenger being refused admittance at dinner time. She carried her purpose into effect, and the condition of peace was, that the gates of Howth Castle should never be shut at dinner time, a practice which was observed for many years after.

A FIGHT WITH A TIGER.— A man entered the arena (of the Rajah of Coorg), armed only with a Coorg knife, and clothed in short trowsers, which barely covered his hips, and extended only half way down his thighs. The instrument, which he wielded in his right hand, was a heavy blade, something like the coulter of a plough, about two feet long, and full three inches wide, gradually diminishing towards the handle, with which it formed a right angle. This knife is used with great dexterity by the Coorgs, being swung round in the hand before the blow is inflicted, and then brought into contact with the object intended to be struck with a force and effect truly astonishing. The champion who now presented himself before the Rajah was about to be opposed to a tiger, which he volunteered to encounter almost naked, and armed only with the weapon we have just described. He was rather tall, with a slight figure; but his chest was deep, his arms long and muscular. His legs were thin; yet the action of the muscles were perceptible with every movement, whilst the freedom of his gait, and the few contortions he performed preparatory to the hazardous enterprise in which he was about to engage, showed that he possessed uncommon activity, combined with no ordinary degree of strength. The expression of his countenance was absolutely sublime when he gave the signal for the tiger to be let loose; it was the very concentration of moral energy—the index of a high and settled resolution. His body glistened with the oil which had been rubbed over it in order to promote the elasticity of the limbs. He raised his arm for several moments above his head when he made the motion to admit his enemy into the arena. The bars of a large cage were instantly lifted from above; a huge royal tiger sprang forward, and stood before the Coorg, waving its tail slowly backward and forward, erecting the hair upon it, and uttering a suppressed howl. The animal first looked at the man, then at the gallery, where the Rajah and his court were seated to see the sports, but did not appear at all easy in its present state of freedom—it was evidently confounded at the novelty of its position. After a short survey, it turned suddenly round, and bounded into its cage, from which the keepers, who stood above, beyond the reach of mischief, tried to force it, but in vain. The bars were then dropped,

and several crackers fastened to its tail, which projected through one of the intervals. A lighted match was put into the hand of the Coorg; the bars were again raised, and the crackers ignited. The tiger now darted into the arena with a terrific yell, and while the crackers were exploding, it leaped, turned, and writhed as if in a state of frantic excitement. It at length crouched into a corner, gnarling as a cat does when alarmed. Meanwhile, its retreat had been cut off by securing the cage. During the explosion of the crackers, the Coorg stood watching the enemy, and at length advanced towards him with a slow but firm step. The tiger roused itself, and retreated, the fur on its back being erect, and its tail apparently dilated to twice the usual size. It was not at all disposed to commence hostilities; but its resolute foe was not to be evaded. Fixing his eyes intently upon the deadly creature, he advanced with the same measured step, the tiger retreating as before, but still presenting its front to its enemy. The Coorg now stopped suddenly; then moving slowly backward, the tiger raised itself to its

full height, curved its back to the necessary segment for a spring, and lashed its tail, evidently meditating mischief. The man continued to retire, and as soon as he was at so great a distance that the fixed expression of his eye was no longer distinguishable, the ferocious brute made a sudden bound forward, crouched, and sprang with a short, sharp growl. Its adversary, fully prepared for this, leaped actively on one side, and, as the tiger reached the ground, swung round his heavy knife, and brought it with irresistible force upon the animal's hind leg, just above the joint. The bone was instantly severed, and the tiger effectually prevented from making a second spring. The wounded beast roared; but, turning suddenly on the Coorg, who had by this time retired several yards, advanced fiercely upon him, its wounded leg hanging loose in the skin, showing that it was broken. The tiger, now excited to a pitch of reckless rage, rushed forward upon its three legs towards its adversary, who stood with his heavy knife upraised, calmly awaiting the encounter. As soon as the savage creature was within his reach, he brought down the ponderous weapon upon its head with a force which nothing could resist, laid open the skull from ear to ear, and the vanished foe fell dead at his feet. He then coolly wiped the knife on the animal's hide, made a dignified salaam to the Rajah, and retired amid the loud acclamations of the spectators. His highness informed us that the man had killed several tigers in a similar manner, and that, although upon one or two occasions he had been severely scratched, he had never been seriously wounded. The Coorgs, moreover, are known often to attack the animals in the jungles with their heavy, sharp knives, and with almost unfailing success. Upon the present occasion, nothing could excel the cool, cautious, and calculating precision with which the resolute Hindoo went through this performance.

TOBACCO IN ENGLAND.—It is assumed by British statisticians that the yearly consumption of tobacco in Great Britain and Ireland amounts to 56,000 tons, about one half of which, it is supposed, is smuggled, owing to the excessive duties—upwards of 1000 per cent.—levied on the article under the tariff system of that kingdom. The quantities of cigars and snuff imported does not exceed two or three hundred weight per annum.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

THOMAS O'NEILL PROPRIETOR.
MICHAEL J. WALSH CONDUCTOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858

TO OUR READERS.

Having become proprietor of the Miscellany, our spare hours hitherto devoted to other matters will henceforth be devoted to this paper, leaving nothing undone to make it a universal favorite. We will, in our next number, commence to publish selections from a work now ready for the press, and kept back expressly to allow of selections being made for this paper. 'Reminiscences of a Soldier' will, we flatter ourselves, be of much interest to the profession of arms, and be a welcome visitor at all our forts, and especially in every soldier's hospital. It will not discuss tactics nor systems of drill, but be a record of incidents left upon memory while in both the service of England and the United States. It is dedicated to our honored and highly esteemed friend, General James Shields.

At the request of many friends, both in the city and country towns, we will have, in connection with the Miscellany, an office for naturalization, where our friends will find a young man on hand at all times to aid them in securing the great right of citizenship. The acceptance of this great right we have always inculcated as a positive duty; it is the weapon in the hands of the adopted citizen by which he nullifies the acts of his traducers, and proves his love and allegiance to the Union and the Constitution.

The paper being a literary one, politics, although not excluded, will not be discussed, save in defence of and in relation to our people. As in a newspaper there should be no religion, save a sterling defence of the right of freedom of conscience, so will we interfere with none, although we may be found mourning over the ruins of our ancient cloisters. The sorrow will not be without hope that the day of vengeance and redemption may soon come.

Our every endeavor will be—to stick close to our 'prospects,' to make a paper which will win its way to every Irish heart, to every Irish home, and, in this endeavor, we solicit all our friends to aid us in spreading the Miscellany. Mr. Walsh continues to conduct the paper as usual, having our strictest confidence.

THOMAS O'NEILL.

JUST OVER THERE, ACROSS THE WAY.

We read, not long since, a story of the adventures of an Irishman who left home to seek a fortune, and found it. He would go to America, but he did not know where it was. A friend whom he consulted said to him:—'Is it America you would see? Why, America is just over there, across the way!' as if he were pointing toward a house on the opposite side of the street.

Yet this expression conveyed the result of a feeling not new to Europeans and Americans. The Atlantic was once an ocean; now most people call it a pond, a big pond, but still a pond. Boston men, who wished to visit New York thirty or forty years ago, would make their wills, and spend a week in getting there. Now one can cross over to Ireland in almost the same time. And the telegraph promised to complete the work of uniting the two continents. When the messages were exchanged, people here began to think and speak of Europe as a place 'just over there, across the way.' And so, on both sides of the 'big pond,' the people called each other neighbor. The feeling grew strong that two men might shake hands across the Atlantic, or throw a stone from shore to shore, as readily as they could exchange messages within a few minutes by the telegraphic wires. Nay, some dreamers thought that they were not far ahead of their own times

when they dreamed that a man in Galway might send to his friend in America a message, and receive an answer, as follows:—'Will you dine with me to-morrow, in Galway?' 'Yes, if you will breakfast with me the next morning in Boston.' In a word the feeling was, that man had achieved a signal triumph over nature, which brought him nearer to omnipotence—that he had annihilated time and space. He had almost blotted the word space from the dictionary already, by the discovery of the motive power of steam. He had more than annihilated Time, so he said, because he could send at three o'clock in the afternoon, from Galway, a message to his friend at New York, and his message would reach New York at eleven o'clock or so the same morning. That is, counting by solar time, the message would be received four hours before it was sent.

This is the reason of the great rejoicings over the supposed success of the experiment of laying the Atlantic cable, and of the intense disappointment so generally felt when the news of its failure began to be credited. The beginning puffed up men with pride; the end sorely wounded the self-conceit of us, the lords of creation. Some men began to think that there was some truth in the promise which the serpent who wriggled into the garden of Eden, as formidable a serpent, to say the least, as that now wriggling uselessly across the Atlantic, made to our first parents, when he said to them, 'Ye shall be as Gods!' 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'

Yet, we believe that this telegraphic experiment will be repeated without stint of time, labor, and money, until it succeed. We have assigned our reasons for this belief in preceding numbers of the Irish Miscellany. They may be summed up as follows: The god of our age, which is gold; the spirit of the age, which is to live fast; the want of the age, which is to shorten the distance between market and market—to do, as nearly as may be, many things at once, and be in many places at the same time—and, finally, the aroused pride of this proudest of all proud ages, which finds itself suddenly thwarted by that contemptible thing called nature—all these causes are at work to overcome the obstacles presented by the aforesaid impertinent nature against our talking with a friend across the water as freely, though at a little more cost, as we would with a friend in the next room of our house.

It is true that many thoughtful persons are disposed to doubt the ultimate success of the cable experiment. Some of them say that it is like the project of building the tower of Babel, whose top was to reach the heavens, and which, in the event of a new deluge, would afford to the people a means of escape from death by drowning. That was their plan for the annihilation of time and space. Now, God, who so often does wondrous things through the agency of natural causes, set unexpectedly in motion, told Noah to build a ship. He taught him how to build it; the deluge came, and Noah was saved. The men of Babel took counsel of their own wits, and began to build a high tower, so high that no flood could engulf it, and the Lord suddenly destroyed their work. And so, say some men, the cable experiment will never be an accomplished fact of life. It is a defiance hurled at nature, and nature, after all, is God working through secondary causes. In laying this cable, man said, in the pride of his heart, just as he said when he began to build the tower, 'I will be like unto the most High!' Besides, the ruling passions which would hold this cable fast to both worlds are pride, avarice; and a curiosity never at rest. So the experiment ought to fail.

There is certainly some truth in all this. Nevertheless, for reasons already assigned, we believe that the great sea-serpent will have his way, in the long run, or wriggle. Moreover, there is a saying as old as can be, that 'what man has done, man may

do.' You will find the proverb illustrated in the preface to Colburn's Arithmetic, where the author tells a good story about a school master and a boy named Samuel. What man has done, man may do. It is certain that the cable was successfully laid. It is also true that messages were sent from England to America, and from here to the old world. It seems to be true that, even now, signals, not intelligible ones, but, for all that, signals, pass along the wires. They are unintelligible, because too faint to make a mark, but they indicate the wiry existence of the electric substance spanning the ocean, with one foot on America and the other upon Europe.

What man has done, man may do. There are too many worldly interests at stake in this matter to permit men to stand idle in the market-place when there is work to be done. To say nothing of the earnings of manufacturers, mechanics and laborers employed in one way or another in the business, there are in our days almost too many inventors and scientific men, who want a name in the world and plenty of money, and there are too many foolish persons who have an abundance of cash, with which they scarcely know what to do, and who are very often induced to risk their fortunes in new and promising schemes, and there are always to be found men shrewd enough to step in at the fortunate moment—just at the turning of the tide—and reap the crop sowed by the foolish men who lost their money because they did not know how, when, or where to invest it.

The difficulties which lie in the way of our sea-serpent may be reduced to three, we believe. The first is, the nature of electricity. It may be a real substance; it may be a form, modification, or simple action of some unknown cause or causes. Hence, electricians do not always know what to do with it, especially when its action is disturbed by storms or other like phenomena. Until they have a tolerably accurate knowledge of its nature, they cannot tell what they must do with it. Like the fisherman who hauled up a sealed bottle, they find that they have uncorked an evil genius, strong and wicked enough to destroy ten thousand innocent fishermen.

In the next place, the instruments hitherto used do not work well. And, finally, the cable itself, being sunk into the depths, must, of necessity, be subject to accidents which no man can foresee. No man that we know of, Jonah excepted, ever returned from those depths, and the creatures of the deep ocean tell no tales. Very possibly, many whales, some thrashers, and a few swordfish, have already mistaken our sea-serpent for a living creature, and all four have 'squared off' for a fight. Besides, the great and sharp inequalities of the bed of the ocean—a patent spring bed—must be taken into account.

As far as regards the first difficulty, the commercial world, which is chiefly interested in this cable business, does not care whether electricity be a substance or a shadow, provided always that a shade of profit may be cast by it. It is quite enough on this point to know that you in Ireland can send to me in America a message and receive an answer within an hour or so.

As to the second difficulty, inventors and improvers of inventions are in the field in swarms. Some one of them must succeed. The man who makes the cable work pretty well will have a salary equal to that of the President of the United States. It is needless to say that time, labor, skill, money and brains will not be wanting in this gold-worshipping age of ours to make the cable a perfect success, if such a thing be possible.

So far as the third obstacle is concerned, the parties interested must, of course, take their chance. When a cable leaks, or when it is snapped or broken, or otherwise injured, one of two things can always be done, so long as the money lasts. The defect may be repaired, or a new cable laid.

ENGLAND'S CARRISON AND IRELAND'S RESOURCES.

Mr. Lever's remarks upon the great undertaking of steam communication between Ireland and the United States are well worthy the consideration of all Irishmen. He engages in it, after mature deliberation, as a safe investment, which he has no doubt will pay. Manchester manufacturers engage in it because it is safer, shorter, and eventually the much better way than shipment by Liverpool. The noblemen and bankers of England engage in it because they have Manchester interests in view, or are interestedly connected with that city of living machinery. It is likewise a new idea, which has success stamped upon it, and, for that reason, they wish to be identified with it; they know it will eventually supersede all others as the great postal, freight and passenger route to and from Europe.

But why, may we ask, is it that Irish capitalists have not seen this matter and taken it in hand? Is there none of the nobility of Ireland whose estates are not mortgaged? or is it they have not Ireland's redemption at heart? Were the moneyed men all out fox-hunting when Mr. Lever was making his business calculations? Honestly, let it be out-spoken, they are not Irishmen; they are a portion of the English garrison in Ireland. Nobility, clergy, gentlemen, and, down through the middle class to shopkeeper—yea, from judge on the bench to the schoolmaster—every ramification of place, property, or authority, from lord-lieutenant to bum baliff—are British slaves, whose hearts beat not with a patriotic pulse, nor a first love for native land, and are either absentees, spending the wealth of Ireland upon the Continent, or gambling away their lives and estates in debauchery at home. Understanding these facts, the peasant, the mechanic, and farmer, all that labor, in fact, must remember that Ireland's redemption depends upon them. They must put their shoulder to the wheel, their hands to the plough, for the work is at their own door.

Only think, that to an enterprising Englishman or Yankee must the honest and patriotic Irishman look for the starting of some real project for Ireland's benefit, and then on the toilers amongst her children the success must depend. To the class of soulless slaves of whom we are writing, Ireland prosperous would be obligation to work. Ireland free would be confiscation or a debtor's prison. They are the drones, the curse of the land, in whose nostrils honest investment in any noble enterprise would be too plebeian. We know not which, the fox-hunting parson of the Anglican church, the titled owner of an estate embowered beyond its value, the would-be aristocrat, or the 'sixteen-rumblers-of-whiskey-punch-drinking-squireen,' the would-be gentlemen of Ireland, are its greatest plague. It would be happy for the country if they were all at the bottom of the Shannon. Happy land when a new infusion of ideas takes place, honest enterprise, a love for labor and usefulness, self-reliance, an elevated opinion of labor, and a burning love for home, takes possession of the hitherto poor—but proud and work-hating—gentle loafers.

We were going to look into Dr. Kane's 'Industrial Resources of Ireland,' but must defer that for the present. Suffice it to say, we will not contend for large quantities of the precious metals in Ireland, although, undoubtedly, both gold and silver have been repeatedly found there; but we contend that she has an abundance of coal and iron, although England for many years prevented the working of Irish mines, and Ireland had to burn English coals and use English iron. Coal and iron are more valuable, we believe, than gold or silver as deposits.

Ireland has two other resources, unsurpassed in value, which no other country has in like comparisons; these are water power and labor. No country in the world, we unhesitatingly say, can equal Ireland for the four great resources above mentioned.

The Irish people are quick at learning mechanical and artistic occupation; they are not surpassed as tradesmen the world over. They have not now to

learn how to manufacture. They laid the foundation of the English manufactures, Ireland's being suppressed by statute for England's benefit. Add to this, that no country in the world is so geographically located for a great maritime nation, the half-way house, as it were, between Europe and the American continent. Topographically, Ireland surpasses other countries for adaptability as a nation, scooped all around with a thousand and thirty harbors, capable of safely sheltering the British fleets. It was this unerring fitness for nationality which made Mr. Gould, in the Irish Parliament, declare against the union, in his memorable speech, where he said:—'There are forty thousand British troops in Ireland, and, with forty thousand bayonets at my breast, the minister shall not plant another Sicily in the bosom of the Atlantic. I want not the assistance of divine inspiration to foretell, for I am enabled by the visible and unerring demonstrations of nature to assert, that Ireland was destined to be a free and independent nation. Our patent to be a state, not a shire, comes direct from heaven. The Almighty has, in majestic characters, signed the great charter of our independence. The great Creator of the world has given our beloved country the gigantic outlines of a kingdom. The God of nature never intended that Ireland should be a province, and, by G—d, she never shall.'

Gold and place were effectual then; gold and place are effectual now. Ireland's nobility reside in London squares; her capitalists invest in English stocks. An Englishman undertakes an enterprise fraught with new life to Ireland, yet Irishmen keep back to see if it will be successful. They could build a 'Thames tunnel,' or canal the Isthmus of 'Suez,' or 'Darwin,' but they leave the patriot priest to go to London to beg from a Tory administration the loan of a paltry sum to build a pier at Galway, which would facilitate and secure successfully this great undertaking. Workers, laborers of Ireland! see that nothing you can do will be left undone to advance the interests of direct steam communication with Ireland, and show that the old land has abundance of resources, energy, and a will to work them; that, commercially as well as agriculturally, or in manufacturing capacity as well as position, she commands herself to the world as a candidate for perfect freedom, for distinct nationality.

The city council of Galway has voted £5000 for building temporary warehouses to protect freight which may be detained for transmission. This is a step in the right direction, and should be followed up by building the pier. 'God helps them who help themselves.' Why not, gentlemen of Galway, incorporate a corporation or wharf association? Would it not be a safe investment? Go ahead; we in the 'Great Republic' will take stock, if you but prove yourselves 'the men for Galway.' Remember the story of the lark and her young ones. * * *

THE SOUTHERN CITIZEN PROMOTED.—We are glad to see our friend John Mitchell in the list of promotions. John's star is rising. May it never set. In his paper of October 7 he says he is going to Washington to be 'an organ of the administration, precisely in so far as the administration shall be the organ of the Constitution.' Whether the Southern Citizen is to be merged into the Union, or in what his promotion consists, we do not know. We suppose, however, he is made 'Lance Corporal,' and that the brevet is in his own hand writing. He means mischief, if we can understand the following extract:—

'This confederation has two great enemies—first, the British government, and second, the party of black-and-white Republicans. At Washington we shall be on the theatre of action, where the secret plots and open movements both of the 'Anglo-Saxons' and the Abolitionists may be more narrowly watched, and more promptly brought under the probe of public opinion.'

We should not wonder if he issued his mandates from the capitol as well as from the capital, and that the White House should be to him a garden of exotics. One thing we anticipate—some effective medicine for the isms, which we may readminister for the cure of the sickly sentimentality now a plague in New England

(Written for the Miscellany 1)

CATOCTIN.

BY 'ORANMORE.'

Part Fourth.—The Delay House.

We beheld a long verandah; several men, women children, carpet-bags, baskets, &c., leaning and hanging around the front door—just 'come off' one train, and waiting to presently 'go on' some other.

A Yankee clock pedlar is mending an odd looking time-piece, with wooden works, built into the frame of a looking-glass, in the space usually assigned to an Italian scene, daubed on glass, in glaring green, blue, yellow and red paint, laid on about as delicately as Thistle's.

The parlor of the Delay House is quite large; but was intolerably warm, in consequence of being closed so carefully. This is, no doubt, to prevent injury to the valuable oil portraits, the size of a tea-table, hung all around the room at intervals of three feet, by cords and tassels long enough and strong enough to have hanged the originals, and thus spared the world these vile copies.

There is a bell-rope in the parlor, with a ring attached. You can amuse yourself with it all day long, endeavoring to ring in some one. When you despair, you can do anything else with it the rope may suggest.

A piano is there also. Oh, that as soon as we had made this discovery, we had prosecuted our explorations outside; anywhere else-where. Then we would not have been persecuted.

The two little Misses Devill came into the room, (not in response to the ringing, being themselves belles), and, deliberately surveying the company, individually and collectively, advanced, horrible to relate, in the direction of that 'infernal machine.'

Their skirts stood out like toad stools, as they 'made bandboxes' on the piano-stools, as close together as the starch would let them stick, and began to play.

It's a good thing for you, reader, that I can't write music. 'Twould be a cruel, and a bad thing, if I could and did write that. Who it was that first 'found the plague-spot' of singing 'in their hearts, and spread it,' I do not know; but 'one more unfortunate' I have seldom met. Some one asked them. The reply was, from the little Devill, 'We don't know any nice songs together.'

I took this for the announcement of a free pardon, but I reckoned without my host—'s children. We were all as nervous as Hamlet's uncle, from the playing; so, the first song, 'Roll on, Silver Moon,' arose, rolled on, waxed and waned, without reducing us to confirmed lunacy.

Then they sang 'Auld Lang Syne,' and 'Old Dog Tray,' and 'Old Uncle Ned,' and 'Old Folks at Home,' and 'Old Virginny' never tire, and a hundred other old things, about old things, until we tired, and, scorching hot as the sun was, left them alone in their glory, and started for the Iron Works.

'If you should ever come to'—not Modena—Washington, and

'Stop for a moment at the Delay House, as you inevitably must, you will, of course, visit the Iron Works. Let me, then, advise you not to take the railroad track, and 'halt,' like a cripple, over that corduroy road, stumping your patent leather pumps, or your lasting gaiters—as though they were everlasting—against the sleepers, with a violence sufficient to arouse and cause to turn over any other than log sleepers, as they are.

Choose rather the run-down path, to the shady banks of the pleasant Pataspoco. A path you would be disposed to run down every day, yet never think the less of it.

But, as you stand on the brink of the hill, looking at the obelisk in commemoration of the completion of the grand stone viaduct; extending in gran-

dear and grace, arch after arch, across the valley at your feet, suppose, ere we proceed up the river, we go down upon the wooden bridge, at the base of the viaduct, and

'See what is not (often) to be seen.'

What a sublime span! What solid masonry! What a perfect arch! Verily, there is nothing Moorish more graceful, and the Pyramids are fully compared to this solid, useful structure.

Walk out further on the bridge, stopping at the locked gate, which bars travel to all, but the vehicles of subscribers, who are provided with keys. Look above! How proud a bend, magnificently framing in a charming scene. This is the central arch, and through it what a vision of loveliness the delighted eye surveys. A view such as might be had from the groined, cathedral-arched window of monastic Vallambrosa. No Italian sky was ever so 'deeply, darkly, beautifully blue.' The fabled lock of Berenice translated to the stars could not have floated off more dreamily or mystically than yonder vapory streamers of cloud-land. Nor Catharine's Palace of the Ice Queen have reared its glittering domes and turrets so dazzlingly pure and majestic as yonder bank of cumuli resting on the dark wooded hill-top.

How gracefully the hills descend on all sides, to lie at the feet of the wandering, inconstant Patapsco, each one seeing its own image in her bosom, as she hurries away, the while laughing carelessly, their brows smiling in light to her, and frowning in shadow at each other.

The smoke curling lazily into view, first in a column, then, broken into breakers, playing at hide-and-seek among the tree tops, whence it came and whither it goes, equally unperceived from this point, adds its share of interest to the scene, as well as does the mysterious distant sound of falling water. Near to us, filling out the base of the arch to the right and left, with a strong foreground, lie several bright green little islands, covered with undergrowth and fallen trees, at picturesque inclinations. The water-line, broken by others, uprooted by floods and tempests and time-blackened, is there arrested by the obstructions of the stream. Many gay flowers peer out, just where the picture needs them.

Look at your watch, and find that we have passed over an hour here, absorbed in the scene. Nor have we failed to notice the valley to the east; its brick village, that looks like a town in the distance, separated from us by a pastoral scene of exceeding beauty, made up of little islands, like those described, and the coquetries of the Patapsco among them; her shallow, rippling tide lazily stemmed by sleek, prettily marked 'ruminating cattle,' chewing the cud, to the sound of the occasional bell, tinkling drowsily in the still air.

As we move on, passing between the gate post and the railing of the bridge—a space sufficient for pedestrians only—we perceive that it is illustrated with various amatory indications of the presence here of young lovers, mindful of their absent sweet-hearts and swains. Some initials and names carved in the soft pine; others verses, &c., written in pencil.

What marvel that this rude old structure, facing such a scene, should be

'The bridge of sighs?'

We leave it with a sigh, that the days are gone—

'When first we sang to woman's ear
Our soul-felt flame,'

or, if we may be fair,

'At every close we blushed to hear
The one loved name.'

And the hollow footfall on the timbers mingles its last echo with the sound of gushing waters beneath, and time and tide go on as ever, and Charon's boat makes many a return trip for weary

pilgrims, who have finally crossed the bridge of sighs over the valley of tears.

Let us next climb those almost countless granite steps, with iron railings, that lead to the level of the road above us. It is, indeed, a task, and we stop, and pant, and proceed, assisting our ascent by clutching the rail, and laboriously working our way to the top.

'Thank goodness!' After a long puff and a laugh, and we have a bird's eye view of the scenery up and down the Patapsco—with but one opinion still.

'Look out!'

We clear the track, keeping close to the east railing, when—

'First the shrill whistle, then the distant roar,
The ascending cloud of steam, the gleaming brass,
The mighty, moving arm, and on and on
The mass comes thundering, like an avalanche o'er
The quaking earth; a thousand faces pass—
A moment, and are gone, like whirlwind sprites,
Scarcely seen, so much the roaring speed benights
All sense and recognition for a while;
A little space, a minute, and a mile!'

'Whew!' And the ladies shake their skirts, and the gentlemen make temporary dusters of white handkerchiefs, shaken out of their folds for the purpose, and next we accomplish the 'running down' the hill essential to the 'winding up of this adventure.'

We are again on the banks of the Patapsco, and, as we 'stroll along pleasantly, drinking the breeze that ruffles the stream at our feet, and playfully fills the leaves overhead, we all turn, as though by preconcert, on the disconcerted Doctor Whitehead, and demand the previous question.

'And now, doctor, tell us why you failed to meet us this morning?'

The amiable doctor, in imitation of rustic shamefacedness, put up one hand to conceal his blushes, and, while his eyes humorously twinkled, peeped between his extended fingers, and, with well affected diffidence, replied, deprecatingly—

'Now, please don't ladies; one at a time, gentlemen. Don't you condemn me unheard. Give me time to collect my thoughts.'

'The doctor will give you reasons as plenty as blackberries, if you give him time to gather them,' said one of the ladies.

'Fie! fie!' expostulates the doctor.

'Come, right away! We must have them right away, doctor.'

'Not on compulsion, ladies. You'll certainly permit me to lean upon the solid precedent of the gallant Falstaff.'

'Shall he, Jack?' asks the pleasant wife of our friend.

'Jack to my familiars,' he replies. 'He may. 'Tis just like the clergy—always looking for a flat preferment.'

And the laugh was at, and with the doctor, who must have laughed best, as he laughed last and heartiest.

'But—the reason?'

'Well, ladies; I had set my alarm clock at—'

'Dickery, dickery dock,' mutters Savage.

'Be still, Jack, please,' says Mrs. S.

Husband—assuming to have supposed his offence had been inaudible—begs pardon, and retires within himself.

'At half-past three o'clock,' resumes the doctor.

'A very short time you allowed yourself,' remarked my wife, placidly.

'I dislike anything sudden,' replies the doctor; 'and all the prayers of the church are against it.'

'How would you like a short wife?' submits Vernon.

'Mrs. Whitehead is tall,' says the doctor, at length.

'Or a short sermon?' asks Oranmore.

'Mine are always short,' briefly responds his reverence.

'The doctor is divided against himself,' proclaims Vernon.

'Then I am not unlike all things sublunary,' returns the doctor, philosophically.

'But the reason—the reason?' recurs the question.

'The clock was set at half-past three, and I depended on Mrs. Whitehead to call me when the alarm rung. She heard it, but states that, but half-awake, she failed to connect the sound with the idea of my departure, and so—fell asleep again, which I had not to take the trouble to do.'

'You would not have found it very difficult to resume where you left off, would you, doctor?'

'No, madam,' composedly from his reverence.

'A very lame excuse, I call that,' exclaims Savage.

'Byron could not have made a better one,' said the doctor.

'Or Pan escaped from the frying-pan more fitmily.'

'To fall into the fire of your wit,' adds the doctor.

'More limpid than limping. The doctor is in his element, and sees his way through clearly.'

'Is it in hot water, you mean?' from Savage.

'No; we are throwing cold water over him, but he is too wary to flounder in a net readily.'

'He is an odd fish—is it?'

'Without the coin in his pouch,' adds the doctor, with mock gravity.

And here he laid himself open to various pleasantries. And we came within view of the dam across the Patapsco.

'Why could they not combine the 'utile et dulce?' remarks Vernon. Rocks, that are so abundant hereabouts, might have been preferred to those methodical logs that stem the current, and they would have made a picturesque feature in the landscape; besides detaining the 'store o' water' required above.'

'What is the beautiful to them? They wanted a dam, and that's all they cared about it,' explains Oranmore.

'It is profanity,' solemnly enunciates Doctor Whitehead, adding, to the great relief of the last speaker, 'to mar so lovely a scene.'

By this time we have reached the door of the Iron Works, whose chimney stack had been visible, puffing the mysterious smoke before mentioned, and the din of its machinery audible the greater part of the way.

THE HEART OF NAPOLEON.—When the body of Napoleon was opened at St. Helena, his heart was taken out, and, preparatory to its final destination, put in a basin of spirits and water, and left for the night on the table in the bed-room of the medical man who had charge of the matter. In the course of the night, the doctor was awakened from a light slumber by a heavy splash from the basin, and starting up, alarmed, he rested on his elbow, and by the light of the taper, looked eagerly around the apartment before he should spring from the bed. Not the shadow of an intruder was to be seen. What had moved the basin? Had that mighty heart, scorning to be quelled even by death, regained some of its terrible energies? Was it still leaping with life? Ha! catching the appearance of something moving in the room, he saw the heart of Bonaparte going into a hole in the wall, and jumping from bed, was just in time to seize and rescue it from the teeth of a rat.

HENRY HUNT, the famous demagogue, having been brought up to receive sentence upon a conviction for holding a seditious meeting, began his address in mitigation of punishment, by complaining of certain persons who had accused him of 'stirring up the people by dangerous eloquence.' Lord Ellenborough replied, in a very mild tone, 'My impartiality as a judge calls upon me to say, sir, that in accusing you of that they do you great injustice.'

[For the Irish Miscellany.]

THE IDENTITY OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE WITH THE ANCIENT PHŒNICIAN OR CARTHAGINIAN.

It is an acknowledged maxim among linguists that if as many as seven words be found common to two languages, having in both the same sounds and significations, those languages must have had a common origin, wholly or in part.

According to this maxim, we can easily prove the Irish language identical with the Carthaginian. So completely did Rome crush its great rival, Carthage, that but very little, even of the language of that famed and ill-fated nation, has been transmitted to us; but the remnant, though small, and, of course, misspelled to suit the Roman pronunciation, furnishes ample evidence to the Irish scholar that the language of Hannibal's gallant cohorts was the source whence his native tongue was derived.

The names of persons and places which the Roman historians have handed down to us, though Romanized, are plainer Irish than Anglicized Irish names now in use, and though an English cardinal, while avowing the truth of the maxim at the head of this communication, sneers at an Irish bishop for affirming the identity of those languages, we cannot but conclude that an unprejudiced investigator will find the following testimony sufficient to justify the assertion couched under the heading of this article.

History concedes that the Philistines of Scripture, who adored Baal, and the Phœnicians, were one people. So the God of the Phœnicians was Baal, or Bhal, or Bhalh, as different historians may choose to spell it. The Irish name of Mayday, La Bhailune, (the day of Bhalh-fir), is a still standing record bearing conclusive testimony that Bhalh was worshipped by the pagan Irish; they were, therefore, Phœnician, at least in religion. Bhalh, besides being the name of the god of the pagan Irish, expresses to this day, in the Irish language, the principle of good, also the principle of increase or multiplication. This is evident in the phrases Bhaliorh, Bhaliteach; the latter, meaning multiplication of houses, or many large or great houses, is now Anglicised Baltimore.

Dhee is an Irish word meaning want, and is employed as a negative, as we employ less, in toothlessness, &c. Dheebhalh is spelled in Irish Dhibhail, and is the present Irish word for evil or harm; also, with only an additional letter, it is the Irish for devil, and this compound word, literally godless, seems to be to the origin whence are derived the Latin diabolus, and the English devil, both these words having a compound form, yet when divided into their component parts, those parts have no meaning in their respective languages which would be at all applicable to his Satanic majesty.

Bhail, then, bring the god of the Phœnicians and of the Pagan Irish, and being also expressive of the principle of good, no wonder that it is found a component part of Phœnician and Irish names, Asdrubal, Hannibal, Donabhal and Conabhal, the ancient spellings of Donald and Connell. Car, another Irish word, meaning friendly love, the root of Caradhas—friendship, carthageant—charity, we find in Phœnician and in Irish names, as in Hamilecar, Oscar.

Cathoir, the Irish name for city, is evidently a compound word composed from cath—lattle and foir, defence, battle-fence—citadel. There still exists in high preservation near Derrynane Abbey, one of the original citadels called at the present day Carhoir Donabhal, Donald's city. It is merely a large circular space enclosed by a wall of rough stone, now so encrusted with white lichen as to resemble, at a distance, a whitened fortification.

Cathangh is the genitive form of the noun, and Carthage is probably a Roman corruption of the name. This probability amounts to almost a certainty, when we consider the names of the three parts into which the city was divided—Cothon, the port, Birsra, the aristocratic portion of the city, and Meghara the suburbs. The Irish word, co, means equal with, a fellow or mate, also contiguous to, or side by side; and thon is a wave,

a plain etymology; besides, the word cothon is in use at present in Irish, and means common, low, or lewd. The commonality is called cothondheut; a lewd woman bhan-cothon—the port-woman, the mariner's companion in every seaport ancient and modern. Birsra is tolerable Latin for Bairsrath, the houses of the headmen, and Meghara is plainly the Irish word still in use, Maghara, a field, a country, in contradistinction to a town. Note Anabhall in Irish would mean great good. Asdrubhall would mean change or removal, asdru having both significations.

Mr. Editor—Out of the very scanty Carthaginian vocabulary transmitted to us, when we find seven words the same in sounds and significations with Irish words, we have full authority to identify one language with the other. Regretting that your want of Irish type compels the use of Saxon signs for Celtic words, I conclude.

ERINAGH.

[We some day trust to be able to present our Celtic friends with reading matter in a Celtic dress; but our learned friend certainly knows the signs used in the English language at the present day, are not Saxon but Roman signs. Neither is the language Saxon, there being, according to the best authorities, nearly forty per cent other than of Saxon origin.—ED. IRISH MIS.]

THE BOOMERANG.—The boomerang of the Australian savage is a puzzle, and even mathematicians cannot comprehend the law of the action. It is a piece of cured hard wood, in the form nearly of a parabola; it is from thirty to forty inches long, about three inches broad, pointed both ends, the concave part a quarter of an inch thick, and the convex edge quite sharp. The mode of using it is as singular as is the weapon. Ask a black to throw it so that it may fall at his feet, and away goes the boomerang for forty yards before him, skimming along the surface at three or four feet from the ground, when it will suddenly rise into the air for forty or sixty feet, describing a curve, and finally drop at the feet of the thrower. During its course it revolves as on a pivot, with a whizzing sound. That so barbarous a people should have invented a weapon of this description, which civilization never contemplated, nor can explain, is a wonder, setting the laws of projection at defiance. In the hands of an European, even, it is as dangerous to the thrower as to the object aimed at, for it may return and strike himself, whilst, in the hands of a native, it is a most formidable weapon, and is literally like the gun which will shoot round the corner. The weapon, no doubt, originated in kangaroo hunting, it being necessary that the animal should not see his assailant. It is, nevertheless, struck down with unerring certainty, even though a copse intervene; the boomerang comes round the corner and breaks his legs.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT ALLIGATORS.—Alligators' nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their base, being constructed of grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a layer of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are all hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzenburg, of New Orleans, told me that he once packed up one of the nests with eggs, in a box, for the Museum of St. Petersburg, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs, whining and barking like young puppies.—[Lyell, the Geologist.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

IRISHMEN VS. SCOTCHMEN.—The following paragraph, extracted from that 'repertorium' of leading articles, the Saturday Review, has found willing admission to the columns of many English newspapers. The narrow, envious spirit which dictates the common postscript to an English advertisement, 'No Irish need apply,' is conspicuous in every line of this precious farrago:—

'What is at present the result of recruiting the Indian civil service by competition instead of nomination? Simply this. We are substituting Irishmen for Scotchmen in the civil government of India. Englishmen, who are impartial judges of the question, may be allowed to ask whether the empire gains by the exchange. There are some points of national character in which Scotch and Irish agree. They are equally noted at home for their local patriotism and their narrow religious prejudices. Are they then equally unfit to govern a strange country and to deal with men of a strange faith? The answer must certainly be in the negative, as regards Scotchmen. It is one of their oldest peculiarities that, separated from their blessed native land, they become the most cosmopolitan of human beings. A Scotchman in India puts his nationality and his Calvinism in his pocket, and no more thinks of obtruding his home habits on the native than of forcing fakers to dilute their Ganges water with whiskey, or to sing Burns to an accompaniment of tomb-tombs. As a fact, the Europeans who have most understood the natives, and have most sympathised with them, and won most of their confidence, have been Scotchmen. When, then, we insist on substituting Irishmen for them, it is a fair question whether the favored race is distinguished by the fair characteristics. Is it or is it not true that an Irishman is the same everywhere—in New York as in Tipperary, in San Francisco as in Dublin? Is it or is it not true that he carries his religious prejudices everywhere, that he can always be mastered by any one adroit enough to use them, and that he is everywhere anxious to secure their ascendancy! If this be true of him, it is not much to the purpose that the new Irish civilian will be a universal genius at twenty, while his Scottish predecessor was a long-legged and at first ignorant animal, who generally developed slowly, and rarely found all his wits till he was close upon thirty.

It is not true that the result of the system of competitive examination for appointments in the Indian civil service is 'simply the substituting of Irishmen for Scotchmen.' The real result is the recognition of merit and knowledge as a better qualification for office than the possession of hungry patronage, and the substitution of educated and well-bred gentlemen for mere dunces of quality. If, in competing for Indian appointments, Irishmen are more successful than their Scotch or English antagonists—and we are proud to say that such is the case—their success is richly deserved, because it is owing to their superior abilities and industry.

Nothing can be more indicative of innate meanness of mind than this attempt to bolster up the antiquated and corrupt system of patronage and interest by evoking anti-national prepossessions and dislikes. It is new to us to hear Irishmen designated as a 'favored race.' When were they favored? or who insists on substituting Irishmen for Scotchmen? The public insists on having the most competent and the best educated men in public situations, regardless of the accident of their birth.

Irishmen have, in many instances, proved themselves worthy of a preference to English and Scotch competitors. But why not freely acknowledge this fact? Why should a respectable journal pander to the ignoble prejudices of disappointed place-seekers and their compatriots? It is always better to encourage emulation than to stimulate envy. 'Emu-

lation looks out for merits, that she may exalt herself by a victory. Envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by defeat.' The writer in the Saturday Review adopts the tactics of envy, and, by sneers and insinuations, endeavors to disparage the characteristics of Irishmen. But we trust he will find that so pitiful a mode of warfare will meet with its deserts among his own countrymen.—[Mail.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The President of this excellent institution has received the following letter from William Smith O'Brien, Esq., in reply to a solicitation to deliver a lecture to the members:—

Cahernmoyle, Newcastle (West), Sept. 18, 1858.

Sir—Upon my return to Cahernmoyle, I have found your letter, in which you communicate a wish of the members of the Limerick Mechanics' Institute that I should deliver a lecture to them. I fear that I cannot at present make any engagement of this kind, as I have promised to deliver an address to the mechanics of Dublin, and since various circumstances have prevented me from accomplishing the promise (which was made last year), they would naturally feel hurt if I were to postpone their claim to that of any other body of men.

The mechanics of Ennis have also elicited from me a qualified engagement, which would naturally take precedence of any other.

It affords me much gratification to find that the lecture which I delivered last winter at the Athenæum to the mechanics of Limerick and others has met with general approval. I understand that some gentlemen who are connected with the city of Limerick intend to publish it, along with my address to the people of Ireland, thus realizing the wish which you expressed in a former letter for its publication in a permanent form.

It has also given me much pleasure to learn from the newspapers that Mr. Monsell and Mr. De Vere are disposed to deliver addresses to the mechanics of Limerick. It is probable that other gentlemen connected with the city of Limerick and Clare would, if solicited, make a similar engagement.

It is desirable that the members of the Athenæum and of the Mechanics' Institute should secure the delivery of a course of lectures by one of the public lecturers who are sent on circuit by the government, or by the Dublin Society. I would especially recommend you to endeavor to obtain a course of lectures on Chemistry from Dr. W. K. Sullivan, who, in regard to scientific acquirements, is one of the ablest men in Ireland. I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

Mr. Michael O'Regan, President of the Congregated Trades.

COAST DEFENCES.—The British government is very busy erecting defences in various places on the coast of England, and making some little improvements in the few that exist on the coast of Ireland. The best coast defence that could be given to Ireland would be a good tenant right measure; without it, England may be sure this country is but naked though looked up in steel.' The government, however, seems to place its reliance on Camden and Carlisle forts and the Pigeon-house, a few guns on the pier at Kingstown, and two or three ruined batteries in Bantry Bay; but as these are manifestly insufficient for the protection of the country, we very decidedly advise the people to be making preparations to protect themselves. This is to be done loyally and peaceably, by purchasing serviceable weapons, fire-arms particularly, and making themselves acquainted with the use of them. Even should those articles never be required, no one will ever regret what they cost. It degrades no man, but, on the contrary, it elevates every man considerably, in his own eyes and the eyes of others, to know how to handle and to have in his possession a sound and serviceable fire-arm.—[Nation.

THE HARVEST, &c., IN IRELAND.—Later reports from the provinces show that the thunder and rain storms of last Thursday and Friday were far more severe and likely to be productive of more mischief than was expected from the tone of the first accounts. In Galway and Limerick the fall of rain was more quite out of the common course; it was more like the bursting of a water-spout, the flood rising to the height of three feet on some roads. In Galway two bridges were entirely carried away, and Blancon's car, from Clifden, was well nigh swamped in the rush of waters. The thunder storm was ubiquitous, but its chief fury seems to have been spent on the Wexford coast. Nothing approaching to it in violence has been witnessed since June, 1822. In the north the alarm cry has been again raised with regard to the potato crop, the condition of which is said to have undergone an unmistakable change for the worse towards the end of last week. It is, however, admitted that the vast yield of this season must dissipate all idea of scarcity, even supposing the blight to prove more extensive than that of 1857.—[Nation.

Two of the directors of the Irish Mining Company, accompanied by Sir Robert Kane, visited Knockmahon a few days since, with a view to further extensions of their undertaking, which now employ such a large number of persons. Further experiments are being made on Colonel Beresford's property, near Stradbally, for copper ore, which will, we trust, develop a profitable lode. The preliminary operations on Lord Stuart de Decie's property at Slievegrine are proceeding. A tramway and tunnel, which will top the side of the mountain, are in course of construction, and as it will save the expense of raising the ore to the top of the mountain, and also be available for draining, it seems calculated to effect the profitable working of this mine. The specimens which have been tested promise a very large return, and we hope this promise will be fully realized.—[Waterford Mail.

THE LINEN TRADE.—The increase of orders in the hands of the more extensive firms in the white goods trade has caused additional enterprise in the finishing department. All bleach fields in the vicinity of Belfast are in full work, and several are obliged to employ extra hands to meet the requirements of clients on the other side of the Atlantic. Cuba promises to a very extensive trade in the national staple, and the Brazils are taking large quantities of medium and low-priced commodities. Canada shows only a small amount of business, but a great proportion of the trade with that colony is carried on across the frontier, and consequently goes to the account of the United States.—[Banner of Ulster.

EXPORTATION OF CATTLE.—It is often a matter of wonder to many where all the cattle come from that are exported from time to time, and, no doubt, the same remark is equally applicable to every other Irish seaport. Without following the inquiry further, it is enough to know that a great trade in the exportation of cattle is daily going on between Belfast and England and Scotland. Fat stock, milch stock, and young stock are constantly shipped here, and we are within the mark, we are sure, when we say that from 1800 to 2000 head of cattle leave our port weekly. Last Friday night, for instance, one steamer alone, for Morecambe, took away upwards of 200 head of young stock.—[Belfast Mercury.

IRELAND TO NEWFOUNDLAND IN SIX DAYS.—Galway, Wednesday. The steamer Propeller, Captain Thatcher, from St. John's, Newfoundland, arrived at 10 A. M., this morning, making the passage in a little over six days, having left St. John's on the night of the 22d inst., and bringing news to that date, which is now on the way to Dublin, the passage from port to port being 166 hours.

In the various shipyards of Belfast there are three vessels almost ready for launching, all of them of large tonnage, namely, a clipper Indianan of 1400 tons, built by the Belfast Ship-building Company, Queen's Island; an iron clipper Indianan of 1000 tons, on Messrs. Hickson & Co.'s slip; and a clipper barque of 500 tons, in Messrs. M'Laine & Son's yard. Mr. A. Cornell has also a neat schooner in a forward state.—[Belfast Mercury.

INDIA.

Hostilities are still a foot in India. The latest telegrams bring the news that the Gwalior rebels have captured and plundered the town of Japra Pateen (as the name is printed) and sent the pro-British Rana flying to the English camp for safety. They were entrenching and fortifying the place when the despatches left. The fort of Poree, after having been shelled for thirty hours surrendered to one of the British generals. MacMullen—some Irishman who ought to be doing better business than slaughtering the natives of India for England's pleasure or advantage—met, we are told, with the rebels at a certain village, and with his Sikhs, drove them out, killing and wounding sixty. Captain Dennehy, with a party of military police, distinguished himself in a similar manner at Bearrah (there is a Bearra in Ireland, too, where brave men fell fighting against the dominion of England, and where bad Irishmen fought in the ranks of the invaders). Adil Mahomed has taken possession of Poorassa and threatened Bhalasa and Gujrat. Two of the disarmed Sepoy regiments have broken into open rebellion, and endeavored to seize the guns of some English regiments. Four of the British soldiers and one captain were killed in the melee. Peace, therefore, in India there is none, the struggle is still going on, but unless it assumes larger dimensions, immediate success is out of the question. We are well aware that a continuance of even the present state of affairs would be ruinous to England; we know that such a drain of blood and money as is at present going on would, in the course of some time, exhaust the strength of the filibusters; but the liberation of the country might be accomplished in a day by the union of its people. The lesson has a moral for the world.

A son of the King of Cambodia, one of the divisions of Anam, has been converted to the Church of Rome. The Manchester Guardian says:—'That an Eastern Prince should have been induced by his servants to abjure Paganism is, therefore, a signal victory for the church of Rome; while, at the same time, it shows how strong is the influence which western civilization is beginning to exercise in those countries from which it has till now been excluded. One cannot but think that the comparative success of Catholic missionaries, of which this conversion is a striking instance, ought to teach our Protestant churches to make better choice of instruments in the work of converting the heathen. It is pleasant to rail at the Jesuits, but certainly the thorough training in the act of governing mankind by means of superior knowledge, which the disciples of Loyola undergo, fits them to encounter and overcome the difficulties of a missionary life. Now, although there are many Protestant missionaries who are by no means obnoxious to the reproach that they have undertaken a work to which they are unequal, yet, as a body, they appear to command less respect than is paid to their Catholic rivals. The only Catholic monarch who has any influence in the east is the Emperor of the French, and to him the missionaries of China and Cochinchina look for support and countenance.'

Additional despatches from India state that four native regiments, which had been disbanded as a precaution, broke out in mutiny near Kurrachee, and endeavored to seize the guns and arms of the Royal Fusiliers. They were repulsed with slaughter. The rebels were also moving in a menacing manner in other portions of the Bombay Presidency, and important results may soon be expected.

A RAMBLE IN THE COUNTY WICKLOW.

There are no persons whose credulity is so much taxed as travellers and tourists; their swallows should be as capacious as their purses, for really there is a perpetual drain upon both one and the other. I have been forcibly reminded of this truth during the past week, upon visiting the Vale of Avoca and Seven Churches in the County Wicklow. At the former, a car-driver undertook to paint the identical spot whence Tommy Moore viewed and described the Meeting of the Waters half a century ago, a question which can be easily decided by reference to the 7th volume of his memoirs and journal, edited by Lord John Russell—pages 193 and 361—from which it is quite obvious he did not write a line there, and wishes to leave the matter in the mystery best suited to such discussions. He quaintly says himself he 'should find it very hard to substantiate when, where, or how he wrote the ballad at all.' They went so far at one time as to say he presented the original copy fresh from the mint of inspiration to the landlady at the inn at the foot of the vale, which is too good a story to spoil; but really, to behold sensible persons pulling twigs and saplings as reminiscences of their researches on the spot is green in the extreme. On this route the tide of imposition does not completely set in until you come to 'the Churches,' where you are immediately surrounded by the guides, whom the proprietor of the hotel would do well to separate from his establishment; for so ill-looking a group you would not meet in a day's march, and assuredly should not trust yourself to the pilotage on 'that lake whose gloomy shores,' &c., unless you have a desire to be fleeced and deceived by the most monstrous legends. The visitor's note book in the coffee-room makes anything but honorable mention of their offices.—Jordan's hotel is a comfortable and wellaired one to stop at, and is much frequented at this season of the year; but on getting rid of the guides, it would be well he made up to some gentlemen of the fourth estate, as there is not a newspaper in his house. He might as well be without a bed.

The new Catholic Church of Glendalough, situate on an eminence, is a prominent object of interest and attention for the tourist. During three centuries, this vale, where once flourished a famous seminary, which concentrated a great portion of the learning of the times, and where

In yon field below,

A thousand years of silenced factions sleep,

each recurring anniversary festival of the saint, whose memory is inseparably connected with the locality, presented but a scene of wild revelry and the grossest dissipation. Some years since, however, the Catholic administrator of the parish wished, as far as was in his power, to rescue so venerable and holy a place from such abominable desecration, and as a step towards so desirable an object, restored one of the ancient churches to its original use, wherein he celebrated Mass on all Sundays and church holidays, until the Protestant authorities, to whom the ground of building belong, forbade the rites and the occupation of the little ancient church for such purposes. This circumstance again reduced the numerous Catholic population of the district to travel several miles to receive the consolations and attend the services of their religion. How true it was of Cardinal Wiseman, in his farewell sermon at Westland-row, to have said that—'Of all countries in the world Ireland, was the last in which Protestantism should dare to profess an interest in the spiritual or temporal welfare of the people, and if it did so now, it was for the most selfish and wicked of purposes.'

The unfortunate state of affairs, however, to which I have above alluded, was very soon after remedied in the most gratifying manner, through the liberality of a gentleman in the neighborhood, Captain Hugo, who granted a site, rent free, for a new church, the

first stone of which was laid the 3d of June, 1846. The edifice is certainly a noble one, consisting of an exceedingly well proportioned chancel for the celebration of the sacred mysteries, and a very ample nave for the reception of its mountain congregation. The roof is extremely high in pitch, with timbers exposed, planed and chamfered to the angles, thus decorating the essential construction, and not concealing it by plasted ceiling. The side walls are pierced by long narrow lancet windows, exteriorly flanked by buttresses of bold projection, the structural value of which is to counteract the pressure of the roof, while they ornament the outward appearance of the building by relieving the flat surface of the walls. An appropriate sacristy is on the north side of the chancel, and a belfry of simple design, surmounted by an antique Irish cross, crowns the western gable, underneath which is the principal entrance door, with jambed shafts and characteristic archvauld mouldings.

The see of Glendalough was established about the middle of the sixth century, and its first bishop was St. Bevin, who, however, resigned the high office and retired into a monastery some years before his death, which did not occur until 618, and at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty. The see of Dublin, to which Glendalough was made suffragan, was not created until nearly the middle of the seventh century, and had Lavinus for its bishop. The see of Glendalough, after the resignation of St. Kevin, continued under a regular succession of bishops to flourish for nearly six centuries, when, on the death of William Piro, in 1214, it was united to the see of Dublin, at the suggestion of Cardinal Papare, the Pope's legate. The union of the two sees was fully confirmed by a bull of Pope Honorius III. in 1216.

The fact of Glendalough ever having been a bishop's see is proof of it's having been a considerable town or city, for 'territorial' titles have never been given to the episcopal jurisdictions of the Catholic church. This, however, is not always the case with the Protestant episcopacy, for in Van Diemen's Land the Anglican bishop takes the title of Tasmania from the territory, while the Catholic derives his of Hobarttown, from the town. The creation of a bishopric has at all times been the exclusive province of the Pope; the nomination or appointment of the bishop in another matter altogether, but is subject, nevertheless, to the ratification of his Holiness, whose apostolic mandate must be produced for the consecration of the bishop elect ere it can be proceeded with.

In 1398, the city of Glendalough was completely burned by the English forces, who reduced it to a heap of scattered ruins, which even to this time impart a hallowed appearance to the part of the valley in which they are situated.—[Cath. Telegraph.

BLYTH'S FOUR-WHEELED STEAMER.—The Imperial Danubian Steam Navigation Company, which enjoys the exclusive privilege of navigating the Danube and its tributaries, by virtue of a grant from the Austrian government, have recently placed on that great river a newly-constructed steamer of very light draught, for the purpose of overcoming a very great natural obstacle to the navigation. Between Moldova and Orsova the river narrows considerably, and rushes with fearful violence over a ledge of rocks, a circumstance which has hitherto obliged the company to disembark the passengers and goods, and convey them by land to a spot below the rapid, where they were re-embarked, the vessel itself being tossed about in a frightful manner. To overcome this difficulty, the company have had constructed, by Messrs. Blyth, of Limehouse, a steamer drawing only 12 1-2 inches, with two pairs of paddle-wheels, and otherwise peculiarly constructed, with a view to lightness and strength combined. The success of the experiment has been complete; she went over the dangerous spot in a straight line, steered easily, and was not at all disturbed by the violence of the foaming waters over which she had to pass.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Why is a philanthropist like an old horse? Because he always stops at the sound of wo.

If petticoat government is not more oppressive now than formerly, it is certainly double in extent.

'I've three cent's left,' said a loafer, 'so I will buy a paper with it.' 'What paper?' 'A paper of tobacco,' replied the loafer.

A celebrated actress, whose fresh smile and silvery voice favored the deception, always called herself sweet 'sixteen.' She stated her age at sixteen in a court-room as a witness. Her son was directly afterwards placed on the stand, and asked how old he was. 'Six months older than mother,' was the honest reply.

In the street of Leicester, one day, Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who, staggering against his reverence, said, 'I have been spinning it out.' 'Yes,' said Dean, 'I see you have, and now you are reeling it home.'

A PRIEST was called upon to pray over the barren fields of his parishoners. He passed from one enclosure to the other, and pronounced his benediction, until he came to a most unpromising case. He surveyed its sterile acres in despair. 'Ah!' said he, 'brethren—no use to pray here—this needs manure!'

DOUGLAS JERROLD calls woman's arms 'the serpents that wind about a man's neck, killing his best resolutions.'

ONE of our countrymen, who had been reading, in the morning paper, the dispatch from the 'reliable gentleman at St. John's, who is in a position to obtain the earliest and most correct unofficial intelligence concerning the cable,' was overheard to observe to his comrade:—'Honny, do you hear that? All the intelligence comes this way, and dommed the ha porth will go beck. They needn't worrit themselves about recording instruments and the signals. Nothing that comes from England on't to Ameriky will ever go back.'

A FRENCHMAN built a four story brick house, adjoining his Dutch neighbor's two-story house. Being on the roofs of their respective houses one day, the one on the low house cries out to the other:—'What for you build so high up there?' To which the Frenchman replied: 'De ground bees very cheap up here.'

A SERVANT girl, on leaving her place, was accosted by her master as to her reason for leaving. 'Mistress is so quick tempered that I cannot live with her,' said the girl. 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'you knew it is no sooner begun than it is over.' 'Yes, sir, and no sooner over than begun again.'

AN editor of Iowa has been fined two hundred and fifty dollars for hugging a girl in meeting. 'Cheap enough!' says another of the fraternity; we once hugged a girl in meeting, and it has cost us a thousand a year ever since.'

A QUEER genius being asked why he did not attend the funeral of his wife, replied 'That he could not leave his shop, and that it was better to attend to business before pleasure.'

BELIEVE misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water, the harder he is when taken out.

EPITAPH of a woman struck by lightning—She died of thunder sent from heaven. In 1777.

A GENTLEMAN, at a tea-party, overhearing one lady say to another, 'I have something for your private car,' immediately exclaimed, 'I protest against that, for there is a law against privateering.'

'I WOULD do anything to gratify you, I would go to the end of the world to please you,' said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. 'Well, sir, go there and stay, and I shall be pleased.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MERCANTILE AND WRITING SCHOOL,

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This School is now opened at No. 23 PORTLAND STREET, a few doors south of Dooley's Exchange Hotel, where a select and limited number of the Youth of both sexes will be admitted; time from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

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This school will be opened in the same place on the first evening of next month, where adults and those of riper years, will be carefully and assiduously instructed in the various branches of learning, suitable to their calling.

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August 17th, 1858.

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THE IRISH MISCELLANY

INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

Having favorably commenced the second volume of our publication, we seize the occasion for the purpose of tendering thanks to those of our friends who have so generously contributed to our support. To start, and successfully carry on an ordinary newspaper, so that it will, in a reasonable space of time, become remunerative to its proprietors, is a task not easily accomplished, and which consummation does not generally happen in one case out of a hundred. Our enterprise, being of a nature entirely different from that of any other Irish paper heretofore established in this country—requiring a much greater expenditure of capital and artistic talent—caused us serious misgivings, and a constant fear that it would not meet the desires and expectations of our patrons. How far our efforts have been successful, is for them to decide; but we trust that it will not be considered egotistical on our part when we assert that the Miscellany has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of partial friends, and that even those who have been enemies from the start have made suitable acknowledgment of its merit.

Since we have had the control of the Miscellany our way has not been—

'The primrose path of dalliance'

We have been beset by obstacles innumerable; but having a strong confidence in our ultimate success, we were determined to surmount all barriers, and though we have not, as yet, brought the paper to that pitch of perfection which is our desire, we trust soon to make it as acceptable as is possible to our readers.

In beginning a new volume, we introduce various innovations, tending to the improvement of the paper, in every way that is possible. We shall give each week, an epitome of Irish news—not the hacknied local quotations which interest only the few, but extracts from the leading journals, which will be gratifying to the many. In this respect, we will not be following in the steps of any of our contemporaries, but, on the contrary, will be striking out a path eminently our own. It will also be our aim to give the best class of wood engravings which can be procured, portraying national subjects, and, as our outlay in this respect will be infinitely larger than that of any Irish journal published in this country, we look for a commensurate return. In short, it is our intention to make the paper meet the requirements of all classes of readers.

As an inducement, therefore, to new subscribers, we offer to each person who will pay one year's subscription in advance, commencing with the first number of the first volume, (not the second, as inadvertently stated in previous numbers,) directly to us or through any of our authorized local or travelling agents, a copy of our first Gift Picture, representing Sarfield's Surprise of the Seige Train of the Prince of Orange. When completed, each volume of the Miscellany will form a book of four hundred and sixteen (416) pages, and will alone be worth the price of an entire year's subscription. The same inducements are offered to clubs, as to single subscribers.

CLUBS! CLUBS!! CLUBS!!!

There is no town or village so small, but a club of six or more subscribers for the Irish Miscellany can be easily obtained. Will those of our friends who are well-wishers to the land of their birth, do us the favor of getting up Clubs. Our terms will be—

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In addition to this great reduction of price, each member of a Club will be entitled to copies of all our splendid Gift Pictures. Let our friends exert themselves, and by their patronage make the Miscellany the foremost Irish journal on this continent.

TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED.

We have determined to appoint a number of Travelling Agents, to travel in the various States of the Union and canvass for subscribers for this paper. We do this at the earnest request of many warm friends, who think we do not take the requisite steps to make the paper known as extensively as it ought to be.

Persons desirous of becoming Travelling Agents, who can be well recommended, are requested to apply at our office forthwith. None but faithful, reliable men need apply. To such a liberal commission will be allowed. Apply at our Publication Office, 4 Water street, Boston.

BACK NUMBERS of the Miscellany, from the commencement of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 4 Water street, Boston. Will our friends in want bear this fact in mind?

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

To our remarks concerning this periodical, we would add the following suggestions. A wrong story, if a person will tell it, should be well made up, and calculated to deceive everybody. It is no new thing to read in papers or books a story which will pass as true with the mass of readers, but must inevitably be discovered by a few persons, who will not only know that the story is untrue, but will see, from internal evidence, that the story-teller himself knew, or should have known, that he was telling an untruth. Too many 'tales of travellers' in Catholic countries are of this stamp, and they are the more reprehensible, inasmuch as they do not profess to belong to romance, but to the region of established fact. Yet men will write and publish these things, because they know well an unpopular thing can be covered with such a heap of misrepresentation that the popular mind may not see the truth for years, perhaps for ages. The liar on the popular side is sure of the ear of the majority to-day, perhaps of that of to-morrow.

Applying the general statement contained in the last paragraph, but in a modified form, of course, to certain articles which have appeared in Harper's magazine from time to time, and, in view of the reasons which we have given for this remonstrance, we hope that the enterprising conductors will, at least, do Catholics the favor to let Catholicity in other lands and in other times alone, unless, indeed, they employ writers who understand the subject and are willing to do it justice.

No unfriendly feeling has caused these remarks. We merely wish to call the attention of the Harpers to a serious fault in their magazine, a fault easily remedied, but which, as it stands, impairs the character of their otherwise useful work to an extent which they cannot perceive so clearly from the standpoint taken by them.

IRISHMEN IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—From the day when George Washington chose John Barry first commodore of the United States Navy, down through the history of that branch of the public service, Irishmen have been distinguished as in all other positions of danger or trust. They have acquitted themselves with benefit to their country and honor to themselves. Complaints have reached us that an Irishman making application for service in the navy is formally rejected; but he can soon find a cue by which his nativity is altered, and, by stating he belongs to Maine, or some other maritime state, he is at once received. And as it is common to serve three or four periods of enlistment, the MEAN Irishman finds himself an alien when he retires from the service. We have been in communication with the Honorable Isaac Toucy, Secretary of the Navy, upon this subject, and we are satisfied that the attention of that department will be given the subject which it deserves, and that the evil complained of will be remedied. Irishmen are as capable as any men to sustain the flag first flung to the breeze by a Barry and a Jones. Declaring their intention to become citizens of the United States before entering the service, they will have no need to belie the old and honored land of their nativity.

THE WESTERN BANNER.—We are happy to be able to add to the list of our exchanges 'The Western Banner,' edited and published by Mr. Bernard Killian, at St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Killian has done good service in the Irish literary world. It will be remembered he was with Mr. McGee on the American Celar, and likewise upon the 'New York Tablet.' We are glad that in the great West there will be able advocates of the adopted citizen, amongst whom none will be found more faithful to his trust than our warm friend Killian. And, sooner or later, he will be felt, and his talents and services fully appreciated by a people who are not slow to reward those who are faithful to the old land. We understand he is endorsed and highly recommended by the Most Rev. Archbishop Kendrick. Mr. Killian proposes to supply the adopted citizen with a good paper, and we heartily wish him success, and the people to read him.

A GALWAY STEAMER CUT ADRIFF.—Of all the plagues which infect the city of New York, we know of none which demands the interposition of law and authority more than the Jehus who, as runners, infest the wharfs, and annoy travellers in the Empire city. It appears some attempts to suppress them have called forth their assassin proclivities, and they re-venge themselves by cutting the Prince Albert, of the Galway line, adrift. A great amount of damage was done which will fall upon insurance companies. Can they not be found out? The united sentiment of all good citizens demand the disbandment of the vile crew, who are a curse to society, leagued as they are with thieves and brothel keepers. It is hardly known the amount of evil society suffers from them.

The proprietor of the Miscellany is resolved, if possible, that no complaints shall be made in relation to mailing and properly directing the paper. Any subscriber not regularly served will please write to the office. We, in all cases, comply with the regulations of the post-office department, and trust the Miscellany will receive due attention at the hands of the post-masters.

We wish to call the attention of our many old friends in Washington, D. C., to the name of our friend, as well as confidential agent, D. A. Brosnan. Any business he transacts in our name we are fully satisfied to endorse, and we are well pleased with his intention of becoming a resident of that city, to which we have such warm attachments and pleasant memories.

Every information respecting passage to Ireland in the Galway steamers can be obtained at the office of the 'Irish Miscellany,' No. 4 Water Street.

An additional steamer has been placed on the line between Galway and Liverpool by Mr. Lever. It touches at Belfast for freight and passengers.

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INDIAN EMPIRE, E. Courtenay, Saturday, Oct. 23.
PACIFIC, William C. Thompson, Friday, Nov. 5.

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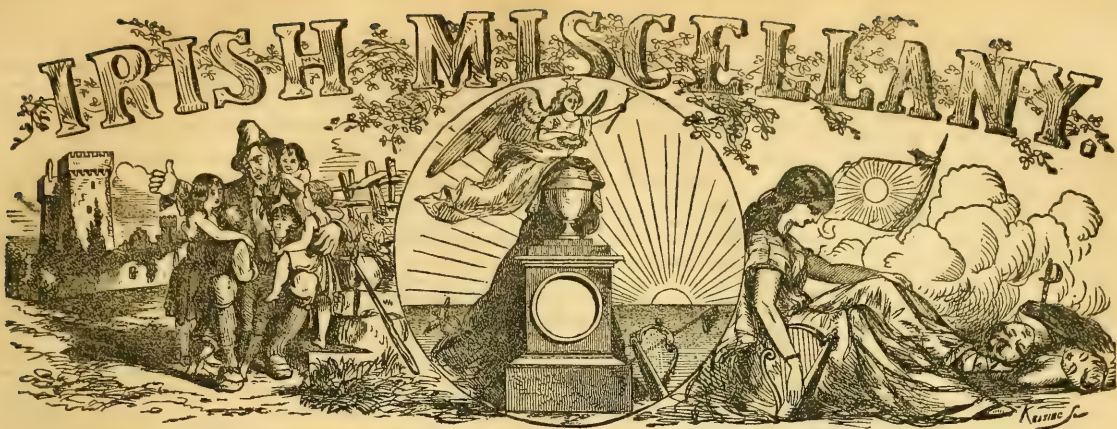
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THE
IRISH MISCELLANY

Is published weekly, and devoted to the interests and vindication of the Irish people throughout the world. The Miscellany republishes each week one whole number of the old 'DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,' with original and selected essays, reviews, poetry, &c., by Irishmen, of first-rate ability. It also contains beautiful Pictorial Illustrations of Irish scenery and other objects of interest, among which may be enumerated engravings of the ancient castles and round towers, the ruins of the old churches, the numerous monasteries, convents and abbeys of Ireland. It will also contain correct Pictorial representations of works of art executed by Irishmen of the present day, as well as in former times, in this country and throughout Europe.

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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 38.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

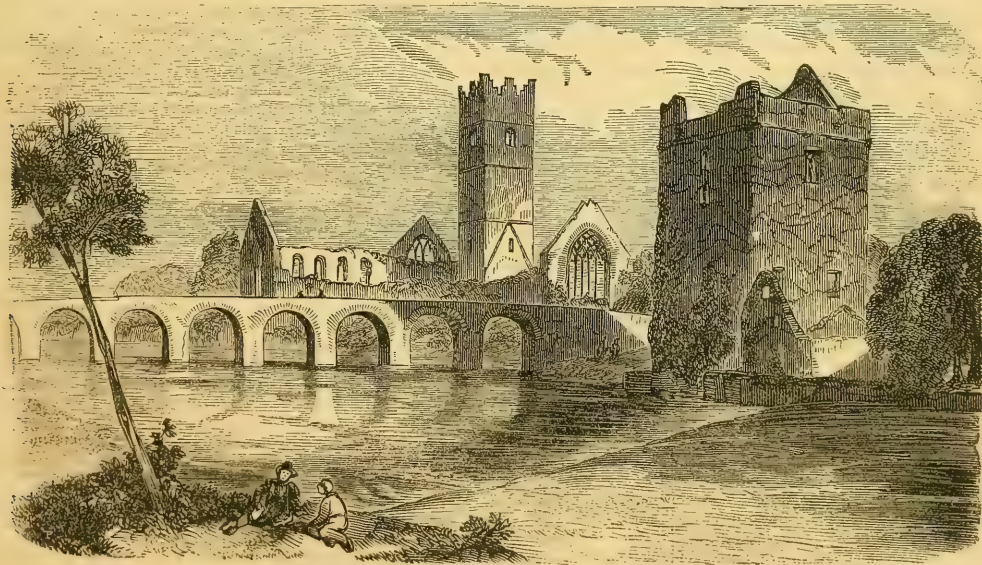
CLARE-GALWAY.

Amongst the monastic remains of Ireland Clare Abbey, better known as Clare-Galway, beautifully situated on the banks of the Clare river, near its entrance into Lough Corrib, and five miles north-east of Galway, claims distinguished notice—not so much from the historical recollections or traditions with which it is associated, but from the singular perfection which the remains present. They are evidently the relics of a building of very extensive magnitude, and of a date long posterior to the occupation of Ireland by the English. The style of architecture is a mixture of the Norman and Saxon; and, with the darkly flowing river in front,

unfit representative of the long-necked county of Galway. Some forty or fifty years ago, one half of this region was unknown, and the British law was as inoperative as in the centre of Africa. There was scarcely a road over which a wheeled carriage could pass. In Connemara nothing resembling an inn was to be found, the owners of the soil reigned as supreme as the Highland chieftains of Scotland did in the days of yore, and the people, though of unquestioned courage, were as rude and neglected as the bare rocks among which they lived. Within the last twenty years much of all this has been changed, and few portions of her Majesty's dominions are now better known. Tourists and

united, is the largest lake in Connaught, covering 30,000 acres, and having a subterraneous communication with Lough Mask at Cong, about two miles from thence. After passing the ferry of Knock it becomes an extensive sheet of water until within three miles of Galway, when it assumes the character of a river, which it retains until it falls into that bay.

In connection, we would add that the old city of Galway, which has been made a steam-packet station for two lines of steamships to the United States and British North America, as it were in spite of the government inquiry, now bids fair to be visited



CLARE ABBEY, CO. GALWAY.

forms a scene of desolation highly picturesque, and in no small degree characteristic of the condition of the country. The social and political changes that have occurred have scarcely left an ancient building in Ireland that is used at the present day. The hand of time has most assuredly fallen very heavily on most of the architectural remains of Ireland, numerous as they are, but on none greater than her monastic buildings. It would seem as if the furies had spared the round towers of the days of paganism to expend their wrath upon the memorials of a religion that was once universal in Europe. Clare Abbey has had its share of the destructive element, and at this day looks no

philanthropists have done much for the regeneration of the people, and the signs of improvement are agreeably prominent. About the year 1290, John de Cogan built this monastery for Franciscan friars, in a very elegant and expensive style. On the 7th of March, 1368, Thomas, Lord Athenry, granted the lands of Cloy-melany, which were contiguous to the town of Clare, for the purpose of purchasing bread, wine and wax, for the celebrating of wine in this friary. The high tower in the centre of the church, and erected on arches, is a curious piece of architecture. De Bargo erected a strong castle at this monastery.

Lough Corrib, near which Clare-Galway is sit-

by travellers and tourists from all parts of the world. The facilities for inland travel have been increased to a great extent of late years, giving the lover of the historic and picturesque every opportunity to examine this remarkable locality of mountains, valleys, rocks, sea, rivers, lakes, and ruins, the latter, indeed, in Ireland, too frequently abundant.

In relation to the government commission of inquiry, for establishing a trans-Atlantic packet station in Galway, we refer our readers to the article upon that report on page 183 of this week's Miscellany.

ALLEY SHERIDAN, OR THE RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

It would be difficult to see a prettier country girl, when dressed in her rural finery, than the heroine of the following story. Alley Sheridan's name, to use a phrase peculiar to her own class in life, 'went far and near for bein' the purtiest an' the deacentest girl in the parish, let the other be who she might,' a compliment to her beauty and goodness perfectly just.

Alley's father had been dead since her infancy; but her mother was one of those notable, active, shrewd women, who verify the proverb, that one pair of eyes are worth two pair of hands. Her husband, Owen Sheridan, had been a tall, smoking personage, remarkable for laziness and taciturnity—slovenly in his dress, and careless in his business, to such an incurable degree, that neither the energy nor eloquence of his wife could throw life or activity into his habits, or train him to industry or exertion. Owen was well to do in the world, because it so happened that his father had left him a large farm at an exceedingly light rent, together with a 'skillet full of guineas,' which he seemed to accumulate for no other purpose than that of leaving them to his hopeful heir.

Upon the old man's death, Owen occupied the farm, somewhat according to the manner in which Dominic Sampson occupied his new clothes, and smoked over the corpse just as he would have done over that of any other acquaintance. As for the 'skillet of guineas,' he never took the trouble of invading the privacy in which they lay until after his marriage, when his wife insisted upon exercising her right and skill in computing them, that she might know at least their numerical amount.

When Owen found himself at the head of the farm, he continued to smoke on and saunter about the hills as usual. Other men might have become smart, and assumed a little consequence on the occasion; but Owen was a stranger to that painful secret—how to think. He knew, as was generally supposed, that he had the farm in his own right, although there were several who demurred even to his knowledge of the fact. At all events, he inhabited the house, and came to seek his meals—not at the usual hours, 'tis true, but whenever he wanted to light his pipe; for this being his great master passion, eating and drinking were performed rather by an association arising out of that act, than from the impulse of appetite.

In this manner Owen smoked for several years, until his mother had judged it high time for a change in his condition, and, accordingly, one evening she desired him to put on his hat, and accompany her on a short journey. Owen took it down from a peg behind the door, dropped it sluggishly on his head, and, crushing his pipe against the end of a half-burned turf, which he lifted from the fire, put it into his mouth, and set out, without asking his guide a single question. The honest woman was on her way to 'make his match,' and brought Owen along with her, because she thought it decorous, at least to show his intended wife part of the live stock belonging to the farm with which she was so soon to be connected, and on which, careless of every other object, her heart was fixed.

When Owen arrived, he planted himself in the chimney corner, and whilst the negotiation in which he was so deeply concerned went on between the parties, he continued to smoke and pore over the fire with his usual indifference and assiduity. It was near midnight when he and his mother returned—the latter appearing in remarkably good spirits, the former with the same imperturbable inclination to suck his 'dooden.'

One morning, about a fortnight afterwards, she desired him to put on his best apparel, and accompany his friends and neighbors to Andy M'Grath's. Owen, accordingly, having put on his Sunday clothes, somewhat conscious, we must admit, that

he was about to take a prominent part in the proceedings of the day, at once set forward with the party assembled. On their arrival they found Miss M'Grath—to whom Owen was to be bound in the bonds of matrimony—with a large party, in gallant trim, ready to proceed to the priest's house.

'Andy,' said he, 'don't you think—(puff)—um, hem, um, um—(puff)—ha, hem, hem—(puff)—don't you think—(puff)—um, um, hem, hem—(puff, puff)—um, don't—(puff)—Andy, don't—(puff, puff, puff)—until he lost the thread of his discourse, and left the matter in the dark recesses of his own mind, undivulged and unknown, so that the purport of what he was about to say, like most of his observations, literally ended in smoke.

All being ready, the party set out for its destination; but to Owen the priest's house seemed a secondary consideration; for, more attentive to his pipe than to his bride, many a dismounting he had, and many a cabin he entered, in order to obtain 'lave to light it.'

'Arrah, thin, honest man,' said an old woman, as he stood with his middle finger on the head of his cutty pipe, his chin stretched out, his leathern cheeks sucked into his jaws, and his eyes half-shut—strong proofs of the absorbing delight he found in the act of striving to revivify the expiring weed—'Arrah, honest man, maybe you'd be after telling us who the bride and groom is?'

'Maybe you'd have a knittin'-needle widin?' said Owen, who paid no attention to her question. 'Dang this pipe! it's stopped, and I can't get a blast out of it.'

'Throth,' replied the woman, 'I'm sorry there's not one widin the four walls wid me, or you should have it wid a thousand welcomes.'

He then broke a sprig of heather off the broom, with which he attempted to 'red it,' but still to no purpose. There was now but one remedy, and that was to put the pipe into the fire, and burn out of it whatever obstructed the draught. This having been accordingly accomplished, without any appearance of hurry, the woman repeated the question as to the names of the bride and bridegroom.

'I'm the 'groom' myself,' replied Owen; 'um—(puff, puff)—and the bride's one or other of Andy M'Grath's daughters.'

'Musha, God grant you luck and happiness! Which of Andy's daughters? Clane, decent girls they all are any way. Which of them, aroon?'

'Um, um—(puff, puff)—ha, ha, hem. Which o' them is it?—why hem, ha, um—(puff, puff, puff, puff)—and he proceeded on his way, leaving the old woman shrouded in smoke and ignorance, for the truth was that he himself felt by no means clear upon this point.

The rest of the party had reached the worthy priest's house half an hour before him, for the notions of his body were as slow as those of his mind were dull and unobservant. On arriving, however, he sought his reverence's own room, where a few of the particular friends on each side were assembled—the rest being engaged dancing in the barn. After a little chat, in which Owen had, as the country people say, 'neither act nor part,' the priest, who happened to be a new curate, only a few days arrived in the parish, asked if it was not time to perform the ceremony.

'I would rather,' said Owen, 'um, ha—that Father M'Mahon himself would—hem, hum, ha—marry us; he's an ould hand at it—hem, hum, ha.'

'He's not at home,' said the curate, with a smile; 'but you may rest assured that I'll tie the knot as closely as he could for his life.'

'It must be done—hum—it must be done—ha, hum, um, hem, privately. You must all pack out, neighbors, barrin'—hem, ha—the two Linahans, and these colleens,' he added, pointing to two young women who stood before him, either of whom he supposed might be the bride—'we want to hold some private discourse here first.'

The rest, imagining that there might be some confidential matters to discuss, delicately withdrew, and Owen, like a man in a dream, taking the hand of the young woman next to him, desired the priest to proceed.

'It's the best way, yer reverence,' said one of the Linahans, giving his brother the wink, 'in regard of Mr. Sheridan's bein' afraid that these rollickin' divils in the barn widout'll be putting their jokes and thricks upon him, and he wishes to give them the slip, sir, so he does, plaze yer reverence, and it's dancin' mad they'll be for this, any way.'

The two Linahans were Owen's servant men, and the two young women their sisters; but whether the mistake proceeded from the bridegroom's irremediable habits of abstraction, or from a preconceived plan on their part, was never afterwards discovered. It is sufficient to say that whilst Andy M'Grath's daughter and the rest of the party were exercising their heels in the priest's barn, Owen was married to Alley Linahan, to the unbounded mirth of some, but certainly to the impleasurable resentment of M'Grath and his friends, who, in consequence of the affront, knit themselves into a faction, between which and that of the Sheridans many a bloody battle was subsequently fought. In one of these, poor Owen, about three years after his marriage, got his skull broken, leaving his wife with two children—a boy, and the subject of the present sketch.

After his death, his widow, who was really an industrious, stirring woman, now that she found herself unencumbered by so sluggish a incubus of a husband, became more celebrated than ever as 'a good manager.' Nor was this virtue, so rare in our unhappy country, without the reward which industry and perseverance ever meet. In a short time her farm became like a garden on a large scale, being so well stocked, so judiciously divided into pasture, plantation, and arable, that had it met the eye of co-operative Owen, he would have insisted on initiating the widow into the doctrine of parallelograms, in order to bring the establishment to perfection. As it was, I question, however, if any of his 'parallelogrammatical' systems could equal it, which, I suppose, might be attributed to that trite principle, called common sense, which Mr. Owen takes such desperate pains to evade.

Next to her farm, Mrs. Sheridan's mind was occupied by the instruction of her daughter Alley—and next to Alley, was she interested in the figure which young Owen ought to make as the inheritor of such an independent property. Her mode of educating these two hopes of her house was peculiar to herself, but at the same time, such as might be expected from a woman, who, although she knew not a letter in the alphabet, contrived to succeed so well in life without book knowledge. The latter accomplishment was therefore excluded from her system, not because she undervalued it, but because there was not a school or schoolmaster within seven miles of the remote corner of the country in which she lived. Instead of this, she wisely substituted such practical acquirements as the habits of her own life, the business of good housekeeping, and the improvement of her farm, enabled her to communicate to her children.

Owen and Alley were accordingly never separated when she wished to exhibit any useful process, or to read them in her own homely but intelligible terms a course of lectures on the business of country life, industry and economy. Alley, for instance, could break a colt, reap a ridge of corn, or hold a plough, quite as well as Owen—and Owen could make up a churning of butter, and kill a goose or turkey, with as much skill as Alley, or at least with a tact which she could seldom surpass. The mother's plan was to teach Owen everything comprehended within the employment of a farmer, in the first place, and afterwards to superadd all that she had planned out for the accomplishment of

Alley. Alley, on the other hand, received sound instruction in whatever a young woman in her condition in life ought to know, together with an experimental initiation into the whole agricultural improvement of a farm, with all its correlative dependencies, such as buying and selling cattle, grain, &c., and a competent knowledge of farriery, so far as farmers and graziers practise it in a simple way. It was no uncommon thing to see Owen and Alley out with the laborers, each of them in the act of knitting a stocking, or, perhaps Alley leading a 'banwin' of men, when setting or digging potatoes.

It is not for us to discuss the advantages or defects of Mrs. Sheridan's system; we only relate it according as the worthy woman put it into execution. It was, however, the subject of much mirth among the neighbors, and indeed, through the whole parish, as well as for some distance into the skirts of the parishes adjoining. So far as Alley was concerned, it had unlimited approbation, because the prejudices of the people were not against it; but in Owen's case, whether mirth or contempt were most strongly excited it was difficult to say. Endless were the jokes and jibes to which his practice of housewifery gave rise—some in all the gravity of affected simplicity, others in the broad caricature of farcial humor.

As regarded Owen, all their taunts fell harmless, for the truth was, that from fifteen up, he began every day more and more to resemble his father. At sixteen, his mother detected him with a 'cutty pipe' in his mouth, as he lay stretched at his ease on the head of a ridge of oats which she had just reaped. This alarming propensity she determined to extinguish, as the root of indolence, neglect and indifference in a young man's character. Her attempts were spirited and judicious, we must acknowledge; but the habit descended from his father with all the prominence and obstinacy of an hereditary failing, difficult to be repressed, much less rooted out of the disposition. She consequently, after becoming weaker and more vacillating in her opposition, ultimately abandoned it, and Owen became more silent, indolent, and phlegmatic, and a more inveterate smoker, in proportion as he grew into confirmed manhood. In fact, when his disposition became fully developed, he was as accurate a copy of his father as if he had been painted after his likeness. The mother witnessed this with sorrow; but as she was possessed of no secret which had power to stimulate him into life and activity, the result was, that like his worthy sire, he abandoned everything but the pipe, and sank into a mere nonentity, without respectability or influence—the imperturbable butt of all the wicked wit and flying jests in the parish.

Totally the reverse of him in every thing was his sister Alley, who had now advanced to the full prime of womanhood. The reader, however, is not to suppose her to be still engaged in those laborious and masculine pursuits, to gain a knowledge of which she had been trained by her mother. This shrewd woman possessed too much good sense and decent pride to make her daughter a slave to that which she had taught her only as a resource against the contingencies of her future life.

On the contrary, no sooner had her practice become satisfactory, and her health and constitution been improved by active labor, than she was taught to assume all that dignity of character which a young woman with a fortune of five hundred pounds ought to manifest. A very obvious change was soon visible in her dress and manner; but no maternal precept, however dignified or rigorous, could banish from Alley that sweetness of disposition and winning kindness of deportment, for which she had been ever since her infancy so remarkable and so beloved.

Her person, which, despite of exposure to wind and weather, had been always good, now that she led a more feminine and domestic life, softened into beauty of no common character. She was rather tall, her

limbs admirably proportioned, and her features regular and well defined. Her auburn hair, which fell about her neck in natural tresses, was luxuriant, and her dark eyes were full of feeling, while her whole countenance was lit into an arch expression of playful humor, by two red, laughing lips, within which, when she smiled, were disclosed a set of teeth equally regular and white.

It was at this period of her life that Alley began to regret the want of some portion of literary education; for she had too much sense not to feel acutely the consciousness of her own inferiority on this important subject. When she mingled in fairs and markets, and bore a part in the social intercourse which took place between friends and acquaintances, she perceived, with evident chagrin, the obvious advantages which many young women, far her inferiors in fortune and expectations, had over her, in consequence of having been taught simply to read. As her ignorance was known to most of them, they seldom omitted an opportunity of gratifying the envy which her beauty, dress, and wealth had raised, by some insulting display of their own literary accomplishments.

This to Alley was certainly a trial which required a considerable stock of patience to endure, and the evil was rendered the more intolerable by the floating and contemptuous ostentation with which they overwhelmed her by quotations from the 'Key of Paradise,' the 'Fair Tales,' 'Forty Thieves,' 'Fifty Reasons,' 'The Irish Rogues and Rapparees,' or 'The Academy of Compliments and Polite Letter-writer.' The two latter were particularly obnoxious, for as they regarded a subject in which she felt the deepest interest, viz., love, the ability to peruse their contents was considered by the simple girl as one of the most desirable qualifications in which a young woman could be instructed.

Indeed, were it not for an old aunt, to whose bosom she confided this affliction, such a defect in the system of her education would have been much more severe upon Alley's mind and spirits than it actually was. This aunt had lived with the widow Sheridan since her marriage, and, next to that good woman herself, was the most authoritative person in the family. She was, moreover, exceedingly capricious, having never been trammelled with the fetters of wedlock—and whenever a slight misunderstanding occurred in the family, she would raise her voice from the chimney-corner, where she constantly rocked herself to and fro at her 'padreens,' in words of humble thankfulness uttered, however, in a tone of the bitterest regret.

Though an old maid, she was inveterately wedded to her own opinions, for which, whether right or wrong, no human device or power could dislodge her. In many things she was Alley's confidant; but never did she evince such an indignant sense of scorn, as at the taunts to which her niece was compelled to listen from her enemies, upon the vulgarity of unlettered ignorance, and the melancholy fact of 'not gettin' the larnin' and the edjicayshin!' By her advice, Alley procured a prayer-book, and on the following Sunday sallied forth to mass, attended by her aunt, with a determination to go through the form of perusing it, by turning the leaves, and moving her lips with as learned an air as possible. This, however, proved a disastrous scheme to her reputation, and a miserable specimen of her aunt's sagacity; for one of her adversaries who knelt just at her elbow, had thus an opportunity of discovering that the poor girl read with the wrong end of the book up, and that the book itself, instead of being a prayer-book at all, as the knavish pedlar who sold it had declared, was nothing more nor less than 'The History of Reynard the Fox.' In a few minutes her opponent jogged her neighbor, and whispered the joke, which soon went round, until a general smile gradually rose to a suppressed titter of the bitterest and most cutting ridicule. Poor Alley had no moral courage to bear this detection; and the mirth was the less endurable, as she felt con-

scious of its justness. Her face became like crimson, and afterwards as pale as ashes; for, looking round, she observed every eye bent with a sneer on herself—and what utterly overcame her firmness was the presence of her sweetheart, young James Mullen, who knelt a little to her left, and witnessed the whole exposure. Her misery was most excessive; the book dropped out of her hand, and she sank lifeless on the spot where she knelt.

Mullin saw with indignation the envy which produced her embarrassment; in a moment he raised her in his arms, and carried her out of the chapel into the fresh air; but not until he swore that if Peggy Gartland were a man he would make her feel bitterly the consequences of her heartless conduct.

'Why, thin, Mullin, but that's manly, any way,' replied Gartland's brother—who, in fact, was a rejected suitor of Alley's—'and must we stan' by, and hear our sister threatened? Put this in your pocket, Mullin, that you may thank the place that it's in, or ye'd be made to ate yer words, a vick machree—ay, indeed, swally them to the last letter of what ye said.'

'Eh, Gartland! an' have you a hand in this scheme, too?' replied Mullin. 'Whisper, a bouchal—I'm proud to hear it; for you and I'll meet where there'll be no chapel over our heads. Chew your cud upon that, young man.'

'I've been long wishin' for it,' replied Gartland, who followed him out, 'and I'll tell ye a taste of news—I'll be in the fair Monday fortnight; ay, in throth, and a couple o' dozen o' my frinds along wid me—thigun thu ma—you understand me?'

'Tha sha maigh!—it's well—take yourself off wid you; 'tis there I'll be, wid a sharp look-out lyin' in the corner o' my eye, for one Mike Gartland, that's a big rascal wherever he is—and we'll have man for man, too, or our name's not Mullin. Off wid ye, man, and let me and these dacent women bring the girl to herself, that's at death's door through the manes of your unsignified sister.'

Gartland returned into the chapel, burning with ungovernable rage, deepened by a hatred originating in his own want of success with Alley, and a knowledge of her predilection for his rival, on whom he now looked with the most concentrated detestation. When Alley recovered her swoon, she felt herself unequal to the task of again encountering the jeers of those who envied her superior beauty. Young Mullin, it is true, encouraged her from a principle of heroic attachment, to meet her enemies face to face, protesting with many oaths, that he would take signal vengeance upon the male relations of such of her female acquaintances as should dare, after what had occurred, to tamper with her feelings. On this point, however, she was immovable, though the down-cast and tender glances with which she favored him, while her cheeks mantled with blushes, gave very satisfactory intimation that his generosity was not unfelt. She resolved, therefore, to go home, and he, very naturally, determined to accompany her. We will now leave them to pursue their journey, and in the mean time proceed to give a sketch of the state of Alley's heart, and of the two principal claimants for its affections.

(To be continued.)

R. A. Milliken, the author of 'The Groves of Blarney,' or 'Dick,' as he was familiarly called by his friends in Cork, was a most convivial soul, and kept late hours. On one occasion, as a sedate citizen of Cork called upon him one morning about some business, Dick was still in bed. He hurried on his clothes and came forth. 'Ah, Dick,' said his Quaker visitor, 'thou wilt never be rich if thou dost not get up earlier; it is the early bird that gets the worm.' 'Dick,' who did not care much to be schooled, replied, 'The d—! mend the worm for being up so early.'

HOW PRINCE CHARLES WENT A-WOOLING TO THE INFANTA OF SPAIN:

FROM DR. DORAN'S 'KNIGHTS AND THEIR DAYS.'

THE unhappy and ill-advised affair will ever remain one of the darkest blemishes on the uniformly pacific but inglorious reign of the royal pupil of Buchanan; the whole detail is an ungrateful one of intrigue and ill-faith, and however justly Buckingham may be accused of exerting his baneful influence to dissolve the treaty—and that he did so in the wantonness of his power is now past doubt—the disgrace which should have attached to him still hangs round the memory of the timid king and his weak yet gallantly disposed son. I am more inclined to allow a high-mindedness of feeling to Charles than to his father. The king, who supposed the entire art of reigning lay in dissimulation, may not be charged with an over scrupulous nicety in his observations of the rules of fair dealing; but the young prince, at this period, had the sentiments without the vanity of a knight-errant; his only error was in the constitutional weakness which bent to the arrogance of Buckingham's somewhat stronger mind.

There is a work known to many, and read by a few, the 'Epistole Howelianæ,' consisting of a collection of familiar letters on many subjects, by a certain James Howell. The author was a cadet of a noble family, several members of which had been on the roll of knighthood. He pushed his fortunes with all the vigor of an aspiring younger brother. His letters exhibit him agent to a glass factory at Vienna, a tutor, a companion, a clerk, secretary to an embassy, agent again, and finally, an attache to the privy council. Master Howell, in these epistles, continually rings the changes on the importance of attending to the main chance; bewails the stagnation which non-employment throws round his fortunes; or congratulates himself on the progress they are making through his industry. At the period of Charles's visit to Madrid, he was agent, there for the recovery of a vessel taken by unlawful seizure, and he contemplates the prince's arrival with delight, viewing him as a powerful adjunct to his cause. He complains bitterly of the prince as showing more condescension to the needy Spanish poor, than politeness to an accredited agent of an English company. The agent's honor or ruin depended on the success of his mission, hence good Master Howell is occasionally anxious and ill at ease. The success of his mission, too, hung upon the happy termination of the match; a marriage he considers as the avant-courier of his appointments, but should some unlucky reverse prevent the end he hopes for, why then, to use one of the worshipful agent's most favorite figures of speech—then 'my cake's dough.' His letters are the chief authority for what follows.

It is quite consistent with the whole character of the drama that the journey should be prosecuted through France. Charles and his suite travelled incognito it is true, but Buckingham was rash enough to introduce the prince at a court ball in Paris, where he perhaps saw and admired the lovely Henrietta Maria. From the gay court of France the errant company speedily decamped, hurried rapidly towards the south, and crossed the frontier just in time to escape the strong arm of the governor of Bayonne, stretched out to arrest their progress. On Friday, the 7th of March, 1623, Charles and his attendants arrived at Madrid, under the guise of very homely persons. Buckingham took a name which has since served to cover a fugitive king of the French—that of (Thomas) Smith, and therewith he entered Bristol's mansion, 'twixt the gloaming and the murr,' with a portmanteau under his arm, while Charles waited on the other side of the street, not as the Prince of Wales, but as Thomas Smith's brother John. Lord Bristol did not allow the son of his monarch to remain long in such a situation. Charles was conducted to the house, and on being ushered into a bedchamber, he immediately asked for writing materials, and dispatched a messenger to his father announcing the safe arrival in the Spanish

capital. Cottington and Porter arrived the next day, and even so soon as this, a report was spreading through the city that James himself was in Madrid.

On the evening of Saturday, Buckingham went privately to court, in his own person, and told the tale of the adventures of this knight to whom he had acted as squire. The delight of all parties was intense. Olivarez accompanied Buckingham on his return to the Prince to express how immeasurably glad his Catholic Majesty was at his coming. The proud minister, who was the contemporary, and perhaps the equal, of Richelieu, knelt and kissed the prince's hand, and 'hugged his thighs,' says Mr. Howell, like a slave as he was. Gondomar, too, hastened to offer his respects and congratulations to the young prince. At ten that night, too, came the most distinguished as he was the most desired visitor; Philip himself appeared in generous haste to welcome the person, and thank the noble confidence of his almost brother-in-law. The meeting of the parties appears to have been unaffected and cordial. After the salutations and divers embraces which past in the first interview, they parted late.

The stern severity of Spanish etiquette would not permit of Charles's introduction to the Infanta, and it was accordingly arranged that the princess should appear in public on Sunday, and the prince meet her on the Prado, just as the Knight Guzman sees Inez, in the ancient ballad. In the afternoon of the eventful day, the whole court, neglecting for the occasion all sumptuary laws, appeared in all its bravery. Philip, his queen, two brothers, and the Infanta, were together in one carriage, and the princess, the cynosure of attraction, scarcely needed the blue riband which encircled her arm as a sign by which Charles might distinguish her. The knightly lover, who had experienced some difficulty in making his way through the exulting multitude, who threw up their caps and cried, 'God bless him,' was in waiting, with his diminutive court and Count Gondomar, to view the defiling of the procession. The royal carriage approached, and as the eye of the princess first rested on her destined lord, she blushed deeply, 'which,' adds the calculating Mr. Howell, 'we hold to be an impression of love and affection, for the face is oftentimes a true index of the heart.' The Infanta, at this period, was only sixteen, and tall of her age.

'A very comely lady,' says the agent, 'rather of a Flemish complexion than Spanish, fair haired, and carried a most pure mixture of red and white in her face; she is full and lip-begged, which is held as beauty rather than a blemish.'

Charles was now honored with a complete court establishment and apartments in the palace; there was revelry in camp and city, and the gallantry of the journey so touched this high-minded people that they declared the beautiful bride ought to have been made Charles's immediate reward. Gaiety was at every heart, and poetry, in the person of Lope de Vega, celebrated 'the Stuart,' and 'Marie, his star.' In all the festivals and carousals at court, Charles was not once permitted to approach 'his star.' The royal family sat together under a canopy, but there was ever some unwelcome intervener between the lovers, and the prince was compelled to satisfy his ardent soul with gazing. The worthy English agent records that he has seen him 'have his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta half an hour together, in a thoughtful, speculative posture, which,' he sagaciously adds, 'would needs be tedious, unless affection did sweeten it.'

It was on one of these occasions that Olivarez, with less poetic truth than energy of expression, said that Charles watched her as a cat does a mouse. Whatever outward respect Charles may have voluntarily offered to the prejudices and observances of Spanish ceremony, he, and perhaps the blushing Infanta, thought it very cumbersome love-work for

young hearts. Words had passed between them, it is true, but only through the medium of an interpreter, and always in the presence of the king, for Philip 'sat hard by, to overhear all,' and understand, if he could, the interpretations made by Lord Bristol. Weary of this restraint, the prince soon found means, or rather an opportunity, to break through the pompous obstacles which opposed the good old plan of love-making, and he, with Endymion Porter to attend him, did not fail to profit by the occasion.

Near the city, but across the river, the king had a summer-house, called Casa di Campo. Charles discovered that the Infanta was accustomed to go very often of a morning to gather May-dew. The knight and squire accordingly donning a silken suit for a spring morning, went out betimes, and arrived without let or hindrance at the Casa di Campo. Their quality was a sure passport, and doors immovably closed to all others opened to them. They passed through the house into the garden, but, to their wonder and disappointment, the 'light of love' was not visible. The Infanta had not arrived, or had fled, and disappointment seemed likely to be the probable reward of their labor. The garden was divided from an adjoining orchard by a high wall; the prince heard voices on the other side, perhaps heard the voice, and hastened to a door which formed the only communication of the two divisions. To try this outlet was the work of a moment; to find it most vexatiously locked was the conviction of the next. The lover was at bay, and Endymion's confused brain had no resource to suggest. They looked at the wall. It was high, undoubtedly, but was ever such a barrier too high for a king's son—a knight and a gallant, when it stood between him and such 'a star' as the muse of De Vega made of the Infanta? Charles was on the summit of the wall almost as soon as the thought of climbing it had struck him; with the same eagerness he sprang lightly down on the other side, and hastily made towards the object of his temerity. Unfortunately, there was an old 'duenna' of a marquis with her in quality of guardian, and the Infanta, who expected perchance to see the intruder, was constructed, for the sake of appearances, to scream with well dissembled terror. She gave a shriek and ran back. Charles followed, but the grim marquis interfered his unwelcome person between the lovers. Turning to the prince, he fell on his knees, conjuring his highness to retire; he swore by his head, that if he admitted the prince to the company of the Infanta, he, the grisly guardian of the dove, might pay for it with his head.

As the lady, meanwhile, had fled, and did not return, Charles was not obdurate. Maria, though she had escaped (because seen), could not but be pleased with the proof he had given of his devotion, and as the old marquis continued to talk of his head, the prince, whose business lay more with the heart, turned round and walked slowly away. He advanced towards the door, the portal was thrown open, and thus, as Mr. Howell pithily says, 'he came out under that wall over which he had got in.' Endymion was waiting for him, and perhaps for his story, but the knight was sad, and his squire solemn. Charles looking an embodying of the idea of gloom, and Master Porter with some ill-will was compelled to observe a respectful silence.

The Infanta and her governor hurried back to the palace, while her suitor and his followers were left to rail in their thoughts against the caprice of ladies, and the reserve of royal masters, and so ends a pretty story of 'how a princess went to gather May-dew.'

This solitary and unsuccessful love-passage was the last effort which Charles made to engage the good will of Maria. He at once retired to his apartments in the palace, whence he seldom went abroad, except for the purpose of attending a bull-fight.

Buckingham was sick-a-bed, his offended nobility lay ill-disposed at court, and the palace residence was gradually becoming irksome to all parties. Charles could only have bed-chamber prayers, and not possessing a room where he might have attended the services of his own church, the sacred plate and vestments he had brought over were never used. Moreover, the Knights of the Garter, Lord Carlisle and Denbigh, had well nigh set the palace on fire, through leaving their lighted pipes in the summer-house. The threatened mischief, however, was prevented by the activity of Master Davies, my lord of Carlisle's barber, who 'leapt down a great height and quenched it.'

In the meantime, the Princess Infanta was publicly addressed as Princess of Wales, and as an acquaintance with the English language was a possession much to be desired by the bearer of so proud a title, the Lady Maria began, 'her accidence,' and turned her mind to harsh declensions and barbarous conjugations. Though enthusiasm had somewhat cooled, the business continued to proceed; the most serious interruption was occasioned by the death of the Pontiff, as it entailed many of the ensuing obstacles which at once began to rise. The unfinished work of Gregory was thought to require a 'da capo' movement from his successor Urban, and the new hierarch commenced a string of objections and proposals which were of no other effect than to produce mistrust and delay. Buckingham, too, recovering from his sickness, longed to return to England, where it was now understood that the Pope's tardiness was founded on hopes of the prince's conversion.

The people of New England were alarmed and clamorous, Charles and the duke discontented and impatient. The latter urged a return, and the prince, in his expressing his wishes to Philip, stated as his reasons, his father's age and infirmities, the murmurs of his people, and the fact that a fleet was at sea to meet him. He added, a most close argument, that the articles which had been signed in England, bore, as a proviso, that if he did not return by a specified month, they should be of no validity. It honorably belied the suspicions against the Spanish Cabinet, that not the slightest opposition was made to the return; proxies were named, and on the termination of affairs with the Pope, Maria was to follow Charles to England. The lady is said to have remarked, that if she was not worth waiting for, she was not worth having. Charles must have felt the remark, but the duke was paramount, and the wind which favored their departure, as speedily blew away the popularity of a prince whose knightly bearing, modest gallantry, and high virtues, so particularly formed him for the favorite of a romantic nation. The treaty for the Spanish match was broken.

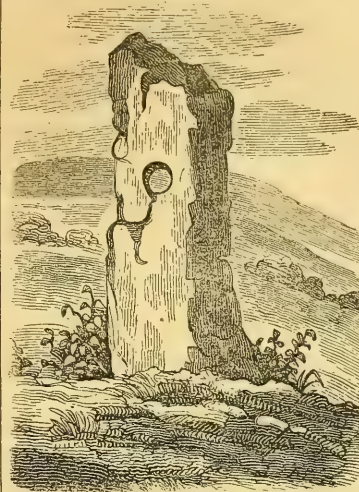
THE HOLESTONE.

On a rocky eminence in the townland of Ballyver-nish, about one mile from the village of Doagh, County Antrim, stands a large whinstone slab, called the Holestone. This stone is upwards of five feet in height above the ground, and near the base six feet eight inches in circumference, and ten inches in thickness. At about three feet from the ground there is a round hole perforated through it, sufficient to admit a common-sized hand; it has evidently been made by art, but there is neither record nor tradition respecting the purpose for which it was erected, nor by whom.

About thirty years ago a man put his hand through the aperture of this stone, but was unable to extricate it; on which those who were with him gave the alarm, and a crowd collected, whose conflicting opinions only served to increase the fears of the person in limbo. Amongst those assembled, was a Mr. O—, a resident in the neighborhood, who, seeing so much needless alarm, determined to be a little waggish on this occasion. 'Fly,' said he to a bystander, 'for my pow-

der-horn, and I'll soon free him; I'll blow up the stone in an instant.'

At these words, the confusion and alarm of the mul-



titude beggars all description, while the cries of the prisoner, which had hitherto been sunk in the noise, became piercing in the extreme. During the confusion, the gentleman had sent off privately for some vinegar, and on the return of the messenger with it, he began to pacify the prisoner, and to bathe his hand, which had become swelled in the various attempts made to get it extricated; and he at length succeeded in effecting his liberation, without application to the much dreaded powder-horn.

The writer is not aware of any similar stone at present in Ireland; but it is said that within memory, a large stone with a hole through it, stood on a hill, near Cushindall. In Ross-shire, Scotland, there is a stone exactly resembling the above; and near Kirkwall, Orkney, at a place called Stennis, is a large stone standing with a hole through it, said to have been a Druid's altar. The place where it stands is still consecrated to the meeting of lovers; and when they join hands through the stone, the pledge of love and truth there given is sacred, and rarely, if ever, has it been broken.

Stones perforated in this manner are to be found in most parts of Ireland, and particularly in the burial grounds attached to very ancient churches. The annexed cut represents one of those remaining in the churchyard of Castle Dermot, and which is inscribed with some ancient Ogham characters or



letters, in use in Ireland previous to the introduction of Christianity.

There is also a remarkable perforated stone of this description, inscribed also with Ogham characters,

near the church of Kilmelcheder, one mile from Smerwick harbor, in the county of Kerry. They have, probably an Eastern origin, for Mr. Wilford informs us, in the Asiatic researches, vol. vi., p. 502, that perforated stones are not uncommon in India; and devout people pass through them when the opening will admit, in order to be regenerated. If the hole be too small, they put the hand or foot through it, and with a sufficient degree of faith, it answers nearly the same purpose.

THE WORLD IN ARMS AGAINST TOBACCO.

Modern lovers of the pipe seldom think of the worthies to whom they are indebted for its free enjoyment; and of those who delight in nasal aliment, how few ever call to mind the Diocletian persecutions of their predecessors passed through for adhering to their faith in, and transferring to their descendants the virtues of tobacco. Europe frowned and Asia threatened. Pagan, Mohammedan, and Christian monarchs combined to crush them. James I., foaming with rage, sent forth his 'Counterblast,' the half savage ruler of the Muscovites followed suit; the King of Persia, Amurath IV. of Turkey, Jehan Geer, and others, joined the crusade. They denounced death to all found inhaling the fumes of the plant through a tube, or caught with a pellet it of under their tongues. Those who used it as a sternutative only were to be deprived of nostrils and nose.

The modes adopted to exterminate the plant increased the demand for it, till it was sought for with an avidity that no penal enactments could suppress. Royal and sacerdotal clamor had raised its consumption ten thousand fold. The tide turned, and all began to praise the magic leaf. Ladies joined their lords in smoking after meals; boys carried pipes in their satchels to school, and at certain hour pedagogues and pupils whiffed together. Not a bad subject for a painter. Mothers in the sixteenth century filled their sons' pipes early in the morning to serve them instead of breakfast. People went to bed with cigars or pipes in their mouths, and rose in the night to light them. All classes became consumers; even priests were not excepted, provided they refrained till after mass. To accommodate travellers, poor and transient persons, 'tobagies,' or smoking houses, were licensed on the Continent in every marine and inland town, where sailors and itinerants could, on moderate terms, be made happy, either by inhaling the vapor of the popular stimulant, or tickling their nasal membranes with it. The ambitious sought fame by associating themselves with the introduction of the plant and its cultivation; hence we find it named after cardinals, legates, and ambassadors, while, in compliment to Catharine de Medicis, it was called 'the Queen's herb.' Kings now rushed into the tobacco trade. Those of Spain took the lead, and became the largest manufacturers of snuff and cigars in Christendom. The royal workshops in Seville are still the most extensive in Europe. Other monarchs monopolised the business in their dominions, and all began to reap enormous profits from it, as most do at this day. Much has been written on a revolution so unique in its origin, unsurpassed in incidents and results, and constituting one of the most singular episodes in human history, but next to nothing is recorded of whence the various processes of manufacture and uses were derived. Some imagine the popular pabulum for the nose of transatlantic origin; no such thing. Columbus first beheld smokers in the Antilles, Pizarro found chewers in Peru, but it was in the country discovered by Cabral that the great sternutatory was originally found. Brazilian Indians were the fathers of snuff, and its best fabricators. Though counted among the least refined of aborigines, their taste in this matter was as pure as that of the fashionable world of the East. Their snuff has never been surpassed, nor their apparatus for making it.

THE MOTHER AND UNCLE OF NAPOLEON.

Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of Napoleon, having invited me to inspect his gallery, I gladly availed myself of the occasion, and paid my respects to him at his palace. I found his collection less remarkable than numerous. Not but there were many pictures of high class amongst them; but they were like gems scattered here and there amid much tinsel and rubbish. His aim was to apparently cover his walls, and in this he had amply succeeded. His eminence kindly did the honors himself. There was nothing particularly remarkable either in the attainments or the conversation of this prince of the church, unless it was the perfect freedom with which he spoke of the past. A bust of his nephew, by Canova, led him to speak of that extraordinary artist. 'The emperor,' as he invariably entitled him, 'possessed in an unusual degree the power of concentrating his ideas; and that power was one of the chief elements of his success.' On an observation which I made on the classic style of head, he rather maliciously asked me what I understood by a classic style of head; 'for certain it is that no man ever less approached the classic period, in character or ideas; he was the slave of no tradition—the disciple of no school; his mind, like his elevation, was unique in the history of the world.' My reply explained to him that I alluded more to the severe intellectual line of beauty, extraordinary expanse of brow, and regularity of outline, than affinity of character. 'There perhaps,' he observed, 'you are right; and they are points of resemblance of which he was not a little vain. In the gallery at Florence is a bust of remarkable beauty, an undoubted antique of Julius Caesar when young, which is said to have resembled him; at least, his flatterers thought so. I question,' he added, 'whether with the ancients, as with the moderns, there was not a conventional character in all their works of art; a fixed ideal, which, without destroying the resemblance, gave a similitude of character to their works; a severe sentiment of beauty, which often replaced the reality. We see it alike in the statues of Trajan and Vespasian, in those of Pompey and Octavius; and yet no characters could be more dissimilar. The modern artists, who painted or sculptured the busts and portraits of the imperial family, were not less flatterers than those who immortalized the Cæsars. The celebrated statue of my sister at Vienna is, after all, but a clever parody of the Agrippina. Here,' he added, pointing to a cameo ring upon his finger, 'is a portrait of my nephew; in my judgment, more like him than all Canova ever executed.'

His eminence kindly drew it from his finger as he spoke, and permitted me to examine it. It was cut upon an Egyptian onyx of uncommon beauty, and certainly conveyed but little of that classic character—I use the term for want of a better—by which the portraits of Napoleon were generally characterised. Its expression was more of cold determination than beauty or dignity.

'I value it exceedingly,' continued the cardinal; 'it was given to me on the proudest, though not, perhaps, the most glorious, day of his life—the morning of his coronation.'

'It must,' I observed, 'have indeed been a proud day! the modern Charlemagne receiving the crown of Gaul from the hands of the successor of St. Peter.'

'You forget,' observed the cardinal, 'that the emperor refused to receive the crown from the hands of the venerable pontiff. He was indeed anointed by him, but the crown his own hands took from the altar and placed it on his head. It was in vain that both Josephine and myself combated his resolution; his reply was as characteristic as it was decisive: "France," he exclaimed, "has given it to me; Rome shall not confirm it."

There was a tone of regret and sadness with which the anecdote was related that embarrassed me; deeply as I felt interested, I hesitated to continue the conversation, and turned to regard a picture by Cimabue, in order to give his eminence an opportunity to change the subject, which, either by accident or design, he did.

'You are an admirer of Cimabue,' he said. 'Many pretend to find in him the type of Raffaele, an idea which the picture before you favors.' It was a St. Catharine; the features suave and expressive of virgin beauty. 'How different from the moderns,' he added. 'The decline of art, if I may venture to pronounce the present age such, has not preserved one of the beauties which marked its dawn. Hard as are the draperies of Giotto and his master, there is a truthfulness and purpose in their pictures which I would gladly see imitated. Angre, the actual president of the French Academy in Rome, has endeavored to incorporate the styles, but without success; it is like those "tableaux vivants" of the middle ages which I lately saw represented at the Princess Borghese's an ingenious "traveste," a "mélange"—in which the moderns contrast unfavorably with the ancients.'

In sauntering from picture to picture, I listened with considerable amusement to the observations of his eminence; if they were not always profound, they had at least the merit of being original and sometimes odd.

'To understand my collection rightly,' he added, 'you must keep in mind the purpose I had in view in forming it; it was to present, in a series of pictures, the rise, progress, perfection, and decay of art in Italy. For this purpose it was necessary to procure specimens of every master—every school; to contrast the florid painters of Venice with those of Sienna and Pisa; the Roman and Florentine with the Lombard, Bolognese, and Parmegian schools. Numerous as my collection is, it is far from being perfect. I shall never live to complete it.'

During the morning the conversation glanced at his sister Madame Letitia, who, since the loss of her sight, lived in complete retirement in her palace at the corner of the Piazzola d'Venzia, in the Corso.

'I would present you,' kindly observed the cardinal, 'but lately my sister receives no visitors; the misfortunes of her family have completely broken her spirit. The death of the emperor she bore better than I could have expected, but the loss of her grandson was a dreadful blow to her. Would you believe it, the empress did not even deign to communicate it to her. I received the information from the ambassador of France, who, having served my nephew, still feels a grateful interest in his family.'

I was aware of the truth of this in many instances. The elder son of Lucien Bonaparte was, at the very period his uncle conversed with me, a prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo; the second an exile in America. They both incautiously entered into the conspiracy of the Carbonari, and were betrayed; orders were given to arrest them; the younger escaped, the elder shot the officer of carbiniers sent to apprehend him. His uncle's prayers, backed by the influence of the French ambassador, alone saved him from the last consequences of his rash act.

Cardinal Fesch was much respected in Rome; it is said that he is ambitious, probably he is so, but his morals and his character as a churchman have ever been exemplary. In all Napoleon's unjust attacks upon the territory of the Holy See he sided with the pontiff, and it is certain that Pius VII. honored him with his confidence to the last. Old as he was, at the period of which I speak, he still retained hopes of being allowed to end his days in France. Louis XVIII. and Charles X. vainly tempted him to resign his see, the archbishopric of Lyons; their offers—and they were magnificent, it is said—were fruitless; to the last hour of his life he remained titular of his diocese. The revolution gave him considerable hopes of a return; it is even said that he offered Louis Philippe his vast gallery for the nation, to obtain permission, but in vain. If he really did make such an offer, he little knew the character and politics of the late ruler of France—the Citizen King was a traitor only to the elder branch of his house, he was faithful to its politics.

Although I never had an opportunity of being presented to the mother of Napoleon, an occasion was afforded me of contemplating that remarkable woman at my ease. Monsiear Grassini, one of the cardinal's

chaplains, frequently said mass in the private chapel of her palace; on one occasion he allowed me to accompany him ostensibly to serve the mass; a friend in the English college, whose figure resembled mine, kindly lent me his soutain; and thus accoutred, I presented myself with the worthy priest, and assisted with him during the office, which was no sooner commenced than, leaning on the arm of one of her ladies of honor, Madame Letitia made her appearance. The mother of the emperor has generally been represented as bearing a striking resemblance to her son. I confess that I could not see it; to be sure, age and sorrow might have changed her. Nothing could be more simple than her costume—a plain dress of black velvet, without ornament of any kind; a large veil covered her head-dress, and formed a sombre drapery round her shoulders. She was totally blind. If I may judge from the portraits of her daughter, the Princess Pauline, she was the one of her children who most resembled her. It was impossible to regard without respect and interest the woman who was alike so respectable in her grandeur and her sorrow; her womb had teemed with kings, and yet all her race were exiled. Well had the Romans named her the Niobe of modern years. Her features, even at the advanced period of life in which I beheld her, were regular; but, as far as I can judge, must have been more remarkable for expression than beauty; her figure slight; her standard below the average height of women, but erect and dignified. During the celebration of the sacred mysteries it was impossible not to be struck by the deep devotion she displayed. From the 'Sanctus' to the 'Domine non dignes sum,' she remained kneeling in silent prayer. It was evident that in religion she had found force to contend against the reverses of life, the fallen greatness of her race, and the destruction of those hopes which were once so promising. It is said that even in the midst of the greatest prosperity of her family she never lost sight of the possibility of a reverse; it haunted her continually, and was the principle cause of that economy with which she has so often been reproached.

'Alas!' she exclaimed on one occasion, when it was hinted to her that a more liberal expenditure of her revenues would be more agreeable to the emperor, 'who knows how soon I may have all these kings and princes on my hands?'

Her foresight was prophetic; but, like Cassandra, she was unheeded. At the end of the mass, two ladies, who accompanied her, conducted her to the rails of the altar, where one of the officers of the household had already placed a cushion. I had the honor to hold one end of the cloth, whilst she communicated. Nothing could exceed the fervent piety with which that august act was accomplished. Long after the mass she remained kneeling at her 'Prie Dieu,' engaged in actions of grace. When I quitted the chapel with the worthy priest, she was still there absorbed in fervent prayer. The next time I saw her she was in her coffin, in the little church adjoining the Doria Palace on the Corso. An old soldier of the Imperial Guard, who had been a faithful attendant in her adversity, was leaning on his musket by her side, while the cardinal, her brother, pronounced the absolution over her remains.

'Mother of him whose giant mind
Aimed at the empire of mankind,
Gathered beneath his eagle's wings!
Mother! whose womb didst teem with kings,
'Tis past; thy careworn spirit's fled,
And thou hast joined the mighty dead!
I saw thee living, and could trace
Majestic sorrow in thy face—
The look resigned, the unspoken care,
The withered heart, the sad despair;
Too proud for words, too deep for tears,
Thou Niobe of modern years!
This city of the dead, old Rome,
Was, in thy grief, a fitting home;
For there the records of the past
Around each step their shadows cast;
And thou didst find, amidst their gloom,
All earth could yield—a living tomb.
For there, the wreck of empire down,

The curule chair, the regal throne,
The trophied eagle, must have been
As visions that thy soul had seen.
For years thy thoughts were o'er the wave,
Its yearnings round that lonely grave
Where rest the ashes which enshrined
The master-spirit of mankind:
There was thy world! all else to thee
Was barren as that lonely sea,
Whose waters bear no living thing,
Unruffled by the sea-bird's wing—
A scene accursed—a desert rude—
A barren waste—a solitude.
Thy—thy eagle boy was dead!
Joy—pride—ambition—all were fled;
Thy children exiled from the land,
Whose sceptre filled their brother's hand;
Sundered on earth from every tie,
What hadst thou left thee but to die?

EXPOSE OF A BRITISH COMMISSION.

We appropriately publish remarks upon the proceedings of the Commissioners appointed by the English Treasury to inquire into the best harbor in Ireland for establishing a packet station, from Marmion. This commission, which was called 'The Trans-Atlantic Packet Station Commission,' was composed of five members, Right Hon. Earl Granville (chairman), Hon. W. Cowper, Sir James A. Gordon, Sir John F. Burgoyne, and Captain Stephen Ellerby, all Englishmen or Scotchmen, of course. They continued their sittings at the Board of Trade from September, 1850, to May, 1851; and, after the examination of numerous witnesses, and wading through a mass of written communications, they came to a conclusion, not very difficult to foresee even before the inquiry was entered upon, that the establishment of such a station on the S.S.W. or West coast of Ireland, although it might be beneficial to that country, would be prejudicial to England and Scotland; and they, therefore, could not recommend any change being made in removing the packet station from Liverpool, where it had been originally established, except occasionally delivering and embarking the mails at Holyhead. A portion of this report, however, in respect to 'the West coast being subject to fogs and hazy weather, and particularly dangerous in the winter season,' is not correct, nor justified by the evidence or documents produced on the inquiry, unless from such prejudicial naval authorities as Sir Edward Belcher, who, although he described at great length the unfitness of these harbors for packet stations, at the very onset admitted that he had never been in one of them in his life, and that his knowledge was derived from his inspection of charts in connexion with them. Some idea may be formed of the reliance to be placed on this man's testimony, when he asserted that Liverpool possessed all the commanding features of a first-rate port, and was the most eligible place for the arrival and dispatch of packets to America, although it is notorious that the entrance is most dangerous, from the shifting sands with which it abounds, and the sunken and other rocks on the coast between it and Holyhead, and that during four hours of the ebb tide it is only accessible to vessels not much larger than cockboats. To compare Liverpool with the magnificent harbors of the Shannon, Galway Bay, Cork, and Berehaven, is preposterous. The remainder of his evidence is full of error, and can only be exceeded by his prejudice; but, so much was it in accordance with the views of the commissioners, that he was appointed by the Admiralty to the command of an expedition sent out in pursuit of Sir John Franklin, and for which he showed himself every way incompetent, returning home without orders, when danger became apparent, and leaving one of the vessels in his charge in a most precarious situation. For this he was tried by court-martial, and, although acquitted, his conduct has been neither satisfactory to the Admiralty or the public. It was to have been expected that this inquiry would have dissipated the illusion that so long existed in respect to fog or haze being more prevalent on the West than on other parts of the coast. The evidence of Captain William Randall, a gentleman of great ability, and personally acquainted with it for many years, clearly demonstrates, from the bold

and prominent formation of the West coast, and the deep water to its base, which the Commissioners report as rendering it dangerous, that it is utterly incapable of retaining fog, and less likely to produce it than a coast that lies low, and where the soundings are well defined. But what is to be thought of a report that describes Berehaven, in Bantry Bay, the most splendid natural harbor in Europe, 'as too narrow to be made by large vessels at night or in hazy weather.' How the Commissioners could come to this conclusion, with the evidence before them of Captain John Washington, a gentleman of great nautical skill, and long conversant with the coast, is very unaccountable. Does he say the entrance to Berehaven is too narrow? No such thing. He describes it as a capacious natural harbor, with ample depth of water, and two entrances, and that it is the harbor 'par excellence' of Ireland. And he further says there is no difficulty in making it, a light-ship at the western entrance being all that is required to define it more clearly by night. This opinion is confirmed by Captain George Evans, who was employed, on the post-office commission inquiry in 1835, to inspect the harbors on the western coast; and he says, 'Berehaven is a very fine harbor; there is no harbor in Ireland equal to it'; and he might have added, anywhere else. Liverpool and Holyhead absolutely sink into insignificance when compared with it; and, notwithstanding that there has been £600,000 of public money expended, or rather wasted, on the latter, it never can be a harbor of great utility. At low water spring tides there are only 252 acres covered with 2 fathoms, 188 with 4 fathoms, and only 84 with 5 fathoms water, while Berehaven, which has been fully described under that head, has 1900 acres with over 5 fathoms at dead low water. The great objection to its being used as a packet station arises from its being so remote from any railway communication than from any defect in its naval superiority; but the distance is every day diminishing, to bring it in connexion with the Great Southern and Western Railway, and the Mallow and Killarney junction, just completed, has done much towards accomplishing this object. The harbors selected by the Commissioners as most eligible for packet stations were Cork, Long Island Sound, Crookhaven, Dunmanus Bay, Berehaven, Valentia, Tarbert, and Galway. Foynes, which was not originally mentioned in the investigation during its progress, showed itself so well qualified for a packet-station, on the S. W. coast of Ireland, but without its assistance, if there were a couple of fast going steamers from one of the western ports, to be dispatched intermediately with Messrs. Collins and Brown's packets, no doubt the government of the United States would pay handsomely for the mails to be carried by them. The report endeavors, as much as possible, to limit the time and space between Holyhead and New York, stating the time to be gained, contrasting it with the south western ports, to be only from 6h. 19m. to 9h. 20 m. in their favor; notwithstanding, there cannot be a doubt that the saving of time would be considerably more, and that a steamer, equal in power to Cunard's, dispatched from Galway or the Shannon, would reach New York 36 to 42 hours earlier than from Holyhead and Liverpool, and all the dangers of the Irish channel be avoided.

The electric telegraph between Holyhead and Dublin is about being completed, and it is in action on the Great Southern and Western, and Midland and Great Western Railways; the value of the intelligence conveyed by such a steamer would be beyond all calculation, and, combined with the other advantages that the western coast possesses for communication with America, would soon throw the Liverpool line, notwithstanding its government support, in the shade. It may not be uninteresting to give here the particulars of the contracts entered into by the governments of Great Britain and the United States, for the conveyance of the mails between these countries. In 1839, the transmission of the mails by government vessels was discontin-

ued, and a contract was entered into by the British government with Messrs. Cunard and Co. for that purpose, for which they now receive £145,000 annually. The largest of their steamers is about 2,000 tons burden, and of 800 nominal horse power; it is 285 feet in length, and draws, fully laden, 19 1-2 feet of water. They leave Liverpool every Saturday from April to November, and every second Saturday from December to March, alternately, via Halifax to Boston, and direct to New York, returning every Wednesday from May to December, and every [second] Wednesday from January to April. Messrs. Collins and Brown's packets leave Liverpool for New York respectively once a fortnight for eight months, and once a month for four months in the year; for the conveyance of the mails, the United States government pays them \$385,000, or £80,208 annually. There are two other lines between New York and Havre, and Bremen and New York, which leave for and return to their respective destinations once a month, touching at Southampton. For the conveyance of the mails by the former, the United States government pays \$150,000, or £31,250, and for the latter, \$200,000, or £41,666. Not to have a single steamer on the whole line of the southern and western coast of Ireland, in communication with America, for which it is so admirably circumstanced, is a national disgrace; nine-tenths of the Irish emigrants for the United States are obliged to proceed to Liverpool at considerable extra expense, to embark there, and it also well accounts for the small amount of manufactured goods shipped direct from Ireland to foreign countries, where they must be in considerable demand, particularly Irish linen, cloth and yarn. And here it may be asked, what has become of the Joint Stock Company, with a capital of £500,000, formed at the Mansion House, Dublin, 1851, to ensure a direct steam communication between Ireland and America? If Cork, Limerick, and Galway, would cordially unite and, establish a couple of first-rate steamers, under the management of a Joint Stock Company, to be dispatched monthly, from one of these ports in rotation, to New York, a commencement would be made to that direct communication which would soon extend itself, and the country derive incalculable benefit therefrom. The metropolis and Belfast would aid the efforts of these ports, not only in taking shares in the undertaking, but in giving them a preference for their shipments out and home. These steamers should be built for the accommodation of both cabin and steerage passengers, notwithstanding the interested evidence given by Mr. J. B. Moore, a member of the Liverpool Corporation, before the Commissioners, to the contrary. It is the opinion of a man whose judgment cannot be questioned in matters of this kind, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the commercial king of America, that ocean steamers will pay without the aid of either one government or the other; and, in confirmation of it, he has established a line of steamers between New York and Havre, to compete with the post office packets on that station. Why was not Mr. Vanderbilt applied to by the commercial community of the western ports, to assist them in this desirable object, when they failed in persuading a government to do so, that never did, and never will render Ireland a service, should it interfere in the slightest degree with English interests. But no prejudice or hostility can prevent the western coast of Ireland from being one day in close commercial intercourse with the United States. Its extremely westerly position—its proximity to the American continent—its magnificent harbors, now adapting themselves for extensive commerce, by the construction of splendid docks and other accommodation for the largest ships—its water power, fuel, and the other natural advantages it possesses for manufacturing purposes—all must combine to direct the attention of a great commercial nation, like the United States, to this coast, and the extensive emigration of the Irish people, who now form no inconsiderable portion of the population of the States, will contribute still further to strengthen the link to bind these countries still closer together for their mutual interest and advantage.

THE GOLDFINCH.

As regards its varied colors of bright yellow, black, and vermillion, is the most beautiful of our finches, and, at the same time, the most self-opinioned little fellow in the entire order; perfectly cognizant of its beaushif perfections; it takes every opportunity of displaying its attractions; but possessing the most harmless, lively, and docile habits, we overlook its faults, if any, and at once admit it to our confidence.

The colors of the female goldfinch resemble those of the male, both in their distribution and their markings, only they are not so brilliant in their tints, and the red on the forehead and the chin is sometimes clouded with a few black spots. The young have the head brownish. There is not much seasonal change in the plumage, only it is less bright in winter, and the full beauty is not acquired till the birds are in song. Like the twite, we seldom observe the goldfinch unless in the cages of the 'fancy,' and though occasionally met with in a wild state in the county of Dublin, it is always rare, and only increases in numbers as we approach Meath. At one time much more common than at present, the continual forays of the bird catchers have so thinned their numbers that now they are but rarely seen. The habits of the goldfinch, where they occur in plenty, are well worth our attention, and the evolutions of a large flock are interesting in the extreme. Arriving at a field well provided with 'bon chere' of thistles and ragwort, they sweep round or half across its extent, as if perfectly heedless of the banquet below; approaching the extremity, and apparently changing their intention, they return, and, suddenly dropping towards the ground, each bird flutters, and shows its beautiful plumage to the best advantage while hovering over the thistles with which the field is covered. In a moment, the entire flock, yielding to the temptation, are actively engaged pulling and tearing at the thistles in search of the pericarp, whilst all are making the field musical with their blithe, mellow call-notes of satisfaction.

The song of the goldfinch, although pleasing, is deficient of the mellow and beautiful modulation of the more humbly attired linnet; and it is, perhaps, chiefly for its plumage and aptness for instruction, that it is such a favorite cage-bird. At times we see its docility painfully turned to advantage in confinement, by causing it to minister to its own wants in drawing up the vessels containing its food and drink, the bird being secured by a chain and a link fastened on the breast, and its only enjoyment, the complacent admiration of itself in the looking-glass attached to the back of the



THE IRISH GOLDFINCH.

cage. Sometimes in winter the goldfinch furnishes a small contingent to the large flocks of linnets and other species.

Many can say with Hurdis—

'I love to see the goldfinch twit and twit,
And pick the groundsel's feathered seeds;
And then, in bower of apple-blossom perch'd
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song.'

This is one of the favorite cage-birds, as well as one of great beauty, in a state of nature. The goldfinch is easily tamed, hardy, lively, capable of being taught many little tricks, and, when properly attended to, almost continually in song. It will live longer in confinement than almost any other of the little birds. For ourselves, however, we have no delight in imprisoning these beautiful and delightful choristers.

The Green Finch, or green linnet, as it is sometimes called, differs from the other finches in the form of its bill, in which it more resembles the sparrows, but its habits are more like those of the other finches.

HAROLD'S CROSS.

Scarcely one mile from the Castle, in the direction of the Grand Canal, is a pleasant village. The air in this neighborhood has long been considered particularly favorable for invalids, and the village has, therefore, been much frequented by persons in a delicate state of health.

A BIRD AND SERPENT.

In a combat the bird first seizes the reptile by the neck in its beak. It might not have accomplished this so readily had not the attention of the snake been occupied by the children, thus throwing it off its guard. Having succeeded in seizing the reptile, the bird rose nearly in a vertical direction to a height of many yards, and then, opening its beak, permitted the serpent to fall to the ground. His object was to stun the latter by the fall; and the more effectually to do this, he would have carried the cobra still higher, had not the latter prevented it by attempting to coil itself around his wings. Upon letting fall his prey, the serpent eater did not remain in the air. On the contrary, he darted after the falling reptile, and the moment the latter touched the ground, and before it could put itself in an attitude of defence, the bird 'pounced' upon it with spread foot, striking it a violent blow near the neck. The snake was still but slightly damaged, and, throwing itself into a coil, stood upon its defence. Its mouth

was opened to the widest extent, its tongue protruded, its fangs were erect, and its eyes flashing with rage and poison. A terrible antagonist it appeared, and for a moment its opponent seemed to think so, as he stood on the ground confronting it. But the bird soon began to advance upon it for a renewal of the attack, though this advance was made in a cautious manner. With the pinions of one of his strong wings spread broadly out for a shield, he approached the reptile sideways, and, when near enough, suddenly wheeled, turned upon his leg as on a pivot, and struck sharply out with his other wing. The blow was delivered with good effect. It reached the head of the snake and seemed to stun it. Its neck drooped, and the coils became loosened. Before it could recover itself, it was once more in the beak of the serpent eater, and trailing through the air. This time the bird rose to a much greater height than before, as he was not hampered by the writhing of the serpent, and, as before, suffered the reptile to fall, and then darted suddenly after. When the snake came to the ground a second time, it lay for a moment stretched at full length, as if stunned or dead. It was not dead, however, and would once more have coiled itself, but, before it could do so, the bird had repeatedly 'pounced' upon its neck with his spread and horny feet; and at length, watching his opportunity when the head of the serpent lay flat, he struck a blow with his sharp beak so violent that it split the skull of the reptile in twain! Life was now extinct, and the hideous form, extended to its full length, lay lithe and motionless upon the grass.



HAROLD'S CROSS.

IRISH MISCELLANY

THOMAS O'NEILL PROPRIETOR.
MICHAEL J. WALSH CONDUCTOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858

SEE! THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!

When Frederick the Great endeavored to provide his army with tall and handsome officers, he found that an unexpected difficulty stood in the way. The officers would fight and kill their brethren in arms as readily as they would the enemies of their king. The causes which led to these bloody results were commonly of the most trifling character. Wine, women, play, or wounded vanity, made up most of the causes which led to deeds of murder and suicide. Frederick found that the rage for duelling grew upon the food it ate, and he was not at all disposed to lose his finest officers by allowing them to fight among themselves. So he issued an order, requiring all officers of his army, who would fight duels, to obtain first a written permission from him. The gallant officers were highly pleased; they thought that they had fallen upon a restoration of the good old times, when the scene of a duel between noblemen was frequently graced by the presence of majesty, and when majesty itself not seldom deigned to break a lance against a knightly adversary on the field of half mimic, half real battle. So two noblemen arranged the details of a pleasant quarrel, and then went to ask the king's leave to fight it out. Having heard the merits of the case, his majesty told the gentlemen that they were at liberty to fight. He even declared his intention to be present as umpire and chief judge on the occasion. He named the officers of the day, and selected the ground. The delighted noblemen thought that the days of Charlemagne had returned, and they rode with troops of friends to the field assigned by the king. All of Prussia that could get there was gathered together, you may be sure, for, of course, no secret was made of the coming fight. The king, being seated, the spectators all ready, and the officers of the day at their posts, the two gentlemen with their friends entered the lists, and awaited from the king the signal to begin. A gibbet newly erected in a conspicuous part of the field arrested the attention of all present. It was the work of the preceding night. The noblemen asked the king what that offensive object had to do with the business of the day? 'It may sustain an important part,' answered the king. 'It is my will to hang upon that gibbet the gentleman who may kill his adversary in this duel. If you kill each other—well; if not, I will have the survivor hanged!' It is needless to say that the two gentlemen refused to fight under such severe terms. They knew that Frederick would keep his word. He, meanwhile, gained his point, which was to check the practice of duelling among his noblemen. A fight would occasionally happen, but the terms were severe. The combatants were to fight in such a way as almost to ensure the death of both parties. If by any chance one escaped with life, he was an outlaw, and the gibbet was in readiness for him should he venture to return to his native land.

How would it do to apply with relentless severity a law like this to the whole generation of prize fighters who have grown so famous within the few last years? It seems pretty clear that these fights will take place, and openly, the law and public sentiment to the contrary notwithstanding. It may be a question whether it be not within the legitimate powers of government to give a lawful title to this business of bruising, maiming, and killing in the ring. It would seem, on the one hand, that the authorities either cannot, or will not prevent these fights. On the other hand, it is certain that in old times, and in other lands, at least nominally

Christian, the sovereign often made the best of a bad business by taking into his own hands the superintendence of affairs of honor, as they are sometimes called. He always had an officer of rank who acted as superintendent of public fights. The king could make whatever laws he pleased to regulate the proceedings, although he seldom exhibited the wholesome severity shown by King Frederick. Our sovereign here, in America, is the people, duly organized into a community, and acting through legally constituted officers. Could they not first pass a law for the better regulation of fights, and then save the parties concerned, and the persons who will follow them and look on, the trouble and expense of a journey to Canada? Could they not have the fight take place at noonday, on the Park, in the presence of all the fight-loving world, with a clear understanding that if one man survive, he shall be hanged upon a scaffold erected for that purpose in the presence of the multitude? Would not that be an improvement upon the existing state of things? The country would thus get rid of people whom it can well afford to spare. The Kilkenny cats may be damaged by the process, but society would lose nothing, to say the least.

It is not a pleasant subject for contemplation. Two men can ostensibly make arrangements for a fight which may result in the death of one or both, and so may render each guilty of the crimes of murder and suicide. They can find newspapers willing enough to be their organs, and so their movements are chronicled as carefully as if they deserved favorable notice, and as if they were the foremost heroes of the age,—masters of the destinies of the world. They know, too, that nearly all the papers, even the very respectable ones, will at least notice their doings as mere matters of news. They know that when the time draws near, the public—at least the noisiest portion of it—will be in a state of feverish excitement, and that sums of money, to be counted by hundreds of thousands, will be staked upon the event. They see that, in consequence of all this, excited crowds will be gathered together in the principal cities, and that the telegraph and press will make their names famous, and they are fully aware that, upon the whole, the news of their fight will create as much stir through the length and breadth of the land as did the battles of Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo. And, lastly, they are thoroughly possessed of the fact, that the police and the authorities, generally will, in some way, contrive to let them alone. A New York paper gives a queer reason for this thing. It says that most of the persons interested directly in these fights form a part of the machinery of government. That is, they are employed by leading politicians 'to guard the polls.' 'That is, again, they let such men vote as may be on their side, or on the strongest side, if there be two sets of bullies, and do their utmost to drive from the polls all peaceful citizens who do not like their ways.

That is, finally, the fighters, virtually elect the public functionaries, and are therefore their masters. Of course, they can do what they please under such a state of things. Perhaps the most singular feature of this fighting business is, that journals of good standing print the news, and men, who are known to be utterly opposed to such things, are seen to watch for the tidings as eagerly as if they had money staked on the event.

Considering that the system of prize fighting, as managed in our times, is of English origin and growth, and is John Bull dogism out and out, it is somewhat strange, as well as humiliating, to know that so many of the prominent actors in these scenes are of Irish birth and parentage. It is still more mortifying to know that a question of religion is occasionally involved to a certain extent in these fights. It will be at one time given out that A will defend the honor of Ireland, and B, that of America. At another time, C is understood to be the Catholic champion, and D, the standard bearer of Protestantism. This is a most outrageous business. To be sure, it has its quasi comic side. We remember

the time when a man who had swallowed more punch than was good for him stood, or tried to stand, in one of the squares of the city, and, having stripped off his coat and turned up his shirt-sleeves, he challenged all comers to fight, in order to prove that his church, for which he was willing to die, but was not willing to live, was the best church.

We hope that some efficient measures will be taken to prevent these scenes, but we confess that we hope almost against hope.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN THATCHER.

Knowing the anxiety of our people for the success of direct steam communication between Ireland and the United States, we do not hesitate to place before them a private letter received on the 21st inst. from Captain W. Thatcher. We will take the responsibility of bringing the captain before the public:—

LIVERPOOL, October 8.

My dear O'Neill—Here we are in the little hooker, safely arrived, but after some trouble, and a little anxiety. I know you will be glad to have a line from me, to tell you that I made a neat speech on presenting the stick to the good Father Daly, who is not a little proud of the Jackson Hickory; the Galway people are enchanted. I send you and Mr Donohue some papers. You will see that Mr. Lever has had a favorable interview with government, so I hope the line will go on and prosper. As I told you, the Propeller is going coasting, and I have resigned her command; but will see you early next year in a vessel that I can be proud of. I can assure you that now, and ever through life, the kindness I received from yourself and fellow-citizens will be remembered by me as something to be proud of and grateful for.

Remember me to Mooney, Glancy, Holly, and friend Donohue, and all my kind friends. When I go to Boston next spring I will give them a true Irish feast, and bring Mr. Lever with me. All my exertions in London will be to convince that a Boston line will be better supported than even the New York one; and I am convinced your portion of the community will keep it going; nor have I a doubt of the complete success of both lines.

I am very truly yours,
W. THATCHER.

THE IRISH PRESS.—The great object for present consideration for those laboring in the cause of Ireland and the Irish people in the United States, is the success of the Irish trans-Atlantic Steam Company. Will not the Irish press, in view of this fact, press upon the Postmaster-General the necessity of aiding this line by contracting with the Lever Company for carrying the mails. Already, the British government is satisfied of the gain to commerce by this line. Mr. Hamilton, Secretary of the English Treasury, in reply to a deputation who waited upon him on this subject, made the following remarks:—'Government view with considerable interest the new line of steamers between Galway and the British colonies in North America, established by Mr. Lever, and the importance they attach to being able to communicate between London and Washington in six days.' We trust, then, that a united sentiment will go forth to the Postmaster-General at Washington to aid and recognise this advance in the interests of commerce, and the desire of our people, who are now no mean element in the United States.

OUR MILITARY TALES.—We call the attention of our readers to the first of our military tales, which appears in this number of the Miscellany. They will be continued weekly, each story, if possible, being complete in one number. They are recollections of realities, written from memory years after their occurrence. Some, as that of this week, are of a tragic, sad and melancholy nature, and their recollection brings no joy in remembrance; but others, as will our next, be of a gayer cast, and force a smile when, in our reveries, the mind recalls the actors and the story of years gone by. They illustrate the variety of soldier life, which, through all its vicissitudes, have many pleasing passages, and, amidst all its dangers, the true soldier will dwell upon the brightest spots; although to-day it may be all clouds, he sees the morrow's sunshine; if to-day a storm, he sees the coming calm.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by
Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER;

—IN THE—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

THE SUICIDE.

Jeremiah Ryan was a native of Carrick-on-Suir, near Clonmel, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland. He enlisted in the — regiment of Hussars, in the year 1886, and for intelligence, aptitude to learn, and pleasant, light-hearted disposition, no man could surpass him. Prompt at drill and parade, he was ever regular in the performance of the duties assigned him. His powers of conversation, which were great, his ready wit, together with being an excellent singer, made him a general favorite. For one, I early became warmly attached to him, and while he lived he reckoned me among his most intimate friends and confidants.

He was well read, and versed in the history of Ireland—a genuine nationalist. Whenever called upon for a song, he always had one with a national sentiment ready at the tip of his tongue—'The Glories of Brian the Brave,' 'Before the Battle,' 'The Minstrel Boy,' or something of that nature. He was great at declamation, or reciting pieces—a practice quite common in England. In this his national feelings would always suggest the topic; among his favorites I remember were 'The Battle of Aughrim,' 'The sword of former times,' or 'Emmett's immortal speech before the bloody-minded Norbury.'

The names of Tone, and Emmett, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, were ever on his lips, in words of loving devotion. Their characters, designs, and doings, formed his ideal of patriotic perfection. To him the cause of these men was righteousness exemplified, their examples, the only ones befitting a true Irishman to follow. It was quite evident to those who knew him intimately that he was fit for any treasonable design or plot which would tend to separate the connection between the two countries. He used no means to disguise his sentiments or cloak his principles.

Punctual and strict in the discharge of his duties, it was seldom that he gave cause for fault-finding, and whenever a non-commissioned officer would complain, as they did sometimes, unnecessarily, he was sure to come out right, and fling back their indignity with haughty scorn or contemptuous disregard. He believed that discipline was a necessary element of good order and authority; legitimately enforcing it, entitled to respect. But tyranny he regarded as an usurpation of undue authority, and therefore to be resisted.

I frequently endeavored to argue with him upon the seeming inconsistency of his conduct and his avowed principles, and at length, one day, asked him, pointedly, why, with his intense hatred of everything English, he did not emigrate to America, instead of entering the British army. I shall never forget the vehemence of his reply. He dwelt passionately and feelingly upon the long catalogue of Irish wrong which he would repeat like a litany. He inveighed bitterly upon the effects of Saxon rule, wherever it held sway. He uttered curses, both loud and deep, upon those who fanned the dissensions of the people, and kept them weak and divided. Churchmen of all creeds shared about equally in his sweeping tirade. He could not see why men could not worship their common God at different altars, and yet agree to fling the tyrant that equally oppressed them beyond the Irish seas. 'Go to America!' he exclaimed, 'for what? to nurse through life my hatred of English tyranny,

and die in despair in the land of the red man. But no,' he went on, 'tis no longer the land of the red man; a merciless civilization has driven him beyond its borders, because he would not, or, in his nature, could not, conform to its creeds and usages. Were it still his, and protected by his valor, and the prospect that he would smoke his pipe in peace above my grave, while the free winds of heaven were singing their requiem over the exile's last resting place, there would then be something congenial to my spirit in the idea, something to induce me to tolerate it, but as it is, I cannot. Am I not nursing my hatred now? That oath of allegiance, you allude to, which I have taken, what of it? Ah! it is well enough against foreigners, but when the holy cause of my country, the cause of right against wrong, of truth against perjury, of liberty against usurpation and tyranny, demands the services of her votaries, I know then its value, and I know then that an Irishman in arms will be better than fifty without them.'

His hasty temper and quick irritability could ill brook the slightest indignity which the thoughtless tyranny of petty authority will sometimes inflict upon those subordinate to it. His prompt resentment often exposed him to censure, and occasionally to punishment, which he endured with the indifference of a stoic, and the firmness of a martyr suffering for conscience sake. If ever an Irishman lived, who felt, to the innermost core of his heart, the deep degradation of his country, I believe poor Ryan did. Often have I heard him expatiate feelingly and eloquently upon the impossibility of a permanent union between the two countries, without a reciprocity of interests, and a diffusion of equal laws. And yet he believed that such a union could never be effected; the races, he would say, are as distinctly different as the African and the red man; their mutual interest can only be served by honest rivalry. He entertained but little hope of Irish freedom while the interests of England stimulated her to keep the people at variance on the subject of religion. 'Irish religion,' he would say, 'was well defined by Dean Swift, to be 'cutting each others throats for the love of God.'

Our hero was frequently taken to task by Englishmen, who believed that there was a union, and that the union was of mutual benefit, upon which much of their prosperity and strength depended. To these he would reply:—

'There is no union of interests, the true relationship at present existing is that of the strong against the weak, the right of might; the odds are all in favor of England. She is like a vampire, sucking the life-blood out of her victim, draining her every resource without remuneration. The very land of Ireland is held by the English, or those mongrel Irish devoted to the service and supremacy of England. The income derived from the cultivation of the land is squandered in London. The country is saddled with the support of an English church, established by law and German bayonets. The parliamentary representation is unequal, trade and manufactures discouraged. In short, every right, but the right to starve, is wrenched from the Irish people by that same accursed 'act of union,' so-called. This union was never assented to by the Irish people. They were not consulted about it. It was corruptly purchased by the English, and basely, treacherously, sold by the Irish lords and aristocrats, and what is more, the people are compelled to pay the price at which their liberties were bartered away.' Thus he would declaim, and then, as if to settle the question, he would ask, 'Whence the necessity for keepin' up a garrison of fifty thousand soldiers in Ireland?' and then, as he reply, he would repeat the lines:—

'Yes, surprised are her sons till they learn to betray.'

'Onward the green banner bearing,

'Go forth every sword to the hilt;

On our side is virtue and Erin,

On their's is the Saxon and Gullit.'

These outbursts of treasonable language had frequently to be checked, such conversations being strictly prohibited. At length, Mr. Ryan became a marked man.

One afternoon he was severely taken to task by the troop sergeant major, who advised him to drop politics and leave their discussion to others. 'Soldiers,' said he, 'are required to be mere automatons. I never knew,' he added, 'a man who was either a politician or a religious contravertalist to get on well in the army. The first is generally regarded as a fool, while the latter is esteemed a knave. Still better is a soldier fitted for his calling, if he is without relatives or preferences for any particular country or principles. Take my honest advice, keep yourself from having either creditors or debtors, have a civil tongue and keep a good oil rag, I pledge you my experience that you will get along well in the army.' Ryan, in reply, remarked, 'That if to become a good soldier, it was necessary to abdicate the right of thinking, sooner than to become so mean a thing, he would, if no other source availed, deliberately blow out his brains, and so maintain this right of thought, by ending the power of exercising it.'

The conversation was continued in rather a jocular strain, the sergeant major observing that he must not blow his brains out, as that would be a misdemeanor, his brains, of right, belonging to the government, who would doubtless find better use for them than to have them scattered about the barrack yard. Besides, he then thought that his brains would not long trouble him, as it was talked at the House Guards of sending the regiment to India.

A few days after this conversation, Ryan deliberately gave away his kit, and took a friendly leave of his comrades. When night came on he was missing, nor was he found for nearly two years afterwards, when he was recognised in London, arrested as a deserter, brought back, tried by court martial, and sentenced to three months solitary confinement. He came out of prison in good health, but so incensed against military servitude, that he resolved not to soldier another year, let what would be the sacrifice. He continued the usual quarrels with the non-commissioned officers. Though not averse to the performance of the regular duties of his station, his spirit rebelled against the manner in which his orders were conveyed to him by those petty tyrants, as he styled them.

One Saturday afternoon he was about to proceed to town for pleasure, and had already dressed himself for the purpose, when the orderly sergeant ordered him to 'fatigue duty,' to dig up the riding school. He felt the disappointment greatly, and said that it was out of his turn to perform that duty. The sergeant—who was no friend of his—would hearken to no remonstrance, but, in a peremptory manner, ordered him to perform the duty, then find fault, and seek redress afterwards. Several of his troop-mates offered to take his place, but he politely declined, thanking them, and saying, 'I have ever performed my duty, and will to the end of the chapter, which is now nearly closed.'

Being dressed as above stated, to meet a social or 'free and easy' gathering, he now put on a fatigue dress, and at once proceeded to the riding school, where, with about twenty others, he dug up the tan, and loosened the ride. During the performance of this work he had some angry words with the sergeant, who was anything but affably disposed at any time, or towards any one, especially was he unkind to Ryan, who would not take a word of reprimand from the colonel, unless exemplified in a becoming tone and manner. He now declared that he would not soldier under him any longer. He then left the riding school, as the men thought, for the guard room. On being asked if he had finished at the riding school, he replied he would be in a few minutes. Throwing a cloak upon his arm, he proceeded to the stables, where he loaded his horse

pistol, from thence he proceeded to the riding school, and, before all the men, abused the sergeant pretty freely, calling him a sweep, and adding, 'I once thought of shooting you, but it was for a moment only; you are not worth a ball. Live, slave, and be miserable. Every man must dislike you, execrate you. The colonel has committed a gross error in placing, such a man as you over intelligent spirited men.' He then drew the pistol from under his cloak, and placing the muzzle beneath his chin, pulled the trigger, and fell—a corpse.

A jury of inquest being held, a verdict of 'self-destruction' was rendered, and he was buried without the honors of war.

Thus died a fine young man, sincerely devoted to the land of his birth, national to the heart's core, impetuous in his disposition, unheeding in his principles, stern in hate, faithful and devoted in friendship; he was quick in resentment, and could never forgive an indignity even from the highest; too nice, perhaps, in his sense of self-respect, for the position in which fate had placed him. He had his faults; let them rest under the sod which covers his mortal remains.

In a few days after this melancholy occurrence, the colonel sent for the sergeant, and gave him the alternative of reduction to the ranks, or a court martial. He preferred to take the stripes off his arm. But his life became a misery to him, for the men seized every opportunity of treating him with the greatest contumely and insult. Upon his own application, he was transferred to the Enniskillen Dragoons, but his character had preceded him, and the men made his life anything but happy; so miserable in fact did they make him that he finally applied for and obtained his discharge from the service, to which he was neither an honor nor an ornament.

[Written for the Miscellany.]
NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.
BY J. E. F.

No. 14.—Glasnevin and Mount Jerome.

After an early breakfast, we visited the Phoenix Park, where a large number of troops were being reviewed by the Lord Lieutenant. The Park, on a review day, presents a beautiful appearance. The many carriages of the gentry, the bright colors of the different regiments, the splendid trappings of the cavalry, glistening in the sunlight, and the Park itself in its rich mantle of green, gives you a picture not often met with. In the Park are the Zoological Gardens, the admission to which is sixpence on week days, but on Sunday afternoons it is reduced to a penny. They will well repay a visitor, though of course they are not so extensive as those in London. There is a camel here which was captured from the Russians at Alma.

Leaving the Gardens, we proceeded to the village of Glasnevin, some two miles from the city. Here we visited the cemetery, rendered sacred by containing the ashes of two of Erin's most gifted orators, O'Connell and Curran. The temporary tomb of O'Connell is in the centre of an enclosure containing some of the rarest flowers in the world, and is surmounted by a monument in imitation of marble. The sexton opened the door of the vault, and we saw his coffin covered with crimson velvet, ornamented with lace, with some fresh sprigs of laurel laid upon it! His remains are embalmed and placed in a lead coffin, and outside of this are two of wood.

Going underneath the enclosure, we saw on an iron door, in raised gilt letters, the words, 'Honest Tom Steele.' How simple and yet how touching! Here lies the companion and henchman of O'Connell; the man who spent his property for 'Ould Ireland and Repale,' as he used to say. A warmer lover of his country, or a truer friend in her cause, never breathed than was poor Tom. His epitaph was rightly chosen, and all that was ever written

would not suit him any better. He now sleeps his last sleep within a few feet of the great 'Liberator,' whom he loved so well.

The sexton opened the tombs of many persons, priests and laymen, and we saw many splendid coffins in a good state of preservation. This is truly a pretty place, and you meet objects of beauty at every turn.

This spot not being the final resting-place of O'Connell, we viewed the place that is to be. This is a platform about one hundred feet square, and is to contain an ecclesiastical group frequently met with throughout Ireland, viz: a chapel, ornamented cross, and round tower, of the earliest Christian architecture, and of the proper proportions. The entire is to be composed of dressed granite. The tower is not yet completed, but we entered the vault that will ere long contain the Liberator's remains.

Turning a little to the right, we stopped before the tomb of Curran. This is in the form of a sarcophagus, with simply the words 'Curran, born 1750, died 1817, aged 67.' He died in England, and lay buried there 19 years ere Ireland claimed the bones of her distinguished orator and patriot, and raised over them this memento. Gazing on it we can recall the diminutive figure, abrupt gesture, strange grimace, and flashing eye, through which that soul of genius electrified his auditory, and which have now departed, or are mouldering away beneath those stones?

At the house near the gate we wrote our names and our residences, when at home, in a book kept for the purpose, and on looking at the list of names noticed quite a number who hailed from the United States.

After dinner at the 'Angel,' we proceeded by rail to Kingstown. This is a very handsome place, and the railroad leads by the side of the Bay of Dublin, through the magnificent environs on that side of the city. The town is named in honor of the visit at George IV., in 1821, and to commemorate the event there is a small obelisk erected at the south side of the town. Kingstown, from the beauty of its situation, the salubrity of its air, and the picturesque country around, is much frequented as a watering place. The town has some splendid hotels, villas, and terraces, and has a fine harbor.

Returning to Dublin, we jaunting-car'd our way through the city by Merriem Square, Stephen's Green, Portobello, and Harold's Cross, to Mount Jerome Cemetery, the burial-place of Thomas Davis, the poet and patriot, and one of the early founders of the 'Nation.' We walked nearly all over this cemetery, in order to find his grave, as but few know it, for there is nothing to indicate wherein sleeps one of Erin's truest and most gifted sons. After enquiring of a great many persons, we at last found it. He is buried in the company's vault, and, as he himself wished, on

'An Irish green hill-side.'

The vault is near the chapel, and, the door being locked, we climbed up over it, and could see the inside. There were several slabs on the side, but his name is on none of them. The sexton told us that there was a subscription talked of some time ago, for the purpose of erecting a tomb to enclose his remains, but lately he had heard nothing about it.

This cemetery is nearly as handsome as Glasnevin, and boasts some beautiful works of sculpture. It is farther from the city than Glasnevin, and is but a short distance from the spot where Robert Emmet was arrested during his residence at Harold's Cross.

On our way back we drove through Aungeir street, passing by No. 12, a plain, quaint-looking house, now; as at the time of the poet's birth, used as a grocery establishment, rendered famous as the house in which Thomas Moore first saw the light.

In the graveyard attached to the Werburg street church is a vault in which are the remains of yet another of Erin's martyrs on the altar of freedom, Lord Edward Fitzgerald. As I stood gazing at this plain vault, scarcely distinguishable from those around it, I was astonished that those who prate loudest about Erin's wrongs would not raise a suitable monument to her heroic defender and martyr, Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

In the evening, at the Theatre Royal, we saw good acting, and had the pleasure of seeing little Cordelia Howard in the 'Strawberry Girl,' who is travelling under the management of P. T. Barnum.

(Concluded in our next.)

JOHN OF THE BRIDGE.—John Flannagan, a true Irishman, born at Tullamore, in the King's County, on the 22d of June, 1764, died in 1856, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. In 1798, during the struggles of Ireland, he was instrumental, in the hands of Providence, in saving the lives of some thousands of his proscribed countrymen, who had taken up arms in defence of their civil and religious freedom. After the battle of Munsterreen, when they had been defeated by the king's troops, they broke open a distillery belonging to one Sir John Cassidy, and, in the hopelessness of their case, abandoned themselves to the most reckless intemperance. The militia and infantry, who had been severely punished through the heroic bravery of these insurgents, had drawn off to some distance, although masters of the field, and were in a measure constrained to permit them to withdraw from the town in a body, after they had satiated their thirst in the manner already mentioned. When about ten miles from the scene of action, however, and in the midst of a bog through which a tributary of the river Barrow ran, they crossed a small temporary bridge, and overcame by fatigue and the effects of their debauch, gained, something better than a musket-shot from the deep river's edge, a sloping, grassy plot, where, regardless of everything earthly, and without a single sentinel to keep watch over their slumbers, they all sank to sleep, with their almost useless arms scattered about in hopeless confusion. There was one eye and heart, however, which marked and pitied their helpless condition. John Flannagan was at his daily labor near the bridge they had just passed, and he discovered at once that their situation was most perilous, should the enemy be on their track. He knew that from the face of turf boats constantly passing and repassing, there was for a distance of nearly forty miles but one bridge upon that river, and felt that if that bridge were once destroyed, no horse or foot soldier could approach the spot where the helpless multitude lay, as there were no materials to be found in a region so wild and inhospitable to construct another. His resolve was taken, and, at the risk of being discovered, he at once set to work and undermined the upright which sustained the whole structure, until, in the course of about two hours, he had the unspeakable joy of seeing it precipitated bodily into the water, and swept away with a speed that insured his total success. Scarcely had he completed his patriotic and humane task, until down came some companies of the 7th and 9th Dragoons, and four corps of Horse Yeomanry, to finish the work of extermination began in the morning. But what was their rage and disappointment to find the bridge totally gone, and their intended victims lying in perfect security out of the range of their carbines. Flannagan was sharply interrogated, but it being a reasonable presumption that the Irish had destroyed the bridge after passing it, his life was spared. Shortly afterwards, the insurgents, becoming sober and refreshed with slumber, were apprised of their miraculous escape, as the regular troops were obliged to return to Munsterreen, not wishing to attempt a dangerous journey of forty miles to gratify their thirst for blood. As may be readily supposed, Flannagan was their idol for many a year. Shall no tombstone tell where lies 'John of the Bridge'?

THE THREE ROSES.

Just when the red June roses blow
She gave me one a year ago,
A rose whose crimson breath reveal'd
The secret that its heart concealed;
And whose half shy, half tender grace,
Blushed back upon the giver's face.
A year ago—a year ago—
To hope was not to know.

Just when the red June roses blow
I plucked her one a month ago,
Its half-blown crimson to eclipse,
I laid it on her smiling lips;
The balmy fragrance of the south
Drew sweetness from her sweeter mouth.
Swiftly do golden hours creep—
To hold is not to keep.

The red June roses now are past—
This very day I broke the last,
And now its perfum'd breath is hid,
With her beneath a coffin lid;
There will its petals fall apart,
And wither on her icy heart;
At three red roses' cost
My world was gain'd and lost.

STEAM COMMUNICATION BETWEEN IRELAND AND AUSTRALIA.—A company has lately been formed in London with a capital of £355,000 for the establishment of regular steam communication between Cork and Australia. Clipper screw steamers, to be expressly constructed for this line, have already been contracted for. London, being the emporium of the Pacific trade, is to be the terminal station; but to afford the fullest time for the embarkation of mails and passengers, the ultimate departure will be from Queenstown, which will give an advantage of thirty-six hours over any port now resorted to. The Great Southern and Western Railway Company have promised to assist the undertaking by facilities of traffic over their line.

The route proposed is the Western one, via Panama, stopping at the Azores as a mid Atlantic station for coaling. It is computed that the passage from Melbourne or Sydney to Panama under favorable circumstances will not occupy more than twenty-five days, and from Panama to England fifteen days, making a total of forty days only, while the maximum may be fixed at forty-five days. The selection of Queenstown as the ultimate port of departure, while important in a local and national point of view, is also one made on the clearest and most conclusive evidence of its immense advantage as a terminus for Australian and Pacific communication. The evidence taken before the Commons' committee of 1851 is decisive in favor of the western route. Captain Sir Edward Belcher, R. N., the eminent commander of the last Arctic expedition, states that the Panama route is by far to be preferred, the passage out being secure and smooth, and the return not liable to so many dangers as either of the other routes. On being asked the difference of distance between the voyage homeward round Cape Horn and the route by the Cape of Good Hope, he replied—"I have not computed the distance, but I believe a sailing vessel would get home from Van Dieman's Land, or rather from Wellington, round Cape Horn, long before a steamer would get home by the Cape. On the question of actual mileage, the Pacific route presents considerable advantages, while the very favorable navigation of the line may fairly be considered equal to a reduction of two thousand miles. The following is a comparative statement of the distances on the two overland routes now adopted and that proposed by the company. Pacific route:—Queenstown to Colon, deducting 300 miles for advantage of offing, 4,282 miles; Colon to Panama, 40; Panama to Melbourne, 6,724; total, 11,046. Melbourne to Adelaide, 535; Queenstown to Adelaide, 11,579. Panama to Sydney, 6,574. Queenstown to Sydney, 10,996. Sydney to Moreton Bay, 540; Queenstown to Moreton Bay, 11,436. Route via Marseilles and Suez: Dover to Alexandria, 2,277; Alexandria to Suez, 238; Suez to Melbourne, 8,322. Dover to Melbourne, 11,337. Melbourne to Sydney, 600; Dover to Sydney, 11,937. Via Straits of Gibraltar:—Southampton to Malta, 2,160; Malta to Melbourne, 9,879; Southampton to Melbourne, 12,049; Melbourne to Sydney, 600; Southampton to Sydney, 12,639.—[Irish Vindicator.

(From the Dublin Nation.)

ETHNOLOGY.

August 12, 1868.

To the Editor of the Dublin Nation:—

Sir—A few weeks ago the Nation contained some important comments on ethnology, and as I hope to see this subject suitably treated in your Celtic Department, I take the liberty of suggesting to you and your learned correspondent, that such ethnological maps as the one published in the Belfast Archaeological Journal of October last would be a most desirable preliminary acquisition to the study of a subject which is mystified rather than elucidated by the dogmatic style which ethnologists in Pinkerton's times, and which still adheres to to many of our modern expositors. Thus Sir Rodrick Murchison calls the Celts a 'zanthous race,' whilst other authorities say that the dark complexion is inherent in the Celtic race.

From Doctor Wilde's lectures, which he delivered fifteen years ago, I perceived that this controversy about complexion was pursued with great vehemence by the ethnologists, who discussed the merits and characteristics of the Fir Bolgs, Tuath de Danans, and Milesians. Some authorities held that dark complexions indicated the absence of a taste for music and of all generous qualities. Molyneux, in his 'Case for Ireland Stated,' asserted that the old Irish race was extirpated, and claimed justice for the Irish of his day, on the grounds that they were all of British extraction. The ethnologist is still making up some kind of a case, like Molyneux, for the world's admiration or pity; but this may very well be left to the poets who know what wonderful perfections Virgil bestowed on the Celtic Queen Camilla, and discover in the hiresuit man, Esau, and the smooth man, Jacob, types of two races ever ready to express their mental antiquity by words and deeds.

Five years ago Lord Eglinton and his Scottish compatriots put forward the claims of their country in language very like that which the correspondent of the Globe now uses in praise of Brittany. Has the correspondent been inspired by the 'perfidium ingenium Scotorum,' and does he mean to get up a national movement? Writing from Cherbourg, he remarks that 'Brittany boasts of never being conquered by either France or England, both of which crowns only got hold of it by marriages, and that the old land of Armorica is justly proud of its sturdy independence through centuries of vicissitude. The Duguesclin was the John O'Gaunt of his day; its Dugny Tronin was the first of France's naval defenders; its Abelard was the earliest champion of free inquiry, and its Descartes was the Bacon of continental philosophy.' Contrast this with the spirit in which English reporters have written when Ireland was the theme:—

'What can he tell who treads thy shore!
No legend of thine olden time—
No theme on which the Muse might soar
High as thine own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.'

The Times reporter, who was commissioned by the Thunderer, some thirteen years ago, to enlighten the world on the ethnology of the Irish, arrived at la Strongbow, in Wexford, and favored the Stronbownian race, as he called the men of Forth and Bargy, with his earliest attention; he then went to Derrynane, and drew a contrast between them and the Celts of that locality. Afterwards he inspected the counties of Fermanagh and Leitrim, and, like Plutarch, drew parallel lines of the Enniskilleners and men of Bredny. Such buffoonery may form an episode in the ethnologists narrative when he desires to show what ethnology is not. I hope to see in your journal what is the present state of knowledge on the subject, and the results which its application to Ireland would naturally bring out.

J. M.

JOHN CHINAMAN.—THE WAY HE FIGHTS.—A correspondent writes, 'I have seen the arms used by the Chinese in the fight at the storming of the ports at the mouth of the Peiho. The first sight of them shows the utter helplessness of this vast empire of 350,000,000 of population when it comes into contact with European science and arms and discipline on the battlefield. They reminded me of the scenes of my boyhood, when all the lads of my country village were armed with wooden guns, furnished with wooden locks and flints, which could snap, if they could not fire. They are ignorant of the rifle, the percussion cap, and even of the flint, once used in its place. The gun is a matchlock, and of such formidable dimensions and weight as to need wheels to carry it instead of their own shoulders. It is almost impossible to raise and level it, such is its weight, and often another man, kneeling before him who loads and fires, bears the end of the gun upon his shoulder, in the happy consciousness that if the enemy chooses to kill him instead of the soldier at the other end of the gun he is innocent of any man's blood, and could not but be. And those matchlocks! they are worthy of a place in any antiquarian museum. Almost would the old Knights Templar of Malta start up again should these matchlock guns be placed in the gallery besides their armor. The matchlocks in combersomeness is fairly in keeping with the barrel and stock; some inflammable material which is kept burning, taking the place of a flint in a common gun, and coming down like the tail of the comet when the tedious process of loading is completed. Then there is the spears not to be used by the hand in fight, but slender and armed with an iron point, and fired with rockets. Then comes the battle-axe, not heavy, and easily wielded by the hand, but useless except in close contact, and then powerless compared with the sword and the bayonet. Their cannon are either sunk in the earth, and permanently levelled, or else mounted on carriages which provide for no elevation or depression of the guns, or else make it so slow and difficult that after all the carriage is useless. In the attack on the forts one of the steam gun-boats came within range of the guns, and received several shots. Very strangely and unlike a soldier and gentleman, as John Chinaman thought, the Englishman did not choose to remain in range, and presto! with a puff of steam was out of the reach of their guns, though almost touching their nozzles.'

A correspondent of an exchange, reflecting on the sad fate of the missing aeronaut, has been 'induced to compute the time he would be in falling to the earth; his mean velocity, as well as the momentum with which he would strike the earth. His elevation was thought to be three miles when he was last seen, and assuming this to be distance he fell, it would only require 31.2 seconds for him to reach the earth, at a mean velocity of 495 feet per second. Assuming his weight to be 160 pounds, he would strike the earth with a momentum equal to 150,800 pounds, or a little more than 80 tons, a power sufficient to scatter his body, bone and muscle into atoms so minute as scarcely to be perceptible, if not to bury him deep in the earth.'

THE London Shipping Gazette is informed that Lord Bury leaves Galway in a week or two for British North America, with instructions from the Colonial office to obtain the opinions of the Legislatures and people of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, on the subject of a confederation.

This is significant that he believes travelling by the shortest route.

The papers publish a despatch from Lord Canning, Governor General of India, in response to Lord Ellenborough's despatch. Canning complains of the treatment he has experienced; defends his policy, and asks to be relieved if he has now failed to satisfy the Government.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

Emancipation of serfs in Russia, and no sign of it yet in Ireland—a country enjoying the blessings of the boasted British Constitution! Will any one tell us that an Irish tenant-at-will is not, to all intents and purposes, a serf? Can he do anything without the bidding of the master that owns him? Can he vote according to his conscience, or in any other way than his landlord orders him? Can he have his own will in anything that clashes with the interests or prejudices of his master? Can he even marry his sons or daughters, in many instances, without first consulting Legree, who can forbid the banns if he pleases? This slavery shall exist no longer in Ireland any more than in Russia. The voice of the people must be heard once more thundering for justice at the doors of an oppressive aristocracy. It is not in human nature to bear it longer. The spirit of liberty is abroad, and even the Siberian loosens his chain at her approach. We have no ill-feeling towards the aristocracy—we only want them to do justice to the poor, and until they do this justice, they shall never know rest or peace in Ireland. 'Justice for the poor oppressed is a heavenly motto, and we invite all honest men to join us in the struggle to attain it.'—[Kilkenny Journal.

'And we invite all honest men to join us in the struggle to attain it.' That's the doctrine, brothers. The glorious British Constitution is like a fine house, horse, or dinner. It is for those who have the money to buy it. Russian serfs and American slaves, which your Irish geese gabble so much about, are in a far superior position to the Irish who imagine they possess the blessings of the boasted British Constitution. Your Houghton philanthropy, which leaves home for the negroes in our southern states, is your curse. He belongs to a people (the Friends) whose very greatest efforts in the cause of freedom were when they demanded the abolition of children being made chimney-sweeps, and so proud were they of success, they then united in a grand effort of abolishing the London dog-carts. Yet the world could never see why lazy dogs should not earn their bread by labor.

FLOODS IN KERRY.—Instead of £3000, we regret to find that the damage inflicted by the late floods will cost this country £7000. Now we do not think that the present generation should be left to bear the whole weight of the great calamity with which it has pleased God to visit us, grievously enhancing as that would the incubus of the county cess and over-burdened peasantry. We think that immediate steps should be taken to procure a loan from the board of Public Works, the instalments in repayment of which should be spread over the next twenty years. The honorable manner in which the county of Kerry has fulfilled its engagements heretofore is a sufficient guarantee that those instalments will be met with scrupulous punctuality.—[Tralee Chronicle.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Limerick and Foyes Railway proprietors last week, the report then submitted and passed showed that a steady increase had occurred in the traffic since the line had been completed to the terminus at Foyes, in April, and arrangements had just been completed by Mr. Dargan, to run a powerful steam vessel from that port systematically to Fortrush, which would further promote the traffic. The experiments recently made had shown the desirability of this step. The accounts exhibited an increase of £535 in the traffic of the half year.

THE ninth and concluding annual report of the affairs of the Incumbered Estates, just issued by Mr. C. M. Ormsby, of the Statistics Office of the Court, is a document of much public importance, being compiled with such care that its accuracy is undoubted. It appears that the entire number of English and Scotch purchasers (thank God), as well as foreigners, was only 324, while the number of Irish purchasers amounted to 8,258, and the amount of purchase money of the former was £3,160,224, the latter, £20,000,000 and odd.

THE PRICES OF IRISH HUNTERS.—To show that the value of Irish hunters is not lowering in the market, Mr. King purchased two last week—one for Scotland, to William Forbes, Esq., Callender House, for which he gave £180, five years old; the other for England, to William Murry, Esq., of Manchester, at £150, four years old. They are two splendid animals. This should surely act as a great stimulant to farmers to devote more attention to rear hunters, for which this country is so well adapted.—[Belfast Mercury.

FORTIFICATION OF CORK HARBOR.—It is stated in well-informed circles that the present fortifications are to be greatly extended; that the whole line between Carlisle Fort and Roche's Tower is to be almost one continuous battery, and that Spike Island is to be made impervious to assault or bombardment.—[Examiner.

A HANDSOME monument has been erected in Seaton cemetery, over the remains of the late Captain Kelly, of the Pride of Erin steamer, who was drowned in Dundalk Bay on the 9th of April last. The expense has been borne by Mrs. Kelly, the mother of the deceased gentleman.

THE mummy of an Egyptian princess, from Egypt, was a few days ago landed at the Custom House. It is intended for exhibition. An embalmed cat was found in the same case along with the lady, as also an embalmed bird of exquisite plumage, the whole in excellent preservation.—[Nation.

THE government has repudiated altogether further dealing with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in Ireland, and has conferred the privilege of nominating candidates for the vacant chaplaincies in the Presbyterian church in Scotland.—[Belfast Mercury.

THE Daily News says the extraordinary quick passage just made by the steamer Pacific between New York and Galway, excited a good deal of attention, and it is not improbable that application may be made for the extension of this line.

HARD WORK AND LITTLE FOR IT.—An Irishman cut with a sickle, bound and stooked an acre of strong standing oats in one day, at Townhead of Dolphinton, Scotland, for 8s. 6d.

SPAIN.

MADRID, OCT. 7.—A decree authorises the Administration of the Philippine Islands to apply their surplus funds to local purposes uncontrolled by the home government.

The adversaries of the O'Donnell Cabinet, have given it the name of the 'Irish Ministry'; but the public, it is said, in a Madrid journal, somehow cannot connect the designation of Irishmen with anything detrimental to their rights or prosperity. The Minister of Public Works intends to resort more generally to the practice of contracts. A ministerial journal says that all the contracts lately made contrasts rather strongly with the contracts of another kind.

According to the Epoca, the government will recognise the rights of the Church to possess and acquire property.

With the first part of this extract we have a word to say. The attempt at introducing Know-Nothingism into Spain has failed. 'The public somehow cannot connect the designation of Irishmen with anything detrimental to their rights or prosperity.' No! Spain is not New England. Spain remembers services given and blood spilled. Spain is not frightened at the name of the Pope, or the Irish brogue. Spain pays back in honors and emolument her citizens of Irish descent. New England, and Boston, its capitol, disfranchises the countrymen of Montgomery, who fell the first in liberty's cause, and the Sullivans, its greatest statesmen. A Shield would hardly be tolerated here though he had twenty times died for their honor on the field. Yet Spain is called intolerant, and New England the first in freedom's cause. 'Oh, liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name.'

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

THE SIKH CONSPIRACY.—The Bengal Hurkaru contains the account of the Sikh conspiracy, taken from the New Era and Press, and appends to it the following:—

'All this was subsequently confirmed, although at the time some of our contemporaries expressed rather prematurely their doubts, having no other reason apparently for those doubts than the fact that they had not themselves received the same information. It came later, and the last numbers of the Delhi Gazette, and other up-country journals which have reached us, go so far as to say that they now believe the conspiracy to have been even more wide-spread than they had at first stated. One of them reported the rebellion 'at last of the 39th Native Infantry, but we have ourselves positive information of the date to which this last report refers—to the effect that all was now quiet at Dera Ismail Khan. The illness, indeed, of Sir John Lawrence, and his rumored early departure for England, would frighten many persons more than the revolt of a regiment. The Court of Inquiry, sitting at Dera Ismail Khan, has not communicated to the public the revelations which it has itself attained, and which are surmised to be of considerable importance.'

FRENCH MARRIAGES.—'The example of the Duke de Malakoff,' writes a correspondent of the Continental Review, 'appears to be contagious among the Marshals of France. At present there is a great noise in Paris about the marriage of Marshal Canrobert, not like his colleague, with the daughter of a Hidalgo, but with the fair daughter and heiress of one of our richest ironmasters in Champagne. The province of Champagne, besides its renowned wines, furnish marriageable daughters of superior quality. Of this fact we have proof in another marriage in high life. M. Magne, the son of the Minister of the Finances, is to be married at Rheims to a tocher of four millions.'

A PARIS letter, in the Independence, of Brussels, says:—'The news of the concession of a place for forming a coal depot on the coast of Algeria to the Russian Steam Navigation Company is positive, but the same has taken place on the coasts of Barbary and of Egypt. The fact, indeed, would not be worthy of remark were it not that it coincides with the affair of Villafranca, and the personal relations newly established between the Emperor of Russia and the French Prince.

HIS EMINENCE the Cardinal Archbishop returned to London on Saturday last, and we are happy to add, in good health. His Eminence had spent the last few days with Lord and Lady Campden, at Broadway, Worcestershire. On Wednesday his Eminence visited the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre, Newhall, Chelmsford.—[Weekly Register.

A BRUSSELS journal, devoted to the affairs of the East, says:—'The news that not only will the English not evacuate Perim, but they are about to form an important naval depot in the Isle of Cameron, in the Red Sea, adding, that Cameron has a magnificent harbor, a rich soil, and an excellent watering place, besides being the centre of the best pearl fisheries in the Red Sea.

MR. LONGFELLOW has taken the precaution to get some verses in his new volume of poems written by an Englishman, which gives it copyright, and prevents the pirates of the cheap publishers.

THE Chevalier de Negrelli, who is known to the British public as the opponent of Mr. Stephenson in the Suez Canal question, died at Vienna on the night of Thursday week.

It is certain that the Emperor of Russia has been invited by Prince Napoleon to visit France, and has accepted the invitation, and that he will visit both London and Paris next spring.

NATIONAL FESTIVALS.

Nothing is so instrumental in preserving the national character of a people as a healthy adherence to those time-honored customs which so invariably reflect and illustrate the nature and peculiarities of race. Manners insensibly change or are modified by the course of events through which a people pass; but their festivals and recreations are found to outlast laws, institutions and governments, because they are commonly interwoven with some immutable elements of the general feeling, or are perpetuated by the circumstances of climate and locality. The geniuses of the noblest races have invariably mirrored itself in their amusements and ceremonies. The Olympic Games and Greek Drama embodying that love of physical energy of mental excitement and elevation which distinguished that splendid people, outlived for many ages their period of mundane power, were transferred with them to Constantinople and Asia, and were continued and enjoyed in later centuries, when the Greek fleet and phalanx had only an existence in the annal of the historian. Those of Rome, in which the practical genius of the people was displayed, which were symbolic of war and agriculture, were similarly perpetuated long after the barbarian has settled beside the Tyber. The Spanish bull-ring is a relic of the Roman amphitheatre, strangely conserved by a Catholic people, and typifying their Pagan past, while their drama, more than any other, is infused with the Christian spirit, and stamped with the age of chivalry. The second order of amusements—those less elevated and more homely—have been equally guarded by the peoples of Europe. France has its village festivals, devoted to dancing and music, no less than its National Drama; the fairs of Antwerp and Bruges are still thronged with a sea of holiday people, who climb poles and run races for prizes—who parade the city at night, chanting choruses of old Flemish ballads, and the bonfire still blazes on the bridge, and the horses and belfries are still hung with festive lanterns, though, as in opulent days, the ox is no longer roasted, or the fountains set running with wine in the public squares.

The higher the qualities of a race the nobler the character of their national festivals and amusements; and from the earliest recorded period, those of the Celtic people have been distinguished by a certain peculiar grace and elevation. Until the last three hundred years, wherever the race has preserved its purity, as in Ireland, Wales, and Brittany, poetry and song have formed their special delight, and their principal festivals have been of an essentially intellectual nature. Among them the poetic contest was by far the most popular institution and agreeable recreation. Every district had its bards, whose duty it was to verify the history of the country, to celebrate the actions and lives of its mighty men, to compose war songs, panegyrics, even satires; and periods of the year were even set apart when the poets of various districts and provinces met together, recited their compositions, and were awarded the prizes due to their respective merits. Even so late as Louis the Fourteenth's time, some remnant of this national Celtic custom was observable in Brittany, though many ages have elapsed since such festivals were held in Ireland or Wales. Just now, however, a movement is being made to restore this as well as other national institutions and customs. A grand Eisteddfod or gathering has been held in the Vale of Llangollen, its object being to promote 'the study and cultivation of the poetry, music, and general literature of the Cymri, to preserve the Welsh language, to encourage native arts and manufactures, and to rescue from neglect and oblivion the national usages of the Principality.' Prizes to the amount of £500 have been awarded to the successful candidates—to those who have produced the best compositions in poetry

and history—who have succeeded in realizing the ancient costume—who have rescued from oblivion some old custom, handed down by tradition, or excelled in the department of native art or manufacture. Thousands of visitors from all parts of England are said to have attended this festival, which has gone off in the most successful manner.

In restoring this national festival, the Welsh have set an example to the great Celtic brotherhood, which is worthy of all praise, and which the Irish people might easily and should certainly emulate. They also have their national festivals, bardic and other, which now, unhappily, exist only in records, but which, were they restored, would have an incalculable effect in elevating and beautifying the national life—tending, at the same time, to unite the people, and to develop their intellect and resources. The Welsh have already an extensive literature printed in its original Cymric tongue, and numerous translations from European works are being disseminated through all their towns and villages. By this means their language is preserved, and when this is the case there is no fear that their nationality should be lost. By restoring, with some modifications, the ancient costume, which is both more comfortable and picturesque than that at present in use, they are acting in the same laudable direction, and we find that prizes have been allotted to those who have appeared more elegant and tastefully dressed in the ancient habit, the materials of which have been manufactured in the principality. Let us hope that this subject will be agitated throughout the country, with a similar national purpose. It is only necessary to make a beginning, and the attractive nature of the movement will ensure its success. We will return shortly to this important subject, and offer a few suggestions as to the particular Irish festivals and customs which should be resuscitated—the organization requisite for starting this project, and the localities in which the bardic and other entertainments should be held.—[Nation.]

THE LAST MAN.—When all the tickets for the Leeds Music Hall had been disposed of—when the great powers, Love and Money, had given up in despair all attempts to secure further admission—Brother Jonathan presented himself as a candidate for a place. He had come to Leeds, at the last moment, curious to see how 'the Queen could make a belted knight;' and wherever he made application for a ticket, the answer was—'All gone—not a ticket to be had.' But our republican cousin was not to be put off; he went to the mayor himself—the knight elect—pleaded his cause, and implored his worship's interest. Sir Peter (that was to be) could only answer that he did not keep the keys of the hall—that he had no tickets to dispense. Still our hero persisted, and so successfully that the mayor consented to try how far his written request would prevail upon Cerberus to pass the importunate American. Away went the conqueror with his talismanic passport—the doors flew open at his approach—and one of the best places in the hall was the stranger's reward. The last man stood first.—[Manchester Examiner.]

A butcher, who was afflicted with that obliquity of vision known as strabismus, was about slaughtering a bullock, and he employed a little negro to stand by the bull's head, grasp his horns, and hold his head steady, so that he (the butcher) would have a certainty of knocking him down. As the butcher poised his axe in the air, he seemed to be looking directly at the negro, instead of at the bullock. 'Look here, look here, bossy,' exclaimed the darkey, with a great deal of nervous trepidation, 'is you gwine to strike whar you is lookin'?' 'Of course I am, you black scoundrel,' was the reply. 'Den you git somebody else to hold he bullock,' ejaculated young Sambo; 'you isn't gwine to knock dis chile's brains out.'

VARIOUS ITEMS.

THE head coverings that ladies wear now-a-days are barefaced falsehoods.

'HAVE you read my last speech?' said a vain orator to a friend. 'I hope so,' was the reply.

AN eye-glass is a toy which enables a coxcomb to see others, and others to see that he is a coxcomb.

'I AM told, miss, that your lover plays and drinks.' 'Oh, yes, sir, he plays the flute divinely, and drinks continually at the spring of Helicon.'

'TIS not unfitting that a virtuous young lady should blush at her first presentation in society. The morning herself blushes when she first appears, unless she is 'under a cloud.'

'SIR,' said a young wife to her husband, a few days after marriage, 'you were honest enough to tell me that your chimney smoked, but why didn't you tell me that you smoked yourself?'

'I DON'T think you need trouble yourself to visit me any longer, doctor.' 'But, my friend, I had better visit you as long as you are in danger.' 'Oh, sir, I fear then I shall never be out of danger.'

THE following dialogue passed a short time since before a court in England between a medical witness and a lawyer:—

LAWYER—If a person lying on wet straw were deprived of all comforts and necessities of life, would it not hasten death?

DOCTOR—That would greatly depend on whether he had previously been accustomed to them.

LAWYER—Do you mean to tell us that if a person lived in a horse-pond that it would not be injurious to him?

DOCTOR—I think not, if he had lived for sixty or seventy years in it.

A GENIUS.—A fellow who chopped off his hand the other day, while cutting wood, sent to an apothecary for a remedy for 'chopped hands.'

ABOUT BETTING.—Somebody has discovered that when a betting man says he'll 'take' you, he means that, if he can, he'll 'take you in.'

'YOU look as though you were beside yourself,' said a wag to a fop standing by a donkey.

Two leading members of the bar were sitting opposite one another at the dinner-table. One was describing the effects of a speech he made a few nights before in a great political meeting. 'Indeed,' said he, 'I never saw the people so filled with enthusiasm!' 'Filled with what?' cried the other. 'With enthusiasm,' repeated the first. 'Oh, ah,' says the other, 'I understand; but I never heard it called by that name before; we call it brandy and water.'

WHY is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Because he is an ex-planer.

WHY is a man who makes additions to false rumors like one who has confidence in all that is told him? Because he relies on all he hears.

A DOCTOR returned a coat to a tailor because it did not fit him. The tailor seeing the doctor at the funeral of one his patients said, 'Ah, doctor, you are a happy man!' 'Why so?' said the doctor. 'Because,' replied the tailor, 'you never have any of your bad work returned on your hands.'

WHY is it easier to be a clergyman than a physician? Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

A GRAND jury down South ignored a bill against a huge negro for stealing chickens, and before discharging him from custody, the judge bade him stand reprimanded; he concluded as follows: 'You may go now, John, but, (shaking his finger at him) let me warn you never to appear here again.' John, with delight beaming in his eyes, and with a broad grin, displaying a beautiful row of ivory, replied, 'I wouldn't have bin here dis time, Judge, only the constable he fotch me.'

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THE IRISH MISCELLANY

INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

Having favorably commenced the second volume of our publication, we seize the occasion for the purpose of tendering thanks to those of our friends who have so generously contributed to our support. To start, and successfully carry on an ordinary newspaper, so that it will, in a reasonable space of time, become remunerative to its proprietors, is a task not easily accomplished, and which consummation does not generally happen in one case out of a hundred. Our enterprise, being of a nature entirely different from that of any other Irish paper heretofore established in this country—requiring a much greater expenditure of capital and artistic talent—caused us serious misgivings, and a constant fear that it would not meet the desires and expectations of our patrons. How far our efforts have been successful, is for them to decide; but we trust that it will not be considered egotistical on our part when we assert that the Miscellany has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of partial friends, and that even those who have been enemies from the start have made suitable acknowledgment of its merit.

Since we have had the control of the Miscellany our way has not been—

‘The primrose path of dalliance’

We have been beset by obstacles innumerable; but having a strong confidence in our ultimate success, we were determined to surmount all barriers, and though we have not, as yet, brought the paper to that pitch of perfection which is our desire, we trust soon to make it as acceptable as is possible to our readers.

In beginning a new volume, we introduce various innovations, tending to the improvement of the paper, in every way that is possible. We shall give each week, an epitome of Irish news—not the hackneyed local quotations which interest only the few, but extracts from the leading journals, which will be gratifying to the many. In this respect, we will not be following in the steps of any of our contemporaries, but, on the contrary, will be striking out a path eminently our own. It will also be our aim to give the best class of wood engravings which can be procured, portraying national subjects, and, as our outlay in this respect will be infinitely larger than that of any Irish Journal published in this country, we look for a commensurate return. In short, it is our intention to make the paper meet the requirements of all classes of readers.

As an inducement, therefore, to new subscribers, we offer to each person who will pay one year's subscription in advance, commencing with the first number of the FIRST volume, (not the second, as inadvertently stated in previous numbers,) directly to us or through any of our authorized local or travelling agents, a copy of our first Gift Picture, representing Sarsfield's Surprise of the Siege Train of the Prince of Orange. When completed, each volume of the Miscellany will form a book of four hundred and sixteen (416) pages, and will alone be worth the price of an entire year's subscription. The same inducements are offered to clubs, as to single subscribers.

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ARE YOU A CITIZEN?

We announced in the last number of the Miscellany our intention of opening a naturalization office in connection with this paper, and we now hope to have all the arrangements fully completed in a week or two, when all our friends yet unnaturalized can be assisted in quickly becoming citizens, should they be eligible. We have always inculcated this as a duty, which, if neglected, is sure to cost the delinquent both regret and trouble; and we hold it an especial duty, when men are sent to Congress from Massachusetts who proclaim themselves traitors to the Constitution which they swear to preserve; an especial duty, when we live in a state the legislature of which enacts laws unconstitutional, and many acts which are a nullification of laws of the federal government; an especial duty, when citizens, because of foreign birth, are proscribed as incompetent and unworthy, and when laws are enacted expressly to oppress them.

As citizens, we live under two governments—State and Federal. In Massachusetts the government endeavors to sink the intelligent, vivacious, and worthy countrymen of Canning, Swift, Sheridan, Grattan, and O'Connell, below the inferior and stupid African race—glorifying the negro while it repudiates a race one of the brightest in intelligence, and whose physical labor has been the greatest blessing not only to the state, but to the whole Union. As citizens of the United States, which knows no distinction between birth and adoption, and having taken the oath of allegiance to the Constitution, we are brought in direct opposition to the State in which we live. Here, then, is the double duty, not to be supine nor careless, but to be up and battling for the Union. Can the foreigner, with any consistency of character, complain of fanaticism or intolerance, while in his own hands is the means of legally abrogating the evils they complain of? In the city of Boston alone there are more than three thousand Irishmen who could legally vote, but who either have not fully complied with the requirements of the law, or, possessing the right, neglect to perform the duty. There are some persons who cannot afford to pay the tax, which is levied, as many suppose, for the express purpose of driving the hard-working adopted citizen from the ballot-box. Strange to say, these very individuals who fail to avail themselves of the right to vote complain most of the bitter hostility and proscription of Know Nothing and Black Republicanism.

Within this State we suppose there are fifteen thousand such persons, and if every one of them would walk up manfully to the ballot-box, they would offset a Gardner or a Banks, and thus quietly lay bigotry and intolerance in the 'tomb of the Capulets.' To be a citizen of the United States is a first duty; to exercise its privileges for the safety of the Union is the second. Many of our people think it is simply an affair of politics when they are directed to perform this duty, and that the advice they receive is to redound to the good of the adviser. It is not so. Besides being a duty to the state, it is a duty to your children, to the Union, and to true Democratic principles. The time is not far distant when not to be a citizen—if here years enough—will subject the unnaturalized foreigner to scorn and derision.

A man applied at the Custom House of Boston a few days since to register himself as part owner of a vessel. Upon inquiry, it was shown that he was of foreign birth, and had sailed out of Boston over twenty-two years, but not having taken the necessary steps to become a citizen, was ineligible to own the vessel. He knew he had neglected the duty; it now recoiled upon his own head. Nor could he be ignorant of the fact that if taken in war during that time, the United States could not save him, and his chances of suspension from a yard-arm would be more than likely.

Citizenship should be a proud boast, and should be held in the highest estimation, and there should be thrown around it every safeguard of the law. It is not a toy to be trifled with, but a contract of the most

sacred and binding obligations and responsibilities—a great right, won by rivers of heroic blood, and magnanimously handed down by the purest patriotism to deserving successors. He that will not avail himself of the priceless gift is unworthy a country or a home, and should herd with cannibals or the wild buffalo. No more crying about proscription! Let every man be a citizen who can, and as soon as he can, and thus nullify the proscriptive bigot's vote, and sustain the Constitution against those who would let it 'slide.' * * *

WEBSTER AND HAYNES.—We have received the celebrated speeches of Webster and Haynes in the United States Senate on Mr. Foote's resolutions of January, 1830; also Webster's speech in the Senate of the United States, March 7, 1850, on the slavery compromise. In reading, at this distance of time, when every calm feeling can be brought to unbiased judgment, and a cooler and more deliberate view taken of their respective merits, we can hardly accede to the public sentiment of the North as at that time manifested. Mr. Haynes rises in our estimation, while Mr. Webster keeps his own elevated position, and we can in no way explain the two men better than by referring to subjects they contended for, and to each of their mottoes on the cover of the pamphlet—the one for Southern rights, the other for the unity of the States. It is for sale at the counter of A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

NOT QUITE A 'BREAK-DOWN.'—The announcement of the first ball, under Irish patronage, in the town of Stoneham, afforded some of the Puritans a subject for discussion, and not without some apprehensions for the consequences. We are now happy to state, however, that on their seeing Irish beauty warmed into life and joy by the soul-stirring strains of Wright's Quadrille Band, which gave universal satisfaction on this occasion, all their fears were dispelled. The American portion of the community of Stoneham now believe that an Irish ball is a different thing to see than to hear about. Everything went like a marriage bell, and realized for the worthy recipient—old Michael Fitzgerald—all that the worthy managers expected.

THE increased demand for the Miscellany has totally exhausted our edition of last week. We were altogether unprepared for this anxiety on the part of our friends to possess themselves of a copy of our pictorial. We promise that in future we will be prepared for them; and we will now say that, in return for their kindness, neither means nor pains will be spared on our part to merit their kindness, and make more interesting The Irish Miscellany.

WE WILL NOT BE BEAT.—The Irish ladies of New York have presented to Captain Waters, of the Galway steamer Prince Albert, an Irish flag. And now that we have the assurance of Captain W. Thatcher, who is now in London working for the Boston line, that it will be successful, we call upon the Irish ladies of Boston to organize for a similar purpose. They will have the aid of the Miscellany.

We feel much indebted to friends for the old documents of tales and legends which they send us. We trust nothing old will be kept back. In due time we hope to have an artist who will visit every village and hamlet in Ireland, and no old ruin, scenic view, or landscape, no legend, story, nor old song, but shall, if worthy, find a place in the Irish Miscellany.

MISS TERESA ESMOND'S READINGS.—As we go to press before hearing Miss Teresa Esmond, we trust she will have a splendid house. In common with Mr. Donahoe of the Pilot, we were ready to do anything in our power to secure her a crowded house; but neither of the Irish papers were consulted, or even received any information on the subject. We hope she will not be compelled to say, 'Save me from my friends.'

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THE

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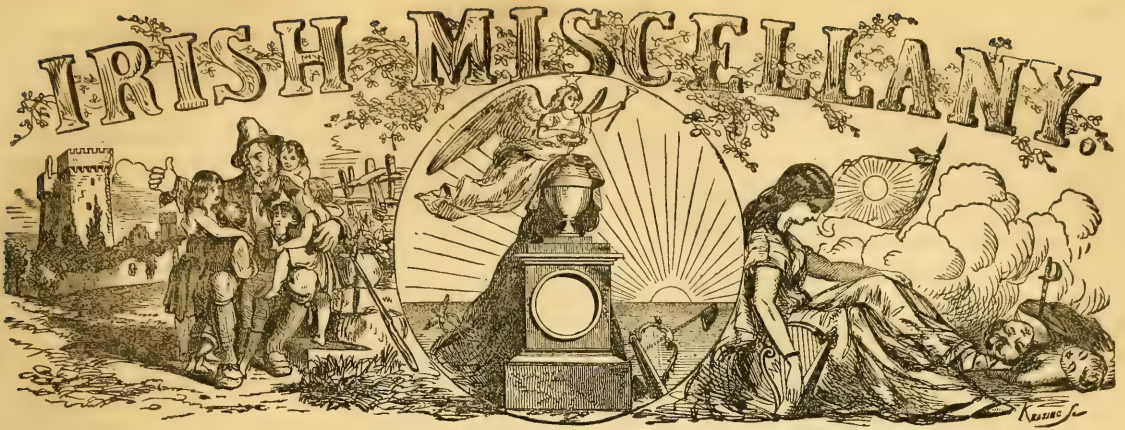
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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 39.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

MONTREAL, CANADA.

We this week present our readers with a view of the city of Montreal, the commercial capital of Canada. Now that there is a regular line of steamers established between that city and Ireland, this portion of British America cannot but be regarded with considerable interest by our people. Montreal, it may be said, is a creation of but yesterday, for it is not a great many years since the whole territory around its locality was a wilderness of forests and wild beasts. But man can accomplish almost anything. Emigrants from the United Kingdom founded Upper Canada, built Montreal, and, from its advantageous position on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence, it has grown into its present importance. Montreal is an island in the river of St. Lawrence of considerable fertility. The city is on the south of the island. It is divided into the upper and lower town, in the former of which the principal merchants reside. The lower is not of less importance, because it is there the principal traffic on this part of the St. Lawrence is carried on, and scarcely any-

thing can be more picturesque than the passage of vessels and boats, and immense rafts of timber, floated down from the vast regions behind Montreal.

The institutions of this already populous city are numerous and admirably conducted. There is a museum, several educational establishments on a large scale, numerous private schools, and altogether a well organised system of instruction, although each particular religious sect has a discipline in conformity with its peculiar views. The churches of Montreal are numerous. The Roman Catholics have a fine cathedral, with a towering spire, and other religious denominations have equally attractive and suitable edifices of Divine worship. The amusements are not neglected, for the theatres are handsome structures.

The population of Montreal, as may be readily imagined, is of a very miscellaneous description. It is composed of English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, French, Germans, and contributions from the United States, and of not a few of those sable sons of Africa, whose ultimate destiny seems to our pres-

ent apprehension an inscrutable mystery. To govern such a mixed community requires no small amount of forbearance on the part of the powers, and no slight admixture of mercy with justice. But it must be said, for the credit of the inhabitants of Montreal, that their conduct—vexed as they have been, and are, with conflicting politics—has been, with a few painful exceptions, exemplary, and the controlling power of the municipality not only obeyed, but respected. There have been, as we have remarked, exceptions; but there is this excuse for them—great masses in a state of excitement have no government over their passions. A spontaneous impulse leads them on, and they rush on either to achieve success, or be hurled back, to commence a rapid and ignominious retreat. Popular commotions are little understood, and as we learn from the history of nations, particularly Greece and Rome, they seem to be natural to the condition of all new communities.

Montreal, however, in this respect, may challenge comparison with any other new city, for its inhabi-



THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

tants, when dissatisfied and turbulent, never committed cruelties, and justice was always considerate. These ebullitions are only phases in the progress of society, and on that point we may remark that whoever has attentively meditated on the progress of the human race cannot fail to discern that there is now a spirit of inquiry amongst men which nothing can for any lengthened period control. Reproach, and threats, and persecution, will be in vain. They may embitter opposition and engender violence, but they cannot abate the keenness of research. There is a silent march of thought which no power can arrest, and which is not difficult to foresee will be marked by important events. Forces are at work rousing the intellect of nations; and if some angel is exhibited, it is only the petulance of the vigorous child panting to become the strong man. Inquiry leads to improvement, and, of all the young nations in the world, Canada—for Canada is radically an independent country—seems the most likely to be among the foremost to take solid advantage of the offered opportunity to march to a splendid maturity.

Her constitution is a comparatively free one, and as the age of colonization has gone, the presence of a British governor may only be considered as a kind of link with the mother country. The time will come when this connection will be dissolved, for the people of England, if their voices were canvassed, would decide to be relieved of the expense of protectorates, for trade has become an established principle, and it is the most enterprising and industrious nations that will succeed in the great ultimate struggle for supremacy as regards commerce. Her position and materials, both in population and resources, command for her an attitude against which no hostile force can prevail, but, on the contrary, establish her in the good opinion and admiration of the whole of the civilized world. Until within a few years past, the whole of her coast by Lake Superior, and the country lying adjacent, was either wholly unknown, or regarded as a bleak and barren wild, presenting no inducements to the settler. Even now the knowledge of the natural features and capabilities of that portion of British territory lying within the northern shores of Lake Huron and Superior is confined to but a small number of hardy adventurers, who have been attracted to its coasts by the reports of mineral wealth said to exist there. A mistaken opinion seems to prevail that the country, however it may abound in mineral resources, is not adapted to agricultural pursuits. But in many places the heavy and luxuriant growth of vegetation sufficiently attests the fertility of the soil; the various grasses, oats, barley, and all the esculent roots, grow with rapidity, and attain an excellence not inferior to similar productions in regions reputed to be much more favorable to agriculture. There can be but little doubt that when the application of industry and skill shall develop the latent virtues of the soil, portions of this region will prove to be as desirable for agricultural settlement as many of those points which have more largely attracted the tide of immigration from the old world.

It is not alone to agriculturists, however, that this north shore of the great lakes offers inducements. The timber is, in some places, not quite so large as that to be found further to the south, yet great forests are not wanting, and it is evident that the demand for timbers in the eastern cities and on the prairies will compel the lumberman to seek food for his axe wherever it is to be found. The fisheries, too, along the shore are as valuable as any in the world. They are resorted to by Americans in large numbers, and must ultimately prove a source of great wealth to the country.

A Parisian robber who was seized for stealing snuff out of a tobacconist's shop, exclaimed that he was not aware of any law that forbade a man to take snuff!

ALLEY SHERIDAN, OR THE RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

Michael Gartland was the son of a worthy farmer in the neighborhood, and notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstance in which he made his debut, was really a worthy, spirited young fellow himself. His conduct, however, on that occasion was only the natural result of jealousy, inflamed by the severity with which Mullin addressed his sister. In point of wealth, he had a fair claim upon the good will of Alley Sheridan, for his property was fully equal to her own. About six months before the Sunday in question, he had formally proposed for her, and was as formally received with great complacency by her mother. Alley, however, with more decision of character than could have been expected from her father's daughter, stoutly insisted upon the right of a veto in a matter that so deeply involved her own happiness, and, therefore, without ceremony, rejected him. In this uncertain state was Gartland placed, strongly allured by every possible attention and encouragement from the mother, but repulsed on the daughter's part by the most unequivocal expressions of dislike. Many young men, upon slighter grounds, would have given up pursuit altogether, and indeed his own friends, especially his sisters, dissuaded him from persisting in it; but he loved the girl to excess, and received such countenance from her friends, the old aunt excepted, that he was induced to try what patience and perseverance, backed by the interest of Widow Sheridan herself, might in the course of time effect in his behalf.

Mullin, on the other hand, in personal appearance, had greatly the advantage of Gartland; while in point of property, Gartland was by far his superior. The former, however, was by no means without independence; on the contrary, few in the parish, except Gartland himself, lived in warmer or more comfortable circumstances; but, unhappily, in the adjustment of matrimonial alliances in Ireland, it is no unusual thing for a suitor to be rejected when his rival can prove himself to be five pounds the wealthier man; and in proportion as the parties are poor, the much smaller advantage of a pig, goat, or a chaff bed, would cause a preponderance in favor of him who possessed it. Mullin, on finding that he had an advocate in Alley's own breast, lost no time in addressing her mother; but this honest woman, who had been accumulating wealth all her life, would have considered it a crime against the future happiness of her daughter to give her to a man at least three hundred pounds inferior to Gartland, who was her favorite.

'Why, thin, Jim Mullin,' said she, 'the Lord he knows yer family is the honest, and the hard-workin', and the decent family, root and branch, young and old, man and woman. Doesn't myself remember yer grandfather, Brian Roe Mullin, the time he bought the farm of Tamlagh from Square Baty—who sowed it to him a thief's pen'orth—ay, indeed, dog-chape all out, in regard o' the executioners bein' down upon him at the time—out of his own hard earnin', too—mors to his credit be it spoken; and every one o' good word was loud and warm upon him. Well, well—my, oh, we're all but sinners, anyhow. Och, och, and sure that's like yesterday to me—the way time passes over the best of us. So, ye see, Jim, avick, it's out of no ill-will at all that I refuse my daughter to yer father's son.

No, it's proud I'd be if we could make it a match; and if ye war able to lay down the other three hundred troth ye'd have my full consint, and my blessin' along wid it; but till then, Jim darlin', sure and ye'll be keepin' yer distance, ye see, in a frindly way—seein' the thing isn't to my plasin', that reared and has a right to give my colleen to the man that has the heaviest purse, which I'll do with the blessin' o' the Almighty.'

This conversation took place about a month before that which we have detailed as occurring between Mullin and Gartland at the chapel, and subsequently our readers may perceive the relative situations in which the two rivals stood with reference to their hopes of succeeding with the daughter. It is not to be sup-

posed that Mullin, during his walk home with Alley, neglected to avail himself of the opportunity which occurred to press his suit with all the adro and rudo eloquence in his power. In fact, he made the most of his time, and contrived to get a promise from her, on the strength of which an arrangement was made, that our readers in due time shall have an opportunity of knowing.

We will now leave the contending parties preparing their cudgels for the ensuing fair, and proceed to the development of a plot, such as the vigilance of parents and jealous lovers have frequently discovered, and as frequently will to the end of the chapter. The evening but one preceding the fair day had set in, when a laborer of Widow Sheridan's, called 'Paul the Shot,' alias Paul Kelly, came to the 'Misthress's,'—so the widow was called—having a very fine pointer dog slung from a gun over his shoulder, and a black lamb under his arm; both were bleeding, but lifeless, having been recently shot. This man was called Paul the Shot, like 'patree quia minime parcutit,' because, though irreclaimably addicted to the sports of the gun, he seldom ever hit what he shot at, and seldom missed any living object which happened to be near him, provided he did not aim at it.

'The butt o' the evenin' to yon, Misthress Sheridan. Sure you know I wouldn't be after passin' yer door widout givin' yer a call, wishin' health and happiness, long life and visitation, to you and yours, excluding, of course, Misther Owen and Miss Alley here. By the shot o' my pouch, but it would be ill my common to pass him by, any how. Now, Miss Alley, for the noggin o' thick milk, 'a colleen dhas,' and 'a graal machree' you wor, my darlin'—the flower o' the flock in troth, and maybe that's no lie. Aagh, aagh! there's the hand large and bountiful; hundreds o' thanks to you, darlin', and luck in 'lashing to where that came from. Here's God bless the cows any way. Miss Alley, yer health—wishin it was better for yer sake—and a good husband to you, and soon. 'Thigun tha!—eh?—ah!—ha, ha, ha!'

'Whv thin, Paul, what the dickens is this you have brought us to?—eh, Paul?' inquired Mrs. Sheridan.

'Hah! well, well,' replied Paul, wiping his mouth with the sleeve of his coat, 'that's the stuff in earnest for milk! it's mate and drink, so it is. Why, you see,' he continued, giving his mouth another wipe with his gathered palm, 'the visitation o' it was this: I borried him, pointin' to the dog, from Jemmy Duffy, Lord M—'s gamekeeper, to have some sport, as this was an idle day wid me. We went up the mountains till we came to Callamore, when, sure enough, a murderin' lump of a hare started out, as big as I dunna what—hard fortune to her to this day, wherever she is, I pray Gimini! but she was the unfortunate hare to me. Ethen, mam, would she be ould Gibson! for they say she's not right. Bad luck to her as any way! if ever I come across her again, she's as pead as mutton!—made off, the thief of the world, so she did, and he'after her like Erin go-bragh. Here's a dose o' pepper, say I lettin' fly—pop!—who!—crack at you!—and he my song, sure enough, up she turns, head over heels, and drops. More power to you, Paul, says I, you never shot, a bouchal-beg, but you hot somethin'—'ershi misha'—and I gave a caper five yards high—oh, the sorra and inch less!—didn't I see the parish of Faug-a-ballaigh on the other side o' the hill down? It's powdered you are, says I, and peppered, misthress, puss—runnin' up, at the same time to bone her—and, be all the books that was ever open or shut, when I got to her, it wasp't the hare at all at all, but Jimmy Duffy's five-an'-twenty guineas worth of a pointer that I put daylight through. Bud-an'-age! how'll I face him at all at all?' said Paul, scratching his head, and looking ruefully at the dead dog.

'Paul,' said young Sheridan—'ha, hem, (puff)'—

'Well, Misther Owen?'

'How did you—(puff), ha, um, (puff), hem?—

'Arant?'

'How did—um, ha, hem (puff)'

'You may puff away Misther Owen, but, any how,

it was a puff too many wid me this bout. I only wish this thiev'n gun had bung fire—even as slow to go off wid herself as some people we know,' replied Paul, with a wink at Alley, while he screwed his mouth at Owen, who did not notice him.

'I suppose,' said Alley, 'that Owen wishes to know how you shot the black lamb, Paul.'

'Humph!' said Owen, as he nodded his assent, and swirled the smoke away from his mouth.

'Throth, it was all Bridget's fault here,' replied Paul, pointing to the gun; the sorra purtier hand at takin' down beef or mutton in Europe than she is, 'a veenonee bratha!' for sure there's not a day I go out, that some neighbor or other isn't a sheep or a calf the worse of her, and all in quence-quence of her mischevious ways. Sowl, many a thump she gives myself, when she's not in good humor.'

'But how did you shoot the lamb, Paul?' inquired Mrs. Sheridan.

'Why, you see, ma'am, I was comin' along the head ridge of the handkerby, and the beard bein' hardly coverin' the clod, what does I see makin' a fog male of my bit of oats but a flock of blackguard parsons. What a visitation we have, but I'll have a slap at yees, for I don't love your breed, says I—and sure no more we don't, whether or not—the curse o' the crows upon, says I, ay—for they're as cunning as their namesakes, and as greedy any day—the curse o' the crows upon yees, says I, ye black sconces! it is takin' tithe so soon yees are? Wid that I levels Bridget—puff, slap—there's a taste o' the brimstone, and you'll get another below, says myself, and be the law Harry, they tuck to their scrapers, except a big boothoon o' them, that I seen whambin' himself in the fur; so up I goes, and finds my own brave black lamb, that I intinded the wool of to make a black coat for Phidder, in regard of him bein' for the mission. Ho, faix, I suppose she was a descendant o' my own—if we don't have wild fowl—for sorra tail o' them I tuck a feather out of—if we don't have wild fowl we'll have wensoon at all events; so the worse luck now, the better agin. Sure and it was only a mistake wid them both, pointing to the dog and lamb, 'any how—and the mate, too, at first cost for us.'

'Have you nothing new, Paul?' inquired Mrs. Sheridan.

'The sorra taste, barrin' it be a pair o' new breeches I bought for Phidder on Saturday—ha, ha, he! Sure if we haven't a joke in us, ma'am, what's the world good for?'

During the conversation, Paul was giving private signals to Mrs. Sheridan, with an air of the most profound mystery, none of which, however, she perceived. At length he looked up the chimney from a point of observation immediately beside where she sat.

'Thunder-an-turf, what bacon!' he exclaimed, at the same time contriving to give her a pluck unperceived; 'why it's a full foot deep, so it is, if it's an inch. Faix, it's no wonder for you, Mr. Owen, to be stout and ginteel, fat and dacent, and bodach-like, that is fed upon the same bacon, God bless it.'

Mrs. Sheridan fixed her eye inquiringly upon him, and he immediately looked towards the door, as a hint to her to follow him out.

'Bedad, it's the purtiest hangin' o' bacon I seen this many a day, God spare yees yer health to make use of it. Good evenin', Miss Alley; the flower o' the flock you are, mavournen. Mr. Owen, wishin' you the same—and it's yourself that's the sprightly hero all out, and full o' life and spirits, and smart as a haystack at a weddin'—ha, ha, ha! 'Banach that, any way, you deludher you.'

'Ha, um—(puff),' replied Owen.

'Why thin, by the beauty o' man, Mrs. Sheridan,' exclaimed Paul, when they had got some distance from the house, 'if I had any notion at all that you wor so dull of extension; and sure myself was making faces at you the best part o' the time, and you never looked round to see what I meant.'

'Why, Paul avick, have you any news?'

'Augh! news, is it? Arrah, to be sure I have. Your daughter manes to go off wid Mullin to-morrow night, and he's to bring a lot o' the 'boys' wid him, for fear of accidents or opposition. Now your plan is to get in as many o' the neighbors to watch the house as possible. Keep them sittin' up all night. I'll come myself, an' bring Bridget here wid me. Get a lot o' whiskey from Jimmy Graham there beryant, to keep up our courage—I mane our spirits—and never fear but we'll pass a pleasant night entirely, so we will, and your 'colleen dhas' will be safe and sound for you in the mornin', God willin'. What I'm tellin' you is Gospel; so mind yourself. I'll be here, for one, to-morrow night; but don't forget the poteen.'

'Ay, indeed, Paul; it's the best way. Sure I couldn't expect the neighbors to keep from their warm beds, out o' regard o' me or my child, widout showin' them some dacency.'

She then returned to the house, without appearing to be in the slightest degree in Alley's secret—although both daughter and aunt had very strong suspicions that the conference between her and Paul bore in some manner upon this girl's design with Mullin, or her marriage to Gartland, the latter of which had been pressing on Alley, for the last few days with unusual eagerness. In fact the aunt and niece were engaged, during the above conversation, precisely upon the same topics—for the sagacity of love is proverbial.

'Aunt,' said Alley, as they retired to another room, 'I wager a thrife this hugger-muggerin' between Paul and my mother is all about James Mullin and myself.'

'And what suppose, aroon? Let them 'coggher' till they are deaf. I'll warrant we'll outdo them! The sorra ever Mike Gartland will put an you, if I can prevint it. The doatin' ould fool! Lord pardon me for saying so—dosen't the world know and say too—an' she ought to know it—that Jem Mullin's your match of a husband any day in the year, and of as dacent a strain as any belongin' to you.'

'I believe my mother, bein' marrid to my father in mistake,' replied Alley, 'never was in love at all, aunt. She thinks he's the best husband that has the most 'airighid,' widout making no inclusion whatsoever to anything else.'

'Her in love! I'll tell you, avournen—she's my shister, and sucked the same breast wid me, but I could take the sacrament on it—you're her daughter, and I wouldn't say this to another—I could take the sacrament that she never knew act or part of love—may the heavens above forgive her this day—oughtn't we all to pray for it? I own her to bein' as good a wife as ever broke bread, and as doatin'ly fond of her man; but as for love—the Lord forgive and forget it to her, and grant that it mayn't be comin' agin her hereafter—a wurrah dheelish. Amin.'

'Oughtn't every girl to love her husband before she'd marry him, aunt?'

'Her husband! Ooh, och! you innocent crathur, that makes no differ in the world. Och, och, oh! isthrue, isthrue!' sobbed the aunt, wiping her eyes with her apron; 'the heavens be his bed this day! gallons itself I've shed over his grave if they were counted. But he was the beautiful boy to look at, wid his fine scarlet head upon him, that you'd know among a ship-load of people—so red and so illigant; but that same was nothin' to his choice bullies o' feet. He was jist two-an'-twenty whin he took ill o' the mazes, and, as we had given one another a hand-promise, I was cock sure of him; but isthrue! it wasn't laid out for us, or he would be spared. I promised to make a station to Lough Derg, if he'd mend, and so he did get out o' them at first; but it was the dhregs o' the mazes that carried him off, and I had to go, whin he was

dead, and take him by the right hand afore witness to give back my promise. But, Alley,' she continued in a whisper—

'Well, aunt, dheelish!'

'If I'm a livin' woman, whin I catch him by the hand, and he stretch, he gev me a squeeze.'

'Dsk, dsk, dsk!' exclaimed Alley, with a shudder of alarm, 'the life 'ud start out o' myself, if he did it to me. But, aunt, what if my mother has found out about my runaway wid James Mullin to-morrow night?'

'The aunt, however, had her apron up to her eyes, rocking her head in the abstracted remembrance of the beautiful boy who departed in the meazles, to her undying grief. It was sometime, therefore, before she seemed to notice Alley's question; but, on perceiving it, she hastily squeezed her shrivelled nose with her apron, in the bitterness of sorrow, and replied—

'Ay, ay, Alley; no matter in life 'a huddh'—we'll be man enough for all o' thim; lave it to me, Alley—here she's comin'—lave it to me, ye see; I'll have my eyes about me, and will go up to Vary Kelly this evenin'; for that aumadhaun, Paul, will tell her all, and I'll get it out of her wid the help of a stone o' male and a miscaun o' butther.'

With this plan in view, Alley resumed her seat at the kitchen fire, and continued her knittin', while the aunt knelt down in the corner, and pulling out her beads, began to finger them with great apparent devotion, her piercing eyes half shut, and her body, as usual, swaying to and fro, whilst she glanced, from time to time, a keen side-look at the countenance of the widow, with the hope of perusing upon it any expression that might throw light upon the mystery which she desired to penetrate.

The next morning widow Sheridan followed her son to the garden, through which he sauntered, pipe in mouth, with one hand thrust into his small-clothes pocket almost to the knee, and the other to the elbow in his bosom.

'Owen!'

Owen pulled out his pipe and looked at her, letting the smoke slowly out of his mouth, into which he put the pipe once more with great deliberation, and puffed away.

'Owen, I say!'

'Puff—um—what?'

'Come here, avick, and I'll give you five shillin's for the fair, and a quarter o' tobaccy, maybe, of Muckatee's pig-tail, abouchal.'

'No thin—um—will you?'

'Faix, will I, if you do what I want you; and maybe it's a watch I'll be buyin' for you, some o' these days.'

'Ay, but sure I've no pocket for it in my good breeches.'

'What matter, acushla; you can wear it in your coat pocket till I get another pair, when the tailure can take the measure o' the watch for it, clane and dacent.'

'Bedad, ay!—ha, ha, um, (puff, chuckle, chuckle)—hoo! has!'

'Now, Owen, stay in the house all day, and watch Alley till I come back; we're to have a match makin' to-night, and you'll get whiskey, wid sugar and hot water in it, and lots o' things.'

'No, thin!'

'Trops, ay! don't let her lave the house till I come home, and along wid ye all, I'll buy you a new Caroline hat in the fair.'

Owen instinctively took off his caubeen, and viewed it with great contempt.

'I want that, anyhow—um, hem—(puff)—if it was Sunday mornin', I might have myself in this wid the way it shines—um, hem.'

'Well, I'll get you one. Now go in, and dont let an that I bid you at all at all; but have an eye to her, or if you don't you'll lose the weddin', and the brave suit o' clothes you'll get for it.'

Owen nodded assent, and, with strides of a minute each, entered the house, to undertake the duty for the day. Nothing, indeed, could be more ludicrous than the literal fidelity with which he performed it. His sister could not move even from one side of the kitchen to the other that he did not dodge after her—up or down—backwards or forwards—from room to room—he watched her with an ostentatious vigilance which nothing could repress. Several times he resolutely opposed her egress from the house, and with such a peculiarly awkward air of mystery, as induced her to believe that his natural sluggishness of temper was settling into downright idiotism. The girl was annoyed, but as she had nothing of importance that required her presence abroad, his conduct created on her part more mirth than anger. Not so the aunt; after remonstrating with him by fair words and abuse, and endeavoring, without success, to wind out of him the cause of his vigilance, she indignantly seized a sweeping-brush, which, with all her bodily energy, she applied to his back and shoulders in the most unsparring manner, accompanying the action with suitable figures of rhetoric.

'Let me at him. Alley, I say, don't hould me,' said she, addressing her niece, who was in convulsions of laughter. 'Is it a lump of a spy we've got?—(a swinging blow)—a lump of a baste of a spy—(the blow repeated twice)—a lump of a baste of a bosthoo of a spy!—(thrice)—Eh, you pot-walloper you!—(another)—isn't it a fine employment he's got, to be watchin' the weemen, as if he was one of us! Why don't you put a petticoat on you at once? (Ditto, ditto). Bad cess to me, but I'll ludher the sowl out o' your carcase, you ringle-eyed thief o' the world, you gander face vagabone! Ooh, ooh, wurrah! isn't it the pity that the breath's goin' out o' me, till I'd baste the bones of him. Oh, oh! only I'm as wake as wather, I'd pay you wid-out puttin' much in your pocket, you cot you. Off wid you, and mind the hens, you thief you.'

'Behave yourself,' said Owen, whose head was protected by his arms; 'let me alone, you kallagh—let me alone you! behave I say! if you don't, be wind and weather, I'll smash the windows, so I will! Now!'

The resolute old dame, however, once more took breath, and changing her point of attack, came across his shins with an activity and degree of science really surprising. Owen, for a wonder, was compelled to be nimble, and had not Alley herself interfered, the old woman would have given him cause to regret becoming dragon on this occasion. With a fidelity, however, peculiar to sluggish people, he continued to maintain his post, and actually refused to permit his sister to leave the house until the return of his mother.

This event was still involved in considerable mystery; nor was the widow's appearance in the evening calculated to lessen the anxiety felt by her sister and niece on the cause of her absence. The good woman was silent, reserved, and gloomy; neither did she appear to be free from apprehension and alarm. But though endeavoring, as well as possible, to conceal her anxiety, she could not prevent her displeasure from manifesting itself in sullen glances at Alley and her aunt. These were returned by the latter with interest, garnished, too, by several dark hints and broken innuendoes, not at all palatable.

No sooner had night set in than the neighbors began, to the evident surprise of Alley, to assemble in the widow's kitchen, each armed with a gun, pistol, pitchfork, flail, or cudgel.

'Alley,' said the aunt, from the inner room, 'gut-sho, a colleen—come here, girl. Sure,' she continued, 'I didn't wish to be puttin' the grief upon you before the time; and when I tould you that Vary Kelly knowed nothing about it, it was a big lie—the Lord pardon me—hush now, or all's over with us; don't let them see you cryin' at all. I'll bate

them myself, stock, lock, and barrel, if you'll be said or led by me. Look at this windy—when I give you this sign (crossing herself) be off through it; I loosened it myself when you and that amadhawn wor palaverin' through the kitchen. Put this jug o' wather under the bed, and when the whiskey comes I'll play-act all myself. Sorra ring ever the same Gartland 'ill put on you. I'd purvin't that, if it was only out o' clane contrariness. Now hush, alana, and lave everything to myself.'

Early in the night, two large jars of 'rale poteen' were brought from Graham's, and about nine o'clock a party, amounting to about thirty stout men, were ranged about the hearth, and in such other parts of the kitchen as were best adapted for their accommodation. Alley, by the command of her mother, remained also in the kitchen, silent and dejected, notwithstanding her aunt's injunction to overreach them by affecting mirth and humor. The aunt, however, did not appear at all among them, for, in fact, the nature of her plan rendered her presence for some time longer unseasonable.

In the mean time, songs, stories, and whiskey circulated with great rapidity. The widow, in her kindness of heart, suffered no man to evade his glass; nor, indeed, was there a single person present disposed to do so. At length ten o'clock arrived, and the old aunt made her appearance in the kitchen; but no sooner had she surveyed the fire-arms that lay piled upon the dresser, than, giving a shriek which startled the whole company, she sank down in a fit. In a moment she was surrounded, carried out to the street for air, had the palms of her hands lustily clapped, and her face plentifully bedewed with cold water. These remedies had the desired effect, and she gradually recovered.

'Oh, wurrah deehish!—ooh, oh, oh, oh, livin' mother! but no mather; I'm an ould, unsignified craythur, not worth savin'. Oh my, oh! has none o' yees any feelin' to take them murderin' guns, and pisthols, and bagnetts, and blunderbushes out o' my sight? Out o' my sight wid them, except you wish the life to lave me! away up into that room wid them, and put them on the bed, that the stone walls 'ill be bettux us. Oh, livin' mother, such a fright as I got! I'll not be the same thing to the day o' my death. Ooh, och! I'm goin' agin—a dhrink o' wather, or I'm off. Wet my lips, some of yees, except yees wish to have me stiff on your hands in no time at all out.'

'For goodness sake, Mat Kearney,' said the widow, 'take and put them all upon the bed in that room up there, or this foolish old crathur will dhrap.'

'Ould is it? Well, that bangs Banagher! Is it any wonder that people forget themselves?—and me never saw the light more nor twelve years, when she was a stag of a hussey, cardin' 'backins' for the Slevins. But no mather in life; it's the house I'll lave, if I'm spared for one night more anyhow; ooh, och, isthrue, isthrue! neighbors, if you knew but all—well, sure I'll say nothin'; it's takin' lave of her sines the woman is, or she wouldn't turn her own house into a barrack, as she's doin'. Ooh, och, don't I deserve what I'm sufferin' for not takin' the offer of a decent house o' my own, instead o' standin' on another body's flure as I am.'

The guns and pistols were by this time placed upon the bed, and, by a display of histrionic skill that would not disgrace the first actress of the day, either on or off the stage, she completely succeeded in lulling any suspicion of the insincerity of what she felt. By and by she got up, saying—

'Hand me that jug o' wather agin, Mick Duggan, if you please, till I wet my lips wid it, before I go out to the barn, and athrive to be makin' my sowl, any way; for I find it's not long for this world I am. Alley ashore, hand me them bades that's hangin' on the dockin' in the corner beyant.'

On getting the beads, she sallied out, but instead of

seeking the barn, she went very quietly to a back window of the dwelling-house, which opened into the room that now contained the fire-arms; in a few minutes, with an alacrity which could not have been expected from her, she squeezed herself through, and taking the jug of water before mentioned, wet the pan and touch-hole of every gun and pistol on the bed, after which she quietly returned through the window, leaving the arms perfectly useless. In the mean time, Paul the Shot, who had been detained long beyond his intended hour, arrived, and by his presence not only enlivened them with his drollery, but occasioned the whiskey to be circulated more freely, if possible, than before.

The night had now advanced to eleven o'clock, when the aunt entered, with a sadly devout face, beads in hand.

'Here, Alley, jewel, hang them on the dockin' agin. Ooh, och! it's sinners and fools we all are,' she ejaculated, 'to be thinkin' of any thing but our sows. Ashore, Alley, go up into that room,' said she to her niece, crossing herself as the signal, 'and thry if you can find my little bottle of holy wather that's some place in it; but, for the love of heaven, keep from them murderin' guns and pisthols; do'n't come widout it, for I'll not be myself till I get a sup of it an' me.'

'Katy,' said Paul, winking at the company, 'bud-an'-age, sure such a good crather as you doesn't want the half of the prayers you say; but any way, you're what I call a tight ould blade, and commit very little sin whin you're asleep.'

'I kill no wutton thin, any how, Paul,' said she.

'Arrah, Paul,' said one of them, 'will you tell us the story about the time you went to buy the forty-piany for Colonel Edmonson's daughter, long ago?'

'God be wid them times,' said Paul, 'they warn't like now; the ould sort o' gentlemen for me. I tuk to the car-man-business thin,' he continued, 'and carried it an for some time well enough; but I remember what I'm spakin' of was the first journey I made to Dublin after bein' ill. It was the very year that Docthor Cooper—but he was only a horse docthor—quack'd me to death with his calumny pills; he insisted, right or wrong, that I was subject to the fallin' sickness—which, betune ourselves, was no lie, at laste three or four times a week—when I happened to get a sup in, you see—ha, ha, ha! Well, he was a drollor man, fond of his jokes, sure enough. But for all that, sorra a thing ailed me, only a slight touch o' pretinsion in the intellects—a complaint, he said, very hard to cure all out, so that I only wanted to be kept clear wid somethin' gintle. My curse upon all quacks, any way; the thief of the world bein' accustomed to dale wid horses, dozed me upon too large a scale entirely, an' only for Docthor Mansel, he'd have got the ould Nol Cooper to make me a suit of Narrowway fustian for the winter, when I wouldn't be complainin' of a misfit, even if it was tacked with thread that you'd hardly know from sixpenny nails.'

'But, Paul, about the purchase?'

'Troth I wasn't to be blemp't for the same purchase, but Masther Frank Edmonson, that put me up to it out o' downright wickedness. Awouh! it's there the money was as plinty as eskate stones, or this young fellow wouldn't be at such a loss to spin it in one divarsion or another; for he ped decent for his figaries. I had, ye see, an order for a piana-forty to a Misher ———, och, I disremember his name; but he lived in Wishtmoreland street, in the town o' Dublin.'

'Paul,' says Masther Frank, 'will you have many things to bring for my father from Dublin?'

'Yes, sir,' says I, 'I'll have a piana-forty, please your honor, an' a lot of carpetin' and two tables; only Masther Frank, I'm afear'd o' losin' my way in that big place, or bein' cheated, or maybe gettin' myself into gaol.'

'Well, I could serve you if you'd keep a secret.' 'Thry me wid it, says I. 'My father's throwin' away money upon a piana-forty, and he knows no more whether one is good or bad than a cow does of a holiday—neither does my shister; an' he winked knowingly at me.

'It's well,' said he, 'that it wasn't a piana-fifty or a piana-sixty that he ordered; he's too lavish entirely of his money,' says the cute young shaver, 'an' it's a shame for a man of his years to be buying a musical coffin, when it's one of oak he ought to be thinkin' of, an' he winked so wisely at me agin, thatorra one o' me ever suspected he was only makin' a hare o' me.

'Thrus for your honor,' says I, 'it's makin' his soul he ought to be,' sure enough.

'Ay, an' all of us,' says he, very solemnly; 'but, Paul, in regard to what I'm spakin' about—I believe you are to pay forty pound: for this instrument, it's from that it's named; but if you take my advice you'll buy a piana-thirty, and put the odd ten pounds in your pocket for the benefit of your wife an' childer. I've been very wild myself, Paul, and lavished a great deal o' money, an' its full time for me to begin to be charitable—hem, hem!'

Accordingly we made it up betwixt us, that I should buy a piana-thirty, and pocket the differ; but I got a writin' from under his hand, that he should pay the money for me, if we'd be found out.

'Now,' says he, as he finished it, 'you may as well save twenty pounds as ten, for if you shew this to the musical-coffin man, he'll take it in place of ten pounds, an', besides, it gives you a good correctur, an' that's a very useful thing in this world, Paul—hem, hem.'

Accordin'ly, when I came to Dublin, I went into a house where they sould them, an' inquired to see a piana-thirty. The man looked at me.

'Who is it for?' says he.

'You won't tell to-morrow, nabor,' says I, 'barin I change my mind. Have you a musical coffin—a good, stout, beneficial piana-thirty, that a man will get the worth of his money of wear out of it?'

He screwed his mouth to one side of his face, and winked at a man that stood in the shop, who it seems was a fiddler; but, by dad! if Micky M'Grory had seen him!—why, I tnk him for a gentleman.

'Are you a musicianer?' says the other.

'I do a thrifle that way,' says I, 'afther the Murph—hem—I mane afther atin' my dinner,' says myself, puttin' an the 'bodagh,' because nobody knew me; 'but I never receive payment for it—I discern that.'

'How long are you out?' says he.

'Since last Winsday,' says I, 'I'm from home.'

'An' where is that, pray?'

'Behind Tullymuclescrag, in the parish of Teernamucktaughalumkish-la-beg.'

'I suppose,' says my customer, 'your last waistcoat was a great dale too shtrait for you?'

'Not so shtrait as your own is at present,' says I, (he was a small, screw'd-up crathur, like a whitthrit). 'Will you show me the article I want?'

'Do you see that shop over the way,' said he, 'at the corner. You'll get the article you want there.'

I accordingly went over, and inquired of the man behind the counter, if he could sell me a piana-thirty?

'We sell nothin' here but ropes,' says he—'thry over the way.'

I thin went back 'to the fellow; 'You thievinn' sence,' says I, 'did you mane to make a fool o' me?'

'I never carry coals to Newcastle,' says the vagabone. 'Go home to your frinds, my honest fellow, an' you'll see them of a great deal of throuble on your account; they miss your music afther dinner very much,' says he.

'Oh, said the fiddler, 'tis better to direct the man properly; he's a stranger,—writin' down at the same time a direction for me. 'Go to the house, and inquire for the owner of it; say you're from the country, an' have perrecklar business that you can tell to no one but himself, an' depind upon it you'll get what you want.'

Off I set, an' at long last found a great house, an' gave three or four thunderin' cracks at the door.

'I want to see the masher, very bad entirely,' says I.

'What's wrong?' said a fellow, all powdher, wid a tail growin' from his head down his back.

'I have news from the country for him,' says I, 'that I can only tell to himself.'

The fellow looked frightened, an' runnin' up the stairs, brought down a gentleman wid a wig an' black apron upon him.

'Are you the music man?' says I, 'that has the piana-thirty for sale? I want a musical coffin to buy.'

'Kick this scoundrel out, says the old chap, 'how durst you let him in at all at all? Out wid him into the chauncel.'

In three minutes we were in one another's wools, but faix, in regard of a way I had, I soon sowed the hall wid them, and was attackin' the ould fellow himself in a corner, whin a lot of gentlemen and ladies came to his assistance, hearin' the 'millia murthers' he ris at the first dig in the ribs I hit him.

'You ould dust,' says I, layin' on him, 'is this any thratement for a decent man that wants to give you the preference in dalin' wid you, an' to lave you good value for what I can get, you murtherin' ould rap!'

At last I was seized, hand an' fut, till the officers would be sint for to take me to gaol. But, thinkin' of the correctur that Master Frank gaved me, I pulled it out, an' put it into the hands of one of the gentlemen.

'Here,' says I, 'ye ill conditioned vagrants, read that, an' ye'll find that I'm no bird for the crib—it ill shoo yees what I am.'

'Sure enough, says he, lookin' at it, 'it describes you to a hair, you villain; and he read it out.

'This is to sarify, that the bearer Paul Kelly, is a big rascal, an' any person securin' him will resave a reward of thirty pounds, as he has broke out of gaol, where he was confined for sheep-stalin'. He is a man that squints with one eye, and wears a long nose, turned with a sharp look-out towards his left ear.'

'May all kinds of hard fortune settle down upon him that wrote that,' says I; 'but he has fairly desaved me, the limb o' the mischief that he is. Gentlemen,' says I, 'it's all but a mistake. Let me go,' says I, 'an' I'll never heed the music for this day, any how—that I may never be as a bishop, but it was all a mistake.'

'Howsomediver, you'll find it a bad mistake to bate a bishop,' said one o' them.

'Oh, man o' Moses,' says I, 'was the black gentleman a bishop? Paul, you're done for now. Oh, murther, gentlemen dear, it's all of our own roguery, or it wouldn't happen me. Oh, have consolation on me, bishop jewel, and forgive me; sure, if I knew it, when I was peggin' you up agin the corner in the ribs, I'd suffered all kinds of visitation before I'd give you a whack at all at all, plase your Reverence.'

'It was all useless; I was lugged off to the crib; and twasn't till the second day that Mather Frank, who was in Dublin afore me, though I didn't know it, readin' his own correctur of me in the papers, along with the account o' the whole ruction, came, an' by givin' an explanation to the bishop, got me out; but he gave me five pounds for the joke, any how—for the cash was flush with him, so that I was very well ped for it; an' 'Paul,' says he, as he put the money into my hand, 'the thrick I played upon you was because you consinted to be a chate agin my father, that often befrinded you.'

(Concluded next week.)

EGG MARKETING.

Not unfrequently may be seen in various parts of Ireland, as represented in the annexed cut, a girl seated on a little rugged pony of the Connemara breed, that supports, besides her own weight, two large panniers well filled with the produce of the poultry yard, which, like all other produce of value in the country, from the poor man's eggs to the rich man's beef and mutton fed on the best lands in Ireland, have to be sent to market—to an English market—to furnish money for landlords, which, taken as a class, are the worst any nation ever saw.

We do not think our girl is like the heroine mentioned in song, who says:

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning wheel,
To buy my love a sword of steel.



EGG MARKETING.

(From the Catholic Telegraph.)

REMINISCENCES OF NINETY-EIGHT.

From Nov. '97, till the eruption in May, '98, the magistrates of the County of Wicklow met almost every week, and many of them were from the ranks of the old Volunteers; and strange, though true, that stern demand put forth by them for their country's rights had now dwindled down to the fierce growl of the hyena. Every meeting produced its bitter fruits; and although I believe that the magistrates were unconscious that they were working out the Union, they were as successfully playing towards that goal as Billy Pitt could desire. The last of these meetings was held on the 3rd of April, '98, Lord Powerscourt in the chair, when it was resolved that the noble president should apply personally to his Excellency Lord Camden for a large reinforcement of dragoons to protect the county that they were driving to distraction, and that Newtownmountkennedy should be their headquarters. After this meeting, one of the magistrates, Tom King, of Rathdrum, used to tell his workmen that the country was in a high state of what he called 'liberty fever,' but that he knew no better remedy for it than blood-letting, which they should have.

A part of a Welsh regiment, called the Ancient Britons, were at this time quartered in Bray. A troop of them, under the command of Captain Burgany, got the route for the former place, and marched there on Easter Sunday morning, the 8th of April. On their arrival they were hailed by the loyal inhabitants as angels of deliverance. On Tuesday there was an annual fair held there, which brought with it the profits of industry and commerce to some, joy and hilarity to the young. But the loyalists had been treating all the morning to deep potations of the best whiskey the new comers, and pointing out the obnoxious persons as they entered town, that the Cambrian horse might commence the Ducan rince or war dance, and flesh their maiden swords in Irish victims. Their conduct on that day to the game that was set to them is likened to a savage conflict among the cannibals of the Southern Isles.

On the 11th of May, the subsequent court martial packer, Lieutenant General Peter Craig, issued his fiery proclamation, on the model of Lake and Nugent in the North, breathing vengeance to any person who should have the temerity to keep a weapon, even their own favorite shillelagh, to repel aggression, or to defend their lives from the sabres of the volunteer murderers of their kind. Even old scythes and reaping hooks were ordered into the arsenal of the judicious and humane general. The true conciliators of the people, the clergy, advised a surrender of arms, an reliance upon Providence to mitigate their cruel sufferings. The confiding and timid acquiesced, and for the thousandth time awaited another breach of British honor. But the stern and distrustful bided their time, then in vain. Arms now surrendered, magistrates stood erect, and strutted like Jeop's jackdaws in the spangled plumes of the gaudy peacock, each affecting to view himself as one of the aboriginal magnates of the land, although only just after emerging from an obscurity through which none but the sycophant heraldic writers on Saxon Ihermo claims could trace a pedigree beyond the English poor-houses or prisons; but now from their tyrant benches they hurl denunciations, deep, long, and lasting, at the people whom their fathers had robbed. Each of those village tyrants had their base satellites, who were bartering honor, virtue and soul for a pound note, or the capricious smile of the tyrant. Maher and his Kennedy, King his Lubins, Bayly of Lamberton had a galaxy of smaller ones. But Othello's occupation was gone with the Chameys and Nixons. Their man of business, Cooper, or properly Morgan, the English returned convict, broke down, and was sent to an out farm to feed and fatten among the broken-winded infowrners and perjurers.

Persecution now stalked through this lovely land. The yeomen hounded on the Britons, and the latter harked away the former. The game was up, the

victim was on foot, and was driven to the wall. A solution to that undefinable problem, 'When should resistance commence?' was in this case obtained. As the culture wing of persecution flapped over the land, resistance increased, and the people grasped the remaining weapons for defence.

For a few weeks there was a sullen silence on the part of the suffering people, save the growls of the whipped, the picketed, and half hung of our fellow subjects. It was truly stated by the Duke of Bedford, in the House of Lords, on the 27th of June that year, thus:—'I think that to dog, to picket, or half hang our fellow-subjects, in order to extort a confession, is a putting to torture, and is, therefore, only outrageous to humanity, but directly against Magna Charta, the great corner stone of our laws and liberties, as Sir Edward Coke in his Commentaries defines.'

Justice was now suspended, the country was proclaimed, martial law was introduced, and the ditum of beardless officers, unscrupulous and ignorant magistrates, took the seat of law and order. The dark speck in the horizon was ascending to its culminating point, and exhibited the dimensions of the tornado. The Britons marched the streets with their swords gleaming in the meridian sun, and the blood of the brave unarmed streaming from the point to the hilt. Doyle of the Downs, Toner of Kilcoole, &c., were flogged and picketed for three successive days. The blood-cloud burst, and the people flew to action. It was here of erst that our Milesian ancestors ranked themselves beside the brave and warlike Eman Oge O'Brien, the chief of that district, with his merge dub (pro. dub), black flag, floating over them; and near to this that distinguished chief gave an eternal resting place to the inidel and pirate Dane, in 1012, among the glens and eskers of Delganagh (Dolgany, the sandy district), as subsequently the Wexfordmen did on the plains of Ballyellis to numbers of Britons, the no-quarmer-men of Wales. But in this day concert and discipline were strangers to the multitude, despised and whipped like hungry hounds; and the yeomen and Britons seemed as if they had done nothing for the last six months but rehearse the bloody drama of old Sir Charles Coote. 'Tham um hi je na crannar Cooc a-Dun Ran'—Anglicised: I am seated in the shades of the hill of Dun Ran taking a retrospective of the Stot Orgain (seat of slaughter), where the ducan rince was doomed of old by Cromwell, Coote, and Co., on Kilkarrow hills, Newrath, and Glendy bridges. These facts were now re-enacted with all the improvement of growing refinement; but poor old Archer had to perform a double character, his own part and that of the Welsh Burgany, the Cromwell of the day, who was sleeping his last sleep in his well earned crimson shroud. The scenic field of Coote and Co. was merely transferred to Newtown Collahill and Killiskey, and the low-bred smug Leasly and Griffin Jones well sustained the scarlet characters of Captain Ghee and Barrington. Captain Burgany, who fell the day before in an attack on Newtown, was to be interred; horse and foot attended in all the habiliments of mourning, to celebrate his funeral with all the martial pomp due to a falling warrior. They marched with arms reversed, and stepped as slow and steady as a surcharge of whiskey would permit. The Briton's band struck up the Deal March in 'Saul,' while the life and drum of the yeomen gave out some lively variations, such as 'the Boyne Water,' and 'Croppie Lie Down.' Now and again there was an occasional half choked utterance of blasphemy, plainly indicating that there was something concealed in the drunken silence.

It must be remembered that this land, so rich in the gifts of nature, with its floral decorations, garlands, and orange lilies, was promised to the young Britons before they left the Cambrian mountains, nevelo relum. That promise had filled their ruthless souls with the 'glories of the tined field.'

When the last shovel-full of clay fell on the mortal remains of Captain Burgany, and the troops had performed all the honors assigned for such occasions in the military ritual for the gallant slain, Captain Archer

came the word—Fall into line—march—and let slip the dogs on us! In a few minutes they were at the house of Richard Neill (it should be noted of Upper Newcastle, in the county Wicklow, a highly respectable and extensive landowner, whose eldest son, Michael, had been denounced by the Orange yeomen for qualities that are always sure to gain esteem. He was certainly one of the most indelible and determined of the United Irishmen since the sabalving of persecution was spread over his unhappy country, and no man in the country was better versed in the secrets of that society. His name was in the first list of the freemen of that tyrant-trodden country. His strength, agility, and unbending courage, was the common theme with the lovers of the brave and daring. He was as quiet and playful as a child. Notwithstanding his passive disposition, he at times found it necessary to chastise the increasing insolence of his Orange neighbors, and for this he was both feared and hated to the core. About three nights before the attack on Newtown, he and a few of the favorite conspirators were on their mission of insurrection, each well armed. At a turn in a lonely road they met with Captain Archer, their most mortal enemy. On either side the proximity was unwelcome. Archer pulled up in a very agitated manner, hesitated for a moment, and then said good night boys; good night kindly was the response. As soon as he reached Mount John he told his family that he had a surprising narrow escape—that he met M. Neill and a party of armed men, when, if they were so disposed, they could have taken his life without any one else knowing of it, and spoke in high terms of Neill's manly conduct, and the Gael thought he had gained a step in Archer's favor. The farm yard was now filled with horse and foot, and the aged father came out to them. They assailed him with their swords, cutting, hacking, and knocking him from one to another, using all the low and abusive epithets that hell could supply them with. 'Don't spare the old rebel, don't spare the traitor,' shouted Archer to his turies. On their approach, Michael had just time to retire to a little shrubbery a few yards distant. Here the screams of sisters at the treatment of their father reached his ears; they were too much for his manly soul to bear. He rushed, but in vain, to the rescue of his father, and in his turn knocked the enemy about in approaching his bleeding parent, who survived but a few years, but never recovered from the ill treatment of that evening. 'Here I am,' he exclaimed, 'spare my father you cowards, it is me you want.' His efforts at resistance were but faint; he was instantly recognised, and a hurricane of traitor, villain, rebel, &c., assailed him from every tongue—swords, pistols, and carbines were thick and threefold pointed at his manly and devoted head and breast. He was soon overpowered, and the welkin rang with the shouts of victory. 'Tie him up, tie him up,' exclaimed the hoary-headed Archer—'tie him up well' was shouted by the yeomen, for even still they feared him. They also seized his young brother Patrick, a lad of seventeen years of age, and in five minutes more the house and offices were blazing up to heaven. The destruction of that large property filled the demons with uproarious joy. A rope was now tied round his neck, and one made fast to each wrist, and secured to the girths of two of the saddles. The cavalcade wheeled round, and an infantry yeoman shouted out that his legs should be secured. They got into a smart trot for half a mile. When passing by Newcastle they were assailed by some Protestant women—none other dare interrupt the oration. They intercepted their progress by standing in front of the rear guard with stones, and as this party advanced with Patrick they vigorously plied the missiles with all the inulting epithets to be found in indignant women's vocabulary. 'Let go the young one, you villian, let him go,' and Mrs. Jones and a few of her amazonian neighbors plied the round shot of the road with such unerring effect that the no-quarmer heroes gave the youth his liberty and life. For three English miles along an exceedingly narrow road this noble fellow was dragged often under their horses' feet in a rapid trot, pricked with their

swords when he fell, pressed close between their chargers, and then the rows of their spurs dashed into his lacerated sides. This was not mere accident, but a new species of torture that those Welshmen had introduced. In this state they reached Newtown. When they arrived at the old den, the market-house, he was thrown on the floor of that isolated dungeon without an accessory of any kind attached to it for the most common decencies of life, than to stifle in the accumulated nuisance and corrupting blood of numberless victims for the last fortnight. They unbund two hands, and demanded a confession of his guilt and of those of his associates. His answer was a smile of contempt. Strip and flog him was shouted from every corner of the densely crowded building—strip, strip, and we'll soon make you tell. To this imperative demand he replied with a look of the most sovereign indignation. They dragged his clothes off of him, and applied the bloody lashes with a practised dexterity, until his flesh looked like a putrid liver, still demanding of him to inform. The market-house was full of prisoners, and it was found to be too inconvenient to perform the remaining acts of his bloody drama. He was escorted down to another guard house. Here, although with great difficulty, he was picketed. This was a spike of wood or iron twelve or eighteen inches long, fastened upright in the floor; the victim was put with one foot on the point of it, and by a rope fastened to the opposite arm he was hauled to some fastening overhead, so that the weight was divided between the fulcrum and pulley, and then wheeled round on it as long as it afforded pastime to the torturers. At every turn they asked, 'Will you tell now?' 'I'll tell you nothing,' was the stern reply. Taken down, he lay for some time quite exhausted on the floor. The merciless passed round and round him, digging the rows of their spurs into his sides, neck, and head. Enraged at being foiled in the hopes of information, they were busy in making preparations for another act of torture. Their victim saw this, and thinking it to be the last and finishing one—that is, that they were going to strangle him—he raised himself on his knees, and addressed his God with all the firmness and resignation of a martyr. His persecutors passed before him, drooping on one knee, tracing the sign of man's redemption on their infidel foreheads in mockery, and blasphemously told him to get his Holy Mary to come and save him. They now rushed on like tigers, tucked him up, and half hung him. When they let him down he reeled, he staggered, notwithstanding his most powerful efforts to preserve his balance. In this delirium the monsters pushed him about. He fell first on the floor, and then the yell of heartless triumph, loud and long, such as might astonish furies—'ye'll in form now, willyou.' But, in despite of his great sufferings, he smiled with scorn at the idea of forcing from him a confession. They changed their imperative notes to entreaties. Both were equally futile. Now, lying prostrate, they dashed their spurs into him, his lips and cheeks were split, his eye balls forced from their sockets, and hanging on his cheeks. 'Tell us something now, and you shall be spared.' He paused for a moment, and then said, 'Bring me Captain Archer, and I will tell him something.' Archer was sent for to the hotel. The tyrant lost no time in attending, and immediately asked him what he had to tell. 'I don't choose to tell you here, sir; is there not a room here; come into it with me.' 'No, no,' said Archer, in a fright. 'I will not; tell me where you are.' He stretched forth his arms to grope, for he was perfectly blind. 'Don't let him get near me—keep him from me,' shouted Archer aloud. A blow of a carbine laid him prostrate. Rising again to his feet in a fit of desperation, he accidentally laid his hand on an iron weight of twenty-eight pounds, and in his blindness he seized on one of the Britons and beat his brains out. A second rushed to save his comrade; but he sent him reeling to the ground with a blow or two of the same weight. Upward succeeded consternation. 'Take his life,' was the cry. He then hurled the weight with great force into the midst of them,

when it struck another of the Britons on the head also. The confusion of Pandemonium could not exceed that of the guard-house.

Now Archer ordered him to be dragged out into the street, and a dozen of balls sent through him. The order was instantly complied with, and as he fell, James Williams, the infantry yeoman who wanted to have his legs tied when he was made prisoner, ran up to him and plunged his bayonet to the socket, and turned it round in his carcase. He was now stripped naked, and dragged from the street to a field adjoining. A small dog, supposed to be his, was shot, and thrown on his mutilated body. After lying there for a considerable time, his sisters ventured to bring a coffin and take him away, for no male dare accompany them, and but few women would have the courage to venture on such an errand.

He lies in Killadcaney churchyard, with a grave-stone, rather rudely lettered, to mark his resting-place. I would place a marble tomb over him if he were my relative. The rank herbage around his grave is well trodden down by the visitors to his grave at each funeral, where his countrymen and women drop on their knees, and offer many a fervent prayer for his eternal happiness. The first Briton that he struck died on the spot. The other two were brought into Bray hospital, where the second died in a few days, and report says that the third died in a few weeks; in each case the skull was severely fractured.

Reader, whoever you may be, if you ever go to Newtownmountkennedy, as you go from Dublin, and cross the little arch that spans the rivulet that waters the town, look to the right, and between you and that neat tavern, kept by a Mr. Maguire, you will see the spot where the inhuman butchery of Michael Neill, of Upper Newcastles, was perpetrated by the Newtown yeomen and Ancient Britons, on the 1st of June, 1798. May he rest in peace.

A MILESIAN.

P. S.—This no-quarter regiment met the Wexfordians on the plains of Ballyellis, on the 30th of June, and received a complete overthrow, their enemy losing not one man, and when they called for quarter, they were told they should have the same as they gave. A few of them returned to Newtown and acknowledged that they were hounded on by the Orange-yeomen as soon as they landed in Ireland. And one of them said, in the presence of a man still living—'I never but in one battle raised my hand to a man, and those who were most violent met the cruellest deaths.'

In a short time after, Archer's war-steed kicked his brains out. His swearing man, Kennedy, died a miserable death, and lies buried in Kilcoole, where Nature, for the last forty years, even against the sowing of seeds, has sternly refused to clothe with verdure that part of the grave over his breast, although the herbage all round grows there most luxuriantly.

King, of Rathdrum, died of a loathsome and filthy disease; and his swearing man, Lewins, fell in broad daylight by the hand of his own unnatural son.

King, of Baltinglass, who drew up a false and perjured accusation for a wretch taken from under the lash to swear to, lost that hand, and lived for some short time a spectacle of horror and contempt; and his swearing man, Hugh, the Cock, fled the country, and never was heard of since. A. M.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL TRANSMOGRAPHIFICATION.—A blacksmith lately made out a bill against one of his customers, in which a charge was intended to be made for steeling two mattocks, i. e., putting steel to the iron points of the instruments. But the son of Vulcan, who had been more used to wielding a sledgehammer than studying Doctor Johnson, actually wrote the following item: 'To stealing two mad ducks, 2s.'

SCENERY AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.

Who has not heard of the lakes of Killarney—those beautiful gems sparkling in the midst of the most lovely scenery in the world—lakes, every one of them rivaling that far-famed one of Como, on the banks of which the bards of yore, and those of modern times, dwelt and caught inspiration in the silvery gleam flung over the waters by the morning sun? And although the lakes of Killarney may not boast of a Pliny angling from his window, or a Virgil looking out in sweet contemplation from his farm, they have had their Catulluses by the score to sing the praises of their beauty, and at this moment thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen are acknowledging the truthfulness of their vivid descriptions, and feeling in their delicious wanderings that, far away from the hum of traffic and the bustle of the world's contentions,

'Nature dwells

'Mid laughing vales, 'mid rosy smiling bowers
And velvet lawns, embroidered o'er with flowers;
Fantastic shores, that varied charms display,
Of cliff, and bower, and many a shady bay,
Where waving groves o'er crystal mirrors rise,
And ope to heaven their variegated dyes.'

And let us hope, amid all the satisfaction we experience over the circumstance of Ireland having at last powerfully attracted the attention of the higher and middle classes of England, that the hospitality, the kindness, and the heartiness of the reception accorded to those who are now rambling along the shores of her bewitching lakes, may

'Reach the heart,

And through the heart the head, clearing away
The narrow notions that grow up at home.'

Ireland, with her music,

'The only universal tongue,'

her ancient raths and green rings, with their 'good people,' the fairies, who wander

'Over hill, over dale,

Through bush, through brier,

Over park, over pale,

Through flood, through fire;'

her romantic glens, peopled with shadowy 'grey old men;' her traditions of a stirring and chivalrous age, and her own right merry heart, render her the most interesting country in Europe to the tourist; and were we to select a spot which we would wish to visit first, it should be Killarney, where, at this season of the year, scarcely a breeze ruffles the surface of her lakes, and when it does,

'Wave after wave,

If such they may be called, dashed as in sport,
Not anger, with the pebbles on the beach
Make wild music.'

'Every spot, remarks a pleasing writer, 'in this region of romance has its legends. It is indeed a marked trait in the Irish character, and one highly illustrative of the imaginative genius of the people, that general tendency to associate the wild and sublime with the marvellous and beautiful in nature. Every glen and rath, every lake and island, possesses its legendary tale; but, alas! they remain almost unknown. England has the philosophic analyst of her smiling plains and ancient towns; she has the poet of her lawns and rivers. Scotland can exult in her gifted sons, who have made her romantic land known to fame; she has had her Burns in song, and her Scott in those stirring tales that celebrated her picturesque mountains and storied lakes. Who has done—who will do—so much for the interesting traditions, the neglected scenery of Ireland?'

We trust the apathy here feelingly complained of has now passed away, and that a bard will ere long arise who will do that which Moore, with his bright fancy, might have successfully accomplished when in the prime of his genius. He left behind him a wreath for the brows of some highly gifted devotee of the Muses; and that it may be soon claimed is the devout wish of all who have been gratified with a few straggling pages of Irish romance.

The lakes are divided into the lower, the middle, and the upper. The lower lake is distinguished for its elegance and beauty, being studded with rocks and wooded islands, covered with a variety of evergreens. The upper one, on the contrary, is remarkable for its wild sublimity and grandeur; while the middle lake combines, in a great degree, the characteristics of the other two.

Ross is more properly a peninsula than an island, being separated from the main land only by a narrow cut through a morass, which it is more than probable was a work of art, with a view to strengthen the fortifications of the castle. The island, for so it must now be termed, is the largest of the lakes, containing about eighty plantation acres.

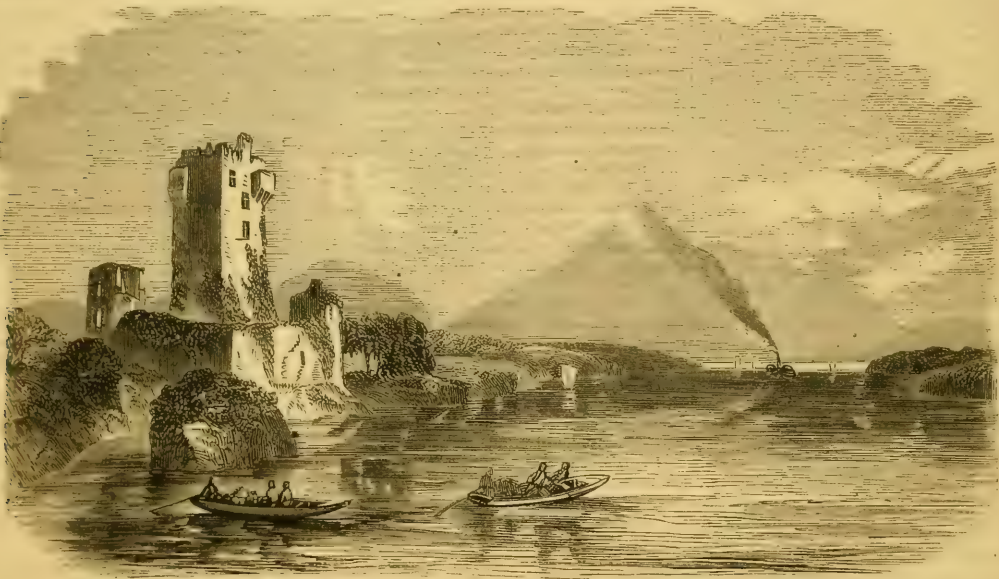
Ross Castle stands on the flat side of the lower lake, and the road to it is a causeway over a morass, which is reduced to an isthmus by inlets of the lake on either side. The castle is built on a rock, and the only remains are the large quadrangular tower, and two flankers in a ruined state. It is said to have been built by the powerful sept of the O'Donaghoees. It was a place of strength in the time of Cromwell, and resisted for some time the

So auspicious was the reign of this excellent prince, that his memory is still preserved, and it is believed among the peasantry, at this day, that he sometimes quits the regions of immortal bliss, and appears in person among the descendants of his people. The appearance of O'Donaghoe is considered a most propitious omen to the person who is fortunate enough to behold him; and the eye of the wandering peasant eagerly searches for him along the windings of the lake. The prince is always described as being mounted on a milk-white steed. May it not, then, be supposed that the white foam of a distant wave, suddenly curled up by a gust of wind from the mountains, has often been converted by the enthusiastic imagination of the simple and superstitious native into the semblance of a horse and his rider, whose preternatural appearance his interest and credulity are alike perpetually anticipating?

The name of O'Donaghoe is common in the town of Killarney and throughout the neighboring district; and a person who is deemed to be the lineal descendant of the ancient chieftain of the sept or clan is sedulously distinguished from the rest; not, however, by the means of a pompous title, but, on

To those who love originality mixed up with quaintness, and no small amount of shrewdness and good humor, it is no ordinary treat to sit on a moss-covered stone, and inviting some ancient shanahus to take a seat by your side, listen to her garrulous remarks. She will be sure to tell you a story, or relate some fairy legend; and the best plan to deal with her is to chime in with her humor, and allow her, in the usual Irish way, to begin by asking you a question.

Of course the several legends connected with the name of O'Donoghoe have their source in this, his Castle of Ross. The peasantry will point out the window from which he leaped into the lake when he exchanged his sovereignty on earth for that of the waters under it. He was endowed, they say, with the gift of transforming himself into any shape, and his wife requested him to exhibit some of his transformations before her. He warned her that if he did so, and she displayed any symptoms of fear, they would be separated forever. She still persisted, in the spirit of female curiosity, and in perfect confidence that she could look on unmoved. On his assuming, however, some very terrible shape, she



ROSS CASTLE.

attacks of the parliamentary army, under the command of General Ludlow.

As to the age in which O'Donaghoe flourished, it is not easily determinable; but that a great chieftain did once reign over this favored region, is a point established by the testimony of concurrent tradition. He is represented like the demi-gods of old—a contemner of danger, a sworn foe to oppression, a passionate admirer of what is great and honorable. The severity of his warlike virtues was tempered by a generous hospitality, which embraced a friend in every stranger. The rigor of the legislator was blended and lost in the endearing condescension of the friend; the prince was the father of his country; his court was the seat of joy and festivity; worth took its place at the board by inherent birthright; grey hairs received their reverence, and distressed innocence had a peculiar plea of admission; for humanity was paramount, and suspicious policy absolutely unknown. He was wise, too, and the gods sped his counsels, for his subjects were happy. Fruitful seasons crowned the year with plenty, and undisturbed tranquility led the way to enjoyment.

the contrary, by being called simply O'Donaghoe; to annex even the common title of Mr. to his name would be considered a gross derogation from his dignity.

A strange and original species of character haunts the margins of the lakes, and the traveller would lose a great treat were he to neglect their polite invitations to hear a fairy tale, or some obscure romance of the olden time, when Ireland had men who went abroad in armor. In ancient times the shanahus, or professional story-teller, was the historian and genealogist of the great families of the country; he recorded the heroic acts of the chiefs and princes, and preserved the memory of illustrious names. But as the changes of society hurried on, and the feudal power of the ancient houses began to decay, the records of fallen greatness became a theme ungrateful to the ears of the fallen gentry, and, to use the words of Carleton, that fine painter of Irish manners, 'from the recital of the high deeds and heroic feats of bygone days, the shanahus sank down into the humble chronicler of hoary legends and dim traditions.' The profession is now exercised indifferently by old persons of either sex.

shrieked with terror. He immediately sprang from the window into the lake below, and remains there an enchanted spirit; his enchantment to continue, until, by his brief annual ride, the silver shoes are worn out by the attrition of the surface of the water. It would appear that the immortal chieftain can be no other person than the identical O'Donoghoe, who surrendered Ross Castle to the parliamentary General Ludlow. The castle is famous in Irish history, as being the last in Munster to hold out against the parliamentary army.

In 1652, Ludlow, the successor of Ireton, assisted by Sir Hardress Waller, laid siege to it. It was defended by Lord Muskerry, with a sufficiency of troops, and an ample supply of provisions; yet the castle, so well prepared for defence, surrendered upon articles, without striking a blow. The circumstance is attributable to the terror that seized upon the garrison, when they beheld war-ships floating on the lake, in fulfilment of an ancient prophecy, which foretold that the castle could be taken only when an event occurred—almost as improbable as that 'Birnam Forest' should come 'to Dunsinane.'

IRISH MISCELLANY.

THOMAS O'NEILL - - - - PROPRIETOR.
MICHAEL J. WALSH - - - - CONDUCTOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1888.

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

This question, when proposed to an individual, is not always regarded as a civil one, and the unlucky questioner is generally set down as a boor, who does not know how to behave or what to say in company. It is often said that women of a 'certain age' are peculiarly sensitive to questions concerning their age, but men of a 'certain age' are quite as indignant, to say the least, when touched upon this sore point, especially that tolerably large class of men who cannot hide the signs of coming old age, and yet, from some worldly motive, would be permitted to pass in society as young men—as the men of the age.

It is not so with those communities, or aggregates of communities, called peoples or nations. Old age is honorable with them; so is even middle age. The man loves youth and the season of ripe manhood because, after a while, he must go hence, and be no more seen. The nation counts her years and her ages with honest pride, because there is in the inmost recesses of the heart of each separate people the deeply-rooted feeling that, though individuals may pass away, a nation never dies. The somewhat numerous exceptions to this rule are disposed of by saying that when a nation, as such, gives up the ghost, it is because the people have become utterly corrupt, soul and body, and are thus unable to discharge the duties incumbent on members of a body politic; or it is because God has willed that the nation shall die, not for the imbecility or wickedness of the people, but for hidden purposes of his own.

Let us select from universal history a few examples, by way of illustrating the point before us, ending, most probably, in another number of the Miscellany, with the case of old Ireland.

Take America, to begin with. She is the youngest nation, and, at the same time, a power on the long list which the world's history presents of independent nationalities. Brazil stands near; as for the other countries south of the United States, the less said of them the better.

America is nearly two hundred years old. It is frequently said that she was born July 4th, 1776, but her national life, though not half developed, was as real before that year as afterwards; a form was added; the substance was already there; a chain was broken, the instant its weight began to be felt by the people. The provincials, as the Americans were called, were freemen before the Revolution, and the elements of American national life began at once to combine and do their work, when the Scotch Irish of New Hampshire, the Puritans of Massachusetts, the Dutch of New York, the Quakers and Irish of Pennsylvania, the Catholics of Maryland, the cavaliers of Virginia, and the Huguenots of Carolina, planted their colonies, formed little republics, and began to feel that they were free states. It is not too much to say that the colonies, which soon began to know each other, and to feel their strength, enjoyed as much real freedom in 1758 as the States do now, making all allowance for the different exigences and characters of the times at these two periods. And so it has been truly said that America did not rebel against England; that the traitor was not the American people, but the British government, and the king lost the title as nominal sovereign in America, because his ministers assailed the liberties of men who had been always free.

Nevertheless, America is a young nation. She is half ashamed, half proud of the fact. She is proud,

because there is so much in the eye of the world to be admired in the freshness, confidence, vigor, daring, and beauty of youth. Her pride herein is like that of the young man who was just of age, and was about to vote for the first time. As he marched to the ballot-box, with an ill-concealed air of immense importance, as if he were trying to forget that everybody was looking at him, and that his vote might settle the destinies of the nation, and perhaps change the face of the whole world, he saw some eight or ten statesmen who had grown old in the service of their country, quietly depositing their suffrages for the next President. 'Ah!' said the young man, 'look there. Mr. A., who is now dropping his vote, has served the country in all sorts of high offices these thirty years past. When he was in Congress, I wasn't born. And yet I can do as much here as he can. My vote is as good as his. And, as he is not on our side, my vote will destroy his!' And so America is half proud of her youth.

She is half ashamed of it, though. She naturally wishes to be received on a footing of perfect equality in the family of great nations, and, to a certain extent, she is so received; but as she bustles to her seat, her quick eye perceives, not without inly promising herself revenge, a meaning smile exchanged among the other members of the great family. She presently finds that her neighbors are very proud of the high antiquity of their respective nations. Russia and Prussia are comparatively new-comers; but each has her government with all those forms which were venerable ages ago, and hence, although comparatively young, they seem old, and they are strong, and full of old world cunning. America is what is called a 'fast' nation; she tries to do as many things as possible at once, at the risk of doing nothing well, and she tries to crowd the events, and, of course, the labor of years, into the space of as many months, and this is a thing which makes nations, as well as men, soon begin to look old. And so America talks about all the great things which she has done, and the greater things which she intends to do. The two great oceans wash her shores, and open a highway to every part of the world. When America is named, who thinks of the British or Russian possessions or settlements, of Mexico, Central or South America? The United States only are thought of. And all these other states, provinces, colonies and settlements will one day be integral portions of America, in name and in fact, as well as in the maps and geographies in use in schools. And America, glancing at the mirror, as she concludes her oration, thinks that she discovers two or three incipient wrinkles in her face—the effects of fast living—and she calls the attention of her neighbors to them, as a proof that, if she be not aged, she is growing old.

Yet she cannot but reflect that the diplomacy, with a strong army to back it, has enabled England at least twice to outwit her in Central America. She has no diplomacy, and no standing force to back it at any moment, and all this, notwithstanding the long and loud talk about the Monroe doctrine. President Buchanan seems determined to do something in this direction; let us patiently await the result of his experiment. America has talked for years of constructing a railroad to the Pacific. A wagon road was opened the other day, but the railroad seems as far off as ever. Meanwhile, England is actually at work on a road to run through her own grounds, and she has the money.

When a nation of the old world gets up some great work which requires an immense outlay, oceans of talent, powerful and steady patronage, and an old aristocracy, and royal countenance, America thinks that she can get up as great a work without all these pre-requisites. In this way she erected that unfortunate Crystal Palace, which was burned to the ground

the other day. Was it not odd to see her almost wild with joy because the cable was laid, when the stock was chiefly owned in England, and both ends secured to shares of which England claims the sovereignty, and when the cable turned out to be a failure, after all.

The two or three wrinkles do not yet prove that America is old. She knows it well enough, but, when she is reminded of it she grows angry, and answers—'Well, what then? I am old enough' and strong enough to whip you and the 'rest of mankind' any day!

We will pursue this theme, as applicable to the really old nations in our next number.

MAILS FOR IRELAND.

We are happy in being able to announce that all letters left at the office of Messrs. Nazro Brothers & Sweeney, 5 Chatham Row, Boston, or at the office of the American Express Company, 61 Hudson street, New York, will be promptly forwarded by the Galway steamers. Letters by this route are charged in Ireland sixpence sterling postage, two-pence of which is paid to the steamship company; the balance, fourpence, the British government charge for their services. As this is only half the regular postage, the people would do well to avail themselves of the sailing of the Galway steamers to forward their letters to Ireland. No postage can be prepaid on this side; but persons in the country should enclose their letters, addressing them to either the Boston or New York agency, paying the United States postage, which is only three cents, on letters weighing under a half ounce, who will take great pleasure in forwarding them by the first steamer sailing after the receipt. A mail bag will be kept open at the Boston agency, until four o'clock on the day preceding the sailing of the steamer from New York, and at the N. York agency, until a few hours before the sailing of the steamer. The next steamer will be the Pacific, Captain Thompson, sailing on Monday, the 8th inst. The mail will be closed at the Boston agency Saturday the 6th inst.

LETTER FROM THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

We lay before our readers the following letter from Postmaster-General Black, in answer to a letter concerning the transportation of the mails for Great Britain via the Galway line:—

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Washington, October 26, 1888.

Sir—The Postmaster-General has received your letter of the 21st inst., relative to the establishment of a direct mail communication between this country and Ireland, by means of a new line of steamships, to run to and from Galway, and directs me to inform you, in answer, that the regular mails cannot be transported, under our postal arrangement with the United Kingdom, by such line to Galway, without the previous consent of the British Post Office, and the constitution of Galway as an exchange office for British mails. Moreover, under the recent act of 14th June, 1888, which restricts the compensation to be allowed to foreign vessels for the transportation of the mails to the ocean postages only, the preference is to be given to an American over a foreign steamship, when departing from the same port for the same destination, within three days of each other. I am, very respectfully your obedient servant,

HORATIO KING.

Thomas O'Neill, Esq., Boston Mass.

WE return our sincere thanks to our brethren of both the American and Irish presses, for the kindly welcome which they extended to us on our advent into newspaper life. The Boston Pilot and the Irish American have kindly used our name, and we trust to sail kindly along with our Irish cotemporaries in catering for the Irish people, and in seeking to place them in their true position in society.

MR. LEVER predicts that a steamer will leave Galway morning and evening for the United States before many years, and that the money paid for carrying the mail would support it without passengers or freight.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by
THOMAS O'NEILL, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

— IN THE —

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

LOVE OR ROMANCE.

One of the most complete soldiers in our regiment was Richard Langston. To him the world seemed all sunshine and happiness; no cloud dimmed him; no orders came wrong; ever ready for duty, the march, or frolic. The merry whistle or the light laugh was ever on his lip. If any of his fellows complained within his hearing, or said 'hard is the soldier's lot,' Dick would comfort him with the happy assurance that it was 'only for life.' Then would he whistle or sing again, until the most downcast and melancholy would cheer up, and laugh with glee. He was a clean, smart, and handsome soldier, with a face indicative of the happiness he really felt; constantly humming the 'Bold Dragoon' or 'Gallant Hussar,' till his comrades became satisfied and cheerful, with little to fret them, and little to care for, so bright and radiant an influence did the buoyant spirits of the jovious Langston exert upon his comrades. But a cloud came o'er the spirit of his dream, and a complete change was wrought in his careless and gay habits by a chance arrow shot from the bow of the blind Cupid.

On the march through Ireland, we arrived at the town of Carlow one morning in May, ere the people of that beautiful town were stirring. The distance for that day was short; but the surpassing beauty of the eleven or twelve miles of country which separate Ashy from Carlow will never be forgotten by me.

We had started at the grey dawn of day, and as the glorious orb rose majestically in the heavens, his rays lighting on the lately fallen dew drops, caused them to glitter and sparkle like gold upon the beautiful and verdant green. The hawthorn trees were white with blossoms, the fragrance of which filled the air, and the birds were pouring forth their sweetest melody.

The stranger—if any such there be—to the wrongs and misery of Ireland, might well exclaim, in contemplating such a scene, 'here, at least, is a paradise on earth.' But he who, on witnessing it, first learned her story, might well add, 'aye, and here is a country worth fighting, worth dying for.' Yes, oh stranger! while everything outward is beautiful, while the very elements have combined to make all nature glad, and the Almighty, with a bountiful hand, has showered his blessings around, and the earth has responded in the abundance of her fruits and foliage, the heart of the old land is bowed down in sorrow, and oppressed by tyranny and wrong. The blessings so plenteously bestowed upon the people are wrested from their hands by armed tyranny, armed not alone with the weapons of law, but with the still more destructive power of the foreign law—law which made it legitimate to rob the fatherless, and plunder and oppress the widow; and this is done in the name of justice and the religion of Christ. Blasphemy most foul! That government which takes the bread from the sower, and that church which deprives the poor of the last blanket, to sustain its ministers in idle luxury, cannot be ordained of Heaven; and to resist them to their overthrow, is to do a work pleasing in the sight of God. Truly has it been written, that 'it is man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.'

But to return to my story. On arriving in Carlow, as before stated, ere the people were astir, we were 'told off' to quarters. We found great difficulty in procuring stabling. The 1st Royals occupied the barrack, and, unless in private houses, it was not easy to get proper accommodation. I happened to be one of four who were in the rear guard, and by the time the rest were served, our prospects were rather blank indeed. While standing in front of the Colonel's hotel,

awaiting some arrangements respecting this difficulty, a gentleman riding by, on hearing our dilemma, volunteered to accommodate us, if we were entrusted to him.

Our captain expressed his acknowledgments, they exchanged names, and away we rode with our new friend. He resided near the town, and, on alighting at his house, we found him amply provided to accommodate a troop. There was a splendid out-house and stabling, with a granary and hay loft, and everything that a dragoon could require in abundance. Our horses attended to, our host led us into the house, when he soon informed us that he was warmly attached to the army; his father had held a commission in a regiment of cavalry. Excusing himself for half an hour, by which time he informed us that breakfast would be ready, he retired. He had but just left the room when a tall and very elegant lady, accompanied by a servant, entered, and commenced to remove some books which were upon the table. Our friend Dick offered some joking objections, asking her if she feared for them, and adding that without their books Hussars would be but dull fellows. The lady, who, by the way, was very handsome, replied that she merely wished to remove them out of the way; but if we desired to read books, she would show us into the library. Dick, with his best smile, thanked her, with an assurance that we would esteem it a great favor to enjoy the privilege. Just as Dick was beginning to show his gallantry, he was interrupted by a visit from our host, who came to announce breakfast. Having introduced the lady to us as his sister, he added that he was afraid she might fall in love, as he knew the awful malady—love of soldiering—ran through his family like wooden legs. At breakfast we made the acquaintance of the rest of the family. Our host was a young man, but recently married. He possessed a large estate, and was reputed in wealthy circumstances. He was of that class who, as he said himself, could never be moved from their love of farming and the sports of the field. He had experienced enough of city life, while at college, to give him a distaste forever after of city smoke and bustle. He had two maiden sisters, who sometimes resided with him, and at other times with an aunt in Dublin.

Breakfast over, our friendly interchange of sentiment progressed to the most familiar intercourse. The urbane and friendly attentions of our host broke down all the conventional strangeness incident to our position, and we felt and made ourselves perfectly at home. This seemed to afford him the greatest pleasure. I have ever found the greatest ease, confidence, and affability of manner, to characterise the elite of society in Ireland beyond that of the same class in any other country. More particularly is such the case with the educated Irish lady; there is none of that awkward bashfulness or delicate coyness which generally characterises the females of other countries, but an open frankness or trustfulness of manner. Once introduced to them as a friend, they treat you with the most winning courteousness, blended with familiar frankness. Thus a stranger is at once at ease in their company, and feels himself much sooner 'quite at home,' as the saying is, than he can possibly in the same space of time with the ladies of other countries. In truth, it has been well said of them 'that their hearts are as open as their houses,' and all admit that their hospitality is proverbial.

But to come back to my story. Early in the forenoon the troop Sergeant Major arrived to furnish us with forage, our pay and orders. During his stay at the house, the young lady before mentioned invited us to accompany her to the library to select books for ourselves, an invitation which we promptly accepted. Having each selected a volume, we retired from the library, leaving Dick in earnest conversation with the lady upon the subject of their favorite authors. Their tastes proving congenial upon this point, their friendly intercourse progressed amazingly.

We were to march the next day for Kilkenny, consequently our time for literary indulgence was very limited, and more particularly so as our party, with

the exception of Dick, started that afternoon for 'head quarters,' the meaning of which phrase, in this instance, is that when a cavalry regiment is marching through a city or town in which another is quartered, the men of duty belonging to both regiments meet at some public house or hotel, and exchange greetings. The men stationed in the place appoint the house, and a free and easy jollification is the natural, and if not natural, inevitable conclusion of such arrangements.

The next day, our kind entertainers were up and stirring bright and early to see us off. We parted, but not without gladly giving the promise which they exacted, that we should never, whether as soldiers or civilians, pass through Carlow again without paying them a visit.

From that day Dick Langston was an altered man; he loved books more and soldiering less. The beauties and pleasures of the service were now to him a departed dream. In place of the 'Gallant Hussar,' we were more often treated to a quotation from Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.' The bustle of a soldier's life, the clank of arms, and the strains of the martial bugle, had lost all their wonted charm. Robinson Crusoe or Alexander Selkirk on a lonely island were in a state of blissful happiness compared to him in a barrack room.

Dick, however, though greatly altered, was Dick Langston still, for love had not the power to stop his tongue; if it changed his desire, he would still recite—

'I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to these,
I'm lord of the fowl and the brute.'

At least, he would add by way of commentary, 'I can scarcely fall out with myself for my own noise.'

'Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.'

'You're a changed man, Langston, since you saw the lassie at Carlow. What would you think of her, and a good farm, to soldier!' some would ask. He would start from his reverie, and laughingly reply, 'Nothing better'; then go on—

'Happy the man whose constant care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground.'

Things continued thus about a year, when Dick left on furlough. On his return, he appeared to be still more out of conceit with soldiering, and, after a very short time, made application for discharge by purchase.

An order 'on the route' brought the regiment back to Dublin once more, to brigade for some new field drills. Upon arriving at the capital, Dick obtained leave for some days, and shortly after he received his discharge.

The day after, a carriage drove into the yard of Portobello Barracks, in which, on approaching our rooms, we recognized sick Langston. He came to say farewell, and after shaking his troopmates warmly by the hand, he again entered the carriage, in which, with other occupants, we beheld the lady who invited us into the library at Carlow, now Mrs. Langston.

I need hardly add that we received a cordial invitation from the happy bridegroom to visit him. He was the son of a wealthy merchant, who resided at Belfast. He was of an adventurous disposition, and having early imbibed a love for soldiering, he enlisted; but now, having sown the last of his wild oats, and taken unto himself a wife, he was warmly welcomed to the paternal house, and was comfortably settled by his father.

The old Dublin lady—aunt of the bride, mentioned before—was pleased with the romance of the affair, and settled a handsome dowry upon her niece, as a mark of her approval of the match. Dick entered into the linen trade in conjunction with his father, and took up his residence near Cole-raine, and whenever any of his old comrades visit him, they are sure of a right hearty reception and a glorious jollification.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

THE EVICTED TENANT.

From low'd home existed, dejected and lonely,
A brave Irish peasant sailed far o'er the main;
One bright hope sustained him—one wish—and one only—
That he might revisit green Erin again.

Away o'er the foamy Atlantic he passes;
The track of St. Brendan* he hastens along,
Unto that far Vinland† whose beauty surpasses
All poets have told of Hybrasil‡ in song.

One fond look he takes at the mountains of Beara,
The Fastnet and Clare have receded from view,
And as to the exile, begins a new era,
With 'slau leat go brugh,' to his land bids adieu.

He sighs for his home far in Clain's green valley,
Where Colman the saint, erst did pray unto God—
Where after the Geraldine clansmen did rally—
Where Raleigh the gallant, in paucity trod.

That home—his no more—to the earth had descended;
It fell 'neath the stroke of the 'crowbar brigade'—
No arm at that hour of distress to defend it,
Or smite the fowl cew in the rain they made.

The foam-wreathed billows around him now gather,
Wave presses on wave, so impetuous they throng,
To hail him, than whom 'neath the sun is none sadder,
The victim of landlord, oppression and wrong.

The wave and the billow roll wildly, unheeded,
The spray of the ocean falls cold on his cheek,
A prayer for a fond, aged mother is breathed,
Unmanned with emotion, he scarcely can speak.

But woe to the tyrants when war-flags are flying,
When Erin's 'gal tromba'§ will call to her aid,
Her brave sons, like him, who in exile are sighing
To send to her rescue an Irish brigade. T. F. W.

*According to the Irish, Danish, and Ecclesiastical chronicles, St. Brendan, Abbot of Ardfer, sailed on a voyage of discovery to this continent about the year 545.—[Colgan's Acta Sanctorum.]

†Vinland, the name given to the present New England by the Irish and Danish voyagers of that age, long before the discovery of Columbus.—[Humboldt's Cosmos.]

‡Hybrasil, the elysium of the Pagan Irish.

§Gal tromba, an ancient Irish instrument of music.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

CATOCTIN.

BY 'ORANMORE.'

Part Fifth.—The Iron Works.—The Journey's End.

The regions of Vulcan. Oh, Telemachus, what adventures were thine in search of Ulysses! Tartarean darkness! Step carefully—a long step down. Gather your dress closely about you; the vitriol throwers are not more destructive of fine clothing than would be the slightest contact with the iron that environs you on all sides. Would you experience Bruin's delight in his first dancing lesson, take a few steps yonder on his ball-room floor—those long blue widths of innocent seeming sheet-iron, spread there to cool. My word for it, you will find it piping hot, and pronounce him a lad of mettle.

Smoky, sooty, demoniac-looking figures come into relief against the light of the furnaces, which are roaring their prelude to the clamorous chorus to follow, and, to your relief, are again engulfed in the darkness. A ferruginous taste and odor is in the atmosphere, which is healthy, mingled with carbonic acid gas, from burning charcoal, which is deadly.

'How stifling!'

'Go on.'

Yonder breaks in the light of day, through a wide doorway; let us emerge for a mouthful of fresh air, more desirable than a chest full of gold and jewels.

'Ha! You have set your tiny gaiter, madam, on a spot where it needs no monument to commemorate the landing! Victoria's first foot-print at Cherbourg is not half so apparent—no, nor so dainty!'

'How provoking! Half the sole of my shoe has peeled off, and stuck to the iron like a cake in an over hot oven.'

'Ha! ha! ha! Be more cautious; 'tis well it was only the shoe. Take hold of my hand; there's no danger; the bridge is strong.'

'Yes—but the water rushes and surges so, and the dashing of the wheel alarms me.'

'We are over; come in here.'

Here they make the lathe nails. In the place we have left, the iron is melted, poured out, cooled, and pressed through rollers into sheets. Swarthy imps and demons, seated in a row, each feed an insatiate dragon with strips of sheet-iron, the size of cap-paper. Mark how the imp takes up one of the pieces at his side with his pitchfork (pickers), and thrusts it into the steel jaws of the dragon. Its gleaming teeth snap restlessly together, and the imp torments it by withdrawing the morsel suddenly and repeatedly from its jaws, and turning it over from left to right, and right to left, each time permitting it a mincing bite. How it hisses and roars its rage, and spitefully snaps off bit after bit, and scornfully spits them forth again, until barrel after barrel, at its feet, overflows with the shining fragments, which men call nails.

Oh, Solomon! could all your wisdom have contrived so ingenious a torment for your shackled monsters, how would your riches, vast as they were, have then augmented? Poor Tantalus! Your denial of food was profitless cruelty; you also bit off your nails, doubtless—but they were of no market value.

How rapidly the machinery moves—with a clatter and an activity equal to an assemblage of all the ancestors and all the posterity of the barber of the Arabian Nights, sir-named 'The Silent,' and his garrulous brother in the bargain, all of them at the same time engaged in stropping their razors and telling their stories.

And next we visit the grand arena, where the dragons—fed by adult demons only—seem weary, bite slower, and are indulged with larger mouthfuls, but reject them, as though faint with long fasting. And, huddled all around, like 'wall-flowers' at a ball, or sheep by the roadside, are barrels full of what men designate fourpennies, sixes, eights, tens, twelves, twenties and forties, and wrought-iron spikes.

Here the demons themselves seem tortured, for the atmosphere is suffocating, and the furnaces roast the face, and the glare blinds the eyes. They must be glad to escape at six o'clock (as we do now, an hour or two earlier,) and catch the cool breeze of the sweet Patapsco, and bathe their brows in the refreshing tide.

Then, I am told, these imps and demons are converted into not unhandsome men and boys, fathers and sons, and assemble around cosy supper-tables in this little valley, and laugh and talk with 'mother and the children,' and read the Bible and sing and pray, and, purified from earthly stains—

'Lie down to pleasant dreams.'

And so may we all at life's sunset.

'Amen,' says the Reverend Doctor Whitehead.

We returned to the Delay House as the gong sounded, and we had a dinner that we luciously remember yet; one that Doctor Whitehead was 'full of' for the rest of the day—that almost decided him to rest there in preference to Catoctin. As for the rest of us, 'there is no rest for the wicked,' we must go on.

Time after dinner is unconsciously consumed with the cigar and the newspaper, while the ladies take a siesta. But the whistle of the locomotive, like the phibrock of the highlands, soon brings about a gathering of the clans, and 'all the blue' (white and green) 'bonnets are over the border' of the river, in the rustle of a ribbon, and on the winding way to—Illchester.

Soon reached, soon passed, but a long time ere the remembrance of its beautiful scenery passes from the mind. Then Ellicott's Mills, with its well known accessories, and Marriottsville, where an incident has occurred that I may yet relate. And Hood's Mill, with its huge teams and jingling bells,

and cherrypy black drivers, whistling musically, or breaking out into song, or calling by name to their well broken-in horses.

And all along this road what a delightful diversity of hill and vale, and crystal waters, rushing in torrents, flowing in rivers, widening into lakes, narrowing into brooklets, eddying out into shallows, gurgling among mossy rocks and forest waifs, and winnowing in amid old fantastic tree roots and hanging vines in shady places, keeping as silent and as happy as lovers, and a vast deaf cooler.

Such foliage! Giles, the ploughboy, could tell you where. This is hickory, and that is maple, and yon is sycamore, and here is poplar, and there are oasket willows, weeping willows, larch, oak, beech, fir, cedar and pines. But what care we, free lovers of universal nature, for that, as we confess with rapture that fairer scenes cannot, do not exist. It is even worth the penalty of an hour's stay in fossiliferous old Frederick City, where we arrive about night, and take a supper, paying handsomely for it, and a stroll up a rugged pavement, dark and dirty, with an Indian ink view of nothing in particular. But wherever lights are shining, there we see congregated the occupants of the adjoining houses, gathered about the door-steps, socially commingling.

We lose a trunk here, which we afterwards recover, and charter an omnibus, and the children go to sleep in it right off, and very leisurely catch a very bad cold apiece.

We take the road, Doctor Whitehead, Savage, Vernon, and Oranmore, each his head thrust out of a different window, puffing away at one of Ruthmann's prime cigars. Every now and then a cigar and a head is withdrawn, and a remark or a reply follows, for the gentlemen are conversing, as they have been all day, changing from grave to gay, from lively to severe, according to the 'strange and wayward course of thought.'

The ladies become unfemininely taciturn, and we perceive by the 'lantern dimly burnings,' that—

'Nay, turn not away that sweet head,'

that—they are most unromantically nodding. And the last cigar is out; the last ashes mingling with the invisible dust of the road, and the latest somnolent recollections of one of the company, who claimed to be wide awake when (as he profanely asserts—who will believe it?) every body else was—snoring.

The omnibus ran over a dissolute, desolate, vagrant Tom-cat, whose melancholy caterwauling awoke the echoes, the ladies, and their sympathies. The prolongation of the sounds attested the continuance of Tom's valuable existence, and the ladies' goodness of heart—that Tom was more frightened than hurt, and the ladies more hurt than frightened. (The narrator says that ever since '48 in Ireland, he has had sympathy for the feline.)

That there was an occasional—that is to say, every minute—stopping at toll gates, and such a shouting to get somebody up, and such a shouting when they were up, to make them hear, for they seemed deaf, and a repetition of the shouting to make them comprehend, for they were also 'daft.'

(This portion of the relation is well attested—the noise effectually awakening every living thing within a quarter of a mile.)

And then there was a very soporific recollection of a very rough bit of travelling. Toiling up an ascent that seemed perpendicular, and jolting, dashing, flying down a precipice, despite the heavy drag attached, that conveyed the sensation, and suggested an agreeable dream of a surgeon sawing your bones.

(An anæsthetic agent employed in the rest of our cases.)

And next a brilliant light was seen, far down in the valley—dark as that of the shadow of death—which, when nearest approached, proved to be a

fire, lit as a 'fish decoy,' and now glowed high above you. And deeper, deeper did we delve, and higher, higher did we climb, until another light came into view. And it went out of view, and came into view, like a fen light, and the weary horses were at length drawn up, panting in the blackness of a thick wood, and the cessation of motion aroused us all, and the driver announced—and Dr. Whitehead instantly confirmed him—that we had at last arrived at Catocin.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

The news from our old and truly loved fatherland is such as should cheer all her sons, and reinvigorate them to new efforts in her behalf. One united shoulder, and she is fairly launched into new life, and we will be proud to know she can then take care of herself. The facts before the world in relation to her position, and the events connected with the Lever and Father Daly undertaking, have lifted her into an importance little dreamed of. The British government, seeing the problem solved beyond a doubt, will not only lend Ireland money, but will actually give it without expecting a return. The people of Galway are praised by England for aiding themselves, and Limerick bestirs herself, and looks around—Limerick of the Shannon, with a history full of interest, resources and wealth unsurpassed, and a spirit, if aroused, capable of any undertaking. To our friends in that noble city, we would say the day is not far distant when through Ireland almost every passenger and every pound of freight will pass for Europe. This, indeed, portends to be the great and bloodless revolution. Read the following, from the Dublin Nation, and see whether we of the Miscellany have been wild in our theories respecting this matter, or whether our early and wildest fancies are not likely to be realised.

GALWAY PACKET STATION.—After a trial of two months the Galway Trans-Atlantic Packet Station may now be considered as a decided success; its immense local advantages have triumphed over its opposition of Liverpool; and, as far as can be foreseen, Ireland will henceforth become the chief area of transit for the trans-Atlantic commerce of England, as well as that of the north-east of Europe. Short as the period has been since the station was established, and while the experiment was as yet in its tentative stage, upwards of three thousand passengers have crossed the Atlantic from both sides in the Lever line of steamers; and when the Pacific last started, upwards of a hundred persons were unable to obtain berths in the vessel. The amount of freight also carried by the packets has been large beyond anticipation, so that the company are about to increase the number of steamers to meet the augmented demands of commerce. Thus we see geography has achieved a victory over local interests and national prejudice, and over the disinclination which is ever found to oppose the adoption of a new channel of commerce, or any other new improvement until experience has rendered the advantages derived from it patent and unquestioned.

At the same time, too much praise cannot be awarded the leaders of the Galway Packet Company for the energy and resources which they have displayed in carrying their project successful. Although the vessels at present on the line are, we believe, by no means so swift as those on the old established route from Liverpool, yet the company have demonstrated the fact that distance and time is saved by making Galway the exit for England's American commerce, and that her manufacturing and general trade interests are deeply involved in sustaining the enterprise they have set on foot. It is also hoped that the government will lend an aiding hand to this project. Their duties to the public demand that they should adopt the shortest route for the carriage of postal communication between those countries and America. This service now amounts to £800,000 per annum; and by transferring this subsidy to the Galway Company, the latter, according to Mr. Lever, would thus be enabled to run a line of steamships twice a day from the western port, exclusive of any other purpose, and without reference to what they would receive from the carriage of freight and passengers. Indeed, sooner or later the opinion of America and England must decide this matter; and here is every likelihood that at no distant day the entire trans-Atlantic postal communication of Europe

will pass through Galway. Great, however, as the immediate or proximate advantages derivable from this line may be, the future will unfold others infinitely more important. Perhaps the present generation will live to see the projected railway which is to unite the Atlantic and Pacific coasts brought to completion—indeed the enormous commercial interests involved in thus obtaining the shortest route to China and India will hasten the design. This once perfected, the course of European commerce will take a new direction—the Mediterranean and Cape routes will be abandoned, and Ireland, as the necessary area through which the transit trade of the East and West would pass, may, through this means, attain a degree of opulence beyond the reach of present calculation, as well as by developing her resources and creating a native commerce, for which her capacities are undisputed.

We take the following statement from the Limerick Chronicle. The Southern, it would seem, have abandoned all idea of the establishment of the trans-Atlantic packet station at their side of the kingdom:—

'We have been informed by a very reliable authority that at the assembling of Parliament government will recommend giving to Galway a grant of £50,000, as the first instalment of the sum needed to construct the breakwater, if the commissioners now inspecting Galway should report favorably of it as a harbor of refuge. The total required for the purpose will be £150,000, and, owing to the influence of the Lord Lieutenant and Irish Attorney General with the present Cabinet, both exerted for Galway, but most of all owing to the energy, industry and enterprise of the Galwegians themselves, the entire amount will be advanced out of the Imperial exchequer, and that, too, not as a loan, but as a grant, free and forever. Lord Derby is determined on helping those who seem disposed to help themselves. The people of Limerick deserved no help from any one, because there was no disposition on their part to aid themselves, and, with all the advantages of their superior position, their apathy leaves them in the background, while Galway is fast going ahead. That the packets from Galway will prove a paying speculation, the following facts are good omens: The amount of passage money paid in the last steamer, the Pacific, was over £3,000, and in one of the second-class packets, which arrived at Galway a short time ago, nearly £2,000, was produced by the passenger traffic alone, being, as in the other case, exclusive of the freights for conveyance of merchandise. The receipts of the Midland Railway have been vastly increased by the arrival and departure of American packets at Galway. The company is in a most flourishing condition, and they propose to continue their line of railway down to the dock. In order to insure a character for punctuality, the steamers start precisely at the appointed hour; and the other day the packet was several miles at sea before the Customs House officer had her papers cleared out, and was obliged to return in a small boat.'

Apropos of this subject, the Galway Vindicator, just come to hand, announces the arrival there of Captain Washington, R. N., one of the Commissioners appointed by government to inquire into the subject of harbors of refuge:—

'Last night, by the mail train at 10.12 P. M., Captain Washington, R. N., Chairman of the Commission to inquire into the subject of harbors of refuge, arrived in Galway. The other commissioners are expected by train to-day. At 10 o'clock this morning Captain Washington was called on by Mr. P. M. Lynch, Chairman of the Harbor Commissioners, who was very kindly and cordially received by him. S. U. Roberts, Esq., county surveyor, was then introduced, and Captain Washington expressed a wish that Mr. Roberts should afford him his assistance and information during the day, and it was arranged that they should go out in the Vesper at 2 o'clock, to examine and take soundings in the bay, and test the correctness of the carefully prepared and elaborate plans submitted by Mr. Roberts. Captain Washington then informed Mr. Lynch, the Rev. Mr. Darcy, Mr. P. A. Flynn, and one or two other gentlemen who waited on him, that he would be most happy to meet some gentlemen connected with the Harbor Board who could give him information on the subject of his inquiry at the Railway Hotel to-morrow. There will be no public court of inquiry held, but we have reason to believe that Captain Washington is disposed to enter on his inquiry with a degree of earnestness which will leave nothing undeveloped in relation to the natural resources and immense capabilities of the harbor of Galway.'

THE LEVER LINE.—The Morning Post says:— 'There appears neither money, enterprise, nor industry wanting on the part of Mr. Lever and his friends, and if, in addition to these, there be exhibited such punctuality and perseverance as have hitherto appeared, Galway may in time become—what that city was some centuries ago—a really important seaport. It is

on all hands admitted, however, that the harbor, roadstead and bay are capable, under proper engineering management, of being rendered safer and more sheltered, and already are maritime surveyors and engineers reporting on a subject not merely of English and Irish, but of European and trans-Atlantic importance. It is now palpable that the passage from Galway to Halifax may be made in from five to five and a-half or six days; the journey from Halifax to Boston, United States, being accomplished in from twenty to twenty-four hours. Thus, in from six and a half to seven days we may at present, by this route, be put in possession of American news, and interchange not merely the products of thought but those more material products which supply the manufacturing industry and create the wealth of nations. If such a celerity be attained with the first three or four months of a novel, and in some sort hazardous undertaking, to what improvements may we not be justified in looking in the course of 1859? Probably before this time next year the distance between London and New York may be reduced to an affair of seven or even of six days. In passenger traffic, the advantage of this increased celerity of communication is inestimable, nor in mercantile and political correspondence is it less appreciable. There is an immense correspondence between Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, Hull, Huddersfield, and New York, and other towns and cities of the American Union, and we shall not be surprised to find that a day is not distant when this correspondence and the letters from Canada may be forwarded via Galway.'

At a meeting of the Galway Harbor Commissioners on Friday, the following communication from the Viceroyal Lodge was read by the chairman, the ubiquitous Father Peter Daly:—

VICEREGAL LODGE, Sept. 30.

'My dear Mr. Daly—I communicated the telegram and your note to the Lord-Lieutenant, who was much gratified by the successful voyage of the last steamer from St. John's to Galway, which, I think, decides the advantages of the Irish passage over that from Liverpool, so as to make it plain even to English understandings. You will perceive by the papers that Lord Eglinton has succeeded in having the Commissioners sent to Galway, and we are all sanguine that their report will be favorable, and we shall see the line of packets from thence firmly established.

Believe me, yours very faithfully

FRANCIS FLUNKETT DUNNE.

The Rev. Peter Daly, Imperial Hotel. P. S. His Excellency leaves for Ballinasloe, arriving there the day after to-morrow.'

The letter was received with rapturous cheering. When the enthusiasm had partly subsided, it was rekindled by an unexpected ceremonial, improvised by Captain Thatcher, of the Propeller, recently arrived from America, who had been deputed to present Father Daly with an American hickory stick, the gift of a trans-Atlantic admirer. After a brief speech, the gallant seaman placed the stick in the worthy father's hands, and the latter held it up on the table for a few minutes, amid (says the report) the enthusiastic cheering, not only of the members of the Board, but of all the officials and townspeople who crowded the room. The stick, the object of so much veneration, is faithfully described as being a very handsome hickory branch of black, highly polished, with three or four nicely preserved knots, polished out in relief. Near the handle was inserted a silver tablet, about four inches long by two inches wide, on which the following inscription was engraved:—

'Presented by Thomas O'Neill, of Boston, U. S., to Father Peter Daly, of Galway.'

MONUMENT TO THE LATE EDWARD WALSH.—A pretty but simple and unpretending monument at length marks the spot where lies the mortal remains of Edward Walsh, a gifted and patriotic Irishman, whose whole life was a struggle with an adverse fortune, though the productions of his pen must give him a high rank among our national poets. Since the

period of his death, in 1639, this humble grave in a retired and shady spot of the Botanic Gardens remained unmarked by either slab or monumental stone, until some months ago, when one or two gentlemen of this city, admirers of his genius and virtues, resolved that some monument should be raised over his grave to indicate to the stranger who it was that slept beneath. A subscription was accordingly set on foot, and very soon a sufficient sum was obtained to defray the expense of such a tribute as was contemplated. The work was entrusted to Mr. Daly, of Cook street, by whom it has been executed in a highly creditable manner. There is nothing in the simple monument calculated to astonish or to attract particular attention; it is a neat, pretty, and well-finished piece of ornamental sculpture. It is a Celtic cross, about eight feet high, cut out of limestone, with some light and simple carving on the front. A sprig of shamrock adorns the extremity of each arm and also the summit. It was erected on Friday week over the grave, where two of Mr. Walsh's children are buried beside him. The following inscription, in the Celtic language and characters, with an English translation, will be engraved upon it:—

EDWARD WALSH,
The Poet and Translator.
Died August, 1850—Aged 45 years.
This Celtic Cross marks his grave.

By its erection a few of his countrymen desire to record their admiration of the Patriot and the Bard, who loved Erin as a child loveth his mother, and poured forth on her breast that knowledge of her happy and sad memories, which he had fashioned into beauty by the warmth of his love, and the magic of his song.

His life was similar to that of many of the people of this land; an anxious struggle to procure food, and the means of moral and intellectual refinement for his children; cheered by the love and sympathy of a devoted wife, as well in the construction of his happy free-will offerings for his country, as in the ill-required labors of his daily life. God rest his soul!—[Cork Examiner.

THE BALLOT.—The question of reform is now before the country; but we would remind the Irish public that without the ballot, reform would prove a curse rather than a blessing to this country. If the ballot be a useful institution in any part of the world, it would be doubly useful in Ireland. The English Ballot Society are making strenuous effort to procure for this important measure a favorable consideration from the parliament and the country; and if Ireland be wise she will spare no effort to aid in the success of the movement. Reform, as we have already said, without the ballot, would be no boon whatever; and for this simple reason, that it would only increase instead of diminishing the power of the aristocracy. Let us suppose an extension of the franchise to-morrow, what use is it if the landlord can influence the votes of the tenants, and make them act contrary to their conscience? What would be the use even of universal suffrage, while the landlord and the employer have [the power of coercing the votes of their dependents? It is the ballot that Ireland principally wants, and we hope that the representatives and people of this country will spare no effort to achieve a triumph which is at the very foundation, not merely a Reform, but of popular liberty.—[Kilkenny Journal.

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN IRELAND AND AUSTRALIA.—The Cork Reporter says: 'Upon Tuesday the committee of merchants met at their room, Commercial Buildings, to consider the project of a line of steamships between London and Australia via Panama, which would make Queenstown their final port of departure. Messrs. Fagan and Basmish dwelt with much force upon the certain benefits which the establishment of such a means of communication would confer upon this locality. As this was really a preliminary meeting, all that could be done was to sign a memorial expressive of the anxiety of the committee of merchants to forward

the line by every means in their power, and to adopt a resolution requesting the mayor to convene a general assemblage of the mercantile interest of Cork to discuss and assist the scheme, should it be found worthy of support. His worship readily acquiesced with the desire enunciated, and the general meeting will be called on an early day next week. What we have now to inquire is what kind of co-operation is sought from our merchants, and what liability are they required to assume. The company is limited; the capital is fixed at £325,000, composed of 65,000 share of £5 each. The document to be subscribed is as follows:—

Australian and Pacific Company (Limited).
Subject to my approval of the list of members when complete, I hereby consent to act as a member of the provisional committee of the shareholders of the proposed company above named, when the same shall be duly incorporated pursuant to the 19th and 20th Victoria cap. 46, for the purposes stated in the annexed prospectus, and to subscribe for one share in the said company.
Dated this day of 1858.

TRANSATLANTIC PACKET STATION AT FOYNE'S ISLAND.—Limerick, Friday.—At a meeting of the Limerick Corporation, held this day, steps were taken for the formation of a company to start steam packets between Foyne's and America, and several members of the council subscribed £50 each towards the project. A meeting for issuing shares and receiving subscriptions, will be held on Monday next. Some of the directors of the Waterford and Wicklow Railway have been on a cruise down the Shannon this week with English capitalists, examining the capabilities of Foyne's, which the Royal Commission had reported as the best of Irish ports. The result has been most favorable.—[Limerick Chronicle.

THE steamer Sligo, from Sligo, arrived at Glasgow harbor, having on board 121 head of cattle, of which about 30 had perished through the roughness of the weather. Hard weather was first experienced when the steamer was some sixty or seventy miles off the Londonderry coast, and the cattle which were on deck, suffered so much from the tossing of the vessel and the boisterous weather, that many of the beasts fell and were trampled to death by the others. On the vessel reaching the harbor, the carcasses of some 32 beasts were strewn on the deck, and about 30 more were so exhausted that they had to be killed on landing. The loss occasioned by this casualty to the dealers who exported the animals must be considerable.—[North British Mail.

THE GALWAY ATLANTIC LINE.—A deputation on behalf of the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company, consisting of Viscount Bury, M. P.; Mr. Roebuck, M. P.; Mr. John Orrell Lever, and a number of other gentlemen had an interview with Mr. Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, on Thursday, on the subject of the postal subsidies by mail service between Galway, Newfoundland and America. The deputation was favorably received. Mr. Hamilton stated that the government viewed the new line of steamers with considerable interest, and attached great importance to being able to communicate between London and Washington in six days.

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF DUBLIN.—The Indian Queen arrived in our port yesterday with seven hundred hogsheads of tobacco, brought direct from Virginia, for our respected and enterprising fellow citizen, Val O'Brien O'Connor, Esq., late high sheriff of the city. This is, we believe, the first cargo of tobacco imported directly into Dublin for over forty years, and is noteworthy as another evidence of the progress of mercantile enterprise in this kingdom.—[Nation.

MR. WALDRON, M. P., is granting leases on his Tipperary estates to as many of his tenants as are willing to take them at the advanced rents laid on last year. The advance is in some instances thirty and in others thirty-five per cent. This is rather tight lacing for a Tenant Right M. P., while the best wheat is selling for 13d a stone.

There was a dinner at the Railway Hotel, Galway, on the evening after the Indian Empire sailed. The chair was filled by Thomas Howard, Esq., of Hyde, near Manchester, and the vice-chair by Charles Butler, Esq. It was a select party of English and Irish gentlemen interested in the new company. After the usual toasts, Mr. Howard's health was proposed by the vice-chairman, when that gentleman responded, stating that the undertaking had been originally taken up by a few individuals, but it grown too large for them. A weekly sailing was now necessary, and a great company had been formed to carry out the enterprise with proper completeness and efficiency.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

A DAY or two since you were told that the Venetians have recently displayed as much hostility to Austria as the Lombards, and the following facts will corroborate the statement: Some days ago Signora Ristori played Judith, in Glacometti's drama of the same name, in the Theatre St. Samuel at Venice, and there was a perfect storm of applause when she pronounced the words 'Name my name to your children, and tell them that war is sacred which is waged by a nation against a people that invades the country given unto it by the Almighty.' The noise made by the audience was tremendous, and invectives against Austria were not wanting. There were loud cries of 'Encore, Encore,' but, as the actress could not repeat the passage without the permission of the police, she left the stage in order to obtain it. The Commissary was absent, and, as the tumult continually increased, Ristori at last returned to her post, and did what was required of her. The lady was rewarded for her complaisance by tremendous cheers, but when she quitted the stage she was overwhelmed with reproaches by the Commissary, who had returned to the theatre just after the four lines had been declaimed for the second time. The employee threatened to arrest her, but the public was in such a state of excitement that he did not venture to put his menace into execution. The end of the matter was, that strict orders were issued by the police never again to give Glacometti's Judith.—[Correspondent of the Times.

THE POPE AND CARDINAL WISEMAN.—The Weekly Register states that at the recent Consistory at Rome, although his Holiness did not deliver a formal allocution on the occasion, he addressed a few words full of interest and consolation to the august assembly, particularly alluding to the visit of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster to Ireland. His Holiness expressed his great satisfaction that he had added to the sacred college such an illustrious and worthy member. The enthusiasm of the Catholics of Ireland his Holiness considered to be equally a triumph for the church, as well as an open and striking protest against the futility of the temptations of the Protestant propaganda.

We have learned that the Post-Office authorities in London are earnestly engaged in the arrangement of all details connected with the contract for improved postal communication between London and Dublin, and which, as the public already know, is to be carried out, on the English side, by the London and North Western and the Chester and Holyhead Railway Companies, the sea service being performed by the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company. Representatives of those companies have been in communication with the Post-Office authorities, and matters are in a fair train for final arrangement.—[Mercantile Advertiser.

JEDDAH AND PERIM.—A Trieste despatch says that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has been instructed to express the regret of the English government for the bombardment of Jeddah, and that England intends to indemnify the Sultan. It is reported that England will ask to rent the Island of Perim for 100 years.

Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte on Sunday visited Keswick and Appleby, accompanied by Mr. John Rayson, who has translated for him the Song of Solomon into the Cumberland dialect.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.

1

We read with much pleasure Harper's Magazine for October. Strain's Ride over the Andes and Islands and Shores of Greece, are capital. We with pleasure pluck a flower from the latter, and, in presenting it to the readers of the Miscellany, admit that we are touched with the pathetic nature of the story, as we were often before with Owen McCarthy and his 'Aileen' in the 'Landlord and Tenant.' It is well told:—

Over this plain we saw the white summit of the Acropolis, distant indeed, but, with a glass, we could count the columns of the Parthenon.

'John, that is the Parthenon.'

'Ay, Peter, I know it when I see it, as a boy knows the house in which he was born. Why, Peter, there isn't a stone of it that Morris Whaley, the old teacher of the academy, hasn't beaten into me by dint of scolding and drubbing, till I should know the Parthenon, if one of the Gentils in the Arabian Nights had taken me up in New York and set me down on the Acropolis.'

'Pleasant recollections and associations!'

'Yes, pleasant, though you laugh at them. There is Pierre Laroche now, miserable Gaul that he is—(John dodged a bucket which Laroche shied at him)—Pierre, I say, has no idea of the pleasant associations which an American boy has with his school-days. Morris Whaley kept school in a log-house long before the academy was built, and there was a trout stream running by the very door, and the eladiest grove in all the world on the other side of the brook, and there was a room for the girls and a room for the boys, and all the day long there was fun and study, and study and fun, going on in that little log school-house. For Morris was a good soul, with none of the pedantry of some teachers, and none of the stupidity of others. He had seen the Acropolis, by dint of economy and third class passages. You need not laugh at my recollections of Morris Whaley. Sit down Peter; stretch your bones along the top of the hatchway, if you're too proud to lie on the deck as I do, and I'll tell you about Morris's death, while the ship is making the Pireus.'

So I sat down, and the others gathered around, and, as the boat cleaved her way through the classic waters, we listened to the story.

'Morris Whaley was growing old. He was, perhaps, sixty-five or seventy years old. No one knew exactly his age, and the old man was always quiet about it himself. He boarded with the minister, and the two used to make the evenings slip by pleasantly with talk and pipes.

'There was one little girl that went to the academy, whose blue eyes had won special admiration from the old master. Many a day I have seen him, when he seemed to be listening to the lesson she recited, in fact looking with a gaze that I could not interpret or understand. It was not as if he loved her, and yet there was a depth of tenderness in the gaze.

'But finally came the day when old Morris was to go out into the infinite mysteries of which he loved sometimes to talk. While he was sick, we all watched around his bed, for all the boys loved him. One day, when I was alone with him, he said to me, in his broad, Irish accent—

'John, do you ever see Nellie Bliss now-a-days?'

'Yes, Mr. Whaley, she was here a little while ago, to ask about you.'

'Was she though? The Lord bless her! I wish I had seen her. Do you think, John, she'd be thinking it too much if you just asked her to step in a bit and see the old man?'

'She was there that afternoon, and when I asked her she came in.

'Ah! Miss Nellie, you're a blessed child, to think o' poor Morris Whaley. He gathers strength from seeing your face.'

'I wish it might make you strong enough to be well again, Mr. Whaley.'

'Na, na! I don't mane strength for this world. It's strength for the long journey—strength for the distance no man hath measured or counted. I'm going a far journey, Nellie—a far journey, and at the far end I'll see some one who had eyes just like yours—just like yours—the same brown eyes.'

And the old man sobbed. Nellie had taken his hand while he spoke, and now she said softly—

'Who was she?'

'She was my own, own wife, in the long ago years.'

'Were you ever married, sir? I didn't know that.'

'Ye didn't? who did? She that was mine died, it's forty years since, and lies all that day in the church-yard in Galway. Ah! Mary, Mary Bray, how the old heart remembers ye!'

'That was my mother's name, Mr. Whaley.'

'For God's sake, child, who was your mother? and he nearly sprang from his bed to seize her hands and look in her face.

Well, it all came out that Nellie was his own grandchild, daughter of his runaway child that he hadn't seen for thirty odd years. But the shock was too much for the old man, and three days after he died. All the afternoon his mind wandered, and in the twilight he was quite beside himself. Very gentle, though, he was, and at one time he would commence 'Odi profanum vulgus,' or the sonorous 'Arma virumque,' or some other familiar school passages; and then, when the night was changing into dawn, and the uncertain light stole in at the window, through the branches of the pear-tree, the old man turned in his bed, and spoke in a low voice, 'John—'

'Ease off the main-sheet.'

'Well, he didn't say that exactly. You might be a little more polite, Mr. Thompson, than to interrupt me in that way. He said John, and I said, 'What is it, Mr. Whaley?' and he said, 'Is Nellie sleeping?' and I said she was, and so he—yes, Mr. Thompson's interruption was not so 'mal-apropos' either—he eased off the main-sheet, put up his helm, and slipped away before a soft south wind—away—ah! Peter, where away? Shall you and I ever see old Morris again?—ever sail our boat in seas that he is navigating?'

BURYING ALIVE.—Too much caution cannot be exercised in the burial of persons who do not exhibit unmistakable signs of death. A woman not long ago was buried alive in a small village in the northern part of Alabama. A vault was recently opened in Vienna, in which the body of a rich man, supposed to be dead, had been deposited fifteen years before, when, to the horror of the spectators, the coffin was discovered to be broken open, and the skeleton of the deceased was found lying at the foot of the stairs leading out of the vault. The miserable man had been buried in a trance, and coming to his senses, had broken open the coffin, and crawled to the steps to get out. Who can imagine the agony he suffered in that horrid prison before death came to his release?'

LABOR SCORNEES.—Only fools and drones scorn and condemn labor—fools and drones, whose daily livelihood is a swindle upon brave and ungrudging toil. The dwelling of the nabob, the food, raiment, and all surroundings by which he goes forth to play his shallow game of dazzle, are the fruit and creation of labor. Let the tailor, the shoemaker, and the hatter, the farmer, artizan, mechanic, and worker of every kind, say to the labor scornee, 'We will serve thee no more,' and what would be his fate? Either to toil honestly to clothe, feed and shelter himself, or be driven forth naked like the savage, to make his burrow amongst the beasts of the earth.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

COFFEY of Indiana, candidate for Congress at La Porte, was introduced to a prominent German, a little deaf. 'Ball Dax,' said the German, 'to the devil mit der boll-dax—I pay him now two times!'

What ship's boat ought to contain a happy crew? The jolly boat.

When a man is struck by lightning, is it correct to say that he is thunder-struck?

The man who carries the thing too far has let it drop. The sheriff was after him.

'Boy,' said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, 'what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?'

'Humph,' returned the boy, 'what are you going by for when I am hollerin' by?'

Make friends with the steward on board a steamer; there is no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

Which is the most celestial part of the British empire? The Isle of Sky.

The tail is the canine indicator of joy. In caressing a strange dog you should always 'wait for the waggin'! The reader will at a glance, be fully alive to the danger of stroking a dog without a tail.

A confined tippler was bothered how to honor his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him. He kept sober.

It seems to me that this blessed world will never want something to quarrel about so long as there are two straws upon it.

DROPPING A SYLLABLE.—The facetious Mr. Bearcroft told his friend, Mr. Vansittart, 'Your name is such a long one, I shall drop the sittart, and call you Van for the future.' 'With all my heart,' said he; 'by the same rule, I shall drop croft, and call you Bear.'

'I am sorry to say,' said a sheriff to a handsome young widow 'that I have an attachment for you.' 'I am happy to say, sir, that it isn't mutual.'

MUCH has been said about feats of strength, but it is an actual fact that a few days ago, a man of but ordinary stature knocked down an elephant. The performer of the great feat was an auctioneer.

A very poor look—A jail window.

UPON a traveller telling Gen. Doyle, an Irishman, that he had been where the bugs were so large and powerful that two of them would drain a man's blood in one night, the General replied: 'My good, sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are called hum bugs.'

'What is dat, Sambo what goes from Bosting to New York widout movin'?'— 'Me guvs dat up, Pomp.' 'Why, nigger, it's a railroad!'

A horse-dealer, in describing a used-up horse, said he looked 'as if he had been editing a daily newspaper.'

A coquette may be compared to tinder, which lays out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting a match!

It ain't them that stares the most that sees the best.

A stand-up dickey first worn in Hull, June 5th, A. D. 1797.

MUST HAVE BEEN WATER-TIGHT.—A clergyman, who was rendering to his congregation a chapter in Genesis, found the last sentence on the page to be— 'And the Lord gave unto Adam a wife.'

Turning over two leaves together, he found written, and read, in an audible voice—

'And she was pitched without and within.'

He had unhappily got into a description of Noah's ark.

A Dutchman, being asked how often he shaved, replied, 'Dree dimes a week, effery tay but Soontay; den I shave effery tay.'

A Gentleman presented a collar to his wife, and in a jocular way said, 'Don't let any one else rumple it!'

'No, dear,' said the lady, 'I will take it off.'

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In beginning a new volume, we introduce various innovations, tending to the improvement of the paper, in every way that is possible. We shall give each week, an epitome of Irish news—not the hacknied local quotations which interest only the few, but extracts from the leading journals, which will be gratifying to the many. In this respect, we will not be following in the steps of any of our contemporaries, but, on the contrary, will be striking out a path eminently our own. It will also be our aim to give the best class of wood engravings which can be procured, portraying national subjects, and, as our outlay in this respect will be infinitely larger than that of any Irish Journal published in this country, we look for a commensurate return. In short, it is our intention to make the paper meet the requirements of all classes of readers.

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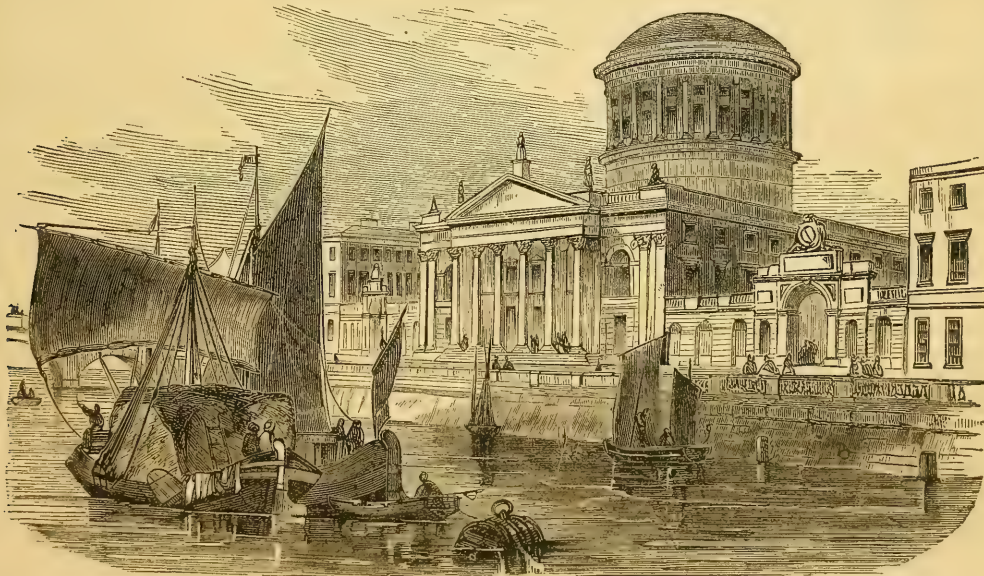
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THE FOUR COURTS.

Sir:—I think a man who walks through any town except such a mushroom city as starts up in a day in the forests of America, must, if he has any mind beyond that necessary for providing his daily bread, or any curiosity beyond that which tempts him to peep into a shop window, ponder the various events that, from time to time, have taken place on the ground on which he walks, and summon up in rapid recollection the various characters whose faces he remembers as having met in passing along. Perhaps few are so well adapted for exercising such reminiscences as a quinquagenarian, or few places

the attorney foregoes bills of costs, to think of his bill of fare, and even the grim judge smoothes his wrinkled brow in anticipation of the pleasanter discussion of a turbo: than a law point; besides, about four o'clock, those who have occasion to levee the lord lieutenant, or the chief secretary, are returning from the castle, and you may meet, sailing down this great gulf-stream of men, a portly bishop, whose thoughts are intent on a translation, or a shovel-hatted dean, who has just reminded the viceroy how deserving he is of a mitre. Then, at four o'clock, also, the merchants congregate about College Green, and you may observe just opposite

form of a pistol, which evinces that he is fearlessly, yet apprehensively, prepared, and which all the world knows he would use, and could use. Here have I met Big Bully Egan and Little Philpot Curran, bandying jokes at each other as they passed along, and Henry Grattan, striding like Poucet in his seven-leagued boots, and stooping as if he was carrying the genius of Ireland astride on his shoulders. Here I have recognised that soul of merriment, Ned Lyssight, and that mighty and masterly man, Lord Yelverton. I have seen them go, just under King William, across towards the Parliament House, and, as they ascended the steps of the colon-



THE FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN.

are so suitable for calling them forth as a walk from College Green to the Four Courts.

Suppose, then, gentle reader, you and I, having nothing else to do, making our promenade along the south side of the Green—the hour of the day forms an important ingredient in the interest of our perambulation—at eleven o'clock the stream of lawyers is sweeping onwards towards the Four Courts; about four o'clock the current is returning, and then there is less business in the face; the work of the day is over; the tension of the features is less rigid; chancery precedents and special pleading give place to news, politics and thoughts of dinner;

you, and around the door of the Commercial Buildings, a herd of broad-bottomed wisacres, heavy and pursey, like animated sugar hog-heads, regulating the sales of colonial produce, and fixing the price current of the day.

How many faces of lawyers, politicians, and a'dermen, have I met in the course of the forty years that I have perambulated these flags. Here have I almost trembled under the piercing glance of Black John Fitzgibbon, the stern chancellor, as rapidly and solitarily, even though jostling through the crowd, he passes on towards his residence in Ely place; there is something in his pocket that has the

nade, have heard the shoe-blacks and link-boys, and all the idling 'canaille' of Dublin, passing their rough and shrewd, and often witty, comments on the life and character of those eminent men as they entered the National Building.

There is undoubtedly a very great difference between these men, and these times, and what we now know and see. The intellect, to be sure, is the same, and perhaps there is no degeneracy either in the times or the people, but certainly there is a mighty contrast between the O'Connells and the Shields, the Pennesfathers, the Blackburnes, and the Cramptons of this day, and the forensimen of old;

there may be more law, but certainly less wit under the wig. Well, let us walk on. I remember instead of turning to the right down Parliament street, going, in my youth, straight forward under the Exchange and up Cork hill to the old Four Courts, adjoining Christ Church cathedral. I remember what an immense crowd of cars, carriages, noddies, and sedan-chairs beset our way as we struggled between Latouche's and Glendowe's Banks in Castle street—what a labor it was to urge on our way through Skinner row. I remember looking up to the old cage-work wooden house that stood at the corner of Castle street and Werburgh street, and wondering why, as it overhung so much, it did not fall down, and then turning down Fishamble street, and approaching the Four Courts, that then existed, through what properly was denominated Christ Church Yard, but which popularly was called 'hell.'

This was certainly a very profane and unseemly sobriquet to give to a place that adjoined a cathedral whose name was Christ Church, and my young mind, when I first entered there, was struck with its unseemliness. Yes, and more especially, when over the arched entrance there was pointed out to me the very image of the devil, carved in oak, and not unlike one of those hideous black figures that are still in Thomas street, hung over tobaccoists' doors. The locale of hell, and this representation of his satanic majesty, were famous in those days even beyond the walls of Dublin. I remember well, on returning to my native town, after my first visit to Dublin, being asked by all my playfellows had I been in hell, and had I seen the devil? Its fame even reached Scotland, and Burns, the poet, in his story of 'Death and Doctor Hornbook,' alludes to it when he says—

'But this that I am goun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true as the devil's in hell,
Or Dublin city.'

As hell has not now any local habitation in our city, neither has the devil, but I can assure you, reader, that there are relics preserved of this very statue to this day. Some of it was made into much esteemed snuff-boxes, and I am told there is one antiquarian in our city, who possesses the head and horns, and who prizes the relic as the most valuable in his museum. At any rate, hell to me, in those days, was a most attractive place, and often did I go thither, for the yard was full of shops, where toys, and fireworks, and kites, and all the playthings that engage the youthful fancy, were exposed for sale. But hell was not only attractive to little boys, but also to bearded men; for here were comfortable lodgings for single men, and I remember reading in a journal of the day, an advertisement, intimating that there were 'To be let, furnished apartments in Hell. N. B. They are well suited to a lawyer.' (!) Here also were sundry taverns and snuggeries, where the counsellor would cosher with the attorney—where the prebendary and the canon of the cathedral could meet and make merry. Here the old stagers, the seniors of the Currans, the Yelvertons, and the Bully Egans I have above alluded to, would enjoy the concomitants of good fellowship; there Prime Sergeant Malone, dark Phil Tisdal, and prior still to them, the noted Sir Toby Butler, cracked their jokes and their marrow-bones, toasted away claret, and tossed repartee, until they died, as other men die and are forgotten.

The characters of Malone and Tisdal are still preserved in Baritana, and other satirical or serious records of that day. Sir Toby—I question whether he may not have been the prototype, the eidolon of Toby Philpot—has his name and his fame, as an astute negotiator, engraven on the treaty of Limerick, and of course he belongs to history; but as a tavern toper I fear he is almost forgotten. He is entombed in St. James's church-

yard, and any one who enters that well-peopled cemetery, must observe it as forming the chief ornament of that ugly place. Sir Toby's remains lie mouldering and liquifying there, but, in sooth, if ever ashes deserved to be vitrified, and melted, and cast into a drinking cup, they were those of this old Librarian lawyer. It is astonishing how these old fellows could do business coolly in the day, who came to it under the effects of the over-night's hot debauch. Doubtless it did affect them, and I recollect some anecdotes of the same Sir Toby that show the shifts that this old guzzler had recourse to.

Sir Toby was engaged in an important cause which required all his knowledge and legal acumen, (which were not little,) to defend, and the attorney, deeply alive to the importance of keeping Sir Toby cool, absolutely insisted upon his taking his corporal oath that he should not drink any thing until the cause was decided; and, of course, sooner than lose the retaining fee, the affidavit was made, but kept as follows:—The cause came on—the trial proceeded—the opposite counsel made a masterly, luminous, and apparently powerful impression on the jury. Sir Toby got up, and he was cool—too cool; his courage was not up to the sticking point—his hands trembled—his head was palsied—his tongue faltered—everything indicated feebleness—whereupon he sent to 'mine host' in hell for a bottle of port and a roll, when, extracting a portion of the soft of the roll, and filling up the hollow with the liquor, he actually ate the bottle of wine, and recovering his wonted power and ingenuity, he overthrew the adversary's argument, and won the cause. Reader, as I am a rambler by profession, allow me, while I have a hold of Sir Toby, and as you may never hear of him again, to recount another anecdote of him, which proves that he was as well an honest as

'A thirsty old soul,
As e'er cracked a bottle or fathomed a bowl.

Engaged in a cause where the counsel opposed to him appeared to carry both the feelings and opinion of the jury, he stood up and said, 'Gentlemen of the jury, the cause of our antagonist, though plausible, is bad, if there be truth in the old saying that 'good wine needs no bush, nor a good cause no bribery.' Here, gentlemen of the jury, is what was put into my hand this morning, holding out a purse of gold. 'It was given in the hope that it would have bribed me into a lukewarm advocacy of my client's cause. But, gentlemen, here I throw down Achan's wedge—here I cast at your feet the accursed thing.' And so he went on ably to state his case and defend his cause, and no doubt but the exhibition of the purse had as much weight as the force of his argument, in inducing the jury to give a verdict in his favor.

The attorneys of the old Four Courts, and who passed through this palpable hell to gain access to its darker purlieus, were as distinct as the lawyers of the day from those of modern times. I remember, when a youth, being brought into the office of one of the most eminent in Dublin, who dwelt in that then fashionable resort of attorneys, Chancery lane, instead of residing, as now, in some of the squares, as men of ton and elegance, as the rivals of all that is exquisite in taste, virtue, equipage, and horse flesh. Your attorney of that day was, to be sure, equally keen, equally conscientious in the length and composition of his bill of costs, but he was a vulgarian—a provincial—a brogue-anier. (Reader, pardon the coinage.) Perhaps it may be as well to stick to the single portrait I have alluded to—my uncle's attorney in Chancery lane; he was not a bad or extra specimen of his race. I remember, when ushered into his back parlor, which served him for office, dressing-room, eating-room, and I believe, sometimes sleeping-room. What a dusty, dingy, dark, fetid hole it was!

The man was not out of keeping with his domicile. He looked like a great bloated spider in the centre of his cobweb. I have him before my mind's eye, as he waddled off his triangular chair to salute us, his suffocated, cadaverous face overhung by a brown scratch wig that stuck awry on his head, and seemed to have

grown too small for his cranium, his natural black hair thrusting itself out over his left ear, and hanging extravagantly from his jaw behind; his abdomen immensely protuberant, and as his maxillaries scorned the aid of suspenders to keep them up, they fell apart from his waistcoat, and leaving a gaudy share of not quite clean linen to be seen, they hung in loose folds about his thighs, and caused the comeliness of which they were composed, to whistle as he waddled about the chamber. His accent was in the rich, broad brogue of the County of Limerick, and nothing could exceed the familiar, gossiping, flattering fondness, with which he complimented my uncle, who was one of his oldest clients. I have reason to remember Tim—well. The best part of my worthy relative's property passed into his hands, instead of mine, in liquidation of his tremendous volume of a bill of costs, which, whether they were taxed in hell, and under the encouraging presence of his satanic majesty, I do not remember.

Mr. Editor, I have written thus far of my ramble from College-green to the Four Courts, and you see that instead of rambling to it, I have rambled away from it, but what have I to say for the present Four Courts more than what every one knows, namely, that the foundation stone was laid by the Duke of Rutland, in 1786, that the architect who built it was Mr. Gordon, that it was opened for business in the year 1797, that it is, as your wood-cut represents it, a very noble pile of building, forming an oblong rectangle of 440 feet to the front of the river, (by the way, what business have Thames' barges on the Liffey?) that the centre pile is 140 feet square, that the handsome and towering dome lights the great hall of the Courts, an object of just admiration, from its chaste and lofty appearance and proportions, and that during term time it is crowded with lawyers and pickpockets, strangers and stragglers, the fleeced and the fleeing, the hopeful and the hoping, the anxious and the careless, and that, at such a period of bustle, a visitor, as a picture of Dublin benevolently forewarns, 'should look to his pockets.' Unlike other structures in our city, this building remains true to its destination, and has not proved either too large or too unsuitable, unlike our Parliament House, which is turned into a bank—our Custom House into a Stamp Office—our Stamp Office into a haberdasher's store—and our Exchange into nothing. No, our Four Courts, thank the Genius of our Isle, is still in full business, and as long as Erin remains the land of Ire, so long surely will lawyers fatten, and attorneys batten on the quarrelsome and litigious propensities of our people.

A QUINQUAGENARIAN.

ALLEY SHERIDAN, OR THE RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

'What's keepin' that girl in the room?' said widow Sheridan. 'Alley, will you bring your aunt's holy water to her? My sowl,' she added, when no reply was made, 'but I'll lay my life she's away wid herself!' and she snatched a candle, with which she surveyed the room, and ascertained, to her utter dismay, that Alley was gone. She found the window open, and the bird flown.

Loud and vehement was the manifestation of grief, noise and confusion which followed this disclosure; but from none was the clamor of despair and indignation louder than from the aunt. A rapid search commenced about the premises, in the course of which Alley, and a party of horsemen, for it was clear moonlight, were discovered riding up the hill. In an instant the well-watered guns and pistols were in requisition, and a keen pursuit commenced after the obnoxious party. The widow's friends were, it is true, rather unqualified for a brisk race, many of them being as strongly inclined to retrograde as advance.

The attempt of rescuing Alley, however, was made, and would have proved successful if Mullin's party had happened to have a much longer stretch

of country to cross, for their route lay over ditches and rough upland, covered with swamps and brushwood. In consequence of this, the pursuers gained upon them considerably. So near, indeed, was the widow's guard, that when Mullin was topping a small hill, the former were at the bottom. Among the first in the chase was Paul the Shot, with Bridget over his shoulder, and it will be recollected that, from his late arrival, not only was he less advanced in liquor than any of the rest, but that Bridget herself escaped the fate of the fire-arms on the bed.

'Tarnation!' says Paul, 'thundhre-an'-thump! but they'll bate us as they get on the road before we wing some o' them. Hould—be the shot o' my pouch, if there isn't a bagabone peeping out at us from behind the ditch, as a spy. Here's at you, man alive; take this, whoever you are—(whish, slap)—well done, Paul the Shot.'

The object fell off the ditch, and Paul, on whose mind the dread of murder fell with rapid descent, became instantly paralyzed with horror.

'The Lord above forgive me this night—my soul to happiness, but he's peppered, and I'll swing for him—blessed mother o' heaven, what's this! Evans, go—I'm not able; go, man, and see who it is. Murder, sheery! Oh, Vara, Vara, what will you and Phidde, that I intinded for the church, say when you hear that I'm to swing for murder!'

And he commenced a howl of the most ludicrous grief imaginable.

'Paul, you have done for one, any how; you have shed innocent blood this night, you misfortunate man, you! Who did you aim on the other side o' the hill, that you shot poor Vara!'

'Vara! what do you mane?' said Paul, horror-struck and staggering.

'Why, your own Vara that happened to be behind the ditch, and you settled her.'

Paul's howl had now risen to a roar, continuous and incessant.

'Ay, indeed,' added Evans, 'you have shot Vara, your goat, that was grazin' upon the ditch.'

Paul paused suddenly—'What,' said he, 'is it only the gower?' and he ran over in a state of tremor to ascertain the fact.

He then put his hands to his sides, and danced for five minutes to his own music, which was not a whit less grotesque than his grief. Evan's information was correct; he actually, for once, had hit the object at which he aimed, and his joy was excessive on discovering that he had not committed murder.

The shot, however, was probably the means of Alley's escape; for the pause which it occasioned in the pursuit gave Mullin's friends time to gain the road, which they had no sooner reached than the speed of their horses was increased in a manner that rendered all fear of being overtaken unnecessary.

We will now bring our readers to a gentleman's residence, about a mile and a half from widow Sheridan's house; the hour, twelve or one o'clock at night. A thundering rap comes to the hall-door, and in a few minutes a voice calls out—

'Why, thin, might one make bould to ax who gave that delicate little rap? Spake, if you be fat.'

'Is that Paddy?'

'Ayeh! all that's left o' me.'

'Is the high constable widin, Paddy?'

'Why, 'tisn't widout you'd have him to be at this hour o' the night, man alive? I ought to know the cut o' yer tongue—Is that Frank Neal?'

'So my mother says. Why thin, faix, Paddy, I don't like to be holdin' discourse wid you through the door, more in regard to the dhop o' drink I have in my pocket here; and, besides, I want to see Misher Little, for himself's the boy that likes a bit o' sport, as a duck does a shower.'

The door was opened with surprising alacrity.

'What's wrong, Frank?'

'The sorra taste at all, but everything right, Paddy. Look into that bottle first, and then tell your masher that James Mullin and Ally Sheridan's comin' to him as a 'runaway couple.' Start now, your sowl, for he must inspect them on horseback, to bear witness that it's her that's runnin' away wid him, so he must see her before him on the saddle, clean and decent.'

'I thought Mickle Gartland was to have her.'

'So did the mother of her, for that matter, Paddy; but she tuck the liberty of differin' a thrifle from them both, the jewel. Take another pull o' this, and be off for the masher, man alive—don't you hear them comin' in full style up the avney?'

Mr. Little was a young man of highly respectable family, who, in consequence of his frank and good-humored character, was exceedingly popular with the peasantry, although the office which he held was one in which it required great address to retain their confidence and good will. He was, however, a humorist, and frequently contrived to adjust many differences among them in the discharge of his duty. Being remarkable for good sense, and a perception of the genius and humor of the people, he had many opportunities of compromising the quarrels and enmity of factions, and such transient disputes as originated at fairs, markets, and other places of their rural amusements.

When he understood the nature of the business on which his interference was solicited—particularly the necessity of his presence to witness Alley on horseback before Mullin, in order to prevent the danger of a prosecution for abduction, which Mrs. Sheridan, anticipating this event, had threatened—he lost no time in dressing himself—a task which, in this instance, he performed with unusual mirth. When ready to appear, he perceived the cavalcade near the door; nor was his mirth lessened by its singular and original appearance.

About a score of stout young fellows, mounted upon bare-backed horses of every description, ranged themselves a little behind Mullin and Alley, both of whom advanced, that he might be enabled to identify them, and give, should he be required, an accurate testimony of Mullin's being the party abducted. Mullin himself could scarcely restrain his mirth, on requesting his attention to this grotesque and ludicrous circumstance, although his natural delicacy of feeling prevented him from indulging in any levity that might be offensive to her who made such an unusual departure from decorum for his sake.

His companions, however, were less scrupulous; their mirth was excessive, for to them it was 'fun' of the first water. Their enjoyment of the 'speer,' however, was no proof of their want of attachment to Mullin, for every man of them had either a scythe, a flail, a pitchfork or a hook tied to a pole, with which they would have defended him to the last drop of their blood. It was truly a providential circumstance that no collision took place between Mrs. Sheridan's party and them, as, in that case, although they considered the matter only as a 'speer,' lives would have certainly been lost on both sides.

'Mr. Little,' said Mullin, 'you can bear witness that I'm clear and clane run away wid—carried off by Alley Sheridan here, agin my own free will and consint—the divil a less it is. Alley, don't you acknowledge that you tuck me away—a young, innocent, harmless crachur, as I am—from father, and mother, and friends, to lodge me wid Mr. Little here?'

Alley smiled, and, could the change on her cheek have been seen, blushed also.

'Hem! why to be sure I did, and a blessed prize I have got of you, you thief,' she added, in an arch undertone; 'faix, James, I'll pay you for this, one day or other.'

'Don't be afraid, Mullin,' replied Little; 'I'll bear

witness to what you suffered by this outrage. The law in this case is completely evaded. Miss Sheridan, let me assist you to dismount. Come in; there are candles in the parlor, and we'll talk over this matter.'

'Faix,' said a droll, ill-looking fellow as ever was created, 'I'm a purty delicate boy myself, nate and gentel, and nobody has run away wid me yet; however, we won't despair, as far as beauty goes, any how—who knows what's before me?'

'Before you!' replied another, 'it's wind and wather he deserves to be fed upon that wouldn't guess that; 'tisn't drowned you'll be, Tady, as long as two yards of hemp can be got for a shillin!'

'Well, boys, see what it is to have the breedin'! Observe how polite Misher Little hands her into the parlor, as if he had her on a clane plate—ha, ha, ha!'

'Boys,' said a politician, 'I wisht the country had more of his kind in it, and there would be plinty of pace and oceans of happiness; not like the rascals that rob and rack-rint us, as if we were slaves, by their agents, an' proothors, an' bumbalies, rappin' an' rivin' the heart's blood out of us, to spinnd their pleasures in forrin lands, an' thin we can't see their faces, to get an ounce of justice, let us be whipped an' thramped on ever so. My curse upon them! By this an' by that, for my own part, I'll never spare a prod of a bagnet, nor scruple layin' the weeshy bit of coal an' the thatch together, till we get them to mend their courses, an' live on their estates.'

'Be du hush! hem—a fine night, Paddy,' said his companion, addressing him cautiously, but elevating his voice to the other, in order to put the indiscreet speaker on his guard—'Paddy, how goes it, your spalpeen?—have you any news from the races?'

'Midlin', I thank you, Phil; sorra word, for I wasn't at them. What news from Athnasallagh?'

'Never a thing worth talking of; this runaway is the newest news at the present spakin!'

'Troth, it's the quare runaway; but I'll tell you a saret, boys; Mickle Gartland will be on hand for a rescue to-morrow, if Widow Sheridan makes him believe that Alley wint widout her own consint. The masher widin knows Mickle's character to a shavin', an' he's now discorsin' the two about how they're to put the coping-stone on the business to-morrow.'

This was true, and Little himself felt considerable difficulty as to the means of bringing the matter to an amicable issue. He knew it was probable that Gartland, supported by the mother, might become troublesome and unmanageable; but he was too well acquainted with the honorable and manly delicacy with which the peasantry act in circumstances of this nature. When a runaway occurs in Ireland, no motive could induce a young man to wed a girl who had voluntarily 'gone off' with another. Her virtue must not only be free from every stain, but her conduct from the imputation of any act which would seem by its indiscretion to place her in a questionable situation; otherwise Paddy, with all his violence and outrage, would scorn her with the most indignant loftiness of spirit.

When Little conducted Alley and Mullin, together with their most confidential friends into the parlor, he addressed them as follows—

'I protest, Mullin, your conduct has staggered me not a little this night. Why, man, a thief might as well take refuge with a magistrate, or a debtor with a bailiff who carries a writ against him, as you to run off with your neighbor's daughter, and march, as I believe you were glad to do, in double-quick time, to lodge her with the high constable. Not a man on the face of the earth, but an Irishman would do it. How will you manage?'

'How will yourself manage, sir?' replied Mullin; 'you must fight the battle out for us, now that you

tuck it in hand—not that we mane to be idle ourselves, please goodness, if it goes to that; but as for carrying her off, sure I have yourself to prove that she kidnapped me clane to your own house."

"True; I forgot that. Well, I believe the best plan is to keep you both for the night—Alley with Mrs. Little, and you with the butler—and in the morning to send for the priest, Alley's mother and Sir William R—, your landlord; we'll then try what can be done to arrange matters to the satisfaction of all parties. If Gartland and his friends come, we'll have a scene, however, and not a very pleasant one, I fear."

"In regard of Gartland, Mither Little, I don't care three straws for what he can do; I have a crow to pluck wid him as it is; if you can smooth the mother, that's all I want. My life, however, whatever happens, must be taken before I part wid Alley, that I swear, b—"

"Hold, Mullin, no swearing before the lady, sir," replied Little, on seeing the young fellow's eyes beginning to glance with that fiery and headstrong determination which so often produces, among persons of his class, such destructive consequences; "leave the matter to me," he continued, "and be calm, otherwise I neither can nor will promise to interest myself in the business, precisely as I intend to do."

He then ordered Mullin's companions to go peaceably home, and after committing Alley, whose diffidence kept her silent, to the care of Mrs. Little, who had risen, and Mullin to that of the butler, he retired to rest.

Next morning Mr. Little wrote to Sir William R— and the parish priest, and was answered by the appearance of these gentlemen in person. They entertained a just apprehension that, serious disturbance between the friends of Gartland, Mullin, and Alley herself, would very probably result from the elopement, particularly at the ensuing fair, as the two rivals and their friends, as was already known, had threatened to put the matter to a trial of strength. They were, therefore, too well acquainted with the habits of the people not to know that if a faction fight had once commenced between them, it might be kept up in fairs and markets for centuries to come.

Soon after the arrival of the gentlemen, Alley's mother, with her son Owen, and the aunt, who carried a bundle of Alley's clothes under her arm, came, together with a dozen of their relatives, and immediately after them, Gartland, with his father, three brothers, and half a dozen able-bodied cousins of every degree. Nor was Mullin left unsupported for the coming struggle, having been early that morning reinforced by twelve or fourteen of those who attended him on the preceding night, together with his father and two brothers.

Having been all arranged in the hall, the gentlemen proceeded to reconcile them. In the meantime a large crowd was assembled on the lawn, anxious to know the result, or to take separate interests, should there be a fight.

"My good woman," said Sir William, addressing Mrs. Sheridan, will you tell us candidly the cause of this unusual commotion among the people? I ask you for an explanation, because I understand the conduct of your daughter has in some degree occasioned it."

Alley blushed deeply at this unintentional allusion; nor did her embarrassment escape observation, particularly that of Mullin and her aunt. The natural choler of the old woman overcame her, and she stepped forward before Mrs. Sheridan had time to reply.

"It's a lie, Sir William; it's a big lie, my lordship; dhanno sheery wo'm, but it is, an but—"

"Whisht, you ould thief," said Paul, plucking her softly by the gown; "by the shot o' my pouch, you'll be transported for callin' Sir William a liar, an' him a grand juryman o' the nation."

"Please your worship, Sir William," said Mullin,

stepping forward in a very determined manner, "as a gentleman, sir, you might have begun with blaming me instid of the girl, and I say, without caring who says to the contrary, that she did not occasion this ruction of people that's about the place; therefore, begin agin, if you please, and place the blame, if there be any, on them that deserve it most."

During this interruption, Alley's aunt, who was in a state of great terror, in consequence of Paul's hint about giving Sir William the lie, now came forward to explain, which she did by ducking up and down with the regularity of machinery, and, in her own way, endeavoring to make an excuse for what she had said of him.

"Arrah, Sir William, ahagur, as I'm alive, sir, what I said about the lie, your reverence, was only to give you the denial, avourneen, an that I did for Alley's sake, flat as a griddle, yer honor! You see, Sir William, wid reverence be it spoken, had cess to the word of thruth, good, bad, or indifferent was in it. No, faix, I'd as soon fly in the air, as to say you'd tell any thing barrin' the outs an ins of the whole noration. A grand juryman of the nation! Oh, blessed stars! didn't I come well over it?"

All this while Mrs. Sheridan had the corner of her apron to her eyes, while she glanced with deep resentment at Mullin and her daughter, as the cause of what she considered so irremediable an affliction. Up to this moment she had not an opportunity of speaking, but now she availed herself of the first opening to detail her grievances.

"Ogh, an it's thrue for you, Sir William, that bringe standing beside her tuck her thrum me without rhyme or rason in life, and he not a match for the likes of her within fifteen score of guineas, sir, please your honor. And if there's law or justice to be had, I'll bring him over the coals, your honor, for the same thing, throth will I, James Mullin! You're there to the fore, and I'll make it a black business to you, the longest day you live, for you're nothin' else, please your honor, than a sounce, that wants, by manes o' that greenhorn of a girl, to scheme me out of her penny o' money, that I had to fortune her off in credit and dacency."

"An' do you presume for to call a son of mine a sounce, Mrs. Sheridan?" replied old Mullin, "since we must 'mishress' you—by the same token that you're the first of your family that ever was 'mishressed.' A sounce, ma'am! an' this to the Mullins of Edinnasamblagh! Saints above, listen to what old Andy Linahan's daughter says, forgettin' that your mother sat over your father's coffin on the roadside, to ax charity for his berrin', when myself an' my forefathers had full and plenty o' the world. A schemer! from the woman that tuck in your pipe-suckin' dhring of a husband, who was married upon you in a mistake of his own, but the sorra a taste of yours. Are you answered now, ma'am? Ax the Magraths of Tullymuddin, they'll give you the outs an' ins of the whole desate."

"I'm not ashamed of my family, Mither Mullin," replied widow Sheridan, sailing over to him, with a hand on each side; "no, the sorra a taste. If we wor poor, that's the worst that can be said of us. We riz by our hard work an' honesty, Mither Mullin, an' that's more nor can be said of you, Mither Mullin! Do you remimber your grandfather, that was body-sarvant to ould Square Blackberry many a year before you wor born, how he came to be the first great man o' the family, Mither Mullin? Eh? does that jog your memory? Arrah, why this, man, there never was one belongin' to me ever wore plush breeches an' a white coat wid green binding," Mither Mullin! Nor we didn't rise in the world by makin' ourselves dirty blacklegs for a drunken square! Maybe you answered now, Mither Mullin! Poor, indeed! Arrah! to the ould diowl I pitch you, man alive!"

"Come, come," said Father O'Flaherty, "there must be no recrimination here; neither Sir William, nor Mr. Little, nor myself, will put up with it. Jem Mullin, you're a boy of sense, and will give up the girl to her mother, when you see she's against you, and bent

on Gartland here; so let them be married, in the name of God, and everything end peaceably. Gartland, are you willing to take the girl, if Mullin gives her up?"

"What say you to that, Gartland?" inquired Sir William.

"Please your honor, if Jim Mullin will clear her, sir, on the althar, I'll take her, but not without it."

Mullin's eyes shot fire as he rushed at his rival.

"Mane villain!" he exclaimed, "to think that the girl would so far forget herself as to make such a thing necessary at all! Let me go, I say; as sure as he's alive, I'll make hawk's mate of him for that word. Don't hould me, Mr. Little. Well, I don't care about you or Sir William, or fifty priests, the man that spakes a word against that girl's discretion will rue it to the core. Well, well! wait; I'll meet you in the fair for this Gartland; never mind, my good fellow, you'll pay for it."

During this paroxysm the old aunt clapped him lustily on the back, exclaiming—

"Ogh! but the blood in you, a bouchal, an' but it's kind family for you to show the 'spree!' The dirty spalpeen! he deserves it, for only the mane dhrop's in him, he wouldn't even a bad thought to the decent colleen—the purse-proud beggarman! faix, you'll get it, you thief; there's a cudgel steeped for you."

The presence of those in the room, however, prevented a quarrel, and Little, who had great influence over Mullin, pacified him.

"Jim," said the father, "if you take my advice, you'll wash your hands clane out o' the family; the girl's a good, an honest, and a modest girl—but you may get a good wife; so throw the ould woman's dirty guineas to her, and give up the girl."

"'Tis a good advice," said the priest, "and you won't have the worst luck for obeying him; besides, I, that am your priest and confessor, lay it upon you."

"Dhanno sheery be from the morsel itself," exclaimed the aunt, clapping him once more upon the back, "hould fast yer sow! show the blood o' the Mullins, Jem agra; if you part with her, you'll never rue it but want, and that'll be all your life; look at her, 'tis as white as a sheet she is, for fraid you'd show the garran bare, and let yourself be bullied out of her. Hould fast, a boubhal; hold fast, I say!"

"Is that old woman deranged?" asked Sir William; "she appears to be mad—quite unsettled."

"Mad, inagh! The heavens be your bed, Sir William, darling; stand the colleen's friend, your Lordship. Wurrar, man alive!—Vischoant jewel, I mane—won't you show fair play an' perplexity, anyhow. How would you like, if you war a colleen—an' it's you that 'ad be the darlin' an' beauty all out, barrin the beard and whiskers—fair play is all we want, your ladyship."

In spite of the bad feeling which pervaded the hostile parties, the old woman's oratory produced very general mirth, which, perhaps, contributed more than anything else to assuage in some degree the passions by which they were agitated.

"As to the fortune," replied Mullin to his father and the priest, "to show yees all that it makes no maxim with me, I tell you, Mrs. Sheridan, that I'd not dirty my fingers wid a penny of it. You thought it was that I was ather—you see your mistake, ma'am; but as for the girl, I'll never give her up while I've life."

"By the shot o' my pouch," said Paul, "the young man's beside himself, clane and clear, to go for to throw away the fortune, and keep the girl."

"An' it's myself," replied Mrs. Sheridan, "will spind five pounds of it, or I'll thransport you out of the country for taking her away from me; you know it's agin the law, and if I should hire six counsellors, I'll make you suffer—ay will I, give one half-ginney to Counsellor O'Connell, and another to Counsellor Shales, to make great speeches and norations, that 'ill send you over. You common thief, to take your disadvantage of a helpless, unprotected widdy; but it's ay known I'm a lone woman, or I wouldn't be put upon the way I am," and she burst into a clamorous grief and abuse.

'Mrs. Sheridan,' said Mr. Little, with a lurking smile beneath the gravity he assumed, 'I must set you right upon the matter of law. Mullin did not steal your daughter; on the contrary, ma'am, he took her away in the most legal manner possible, strictly according to form, and if you are determined on going to law, I must bear witness that she—hem—that your daughter rode before him on the horse, and in that case, you know, and everybody knows, the law acquits him—hem !'

This was overwhelming intelligence to the widow, for the fact is, that the peasantry thought, and we believe think still, that in cases of 'runaways,' if the female is placed foremost on the horse, the law is completely evaded, inasmuch as it appears that the act of abduction is perpetrated by her, and not by the wooer.

'Saints above! what's this I hear? Oh, 'tis ruined I am—I know it does, please yer honor; but he must give her up, or get the three hundred, and lay down on the nail guinea for guinea wid me, or I'll rise the country and take her out of his heart's blood.'

'Mullin,' said Sir William, 'you must surrender the girl, sir; I insist upon it, if her mother continues to claim her.'

'I'd be sorry to go agin you, Sir William, but I never will, an' them that take's her'll take her through my body.'

'Och, och, my darlin' that you war,' exclaimed the aunt, 'hould to that, Jim, agra! we'll conjectur over thim at last.'

'Mrs. Sheridan,' said the priest, 'I have used everything in reason to make him give her up; but I tell ye that yer too stiff-necked yourself, ma'am, and it does not become you to make such a rout about it; I say he's good enough for your daughter, not making little of the colleen. You forget yourself, ma'am; his brother's a priest, ma'am, an' it sits very poorly upon you to refuse your child to the brother of a priest.'

'I think so too,' added Sir William; 'Mullin is of a decent honest family, Mrs. Sheridan, and although not so wealthy as Gartland, yet he is sufficiently independent to maintain your daughter in comfort. Money cannot give your daughter happiness with a husband she cannot love. Gartland, are you willing to give up the girl?' he added, addressing Gartland.

'By no manes, yer honor, if it was only to tache him that his boucin' and bully raggin' won't do wid me, sir, please yer honor. I'll show him, since he's put me to it, that I am as good a man as he is, and can gather as good a faction.'

'Please yer honor, Mr. Little,' observed Paul the Shot, apart to Little, 'I think that it's pride prevints Gartland, more nor anything else, from denouncin' her, lest the country might think that it came from fear of Mullin, who's the very mischief entirely wid the cudgel, and so is his faction. In my opinion, that's the visitation o' the whole thing. If you could but take Mullin and him on the soft side, you might settle it, and as for Father Flaherty, he'll soon knock the mettles out o' the ould woman.'

Little saw the truth of this remark, and determined to act accordingly.

'We have,' said he, 'very improperly omitted appealing to Miss Alley herself, on a matter where she is principally concerned; Gartland I know to be a young fellow of honor and spirit, who I am sure, if he hears his refusal from her own lips just now before all present, will not be mean enough to hold out after being refused; he's afraid of no man or of no party of men, but I know he will act with spirit. Now, Miss Sheridan, on which of these young men are your affections fixed? Speak candidly.'

'Please yer honor,' she modestly replied, 'I have no ill-will whatsoever to Mickle Gartland, but I can't like him, and he's not come to this day widout

hearin' it from my lips; I never desaved him nor kept back the truth. James Mullin—hem—I—I—' The timid girl could proceed no farther, but after giving a tender look at Mullin, she burst into tears, and in the unconscious impulse of love and innocence, laid her head on his shoulder, and sobbed aloud.

Sir William looked in every direction of the room, and the priest's nasal horn resounded a somewhat melancholy note. The aunt went over to the niece, and taking her in her arms, kissed her tenderly, wiped her eyes with her apron, then shook her head at Mrs. Sheridan, exclaiming—

'Dher manum, woman, but you're breaking the colleen's heart, so ye are.'

'For my own part,' said Gartland, 'I am satisfied now, and would have been so long ago, only for the mother and Mullin's brow-bating. Jim, before all present, I give her up—at the same time, it's neither from fear nor favor of you—I'm ready to meet you at any day, me and mine, agin you and yours—but as for Alley, keep her, and God bless her, for she's the moral o' a good girl.'

Mullin stepped over and grasped his hand, 'Mickle,' said he, 'you war never a bad man, and I'm ready an' willin' to bear witness that you'd do nothing for fear of the best sojer that ever stepped in black leather, and while my name's Mullin, I'll never forget this behavior, and it'll be your own fault if we have a cool word agin.'

A brisk crack of the fingers from the aunt, accompanied by a triumphant display of that old accompaniment of eloquence, the supposio pedis, sounded through the room, as she addressed Mrs. Sheridan:—

'Ha, maybe ye'll be more worsor nor strangers—nor black strangers we may say—maybe you'll show some bowels for your own flesh and blood—and if you do, sure it's only time for you to think of it, any way.'

'Never,' replied Mrs. Sheridan, 'barring he can lay down guinea for guinea wid me.'

'Now, Mrs. Sheridan,' said the priest, 'I waited patiently to thry you, ma'am, to give you fair play—but, aither all, you're anything but a sensible woman, that would look far before her. You refuse your colleen, ma'am, to Jim Mullin, and his brother a priest—his only brother too—ma'am. Now, did you ever take it into your head to think or ask yourself whose children will come in for his property when he dies?'

Mrs. Sheridan started at this new thought—'Eh!' the priest continued, 'have I you now, ma'am? Upon my credit and reputation, only for the daughter's sake of you, I'd be the man myself that would prevent Jim Mullin from marrying into your family.'

This was an argument which the gripping disposition of the widow could not withstand.

'Mrs. Sheridan,' said Sir William, 'I see you would have stood in your daughter's light by refusing her to Jim Mullin, that is evident.'

'But Mrs. Sheridan has too much good sense,' observed Mr. Little, 'to do so any longer—of course, Father Mullin's wealth will descend to his brother's children, Mrs. Sheridan.'

'Well, well, it's not in regard o' that sure,' said the widow, 'but as the girl is set upon him herself, that I do it now. You're standin' there to the fore, Jim Mullin, and I never denied that you were a clane, decent boy, and a good father's son, and who could blame me for wishin' to see my daughter settled to the best disadvantage? She's my flesh and blood—and blood, yeess all know, is thicker nor wader, any way. So, as it's all come to this, childer, may the blessing o' the Almighty light down upon both, I pray.'

'Sorra a heartier, sure, and that's the way it ought to ind, anyhow,' said Paul; 'by the shot o' my pouch, if there's a sheep or a goat in the parish, yeess must have wild fowl at the weddin', wid a blessin', and the assistance o' my Bridget. If I was for Mickle Gartland, sure no one could blame me either, and he my own fourth cousin, by the side o' the Sail-cam family—ha, ha, ha.'

During all this time, young Owen stood with his shoulders against the wall, one leg carelessly thrown across the other, utterly indifferent to everything that passed. He sucked his dudden with as much composure as if he leant against the jamb in his own mother's house. When matters were arranged, he turned round and inquired from Paul the Shot—

'Paul, which o' them—(puff)—which is to have her?'

Paul looked at him with astonishment, and whispered, 'both, man alive. She's to be married to Mullin to-morrow, and to Gartland the day after.'

He shook his head incredulously. 'Aha, Paul,' he returned, 'that's goin' it an' me. However, I'll find out from Alley herself.'

Things having thus been arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, nothing remains now to be said, but that they had a genuine Irish wedding, to which all the personages mentioned in this sketch were invited, and that Mullin and Alley, who, when thirteen years married, had, in defiance of Mathus, thirteen children, and were happy.

BECTIVE ABBEY.

The picturesque ruins of Bective Abbey are situated on a bank overhanging the Boyne, about three miles east of Tuam, county of Meath, and in the vicinity of Balsloon, the residence of the celebrated Primate Usher. They are still very extensive, comprising some of the most beautiful specimens of Gothic monastic architecture to be found in Ireland. The castellated portions of the ruins were erected, according to tradition, by Meaghlin, King of Meath, in 1014, and it is further said that he sent to Greece for architects to assist in its construction. The Abbey was erected for the order of Cistercian monks, the abbot being of the mixed class, and, as such, privileged to sit as a Lord in Parliament; the possessions of his house were held 'in capite' from the Crown—that is, without the intervention of any intermediate lord. The Abbey was one of that class which came to the Crown before the general suppression of monasteries, and its ornaments, jewels, &c., were therefore absorbed into the royal treasury.

In 1195, the body of Hugh de Lacy, the great Palatine of Meath, was buried with much solemnity within the walls of Bective, but his head was carried to Dublin, and entombed in the Abbey of St. Thomas. In the year 1554, William Walsh, a Cistercian monk of the abbey, was promoted to the See of Meath. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth he was deprived for preaching against the book of Common Prayer and the Queen's supremacy; was thrown into prison; afterwards banished; died in Spain in 1577.

Bective gave the title of Earl to the family of Tylavour.



BECTIVE ABBEY, CO. MEATH.

HALF AN HOUR WITH A FIGHTING-MAN.

Some two months ago, I was walking up and down the Lime Street station at Liverpool, in company with a friend, awaiting the departure of the evening mail, by which we were returning home. As it wanted but a few minutes to the time, we selected a compartment in a second class carriage; but before we could enter, we had to wait some little time to allow of the egress of two or three of the porters, who were deep in conversation with two passengers already seated, while sundry other porters were clustered round the carriage-door, peeping in with looks of admiring curiosity.

Surely, thought I, we are to have distinguished fellow-passengers. Who can they be? Are they the Siamese ambassadors?—who were then daily expected. There were to have been two of them, one from each of the kings. No; it is second class; it cannot possibly be they. Could it be Spurgeon and one of his deacons 'doing it cheap'? No; hardly likely. So we entered the carriage with doubt and curiosity.

At the further end of the carriage, with his back to the engine, sat a man, whose closely clipped hair, bullet head, and broken nose, plainly told me what his profession was. Facing me, on the opposite side, sat his companion, a person of much prepossessing appearance and manners. A glance convinced me that they were both prize-fighters.

To say that the first mentioned individual's head was bullet shaped, is very much to malign that projectile; for surely no piece of metal shaped as that head was could, by any possibility, be got down a gun-barrel; or even supposing it to be once down, could any known means ever get it up again. No geometrical term with which I am acquainted could possibly convey any idea of that head. It was not a decahedron, and it was not a duodecahedron; and its only claim to the title of an 'oblate spheroid' would arise from the fact of its being flattened at the pole.

My friend glanced at me, and I at him.

They were literally and figuratively 'ugly customers,' and I secretly hoped that they would not attempt to 'improve the shining hour' by practising their art upon us. However, I soon found that there was no cause for alarm on this head, for the 'spheroid' was very soon in a slumbering, passive state; and as I am naturally rather partial to eliciting information from peculiar characters, such as one does not meet with in the daily walks of life, I very soon got into conversation with my neighbor, whom, despite his profession, I found to be a very polite, I had almost said gentlemanlike man. He spoke in that peculiar tone of assumption common to most Londoners, and I soon learned that his name was —, say Jones; that he was a prize-fighter; that he had fought seven prize battles, and had never yet been beaten; that he held himself liable to be challenged by any man alive, no matter who, or what the amount of the stakes; that at that moment he was acting as 'trainer,' or professional tutor, to his companion 'George,' as he called him; that they were just returning from 'George's' first prize-fight, which had come off three days before in the neighborhood of Liverpool; that his adversary's title to the honors of victory was open to dispute, there being reason to suspect foul play and bribery, and that it had therefore been decided that the battle should be fought over again.

All this information led on, of course, to other conversation, and on my making some remarks as to 'George's' present personal appearance, he assured me that he was very decent-looking now, compared with what he had been two days previously; for then his head was just double its present size, and that he had brought it down to its present dimensions by the copious external application of castor oil, and that in a few days' time he would look quite respectable.

I thought to myself that his ideas of respectability must certainly differ very much from my own; for, as I glanced at the physiognomy in question, I was much inclined to doubt whether all the castor oil in creation, let it be ever so 'cold drawn,' could possibly impress the stamp of respectability upon it. But as I considered that tastes differ, and that it was not for me to

set up my own as a standard, I did not dispute his statement, but led him on to further conversation.

He informed me that in early life he had been a cart-er or drayman in London, and that he had never but once come in collision with the municipal authorities, and that occurred when he was pursuing the comparatively peaceful calling before named. It appears that he had a difficulty, as brother Jonathan would express it, with a turnpike man, relative to an alleged act of extortion on the part of the latter.

In writing the biography of all great men, it is customary to relate anecdotes of their early life, to serve as a foreshadowing of what their future developments were expected to be. So in the case in question, the latent fire of that genius which in after years was to shine forth so brilliantly, flashed out gloriously on this occasion. In his own expressive language, 'he jumped off his cart, squared at the man, and gave him one for his knob.'

He was about to resume his seat, with the pleasing consciousness of having resisted oppression, and done his duty like an Englishman, when he was suddenly seized by two myrmidons of the law, was brought up on a charge of assault and battery, for which he got certain days in durance vile, and then returned to the bosom of that society he was afterwards so much to adorn—a wiser and a sadder man.

This appears to have been the turning point in his life; disgusted with commercial pursuits, for which he felt that he was in no way adapted, he entered into his present profession, which he appeared to have followed with that success which invariably attends perseverance and assiduity.

His conversation and remarks being of a somewhat desultory nature, I found great difficulty in getting at anything like a consecutive account of his life; but from his various remarks, I gathered that he had worked very hard at his profession.

His first introduction to his companion, George, struck me as having some claims to the credit of originality, to say the very least of it. He said that George was brought to his house by a mutual friend, with a request that he (Jones) would take him in hand. 'I rather liked his looks, so I up with my fist and hit him a blow on his nose; upon this, George began "to show fight" in good style; so, seeing him to be 'gamey,' I undertook to train him, and make the best I could of him.'

On my making some remarks about George, and what his future prospects were, he replied that he could hardly make up his mind as to how he would be likely to turn out. Tapping his own forehead, he remarked that 'George was rather soft there'—'that he had no head,' and that a fighting-man should have a 'good head,' so as to know when to take a 'liberty'—that the success of a fight often depended as much upon the head as the 'fists'; and that, though George was the 'gameyist' fellow going, he was fearful that want of head, and fondness for drink, would prevent his rising to the dazzling height attained by some others of his profession.

For himself, he furnished a strong argument in favor of teetotalism, by saying that, although he kept a public house in London, he never drank anything when going through the fatiguing operation of training, and very little upon any other occasion, except now and then when on an out of the present kind, and he instanced it as a proof of the great goodness of their Liverpool friends, that he had been kept in a state of partial inebriation for nearly six days without its costing him a penny.

This was their first visit to Liverpool, and he expressed himself much pleased with the kindness they had received, and likewise with the general urbanity of the police authorities in that town, who had never once molested them during an engagement.

I asked him whether men in their profession ever saved money. He replied that it was quite impossible. When a man had been fortunate, he was made a good deal of by his companions, who kept him in a constant whirl of drunken excitement until his money was all gone, and then he had to get up another fight to make

more; while, if he was beaten, the whole of the expenses fell upon him, besides the lost stakes, and then he got into debt; and he advised me—parenthetically and in confidence—never to make a match for so low a sum as £25, as it could not possibly pay, for the trade expenses alone amounted to over £30; the principal items of which he enumerated, one of them, I remember, consisting of a 'trainer' at £3 a week and his keep, for seven weeks at least. 'Only fancy letting one's self out to be hammered at by a prize-fighter day by day for seven long weeks, for the trainer's office consists of a series of daily encounters with the trainee, so that he may be in good practice when he comes before the public.'

He intimated to me, however much I might be fascinated by the outward show and glitter of their kind of life, it was in reality a very hard one, at least until a man had obtained a 'position'; and that nothing but the excitement of popular applause, and having a public reputation to keep unsullied, could possibly carry them through it.

I have often remarked, in all public professions, the great amount of brotherly feeling that pervades the whole body. See with what generosity and willingness authors, actors, and musicians, come forward to the aid of a needy brother—by benefits at theatres, by public readings, by concerts, and similar means. And the same feeling extends, strange as it may seem, even to the profession in question, as the following instance will show; and in spite of the horrid and revolting circumstances attending the affair, it yet shines like a streak of sunlight through the awful moral darkness—a proof to my mind that, let a man debase and brutalise himself to the lowest possible point, he cannot eradicate his manhood; that now and then it will flash up and reclaim its lost throne, let the reign be ever so short.

My companion casually inquired whether I was acquainted with Ede. I replied that I had not that pleasure, and moreover, that I was never at a prize-fight in my life. At first, he seemed not disposed to believe me; but on my assuring him that such was really the case, he looked at me more in pity than in anger, but still seemed hardly able to conceive how, in this enlightened nineteenth century, any one could possibly have gone so far on life's journey as I had without having at least heard of the hero in question. He therefore endeavored to recall him to my mind by enumerating some of his more celebrated acts of personal prowess. 'You surely must remember Ede, he who killed 'Jack' Somebody in his last fight.'

'Killed his man!' I replied, with horror.

'Yes,' he said, 'it was a bad job, poor fellow,' and then he told me all about how the man received a hit on the jaw after four hours fighting; how he was carried off the field; how he never spoke a word after the fatal blow; and how by six next morning he was dead.

'But how about his poor wife and children?' said I.

'Ah, poor woman!' he replied, 'it was a bad job; but we all did the best we could for her. We got her up a benefit, and managed to raise about three hundred pounds, which put her into a good public house, and we all do our best to make it pay. But what,' he added, 'is all that, compared with the loss of such a husband as she had? For my part, I would not lose my wife for three millions of pounds. She is everything to me, and I have my old mother to keep, and I have brought up my two little brothers without its costing anybody else a penny; and then he went on to say that there was nothing like civility and kindness—it cost but little, and he had always found that they made him friends wherever he went.

Bravo! thought I; there is a green spot yet left even in this rough debased heart—one little thread yet remaining to connect it with human nature.—Imagine for a moment that son tending his aged mother, a mother to whom, perhaps, he owed no debt for early lessons of love and kindness; of whom, in the recollections of his early days, he can recall few pleas-

ing memories, few early admonitions from her lips, which might have stood him in good stead through life as his counsellor and guide.

Even the poor brutalised George, who all this time had been dozing away in a state of battered stupidity—even he had some one who loved him, and whom he loved in return.

Of Nero it was said, that over his tomb some loving hand was seen each day to drop a flower; so poor George found it impossible to keep away from a girl in London whom he loved, and who felt lonely without him, although he had to return to Liverpool in a few days to have another mauling, for his friends were going to get him up another fight for his own peculiar benefit, to reimburse him for sundry losses sustained during his last engagement.

And so I drew near home, and, on leaving the train, my companion shook me warily by the hand, and expressed a hope that when I next came to London I would give him a call.

So he went on his way, and I on mine, and as I walked I thought, and the more I thought, the more I became confused. Wrong seemed to be getting right, and right seemed to have no merit attachable to it. My conscience told me that I ought to hold that man and his profession in utter and supreme abhorrence; but when I thought of the little streaks of sunlight which ever and anon broke through that dark and heavy cloud, I was fain, though still condemning all fighting on general grounds, to subdue angry feelings, and to take shelter under the Master's lesson, 'that if I was without sin, I might then cast the stone.' And I asked myself a question which I could not answer—why am not I the fighter, and he in my place, wrapping himself up in his pharisaical cloak of spiritual pride, and thanking Heaven that he is not such as I? Who can answer me that? No, I do not feel quite comfortable in sitting in judgment on this unfortunate person, as I must consider him to be, without first ascertaining whether the five talents committed to my care, with a clearer knowledge as to their uses, have been made to produce other five also? If it has turned out that I have learned a lesson in charity, my half hour's ride was not in vain.

OUR ENGLISH VICE-KINGS.

The first chief governor of the 'English interest' in Ireland was John, Earl of Moreton, (afterwards king John), who was entitled by his father, Henry II., 'Lord of Ireland,' in 1177. Before him various knights of the invaders had commanded their fellows here, under the titles of Lord Wardens, Lord Justices, and Procurators. Prince John retained the title for seventeen years, De Lacy, De Courcy, and other noblemen serving as his deputies.

In John's reign, Meiler Fitzhenry, a bastard of Henry II., John De Gray, Bishop of Norwich, and Henry De Loundre (the Londoner), Archbishop of Dublin, were the chief governors.

In the long reign of Henry III., there were twenty-three chief governors of Ireland. On the removal or death of [one], the Irish Privy Council elected his successor. Maurice Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald, the first native baron so elected, was chosen in 1272—just one hundred years after 'the Invasion.'

Under Edward I., their were eighteen governors, of whom Stephen De Fulburn, a Norman, Bishop of Waterford, was the most distinguished. In Edward II.'s reign the lord lieutenant seems to have first been conferred on the Mortimers, Earls of March, who were descended on the female side from the M'Murroughs; of this family seven held the office of lord lieutenant at various periods, from 1317 to 1423.

In 1328, Roger Outlaw, prior of Kilmainham, was lord justice for Edward III., and his salary was £500 per annum. In this reign, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, being lord lieutenant, summoned the parliament at Kilkenny in 1367, which passed the famous anti-Irish statute. It is to be supposed that Edward regretted Clarence's act, as Ormond, Kildare,

and Desmond, though 'degenerate English,' governed under him in the latter part of his reign.

The chief governors under Richard II. were the Mortimers, the favorite De Vere, and the royal Dukes Gloucester and Surrey. Richard, in his folly, created De Vere Marquis of Dublin and Duke of Ireland, and made him a grant, for him and his heirs for ever, of the entire island.

Under Henry IV., V., VI., the Butlers and Talbotts were the two families that most frequently governed. Two or three dukes of the blood royal were scattered among their names, but these were nominal ones.

Under Edward VI. and Richard III., the Geraldines of Kildare and Desmond were most frequently in power. In these reigns, this family grew to such importance, that neither Henry VII., nor at first Henry VIII., dared to depose them. After 'Silken Thomas's' rebellion in 1534, however, no native was lord justice or lord lieutenant until 1639, in the reign of Charles I., when Robert, Lord Dillon of Kilkenny west, was sworn into the first named office.

It was in 1494, and Henry VII.'s reign, that Sir Edward Ponynings, an English lawyer, as deputy, summoned the parliament at Drogheda, where it was decided that no act should be passed through the legislature of the 'Pale' without first having been submitted to the English Privy Council.

It was in 1541 that Henry VIII., through the instrumentality of Sir Anthony St. Leger, was elected king of Ireland 'with all jurisdiction, power and royal authority.' Sir Anthony is, therefore, properly the first English vice-king in Ireland.

Under the four Tudor sovereigns, the chief nobles of England, Sidneys, Sussex's, and Essex's were lord lieutenants of Ireland.

Under the two first Stuarts, the Planters and Pacifcats, were most frequently raised to this dignity, as—Chichester, Strafford, Parsons, and Borlase.

During the first twelve years of Charles II.'s reign, there were governors under the parliament and governors under the king. Cromwell himself, Ireton, Lambert, Fleetwood, and Henry Cromwell for the one, Orman and Clanrickarde for the other. After the restoration, Monck and Ormond, Berkeley and Essex, were the most noted viceroys.

Under James II., the longest vice-reign is that of Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, a brave soldier, but without brains.

Under William and Mary, with one exception (Murrrough Boyle, Viscount Blessington, lord justice in 1696), our chief governors were all Englishmen—Porters and Paulets. In Queen Anne's reign, with the exception of the Duke of Ormand, lord lieutenant in 1702—3—4, and again in 1710, the case was the same.

From Anne's death to the union, we had seventy-nine governors of all sorts, lieutenant justices, and deputies. Of these, in every case, the lieutenants are English, and in a very few the deputies Irish. The Duke of Portland was viceroy in 1782, and Lord Cornwallis in 1800. It was under these four score governors that Dublin was baptised with the litany of foreign names which speaks from every corner of out streets and squares, the reality of our provincialism. A local parliament gave the capital vitality, but the foreign court gave it titles. The Dorset's, Cavendish's, Grafton's, Sackville's, Richmond's, what propriety have they as divisional titles for an Irish metropolis? Now it was surely bad enough to have had the men who bore them among us for a time, but thus to perpetuate their good-for-nothing names, is unbearable. How soon will the pride of the citizens of Dublin revolt against this anomaly?

In the half century that has elapsed since the 'union' of the two countries, the office of lord lie-

tenant of Ireland has been upheld, although it is easy to see against the will of our centralizing rulers. Indeed, it is but a couple of years back that its demolition was seriously advocated by English politicians, especially those of the economic school. Irishmen, however, do not complain of it as an incumbrance—on the contrary, they look upon it, and rightly, as a British recognition of our separate nationality. Neither Scotland nor the principality know any such institution. There is not even a resemblance of royalty on the thrones once filled by Bruce and Llewellyn. Here it is different. Haddington's and Mnlgrave's, De Grey's and Ponsonby's, the commission of each is a confession that we are not one people with the English, and are not to be.

The dangers are to be dreaded from viceregal influence in a city without a large resident upper class, and a country without a senate, are manifold. But at the same time it is to be considered that an Irish vice-royalty at the head of a resident nobility, or an English one with an independent Irish Privy Council, would be the very best form of aristocratic government short of native kingship. The institution, therefore, is most desirable in our state, not so much for the paltry patronage it may afford to the artisans of the capital, its fetes, or its fashions, as for the use which could be made of it, by a patriotic gentry and an unpurchaseable parliament. It must, therefore, be watched and guarded for the future uses of the nation.

QUEEN VICTORIA DESCENDED FROM AN IRISH PRINCESS.—Dermot (King of Leinster) had an only daughter. He offered her in marriage to the Earl of Pembroke, with the whole kingdom of Leinster for her dowry, so as he would help him to his revenge. After a great battle against the Danes, in which the Normans were victorious, the marriage was celebrated at Waterford. No record remains to us of the beauty of the bride, or in what language the Norman knight wooed her to his arms; this only we know, that Eva, Queen of Leinster in her own right, and Countess of Pembroke by marriage, can number among her descendants the present Queen of England.

The great Earl of Pembroke lived but a few years after his capture of Dublin. The Irish legends say that St. Bridget killed him. However, he and Eva had no male heir, and only one daughter, named Isabel, after the Earl's mother, who was also aunt to the reigning King of Scotland. This young girl was sole heiress of Leinster, and of her father's Welsh estates. Richard Cœur de Lion took her to his court at London, and she became his ward.

In due time she married William Marshall, called the great Earl, hereditary Earl Marshal of England, and Earl of Pembroke and Leinster, in right of his wife.

Isabel and Earl Williams had five sons and five daughters. The five sons, William, Walter, Gilbert, Anselm, and Richard—(we see that Isabel called no son of hers after the Royal traitor Dermot, her grandfather)—inherited the title in succession, and all died childless. We have said there was a doom upon Dermot's male posterity. The inheritance was then divided between the five daughters, each of whom received a province for a dowry. Carlow, Kilkenny, the Queen's County, Wexford, and Kildare, were the five portions.

Maud, the eldest, married the Earl of Norfolk, who became Earl Marshal of England in the right of his wife. Isabel, the second, married the Earl of Gloucester, and her grandmother, Isabel also, was mother to the great Robert Bruce, who was therefore great-great-grandson of Eva and Strongbow. Eva, the third daughter, married the Lord de Breos, and from a daughter of hers, named Eva likewise, descended Edward the Fourth, King of England, through whose granddaughter Margaret, Queen of Scotland, daughter of Henry the Seventh, the present reigning family of England, claim their right to the throne. Through two lines, therefore, our most gracious Majesty can trace back her pedigree to Eva, the Irish princess.



ENTRANCE TO GLENDALOUGH, CO. WICKLOW.

GLENDALOUGH.

The valley of Glendalough, commonly called the Seven Churches, is situated in the barony of Ballinacor, twenty-two miles from Dublin, eleven from Wicklow, and five from Roundwood. It is a spacious valley, between one and two thousand yards in breadth, and about two miles and a half in extent, having lofty and precipitous mountains hanging over it upon every side, except on that by which it is entered between Derrybawn on the south, and Broccagh mountain on the north.

It would be difficult to conceive anything more solemnly impressive than the scene which presents itself to view as we approach the lake, so famous for its legends. So wonderful and remarkable a scene has rarely been before witnessed. Wild, bare, rocky and dark-colored mountains run out into a sharp promontory; to the right the ground descends into the valley of Glendalough. One can see into both these valleys at the same time through broad, wide rock doors.

In the foreground, in the midst of basin formed by the meeting of the two valleys, lie the low ruins of the Seven Churches; and right in the centre, forming the middle point of the landscape, rises the lofty, slender, pillar-temple, that stands in good preservation, exactly in the middle of this picturesque wilderness, like Pompey's Pillar in the midst of the waste of Alexandria. Behind this temple appear the water-mirrors of the two famous lakes; first, the smaller, and behind it the larger. The entire prospect is ruin, ruins of nature and of art. It is, indeed, a wild and touching scene of desolation—the Baalbec of Ireland. No tillage, no industry, no evidence of social co-operation—all is flat, dreary, and barren. Such is the scene which in gloomy solitude shrouds this city of the dead, celebrated in the earliest ages of Christianity—while Britain was still sunk in barbarism—for the splendour of its altars, and for the learning of its monastic community! The name of Glendalough, like other early denominations of places derived from some obvious natural features, implies 'the valley, or glen, of the two lakes.' The lower is small, and is filled only during winter; the upper is a mile in length, by about a quarter broad. St. Kevin founded the Abbey of Glendalough, and presided there as abbot and bishop for many years. He died on the 3d of June, 618, being nearly 120 years old. The Seven Churches, properly so called, are Trinity Church, the Cathedral, the Abbey, St. Kevin's Church, Our Lady's Church,

the Rhefart Church, Teampullna-Skellig. As we approach the valley by the road from Lara, the first object of interest which presents itself is the ruined church of St. Saviour, so denominated in the Ordnance Survey; for a description of it we refer to the able work on Irish antiquities, lately published by Mr. Petrie, the great authority on all such subjects. He describes the round tower as one of the loftiest and most perfect in Ireland, being 110 feet high, and fifty-one feet circumference; and precisely as it stood at the beginning of the present year it is given, with all its immediate archæological accessories, by the truthful pencil of Mr. Jones, in the accompanying engraving. Besides its little doorway, the tower has two little windows in the shaft, and four small apertures near the top; it is built of granite, and of a hard kind of slate wedged in between the granite blocks. The cap fell to the ground in 1804.

St. Kevin's Bed is on the south side of the Upper Lake, and is a cavity in the face of the nearly perpendicular rock. This hollow is at a fearful elevation above the dark waters. Whether excavated by art, or originally a natural recess, it is impossible to determine. As it is most easy of access from the water, a boat is always at hand to convey the curious to it; and many are the tales that are told of the adventures of some of the most celebrated personages of the present century, of either sex, in reaching it. We need not encumber our pages with any profitless particulars of their sayings and doings; but it would be unparadonable to omit Thackeray's description of the general aspect of the whole place, done in the happiest style of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, the author of the 'Irish Sketch Book' had begun to paint in the eucenic of 'Vanity Fair.' After some remarks apropos of music in general, and the Irish melodies in particular, he proceeds thus:—

'I don't know if there is any tune about Glendalough; but if there be, it must be the most delicate, fantastic, fairy melody that ever was played. Only fancy can describe the charms of that delightful place. Directly you see it, it smiles at you as innocent and friendly as a little child; and once seen it becomes your friend for ever, and you are always happy when you think of it. Here is a little lake and little fords across it, surrounded by little mountains, and which lend you now to little islands where there are all sorts of fantastic little old chapels and graveyards; or again into the little brakes and shrubberies where small riv-

ers are crossing over little rocks, plashing and jumping, and singing as loud as ever they can. Thomas Moore has written rather an awful description of it; and it may indeed appear big to him, and the fairies who must have inhabited the place in old days—that's clear. For who could be accommodated in it except the little people? There are Seven Churches, whereof the clergy must have been the smallest persons, and have had the smallest benefices and the littlest congregations ever known. As for the Cathedral, what a bishoplet it must have been that presided there!—the place would hardly hold the Bishop of London or Mr. Sydney Smith—two full-sized clergymen of these days—who would be sure to quarrel there for want of room, or for any other reason. There must have been a dean no bigger than Mr. Moore before mentioned, and a chapter no bigger than that chapter in Tristram Shandy, which does not contain a single word, and mere popguns of canons, and a beadle about as tall as Crofton Croker, to whip the little boys who were playing at taw (with peas) in the yard. They saw there was a university, too, in the place, with I don't know how many thousand scholars; but for accounts of this, there is an excellent guide on the spot, who, for a shilling or to two, will tell all he knows about it.'

YOUTHFUL HEROISM.—In one of the battles during the American war, 1777, Lieutenant Hervey, a youth of sixteen, received several wounds, and was repeatedly ordered off the field by the Lieutenant Colonel of his regiment; but the gallant lad would not leave the ground while he could stand, and see his brother-soldiers fighting beside him. A ball striking one of his legs, his removal became necessary; and in the act of conveying him away, another wounded him mortally. In this situation the surgeon recommended him to take a dose of opium, to avoid several hours of life of extreme torture. This he immediately consented to do; and when his Colonel entered the tent, with Major Harnage, who were both wounded, they asked whether he had any affairs they could settle for him? His reply was, that being a minor, every thing was already adjusted; but he had one request, which he retained just life enough to utter—'Tell my uncle (Adjutant-general Hervey) I died like a soldier.'

A CARELESS HOUSEMAID.—That girl would break the Bank of England if she put her hand upon it.

IRISH MISCELLANY

THOMAS O'NEILL - - - PROPRIETOR.
MICHAEL J. WALSH - - - CONDUCTOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1888.

ARE YOU AS OLD AS YOU SEEM ?

In our last number we wrote concerning nations which are comparatively young in the life of the world, and which, while somewhat proud of their youth, claim, nevertheless, to be ranked with the oldest and strongest powers, feeling, at the same time, that they are strong enough to meet and to beat these powers, whether they come singly or together. America and old Pagan Rome afford obvious examples of the class of nations of which we were treating.

Turning to the living nations of the old world, we find ourselves yet within the domains of authentic history, and each nation of note can tell us pretty nearly how old she is. Leaving Ireland aside for the present, and landing, as we will suppose, in England, we visit each civilized nation, and peer curiously into the past records of each. The result is, that we can assign an epoch at which the history of each civilized nation of our day properly begins, and the accurate student will not find his calculations to vary materially from the facts. Of course we are speaking of nations having some pretensions to the name, considering the times; we are not speaking of nomade, or wandering tribes.

England, France, and Germany, to say nothing of Eastern Europe, may have been, and perhaps were occupied by Pagans, and of course barbarians, as hunting, fighting, and lodging grounds, centuries before the conquest of Julius Cæsar, very much as the immense wilds of America were occupied by our Indians before the landing of the white men, or as some western tracts of land are claimed by our hardy frontiersmen, one of whom gave as reason for removing from his lonely settlement, that neighbors were gathering too thickly around him. One man had made a clearing five hundred miles off. He could endure this affliction, but when another settler built a log cabin two hundred miles distant, the air became too close for him, and he measured seven hundred miles between himself and his last tormentor.

To understand the history of England, one must consider how much the old Celts, the Saxons and the Normans each contributed to make up that which is called the British nation, not forgetting the occasional help given by the Danes. Julius Cæsar invaded Britain just in time to open the book of real British history. From his commentaries, and from Roman documents edited from time to time, it is not only easy to trace the history of the decline and fall of the Celtic and of the Roman power in Britain, but it is also easy to tell how far advanced, as a nation, were the subjects of Queen Boadicea at the time of Julius Cæsar's landing. Nay, although hundreds, thousands of volumes have been written about English history, from the day of the landing at the Isle of Thanet, of the first Christian missionaries under Augustine, to this very year of grace, yet we variably believe that ordinary readers of English history know more of the truth about the life of that nation, from the landing of Julius Cæsar to that of the missionary Augustine, than they know about the same life from the accession of Henry VIII. to that of William III. The same thing may be said of the history of every nation, because there are times when party spirit, bigotry and hatred rage so, fiercely, that an almost superhuman effort is needed in order that a man may deal out the commonest justice to his political, and, in such times, his personal enemy. Few writers are thoroughly honest, although some would seem to themselves so. Almost every one has his hobby,

or favorite theory, and, if the facts will not adjust themselves so as to suit that theory, why, so much the worse for the facts.

Julius Cæsar conquered Germany and France, as they are now called, although the boundary lines are not settled yet, and his account of the hordes of growing nations occupying that portion of the continent opens to us the volumes of German and French history. We call them German and French for the sake of convenience, and the designations are sufficiently accurate for our present purpose. Volumes by thousands have been written since in continuation of that edited almost two thousand years ago by the illustrious Roman, so that he who may have the time, gifts and training requisite to the task, can make the history of any civilized nation in Europe at the present day, whether young, or in its prime, or middle-aged or old, and he can trace her progress, from the time when she began to say to herself and to others, 'I am a nation,' down to the day in which we live. And if the historian do not construct his history 'a priori'; if he do not invent a theory, showing what that nation should have been and what she should be now, and make facts conform to his theory, or stupidly deny facts, he will accomplish his purpose with a fair degree of success. Most histories written since the beginning of this century fail lamentably in this respect. Read, for example, the history of England from the accession of Henry VIII. to that of William III., as given by Hume, Lingard, McAulay, Hallam, Cobbett, and, for the Cromwellian period, Carlyle. What can you make of it? whom will you believe? Even Lingard has his theory, as every Roman and Irish scholar knows.

So the civilized nations of Europe are about as old as they seem. The diligent student, in tracing upward the history of any one of them, searching after nationalities, not barbarous tribes, will commonly find that two thousand years, or so, will give him time enough to answer his purpose. Italy affords one exception to the rule.

Let us here say that we worship Livy; believe in the speeches which he puts into the mouths of his heroes—surely the heroes could not make better ones!—and believe in Romulus, Remus, and the wolf that suckled them, and all that. Have we not seen the brazen wolf at the Capitol, bearing the marks of the thunderbolt which struck twenty-five hundred years ago? Have we not seen the grotto of Egeria, where the fairy gave lessons to Numa Pompilius in the science of government? Have we not crossed the plain of Alba, where the three champions were buried? Have we not seen hundreds of monuments of Pagan Rome, all of which can be accounted for by giving to the city all it asks for itself—all that it ever asked—a life, thus far, of twenty-five or six hundred years? You may throw in the odd four hundred years, or so, and then you will have only three thousand years, which brings the life of Rome, from the beginning until now, within the pale of historic investigation. We are willing to grant that the student of Roman history may require a little more time for the events which pass under his review, but, as this question does not enter into our present subject, we let it pass without discussion. What we object to chiefly in this present correction is, that Neibuhr and his swarm of followers, all men of our own day, pretend to know more about ancient Rome than the ancient Romans did. They pull down every monument, and grind the whole together in some mill of theirs, constructed according to an 'a priori' principle, and the mischief is, that their reading of Roman history is not half as satisfactory, to say the least, as that to which we were accustomed when we were boys. We begin, as we read on, to doubt whether there was such a city as Rome, or a people called the Roman nation. German infidel commentators have treated the Bible in the same way, until, thanks to their undermining labors, hundreds of thousands of nomi-

nal Christians do not believe in the sacredness of the book any more than they do in that of Shakespeare. If you choose to believe some commentators on ecclesiastical history, you will find two theories concerning the Roman Catholic church all ready for you. One school says that she lived and wrought evil in the world all along for two thousand years before she was born, of course changing her name and dress to suit the times. Another class says that she did not begin to live for from four to eight hundred years after she was born, she having, in the mean time, converted the nations and civilized the peoples of so many lands. Now these biblical and ecclesiastical commentators were as learned, as patient, and as lynx-eyed as our modern transcendental theorists on the histories of Rome and Greece. If I give my confidence to them, what shall I say to Neander and Strauss?

The Romans were comparatively late settlers in Italy—in their national capacity, we mean. They found in the land communities well organized, considering the times. Rome absorbed all these within her mighty bosom, and they became bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh; they lived the life of Rome. There were the Etrurians at the North, most probably Celts, but who have had, for many an age, no one to speak for them; no independent community which could call itself Etrurian; this volume of the world's history is closed, the book is lost, and the only traces are a few precious objects of antiquity, such as the Etruscan vase, or a seemingly antediluvian ruin. Besides other tribes, probably Celtic, which inhabited Italy, there were the Grecian colonies at the south and south-west of the peninsula. Luckily, most historians of weight are agreed as to the age when these flourishing colonies had become little mirrors of Greek civilization, such as it was.

Finally, let us observe that Greek history has been tinkered over and over again within forty years by so many commentators, that it is in a worse predicament than Roman history. It does well enough for boys who are beginning their historical studies, although we suspect that the boys, when they become men, would have at their command more available and practical information about it had they studied in the old-fashioned way. Judging from the tangible results of cramming what is called learning, in all its elementary branches, into the heads of all our young victims of free education—looking at the work done or left undone, or badly done in the world by them—we are led to ask whether ignorance does not increase in an inverse ratio with the supply of means and appliances for the furtherance of education. To put it in another form; is it true that the nearer the school-house, the farther from *TRUTH*, solid education. That will be a problem for the next generation to settle. But for men, who studied their Greek and Roman history when they were boys, the task of unlearning everything is too severe. Every man, and every place mentioned, stand out as distinctly as the men and places whom we have seen with our own eyes. If I can't believe in Marathon I must give up Bunker Hill. If there were never the Solon, George Washington never lived. Nevertheless, it seems to be certain that thirty-five hundred years, or so, will cover all the demands of the most enthusiastic stickler for the antiquity of the Greek nation. She may have it, for she ceased to be a power two thousand years ago, and, besides, thirty-five hundred years do not bring us back to the flood, and, scattered along the first fifteen hundred years, we find monuments of all sorts, growing steadily in number and value, which enable the student to form a pretty correct opinion as to the age those early Greek nationalities became young Greece, and when they began to say to themselves and to others: We are of age, we are free, henceforth we will take care of ourselves.

In our next article we will have something to say about those old and bed-ridden nations which live because Death seems to have forgotten them, and who take a childish pleasure in trying to make us believe that they are much older than they seem.

Written for the Miscellany ;

THE MEN OF NINETY-EIGHT.

ARTHUR GRINDY MC CREEDINE.

Oppression rampant o'er the land, seemed careless where it stood.

Not bearing any paw'n of man, defiant o'er of God;
Out burst a mine beneath its feet, which well nigh headed its fate.

And tyrants yet forget not quite the men of ninety-eight.

They fought and bled, and many a toe lay low beneath the pile.

And never yet in juster cause did daring manhood strike;
But fortune frown'd their banner down, so beautiful when elate.

The vivid green, 'neath which were seen the men of ninety-eight.

The bravest foremost fighting fell, nor died they quite in vain;

Their deeds with pride descendants tell, and minstrels swell the strain

Of Erin's harp, in memory of acts which tyrants hate,
And fitly, for they fell in fair, the men of ninety-eight.

A million Erin wept of late, of famish'd or of fled;
Far better could we proudly rate them with our glorious dead,

Who thin'd the ranks of foemen first, then nobly met their fate.

And handed down the grand renown of men of ninety-eight.

A slave's existence is not life such as a man could prize,
The gallant martyr on the field condemns it while he dies;
A manly spirit tyranny can never subjugate,
But, thrust it through, 't will try to do like men of ninety-eight.

Again! again! will Erin try her now laid by good steel,
And may she seize the proper time to urge her just appeal,
To Battle's God, for justice on, her foes instigate.
Who killed, exil'd, and still revile, the men of ninety-eight.

EMINAGH.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

—IN THE—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

THE COLONEL OUTWITTED.

Colonel Joseph T——, now a general in the British army, was at one time Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment in which I served. It was before Lord Brudenell, the present Earl of Cardigan, took command. The latter is a man whose tyrannical overbearing and aristocratic presumption had well nigh driven the regiment into a state of mutiny, a man whose conduct has been before the public in a very unfavorable light.

'Old Joe,' as he was familiarly called, was an eccentric character, who, although the greatest cavalry drill in the service, and one of the strictest disciplinaries, had a keen relish for a good joke. He had lost an arm at Waterloo, where, as major, he, in military parlance, 'took in a squadron.' His servant was an old, but still very active, soldier, named Joseph Turner. He was like an echo to the old Colonel; had been with him at Waterloo, and knew every trait of his eccentric character so well that he could scarcely do without him. Nothing the old Colonel detested more than swearing—at least swearing in any body else—while he himself would, on the slightest occasion, rattle forth a string of oaths like a litany. If he heard a soldier swearing he would moralise with him on the enormity of the offence, coolly at first, then waxing warm on the subject, would generally conclude with the asseveration that it was a d——n bad practice, and the soldier a good for nothing rascal.

Turner had a good place with the old man, and really was invaluable to him, enjoying his full confidence; in fact, he would, without consulting his master, do whatever he thought fit, and whatever he did, or whatever he bought, was sure to meet the approval

of the Colonel, whose interests and wants formed his whole study. But, like the generosity of old soldiers, Turner would take a periodical spree. He would ask leave for an evening, and, after taking his frolic, would return in good order and good time, for order and punctuality were with him the primal law. However, on one occasion he gave the Colonel some slight offence. There was nothing strange in this, for they often had a family quarrel; but this time the Colonel happened to take more than usual notice of it; and meeting the Troop Sergeant Major of Turner's troop, gave him orders not to allow Turner another pass until further orders. This did not in the least disconcert the old soldier, nor cause him to depart from the routine of his daily business; for when the usual time for leave of absence returned, he made the customary application; but the Sergeant Major refused to sign it. Turner made the usual preliminary arrangements, that the old man might not be inconvenienced by his absence; and when evening came, he dressed, and went to town. His spree over, he returned, as if he had a pass; but in place of going to his room, as usual, he went to the guard-room, and reported himself as having been absent without leave, and was, of course, put in durance, and the next day brought up along with the other defaulters.

Now, it was usual for the Sergeant Major of each troop to accompany his own men who were prisoners, in order to speak to their general character. There were but two prisoners on the day in question. Both belonged to the same troop, and as I happened to be one of the guard, I witnessed, and well remember, the whole of the singular proceedings which followed. The Colonel, instead of attending in the office generally, had the prisoners brought to his room. On arriving at the door, the Sergeant of the guard tapped, and we heard the well-known 'enter.' The Sergeant entered, and announced himself as the Sergeant of the guard with prisoners. The prisoners were then brought in, attended by the Troop Sergeant Major. Here the party stood in line, the prisoners flanked by the guard. The Colonel inquired, 'What have these men done, Sergeant?'

The Sergeant of the guard here read—'Private William Harford, of Captain W——'s troop, absent without leave two days and two nights; returned sober, and of his own accord.'

The Colonel then turned to the Sergeant Major—'What is the prisoner's character?'

'Character decidedly good, sir; never before a defaulter; a good soldier; seventeen years' service.'

'My gracious!' exclaimed the Colonel, 'this is too bad, a soldier seventeen years in the service, and never before a defaulter, must indeed know how to conduct himself. How comes it, Mr. Harford, that you, who have been, and ought to be, a pattern to disobedient men, have so far forgotten yourself? Is it not enough, sir, that I should be troubled with drunken rascals, without being called upon to perform the distressing duty of ordering such men as you to imprisonment? Answer, Mr. Harford, if you can, what do you mean by it? You, who hitherto aided by your example to make my duties light; you, to whom I point as a pattern soldier, speak, sir, if you can?'

Yes, sir, I will tell you.'

The Colonel was all attention. The prisoner proceeded—

'I have been seventeen years in the same troop; never before a prisoner, nor yet a defaulter of any kind; have ever performed my duty so as to obtain credit, and have been what is called a clean and good soldier; but, under your command, I find that such soldiers receive no mark of favor, are never promoted, and receive nothing to signify your approval of good conduct. How many men of bad character have I seen get the 'stripes' and otherwise advanced during that time. Yes, and even whom it was notorious did not earn their reward either by attention or ability as well as I did, and if it solely depended upon qualification, could not have been sergeants in the regiment in which I have remained a private. This, Colonel, is the

reason for my conduct, and I am resolved to have my thing —'

Hold, hold, Mr. Harford; so you have resolved to become a rascal, have you?'

'No, sir, I have not resolved to become any such thing, but simply to take things as they come, and have a time, and be a defaulter once in a while, and if I turn out rascal, as you term defaulters, remember, Colonel, it is to you it must be attributed; rascal, you promote, such men as I have been are disqualified.'

'You were certainly brought up for the bar; go to your duty, Mr. Harford.'

Then turning to the Sergeant Major, the old Colonel continued:—

'Put him in orders for corporal immediately, sir, or else I shall be guilty of making a rascal, and this I must not do, for I have enough of that class,' giving a significant look at old Turner.

He was as good as his word, for in a very short time Harford was promoted Troop Sergeant Major.

This case having been thus disposed of, the Sergeant of the guard read, 'Private Joseph Turner, of Captain W——'s troop, absent without leave one day and one night; character good; a Waterloo soldier; service twenty-five years; returned sober, and of his own accord.'

'Well, Sergeant Major,' said the Colonel, 'this is a deliberate piece of villainy, and, moreover, it is a personal insult; here is a man who can go in and out at his own pleasure, with no one to control him, and yet he deliberately absents himself, actually making preparations for his absence; this proves that he intended to be a defaulter. I have overlooked a thousand instances of his misconduct heretofore, but I am determined to do so no longer.' Here he paused, but immediately again resumed, and, turning towards the prisoner, said, 'The only thing which troubles me, sir, is that I cannot order you for a court martial; yes, and have you flogged, sir.' Here another pause took place, when, again addressing the prisoner—

'What ought I do with you, sir?'

'What you ought to do,' coolly answered the prisoner.

'And pray what is that, sir? Flog you, of course it is, you acknowledge it.'

The prisoner kept silent; another pause, and still turning towards him the Colonel resumed—

'Yes, sir, a thought now strikes me, sir; I will see what you consider should be done to such a rascal as yourself. You shall be Colonel T——, and I will be the prisoner; by that means I will find out what you think such offenders deserve, but mind, sir, if it be less than a flogging or a court martial, at all events I shall appeal from your judgment, mind that, sir.'

Now, sergeant, take me outside; I will be the prisoner for a time, and Mr. Turner will be the colonel for a time. Colonel!—ah! the gallows he deserves, instead of colonelcy. Sergeant, all the forms if you please—go through all the forms.'

Turner took the colonel's chair, and, of course, assumed all the dignity he could master. The sergeant rapped—then we heard 'Enter!' He entered and, in due form, announced himself as the sergeant of the guard with prisoners.

We entered, Turner throwing himself back in the chair, with an assumption of dignity that was ludicrous to witness. He inquired—

'What is his crime, sergeant?'

The sergeant read: 'Private Joseph Turner, of Captain W——'s troop, absent, without leave, one day and night, returned sober, and of his own accord, character good, Waterloo soldier, service twenty-five years.'

Turner then deliberately took up the paper as the sergeant laid it upon the table, and commenced reading from the bottom upwards.

'Returned sober, that's good—twenty-five years' service, that's good—a Waterloo soldier, that's good—one who has done the state some service—character good, that's good—absent one day and one night

without leave, that's bad.' Then, turning to the sergeant major, he asked, 'Did this man apply for leave of absence in the usual way?'

'Yes, sir,' was the reply.

'Who did he apply to?'

'To me, sir!'

'And in the usual manner?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What is the reason then that an old soldier, of good character, one who has always returned, sober and to time, was refused? Answer, sergeant major.'

'I was ordered not to present a pass to him till further orders.'

'From whom did you get the order? State!'

'From the colonel, sir!'

'Indeed,' said the acting colonel, 'I do not remember giving such an order. This is a case for more mature deliberation; this man appears to have acted very judiciously, and, in fact, quite justifiably, not only so, but I think this ought to teach those who command regiments not to withhold all proper indulgence from good soldiers, especially as the government so enjoins, and not the first article of war against it. My judgment deliberately and reasonably given is, that this man should have one day and night's absence, according to his wish, given him, and not only this, but the officer in command at the time, by whose authority he was refused such proper leave, do furnish him with five shillings to enjoy the aforesaid twenty-four hours leave.'

Turner having pronounced the judgment, thus, in the most pompous manner, arose, and resumed the prisoner's position.

Colonel T—— waved his hand to take him away; he was marched back to the guard-room, and the sergeant ordered to fill up a pass, which was signed forthwith, and sent by the sergeant major to Turner, along with five shillings, which, in handing to him, he cautioned him to be sure that he returned sober and in proper time.

From the Democratic Review of October.

IRELAND'S INDEPENDENCE.

While politicians, statesmen and philanthropists have been discussing the condition of Ireland, deploring her dependency upon England, and anticipating the day when their efforts would sever the unnatural bonds which have for many years held her in subjection to that inhuman power, it would seem that science, enterprise, and the course of events are about accomplishing for this nation what the best efforts of her heroic sons and the most powerful appeals of her ablest advocates have failed to secure.

The union of Ireland and the American continent by the ocean telegraph, if it proves successful, and the establishment of the North Atlantic Steamship Company, may justly be regarded as the entering wedge destined to sever the baneful and unequal political connexion now subsisting between Ireland and England. The timid must not be alarmed at this prediction, for neither blood nor carnage will tarnish the progress of a revolution certain to follow the scientific and commercial achievements referred to.

Whether American principles are to govern Ireland and England, with the rest of civilized Europe, remains yet to be seen—the probabilities are that they will. Nor is it certain but that Ireland may yet, within a brief period, obtain the ascendancy over England in the governmental policy of Europe. The unseen power that guides and controls the destinies of men and of nations, has worked out more astounding problems, in the overthrow of old and powerful empires and the establishment of new ones, than this. The cruel hand of destiny has, for a dreary age, borne heavily upon the brave and industrious citizens of Ireland. It has seemed at times that the last glimmer of the setting sun was about to disappear from this beautiful island, and as

though the eternal night of despair had enveloped it within its dark folds; but in every such emergency some kind interposition of a watchful providence has averted the threatened destruction, and new hope taken possession of the heart of Ireland.

A glance at the history of the world, the rise and fall of nations, cannot fail to convince the reflective mind that there can be no security in a government based upon injustice and usurpation. The history of men everywhere teaches us that the nation of strength and power to-day may become a weak dependency to-morrow. England, with all her greatness, is no more secure in her power than nations that have preceded her, and whose glory has departed never again to return.

The Assyrians, the Philistines, the Chaldeans, the commercial republics of Phœnicia and of the Persians, governing with a strong arm from the Mediterranean to the Indus; where are they? What has become of this wonderful people of Egypt, whose matchless city was Thebes, the cradle of art, science, and civilization?

The human vision is almost bewildered in contemplating the dissolving views of this once mighty country. Among its world of palaces and gigantic temples, whose spires seemed to pierce the very heavens, scarcely a monument of its ancient glory now remains. During the early pomp and power of Egypt, when her kings, in the plenitude of their power, forgot their God, and imposed burdens, and inflicted wrongs on the people of Israel, light in comparison with the injustice perpetrated on Ireland by England, the hand of offended Deity smote Egypt with curse after curse until their very day was converted into dark night, and the sun and the heavens frowned upon the land.

Nor is England more powerful than Greece or Rome, and yet the glory of these once mighty nations has also disappeared. These nations were not more grasping or unscrupulous than Great Britain. Governed by the same desire of extended empire, regardless of the rights or wishes of the people over whom their power and authority were attempted to be exercised, the elements of their decay were most deeply seated in their false systems, at the very time when their rulers seemed to consider themselves and the country most secure from danger. While the ruthless hands of the strong were grasping the rights of the weak, and resting upon their own security, the conquerors of the world thought to perpetuate power, the cry of the oppressed was heard and answered.

The changes and vicissitudes that have marked the history of nations will still continue, and the only guarantee of national perpetuity is in that governmental system which, founded on principles of justice and equality, recommends itself to the confidence of the governed. That the government of Great Britain does not possess this quality is evident, not only from her treatment of Ireland, but also from her treatment of other people over whom she rules.

As the recitation of wrongs imposed on Ireland alone would fill a large volume, slight reference can now only be made to the policy of the English government towards that people. It is acknowledged by all who profess to believe in a republican form of government, that every feature of the system that connects—not unites—the English nation with the Irish is defective and wrong. The political policy of a nation that enforces submission from foreign colonies to its will, against the consent of the people, is unjust; but that system which commands the obedience of millions of freemen who almost unanimously hold in abhorrence the government, which by a power of foreign soldiery is upheld among them, is not only false and unjust, but degrading and infamous.

That this relation has existed between Ireland and England for a long period cannot be questioned.

From the day that the perjured Oates and Bedloe lit the flames of bigotry and persecution, which swept over Great Britain, moistening its soil with the blood of martyrs, the people of Ireland have been deprived of civil rights and their religious freedom. One act of oppression followed in such quick succession upon another, all growing out of these incredible revelations, that it would be difficult to record them. Not only was human life offered up a sacrifice to this infamous story of a vile man, but it is an historic fact that the spirit of bigotry and prejudice of that day still pervade the national policy of England.

After ejecting the rightful heir from the throne of England, the parliament proceeded to enact laws restricting the liberty of speech and the freedom of religious opinion to an extent before unknown to the civilized world. Pains and penalties, sacrifices of life and property were the order of the day, and Ireland was ground to the very dust for no other reason than that her people, while loyal to the government, were yet independent in thought, and conscientious in their duty to their Maker.

The Test Acts of 1662 were of such a character that no freeman could tolerate them, and no government but a government of fraud could pass them. Although somewhat modified, the statute books of England are still tarnished by enactments against a large portion of her subjects well calculated to stimulate opposition, if not rebellion, against the government.

The memorable appeal of Charles Phillips on behalf of his countrymen, in a petition to parliament for a redress of grievances, is worthy of remembrance, and should reawaken the spirit of retribution for long indicted wrongs. He said:—

'We have sustained the power which spurned us; we have nerved the arm which smote us; we have lavished our strength, our talent, and our treasures, and buoyed up, on the prodigal effusion of our young blood, the triumphant ARK OF BRITISH LIBERTY.'

We approach, then, with confidence, an enlightened legislature; in the name of Nature, we ask our rights as men; in the name of the Constitution, we ask our privileges as subjects; in the name of God, we ask the sacred protection of unpersecuted piety as Christians.

Are securities required of us? We offer them—the best securities a throne can have—the affections of a people. We offer faith that was never violated, hearts that were never corrupted, valor that never crouched. Every hour of peril has proved our allegiance, and every field of Europe exhibits its example.

We abjure all temporal authority, except that of our Sovereign; we acknowledge no civil pre-eminence, save that of our constitution; and, for our lavish and voluntary expenditure, we only ask a reciprocity of benefits.

In behalf, then, of five millions of a brave and loyal people, we call upon the legislature, to annihilate the odious bondage which bows down the mental, physical, and moral energies of Ireland; and, in the name of that Gospel which breathes charity towards all, we seek freedom of conscience for all the inhabitants of the British empire.'

It is difficult to see how such an appeal in the name and on behalf of justice could be refused. In the words of the author of this appeal to the parliament of Great Britain, 'truth is omnipotent and must prevail; it forces its way with the fire and the precision of the morning sunbeam. Vapors may impede the infancy of its progress, but the very substance that would check, only condenses and concentrates it, until at length it goes forth in the fullness of its meridian, all life, and lustre, the minutest object visible in its refulgence.' Placing full faith in the power of truth and justice, the patriot may

still hope for the future of Ireland. The day of liberty will yet dawn upon her people, and the events to which reference was made in the opening of this article prove that that day is not far distant.

But it may be said that the periods alluded to are remote, and that Ireland has since been treated with more consideration by the government.

In reply to this, it is only necessary to remark, that although some of the early enactments against Ireland by the British government have been modified, still enough remains to justify renewed efforts on the part of that people to obtain their nationality, and the question of repeal should be again opened in the most effective and practicable form.

Smith O'Brien, in a speech in parliament, as late as 1843, on his motion for a committee of inquiry on the state of Ireland, proved that in the distribution of high official appointments in Ireland, twenty-seven in every thirty offices were given to English or Scotchmen; in the minor grades, connected with excise or customs in Ireland, thirty-six in every thirty-seven were English or Scotchmen; that in the distribution of church incomes, the Protestant hierarchy enjoyed annual millions from the soil, while the Catholic hierarchy depended upon the support of the people; that in the franchise of the people, and the number of their representatives, England, with sixteen millions of population, was represented in the House of Commons by five hundred and eight members, while Ireland with nearly nine millions, passed but one hundred and five members; that Ireland contributed full four millions annually of net revenue to the support of England, but in the outlay of that immense sum, not more than a few thousands ever came back; that while England habitually expended, under the head of naval stores, six millions per annum, not more than eight thousand pounds, under that head, were expended in Ireland.

Add to these that most detestable tithe system, the withering blight of which is manifested everywhere, not only in its pecuniary effects, but also in its humiliating influence on the minds of a people fully sensible to such monstrous injustice and gross violation of rights inherent in man, and for the free exercise of which he is alone responsible to his God, and you have good cause for revolution.

The poor laws, the grand jury tax, the wasting absentee drain, and many other impositions of similar character could be instanced, showing that the English rulers are imposing burdens upon the people of Ireland, which, in the language of the Saviour, they themselves would not touch with the end of their little finger.

Why should this condition of affairs continue in a day of progress like the present? Why should a nation of freemen, struggling for liberty, who are competent in an especial degree to maintain it, be held in subjection? How long shall foreign power be allowed to crush out the spirit of liberty from the hearts of a people whose valor and patriotism have been displayed on almost every battlefield of Europe and America, and who are as competent to guide the affairs of state as they are ready to confer lustre upon its arms? Can any reason be assigned why such a people should not take their place as the integral of an empire, which their bravery has contributed to exalt among the greatest on earth?

It is impossible to conceive how England can longer refuse her consent to a separation from the existing unnatural connexion between these two nations, that a just and perfect union may be formed, on the basis of local sovereignty and federative equality. The manner and the means of securing the independence of Ireland can best be determined by her own people. There is no doubt but that the working classes in England and Scotland would second the movement in favor of municipal self-government and a national confederation, similar to that which is gaining for our republic the very first

position among nations. A system of government which we trust is destined to supersede all others, because it has proved the most perfect of any yet devised.

Its influence is spreading rapidly over this vast continent, and the example of our institutions is felt throughout Europe, and what people are better entitled to its benefits than that people who have contributed so much to its prosperity and glory?

The sympathy of the whole American heart is with them, and truth and justice plead their cause in the name of Democracy and of freedom, and that plea must be heard and answered.

Although the martyr Emmet is dead, his spirit still lives. Although the mighty form of the great liberator O'Connell is seen no more upon the soil of his native country, its hills and valleys still echo in dying words, Repeal, Repeal. Although the apostles of liberty, Mitchell, Meagher, Savage, and others, are wandering from their homes and their country, preaching Democracy among their brethren of the New World, their early companion in the cause of their country, the immortal Smith O'Brien, after years of banishment, has returned to his rightful heritage, and his presence will rekindle the smouldering embers of unexpired liberty among his countrymen, whose day-star of freedom is now about to rise, and to whom we may truly apply the prophetic and encouraging words of the poet when he said:—

'Weep no more woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidius, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor,
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the frontward of the morning sky.'

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.—The Tipperary Examiner publishes a letter dated Dungarvan, Oct. 16th, from which the following is an extract:— 'A pleasing and novel scene was presented at the funeral of the late Doctor Quinn, of this town, who was lately buried in the Protestant churchyard. Our parish priest, the Rev. Dr. Hally, walked before the coffin, assisted by his curate, the Rev. M. Mooney, and the Rev. Mr. Toomey chanting the burial service. Walking behind the coffin were to be seen, with hats in hand, three Protestant parish ministers, and one Protestant curate. Indeed, it must be remarked with truth that the Protestant clergy of this locality for years back have been remarkable for mildness, Christian charity, and freedom from all sectarian bigotry!'

ADDRESS TO CARDINAL WISEMAN.—Cardinal Wiseman has received from the 'chapter of his diocese' a congratulatory address on his return from Ireland. His eminence, in receiving the address, said that his recent journey to Ireland had indeed been a source of great gratification to him. He went totally unprepared for the warm-hearted reception which greeted him everywhere. What gave, however, the most pleasing character to these meetings, was that they were not so much personal demonstrations as manifestations of devotion to the church and to its supreme pastor. He could not but hope, he said, that such a demonstration of pure, religious feeling, so easily elicited, would prove to all that the Irish people will ever be alive to the claims of their faith upon their energies.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.—The London correspondent of the Dublin Evening Post says: 'There is a strong rumor that Lord Naas is to be sent to India as Governor of Bombay, in succession to Lord Elphinstone, who has expressed a wish to return to Europe. As the salary is £10,000 a year, it would make the noble lord a comparatively rich man. The object of the government is to remove Lord Naas from the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, on account of the sad mess he made of the Dublin Police Bill, and the awful discontent excited by that most wanton and intolerant measure.'

AN Irish lady residing in Paris has bequeathed all her property, including estates in Tipperary, in trust, to accumulate until the rents and proceeds of sale are sufficient to endow an hospital in the town of Thurles for the poor of the county who may be afflicted by accidents, or incurable, but not infectious diseases; and for the erection, contiguous to the hospital, of an almshouse for poor widows over sixty years of age. This admirable bequest is unfettered by sectarian prejudices. The testatrix was a Catholic in the best sense of the term.

The Irish papers contain an account of the gigantic harvest home on the estate of Mr. Pollok, in the county of Galway. About 1400 persons (only one half of his servants) were liberally entertained in the Home Farm Steading, at Lismay. The roof covers nearly two acres of land, and the building was lighted with gas. The extent of this gentleman's operations may be judged by the fact that he has 1800 acres in green crops, and 4000 of grain, with about 4000 head of cattle.

ANOTHER EPISCOPAL MEETING.—A number of Roman Catholic prelates, headed by Primate Dixon, arrived in Dublin, on Tuesday, the 19th, and met in council in the course of the afternoon. The subject of deliberation is not even hinted at by the journals in the confidence of the bishops and clergy. Out of doors, however, it is thought not improbable that the question of a charter for the Cullen University formed one of the topics of discussion. The episcopal sittings will continue for the greater part of the week.

SHANNON TRANSATLANTIC STATION.—Limerick, Oct. 21.—The committee has just held a numerous meeting, and a resolution was unanimously adopted, to the effect that the mayor and Messrs. Spaight, M. P., and Russell, M. P., should proceed at once to London, to have an interview, by appointment, on Saturday, with Mr. Cunard, on the subject of the Shannon Transatlantic Packet Station. The deputation proceeds this afternoon to London.—[Limerick Reporter.]

The command of the Irish constabulary force has been conferred upon Major Brownrigg, who, for many years filled the office of deputy inspector general. The salary henceforward is to be £1300 instead of £1500 per annum, the £200 being granted to Sir Duncan McGregor, in consideration of his long services.

In the next session of Parliament a demand will be made for a charter for the Roman Catholic University in St. Stephen's-green, Dublin, and it is said that a portion at least of the ministers are in favor of granting the charter, so as to enable the institution to confer degrees to the same extent as Trinity College.

SOMEWHAT more than two hundred years ago, namely, June 17th, 1634, William Wiseman, Esq., an immediate ancestor of Cardinal Wiseman, was elected M. P. for Brandon-bridge, perhaps the most strongly Protestant constituency in the south of Ireland.

It is stated that the government have decided upon constructing a harbor at Galway, capable of accommodating the new trans-Atlantic traffic which is being developed by the new line of steamers between that port and America. The preliminary measures are in progress.

At a meeting of gentlemen connected with the press and paper manufacture, held at the Royal Irish Institution, Dublin, on the 20th, an association was formed in Ireland for the purpose of procuring a repeal of the paper duties.

The general manager of the Galway Atlantic Steam Company states that arrangements are in progress to insure to the public communication between London and New York in six days.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are filling a most successful engagement in Belfast.

Mr. Roebuck, M. P., visited the National Schools, Marlborough street, Dublin, on Monday, accompanied by the attorney-general and Mrs. Whiteside.

A detachment of marines has been sent to Sheerness to maintain order while the North Cork rifles remain there. The feeling of the inhabitants against these men is very strong.

MR. M'CORMICK, the Irish railway contractor, has been declared contractor for the new docks at Birkenhead, at a sum exceeding a million and a half sterling.

The death of the Irish giant Murphy, who some years ago exhibited at Paris, has just taken place at Alkmar, in Holland.

The Duke of Devonshire is going to dispose of his extensive estates in the south of Ireland, reserving only the Lismore and Bandon properties.

The Earl of Eglinton is entertaining a numerous party at the viceregal lodge, in the Phoenix Park.

Snow fell in Belfast, on Monday, the 18th.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

RECRUITING OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.—In the twelve months ending on the 31st of March last (or rather in the last eight months of that period) there were enlisted in the ten recruiting districts of Great Britain and Ireland no fewer than 57,554 men, of whom 42,899 were ultimately approved and draughted into the ranks of the army. Of the entire number of enlistments Ireland furnished about 16,000. Scotland gave a proportion of 2450 per million, while Ireland gave 1985, and England 1960. The whole number of recruits obtained from Wales was but 553. Out of the general total 32,000 had resided previously to enlistment in large towns, and 23,000 in the country. Only 8000 manufacturers proper are said to have been enrolled, while the husbandmen, laborers, and servants amounted to 32,000; and of operatives engaged in occupations 'favorable to physical development' as many as 14,000. Of the districts, London and Liverpool were the most productive, but York takes the lead in other respects. In no district did the approvals bear so large proportion to the inspections. Taking into account the levies for the militia, provided for by a separate machinery, and the raised for the household troops, horse and foot, as well as for the royal marines, which to do their own recruiting, it may be said that there have been and can be raised in this country about 100,000 soldiers a year by the system of voluntary recruiting.—[English Paper.]

THE ALLEGED DESERTER TO THE RUSSIANS.—Private Thomas Tole, 7th Royal Fusiliers, appeared on Tuesday, the 19th, in the general court-martial room, at Chatham, to take his trial on a charge of deserting to the enemy when he was before Sebastopol, about the 14th of January, 1855. From some cause, which did not transpire, the prisoner was not tried. It is understood that there is no evidence to prove that Tole deserted at all. It can be proved that he left the camp, which was on the right attack, in front of the redoubt, one morning between nine and ten o'clock, about the 14th or 15th of January, 1855, with a comrade, named Moore, for the purpose of getting some fuel to cook with, and they proceeded to the ravine under the heights of Inkerman, and neither of them came back again, but they were seen, as prisoners-of-war, in Sebastopol, by some prisoners of the 23d Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Afterwards, Tole, with others, were sent to St. Petersburg, and upon an exchange of prisoners which took place, Tole refused to be so exchanged. The prisoner was sent back to await the result of the opinion at the Horse-Guards, and the course to be pursued against him by the Commander-in-Chief.

A trial of a new plan of surveying has been made at Longchamp, in the Bois de Boulogne, in the presence of the Emperor Napoleon. The plan is the invention of a Belgian.

It is stated that a project is on foot for the establishment of telegraphic communication between Europe and America, via the Russian possessions.—A correspondent of the New Prussian Gazette says:—

'From Portland, at the mouth of the Columbia, in the Pacific, to Moscow, is only 2000 miles, which is not a very great distance when it is considered that in America the lines extended to 7000. The letter states positively that this project will be carried into effect. We have reason to believe that the line of telegraph from St. Petersburg to Moscow will be extended to Kiachka, by which news might be received from Peking in a week. Should this be done, all the nations who have relations with China will be forced to have recourse to this line, as being the shortest means of communication.'

Queen Victoria—sensible woman that she is!—troubles herself, personally, very little about 'the cares of state.' She and the court still linger in the Highlands of Scotland, at Balmoral, where nearly all the celebrities of the British court, masculine as well as feminine, are at present assembled. The Irish editors express a conviction that it would do her most gracious majesty no particular harm to pay another visit to 'the old sod.' They say the Irish, as a people, are just as loyal as the Scotch—to the crown—and if their attachment to Protestantism is not so general nor so sincere, as that of the Presbyterians there, her majesty's favoring the one and slighting the other is not calculated to multiply converts.

Since the above was in type, we learn that the queen has returned from Balmoral.

In the destruction by fire of that venerable building, the Antwerp Exchange, the crash of the iron-work and glass of the matchless cupola was a main feature in the catastrophe—it was heard six miles off. The roof measured fifty-three yards, and in its construction 1,400,000 pounds of iron and 600,000 pounds of glass were used, the whole mass being supported by twelve cast-iron pillars fixed against the walls. The cost of its erection was £18,400. The Bourse stood in the very center of Antwerp. It was built at the dawn of the reformation in 1531, and in it, for a considerable time, a large portion of the trade of the world was carried on.

NICARAGUA.—According to report the French and English ministers have addressed a note to Mr. Cass, announcing their resolve to support the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in its application to the grant of the Nicaragua government to Mr. Felix Belley for a ship canal. That treaty is still in force, and guarantees the neutrality of the Isthmus. An English and French fleet, as is well known, has been ordered to Nicaragua, but we are not prepared to believe that European nations are prepared to make a strike for Central America. They have work enough at home.

RAILWAY MANIA IN RUSSIA.—For some months past there has prevailed in St. Petersburg and all Russia a perfect railway mania, which has assumed all the features of the infatuation which ruled in England under the reign of King Hudson. The attention of Europe has, strange to say, not been directed to this phenomenon, of which the last scene has not yet been enacted. The mania has, as was the case in England, for chief promoters, sharp, energetic men of business (their names figure in all the schemes, including that of the company connected with the Villafranca question), and for principal instigators, the aristocracy of the land.

The Australian advices contain two interesting items, one of which is, however, disagreeable. The labor market is in a very unsatisfactory state. The railway works cannot absorb one-tenth of the unemployed; and with such a large surplus of 'hands' looking for engagements, men who are fortunate enough to obtain work are, says the Melbourne Argus, 'treated with but little consideration, and receive less pay than was expected.' Mr. Nicholson has returned to Victoria, and been started as a candidate for the representation of South Melbourne in the Legislative Assembly.

EXTRAORDINARY ELOPEMENT IN YORKSHIRE.—The New York Herald details the circumstances of the reported elopement with her father's groom of a young lady belonging to the East Riding, the daughter of a banker who is deputy-lieutenant of the county, and, in her own right, possessed of £10,000. Determined not to marry a widower, with a small family, for whom she was destined by her parents, the young lady, who is about 23 years of age, left home on Wednesday, the 13th, on horseback. At Beverley she left her steed, and, with the groom, proceeded in a chaise to London. She has not yet been discovered.

A few days ago (says a Munich letter) a female fainted in one of the streets of this city. An elderly gentleman who approached the spot where she was lying, requested some of the persons present to go and fetch a medical man. They all replied that they knew not where to find one. 'Well,' said he, 'I will go myself,' and in a few minutes he returned with a doctor, who applied the proper remedies to the poor woman. The kind-hearted old gentleman was King Louis of Bavaria.

CHESS.—A letter has been received from Mr. Andersen, one of the best players in Germany, and the victor in the chess tournament held in London the year of the Great Exhibition, stating that he will pass his Christmas holidays in Paris to contend with Mr. Morphy. He intends arriving in the French capital about the 18th of December, and will remain a fortnight. It is not, however, certain that the young American player can remain in Paris so late in the year.

Three Russian ships, the Retwisom, of 84 guns, and two sloops, are likely to winter in the Bay of Villafranca. French and Russian vessels of war will also pass the winter at Gravosa, and that to the great disgust of the Austrians.

The Mayor of Strasburg has ordered that all noisy occupations, such as those of blacksmith, farrier, locksmith, brazier, &c., shall only be exercised in closed shops, and not before five in the morning or later than eight at night.

A fire broke out the other day in Stirling Castle, but was extinguished before the damage amounted to more than between £300 and £400. The fire originated on the south side of the quadrangle partially erected by James V., in 1540, and finished by Mary of Guise, in 1552.

It is rumored that next spring their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress of the French, will make a tour in Italy, and pay a visit to the king of Piedmont and the Pope.

The Prussian historian Ranke is now at Venice, engaged in collecting, in the archives of the republic, materials relating to the history of England during the last three centuries.

It is rumored, says the Edinburgh Express, that the whole effects of a certain noble Scotch earl have just been arrested for debt, but at present we do not feel at liberty to particularise.

A Russian general has been killed while leading his men to an attack against the Circassians. An order of the day points to his glorious death as an example to the Russian army.

Accounts received from Algiers by the French government announce that the empire of Morocco is in a state of great disorganization and anarchy.

M. de Lesseps tells the *Marseilles* papers that with fresh water he can construct the Suez canal in a year, as a maritime canal in six years.

LATER FROM IRELAND.—The Galway steamer *Circassian* arrived at St. Johns, N. F., on Friday evening, 5th inst. She brings 300 passengers for New York.

The Daily News says the Atlantic Steam Company, Galway line, received by the City of Washington applications for £50,000 stock, which, added to the subscriptions already made, exceeds the required capital.

GALWAY ITEMS.

We clip the following paragraphs from the Galway Vindicator:—

THE ARGUMENTUM AD BACULUM.

'Mash'd my bit o' stick'—OLD SONS,
'Leather away the whittles oh!'—OTHER SONS

MOX PTER—I have read of that hickory flail.
That wassent you from Boston to Corie O'Neill,
And how'ds hope it may add to your stamina
In dealing with men, who the Council contain—
To-and-ocasion ly put on your humor—
Till your big heart swells up—a fierce muscular tumor—
And your words become THINGS that will thresh like old hickory.

In the hands of a Yankee, when going to liquor, he
Lays all about with his stick or revolver,
And stretches or shoots men—their ill unsolver.

MOX PTER—If the TIMES shows us more Saxon sheering,
OR PUNCH—grinning TUNE—how should approach to your
morning.

OR the MAIL display typical symptoms to kick
'Gainst your will—just exhibit your hickory stick.

If the Premier, doubting your commercial purity,
Should bid to advance on your person's security,
Or Lord Eglinton play any old Gaele trick,
Just poke them both up with your hickory stick.

If at homey Councillors, fudgy and gawky,
Should disobey orders, or bore ye, or talk ye
Out of temper or time—send them all to old Nick—
And give them a HENT with your hickory stick.

Rule the roost, with those prating municipal snobs,
In intellect—follows like all other mobs—
And if D—s, or T—y, or S—ns, should kick
'Gainst their master—just show them your hickory stick.

Hurrah for Galway, let's fling up our beaver
For Boston's stout hickory—Daly and Lever—
And all who ginsay it, just hit them a kick,
And anoint them all o'r with your hickory stick.

ADVANTAGES TO GALWAY.—We mentioned in the last Vindicator the large expenditure of money in Galway, consequent on the sailing of the Indian Empire, and we have now to state that a very large further portion of the 'circulating medium' is likely to find its way among our townfolk and neighbors in this resuscitated old kingdom of Connaught. It will be seen in our report of the proceedings at the Harbor Board yesterday, that an order for £50 worth of woollen fabrics, of the manufacture of Connemara, has been sent by Mr. O'Neill, Boston, to Father Daly. We are in a position further to state that an order has been received by our very deserving and enterprising townsman, Mr. Joseph Roche, of Shop street, for Irish manufactured goods to the value of upwards £800, from one of the first commercial houses in Boston, to be sent as soon as they can be got ready in one of the Lever steamers. The reference of the house sending the order was to the great firm of Baring & Co., London. The goods ordered, with the exception of blankets, which will be had from Kilkenny, will be all of Connaught manufacture. They consist chiefly of Irish frieze stockings and hosiery in large quantities, bed-ticks, and coarse linen, termed here 'bandle cloth.' This is the way we go ahead in the old country.

MEETING OF THE HARBOR COMMISSIONERS.—At a meeting of this body, the following allusion was made in relation to the presentation of an American hickory stick to Father Daly:—

Father Daly—However inadequate my expression of acknowledgment may be, I hope Mr. O'Neill will accept it as the indication of my feelings. To yourself, Captain Thatcher, I need not say what I feel, but I will scarcely give you any thanks, for I look upon you as so intimate a friend of mine now, and so thoroughly and successfully identified with this great project that we are all so much interested in, that I look upon it almost as a matter of duty on your part to fulfill any commission that would pay a compliment to me (hear and laughter.) But let me say, in perfect seriousness, that I feel very much obliged to you, indeed, Captain Thatcher, and I hope you may win many laurels in your profession (cheers).

Mr. P. A. Fynn—'Tis now you'll make us all behave ourselves (laughter).

Father Daly—Take care that yourself wouldn't be the first to get a taste of it (great laughter).

Mr. Stephens—I hope you won't have any occasion to use it.

Father Daly—Let you not deserve it, and you won't feel the weight of it (laughter).

The Chairman—It was well you didn't get the stick before your interview with Mr. Mullins in Dublin.

Father Daly—Well, I am as well pleased I didn't, for I might commit manslaughter; the sight of it alone would be enough to kill him (great laughter.)

The Vindicator says, in speaking of the Pacific, which arrived at New York, recently, 'We have the satisfaction of being enabled to state that yesterday afternoon, every berth on board the Pacific, first, second, and third class, was filled up, even the sofas, and it was found necessary, in order to prevent disappointment, to telegraph to the several agents through the kingdom not to take any more.

HYMN OF THE MARSEILLAISE.—The Marseillaise was inspired by genius, patriotism, youth, beauty, and champagne. Rouget de Lisle was an officer of the garrison at Strasburg, and a native of Mount Jura. He was an unknown poet and composer. He had a peasant friend, named Dietrick, whose wife and daughters were the only critics and admirers of the soldier poet's song. One night he was at supper with his friend's family, and they had only coarse bread and slices of ham. Dietrick, looking sorrowfully at De Lisle, said, 'Plenty is not our fort, but we have the courage of a soldier's heart, I have still one bottle left in the cellar—bring it, my daughter, and let us drink to liberty and our country.'

The young girl brought the bottle; it was soon exhausted, and De Lisle went staggering to bed; he could not sleep for the cold, but his heart was warm and full of the beaming of genius and patriotism. He took a small clavicord and tried to compose a song; sometimes the words were composed first—sometimes the air. Directly he fell asleep over the instrument, and waking at daylight, wrote down what he had conceived in the delirium of the night. Then he waked the family, and sang his production—at first, the woman turned pale, and then wept, then burst forth in a cry of enthusiasm. It was the song of the nation and of terror.

Two months afterwards, Dietrick went to the scaffold, listening to the same music, composed under his own roof, and under the inspiration of the last bottle of wine. The people sang it everywhere; it flew from city to city, to every public orchestra. Marseilles adopted the song at the opening and close of its clubs—hence the name 'Hymn of the Marseillaise,' then it sped all over France. They sung it in their houses, in public assemblies, and in the stormy street convocation. De Lisle's mother hearing it said to her son—'What is this revolutionary hymn sung by bands of brigands, and with which your name is mingled?' De Lisle heard it and shuddered as it sounded through the streets of Paris rung from the Alpine passes, while he, a royalist, fled from the infuriated people, frenzied by his own words. There is no national air that will compare with the Marseillaise in sublimity and power; it embraces the soft essences full of the peasant's home, and the stormy clangor of silver and steel when an empire is overthrown; it endears the memory of the vine dresser's cottage, and makes the Frenchman, in his exile, cry, 'La belle France!' forgetful of the torch and sword, and guillotine, which have made his country a spectre of blood in the eyes of the nations. Nor can the foreigners listen to it sung by a company of exiles, or executed by a band of musicians, without feeling that it is the pibroch of battle and war.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

A YOUNG physician asked permission of a lady to kiss her, she replied, 'No, sir, I never like to have a doctor's bill thrust in my face.'

A CERTAIN Judge, after hearing a florid discourse from a young lawyer, advised him to pluck out some feathers from the wings of imagination, and put them in the tail of his judgment.

An editor acknowledges the receipt of a bottle of brandy forty-eight years old, and says, 'That brandy is so old that we are very much afraid it cannot live much longer.'

PRATTY LARGESY.—A lady's maid hooked one of the best of her mistress's dresses the other day, but the affair was passed over, because it was done behind the lady's back—so there was nobody to testify to the fact.

A STAGE APOLOGY.—The following apology was lately made from a stage in Sunderland; 'Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you will excuse our performance, but our violinist is in a state of beastly intoxication; the pianist is doing his best, but fourteen or sixteen strings of the piano are broken.'

FORTUNES made in no time, are like shirts made in time—ten to one, they don't hang together.

SWELL, 'Haw!' is there anything weary for dinner?'—Waiter, 'Shoulder of mutton just ready, sir.'—Swell, 'Haw!'—shouldaw of mutton!—aw—what a swell old thing for dinner! I thou, but they only made glue of shouldaw of mutton!

A SCOTCH duchess was examining the children of one of her charity schools, when the teacher put the question—'What is the wife of a king called?'—A queen,' bawled out one of the scholars. 'The wife of an emperor?'—An empress,' was replied, with equal readiness. 'Then what is the wife of a duke called?'—A drake!' exclaimed several voices, mistaking the title duke for the biped duck, which they pronounced the same.

An impatient Welchman called to his wife, 'Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day?' This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at four o'clock, with 'Come B-idget, get up! Here 'tis Monday morning; to-morrow's Tuesday, next day's Wednesday—half the week gone—and nothing done yet.'

'Doctor,' said an old lady, the other day to her family physician, 'kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?' 'Why, hem! why, certainly, madam,' replied the doctor, 'it is owing to the fact that they came into the world without the power of speech.' 'La me!' remarked the old lady, 'now jest see what it is to have a physical education. I've asked my old man more nor a hundred times, that ere same thing, and all I could ever get out of him was 'kase they is.' 'Well, I am glad I asked you, for I never should have died satisfied without knowing it.'

'One of those 'basted English muffs, ye kno,' came over into 'the states, the other day, from Canada. He took lodgings at an inn, in a boarding village which shall be nameless. He had dinner; and among those who sat at the table with him, was the waiting maid, whom he designated as 'servant;' but he received an indignant correction from the landlady: 'We call our servants, sir, Helps. They are not oppressed; they are not Russian scurfs.' 'All, right,' said the 'bloody Britisher,' 'I shall remember.' And he did: for in the morning he awoke the whole house, by calling out at the top of his voice, which was like the tearing of a strong rag. 'Help! help—water! water!' In an instant every person equal to the task rushed into his room with a pail of water. 'I am much obliged to you, I am sure,' he said: 'but I don't want so much water, ye kno—I only want enough to shave with!' 'Shave with! said the landlady; 'what did you mean by calling 'Help! water!' We thought the house was a fire.' 'You told me to call the servants 'Help,' and I did: did you think I would cry water, when I meant fire?' The explanation; it would seem, was satisfactory.'

SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE!

THE IRISH MISCELLANY

INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

Having favorably commenced the second volume of our publication, we seize the occasion for the purpose of tendering thanks to those of our friends who have so generously contributed to our support. To start, and successfully carry on an ordinary newspaper, so that it will, in a reasonable space of time, become remunerative to its proprietors, is a task not easily accomplished, and which consumption does not generally happen in one case out of a hundred. Our enterprise, being of a nature entirely different from that of any other Irish paper heretofore established in this country—requiring a much greater expenditure of capital and artistic talent—caused us serious misgivings, and a constant fear that it would not meet the desires and expectations of our patrons. How far our efforts have been successful, is for them to decide; but we trust that it will not be considered egotistical on our part when we assert that the Miscellany has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of partial friends, and that even those who have been enemies from the start have made suitable acknowledgment of its merit.

Since we have had the control of the Miscellany our way has not been—

‘The primrose path of dalliance’

We have been beset by obstacles innumerable; but having a strong confidence in our ultimate success, we were determined to surmount all barriers, and though we have not, as yet, brought the paper to that pitch of perfection which is our desire, we trust soon to make it as acceptable as is possible to our readers.

In beginning a new volume, we introduce various innovations, tending to the improvement of the paper, in every way that is possible. We shall give each week, an epitome of Irish news—not the hackneyed local quotations which interest only the few, but extracts from the leading journals, which will be gratifying to the many. In this respect, we will not be following in the steps of any of our contemporaries, but, on the contrary, will be striking out a path eminently our own. It will also be our aim to give the best class of wood engravings which can be procured, portraying national subjects, and, as our outlay in this respect will be infinitely larger than that of any Irish journal published in this country, we look for a commensurate return. In short, it is our intention to make the paper meet the requirements of all classes of readers.

As an inducement, therefore, to new subscribers, we offer to each person who will pay one year's subscription in advance, commencing with the first number of the first volume, (not the second, as inadvertently stated in previous numbers), directly to us or through any of our authorized local or travelling agents, a copy of our first Gift Picture, representing Sarsfield's Surprise of the Seige Train of the Prince of Orange. When completed, each volume of the Miscellany will form a book of four hundred and sixteen (416) pages, and will alone be worth the price of an entire year's subscription. The same inducements are offered to clubs, as to single subscribers.

CLUBS! CLUBS!! CLUBS!!!

There is no town or village so small, but a club of six or more subscribers for the Irish Miscellany can be easily obtained. Will those of our friends who are well-wishers of the land of their birth, do us the favor of getting up Clubs. Our terms will be—

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We have determined to appoint a number of Travelling Agents, to travel in the various States of the Union and canvass for subscribers for this paper. We do this at the earnest request of many warm friends, who think we do not take the requisite steps to make the paper known as extensively as it ought to be.

Persons desirous of becoming Travelling Agents, who can be well recommended, are requested to apply at our office forthwith. None but faithful, reliable men need apply. To such a liberal commission will be allowed. Apply at our Publication Office, 4 Water street, Boston.

BACK NUMBERS of the Miscellany, from the commencement of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 4 Water street, Boston. Will our friends in want bear this fact in mind?

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aug 28

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THE LATE STATE ELECTION.

The Idea of November have come; we have met the enemy, and we are theirs. Still the struggle is most honorable to the Democracy, who went to work with a new zeal to redeem the State. Especially in the fourth and fifth districts was the contest worthy of true Union men, who grappled at the very throat of sectionalism, and had the party styling itself American and National done its duty to the country, they would now be rejoicing over the election of two true representative men, who are known to be nationalists. But their nationality is so mixed up with bigotry, that while a handsome vote was cast by the adopted citizen to sustain the Union and Constitution, the bigots voted for the bigot and proscriptionist, proving their love for the Union second to their American theories;—thus their hate for Ireland and the Irish overbalanced and outweighed their boasted love for the stability of the unity of the States.

But, truly, the victory is with the Democracy, for the pets have all but been beaten, and the contest just closed is indicative of a future triumph, which straightens the hands which hung down, promising the good time coming, when Massachusetts shall again wheel into line to the 'music of the Union.'

Nor did we expect a victory yet. The feeling is deeply rooted in the minds of the people of Massachusetts that African slavery in our Southern States is the only evil in existence; that it is their especial province to be the negro's knight errants, and that the federal government is responsible for the existence and maintenance of said slavery. Yet they cannot be ignorant that it is an institution which the federal government has no power over whatever, which had an existence before we had any confederation, one that it was impossible for the founders of the Constitution to meddle with, and which was at that day existing in this State.

Not discussing slavery as an evil at all, we would not take part in the agitation, till two points were clearly demonstrated. First, have we any right to meddle with the institutions of the South? Clearly we have not. Secondly, could we effect any real good by so doing? And as clearly we could not. We have no right as citizens of Massachusetts to force our opinions upon other States, nor any business in meddling with the affairs of people, who regard our notions as vagaries, and who never meddle with our business. As well may a man go into his neighbor's house and dictate his ideas for its government, order his rules to be respected, his plans of education, his liking for food, his fancies for clothing the wife and children, in fact suborn to his will and pleasure, as for Massachusetts to dictate institutions or their abolition to any state or nation outside itself. Will any candid man say he could thus intrude himself in the cottage or the palace of his neighbor with impunity? That he, whose rights were invaded, would not resist to the death. How then imagine South Carolina or Georgia would be less chivalric or true to themselves? Good people, we trust, will soon learn to mind their own business, and when they do, it will be all the better for the working men of our State, all the better for the Southern slave.

A common expression with the believers in abolition doctrines is that the 'Irish born citizen is hoodwinked by the Democratic party, or they could not but join in this cry for human liberty, having themselves suffered oppression.' This is the one grand mistake. The adopted citizen knows that, as a citizen of this State, he has nothing to do with the laws and institutions of other States, no more than he is privileged to enter his neighbor's house, and there assume dictation. He likewise knows of oppression amongst white men, which calls more loudly for his sympathy and aid; nor need he go to Africa, nor far South either, for it is at his own door and fireside.

The Abolitionists prove they are not sincere in this warfare against the Southern institution. It is simply a stock in trade for the aggrandisement of the leaders in the agitation, or they would not make laws which oppress white men. True, the love for liberty,

should be universal; but it ought to begin at home, and with our own race, to cure the evils possible before grappling with the impossible. The adopted citizen believes this Union of confederated States a blessing, not a curse; he believes in its future prosperity, till hundreds of millions will reap its blessings in happy homes, and that its influence for the suppression of slavery everywhere will be successful through its example and system of government; and should, in his love and obligations, curse those who would lay hands upon its sacred ties. To the adopted citizen there is no choice between the factions of the opposition.

They are six of one and half a dozen of the other; both hostile to him, both the enemies of the country's prosperity, both uniting when it suits them, and at all times against him and the true national party.

We know, believe, and assert, there is enough citizens by adoption in either of the districts alluded to who, if not over taxed, could alter the present result. Others were foully cheated by every swindle which fraud could devise. Others would not vote because many of the leaders in the Democratic party of to-day were a year ago the foulest Know Nothings in that terrorism, and, who fugged themselves upon committees of the Democratic party when they found the craft of midnight brawlers a sinking ship and did not renounce their accursed doctrines, but brought them with them, and still retain them. 'In work of transition from subjection to citizenship, the natives of free America should be the sponsors and catchasts. Being themselves free, nothing is left for them so glorious to do as to impart their freedom to others.' Do they do this or the reverse, is the question? It is a duty which they not only neglect to perform, but which they prevent others from performing also. We believe the citizen by adoption (a phrase we are forced to use) understands his duties and obligations to the country, and is willing (as he has always done) to give his treasure, his intelligence, his services, or his life, to his new home. He looks for Republicanism which has no penal laws, for Democracy, which knows no line for birth-place, nor church having all the rights, or privileges to any certain creed. This is the element that must aid the Democratic party in redeeming the State. Trust no more to Old Whigs or Know Nothings, but in the integrity of your principles, and the element which can be brought to aid in your success.

'Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers!'

FOUL PLAY.—We have perused with pain and indignation a letter from the old land addressed to Mr. William Constant, of the Dry Dock Saloon, East Boston, which details the account of the murder of Mr. David Pope, of Clonripert, near Youghal, county Cork, who was returning to his family after some years residence in the United States. He left Boston in the ship R. Jacobs, some two months since, and, as appears from the evidence of some of the passengers, had been seen with money; that he was beaten by some of the crew, who sought to rob him, and that within two days sail of Liverpool he died and was thrown overboard. We trust this story will prove false, and that the now frantic and distressed family will get all the evidence which they may desire. We knew them to be highly respectable, well doing farmers, and we will aid them by all the means in our power in seeking and obtaining further information.

OBITUARY.—We regret to announce the death of Mrs. James Maher, of the 'Union Hotel', Washington. Universally as her husband is known as the celebrated gardener who so successfully planted the public grounds of the national capital, she was known more widely as the free, generous, and joyous comforter of the exile, whose heart, as well as house, were ever open to receive her countrymen, with an Irish welcome. We sincerely sympathise with her surviving family. Requiescat in Pace. Amen.

We inadvertently printed in our last the name of Attorney General Black for Postmaster General Brown.

THE PURITY OF THE BALLOT-BOX.—We observed with pleasure the good feeling of the different political parties and those who distributed votes at the polls on Tuesday, the 2d of Nov. Yet we understand never in any political campaign before was there more fraud resorted to by the wire pullers, to whom, no doubt, is due the success of the Republican party. In their hands is once more the power to legislate for the State, and we call upon them for an act of legislation, making it a misdemeanor to distribute any but approved votes, and punishing the presenting to any citizen a ballot, which is not what it is represented to be. Will the immaculate (?) political party see to this, punishing all fraud?

OUR PICTURES.—We feel not a little released from a good deal of trouble, which we cannot at all attribute to ourselves, when we announce that our gift pictures are in the hands of all the agents to whom they were previously due.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE
IRISH MISCELLANY

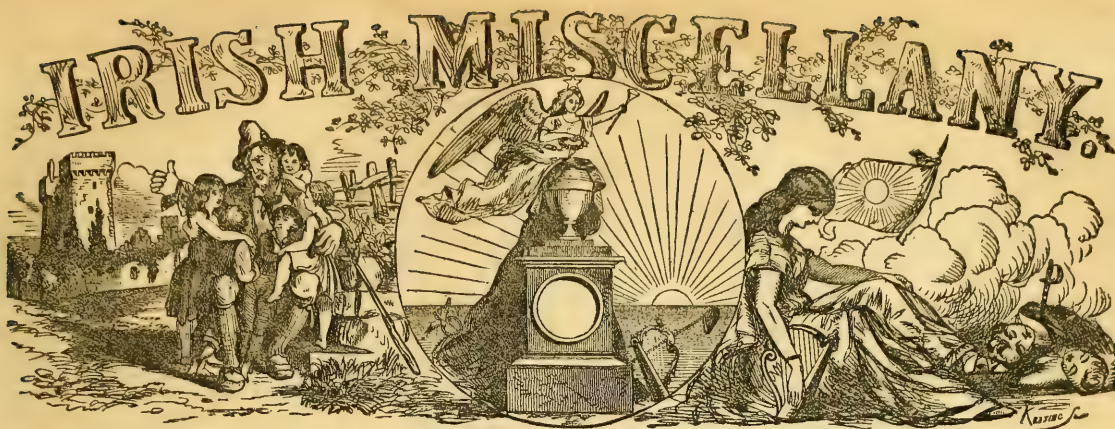
Is published weekly, and devoted to the interests and vindication of the Irish people throughout the world.

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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 41.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

ENNIS ABBEY.

Our engraving represents the remains of one of the finest Abbeys in Ireland, at Ennis, in the Co. Clare, and Barony of Islands, about 112 miles from Dublin. The name 'Ennis' is derived from Innis or Innish, signifying an island, the name of the town being formerly so spelled. It was built in the chastest style of Gothic architecture; the long narrow windows divided by stone mullions, the delicate carving and other architectural ornaments telling of its age and of the expense which must have been bestowed on that beautiful church, even in an age when it was the habit of our Catholic forefathers to bestow with a burning zeal and noble liberality, a great portion of the entire annual revenues of their principalities on the erection and adornment of the holy temples, of which such ruins still exist. The Abbey was founded about the year 1247, by Donough Cabragh O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, who had been expelled from Limerick in 1236, and was erected for Franciscan Friars. Many traces of its ancient grandeur still remain; of these the principal is the grand eastern window, consisting of fine lancet-shaped compartments,

separated by stone mullions, and universally admired for its exceedingly light and elegant proportions, and the beauty of its workmanship; the altar as well as the abbot's chair which was in the chancel, were richly sculptured with figures in high relief. These and some of the ancient monuments still exist. According to the annals of Innisfallen, it was repaired and much adorned by one of the same family, who also presented to the religious crosses, splendidly embroidered vestments, cowls, book-cases, &c. In 1311, one of the O'Brien family bestowed a whole year's revenue for the support of this monastery and for enlarging and still further beautifying it. It was the place of sepulture, and sometimes of the chief of the sept of M'Namara. Shortly after this date, the refectory and sacristy were built by Matthew M'Namara. In 1313, Dermot, Prince of Thomond, was interred in it, in the habit of a Franciscan Friar. 1343, Murtough, son of the Prince of Thomond, and Matthew M'Namara, who built the refectory and sacristy and died in the habit of the order, were here interred. 1350, several indulgences were granted by the Holy Father Pope Clement VI. to the Abbey. 1364,

Dermot O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, who died at Archdrahan, in the Co. Galway, was interred here, as was also Matthew O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, in 1370. In 1376, a scarcity of provisions having occurred, particularly in this part of the country, Edward III. gave permission to some of the friars to enter into the English Pale and purchase some, being moved to compassion by their poverty, which alone could stop the charities of the religious—and at the same time, a licence was granted to one of the brothers of the house to proceed to Strasburg, in Germany, to study in the schools there. Under what difficulties and perseverance have not the members of the religious orders frequently, indeed almost invariably, pursued the acquirements of that knowledge and education which by them has been so universally extended afterwards. In 1552, Dermot, Prince of Thomond, was interred here. In 1577, we find the crown in possession of the site of this monastery, and in 1621 it was granted with its possessions to Mr. M'Donogh; and at present, in common with so many of our splendid ecclesiastical ruins, the ancient Abbey now forms part of the Anglican parish church.



ENNIS ABBEY, CO. CLARE.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

The following stanzas of Bishop Berkley are little known, yet contain two of the most oft-quoted lines in our language :—

The muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant land now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy flume.

In happy climes, where, from the genial sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The force of Art by Nature seems undone,
And fancied beauties by the true.

In happy times, the seat of Innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense
The pedant of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts;
The good and great, inspiring epic page,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way—
The four first acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama of the day—
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

CLEANINGS FROM THE WEST.

'Oh, who has not heard of the legends of Clare?'

THE ENGLISHMAN OUTWITTED.

It was a beautiful morning in the harvest of 1834, when the 'barge' sailed from the sound of the Galway light-house, not on any of its accustomed cruises in search of Fying-Dutchmen, or of the reputed pirates which infest the western coast of Ireland, but the commodore kindly invited the elite of the fair sex of his town, together with some of the young men, of whom I had the honor to be one, on a party of pleasure to the south islands of Arron, about thirty miles distant from the town of Galway.

The morning was as beautiful as I ever recollect, scarce blowing as much wind as would swell our flapping sails, and, as we slowly passed along the hills of Clare, the bleating sheep, and the shepherd's wayward song, were audible in the distance. Ever and anon we could hear the watch-dogs bay, and perceive the reapers busy at their daily toil, with their straw girdles (the emblems of the season) bound around their waists, pruning the fruits of the giving earth. All seemed to enjoy the scenery, and to feel raptured at viewing the works of creation.

The breeze began to spring up after the sun had passed the meridian, but not before the God of the winds was often invoked by the fair ladies, and every breath of air that seemed rising off the land was as eagerly whistled for by the small lieutenant who officiated as steersman on the occasion. We soon neared the point of Black-head, where the full breeze, coming uninterrupted from the ocean, wafted us merrily along the waves of the Atlantic to the shores of the promised land. There was an awing on the deck for the fair ones to recline in, secured from the heat of the vertical sun, and where all assembled to the noonday feast, except the steersman, who at one time fixed his eyes intently on a fair maiden, the prototype of Flora Mac Ivor, and again at the flowing wine, which the commodore dealt plentifully around; and, lastly, turned his head away with chagrin from the gay and festive scene.

We had approached Straw Island just as the 'dejeune' was over. The Baye's arrival was hailed by a shot from the signal gun of the Water Guards, who were, of course, all attention to the guests of their commanding officer. The chief accommodated the fair emigrants with the use of his cottage, which was exceedingly neat, and the natives crowded, in

their peculiar costume, around the door, to get a view of the 'quality.'

While dinner was preparing, we walked some distance through the island, conducted by an intelligent old man, whose hair hung in curls over his shoulders, whitened by the frost of time, and age stamped wrinkles on his brow, which were to be erased by death alone. He wore the costume of the island in every respect. His shoes, which were the most remarkable, were made of horse-skin, untanned, with the hair outside, to prevent slipping on the rocks, which are as smooth as if they had been polished. He brought us to the Dipping Well, which he mentioned as being remarkable for its perpetually oozing water from the side of a rock into a smooth basin, about a foot beneath it.

He proposed being our guide to the 'Puffen-Holes' and the 'Ruins of the Seven Churches,' which were some of the greatest curiosities that Arran afforded.

These are stupendous pyramids of rocks hollowed internally, having a narrow communication with the sea, which is the only access to it, and were often likened by my fair companions to the Acroceraunian peaks of Chimeri. They arise by two projecting cliffs, beetling over the spray of the vastly deep beneath them; and, after forming the barriers of an immense chasm, terminate in two rugged projections, within about twenty feet of each other, through which space, at the alternate ebb and flow of the tide, the water rushes with such velocity that the roar of its waves, breaking against the rude rocky shelves which bound it within, effect an echo that adds considerable interests to the surrounding scene, which is beautifully sublime and romantic. The wild sea fowl nestle in its hollow shelves, and there you might see the gull and puffen basking their young on the summit of the cliff, and listen to the sand-lark and curlew whining their melancholy song, which, borne along by the passing wind, became inaudible in the distance. The evening was particularly serene, and, as we stood on the cliffs, the expanse of the ocean below seemed smoothened and glassed into a mirror, reflecting the last rays of the setting sun on the opposite Clare mountains.

After visiting these and other curiosities of the island, until twilight and its congenial languor began to steal over us, we seated ourselves on the cliff, and commenced, 'una voce,' to demand from old Paucirk some tale or legend of other days, wherewith to wile the time, until we should be summoned from our delicious rest, to take the more sensual gratification of a good supper, and after some moments spent, apparently in arranging his thoughts, he proceeded as follows:—

'Well, then, above all other days in the year, it was on a Sunday morning, about four years before the French landed in Kilmummin, that I strolled down to this very spot, where we are now sitting, with my dog 'Diver' by my side, and a sling in my hand, to amuse myself killing the sea fowl while the pratties were boiling for breakfast. I was not long standing here when I saw a boat, strangely rigged, making towards this very point, and, upon its approaching closer towards the shore, perceived that the sailors were dressed in such a manner as I never saw man or beast in before; even 'Diver's' hair began to curl, as soon as he saw them land.'

'Four of the strangers landed first, bearing between them a door, upon which a man was stretched, apparently dead. When I saw this, I concealed myself in one of the nooks of the rock, until they would pass on, that I might see what was to be done with the corpse. Scarce was I well concealed from their view, when one of the party, and seemingly their leader, ran along the top of the peak under which I was hid, and remained some moments there, looking about to see if they were observed. His face, like those of the rest of the party, was perfectly black; he wore a low broad-

leaved hat, and, in place of a good frieze coat, like those of the islanders, he had a kind of petticoat, that scarce reached his knees, fastened round his middle with a hairy belt, filled with arrows, and buskins of the same stuff on his legs; besides all these, he had a large bow slung from his shoulders; and, to make him still more frightful, a black, curly beard on his upper lip. Having found the coast clear, he beckoned to those bearing the door to advance, and then proceeded along the shore to Straw Island, which you see yonder. When the tide is out, I must tell you, there is a path leading between the two islands, by which they crossed over.

'I followed as carefully as possible, and unperceived, until we reached the opposite side; but, notwithstanding all the cautions I gave 'Diver' not to budge, he barked so loudly that the strangers started round, and perceived me. The dog immediately made off, and never cried stop (as I was told afterwards) until he crouched himself into the ash-corner at home, and broke my mother's pipe, that was carefully laid on the hob.

'As soon as I was seen, two of these wild-looking fellows ran towards me, and, placing a pistol to my nose, gave me the very same injunctions, as if they they were listening to those that I gave the rascally 'Diver.'

'Pax nobiscum,' said I, (being the best Latiner in the parish, barin' the priest,) as they kept rubbing the pistol by my nose; but, by my faith, there was small need to waste the blessed language on them, for they spoke English as well as myself.

'After swearing me to silence until they should leave the island, which would be in a few hours, and that I should assist as interpreter between them and the man stretched upon the door (who, they told me, was not dead, but in a trance, and would awake in a short time), they unloosed me, and we all proceeded to the centre of the little island, which was surrounded by a hill, and all further view, except the sky, shut out. Here they laid down the apparently lifeless man upon the bent, which grew there in abundance, and each of the bearers placed the staff that he carried in his hand in the ground, on each side of him, and to the extremity of which was attached a green flag, bearing the following inscription—

'Washington and Liberty.'

'Bedad, I was as bothered a man that minute as was within the four seas. I stood by, anyhow, looking at their capers, without daring to budge, until I was at length released from this dilemma by the leader of the party, who called me to a little distance, as he said, to teach me my part, at the same time leaving the rest standing by the banners.

'When we had withdrawn some distance, he thus spoke to me:—'Come now, my gossoon,' says he, 'none of your antics, but lend an attentive ear to what I'll tell you. That man you see stretched yonder upon the bier will awake shortly, and, for reasons with which you will become acquainted hereafter, we wish to impose upon him that he's now in America, and within thirty miles of New York, for which purpose it is necessary for us to affect a sort of a gibberish, like the language of the wild Indians, and agreeing with the costume we have adopted, and you are to officiate as interpreter between us. No matter what he says to the contrary, you are to persuade him to it; and, by the way of making it more forcible on his mind, mention that the last packet was only eight and twenty days on her passage hither. If he shall ask you how he is to return to New York, you must tell him no packet sails from this for the next four days; but that, if he'll compensate us, we will convey him there. He'll then produce a bill or draft on the Bank of England, which you are to undervalue as much as you can, as they are not current in this

country since the commencement of the late war; but, at length, after much hesitation, you will consent to land him in the city of New York for the whole amount, which is fifty pounds, first making him swear to the bargain, it being the custom of the country, on all such transactions.'

'While he was thus speaking to me, our attention was attracted toward the group, who suddenly commenced a sort of bog Latin, babbling to the man on the door. He immediately awoke, and sprang from the ground, and, after staring around him like a madman, he cried out, 'In the name of wonder, where am I?' to which all the black fellows simultaneously commenced answering, in their assumed jargon. The only words at all of it that he could understand were 'Merica, Merica,' and pointing to the inscription on their banners, as explanatory of what they were saying, which, when he perceived, and observed the Indian dress, all tending to remove further doubt of their assertion, in a fit of frenzy he threw himself to the earth, and cried loudly and bitterly, now and then calling on his wife and children, who must think him lost to them for ever. By this time, the chief of the party and myself advanced toward them, to play our part.

'No sooner had he heard me speak in his native tongue, than he ran toward me, and seemed as rejoiced as if it was 'a voice from heaven' that came to direct him. Having repeated the same questions to me that he was after putting to make-pretend Indians, I put a grave face on the matter, and in the best manner I could, proceeded to tell him the multiplicity of lies which I was sworn to a few moments before.

'Musha, your honor's welcome to America, the land of the free,' said I, 'where every man must get his rights; and what's the best news with you from ould Ireland? Sure that was a fast passage you had over—I suppose you come in the 'Emerald,' for something tells me that you are as fine a lump of a Munstherman as is; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, I seen yourself, or some one like you, a couple of months ago, standing talking to one Peter Comyn at his own gate in Scotland-Lodge, not twenty miles from Ennis; and that was the very day before I set out for America.'

'I said all this in one breath, and did not give him time to put in a word till I was done; but all the time he kept staring me, as if I was some viper or other that would bite him, or some ookun or banshee that came to warn him of his death; for, instead of the hearty welcome and the 'Cead mile failthe' that he gave at the first sight of me, he kept sneaking away toward the wild natives, as he supposed, who were all attention to the fine hand I was making of the speech. But at length the poor sowl's brain was so buzzed, and seeing the wild and desert place around him, and not knowing how he came there, he consented to believe what I had told him.

'And,' says he to me, 'sure enough I was at Scotland-Lodge, in Clare, and you might have seen me talking to the same redoubted Peter Comyn; but I thought, and am still thinking, it must be last night, for I dined with him, and he paid the bill he owed me this many a long day,' at the same time putting his hand in his pocket, to try if he was right, and showing the money which Peter gave him; 'and by the same token, that Doctor Lee, his right-hand man, was present at the payment. But I was often told of Peter's witcheries, and desired to keep a civil distance from him. This is what I have got for my obstinacy; but if I will ever get home to my wife and children, who, poor crathurs, must be crying their eyes out all this time, he'll have good eyes that'll ever see me within fifty miles of Scotland-Lodge, looking for bills, even if they were never to be paid. But to me, my good lad, how I am to get as far as New York.'

'Not a one of me knows,' said I, 'for all the packets sailed this morning, and no more will be going down for a week.'

'Well, then he roared twice as loud as before; and I suppose he would not have stopped since had I not told him that some of the fishermen would take him to the city if they were well rewarded, as it was very dangerous to go seaward since the wars commenced, in consequence of the numerous pirates that were upon the coast, and they never ventured except on some great emergency.

'But you say you have no money except that piece of paper in your hand, which your honor calls a bank-bill, and nothing is current here now but gold; and, your honor, what will become of you at all, or the poor wife and children, who will be all in mourning for you before a week, quite naturally thinking you were dead and gone, or else they would receive some tidings of you since I saw you in Clare.'

'At length I proceeded to inform the crathur that the natives would convey him to New York, if—

'I know what you mane,' says the poor sowl, throwing them the bill; 'and here is the whole amount for you, for, as sure as I'm a livin' man, there is no luck in any of Peter's money.'

'After some babbling in the unknown dialect between myself and the 'snow balls,' by way of telling them of his offer, I told him that they agreed, after much hesitation, but that he should swear to the bargain, according to the custom of the States; which being done, they proceeded to the little skiff in which they came, as it lay in its moorings under the Peak.

'We all proceeded for some distance together, when the chief of the party beckoned to me to stand by a bit, until the rest should pass on; then we both proceeded slowly, and at some distance from the others, when he commenced explaining the whole mystery to me, and, sure enough, it was a queer notion.

'I must first tell you that the leader was no other than the very Doctor Lee named by the poor man; but that was only a nick-name he had, by which the whole county knew him, by reason of his being a bonesetter, as he was no other than the head servant and right-hand man to this Mr. Comyn. But, anyhow, he ups and he tells me how the man they had was only a merchant from Manchester, all the way, that Mr. Comyn had some dealings with, as far as fifty pounds, which it wasn't just convenient to him to pay the minute the merchant axed it of him; so he gave him his I. O. U. and his word of honor that it should be settled in a few months. Well, sir, the other agreed to wait that time; but no sooner was the master set out for home than a letter came after him, demanding immediate payment, which, of course, couldn't be. An' what does my fine merchant do, sir, but sends down two bailiffs from Limerick to arrest Mr. Comyn. Well, down they came, sure, spying about the house, and walking up to the door as bold as if it was only to chapel they were going; but I'll be bound it's glad they wor to get back to Limerick agin, with whole bones and empty pockets, just what they deserved. This, to be sure, was a great disappointment to the fat Englishman, who, in his ignorance, had no idea at all why a bailiff wouldn't be let arrest a man when he had the papers right; but I suppose he thought they sowl him, and on the morning after who should walk into the yard at Scotland-Lodge but the Englishman and the bailiffs; and, bedad, before any one could prevent it, the master was a prisoner, not but that the yard was full, an' the min wicked enough, but Mr. Comyn wouldn't let a hair of their heads be touched; and all knew by the twinkle on his eye that he had a rod in pikele himself for the Englishman—and sure so he had, an' this was the way he managed it. He paid the bill at once wid that bank-bill he's

after giving us, and the Englishman was mighty thankful, and all that, making excuses, and all that kind of stuff; but the master cut him short by telling him he had no anger whatever agin him, and, to prove it, invited him to dine with him that day, which you may guess the Englishman didn't refuse. So a parcel of the regular hard-goers was together from all sides, and Doctor Lee dressed up to be at the dinner too; and, between them all, they kept the Englishman in chat, till they made the crathur as drunk as ever a man would wish to be—not, indeed, without the doctor's stuff, to make him the quieter. Well, sir, as soon as they had him in that condition, the doctor, and the men he chose to be with him, dressed themselves as I told you, and carried him down on a door to the little skiff they had ready for the trick, and away they made for Straw Island, and sure you know what luck they had there.

'As he finished telling me the story he had reached the skiff, where the rest was waiting for him. Giving me a crown, as he said, for my trouble, and a hearty shakehands, he jumped into the boat, and wished me good morning. I made home to the praties, and as Winny was always uppermost in my thoughts, to present her with the crown-piece I got, and relate this strange story to her.

'Well, when the party arrived in Clare, on the opposite coast, the English cove began to smell Ireland once more; and as he walked from the beach towards Peter's house, where the 'Doctor' was inveigling him again, for the purpose of ridiculing him on the late trick, he addressed the chief, saying that this New York had the greatest resemblance to some part of Ireland, and has not that gate opposite some likeness to Mr. Comyn's house? whose name he had scarce mentioned, when he saw the very man himself coming down the avenue; and the blackies once more getting the use of their tongues, welcomed him to Scotland-Lodge, and laughed most immoderately at him. As thunder-struck as he was upon Straw Island when he awoke there, he appeared twice more so now, and fancied himself really beset by dealers in the 'black art.' Peter soon roused him out of his reverie, by wishing him 'good morning,' and showing the bill, which he thought was in possession of the chief; but when they landed in Clare, 'Doctor' Lee sent it on by one of the party, while he himself accompanied their dupe. As soon as the English merchant recovered, and found himself in Ireland once more, he demanded back the extorted bill, and threatened to prosecute in case of non-payment. When he thus spoke, the voices of the entire party joined, repeating in the most solemn manner, 'Remember the oath.' The other immediately cried, 'For heaven's sake, let me escape from your hands, and I faithfully promise to forgive all.' So, taking him at his word, they all departed in peace, and neither tale nor tidings were heard of the broad fat Englishman since. The latter part of the story I have been told by one of the party, whom I met by chance upon the island many years after.'

Old Patrick having concluded his relit his pipe, and we commenced our jurney homewards, at times half-carrying our fair companions, on account of the dangerous decivity and roughness of part of the path, while they, in return, mainly contributed to shorten the walk by the sweet songs of our native land, to which, ever and anon, they gave utterance at our request.

We proposed to visit upon the following morning the ruins of the Seven Churches, which, in my humble estimation, rank foremost as specimens of the old and pure Gothic structure.

At a duel, a second interfered, and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other appeared to object, as unnecessary. 'For,' said he, 'their hands have been shaking this half hour.'



BATTLE-FIELD OF WATERLOO.

WATERLOO.

How difficult it is to realize that the quiet serenity of the scene our engraving gives was ever broken by the noise and tumult of war! That on this lovely spot was contested one of the most sanguinary and terrible battles that ever marked the records of time—dyeing the earth with human blood, and giving growth to a luxuriant vegetation too rank for maturity. As it now is, Waterloo is represented as a substantial and considerable village of good and respectable houses. St. Jean is two miles beyond, and close to the famous battle-field, with nothing peculiar to attract the traveller's notice. But, like the Pass of Thermopylae, this spot is made immortal by the battle between Napoleon and the allied armies under Wellington—a scene that marks the closing exploit of Napoleon's dazzling career. Alison, in the history of Europe, gives the following description of this celebrated battle-ground, as it was on the day of the engagement, and the positions assumed by the combatants. 'The field of Waterloo extends about two miles in length from the old chateau, walled garden, and enclosures of Hougomont on the right, to the extremity of the hedge of La Haye Sainte on the left. The great roads from Brussels to Charleroi runs through the center of the position, which is situated somewhat less than three quarters of a mile to the south of the village of Waterloo, and three hundred yards in front of the farm-house of Mount St. Jean. This road, after passing through the centre of the British line, goes through La Belle Alliance and the hamlet of Rosomme, where Napoleon spent the night. The position occupied by the British army followed very nearly the crest of a range of gentle eminences, cutting the high road at right angles, two hundred yards behind the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, which adjoins the highway, and formed the centre of the position. An unwarped country road ran along this great summit, forming nearly the line occupied by the British troops, and which proved of great use in the course of the battle. Their position had this great advantage, that the infantry could rest on the reverse of the crest of the ridge, in a situation in a great measure screened from the fire of the French artillery; while their own guns on the crest swept the whole slope, or natural glacis, which descended to the valley in

their front. The French army occupied a corresponding line of ridges, nearly parallel, on the opposite side of the valley, stretching on either side of the hamlet of La Belle Alliance. The summit of these ridges afforded a splendid position for the French artillery to fire upon the English guns; but their attacking columns, in descending the one hill and mounting the other, would, of necessity, be exposed to a very severe cannonade from the opposite batteries. The French army had an open country to retreat over in case of disaster; while the British, if defeated, would in all probability lose their whole artillery in the defiles of the forest of Soignies, although the intricacies of that would afforded an admirable defense position for a broken array of foot-soldiers. The French right rested on the village of Planchenois, which is of considerable extent, and afforded a very strong defensive position to resist the Prussians, in case they should be able to assume offensive operations and menace the extreme French right. The whole field of battle between the two armies was unenclosed, and the declivities and hollows extremely gentle; but the rugged hedge of La Haye Sainte, which ran for half a mile to the left of the village of the same name on the crest of the ridge, afforded great support to that part of the British line, and the thick wood which surrounded the orchard and garden of Hougomont was impervious to artillery, and proved of essential service in impeding the attack of the French column.

HISTORICAL PARTICULARS OF MACBETH.

The usurper was by birth the Thane of Ross, and by marriage Thane of Moray. That he might establish the kingdom, the throne of which he obtained by crime, on a firm footing, he endeavored to conciliate the more powerful to himself by great largesses. He reckoned himself safe from the royal children, on account of their age, and he maintained peace with his neighbors by dissimulation. He only wanted the favor of the people, which he studied to deserve. He resolved to punish robbers, whose spirits were raised above the equilibrium of the mild spirit of Duncan, and he succeeded without much trouble or commotion. Himself the most guilty, he inflicted merited punishment on the guilty. Macbeth must be allowed the merit of governing the kingdom well during ten years. He

was not inferior to any of his predecessors in maintaining order and distributing justice; but, as soon as he thought himself well fortified by guards and the favor of the people, and expected he was safe from foreign enemies and domestic violence, he began to exercise the most cruel tyranny. He made the first assault on Banquo, his associate in royal bloodshed. It was reported that lots were cast by malicious persons whether his posterity or Banquo's should obtain the kingdom. It was feared a powerful man should start up and follow his own example in procuring the government to his offspring—and who was so likely as Banquo, active, resolute, and already guilty. He invited him to supper; but on his way Banquo was murdered by some who waylaid him, and had arisen as in a tumult. His son Fleance escaped the snare laid in the dark. Admonished by friends of his father, he sought his own safety in flight; disguised, he then made his way to Wales. From Fleance descended the Stewarts, in whom the alleged prophecy was fulfilled. The cruel and perfidious slaughter of an old friend alarmed the nobles; each, fearing for himself, left their homes, and seldom appeared in the palace. Distrust first arose between the king and nobles, and hatred ensued. The former then proceeded more openly. Slight causes gave high offence. Nobles were killed; the wealthy were spoiled of their effects; guards of guilty persons were about the king. Nor did Macbeth think himself safe with his body guard; he began to build a fort—a stronghold that would defy the assault of enemies. It was being raised on the hill Dunsinane, which was of great extent and strength. When the work proceeded slowly, on account of the difficulty of carrying materials to it, he divided the labor among the thanes through the kingdom. They were to forward the undertaking in their turn, and he ordered them to be inspectors of the work, demanding of their workmen and beasts of burden. At that time Macduff, Thane of Fife, was the most powerful of them. He distrusted the King, but sent hither workmen and friends who would superintend them, and see the work forwarded. The King, whether with the intention of inspecting the work, or with the design of seizing the thane, as the latter suspected, was present, and seeing a yoke of oxen laboring under too heavy a load, in ascending the acclivity, Macbeth, as incited by the occasion, got into a rage, and threatened he would put the yoke on the owner's neck. This threat, being repeated to Macduff, he delayed not a moment, left his wife and children, crossed

over to the Lothians in a small boat, and escaped into England. His intention to fly into England being made known to Macbeth, he instantly proceeded with a strong force to Fife to seize the thane. He entered his castle, and, not finding him, he poured out his rage on his wife and children. He confiscated his goods, proclaimed him traitor, denounced a heavy penalty on any one who would dare to aid, receive, or accompany him. He cruelly treated the illustrious and wealthy without distinction. He despised the nobles, and governed by domestic counsellors. The Abbot of Dunkeld attempted in vain to drive him from the throne, and establish the legitimate heir. Meantime, Macduff arrived in England, and found Malcolm entertained in state by King Edward. He urged and encouraged Malcolm to assert his right to the crown of Scotland. Edward had overcome the Danes, and being reconciled to Siward, Earl of Northumberland, who was maternal uncle to Malcolm, gave him 10,000 men, to aid in placing the lawful heir on the throne of his ancestors. Macbeth was deserted; in the sudden defection he saw no safer retreat than Dunsinane Castle, where he might wait for assistance from the Hebrides and Ireland, whither he sent messages, promising pay and booty. They who deserted Macbeth joined the army of Malcolm. The people offered up prayers for him wherever he advanced, and followed him with their good wishes, which were omens of victory. The soldiers, as if already victorious, fixed green branches in their helmets, and, as they marched, the wood of Birnam, as prophesied or told by witches, seemed to be moving to Dunsinane. The army marched to battle more like triumphant forces returning from fight. Macbeth, the bold and cruel, betook himself to flight; Macduff, pursuing, slew him. Lulach, or the simple Lady Macbeth's son, was acknowledged king by the lieges of Ross and Moray. Malcolm discovered his lurking place, pursued, and slew him in Strathgogie. Macbeth reigned in all seventeen years; during the last seven he equalled in cruelty the most savage tyrant. He and Lulach were buried in Iona, 1057.

INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

A British officer, who was in the battle of New Orleans, mentions an incident of thrilling strangeness, and very descriptive of the Western hunter, many of whom marched to the defense of New Orleans as volunteers in the army under the renowned Andrew Jackson:

'We marched,' said the officer, 'in a solid column of twelve thousand men, in direct line upon the American defenses. I belonged to the staff; as we advanced, we watched through our glasses the position and arrangements of our enemy with that intensity an officer only feels when marching into the jaws of death, with the assurance that while he thus offers himself as a sacrifice to the demands of his country, every action, be it successful or otherwise, will be judged with the most heartless scrutiny.'

It was a strange sight, that long range of cotton bales—a new material for breastworks—with the crowd of human beings behind their heads, only visible above the line of defense. We could distinctly see their long rifles laying over the bales, and the battery of Gen. Coffee directly in front, with its great mouth gaping towards us, and the position of Gen. Jackson, with his staff around him. But what attracted our attention most, was the figure of a tall man standing on the breastworks, dressed in linsey woolsey, with buckskin leggings, and a broad-rimmed felt hat that fell around his face, almost concealing his features. He was standing in one of those picturesque and graceful attitudes, peculiar to those natural men-dwellers in the forests. The body rested on the left leg, and swayed with a curved line upwards; the right arm was extended, the hand grasping the rifle near the muzzle, the butt of which rested near the toe of his right foot, while with his hand he raised the rim of the hat from his eyes, and seemed gazing from beneath intently upon our advancing column. The cannon of General Coffee had opened us, and tore through our ranks with

dreadful slaughter; but we continued to advance, unwavering and cool, as if nothing threatened our progress.

The roar of cannon seemed to have no effect upon the figure standing on the cotton bales, but he seemed fixed and motionless as a statue. At last he moved, threw back the hat-rim over the crown with his left hand, raised the rifle to his shoulder, and took aim at our group. Our eyes were riveted on him. At whom had he leveled his piece? But the distance was so great that we looked at each other and smiled. We saw the rifle flash, and my right-hand companion, as noble looking a fellow as ever rode at the head of his regiment, fell from his saddle. The hunter paused a few moments, without moving his gun from his shoulder, then reloaded and resumed his former attitude. Throwing the hat-rim over his eyes, and again holding it up with the left hand, he fixed his piercing gaze upon us as if hunting out another victim. Once more the hat-rim was thrown back and the gun raised to the shoulder. This time we did not smile, but cast short glances at each other, to see which of us must die; and when the rifle again flashed, another of us dropped to the earth. There was something awful in this marching on to certain death.

Gen. Coffee's battery and thousands of musket balls played upon our ranks; we cared not for them—there was a chance of escaping unscathed. Most of us had walked upon batteries a hundred times more descriptively without quailing; but to know that every time that the rifle was leveled towards us, and its bullet sprang from the barrel, one of us must surely fall! To see the gleaming sun flash as the deadly iron came down, and see it rest motionless, as if poised upon a rock, and know, when the hammer struck and the sparks flew to the full-primed pan, that the messenger of death drove unerringly to its goal—to know this, and still march on, was awful.

I could see nothing but the tall figure standing on the breastwork. He seemed to grow, phantom-like, taller and taller, assuming through the smoke the supernatural appearance of some great spirit. Again did he reload and discharge his rifle with the same unflinching aim; and it was with indescribable pleasure that I beheld, as we neared the American lines, the sulphurous smoke gather around me, and shut that spectral hunter from my gaze. We lost the battle; and, to my mind, the Kentucky rifleman contributed more to our defeat than anything else; for, while he remained to our sight, our attention was drawn from duties; and when at last we became enshrouded in the smoke the work was complete; we were in utter confusion, and unable in the extremity to restore order sufficient to make any successful attack.

So long as thousands and thousands of rifles remain in the hands of the people, so long as men come up from their childhood able, ere the dawn appears on the chin, to hit the centre of a mark, or strike the deer at one hundred and fifty yards in the most vital part; so long as there is a great proportion of the Republic who live as free as the wild Indian, knowing no leader but their own choosing, knowing no law but that of right, and the honorable observance of friendly intercourse, America is unconquerable; and all the armies of the combined world, though they might drive them from the sea coast and across the Alleghany mountains, would not be able to subdue the free-souled hunter among the mountains and great prairies and mighty rivers of the West.'

A MERCHANT, not particularly cognizant with geography, picked up a newspaper and sat down to read. He had not proceeded far before he came to a passage stating that one of his vessels was in jeopardy. 'Jeopardy! Jeopardy! Jeopardy!' said the astonished merchant, who had previously heard that his vessel was lost; 'let me see, that is somewhere in the Mediterranean. Well, I am glad she has got into port, for I thought it was all over with her.'

An organist once imitated a thunder-storm so well that, for miles around, the milk turned sour.

D'ISRAELI ON SPANISH BEAUTY.—The Spanish women are very interesting. What we associate with the idea of female beauty is not, perhaps, very common in this country. There are seldom those seraphic countenances which strike you dumb, or blind, but faces in abundance which will never pass without commanding admiration. Their charms consist in their sensibility. Each incident, every person, every word, touches the fancy of a Spanish lady, and her expressive features are constantly confuting the creed of the Musselman. But there is nothing quick, harsh, or forced about her. She is extremely unaffected, and not at all French. Her eyes gleam rather than sparkle; she speaks with vivacity, but in sweet tones, and there is in all her carriage, particularly when she walks, a certain dignified grace which never deserts her, and which is very remarkable.

The general female dress in Spain is of black silk, a 'basquina,' and a black silk shawl, a 'mantilla,' with which they usually envelope their heads. As they walk along in this costume in an evening, with their soft dark eyes dangerously conspicuous, you willingly believe in their universal charms. They are remarkable for the beauty of their hair. Of this they are very proud, and indeed its luxuriance is equalled only by the attention which they lavish on its culture. I have seen a young girl of fourteen, whose hair reached her feet, and was as glossy as the curl of a Contessa. All day long, even the lowest order, are brushing, curling, and arranging it. A fruit-woman has her hair dressed with as much care as the Duchess of Ossuna. In the summer, they do not wear their mantilla over their heads, but show their combs, which are of very great size. The fashion of these combs varies constantly. Every two or three months, you may observe a new form. It is the part of the costume of which a Spanish woman is most proud. The moment that a new comb appears, even a servant wench will run to the melter's with her old one, and thus, at the cost of a dollar or two, appear the next holiday in the newest style. These combs are worn at the back of the head. They are of tortoise-shell, and, with the very fashionable, they are white. I sat next to a lady of high distinction at a bull-fight at Seville. She was the daughter-in-law of the Captain-General of the province, and the most beautiful Spaniard I ever met with. Her comb was white, and she wore a mantilla of blonde, without doubt extremely valuable, for it was very dirty. The effect, however, was charming. Her hair was glossy black, her eyes like an antelope's, and all her other features deliciously soft. She was further adorned, which is rare in Spain, with a rosy cheek, for in Spain our heroines are rather sallow. But they counteract this slight defect, by never appearing until twilight, which calls them from their bowers, fresh, though languid, from the late siesta. The only fault of the Spanish beauty is, that she too soon indulges in the magnificence of embonpoint. There are, however, many exceptions. At seventeen, a Spanish beauty is poetical. Tall, lithe, and clear, and graceful as a jennet, who can withstand the summer lightning of her soft and languid glance? As she advances, if she do not lose her shape, she resembles Juno rather than Venus. Majestic she ever is, and if her feet be less twinkling than in her first bolero, look on her hand and you'll forgive them all.

Dean Swift once attempted, in a humorous mood, to prove that all things were governed by the word led. Said he:—

'Our noblemen and hard drinkers are pimp-led; physicians and pulses are fee-led; their patients and oranges are pil-led; a new married man and donkeys are bride-led; and an old married man and pack-horse are sad-led; cats and dice are rat-led; swine and nobility are sty-led; a maiden and a tinder-box are spark-led.'

TWO DAYS IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

The first morning after a young officer has joined his regiment, he finds himself exalted on a spirited steed, some sixteen hands-high, from whose back he dares not cast his eye downward, to take even a glimpse of the immense space between him and the earth. His chin is so elevated by a leather stock that he can just see the head of the animal on which he sits; his heels are screwed out by the iron flat of the rough rider, and the small of his back is well bent in. Having been knocked and hammered into this posture, the word 'march' is given. This command the well-drilled animals obey immediately, and the machine is suddenly set in motion, the result of which usually is, that the young gentleman speedily finds his way to the ground, with the loss of half a yard of skin from his shin, or with his nose grubbing in the earth.

'Well done, sir; Astley himself could not have done better. Mount again, sir; these things will happen in the best regulated riding-academies, and in the army, sir, you will have many ups-and-downs. Come, sir, jump up, and don't be downhearted because you are floored.'

'Well, sergeant, but I'm very seriously hurt.'

'Nay, nay, I hope not, sir; but you must be more cautious for the future.'

The pupil mounts again, and the order is again given to march, and off goes the horse a second time, the sergeant roaring out at intervals—

'Well done, sir! Head a little higher—toes in, sir—heels out—bend the back a little more—that will do, sir—you look as majestic as the Black Prince in the Tower, or King Charles's statue at Charing-Cross. Bravo, sir—rode capitally! We will now try a little trot. Recollect, sir, to keep your nag well in hand—trot.'

'Well done, indeed, sir—knees a little lower down, if you please—that's higher, sir—no, no, sir, that's higher, I say—you look for all the world like a tailor on his shop-board. What are your elbows doing up there, sir? Elbows close to your body—you pay no attention to what I say, sir—faster, faster.'

'Oh dear! oh dear; oh dear! Sergeant halt; I shall be off! I shall be off! oh dear, oh dear!'

'Bravo, sir, that's better—faster.'

'Sergeant! I am sick, sergeant!'

'Never mind such trifles, sir; riding is an excellent remedy for all kinds of sickness. Now, recollect, in changing from one to two, you round the horse's croup well, by applying your right leg to his flank, and take care he does not kick you off. Change from one to two.'

'Halt, sir; halt! that won't do; what the devil are you about? That's the wrong way, I told you from one to two; turn your horse about from one to two.'

'I can only just see the top of the riding-school; I can see no figures at all, sergeant.'

'Well, sir, we'll dispense with this for the present; but soldiers should learn to turn their eyes everywhere. Suppose we have another march, sir. March—trot—faster—faster; very well, indeed. Now, sir, you must recollect, when I say the word halt, that you pull your horse smartly up, by throwing your body well back, and pressing the calves (if any) of your legs to his sides. If you don't put your body upright, the horse's head will soon put it in its proper place. Faster—a little faster—halt. There, sir, I told you what would be the consequence of your not keeping your head properly up!'

'Stop, stop; my nose bleeds, my nose bleeds!'

'Rough rider, get a bucket of water for the gentleman. You had better dismount, sir.'

'Dismount, sergeant? How am I to get off this great beast?'

'Why, jump, sir, to be sure—jump off. Come, sir, we cannot wait all day; you delay the whole drill. Come, come, sir, dismount.'

'Put your hand on the horse's rump, and lay fast hold of his mane,' cries a young officer, who had just surmounted the same difficulties, 'and you will soon be off.'

The tyro in riding follows this friendly advice, and finds himself neatly floored by a tremendous plunge of the horse, thus finishing his first day's drill.

The next morning the pupil attends the riding-school, with his nose somewhat embellished by his fall.

He enters the school with his—'Good morning, sergeant; for it is always good policy to keep friends with both riding masters and rough riders.'

'Good morning, sir,' says the sergeant; 'I hope you did not hurt yourself yesterday.'

'Oh, no—oh no! Mere scratch—mere scratch—no; worth mentioning.'

'Glad to hear it, sir. We must expect in the army both scratches and falls. I have ordered you, for to-day, a horse somewhat more spirited, that will jump under you like an antelope.'

'Much obliged to you, indeed,' says the pupil, making a tremendous wry face.

'Oh, don't mention the obligation, sir. It is my duty to make a good rider of you, and I flatter myself that I have turned out some of the best riders from this school that are to be found in the kingdom, and with as few accidents as could reasonably have been expected, though, of course, casualties will sometimes inevitably happen in a large academy like this. To be sure,' continues the sergeant, winking at the rest of the party assembled, 'there was poor Cornet Shins, who broke his neck, and, by-the-bye, off the very horse you are going to ride to-day; but that, of course, was no fault of the poor animal's. Then, there was Lieutenant Stew, who broke his thigh, and a few other trifling circumstances of this kind, which make good for the army.'

'Good for the army! How do you make that out?'

'Why, sir, it is as plain as the eighteen manœuvres. We will just suppose, for the sake of argument, that your neck is broken this morning.'

'My good, sergeant, what are you talking about?'

'I am only supposing, you understand, that your neck was broken; in which case it must be clear to you that you would make room for another. But come, sir, we must proceed to business. Prepare to mount—mount—steady there—not an eye or muscle to move—pray, sir, keep your horse steady—put your left leg to him, and put him straight—don't touch him in the flank, sir, or he will soon have you off—that will do—march—sit still, I beg, sir; you are all on one side, like the lug-sail of a boat—that's better; now, sir, trot—faster—halt. Pray, sir, do be attentive.'

'My stirrups are too long.'

'Rough rider, take them off; the gentleman will ride better without them. Now, sir, off with you again—march—faster—halt. Why, sir, you roll about like a ship in distress; pray keep your seat—march.'

'I am off, I am off.'

'Not yet, sir.'

'Yes I am, yes I am.'

'Well, I believe you are now, sir; at least I never saw anything more like it in my life. I hope you are not hurt, sir.'

'No, not much; but this horse is worse than the other.'

'Why, of course, I know that, sir; you must have a worse horse every day. Come, sir, mount again.'

'I can't; you have taken the stirrups off.'

'Oh, never mind that, sir; jump up.'

'I can't.'

'Try, sir; there is no remedy. Yonder I see the riding-master coming this way.'

The riding-master now comes up, and inquires into the progress of all his pupils.

'Well, sergeant, how gets on Cornet Waddle?'

'Very well, indeed; he has had only two falls in two days.'

'I am glad to hear it. What horse is that he is on?'

'Kicking Billy, sir.'

'Ah! a good horse to learn on. Heads up, Cornet Waddle—six inches from hand to hand—four inches from holster-pipes—that will do—trot. Bless me, Cornet White, how your elbows go; one would imagine you had been either a tailor or a fiddler. Do keep them close to your sides, sir. We'll now try a little canter—canter. Very well, indeed—change from three to four. Cornet Shanks, pray keep those stretching legs of your's quiet, and feel the horse's mouth lightly. Not with that hand, sir, but with the bridle. Keep down your knees—faster—halt. What, three of you off. Come, mount again, gentlemen; when I was a recruit, I fell fifty times a day, and laughed at the fun. Now, hold on—march—trot—gallop. Cornet Waddle, let go the horse's mane; let go, sir.'

'I can't, sir; if I do, I shall be off.'

'You must go faster, then, till you do—faster—faster; well done, indeed—halt. What, off again?'

Thus concludes the second day's drill; after which the pupil, having surmounted the minor difficulties of horsemanship, is put into a squad of about a dozen recruits, to act in a body.

POPULAR LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH-CARRIC CLEENA.

'— Heaven taught poets know
The spirit that sought his clasp and kiss,
Had borne him off from human love,
To share her own immortal bliss.'

In the parish of Glantaun, and three miles northwest of the town of Mallow, in the midst of a wild tract of country, appear certain rocks of a strange and romantic appearance. The dark green drapery of the creeping ground-ivy shades the time-bleached sides of these masses, and the lighter tint of the tall fern springing from their deep interstices, marks their different compartments with many a line of green. These rocks lie circularly on the plain, and in the centre rises one towering over the rest, as the graceful height of the pine looks proudly down on its humble fellows of the forest. Its almost inaccessible top is perfectly level, and covered with a carpet of verdant green. At the base of its northern side lie huge stones, which some giant arm seems to have hurled confusedly around, for, from the perpendicular smoothness of the sides, and the table-like flatness of the summit, they could not have fallen down from the rock. Inside these fragments of granite, and level with the plain, yawns a wide opening in the rock. This entrance is softly shaded by the briery branches of the wild rose, and leads, according to the current opinion, to a spacious vault within, and some who have climbed to the top have found it resound, deep and hollow, to the stamp of their feet; but the most adventurous never essayed to explore its inner secrets. A large hawthorn, which opens its fragrant white blossoms in this romantic solitude, is tenanted by the wild thrush, that pours his song of beauty to the echoes of the rock. Indeed, this seems to be the favorite haunt of the genius of music. Some unseen songster, from the green summit of the rock, is often heard to blend strains of melting harmony with the wild warbling of the thrush. The cow-boy, as he whistles his herd over the neighboring pastures to the milking-barn, as the gentle summer evening is throwing her russet mantle over the green bosom of the land, frequently hears, in the fairy haunt, the music of some unknown instrument, whose thrilling vibrations, suspending every sense but that of hearing, deprive the limbs of motion, and bind the

entranced soul in the magic links of harmony, until the wild strain is hushed, and silence reigns around.

The land immediately surrounding this haunted rock has been, time out of mind, deemed consecrated ground. Never did the profane hedging bill of the peasant invade its time honored shrubs; the spade of the husbandman never wounded the holy glebe, and though modern improvement is rapidly changing the harsh features of this rough district, cultivation has not yet dared to obtrude where superstition guards her ancient right—for tradition relates that this is the favorite abode of Cleena, a benevolent genius—hence the haunted rock, so famous in fairy lore, has obtained the name of Carrig-Cleena.

The untaught peasants of the surrounding country have ever regarded Cleena as their benefactress. The rustic of the present day affirms that in her neighborhood no cattle die from the malignant influence of the evil eye, or the mischievous power of the unfriendly spirits of air, and that her goodness preserves the harvest crop from the blight which lays prostrate the farmer's hopes, when beings, unfriendly to man, appropriate to themselves the produce of his fields. The peasantry seem to be the children of her peculiar care; frequently she has been known to veil her celestial beauty, and, attired in the homely garb of the country, announce to some night wanderer the expulsion from her confines of the evil spirits of the north, and the consequent abundance of a plentiful harvest.

On the borders of the Shannon, in the county of Limerick, resided a youthful chieftain, one of the Geraldines, the remains of whose castles along the banks of the king of Irish streams even yet frown defiance on the dashing waves below. He was skilled in all the accomplishments deemed necessary in the age of chivalry in which he lived. Brave as those daring adventurers from whom he claimed descent, and hospitable and generous as the ancient chieftains of the land, his perfections were the theme of many a harp-striking minstrel. The princely chief himself was a bard of the first eminence, and he early taught his harp to breathe, in ardent strains, the charms of Ellen O'Brien. She was the only daughter of one of those unfortunate chiefs whose possessions sunk to insignificance, and whose power crumbled to dust before the prevailing fortune of the Saxon invader. Fitzgerald saw the beauteous Ellen—and loved; nor was his passion unregarded; his splendid accomplishments and noble mien, the soft music of his harp, and tender lay of love, all stole to the heart of the interesting girl, and Ellen beheld in the enemy of her name and race, the only being whose idea twined like a magic spell round her heart and brain, and without whom this earth and its enjoyments seemed but a dreary void.

Tradition records that Cleena beheld this favored youth, and that gifted being, before whose knowledge the secrets of the earth lay unlocked, bent to a superior power, and obeyed that magic spell which, in the olden day, it is said, drew erring angels from their sphere, to bask in the beauty smiles of the daughters of Adam. She loved Fitzgerald, and resolved that he should share the splendors of her unseen hall, and the greatness of her power.

Upon a festival day, when the proud and noble of the land were assembled at 'tilt and tourney,' a dark cloud descended on the plain, and enveloping young Fitzgerald, bore him from the field. He disappeared—no trace of him could be found; the various messengers who sought intelligence of him returned weary from their fruitless toil. Days and months rolled away in vain expectation, and the most incredulous, at length, believed that a supernatural power had borne the chieftain away, and that he remained the slave of enchantment in some unexplored retreat impervious to mortal feet.

Of all that mourned this strange and melancholy

circumstance, none felt more intense sorrow than Ellen O'Brien. When his followers ceased to seek their master, when every mouth forgot the hopeless inquiry, she departed privately from the home of her childhood, resolved, with that tenacity of passion which belongs to the true and stainless heart of woman, to find her lover or perish in the attempt. In a rocky glen, in Kerry, where resided a wizard, who held strange and unutterable communings with beings of another life, she learned that Cleena had conveyed her lover to her favorite residence in the county of Cork.

In the decline of Autumn, Ellen O'Brien reached Carrig-Cleena, her hair floating wildly in the fitful breeze, her garments torn by every shrub and bramble, and her feet bleeding from the roughness of the path. In her native tongue, that language of life and feeling, she poured the extemporaneous effusions of her love-lorn heart in harmonious verse. She feelingly depicted their unquenchable loves, their early vows of plighted faith, and the assurance she received that the object of her pursuit was detained in this enchanted rock. She appealed to Cleena's wonted kindness to the human race, and expressed her firm determination to expire at the foot of that rock, the echoes of which should bear her final groan to the faithful youth whose eternal constancy she knew no power of earth or air could destroy.

The legend tells that Cleena, moved by Ellen O'Brien's matchless fidelity, and won by the beauty of her person, and the mournful melody of her persuasive song, gave the captive lover to the arms of his faithful maid. They departed together. The nuptial tie joined the hands of those whose hearts were long united, and they became the parents of a numerous and happy offspring.

THE STARS INHABITED.

Astronomy, both by its practical discoveries and well-founded theories, has opened much to our view altogether unknown to the ancients. It has, as it were, withdrawn the veil which formerly shaded the laws, motions, and magnitude of the universe. It has shown us the shape and extent of the earth; the velocity with which it travels, with its two-fold motions, and the laws of the changes of the seasons, and the night and day. It gives us the power of measuring the immense distances of the planets and the sun—the amazing size of the latter, and the great velocity of the former. It shows us millions of moving bodies placed at immeasurable distances, and thus enables us to form a faint idea of the Almighty Power which has formed such a vast and extraordinary system. But still the mind of man seeks more knowledge than even this wonderful science affords him. The human soul would stretch itself even beyond the boundless limits of time and space. Bursting the prison of its earthly frame, the immortal spirit looks beyond the confines of its habitation, and, from the knowledge adequate to its nature, cries out for still more extended information, even on subjects which, in its present state, it is not capable of understanding.

When we view the firmament above us, and consider the innumerable stars that are visible even to the naked eye, and remember that the sun is the centre of our system, with eleven planets revolving around it, of which our earth is one—which is larger than some and smaller than others—we then begin to think, may not the other planets be inhabited like our world, with beasts and creeping things, vegetable and trees? May they not, too, have their intellectual beings endued with immortal souls as we ourselves are? And we are forced to the conviction that such must be the case, for what is the world without its intelligent inhabitants, or how else could it glorify its Creator? Whether all their senses and properties are the same as ours, matters not in this consideration; their atmospheres are different, and, therefore, there must be a difference in the beings that inhabit them. But what are these few planets? What space is contained within their

orbits? Trifling in comparison to the immeasurable distance that even man can imagine to exist between him and the most remote of the fixed stars that we can see—nothing in comparison to the boundless infinity which we can hardly conceive. Then, let us look beyond the orbits of our brother worlds, and what do we behold? As many suns as there are particles of sand on the sea-shore. We must believe them suns—their light is their own, otherwise their distance would render them invisible to us; they must have their planets revolving around them, otherwise they are useless, and shed forth their lustre on empty nothingness. Then how multiplied must be the worlds under heaven? If every star we see has even as many worlds round it as your sun, invisible from your distances, what then is our earth? A little speck of matter—a star to the few planets of our luminary—nothing to the worlds of other suns. And what is man? A little insect crawling on the surface of that speck, and amused with the various trifles that surround him. But he is more—he has that within him which will leave its tabernacle of clay, and soar above all worlds—he has a soul confined within the limits of his present nature, which, freed from the cares and troubles that now surround it, if depending on its Creator, will live in Paradise through all eternity. Nor can we suppose that the few souls which occupy the regions of this world shall be the only inhabitants of the boundless heavens—that the whole creation, which is perceptible to our senses, was made for our use; that the millions of enlightened bodies, which are visible only through our telescopes, which do not benefit us in the least degree, were created to excite our wonder. Impossible, and still more improbable! for we cannot for a moment imagine that the great Creator of the universe has limited his goodness to the trifling dimensions of this earth, and bounded the creation of intelligent beings to the inhabitations of such a limited sphere as ours.

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

There is nothing which stands so much in need of restraint, and upon which, unfortunately, restraint is so seldom imposed, as the inordinate desires of the human heart. With justice may that heart be likened to the fabled vessel of the Danaids, which, though every effort was used to fill it, stood continually dry, for, satiate all its appetites, gratify its every wish, something will still be wanting—it will still be craving more.

The folly of indulging in immoderate desires may be simply exemplified by the consideration that if our wishes (as is frequently the case) are unattainable, nothing can be more absurd than to form them; and, again, if they are easily attainable, what pledge or what surety have we that gratification would result from their accomplishment? Do we not know from experience that enjoyment begets satiety, satiety disgust? We have read that Alexander, after triumphing over the whole habitable world, shed tears because there remained no new worlds for him to conquer. And, in like manner, though our wishes needed but to be expressed to be gratified—though the objects of our desires waited on our nod—yet would we go on to the end of the chapter, forming new and artificial appetites when the old ones were appeased, and find ourselves at last a miserable prey to discontent and dissatisfaction. But, besides folly, there is also impety in yielding to our immoderate desires; though we have not the power, yet have we the wish to disturb the settled order of nature's laws, and, indulging the cravings of our diseased imaginations, we would presume even to direct the hand of Providence to the accomplishment of our mad ambition.

Let us, then, check this vice, when alone it can be checked, namely, in its fancy; and let each of us, looking upon this world with the eyes of a Seneca, use those memorable words which dropped from his lips at Athens, when, turning from it in disgust, he said—'How many things are here which I do not want!'

GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT.

The original of this amusing scene, of which we give an illustration, is by A. Fleischman, a German artist. Every one has heard of that most remarkable of Dean Swift's productions, and the satirical romance of 'Gulliver's Travel's' displays to perfection the charms of Swift's style; and while the ordinary reader sees and feels only the wonder and fascination of the narrative, the courtiers and politicians of his day recognised in the adventurer many satirical allusions to the court and politics of England, and various matters of secret history. Most every one is familiar with the history of the famous 'Mon Mountain,' and those who are will readily recognize the scene as very truthfully represented. Gulliver is shipwrecked, and thrown upon an island, called Lilliput, where, from fatigue, he falls asleep. On awaking, and attempting to rise, he finds himself unable to stir; his hair is firmly fastened to the ground, and strong ligatures bind his hands and feet; he hears a confused noise, but can see nothing. Presently he feels something alive moving on his body, and advancing towards his chin, and, bending his eyes downward, he perceives a human

is about two feet in length. Small as they were, however, they succeeded in capturing the great man, and the emperor caused certain articles to be drawn up to govern the actions of the great monster, which we publish, as very amusing, and may not be uninteresting to our readers: 'His most sublime majesty proposes to the Man Mountain, lately arrived in our celestial dominions, the following articles, which, by a solemn oath, he will be obliged to perform:—

1st. The Man Mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our license under our great seal.

2d. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within doors.

3d. The said Man Mountain shall confine his walks to the principal high roads, and not offer to walk, or lie down, in a meadow or field of corn.

4th. As he walks the said roads he shall take the utmost care not to trample on the bodies of any of our living subjects, their horses or carriages, nor

at our palace, at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.'

A TRAVELER'S TRICK.

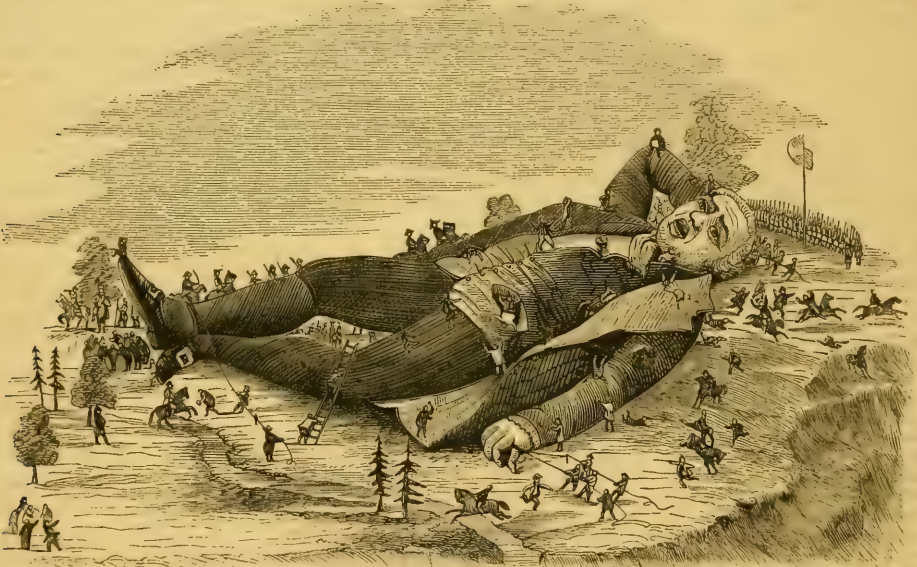
During a period of a very active opposition between the rival coach proprietors on the Wexford road, the down coach stopped at Rathnew, in the county of Wicklow, to breakfast; this repast, so indispensable to a traveler among the Wicklow mountains, was delayed, under various pretenses, till the coachman's horn announced the moment of departure; in vain the passengers remonstrated against this precipitancy; he must drive to time, and could not delay. When at length he had succeeded in getting his grumbling company together, one gentleman was found wanting, and on 'mine host' opening the door of the breakfast-room, he found him quietly seated at the deserted table.

'The coach will be off,' exclaimed the landlord.

'And so would I, too, could I have got a spoon to eat my egg,' replied the guest.

'A spoon, sir.'

'Yes, sir, a spoon.'



GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT.

creature, not six inches in height. In the meantime, he feels a great tramping all over his body, which causes him great astonishment. He roars so loud that they all run back in affright, and some of them in leaping from his body are severely hurt. He feels a volley of arrows discharged at his left hand, that prick like so many needles; and others are discharged at different parts of his body; but their potent weapons cause him no trouble. In the picture may be seen two of the Lilliputians mounting, by means of a ladder, the fearful height of his knee; others have been exploring the mysterious depths of his vest pocket, and are making a precipitate retreat. One, evidently an artist, seated on the elbow of the giant, is engaged in sketching the profile. At the head of Gulliver is seen a regiment of the king's soldier's prepared for the attack when the imperial order is given. In fact, everything that ingenuity could invent, is called into requisition, and is here portrayed with a great deal of skill. These Lilliputian figures are exceedingly well represented; the faces are carefully colored, and show the features and expression admirably. They are about an inch in height, and the figure of Gulliver

take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

5th. If an express requires extraordinary despatch, the Man Mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six days' journey, once in every moon, and return the said messenger to our imperial presence.

6th. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet that is now preparing to invade us.

7th. That the said Man Mountain shall, at his time of leisure, be aiding our workmen to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park and other of our royal buildings.

8th. That the said Man Mountain shall, on two moon's time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces around the coast. Lastly, that upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man Mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our royal favor, given

'Why, why, where are my spoons? Stop, stop coach; Jack, Pat, Joe, run every one of you; stop the horses—stop the coach, till I get my spoons,' vociferated the landlord.

While struck with consternation, each passenger looked to his neighbor for an explanation of the scene. In a few minutes a crowd had collected around the carriage, to whom the robbery of the spoons was detailed, with the resolution of the host, that all the passengers should be searched, with the assistance of his party.

He was about commencing his operation, when out walked the dilatory passenger from the breakfast table, who immediately demanded what was the matter.

'Matter!' roared the landlord; 'have I not been robbed of a dozen silver spoons by some of your rascally company, and your blackguard coachman is preventing me from searching?'

'Then drive on, Paddy—all's right!' exclaimed the wag, and turning to the exasperated host, he said, 'look into the tea-pot for your spoons, and for the future make more haste with your breakfast.'

IRISH MISCELLANY.

THOMAS O'NEILL - - - - PROPRIETOR.
MICHAEL J. WALSH - - - - CONDUCTOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858.

WILL THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY LEARN THE LESSON?

When recently the flood-gates of hate, intolerance and crime burst their bonds, and swept over the land like a deluge, the blighting influence was felt by every good man, who, with clouded brow and heart of sorrow, asked himself when, and where, and what, will be the end of this persecution?—when Freedom blushed and Liberty hung her head for shame, and brotherly love and common sense forsook the land—when arson and murder walked as hand-maids, and terror reigned supreme—when from the pulpit was preached proscription and the knife, and the seat of justice was given up to a partizan—when governors were elected to proscribe, and the road to preferment alone lay through the persecution of men born outside a certain line—when the principles of republicanism and the truths of democracy, upon which is built, and has prospered, these United States, beyond anything which history records, were in danger—at that time (not in the long past, where memory fails, but more recently—the present time) self-preservation compelled foreign born citizens to cling more closely together, and await each fearful act in the tragedy with apprehension and fear. They were astonished to see even good men, from all political parties, bow to the Moloch of this new, but false, Americanism, which promised to redeem the country from the vile and polluted foot-prints of the foreigner. They were like men on trial, whose lives depended upon the ability of their advocates, and awaited every turn in the fearful drama with intense interest.

Did it, under these circumstances, require the stencil of the engraver to indelibly impress upon the mind of the foreigner the names and actions of friends and of foes? No! by an instinct of nature, their names are carefully preserved; and in the innermost recesses of the heart may be found the name of a Henry A. Wise, who singly stemmed the torrent as it rolled Southward, and said, 'Hither shalt thou come, but no further,' and there, upon Old Virginia's shore, the proud waves of Know Nothingism were dashed to pieces.

There, within those hearts, may also be found the name of a William L. Marcy, who, when solicited for his opinion, declared that 'the prosperity of the United States and the success of those principles to be incompatible'; and, although its surges dashed against the steps of the White House, he feared not, but 'believed in the continued progress of the country, and the speedy dissolution of these false theories.'

If, then, they can remember friends,—and they can,—why ask them to forget enemies?—enemies to the best interests of the country—enemies to peace and good government—enemies to civil and religious liberty?

That good and true men were entrapped into Know Nothing lodges we firmly believe; but they soon left such lodges, completely disgusted with the anti-republican doctrines there expounded. We rejoice that these men now belong to the Democratic party, where they should be, and where they of right belong. We endorse them for places of emolument and honor, and are ready to work under their lead; but those men who remained in the Know Nothing lodges till they found the party a sinking ship, and who, for political safety, or perhaps through worse motives, joined the Democratic party, still hugging their intolerance and hate, and, by intrigue, placing themselves upon committees, which should alone be composed of the most reliable, is to us a matter for question and complaint.

The nomination of such men to office is an infliction on the feelings of the Irish adopted citizen. He cannot—he will not—vote for them. True to his principles,

he is satisfied to remain in the minority until such time as the people will be satisfied with the present rule, and Massachusetts shall become Democratic. Bargaining or coalescing with any faction outside his party he especially repudiates. Nor can the Democratic party point to any benefit they have ever derived from such coalitions. Honest in their own propositions, they believed other parties to be equally honest in theirs; but they have been universally deceived when it came to the ballot-box.

The adopted citizens are a sterling half of the Democracy of Massachusetts. They complain that they are slighted in receiving no places upon committees, or nominated for offices, even where their vote is as fifty to ten. There is something in this; yet we are glad that, besides being good Democrats, they are true partisans, and are seldom known to split their tickets. To them we would say: gentlemen, all this is your own fault; you neglect to attend preliminary meetings, where committees are formed; the only active part you take is the casting of your ballot, and of the earlier organizations you therefore know nothing. Alter this; attend the club rooms and ward meetings; take more interest in all political actions, and you will not be either slighted or neglected; you will then be an integral part of that political organization whose right arm you are, and whose principles you so much admire and cherish.

The next thing to truthfulness to our principles and for success, is a good system of organization, carried out in every detail and minutia, from State Central down to town, ward or village committee. Elections for such places should be done fairly, publicly, and by the people, or by committees selected by them. The character of those selected should be above suspicion, and, as in higher offices, should be subject to scrutiny and investigation.

Court aid from the isms; it is a stooping from your lofty position; rather let the Democratic party remain as it now is, the only party which has TRUE, CONSTITUTIONAL UNION PRINCIPLES. Seek not to strengthen the party by the addition of an element not congenial; thus, if the whole Know Nothing remnant entered by your front door, men more true to Democratic principles would retire by the rear. They wish no infusion of poison into their veins.

The opposition complain that the adopted citizens go all one way, as sheep follow a leader. Such is not the case; they are true lovers of the Union; not sectionalists nor proscriptionists, but true Democrats; and if the Democratic leaders study not the purity of their motives, they cannot drive them into the ranks of the opposition. All they may be driven to do is, to cease to take an active part in politics, and remain from the polls. Stick close to principles—make strict party nominations—pander neither to old Whigs nor Know Nothings, for they have always sold you—but fearlessly light in the cause of truth; learn lessons by each defeat—work on—work calmly, coolly, and without noise—and you must, in the righteousness of your cause, sooner or later be victorious.

DOUBLE DEALING OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

While the British ministers have been complimenting the Galway Steam Company on the success they have achieved in making short passages between the two continents, and the new feature it demonstrates for commerce, besides the benefits they acknowledge it would be to both governments to be able to communicate between Washington and London in six days, they have been secretly intriguing to crush that project. And now that THAT cable, which was to have been such a source of profit, and an element of power, and being, as usual, usurped by that greedy government, seems a DEAD SEA BEFFENT, they dare not fall back on the next (or first) best thing—a passage of five days from Europe to America—because, forsooth, Ireland would be brought into notice to the exclusion of or at the expense of England.

The building up of a seaport in Ireland would be

making England a secondary maritime power. The docks and harbor of Liverpool cost millions, yet we have seen vessels sunk there while riding at anchor in an ordinary winter storm. The harbor of Galway needs but a few thousand pounds, and no vessel by storm could suffer damage or injury. The British government has covertly made a contract with the Cunard Company to carry the mails till 1867, consequently, this is an exclusion of all others save the Liverpool line. The excuse offered for this high-handed piece of political infamy is bare-faced. A new source of trade, a new source of profit, and a shorter route for transmission of mails ought at all times be supported by the government. Must the interests of commerce and of mankind be thrown back by British trickery? Will not the united voice of Ireland demand a subsidy for the Galway line, so that it may be developed to success? Are not the Irish themselves, in seeking three or four different lines, aiding in destroying the success of even one? Let them unite in establishing the Galway line, and they will be aiding their favorite schemes in the best way possible. Divide and lose, or unite and conquer. The British government sees Ireland looming up in England's way; and, while they hold out promises with one hand, they are stabbing Ireland's interests with the other. This is the secret out; Banquo's ghost was but a fool to Macbeth, in comparison with the growing importance of Ireland in the scale of nations to England; but, despite her power, policy or wealth, the hand writing on the wall is against her; the God that made Ireland a nation will be with her. Watch them closely.

THE HIBERNIA FIRE COMPANY.

We are assured that this fine body of men, with their splendid steam fire engine and apparatus, will arrive in Boston this month on a visit. We trust that the city will see that they are received in such a manner as will reflect credit upon Boston, and be a fitting welcome to so distinguished a body of men. They are descendants of Revolutionary sires and heroes, whose names illuminate and adorn the brightest pages of our country's history. This company was instituted in 1752, and founded by the society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and numbered in their ranks such men as Commodore John Barry, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, Blair McClenahan, Samuel Meredith, Hugh Shiel, John Dunlap, Col. Nixon, Col. McPherson, and nearly all the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—a society into which the Father of his Country, General George Washington, was adopted and inducted, partaking of their good cheer at the usual anniversaries. Twenty of these men subscribed nearly a half million of dollars to carry on the war of the Revolution, at a time when clouds and difficulties overspread the path of Washington and the Fathers of the Republic. The company was and is, composed of wealthy citizens of the Quaker city, and are in physical appearance, we understand, fully up to the standard, while in gentlemanly bearing they cannot be surpassed. Colonel Page, who commands them, is an old and an honored soldier of the war of 1812, and has filled the responsible positions of postmaster and collector. He is an able lawyer, and most highly respected.

The illustrious name of McDonough—a name which Britain felt on the lakes, and which is known to fame—alone boasts of having four brothers members of the company. We trust their advent among us will be the inauguration of a fraternity of feeling which will last forever, and that the good fellowship about to begin by this visit will lead to many happy reunions. The hospitality, warm feeling and discipline of the Boston firemen is proverbial, and on this occasion we expect they will render the visit of the Pennsylvania boys a happy one.

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[Written for the Irish Miscellany.]

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY WILLIAM H. DONAHUE.

I am dying, slowly dying,
I am fading from the earth,
When the leaf upon the willow
And the violet has its birth;
They will bend above my grave stone,
They will scent the balmy air;
But I shall not know their fragrance,
Or take heed that they are there.

I am growing fainter, fainter;
Every setting sun I see
Comes a whisper always saying,
It will rise no more for me.
Thus the summer, with its roses,
And the winter, with its snows,
Have gone, and still I'm waiting
For the church-yard's sweet repose.

I am sinking, surely sinking,
To the quiet of the tomb,
But it cannot chill my spirit,
For I think not of its gloom;
'Tis the doorway I must enter
To the endless bliss above,
Where shall rest the weary laden,
And shall know that 'God is love.'

Washington, November 9.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER;

—IN THE—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

THE DREAM.

While our regiment lay at Hounslow barracks, sometime in the year 183—, one of those barbarous scenes, called by the code a duel, was enacted on the Heath, between two young foreigners, a German and a Frenchman. It happened thus:—The German, a young man, accompanied by his mother, was on a visit to London, attending some business at the law courts; the object of their journey accomplished, they were on the eve of returning to Germany. Before their departure, however, the young gentleman visited one of those fashionable places of resort with which London abounds, viz: a club house. While there, the Frenchman, under the influence of wine, offered him a grievous insult; he demanded an explanation, and received a blow. Cards were exchanged, and the matter referred to their respective friends. The club-house, who instead of effecting an explanation, which both parties seemed to desire, insisted upon a deadly combat.

Why the principals in this sad affair consented to fight, after each had expressed a desire for an amicable arrangement, I am at loss to conceive. The Frenchman was satisfied to acknowledge that, while under the influence of drink, he had done wrong, and was willing to render an apology. The young German was satisfied to accept the apology. But so much mystery had their friends contrived to throw around the affair, that it was decided by them that nothing short of a combat would satisfy the offended 'laws of honor.'

The morning of the duel rose cold and clear, and, at about four o'clock, some eighteen persons—the writer amongst them—assembled on the Heath, and, after the usual preliminaries, the combatants were placed, the pistols loaded and handed to them, the signal was given, and both fired together, when the young German fell dead.

The investigators to the terrible affray fled the moment it was ascertained that their victim was dead, leaving the body to the care of strangers. An inquest was held, and a verdict of manslaughter returned against the principal and seconds—their

names to the jury unknown. He was buried in a churchyard near the Heath.

His widowed mother received a shock from which she never recovered. She returned to Hamburg, and soon after followed her murdered son to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. She left an only daughter, then about seventeen years of age. I have often thought of this melancholy affair, and, while in the neighborhood, used to visit the lonely spot, and brood over the fate of the young German; in fact, the circumstances made a deep and lasting impression upon me.

A short time after this, I had a most singular dream. I thought that I had the body of the German exhumed, and conveyed to Germany, where I saw it interred in the churchyard of his native city, where the ashes of his parents reposed; that when the funeral solemnities were ended, I returned with his sister to view the patrimony left her under such afflicting circumstances; that she then offered to make me her confidential agent, which I declined on account of being a soldier; that she urged upon me to purchase my discharge, and make Germany my place of abode. The day at length came, as I thought, for my return. I wished to see old Thames again, and to rejoice my old comrades, who were doing duty at Kensington, and that, on the morning, the most pressing inducements were urged by the young woman to encourage my stay; that matters were represented in so flattering a light, that to any young man, seeking a home and a wife, they must be clear; but still I persevered in declining, and, turning towards the German ocean, I soon found myself in the canteen, relating my adventures to my troop-mates—the younger ones approving my decision, while the old chaps said I was a fool for letting slip so good an offer. Such was the substance of this singular dream, which, with the sad event that no doubt gave rise to it, was soon forgotten or lost sight of in the busy and changing scenes of a soldier's life.

Five years afterwards I visited the city of Cork, having obtained at Ipswich, where we were stationed, a furlough for six weeks. At the time of my intended return, a succession of violent storms set in, the like of which had not occurred in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. In consequence of the severity of the weather, I was unable to return to time; I therefore had my furlough renewed by Colonel Turner for fourteen days additional time. Every attempt made by the steam-packets to reach English ports had failed; they were compelled to put back. The Killarney steam-packet was lost within fourteen miles of Cork, causing dreadful suffering and loss of life. This deterred me from venturing a voyage from Cork, so that I had a second time to obtain a renewal of my furlough. I then concluded to travel overland to Dublin.

It was a cold evening in the month of March that I took my seat in the mail-coach from Winthrop street for the capital. Amongst the passengers, my attention was soon attracted to a young woman. She was dressed in deep mourning, and seemed to be travelling without a companion. Her habits told of sorrow, and her silent, melancholy demeanor quietly repelled all intrusion from a stranger. Genuine sympathy fears to intrude upon real sorrow, however much it may desire to alleviate it.

Our passenger list consisted of five individuals—a gentleman and his wife, the young lady alluded to, another young man, and the writer. The weather, for an Irish climate, was intensely cold, and at each stopping-place the gentlemen got out to stretch their limbs, and attend somewhat to the comfort of the inner man.

I need hardly observe that it was not through lack of courtesy, or respect for the sex, that two young Irishmen hesitated to offer, at least, some attention to a lonely lady. Her silent, reserved, and

melancholy manner, in our eyes, seemed to forbid any attention upon our part, as an intrusion upon the sacredness of her grief. We, therefore, consulted with the married folks, who are more privileged in such cases than bachelors, and the husband resolved to offer her customary civilities. Accordingly, at the next stopping-place, he presented her with some cake and a glass of wine. She accepted the refreshments in a lady-like manner, thus manifesting that, notwithstanding her grief, she had a heart that could appreciate the kindness and courtesy of a stranger.

At a town called Durrow we stopped for supper, and it then became the duty of the bachelors to attend to the wants of the young lady. My companion and myself alternately supplied her wants until we arrived at Dublin. Here the married couple parted with us, and my companion continued his journey to the north, so that it became my duty to attend to the lonely traveller. I inquired how much further she intended to travel, and where she desired to stop for the present. She informed me that she wished to put up at a first class hotel, that she was on her way to London, and was a perfect stranger in the country, and had no knowledge of the place, and politely thanked me for my proffered services. I conducted her to the Imperial Hotel, and promised to call upon her on the evening in time to see her to the mail-coach, and, as I was going to London, should be happy to see her to her journey's end.

I spent the remainder of the day amongst old acquaintances, and thought little of my charge until it was time to prepare for the boat. I went to the hotel, and, after sending up my name, she came down, and, after a while, placed in my hands a purse to defray her expenses, and confidently placed herself under my protection.

She had already told me she was a foreigner. By her accent I took her to be French, and supposed that her visit to London might be to procure a situation as governess in some family among the 'upper crust'; but as she did not think fit to tell me the nature of her business, I considered it none of mine to pry into it.

We started for Liverpool, and although my thoughts naturally dwelt upon the strangeness of my position, as the voluntary chaperon of a young and interesting stranger, I was careful in avoiding the slightest hint of the kind to her. We appeared mutually pleased with each other; but still our conversations were limited to ordinary common place topics, or those connected with our journey. In due time we arrived at Liverpool. Making there a stay of but a few hours, we started for London, via Manchester and Birmingham. At the latter place, my charge found she had been travelling too fast for her strength, and had to lay up for a day's rest. Though I was most anxious to get back to my regiment, yet I felt loath to leave her alone before she'd arrived at the end of her journey, and, having some days of my last furlough yet to run, I determined to wait for her; this, indeed, she solicited, if I could at all comply without encroaching upon my previous arrangements.

During our stay here, I asked her what part of London she intended stopping in, and whether it was her intention to remain there any length of time. She told me that she had some business to do in London and a town in the western suburbs, and that she would like to get accommodations in some quiet, respectable house, for a short time, at the west end.

When we arrived in London, I procured lodgings for her in Tottenham-Court Road, for one month, with a privilege of renewing the term if desired, intending to take the steamer the next day for Ipswich; and reach home ere another night should close over me.

The young lady invited me to sup with her that

evening, and confer with her as to the business which had brought her to London. I cheerfully accepted the invitation, and after supper, when we were alone together, she said, with a sad smile—

'I am almost ashamed to communicate the nature of my business, but it has now become necessary, for did I allow such a friend as you to leave me, without advising with you, I do not know where to seek so kind a confidant.'

I assured her that I would cheerfully advise and aid her as though she were my sister.

She then produced a map of Hounslow Heath, with adjoining towns, villages and roads, and tracing the line through Hammersmith and Brentford on to the Heath. Resting her finger here, she said—

'This place is about thirteen miles from here. Here I wish to spend an hour. Here my only brother, my only friend in life, was shot in a duel some five years ago. The blow was too much for my poor mother, who sank beneath the affliction and soon followed him to the grave.'

At this point in her narration, I involuntarily started, and gazed earnestly and inquiringly into her face. Too much absorbed, however, in the recollections which the melancholy history awakened to notice my manner, she continued—

'Here, in this churchyard, he was buried,' pointing to Isleworth, 'and I have come to fulfil a promise made to my dying mother, and to carry out my long cherished desires, by removing his dear remains to our own country—to fatherland.'

I remained riveted in attention, while she produced some of the London papers, published at the time of the duel, containing the facts given in evidence at the coroner's jury. She then continued—

'I am alone in the world, and although above its necessities, yet I had a want, one that could never be satisfied. I have never known happiness since the deaths of brother and mother. I have long resolved to remove hence the remains of my own dear brother, and lay them beside his parents. It has been my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. I will do it now.'

She burst into tears. I took up the Times, and, placing my finger upon my own name, I called her attention to it, telling her that, in me, she beheld one of the eye-witnesses of the tragedy; that I had seen her brother alive, had seen him fall, and that I was the person, there named, who gave evidence in the case of the inquest. I produced my furlough to show her that the names were identical. I at once resolved to accompany her, assuring her that, without the aid of any map, I would show her the spot where her brother met his death, and where his body lay interred.

Were it not that she knew I belonged to the army, and that I showed her letters addressed to me while at home, she might well be excused for doubting the truth of my statement, so singular were the coincidences which it involved. She was, however, convinced, and now earnestly entreated me not to leave her until her sad mission had been fulfilled.

Next morning I fulfilled my promise, and guided her to the places of her poor brother's death and burial, and, on again leaving her at her lodgings, it was with strong feelings of regret duty compelled me to say—'farewell.'

I returned to my old companions in arms, and resumed my duty. In a few days afterwards the colonel sent for me, and, after some conversation about the storm, which had detained me, he at length alluded to the duel on the Heath, at Hounslow, to which I had been a witness. He drew from me the particulars of my strange meeting and subsequent acquaintance with the young lady; after which he told me that I was at liberty to return to London, wait upon, and aid her until she had fully

completed the pious mission which had induced her to leave her home.

'I cannot,' said he, 'withhold my love and approval from such a purpose.'

I immediately took advantage of the permission thus cordially given, and lost no time in waiting upon my late companion, who was overjoyed to see me, and received me with all the open and unreserved confidence of manner which real and sincere friendship always inspires. We at once proceeded to London—for I should mention that she had come down to Ipswich, and had an interview with the colonel—and having made all the necessary arrangements, the body was exhumed by permission of the authorities, and by aid of an undertaker was properly laid for transportation.

That duty being fulfilled, and everything being in readiness for her departure for home, the young lady made me certain proposals, which, had I accepted, would, no doubt, have eventually resulted in establishing a more intimate relationship between us. But, as I preferred to see a little more of the world before I settled down in the character of a Benedict, the married man, I felt constrained to decline her generous offers, and feign of their probable purport. I accompanied her on board the steamer in which she took passage for home, and, on parting, she presented me with a handsome souvenir to keep in remembrance the most singular friendship I had ever contracted.

In the year 1840, a great fire occurred in the city of Hamburg. Many people went over from England to view the ruins of that city, the writer among others. On this occasion, I again, for the last time, saw the heroine of my story at her own home. She was then a happy wife, and mother of several children. She received me with the warmest and most cordial friendship. I still correspond with her husband.

Thus was my nocturnal vision almost literally realized five years after I had dreamed it.

QUACKS--THEOLOGICAL, MEDICAL AND POLITICAL.

Boston, Nov. 4, 1853.

Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

Dear Sir—Every one will admit that in these United States the above-named precocious professors are allowed a larger latitude than is safe for either morals, patient, or nation.

Being myself willing to rest my salvation on truths of Divine Revelation, I have no sympathy in common with Free Love, Mormonism, Millerism, or any other of the thousand and oneisms growing out of the heated and befogged brain of an inebriate or a maniac.

Being blessed with a tolerable good constitution, I have to thank the Giver of all good that I am not necessitated to seek the advice or assistance of the second person in this odious trio; but, believing that for every ill which flesh is heir to, the Great Giver of good has also provided a cure. Who is so likely to know what to administer as those men who have made medicine and men their study from boyhood to grey hairs, consuming oceans of midnight oil, probing the secrets of the kingdoms, animal, vegetable and mineral? Believing the above, the best advice to give a sick man, in my opinion, is to consult a doctor. Let him be sure he has no bogus M. D. to drug him; and, if it is God's will, he will recover; if not, he will die.

With the third person in the American family of quacks, with your permission, I will make a few more extended remarks, it being more dangerous in a national point of view. As it is with individuals, so it often is with nations. Now, sir, would it not be a deplorable sight to see a strong, healthy, vigorous and fat fellow, like Uncle Sam, persuaded he was ailing, and humbugged into the belief that he wanted copious bleeding, made to strip off his good suit (the Constitution), and lie down on a bed of moral reform, there to be blistered with Black Republicanism, and dosed with

the bigotry of Know Nothingism. For this magnificent Liberator and philanthropic course of treatment the quacks would only require that our good Uncle would grow no taller nor broader; that lovely creatures in crinoline should practice at the bar, in the pulpit, and strut in bloomer costume on the hustings; put fat and greasy negroes into gubernatorial chairs, and consider men born in Ireland connecting links between men and monkeys; that it requires twenty-one years residence to place him upon a level, intellectually and nationally, with the black man; but, above all, that none but those to the 'manor born' should ever taste a tea-spoonful of treasury pap.

This gigantic swindle was attempted a short time since, and had partially succeeded; but the physician came (one James Buchanan), kicked the quacks out of door, set the half-starved dupe (Sam) on his feet again, gave him a good suit of Buckskin, touched all the sore spots with a Democratic salve, administered ballot-box pills, gave him a Union walking-kane in his hand, a declaration of Independence in his hat, and sent him forth rejoicing. Thanks to that good practitioner, the patient is now convalescent.

Really, Mr. Editor, it is amusing to hear these men rave about their Pilgrim and revolutionary fathers; self constituted patriots, they forget that there were revolutionary cow-boys as well; that the latter were as eighty per cent to the former, and that they have, to a greater extent, observed the divine injunction, 'increase and multiply,' the participants in war not having time to spare for that mutually benefitting command. As well might the leopard think to change his spots as one of those gentlemen to hide his origin. You will not be in his company many minutes before he will give you unmistakable evidence of his cow-boy descent.

There is an old saying that 'he who forgets a favor done must be lowly born.' It is particularly applicable to the class we allude to. They are never willing to acknowledge the services of such men as Montgomery, Lafayette, or De Calb. They done it all themselves, or else they will tell you those noble souls gave their fortunes and shed their blood for interested motives; anything but from love for liberty.

Mr. Editor, you may be sure the sons of noble revolutionary sires never burned convents, or were guilty of sawing the head called after the hero of New Orleans from the bow of a national ship, or of breaking a slab of marble, intended for a national monument to the Father of his Country, for no other reason than because it was presided by the most liberal man and Christian that perhaps ever occupied the Papal chair—the only monarch in Europe that stooped to the same condescension—the only monarch in Europe that has expressed to our Genoese ex Consul, E. C. Lester, the liveliest interest and sympathy towards our country.

No, sir, the sons of true revolutionary sires can be found following the honest and honorable pursuits of life with credit to themselves and honor to their country, insulting nobody, and by nobody insulted. You can also find a fair proportion of their mouldering bones scattered over every field of Mexico, more than enough to direct the stranger from the Rio Grande to Monterey, from Vera Cruz to the capital, while the American of the new school and one idea can be found peddling pe-n-us and pop-corn, or, during the war, busied themselves crying extras with the latest news. And, to cap the climax, they pervert the English language by calling themselves Americans and Republicans. I had hoped that the late election would have seen their race run. We must wait, however, till public sentiment through the ballot-box, not long hence, I hope, will give them down the Banks. With much respect, I subscribe myself yours,

A MARSH BOY.

GAZING before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unutilized from the reflection of evil, and is illuminated and beautified by all sweet thoughts.

IRELAND AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

Charles Lever, in that splendid romance of his, now in course of publication, entitled 'Davenport Dunn,' has delineated the working of a great, thorough, silent revolution, which, under the auspices of government, has taken place in the social condition of Ireland. It treats of the creation of a new gentry—the formation of an economical order of landed proprietors—the obliteration of the debts, miseries, and multiplied embarrassments of five hundred years. To the humanitarian, no sadder spectacle has presented itself during the past half of the nineteenth century, than the impoverished condition of a noble island—in itself capable of supporting a denser population than any part of Europe—yet destined to witness the savage scenes of creditors turned to beasts of prey, and debtors migrating in millions, from the homes of their fathers, to escape the prison or the poor-house. England, too, which had before successfully governed nations, from the dusky Hindoo to the far-off trapper of the Hudson Bay, had failed in this instance to make of Ireland anything but a recruiting ground for her regiments, and a source of constant terror to her government. Revolution and misery went hand in hand, and each attempt to ameliorate the condition of society seemed only to breed fresh disorder. It was in such condition that the bold undertaking was planned, projecting a relief to Ireland from debt and discredit, and the development of every industrial resource that could contribute to the happiness of her people. Heroic statesmanship was required to devise such expedient and determined spirit to carry out the details of application; but it was done, and, under the operation of the Encumbered Estates Bills, we find that a revolution has been effected. The present state of Ireland resulting from this course of legislation is as different from its former state as Prussia is from Italy, or Massachusetts from Mexico. The Irish papers, too, that have never heretofore indicated favor toward government policy, except this at last from their strictures, and in the files brought by the last steamer, give some very favorable summaries of results. Amongst others, we find an abstract of the proceedings of the Encumbered Estates Court, from the filing of the first petition on the 25th of October, 1846, to 31st of August, 1858, being the termination of the ninth and last session of the commission. This document is a highly instructive and suggestive one. It appears that the total amount of purchase money received by the court between the above dates was £23,161,093 6s. 7d., and the gross amount of funds distributed £21,934,696 0s 9d, leaving a balance on hand of £1,526,397 5s 10d. The amount of purchase money paid by English, Scotch and foreign buyers was only £3,160,224, leaving a residue of £2,000,809 6s 7d amongst the Irish purchasers. Thus, it will be seen that nearly twenty-two millions of hopeless indebtedness have been cleared off, and the industry and productive resources of Ireland benefitted nominally to the same, but, in reality, to a much larger amount. Once liberated from the incubus of this enormous burden, fructified by the capital returned to it through indirect channels, the soil of Ireland will show that it is fully capable of sustaining a population much larger than it has hitherto supported. The Irish laborer can henceforth earn wages sufficient to support his family in comfort, because the future holders of the land will be free from debt, and have the means of cultivating it. In this connection, a contemporary, the N. Y. Herald, in discussing the same change, well says:—

'There is one curious fact connected with the measure which has worked out these great changes and is worth mentioning. The pride of family is, as is well known, one of the strongest sentiments which animates the Irish heart. All classes are more or less influenced by it, and the commonest laborer who can claim a pure Milesian descent, is as proud of it as the oldest ennobled families of the invasion are of theirs.'

One of the greatest difficulties which legislators had to deal with in devising a remedy for the social evils by which Ireland was afflicted, was that of breaking up the strong ties which bound the people to their old

traditions. When the Encumbered Estates act was first resolved upon, it was apprehended by many that it would lead to an immense influx of English and Scotch proprietors, and excite warfare between the adherents of the old families and the new ones. So far from this anticipation being realized, it will be seen from the figures that only a seventh of the whole amount of property sold has passed into foreign hands, whilst the remainder has been purchased by Irish capitalists. It has been ascertained, curious to say, that a large proportion of these latter are branches of the families of the original proprietors, who, having had the good sense to prefer honest industry to helpless dependence, were enabled to amass sufficient money in trade to purchase back portions of the estates, which the improvidence of their elders had sacrificed. From these views of the successful social reform now progressing in Ireland, we may safely set it down that two results will follow—first, Ireland will rapidly advance in wealth, not less than in commercial and political importance in the British Union, and, second, the migrations from there to the Western World will no longer be on the scale that has hitherto so startled staticians in this country, but will subside to a very moderate outflow of people.

TOURING IT IN IRELAND.

All Europe, observes the Galway Vindicator, has become unclassic ground. The footsteps of cocknies are everywhere, and the Smiths and Joneses have engraved their English patronymics on all things perforable from Paris to Athens. Up the Rhine and down the Danube are handbooks 'ad nauseam,' and in our own day we have seen the ultra comic notion of Tom Moore turned into a veritable fact, and

Some Mrs. Tomkins taking tea
And toast, upon the walls of China.

Childe Harold could not now find a sacred spot on which to build a foot of poetry, or give vent to one of his magnificent outbursts. The trail of the serpent is over it all, and the glories of Greek, Roman, and Egyptian, like the puddled snow, are trodden under the heels of an irredeemable vulgarity. Men now wander over Alps and Pyrenees with their Guides in their hands and little curiosity in their heads, glance at the Coliseum, to feel merely the chill of ruins, and look down Vesuvius only to see nothing in it. Tourists are used up, and European scenery used down. Even the United States is overdone, and the Falls of Niagara, lispingly pronounced to be 'pretty' by the Bow-bell denizens who 'have been roaming' in the neighborhood of that avalanche of mighty waters. Xerxes offered a reward for a new pleasure; who shall find out a spot uncontaminated and uncocknified for those who wander to and fro on the face of the earth?

Ireland is yet a virgin soil in this particular. She combines within herself the home simplicity of England, the scenery of the Rhine, and the wild grandeur of Switzerland. The foreign intercourse with this country must, from henceforward, be larger than that of most European kingdoms. Business and pleasure will combine for this influx of strangers. Embarkation from Galway to the New World will bring men from all quarters.

The Americans are as great tourists as the English. They will now swarm to Connemara, the Giant's Causeway, and the bosky beauty of Wicklow. To many continental people, Ireland was a sealed book. They only knew the people through the ignorant misrepresentations of their character, as the land itself through the history of her wrongs, her famines, and her compulsory exiles. All this must be changed, and, as an instance of what may be expected from it, we quote the following from the London Athenæum, an organ of British taste and literature of the highest character:—

'From the Golden Vale, near Mallow, where, 'if you stick a shillelagh in the ground at night, you won't see it when you get up in the morning,' to the barest summit of the Paps, where that keen anatomist, the carrion crow, sits speculating upon the internal structure of a lamb's eye, Ireland delights us. Every one

writes against the absentee landlord; why does no one rail at the travellers who avoid the Causeway, and go delighted to see a less curious thing further off at Staffa—who are ignorant of the terrific wildness of the Grey Man's Path, where the devil sits clapping his black hands, black ever since he dived them at Liverpool in the slave trade, and fuss off the Mauviss Pass at Chamouni, which, compared with our Antrim lion, is but a flea bite? We suppose the near will always be snubbed for the distant—Julia, the wife, for some disreputable Cleopatra of the imagination—the near Downs for the far off mountains. It will take three hundred years before we Englishmen discover that Ireland is not all bog and barrenness; that strangers are not always shot from behind hedges; that Connemara is fairlyland, and Killarney heaven. Till then, we can but utter our protest, and entreat tourists to become General Wades, and cut out roads of their own. Ireland is cheap and accessible; the people generally speak English, and are the drollest in the world.—They are grateful, witty, generous, polite, obliging, and, as to their women, beautiful. Those who like can talk English, those who like can grapple with new and poetical language, that has its own epics, romances and fairy stories. It is our own land, too, bought with our blood and money. There is Antrim for coast, for cliff and caves—Mayo, for wild beauty—Killarney, for enchantment—Kerry, generally for mountains—and Connemara for everything—wild as Tartary, beautiful as the unoccupied world, ere the gate of Paradise was barred and death placed to ward it. Go by Wales, and dream in the railway carriage that you are sitting opposite to Welsh kings, who have taken 'first-class returns' to Dublin. In a sleep you are borne across. The railway brings you to town, a fierce jaunting-car skims you to the Gresham or the Bilton, and Nelson from his pillar greets you. A new sun shines on you; you are in the shamrock land, and over the city houses are blue mountains, just as when the Normans began their agitation here ages ago. Again, in conclusion, we say, let the traveller, who has not seen Ireland, go; stand not upon the order of his going, but go at once. Let him scare the eagle from Benabola and the Twelve Pins, and look down on Lough Corrib, Lough Mask, as he lies on heath and 'silver leaf,' eye-bright, gentian, barberry, and maidenhair. Let him botanise, or legendise, shoot or make love, bring down grouse or statistics, chase wild ducks or stills, chum with revenue officers, feast at ends kept by friendly Vicars of Wakefield, and return with less desire to catch lobsters in the North Seas, when such an Arabian Nights' world is open to him in a few hours' steam. The Devil's Glen, or Poocha's Waterfall, Fin MacCoul's Causeway, or the Grey Man's Path, O'Sullivan's Cave, or the O'Donoghue's Lake, each, or all, would fill his mind with visions of beauty for many a foggy London day.'

A SINGULAR instance of the miraculous fidelity of history occurred the other day by the discovery of a number of ancient Roman coins in a field near Driffield. It seems that the ploughshare displaced a piece of slate from the mouth of a vessel embedded in the earth. A boy thrust his hand into what proved to be a vase of earthenware, which, on examination, was found to contain 84 pounds weight of Roman coins, many of them in fine preservation, and all of very high antiquity. Many bear the head and name of Constantina, and are referable to the third century. Some of the coins were evidently struck about 285 A. D., by Magnētius, who was entrusted with the government of Britain, but rebelling against his government at home, and setting up on his own account, usurped for some time the government of several provinces. The coins struck by Magnētius bear, round a well executed head, 'D. N. Magna,' but the other letters are obliterated. On the other side in the center is a large character like a P, crossed in the middle by two sword-like lines, with the characters N. V. S. inserted in the spaces. Round the centre device is the following, 'Salus DD. NN. Aug. et Cæcæ, P. P. L. C.'

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

A DONEGAL LANDLORD SHOT.—The Rev. Mr. Nixon, a Donegal landlord, has been shot. He was not killed, however. The reverend gentleman is, we believe, likely to recover from the effects of the wound inflicted on him. As yet the perpetrators of the deed are undiscovered, and as to the motive which inspired them, there exists some uncertainty. Private affairs are darkly hinted at in several of the letters bearing on the subject that we have seen, and in the communications published by some of the public journals; others attribute the act to peasant vengeance, and say the o'er bent bow has broken. However this may be, we sincerely hope that the reverend gentleman, during his progress to convalescence, will meditate seriously on his past course, and ask his own heart whether, though it may be quite legal, it is morally right to reduce a number of his fellow men to want and rage and perpetual sorrow; whether it be consistent with the gospel he preaches to grasp and gripe for the hard-earned money of the poor, to go on from day to day increasing the rents and rates of this unhappy tenantry, taking every day another coal from their little fires, another pinch out of their miserable meals, another shred from their scanty clothing, another rag from off their wretched beds, chilling their life blood, darkening their hopes, withering up their hearts—let him ask himself how it accords with the teachings of that Christianity which he has promised to inculcate, to fill the land around him with grief and discontent, till every man looks careworn and every woman looks sad, and little children looked pinched and sorrowful; till marriages are mournful things and births are felt as calamities. Let him ask himself how far St. Paul, or any one of the Twelve Apostles—unless, perhaps, that one amongst them who yearned for thirty pieces of silver, and earned them—would be from imposing a tax on those who would go to gather sea-weed for lack of better food, or from keeping an unfortunate tenantry continually under notice to quit. Let him think over these things while recovering from the effects of his wound, and with God's blessing a better spirit may spring up within him; he may perceive the error of his ways, and resolve to do better for the future, and perhaps he will arise, blessing, as an instrument of a good Providence, the man who fired the slugs at him last Sunday.—[Dublin Nation.

THE MOST REV. THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.—It is with unfeigned pleasure that we announce the gratifying intelligence which has been received from Rome, relative to the improved health of his Grace the Archbishop. It is stated that this improvement was even visible during his Grace's journey to the Eternal City. There his subsequent reception was most cordial as well as most flattering. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster's kindness and courtesy to his Grace whilst in London is also gracefully alluded to in the private communications which have reached us—a circumstance which is calculated to deepen the favorable impression made by Cardinal Wiseman during his visit to Ireland. As regards our revered Archbishop, every one must take a lively interest in all that concerns him, and in the state of his health especially. His incessant labors in the cause of religion—in guarding and warning the poor against the wiles and artifices of the proselytising confederacies that are inundating the land, and his triumphant success in baffling the insidious machinations of the Patriotic Commissioners, are all fresh in our memory. We trust, therefore, that his Grace may soon return to us, with restored health, to resume the high functions which he so eminently fitted to discharge.—[Nation.

The Dundalk, Midland, and Warrenpoint Railway Companies, together with the Dundalk Steam Company, have agreed to abandon the opposition which they have carried on for upwards of two years at a mutual loss to each. This desirable reconciliation has been effected through the intercession of Mr. J. O. Lever. It is stated that the sum of £100,000 has been sacrificed by this contest.

FILIAL PIETY.—The kindness of the Irish emigrant to his poor friends in the old land has been often proudly recorded by the recipients of kindly remembrance and good will. And the home that looked so desolate as its props departed has been made to brighten up and look joyful by the love substantially shown of the departed ones. A rather striking example of this occurred a few days ago in this neighborhood (Bailiebro') namely, the sending of £100 to a father from a son. Five years ago the generous sender (John McCabe, Dromore) sailed for Australia with a wife, a heavy heart, and an empty purse. A stranger in a strange land, knowing no one, known to none, without a trade or a friend to teach him one, he engaged as a driver with a coach-owner. Being remarkable always for steady industry, and honesty, and sobriety, he very quickly succeeded in gaining the good-will of his master. He now occupies the position which his first and last master held, has the contract for conveying the mails 200 miles of road, is the owner of 150 horses, and is accounted a rising man in that world of gold. This is not his only present—he has sent several large sums at various times, and promises to send more.—[Meath People.

GAS IN KILLARNEY.—It is with satisfaction we feel ourselves enabled to announce that a project for the formation of a company under the provisions of the Limited Liability Act, for introducing gas into Killarney, has been spiritedly received there, the requisite capital having been subscribed for within the brief space of a week. The list of directors will include the most respected names in the locality—names in themselves the guarantee of success and good faith. Tenders for contracts to lay mains and erect gas works are to be issued forthwith. Certainly, the Killarney people do not fail in self-reliance or public spirit, when a legitimate object for its exercise is presented to them. We have been informed that when this project was submitted to Lord Castlerosse he at once subscribed for a fourth of the entire capital of the company; and that nearly every individual interested in the welfare of Killarney readily followed the noble lord's liberal example, each according to his resources.—[Tralee Chronicle.

PROSPERITY OF THE COUNTRY.—A correspondent of the Munster News, in exposing the hollowness and falseness of this cant, says:—'Any one who recollects Kerry since 1827, will find it hard to recognise the traits of this prosperity—unless, indeed, it be comparative with the state of the county in 1846, '47, '48 and '49. Where now are the respectable, independent men who thronged in well-mounted and equipped 'fields,' to meet the 'Greenah hounds,' in the valley of the Gweeston? Where are the O'Sullivan of Corbally—the Foleys of Angolare; the Leslies, the Thompsons; the endless list of brave, stalwart, independent fellows; those Ajaxes of Civil and Religious Liberty? They are gone—driven out, and their farms given at raised rents to men who were their servants and laborers, because these latter can subsist on buttermilk and refuse, and manage by scrapings of extra butter made from mangolds, cabbage and turnips—butter of which they themselves scarce know the taste—to pay the raised rent while high prices favor them. Because this is so the country is 'prosperous.'

A correspondent informs us that in many parts of the county of Limerick, particularly Newcastle, Rathkeale, Ashtown, and Pallaskey, the potatoes are so much injured by the disease, that not more than one half of them are fit for use, and in many cases not more than one-third. Still, from the quantity planted this year, and the crop in general being so abundant in quantity, if the disease does not affect those put in pits, there will not, it is hoped, be any scarcity of this necessary description of food. With regard to the crops in this county also, we regret to say that the disease has been spreading considerably for some time past in various districts.—[Clare Freeman.

MARRIAGE OF LORD EGLINTON.—The correspondent of the Times says the report respecting the marriage of the Lord Lieutenant with the Lady Adela

Capel is correct. The Earl of Essex, the bride's father, is the possessor of large estates in Roscommon, where his lordship has been recently a visitor. The Viceregal nuptials are to be taken place on Tuesday, and the ceremony is to be strictly private.

The Admiralty have issued orders for moorings to be laid down at Galway for the convenience of the Northern Atlantic Steampacket Company's vessels in the harbor of Galway.

INDIA.

The following message was received at the East India House, on Monday, Oct. 25, at 9 P. M., by James C. Melville, Esq., from H. M. Anderson, Esq., Secretary to the government, dated Bombay, September 27, 1858:—

OUDE.—A successful attack on a body of rebels, numbering about three thousand, posted on an island of the Gogra, took place on the 19th instant. Two companies of Europeans, the Kuppethela Contingent, and some of Hodson's Horse, attacked and drove them out of their entrenched position on the island, killing, it is reported, one thousand. The artillery fire did great execution amongst the fugitives, and also sunk two boats laden with the enemy. Two of the rebel leaders are reported to be among the slain; the British loss severe.

CENTRAL INDIA.—The Gwalior rebels are still at Seronge, but it is thought that they will make an attempt to cross the Nerbudda, between Saugor and Bilsa. The following is the present position of the columns of British troops serving in Central India:—

Major General Michel, commanding Malwa Field Force at Bilsa; Brigadier Parke, with Neemuch Field Force, at Sarungpoore, and Brigadier Smith, moving with his force from Goona towards Seronge. The first Cavalry reinforcement for Central India, consisting of Guzerat and Galkwar Horse, from Dohad, under command of Captain Buckle, was expected at Porein yesterday.

The Bombay Presidency is quiet.

Montgomery Martin estimates at two hundred thousand five hundred millions the capital withdrawn in India from circulation and absorbed by England during fifty years. Thus, he adds, the situation of the country might be compared to that of a man deprived of nourishment, and from whom a quantity of blood is every day drawn. What is to be expected? Atrophy and death.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

A case recently came before one of the Paris law courts, which shows that in that city the manufacture of antiques any curiosities of all kinds is practised on a grand scale. The young Messrs. de Rothschild, who are ardent antiquaries, bought about £1,000 worth of objects presented to be 'antiques' of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but which turned out to have been made only a few months before by a skillful Paris trader. The imitations were so astonishingly perfect—being colored, chipped, cracked, patched, and mended, exactly like real antiques—that one of the most knowing dealers in such things was deceived by them.

A terrible affair is impending in consequence of the discovery said to have been made by the English portion of the family of a lady lately married to an Italian prince, and which fills with dismay every member of the high race to which the lady belongs. The title of the 'soi disant' prince is said to be of a like purchase, and the prince himself, not many years ago, a cook in the service of one of the clubs in London. Having been dispatched to Vienna by the club upon some errand in connexion with his calling, he entered into a speculation in sheep, and, in a very few years, realised the splendid fortune of which he is now master. The fortune has enabled him to marry into a family connected with the highest aristocracy of both England and France.—[Court Journal.

GENERAL NEIL has presented Napoleon with the first copy of the journal of the works executed by the French engineers during the siege of Sebastopol.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL.

BY J. E. F.

No 15.—Public Buildings in Dublin.

To-day, our last in Ireland, we visited several places of interest. Early in the morning we proceeded by rail to the famous 'Hill of Howth,' passing by Clontarf, ever memorable in Irish history as being the place on which the Danes, under Sitric, and the Irish, under Brian Boru, fought their last great battle, which resulted in the defeat of the former, and a loss to the latter of 11,000 men, together with their leader and his eldest son. It is now a scattered town, containing but few good houses and an ancient castle.

Arriving at the station, we ascended the hill to the village of Howth. Here are the ruins of Howth Abbey, built in the early part of the thirteenth century, which, from its situation, would seem half abbey, half fortress. The ground adjacent is used as a burial place, and the interior of the ruined abbey is yet used by the Earls of Howth as a place of sepulchre for themselves and families, and their ancestors of many bygone generations rest here.

Ascending the highest point on the hill above the town, the view is very fine. The beautiful scenery of the bay, Kingstown, Booterstown, and Blackrock, on the opposite side, and, like clouds in the distance, the Wicklow mountains, make a beautiful picture.

Returning to the city, we paid a visit to Christ Church Cathedral, founded in 1018 by a Danish archbishop, and afterwards enlarged by Richard Strongbow, Raymond Le Gros, and others of that ilk. About the year 1163, it was enlarged by the celebrated Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin. It was a Catholic church until 1541, when Henry VIII., of infamous memory, converted it into a Protestant one. In the nave is an ancient monument to Richard Strongbow, first and principal invader of Ireland, who died in 1169. It is a rough imitation, in stone, of a knight in armor. There is also a smaller figure beside it, which has been apparently cut in two. There is a tradition which says that this figure represents Strongbow's son, who was cut in two by one blow of his father's sword, for having ingloriously fled from battle.

Of the monuments in the choir, that to Robert, 19th Earl of Kildare, is the handsomest. There are old inscriptions here in Latin, and a very handsome testimonial, carved in oak, representing a family of the olden time grouped in prayer, is near the pulpit.

On our way to dinner, we passed Dublin Castle, where the heads of the government department of Ireland have their offices, and where many noble souls ended their days for loving their country, 'not wisely, but too well.' It was here Shane O'Neill's head was stuck on a pole, after being murdered by the treachery of an English officer.

Mountjoy square, at the other side of the city, now the residence of rich people, in '93 was waste-land, and used to be a great place for the patriots to meet and lay plans for their country's freedom. We also visited the old City Prison, in Green street, where many of those patriots were incarcerated, and in which several went to their last home.

In the afternoon, we paid a short visit to Kilmaham, and passed through the grounds adjoining the Royal Hospital, where pensioners, after having spent years in the service of the enemy of their country, and who show it by scars and the loss of limbs, are accommodated with lodgings and board at a cheap rate. I do not see how it can well be otherwise, for the pensions some of them receive is barely sufficient to keep them in the necessities of life.

Near this is the old burying-ground known as 'Bully's Acre,' where, it is said, Murdock, Brian Boru's eldest son, is buried, together with a great number of those who fell in the battle of Clontarf. It is at present used for burials, and has been since the cholera raged here some twenty-five years ago.

Returning to the city, we paid a flying visit to the Museum of Irish Industry, in Stephen's Green. The entrance hall is fitted up as a cabinet of Irish marbles,

the exceeding beauty of which will not fail to strike the visitor. The galleries contain much of interest to agriculturalists and geologists, as exhibiting the soils of various parts of Ireland. There is here a fine skeleton of the Irish elk, now extinct, and many other articles interesting to antiquarians.

Approaching Dublin Castle is the City Hall, lately the Royal Exchange. In the lower hall there is a full length marble statue of O'Connell, by Hogan, one of Grattan, by Chantrey, and also one of the late Dr. Lucas. It is in this building the Dublin corporation transact their business.

Crossing the Liffey by Whitworth Bridge, we have a view of the old brated Four Courts. As this is session time, let us take a look within the hall. The first thing that an American will notice is the wig and gown of the barrister, some of whom look oddly enough in their riges, especially when young men. Scenes here are thus described in a guide book:—'Grave looking lawyers, and sometimes grave looking clients, in close council with their attorneys, waiting for the moment when their case shall be called on; briefless barristers endeavoring to look as busy as possible; a crowd of witnesses and juries sprinkled here and there, with vendors of wonderful hundred-bladed knives and watch guards; clients haunting for their attorneys, and attorneys hunting for their clients; and groups talking on all subjects, from affairs of the state to the state of the weather.'

Here some of the brightest ornaments of the bar sauntered and lounged, unnoticed and unknown, waiting for that tide in the affairs of men, &c., leads to fortune.' Here, in the 'good old times,' were often arranged those little preliminaries to insure a peaceable 'fight in the Fifteen Acres.' Time was, when in Dublin, at least, a barrister should be ready at a moment's notice to fight for his client with other weapons than such as at present the law recognises.

On our way to the quay of the Liverpool steamer, we passed the Custom House, a magnificent structure, erected at a cost of \$2,500,000; but the commerce of Dublin is totally inadequate to occupy so extensive a building.

Seven o'clock, P. M.—The steamer 'Duke of Cambridge' is slowly moving out from the dock, and was soon steaming it down the bay. The 'Green Isle' is fast disappearing, and evening shades are each moment making more indistinct the Hill of Howth.

Nine o'clock.—The last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see, and we descend to the cabin, pleased and satisfied with our trip to Ireland.

HOW TO TAKE LIFE.—Take life like a man. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it, as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be a heart-broken, brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one thing of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort! If we knew better how to take and make the most of life it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he take hold of life with a purpose. If a man but says he will, and follows it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.

Weak light in the world comes principally from two sources—the sun and the student's lamp.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

JUDGE NORRICHY, of notorious memory, pointing to a man who was about to be tried, said, 'There is a rogue at the end of my cane.' The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, said, 'At which end, my lord?'

A retotaler the other day asked a neighbor if he was not inclined to the temperance society, and he replied: 'Yes; for when he saw liquor his mouth watered.'

A young carpenter having been told that 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' took his plane under his arm when he went courting.

It is said that bleeding a partly blind horse at the nose will restore him to sight—so much for the horse. To open a man's eyes, you must bleed him at the pocket.

In an address to a French electoral community, the candidate stated that he had shed all his blood for his country, and was ready to shed it again.

A Dublin mercer, recommending a piece of silk to a lady for a gown, said, 'Madam, it will wear forever, and make a petticoat afterwards.'

A burglar was caught last week in P— with twenty-three watches in his possession. He was the greatest 'thief of time' we ever heard of expect 'procrastination.'

LUNAR BEAUX—Says an astronomer to a bright-eyed girl, when talking of rainbows, 'Did you ever see a lunar beaux, miss?' 'I have seen beaux of moonlight, if that's what you mean,' was the sly rejoinder.

'JOHN,' said a Cockney solicitor to his son, 'I see you'll never do for an attorney; you have no benery.' 'Kuss me, father,' replied John, 'What I want is some of your chickenary.'

The author of 'Tristram Shandy,' who knew human nature pretty well, says—'A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him that a drunken man has when he is sober.'

A witness having told a magistrate that he was a penman, was asked where he wielded his pen, and he replied that he penned sheep in Smithfield market.

A pretty woman pleases the eye; a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

'WHAT is the matter, Julia, you look as sorrowful as a sick lap-dog!' 'O, don't perplex me, that's a dear! my grief is too great for utterance. I've had such an awful vision! I actually dreamed that Rosa Smith had got a new silk dress!'

A debating society have under consideration the question, 'Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?' The result is expected to be—'No!'

A waggish candidate coming in the course of his canvass to a tailor's shop, 'what we look for here,' said he, 'are measures, not men.'

KIRWAN says that a pious Scotchman used to pray, 'O Lord keep me right—for thou knowest that if I do go wrong, it is very hard to turn me.'

A few nights since, in New York, a serenading party, after spending an hour in producing the most dulcet strains, were informed by a polite watchman that 'nobody lived there.'

A Yankee chap down in Holt, Kansas, occupying an old guerres wagon by the roadside, was discovered a short time since washing and scouring an old gun barrel. On being asked what he intended to do with it, he replied that he was fixing it up to go into the retail liquor business, and to avoid the law, was going to make use of the tube instead of the glasser, thereby making it apopant, beyond dispute, that he was selling liquor by the barrel. The fellow is doing a thriving business. A great many persons have been 'shot in the neck' by the novel contrivance.

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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 42.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

SCENERY AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.

About four miles from Finglas, or Fioun Glass, 'the fair or pleasant green,' once the favorite residence of the great St. Patrick, stands a few ecclesiastical remains, known in the present day as St. Columb's Church. Formerly there was a monastery, founded as early as 512 by the famous St. Columbkille, who appointed St. Finian Lobhair, or the Lesser, as its abbot, and to whom he gave what in those times was a rare treasure—a missal or copy of the Gospels, written by himself. In course of time, this monastery became very opulent, for in connection with it there were, in addition to the church, of which our artist has given us a fine view, four other churches or chapels, and nine inferior chapels, subservient to the parent church. Hence, on the institution of the collegiate church of St. Patrick in Dublin, it ranked as the first of the thirteen canopies attached to that cathedral by Archbishop Comyn, and was subsequently known by the appellation of the 'Golden Prebend,' on account of its great value, arising out of its considerable demesne, and tithes issuing from a large and fertile district. Of these numerous edifices, few in the present day remain to tell of their former magnificence. There

is only the modern church, the old abbey belfry, and a round tower seventy-three feet in height, to give an idea of the grandeur of the olden time. Of the round tower, we may observe, in addition to what we stated on a former occasion, that these singular relics of a remote age are by many individuals presumed to have been sepulchral monuments. This theory has, in our opinion, been but faintly controverted, and such a fact as the following is worth more than a tome of speculative argument. Some time since, Mr. O'Dell, the proprietor of Ardmore, in the county of Waterford, intended to erect floors in the round tower on his demesne, and explored the interior of the tower down to its foundation. With considerable difficulty, he caused to be removed a vast accumulation of small stones, under which were layers of large masses of rock, and having reached as low down as within a few inches of the external foundation, it was deemed useless and dangerous to proceed any further. However, further exploration having been considered desirable, the task, at great peril, was recommenced. Mr. O'Dell now found another series of large rocks, so closely wedged together that it was difficult to introduce any implement between them. After considerable labor,

these were also removed, and at length a perfectly smooth floor of mortar was reached, which he feared must be regarded as a 'ne plus ultra;' but, still persevering, he removed the mortar, underneath which he found a bed of mould, and under this, some feet below the outside foundation, was discovered, lying prostrate from E. to W., a human skeleton. And this is all the real knowledge we have of the uses to which the ancient round towers of Ireland were formerly employed. The old decayed Tower of Swords contains a feudal relic—its ruined castle. This building has a very picturesque position on the banks of a clear and rapid river. It was formerly a palace of the Archbishop of Dublin, and must have been a strong as well as extensive pile. It consists of ranges of embattled walls flanked with towers. The town itself was formerly a place of considerable importance, as may be believed from its having had the misfortune to attract the attention of the Danes, and to be repeatedly burnt and plundered by them. It also occupied a prominent position in the time of Charles I., for in this town the first royalist army of the pale assembled on the 9th of November, 1641, preparatory to that frightful civil war which caused such calamities to the country; and here they were



ST. COLUMB'S CHURCH AND SWORDS TOWER.

defeated, and put to rout by the forces under Sir Charles Coote on the 10th of January following, when he beat them from their fortifications, killing two hundred, without any material loss on his side, except that of a son of Lord Falkland, who fell in the engagement. Of the many distinguished places in the neighborhood, Finglas may be mentioned as the most interesting. There it was that O'Conner, paramount king of Ireland, awaited the coming of the Anglo-Normans, to decide the fate of Ireland. Thus the battle of Finglas attached Ireland forever as an appendage to England. It was also hither that James fled after the battle of the Boyne—stopping to take breath at Finglas wood.' He was speedily followed by William, with an army of 30,000 men; hence he despatched the Duke of Ormond to take Dublin, and, in the meantime, strongly fortified his camp against any enemy. Part of these works remain; those in a meadow adjoining the Globe House give the name of King's-field to the enclosure.

Of the many illustrious successors of St. Columba there are many traditions extant, but we prefer the following, as having a right good moral attached to it, and a relish of the olden time, and moreover, unencumbered with any dry chronological statement to verify its accuracy. One of the lord abbots of the monastery, as wise as he was pious, had a serving man, a great rogue, and above all much addicted to the vice of lying.

The knave was given to boast of his wondrous travels. He had visited countries which are nowhere to be found in the map, and seen things which mortal eyes never beheld. He would lie through the twenty-four hours of the clock, for he dreamt falsehood in his sleep, to the truth of which he swore when he was awake. The abbot was a cunning as well as a virtuous man, and used to see the lies in the varlet's mouth, so that he was often caught,—hung, as it were, in his own untruths, as in a trap. Nevertheless, he persisted the more in his lies; and when any one said, 'How can that be?' he would answer, with fierce oaths and protestations, that so it was. He swore, 'stone and bone,' and might the devil have his soul, and so forth. Yet was the knave useful in the household; quick and handy; therefore he was not disliked by the abbot, though very day was a great liar.

It chanced, one pleasant day in spring, after the rains had fallen heavily, and swollen much the floods, that the abbot and the knave rode out together, and their way passed through a shady and silent forest. Suddenly appeared an old and well-grown fox.

'Look!' exclaimed the master of the knave; 'look what a huge beast! Never before have I seen a Reynard so large.'

'Doth this beast surprise you by its hugeness?' replied straight this serving-groom, casting his eye slightly on the animal as he fled for fear away in the cover of the breaks: 'by stone and bone, I have been in a kingdom where the foxes are big as are the bulls in this!'

Whereupon, hearing so vast a lie, the abbot answered calmly, but with mockery in his heart:

'In that kingdom there must be excellent linings for the cloaks, if furriers can be found well to dress skins so large.'

And so they rode on, the abbot in silence; but soon he began to sigh heavily. Still he seemed to wax more and more sad in spirit, and his sighs grew deeper and more quick. Then inquired the knave of the abbot what sudden affliction or cause of sorrow had happened.

'Alas!' replied the wily master, 'I trust in Heaven's goodness that neither of us two hath today, by any forwardness of fortune, chanced to say the thing which is not; for assuredly he that hath so done must this day perish.'

The knave, on hearing these doleful words, and perceiving real sorrow to be depicted on the pale-

ness of his master's countenance, instantly felt as if his ears grew more wide, that not a word or syllable of so strange a discovery might escape his troubled sense. And so, with eager exclamations, he demanded of the abbot to ease his suspense, and to explain why so cruel a doom was now about to fall upon companionable liars.

'Hear, then, dear knave,' answered the abbot, to the earnestness of his servant; 'since thou must needs know, harken, and God grant that no trouble come to thee from what I shall say. To-day we ride far, and in our course is a vast and heavy-rolling flood, of which the ford is narrow and the pool is deep. To it hath Heaven given the power of sweeping down into its dark holes all dealers in falsehood, who may rashly venture to put themselves within its truth-loving current! But to him who hath told no lie, there is no fear of this river. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long.'

Then the knave thought—'Long, indeed, must the journey be for some who are now here;' and, as he spurred, he sighed heavier and deeper than his master had done before him, who now went gaily on; nor ceased he to cry, 'spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long!'

Then came they to a brook. Its waters were small, and its channel such as a boy might leap across. Yet, nevertheless, the knave began to tremble, and falteringly he asked, 'Is this now the river where harmless liars must perish?'

'This! ah! no,' replied the abbot: 'this is but a brook. No liar need tremble here.'

Yet was the knave not wholly assured, and, stammering, he said, 'My gracious lord, thy servant now bethinks him that he to-day hath made a fox too high; that of which he spoke was verily not so large as is an ox; but, stone and bone! as big as a good sized roe!'

The abbot replied, with wonder in his tone: 'What of this fox concerneth me? If large or small, I care not. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long!'

'Long, indeed,' still thought the serving-groom; and in sadness he crossed the brook. Then came they to a stream, running quickly through a green meadow, the stones showing themselves in many places above its frothy water. The varlet started, and cried aloud:

'Another river! Surely of rivers there is to-day no end. Was it of this thou talkest heretofore?'

'No,' replied the abbot, 'not of this.' And more he said not; yet marked he, with inward gladness, his servant's fear.

'Because, in good truth,' rejoined the knave, 'it is on my conscience to give thee note, that the fox of which I spake was not larger than a calf!'

'Large or small, let me not be troubled with thy fox; the beast concerneth me not at all!'

As they quitted the wooded country, they perceived a river in the way, which gave signs of having been swollen by the rains; and on it was a boat.

'This, then, is the doom of liars,' said the knave; and he looked earnestly towards the passage-craft. 'Be informed, my good lord, that Reynard was not larger than a fat wedder sheep.'

The holy man looked angry, and answered: 'This is not yet the grave of falsehood. Why torment me with this fox? Rather spur we our horses for we have far to go.'

'Stone and bone!' said the knave to himself, 'the end of our journey approacheth.'

Now the day declined, and the shadows of the travellers lengthened on the ground; but darker than the twilight was the sadness on the face of the knave. And, as the wind rustled the trees, he ever and anon turned pale, and inquired of the abbot if the noise were of a torrent or stream of water.

Still, as the evening fell, his eyes strove to discover the course of a winding river. But nothing of the sort could he discern, so that his spirit began to revive, and he was fain to join in discourse with the abbot; but the abbot held his peace, and looked as one who expects an evil thing.

Suddenly the way became steep, and they descended into a low and wooded valley, in which was a broad and black river, creeping fearfully along, like the dark stream of Lethe, without bridge or bark to be seen near.

'Alas, alas!' cried the knave; and the anguish oozed from the pores of his pale face. 'Ah, miserable me! this, then, is the river in which liars must perish!'

'Even so,' said the abbot; 'this is the stream of which I spake; but the ford is sound and good for true men. Spur we our horses, knave, for night approacheth, and we have yet far to go.'

'My life is dear to me,' said the trembling serving-man; 'and thou knowest were it lost my life would be disconsolate. In sincerity, then, I declare that the fox I saw in the distant country was not larger than he who fled from us in the wood this morning.'

Then laughed the abbot aloud, and said:

'Ho, knave! wast thou afraid of thy life? and will nothing cure thy lying? Is not falsehood, which kills the soul, worse than death, which has mastery only over the body? This river is no more than any other, nor hath it a power such as I feigned. The ford is safe, and the waters gentle as those we have already passed. But who shall pass thee over the shame of this day? In it thou must needs sink, unless penitence come to help thee over, and cause thee to look back on the gulph of thy lies as on a danger from which thou has been delivered by Heaven's grace.'

And as he railed against his servant, the abbot rode on into the water, and both in safety reached the opposite shore.

Then vowed the knave, by stone and bone, that from that time forward he would duly measure his words; and glad was he so to escape.

AN APPARITION.

I had been called, in the month of November last, to attend the nephew of Mr. D—, who was afflicted with a very serious malady. Providence, however, willed it that a lucky crisis should save his life, and I remained with him during his convalescence. You would not guess what had brought this poor young man almost to the verge of the grave. It was the fear of ghosts.

He had gone to spend the holidays in the country with his uncle, who lived in an old castle, where for some years it had been reported that one of the rooms was haunted at night by phantoms. Every one, from the humble pastor, the beadle, and the village schoolmaster, to Mr. D— himself, was perfectly convinced of this apparition of ghosts. They had, as they said, often heard the noise of chains and groans. Indeed, there was not a house in the whole village but had some dark tale—some frightful phantasmagoria to relate.

The event which had happened to the nephew of Mr. D— had disconcerted some of their doubts, and confirmed others in their fears. The young man, hearing nothing else spoken of at his uncle's but the haunted room, had ridiculed their fears, and, to confound them, he had made a resolution of passing the night there, in the chamber of death; but, after an hour or two, he had returned pale, suffocated, and in a dying state.

One night, when we were all collected round the fire, rejoicing in the convalescence of the young man, I manifested the intention of going myself to spend the night in the haunted chamber; all the company turned pale, and the young man said to me quickly, with a frightened air—

'Doctor, I beg and implore of you not to go.'

'But you are not dead, my young friend, from the trial.'

'No, because I had strength to tear myself from the embraces of the spectres; but I am sure you will not escape them.'

'I, however, persisted in my resolution, notwithstanding the entreaties of the young man and all the others, who trembled involuntarily.'

This chamber formed part of a wing of the castle, for a long time uninhabited; to get to it one had to traverse a court, and scramble over some ruins up a staircase half crumbled away. I had succeeded in getting a little boy, belonging to the farm, to accompany me, but not until I had enticed him with the glitter of a piece of silver.

'Take care, doctor,' said my young patient; 'mind you take with you several candles. I had but one, and the breath of the phantoms put it out.'

'But you will be cold, this autumn night,' said Mr. D—.

'Let the little fellow take with you some kindling, doctor,' said his nephew, 'and you will find some wood in the chimney of that horrid place, which I tried to light, but it was extinguished by the breath of the spectres. If you wish to sleep there, doctor, you will find the mattress and bed-clothes which I took there the night of my unfortunate expedition.'

I found myself at last on the sinister staircase. When I had arrived at the top I sent away my guide, and enjoined him to remain in some place near enough to hear my voice, in case I should want him to call up the inhabitants of the castle. Holding in one hand two candles, and in the other a chafing-dish containing the kindling, I pushed open with my knee a door, which had not been shut close since the young man's visit there, and entered a vast apartment; but before lighting the fire I explored the entire place. The four walls were damp and naked; the two windows were listed, and the chinks completely stopped up. In an alcove of the room was a door, which, no doubt, had not been used for years; near the door I smelt a most disagreeable odor, but I at once recognised the musty smell one breathes in places long uninhabited. I returned to the open door, with the intention of shutting it; a slight current of air passed over my face, and seemed to revive me—it came from a small grated loophole which lighted the landing place.

Having closed the heavy door with care, I tried to light the fire; impossible, the coals did nothing but smoke.

'The poor young man,' said I to myself, 'did not remark that it was the damp of the fire-place which prevented the coals and wood from lighting.' Being forced to resign myself to pass the night without fire, I raked out of the grate the smouldering embers, fearing that the smoke, joined to the bad air of the apartment, would force me to leave it. I placed my two candles alight upon the chimney-piece, and rattling myself in the counterpane, I lay down on the mattress. 'Poor young man,' said I to myself, shutting my eyes, half asleep; 'poor young man who believes in ghosts.'

I became heavier and heavier with sleep; a weight seemed to oppress my respiration; fearing to suffocate, I started up; my two candles gave a pale light, which served only to exaggerate the deepness of the obscurity; I felt as if an icy hand pressed my chest and throat; dim shadows every instant intercepted the various reflections of the light upon the walls; strange rustlings, as of shrouded spectres, assailed my ears; at this idea, I opened wide my eyes—'Oh horror! what do I see?'

Opposite me, a white light, like that of the moon, veiled by a cloud, in the midst of which stood a spectre agitating itself in its grave clothes, which all at once stops and looks at me; I wish to fly the

frightful apparition, when I see, with terror, that the spectre strives to shake off its shroud to pursue me. Through the vapors, its face appears livid and fleshless; I try to drive it back with my arms. The spectre, now disengaged of its shroud, stretches out its long arms to seize me; at the height of terror, I bounded back; the motion diminishes for a moment the oppression on my chest. Turning away my looks from this strange and terrible vision, I threw myself on my knees to pray; impossible—the oppression returns. I now heard faint noises like sighs, and the shadows I had seen at a distance were now flitting round me, striking my chest, and touching my head.

'Heavens!' said I to myself. 'It is, however, absurd to believe in ghosts; the dead never harm; might it not be the living who play at phantoms to intimidate the inhabitants of the castle?' I then remembered that some strangers had offered to buy the domain from Mr. D—, in the hope of obtaining it at a cheaper rate; might this not be some trick they were playing him? Then I tried to remember all the ridiculous stories of ghosts known by everybody; but the most painful sensations pervaded me; I felt as if encompassed by arms which sought to suffocate me. So intolerable became the oppression that, desperate, I now sought to fly; and hitting myself here and there against the walls, I touched something as cold as ice. I drew back terrified, and in the pale light again beheld the frightful spectre, whose yawning mouth seemed open, ready to swallow me. I stumbled and fell, when a grave-like smell assailed me, much worse than that which I had breathed on entering this fatal place, which, perhaps, would be my tomb. It seemed to me that the yawning phantom had exhaled this pestiferous odor; and by an inconceivable fatality, at the same instant, both my lights went out, and, my eyes, still fascinated by the apparition, in their two red wicks I imagined I beheld two burning eyeballs. They disappeared, and left me plunged in the most profound obscurity. I wished anew to pray, but was prevented by the oppression on my chest, and the death-like smell, which redoubled. At last I felt dying, and made one last effort, by bounding a few steps forward. The wall, or floor, gave way and opened. In my delirium, it seemed to me that I was falling into some frightful abyss—when—oh! happiness! I feel less oppressed, I breathe more freely; I beheld a small aperture above my head; I fly to it; and still a prey to my hallucination, I gave a terrible cry, which was answered in the distance by one as fearful.

At this moment my eyes were blinded by a whirlwind; something cold and shaggy passed over my forehead; my hands let go their hold of the edge of the aperture which I had caught, and I fell, deprived of sensation. I cannot say how long I remained in that state, but life was restored to me in the air which came from that species of window.

Day was beginning to break; I found myself on the landing-place; the window was the loophole which I have already spoken of. The lucidity of my ideas had returned with the twilight. I re-entered the sinister chamber, seeking to explain to myself the natural causes of my fright. This is the conclusion I came to, after a few minutes' reflection.

The rustling and the shadows which had assailed me were enormous bats, which had taken refuge in this uninhabited place. What made me ascertain this was, that there were still some clinging to the joists.

And the apparition of the spectre in the shroud? I discovered, in an obscure hollow of the room, which had escaped my first investigation, a large looking-glass, half broken, leaning against the wall, which had, perhaps, formally ornamented the mantel-piece; the mattress upon which I had lain

was opposite this glass, so that the spectre which appeared to me was my own image, dull and confused, which was agitated according as I was agitated in the counterpane in which I had rolled myself, and which stretched out its arms to me at the same time I performed the same evolution towards it.

I allow I could not help smiling, although still shuddering at my frightful sensations. During the night I explored anew the chimney, and, having looked into the interior, perceived that it was entirely blocked up. This accounted for the candles getting out, for as the windows were also closed up, no air or light could get into the room. But from whence came the insupportable odor?

I felt here and there the walls; I examined with scrupulous attention the closed-up door; I had hardly been near it a moment, when the bad smell increased to such a pitch that I was again nearly suffocated. I then remembered of having hit my head against this door when I had fallen to the ground.

'This odor,' said I to myself, 'penetrates into the room through the chinks of this door; there is no doubt another room beyond this—some secret chamber, filled with heaven knows what.' At this moment I trembled in spite of myself. This wing of the castle was solitary—uninhabited. If there should be some frightful mystery!—murder perhaps had there been perpetrated!

I was interrupted in the midst of this horrid suspicion by exclamations of surprise and the sound of feet on the stairs.

'We had thought you dead!' cried several voices.

I recognised Mr. D—, his nephew, and several other curious persons. The young man, looking at me with stupor, seemed to say, 'What! are you still alive?'

'How pale you are, doctor,' said he; 'will you now deny that I had cause for my fright?'

'Yes, I do deny the supernatural cause, but the natural cause is there,' and I pointed to the mysterious door. 'What is there behind that door, Mr. D—?'

'I know not; it has been blocked up for a long time, and I have never had the curiosity to have it opened.'

'What a dreadful smell!' cried everybody; 'it is like the exhalation from a chance vault.'

Some levers and pickaxe we soon procured, and the door was burst open. There was a general cry of terror. Never was there a more pestiferous and horrible odor! All the company fled; some of them could hardly drag themselves to the door, so greatly suffocated and frightened were they. It was not till the next day that we hazarded exploring the frightful mystery.

What did we find?—dead bodies? Oh! no; I smile still when I think of it. What was, then, this fatal chamber? A loft without a window, filled for many years with trusses of hay which time had rotted, and which exhaled this mephitic odor. The thickened atmosphere of the obscure chamber had in consequence become so corrupted, that perhaps my attempt had cost me my life, but that the door at the head of the stairs had been left ajar about fifteen days before by Mr. D—'s nephew, which had permitted the air from the loophole to penetrate this infected chamber—the abode of bats. The weight and corruption of the atmosphere naturally explained to me the cause of my oppression, and the nightmare which had tormented me.

This, then, is another proof of the absurdity of a belief in ghosts, which exist only in the kingdom of chimeras, otherwise the imagination.

Why is crinoline like an obstinate man? Because it often stands out about trifles.

PRISONERS' PASTIMES.

After having gained the love of a fly, Pellisson found it easier to tame a spider. This insect had drawn its web over the bars of the grating which allowed light and air to enter the cell; he spared it the trouble of watching for its prey by placing half-dead flies on the edge of the grating, which the spider came down to fetch. It soon grew accustomed to this system, and soon ventured to come and take its prey out of Pellisson's hand. He continued his experiments in spider education, and it soon came to its master's hand, not merely at his voice, but at the sound of a fife, played by the Masque who watched him. It would walk familiarly on Pellisson's knees, and seemed to be grateful to the man who treated it with so much kindness. It was no longer a spider in Pellisson's eyes; it was a friend, a companion in misfortune, a state prisoner. We cannot believe that a governor of the Bastille, M. de Besenaux, had the barbarity to trample under foot this companion of an unhappy man. It would be almost a crime, the more odious as it could only be suggested by base and stupid cruelty; but a brutal and half-intoxicated turnkey was probably the perpetrator of this murder, which drew from the prisoner this mournful exclamation, 'Ah, sir, you have caused me greater pain than you would produce by all the tortures in the world. I would rather you had killed me?'

A prisoner named Liard, whom Constantine de Renneville had as his companion in his room and cell, had tamed rats, which eat and slept with him. This man, who was accused of having published libels against the king and court, had not a friend in the world, and had become attached to his prison by the affection which he had inspired among these vile animals; he even cursed any one who was sent to share the 'stone jerkin' in which he was rotting on his straw. He knew them all by the names he had given them, and could distinguish them one from the other. One was called Ratapan, another Le Goulu, a third Le Friand, and so on with the remainder. When he dined, you might see all these rats come around his dish and make a horrible disturbance while he tried to keep them on friendly terms. 'Come Goulu,' he would say to one, 'you eat too fast. Let Le Friand come up to have his share. Why didst thou bite Ratapan?' And he tried to lecture these indolent brutes as if they had been gifted with intelligence. 'If I had killed one of those villainous animals,' adds the eye witness, 'he would have flown at my throat. It was a pleasure which diverted me many times to see him call these brutes by their names. You might see them come out of their holes as if to receive orders. He gave them a little piece of bread, after which he sent them back to their holes by giving them a gentle tap on the tail.

After having been separated from his friend, D'Alligre, who had shared the wondrous toils and fortunate issue of his first escape, he then sought among the abject animals for another sort of friendship, which would at least enable him to endure the burden of his solitude. His new friends were rats that he had tamed. 'To them,' he writes, 'I owed the only fortunate distraction I found during my long wretchedness.' These rats disturbed him greatly by coming to eat his straw, and even biting him in his face; he was resolved, therefore, that as he was forced to live with them, he would try to inspire them with some degree of affection. One day a huge rat having made its appearance, he called it gently, and threw it some crumbs of bread, which it took after some hesitation, and carried off to his hole. The next day the rat reappeared, and required less pressing to come and take the bread. On the third day the rat became more familiar and more voracious, because Latude deprived himself of a portion of his daily ration of meat to attract his hungry guest. On the ensuing

days the rat, whose confidence increased with each repast, came up at a full trot to take its meal from the prisoner's hand. This was not all; example is as contagious among rats as among men. The rat took new lodgings, and summoned its wife and six young ones; they took up their quarters around Latude, who gave them names, and taught them to walk on their hind legs, to reach their food, which was hung up two feet from the ground. This society of rats found themselves so comfortable that they showed their teeth at any intruder who attempted to enter their ranks, they multiplied patriarchally up to the number of seventy-six, great and small, who lived, like Latude, on the king's bread. The spiders were, doubtless, of a more savage character than the rats, for Latude never succeeded in taming one. Although he offered them flies and insects, although he seduced them by whistling and playing the flegolet (which he had formed by taking a wheat-stalk out of his piallasse,) the spiders would not yield to the soft impeachment, and hence he concluded that Pellisson's spider was only a myth. Still, the Baron de Trenck, confined during the same period at Magdeburg, found his spiders much tamer; he had even promised to render a brilliant homage to the marvellous insects, and he would have furnished some powerful arguments in favor of animals possessing a soul. He merely relates, however, in his memoirs, the touching history of the mouse, which he tamed to such degree that it came to eat out of his mouth. 'I could not,' he says, 'trace all the reflections which the astonishing intelligence of this animal produced in me.' One night the mouse, by leaping, scratching, and gnawing, caused such a disturbance, that the major, summoned by the sentinels, commanded a round of the prison, and himself examined the locks and bolts, to assure himself that no attempt at escape was being made. The Baron de Trenck confessed that all the noise was produced by the mouse, which could not sleep, and demanded its master's liberty. The major seized the mouse, and carried it off to the guard-room. On the next day, the mouse, which had tried with great courage to gnaw his way through the door, waited for the dinner hour, to return to its master at the heels of the gaoler. Trenck was greatly surprised to find it climbing up his legs, and giving him manifold caresses. The major seized the poor animal a second time, refusing to restore it to the prisoner; but he made it a present to his own wife, who put it in a cage, hoping to bring it round by kind treatment and good food. Two days later, the mouse, which would take no food, was found dead. Grief had killed it.'

A STANDING ARMY.

Philip Augustus of France was the first king who established an army of paid troops, in no way connected with the feudal militia, to protect his throne and humbler subjects from the lawlessness and tyranny of his great vassals. From the fact of their receiving money, they were called, 'Soldati' (whence our word 'soldier'), derived from 'soldo,' the Italian for 'pay.' Several English sovereigns also maintained similar bodies of mercenaries, and paid them out of the revenues of the vast estates belonging to the Crown. Regular garrisons were kept in the Tower of London, the Castle of Dover, and in the Marches along the Scottish border—posts of great military importance, where the presence of trained soldiers was always required; but, with these exceptions, the troops we have mentioned were only raised for some special purpose, and were disbanded as soon as the occasion for which they were embodied had passed. Until the reign of Charles VII. of France, what we now designate a standing army—that is, a body of soldiers trained and paid by government and kept under arms during peace for the defence of the state—was un-

known. By this time the invention of gunpowder had entirely swept away the ancient plan of making war. As long as personal courage, strength, and daring decided the fate of a battle, war had great charms for noble knights, who fought each one at his own expense, on horseback, cased in armour, and were always the principal combatants. Intellectual employment was almost unknown in those days, war and the chase being considered the only pursuits worthy the attention of a gentleman. But the introduction of firearms, especially artillery, deprived brute force and valor of their exclusive importance. It was one thing, encased in proof mail, to ride amongst an undisciplined and almost unarmed herd of leather-clad countrymen, and to mow them down with two-handed swords; but to charge a line of sturdy pikemen, supported by a rear rank of musketeers, whose bullets sent horse and rider rolling in the dust before the latter had the opportunity of striking a blow, was a very different state of affairs. Generals began to see the necessity for regular tactics under their new conditions. A crowd of armed men, each one fighting for himself, was no longer of any use in settling the disputes of nations. A military machine, that could be directed with exact and steady action by the master mind of the commander, was required. To produce this, practice, training, and strict and unquestionable obedience were demanded, and the presence of a lower order of men was required in the ranks. The great importance of regular infantry became every day more and more apparent; war was reduced to a science, and standing armies were then established throughout the continent of Europe.

MANAGEMENT OF BOATS IN A BROKEN SEA.—The Royal National Life-Boat Institution has issued the following circular to its branches in respect to the proper management of boats when running ashore before a heavy broken sea. It is hoped that the boat-men of our coast, and particularly life-boat coxswains, will pay particular attention to the practical remarks contained in the circular:—Although the proper management of a boat when running before a broken sea to the shore is well understood at many parts of our coasts, yet as mismanagements or carelessness under such circumstances is still the cause of many boats being upset by 'broaching to,' the Committee of the National Life-Boat Institution think it important to call the attention of all their life-boats' crews to the cause of such accidents, and to the proper mode of preventing them, as indisputably proved by experience. The cause of a boat's 'broaching to' is the propelling her rapidly before the sea, whether by sails or oars, instead of checking her speed and allowing each successive sea to pass her on its approach. There is therefore extreme danger at all times in running a boat with speed before a heavy broken sea in shoal water. Excepting where the beach is steep, the safer management of a rowing boat is to back her stern foremost to the shore, keeping her bow pointed to the sea and propelling her slightly against each sea until it passed her or is under her stern.

If a boat is rowed to the shore with her stern to seaward, her oars should then be regularly backed so as to stop her way on the approach of each wave; and way should not again be given until the wave has passed to the bow, and her position thereby be retained on the outer or safe side of the wave. This treatment runs exactly counter to the natural desire to get quickly over the apprehended danger; but it is the only safe mode by which a boat can be taken to the shore before a heavy broken surf.'

A REASONABLE GUESS.—An Irishman, who was leaning against a lamp post, as a funeral procession was passing by, was asked who was dead? 'I can't exactly say, sir,' said he, 'but I presume it is the jiltman in the coffin.'

THE HARBOR OF KINSALE.

The harbor of Kinsale, although greatly inferior to that of Cork, is capacious, deep, and well-sheltered. It is defended by a strong fort, called Charles-Fort, so-called in honor of Charles II., and erected by the Duke of Ormond in 1681. One of the outer forts of Charles-Fort is called 'the Devil's Battery.' The legend attached to it is that the arch-enemy was wont to take his rounds upon the ramparts, carrying in his hand a cannon ball, and terrifying the sentinels night after night. The cause of this appearance is said to have originated in a tragic event that once occurred there. The only son of the governor prevailed upon the sentinel on duty to convey a message from him into the town, taking his fire-lock and place during his absence. The young man fell asleep on his post, and the governor, visiting the stations, and finding, as he supposed, the sentinel betraying his trust, shot him dead and to his horror, found he had slain his child. So great was his despair that he leaped from the ramparts into the sea and perished. From that fatal night his Satanic majesty was a constant visitor at the fort; and a cannon is shown there to this day on which he left the mark of his thumb. Several other 'frightful' stories of demons, ghosts and hobgoblins, are told of the neighborhood.

The accompanying print represents the fort, the block-house, and covered way, with a sloop-of-war beating in, and a pilot-boat under a foresail.

The 'Old Head,' the point nearest the sea, has a light-house, and has long been a famous landmark for mariners. Although, for upwards of a century, Kinsale has ceased to occupy a very prominent station among the harbors of Ireland, and has lost its commercial importance, it is still a flourishing town, its prosperity being sustained, chiefly, by its facilities for fishing, the Cork markets being almost exclusively supplied from it,—the skill of its ship and boat-builders, and by its convenience as an outlet for the transfer of cattle to England. The adjoining coast is unhappily full of melancholy relics of shipwrecks; the sad fate of the Killarney steam-packet must be fresh in the recollections of our readers; and in the churchyard are numerous grave-stones, recording merely the facts of bodies being washed on shore and interred there.

BRAVE IRISHMEN.

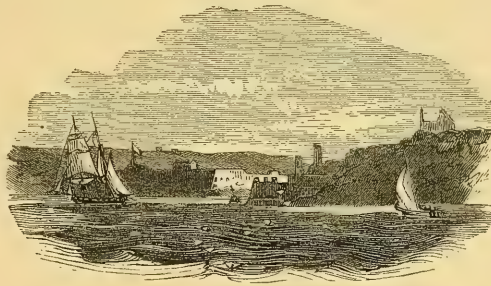
Here some illustrations of the intelligence and the lofty spirit of Irish soldiers will not be misplaced. When the last of the retreating troops had passed a bridge, an Irishman of the 43d, named Pigot, a bold, turbulent fellow, leaned on his firelock, regarded the advancing enemy for some time, and then, in the author's hearing, thus delivered his opinion of the action: 'General Crauford wanted glory, so he stopped on on the wrong side of the river, and now he is knocked over to the right side. The French general won't be content until his men try to get on the wrong side also, and then they will be knocked back. Well, both will claim a victory, which is neither here nor there, but just in the middle of the river. That's glory!' Then, firing his musket, he fell into the ranks.

Even to the letter was his prediction verified, for General Crauford published a contradiction of Massena's dispatch. The sarcasm was enforced by one of a tragic nature. There was a fellow-soldier to Pigot, a north of Ireland man named Stewart, but jocularly called the boy, because of his youth, nineteen, and his gigantic stature and strength. He had fought bravely, and displayed great intelligence be-

yond the river, and was one of the last men who came down to the bridge, but he would not pass. Turning round, he rewarded the French with a grim look, and spoke aloud, as follows:—

'So this is the end of our boasting. This is our first battle, and we retreat. The boy Stewart will not live to hear that said.' Then striding forward with his giant might, he fell furiously on his nearest enemies with the bayonet, refused the quarter they seemed desirous of granting, and died fighting in the midst of them.

Still more touching, more noble, more heroic, was the death of Sergeant Robert M'Quade. During M'Leod's rush, this man, also from the north of



KINSALE HARBOR.

Ireland, saw two Frenchmen level their muskets on rests against a high gap in a bank awaiting the uprise of an enemy; the present Adjutant-General Brown (Sir George), then a lad of sixteen, attempted to ascend at the fatal point; M'Quade, himself only twenty-four years of age, pulled him back, saying, with a calm, decided tone, 'you are too young sir, to be killed'; and then, offering his own person to the fire, fell dead, pierced with two balls.

'TOM MOORE.'

An Irish lady has published an interesting reminiscence of Erin's admired bard, in 'Little's Living Age.' It gives her impressions of the early appearance of the poet in one of the distinguished circles of the Irish metropolis. All anxiously awaited his arrival, she says:

'As the evening melted away, the anxiety of the hostess and her friends increased to fever heat. At last a double knock, and the hero of that and many other evenings, entered. 'I saw,' continued our friend, 'a very, very little man, without star or ribbon—not the Lord Lieutenant! I was so disappointed; I even thought him ugly. I looked at all the radiant officers, and wondered who the little man was. Then came five speeches from the hostess, and there gathered round him all the old and young. I was provoked; all this fuss for a little tiny man in black, who was neither the lord lieutenant nor an officer. I sat down sulkily at the end of the grand piano, and resolved not even to look at him. Presently, the hostess manoeuvred him to the piano, and then showing him the first number of his own melodies, asked him to sing. He said something—I did not hear exactly what, about not being prepared, but sat down, with his small, delicate hands precluded a moment, and then sang 'Rich and Rare.' Before he had got to the

—bright gold ring,

I was spell-bound. The head slightly upturned; the white, full, high brow, over which his silken hair lay in rich folds; the brightest, tenderest, most loving eyes were eloquent of expression, the smiling mouth gave forth the most bird-like, gushing music; every word

was heard, and not only heard, but felt; and even the eye fixed upon the 'poet of all circles.' When he finished, the burst of enthusiasm was electric, and his thanking smile, as he glanced around, emboldened his audience to exclaim as with one voice, 'Another! another!' He sat down, the brilliancy of the expression faded; the sparkling light of love in his eyes deepened into the intense fire of patriotism; his form dilated, and he gave the line—

Go where glory waits thee!

as if it was a command from heaven. I had been but a short time married; my husband expected ever day to be ordered on to the war; my hopes for him were so mingled with terrors, that I felt a shudder when I heard the words of the song. They were succeeded by others,

But when fame elates thee,
Oh, then remember me,

in tones so plaintive, so tender, so overwhelming, that, ashamed of my emotion, I covered my face with my hands, and pressed it on the piano. I tried to endure it; but every line, winged by such bewildering melody, entered into my heart. I had said words with the same meaning to my husband twenty times. And as the poet finished, I was completely overpowered; the burst of tears would come, and my husband carried his foolish child-wife out of the room. I afterwards heard that the poet had said, 'those tears were the most eloquent thanks he could ever receive.'

USE OF COFFEE.—It is something singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage, coffee, without which few persons, in any half or wholly civilized country in the world, would seem hardly able to exist. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monastery, in Arabia, who desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of some shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread throughout the adjacent countries, and in about 200 years it reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The extent of the consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost of its landing of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars. You may know the Arabia or Mocha, the best coffee, by its small bean of a dark yellow color. The Java and East Indies, the next in quality, are larger and of a paler yellow. The West Indian Rio has a bluish or greenish, gray tint.

THE GORDIAN WORM.—EELS.—There is a ridiculous belief in some parts of Ireland, that the hairs from a horse's tail, when dropped into the water, become endued with life; in England, this transformation is supposed to produce the 'Gordius aquaticus,' a small thread-like worm, of red color, which is found in groups knotted together in the water. In Scotland, we understand, the product of the hair is supposed to be a small eel; we need hardly say that both these ideas are perfectly erroneous. It is certainly puzzling, at first sight, to understand in what manner ponds or other pieces of water, in which previously no fish were known, should be suddenly found full of eels; but the difficulty vanishes on returning to the natural history of the eel tribe. There it will be seen that they (the young eels in particular), perform very long migrations over the moist grass, chiefly in the night-time; even full-grown eels will leave their native water after dark in search of food.

JACK O' THE LANTERN.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—SHAKESPEARE.

My uncle, kind, generous soul! was deeply imbued with superstition—with a firm belief in supernatural influences, a circulating library of legendary lore, and a living chronicle of all the compacts made with the 'ould boy' from the days of 'Doc' Foster (Faustus) up to those of the Witch of Endor. He very rarely diverged into the light and amusing fictions of fairyism, for his genius, and, by consequence, his course of studies, were entirely of the German school, wild, dark, and horrific. The reader will be pleased to take notice, that I do not use the word 'studies' in the vanity of showing that this dear and near relation was possessed of book-learning; on the contrary, I roundly assert that his lore was not derived from books, for though, as I have heard himself assert, he mastered the horn-book at 'ould Tim Casey's' hedge seminary, and spelled his weary way as far as the 'oliphant' (elephant) through a three-penny primer at the age of fifteen, the dread of flagellation for an unfortunate boxing bout with a red-shinned fellow of seventeen, whom he forced to bite the dust, made him bid adieu to book-learning and Tim Casey before he could take the 'rhinoceros,' and all his natural history, by the horn.

I may observe, by way of a parenthesis, that my revered uncle was celebrated in after-life for his skill in the noble science of defence, and shall take this opportunity of testifying that, whatever share of dexterity I possess at handling the fist or cudgel, has been entirely owing to his fostering care. He had a sovereign contempt for the Newtonian philosophy; laughed to scorn the manner in which the learned account for a great deal of what is called natural phenomena; could show you with half an eye the man who was translated to the exalted sphere of the moon for stealing a bush from his gossip's fence, but totally denied the existence of any other living being in that planet, and could descry there none of the seas and mountains which all astronomers so easily perceive. In short, he declared it to be as dangerous to follow these lights of learning in their aerial voyages of discovery, as to pursue that misguiding traveller, Jack o' the Lantern, in his devious excursion through the faithless mazes of an Irish shaking bog.

Whether it was that my uncle perceived me the inheritor of his own eccentric temper, or that he always found me the greedy devourer of all his tales of wonder, certain it is, that I was his special favorite, and he rarely took an excursion to any neighboring wake, shebeen-house, or card-party, without securing my company. Indeed, I improved so much under his auspices that, at fifteen, very few of double my years could boast half my dexterity at spinning a tough yarn, handling a pack of cards, or throwing of a draught of potence. But Truth, 'my fair mistress,' obliges me to confess that I have forgotten a third of these accomplishments. Through long disuse, I can now hardly distinguish a king from a knave; but the tales and legends of my beloved country still possess a charm for me, which neither time nor misfortune can diminish.

One night in October, when returning home from Darby M'Auliff's wake, where my uncle amused a numerous circle of gaping auditors by reciting the wonderful adventures of 'Aodh beg an Bridan,' we found ourselves on the border of a mountain stream, which afforded an outlet to the waters of a deep morass, that extended from a considerable distance to its very edge, when that meteoric light, which the learned denominate 'ignis fetus,' but which, in vulgar parlance, is called 'Jack o' the Lantern,' suddenly started before us. My uncle stopped, and eyeing the irregular motions of the strange light that glided around us, said—

'Well, my ould boy, I didn't think ye'd ever

again tempt me to pursue ye; but, howsomever, as I'm growing stiff in the limbs, we'll take the aisy way of getting rid o' yer thricks. Eamon, a vick O! (meaning myself), mind your eye—off with your coat, an' turn it inside out, or, as sure as your living, the chap yonder will give us a cowlid bath in the next bog-hole.'

Then, suiting the action to the word, he deliberately took off his coat and breeches, turned them inside out, and slipped into them instanter, while I could scarcely keep my feet, I was so convulsed with laughter at the grotesque appearance presented by my uncle in this strange mode of equipment.

'Eamon, a vick,' resumed my uncle, upon seeing my extravagant contortions; 'Eamon, is it yer books that taches ye to laugh at yer uncle, ma boochal? I seen, in my own time, some conceited chaps o' yer kinney (kidney) turn their coats for a worse reason than this.'

The sharpness of the last remark showed that I had greatly offended, and I endeavored to sooth his irritation, by expressing deep contrition for my ill-timed laughter fit, and by literally turning my coat, leaving, however, the neither garment undisturbed; but my toilet was hardly completed when the wandering light, after a few curves along the stream, dashed into a small glen that opened into the brook, and finally disappeared.

As we strode homeward, along the well-known pathway, my uncle, now relieved from those fears which the presence of the meteor had occasioned, said—

'Now wouldn't ye give yer uncle a specimen of yer larn'ng, and tell us what the books you read say about Jack o' the Lantern.'

'Why, uncle, the 'ignis fetus' is only a harmless light—a gaseous vapor arising from putrid vegetable bodies, which, ignited by the damps of the night, wanders on in brightness till the inflammable air is consumed.'

'Eamon a higur, your hard words have bothered me entirely. Thim nateral phil—what do ye call 'em, have filled your head, a leagh, with nonsense. Jack o' the Lantern a gas light—isn't it, ashore? Eamon, a chora, (and his tone grew tremulous with feeling). Eamon, if you knew the sufferings of that forsaken craythor, since the time the poor soul was doomed to wander, with a lantern in his hand on this cowlid earth, without rest for his foot, or shelter for his head, until the day of judgment—ullayone! oh, it 'ud soften the heart of stone, to see him as I once did, the poor ould 'dunawn'—his feet blistered and bleeding, his ponsens all flying about him, and the rains of heaven beating on his ould white head.'

This burst of emotion would have given me real delight could a reasonable motive be assigned for it; but in his enthusiastic feeling for the fabled being of his commiseration, I really concluded my uncle was beside himself.

'I was coming home one night,' he continued, 'from a christening at Tim Fowler's—it was about twelve at night—and I had not taken anything extraordinary, but was just, as you may say, right enough, when up started the light before me, on the very spot where we met to-night, and it was this night twenty years, of all nights in the year. I knew, if I tried to get homeward, that treacherous lantern would lead me through all the bogs and corrahs of the place, for the night was plenty dark, and the roar of the mountain streams, as they dashed through the rocky beds, sounded deep and lonely.'

'Bedad,' sis I, 'ma boochal, I'll run no risks in striving to avoid ye, but I'll hunt you down fairly; for, you see, avick, if you shun him, he'll follow ye, but if you purshue him, he'll cut away. I jist slipt off my brogues (by the same token, I never got tidings of them since), and dashes towards him in my traheens. Well became him, he ups and runs

for the bare life over hill and valley, cummer and carigaun. I stuck to him like his shadow. Sometime I came rattling down a steep cliff; thin, after picking up my legs, ran headlong into a bog-hole. Now I got stuck into a furze brake, and the moment after soused head and ears in a running strame. At length, as I reached the bank of a rapid river, I saw him, by the light of his own lantern, hiding on the very edge of the water, under shelter of a 'sally' bush. As I dashed like a greyhound towards him, through the loughans of the inch, his eye seemed rivetted on me in wild terror; his face was frightful to look at, and his white beard and whiter hair streamed in the rough blast that swept down the glin along the river. The next step would have brought me straight upon him; but, at that instant, the March cock upon a neighboring roost gave notice of day—the lantern went out, and the poor creature that carried it disappeared, and I was left in pitchy darkness.'

As we journeyed homeward, I introduced various topics to put my companion's sanity to the test; but he displayed his usual acuteness upon every subject, save that of the sprite whose lot the reader has heard him so feelingly deplore. Upon this point, he was impregnable to all argument, and I gave up the struggle, astonished at this instance of mental delusion. The next day he favored me with the history of Jack o' the Lantern, which I wrote down at leisure while the facts were fresh in my memory. I greatly regret that I did not write the strange legend in my uncle's rich and imaginative dialect; but the manuscript is now before me—and even had I leisure and inclination to revise it, so many years have since elapsed, that I could not recollect my uncle's varied phraseology—so, reader, you have it as it is.

THE LEGEND.

Once upon a time there lived a man, whose natural disposition was churlish and morose, and the asperities of whose soul had not been softened down by the influence of a knowledge of God, and his acquirements in the things of this world did not much exceed the narrow skill which enabled him to cultivate the farm on which he lived. He was known throughout the country for his unsocial manners—his blazing hearth never cheered the way-worn stranger, and the repulsed beggar never again sought his inhospitable door. In short, he lived the reproach of humanity, and his name was a bye-word in the land.

Jack, for so his churl was named, was returning home one night from a neighboring fair, when, as he approached a dark and rapid stream at a particular ford, which the imagination of the people of that time had associated with some tales of murder and superstition, he heard a groan that, to his fancy, proceeded from some tortured spirit. He suddenly drew in the mare on which he rode—all the horrid tales recorded of that dark glen rushed to his memory—and as a second and third sound of agony smote his ear, his bristling hair stood erect, the cold beads of dismay oozed at every pore; nor did the whiskey which he quaffed that evening, in his own sordid way, prevent the current of his blood from freezing at his very heart; but when the horrid sounds were again repeated, he summoned nerve sufficient to inquire what he could do for the tortured soul that crossed his path in that glen of gloom and horror.

'For the love of heaven,' said the voice 'take me to some human habitation, for I am no tortured spirit, but a poor homeless wanderer who has lost my way on the wild moor, and have laid down here to die, for I durst not cross this rapid water. So may mercy be shown you in your hour of need, and in the day of your distress.'

Delivered from supernatural terrors, the peasant's soul softened into humanity. With an indescribable feeling of pity, which never till that hour reached his heart, he dismounted, and saw extended on the damp earth a very aged man, with a white beard, who was evidently borne down with the load of years end misery. He wrapped the aged sufferer in his warm great

coat, placed him on the saddle, and then, mounting on the crupper, supported the object of his pity till he reached home.

His wife smiled to behold her gruff husband engaged in the unusual office of hospitality, and wondered much what charm could have soothed his unsocial soul to kindness. The miserable stranger received every necessary that her cupboard afforded, was laid to rest in a warm bed, and in a short time his grief and infirmities were forgotten in sound repose.

About the dawn of day, Jack was awakened from his sleep by a bright blaze of light that shone through all the cabin. Unable to account for this sudden illumination, he started to his feet from the bed, when his progress was instantly checked, and his astonishment greatly augmented to behold a young man of celestial beauty wrapt in white garments. His shoulders were furnished with wings, the plumage of which exceeded in whiteness the down of swans, and as he spoke, his words stole like the notes of a heavenly harp to the soul of the wondering cottager.

'Mortal,' said the celestial visitant, 'I am one of the angels commissioned to watch over the sons of Adam. I heard thy brethren exclaim against thy unsocial temper, and utter disregard of the sacred virtue of hospitality; but I find that some generous seeds of virtue have lain uncultivated with thee. In me thou beholdest the miserable senior whom thy generous humanity relieved—I have shared thy frugal fare and lowly bed; my blessing shall remain with thy house; but to thyself in particular I bestow three wishes; then freely ask, as I shall freely give. May wisdom bound the desire of thy soul.'

Jack paused for a moment, and then said, 'There's a sycamore tree before the door, fair and wide-spreading, but every passer-by must pluck a bough from it; grant that every one touching it with such intent, may cling to the tree till I release him. Secondly, I do wish that any person who sits in my elbow chair may never be able to leave it, nor the chair to leave the ground, without my consent. There's a wooden box on the wall; I keep it to hold the thread, and awls, and hammer, with which I mend my brogues, but the moment I turn my back, every clown comes here cobbling for himself. My third request is that the person who puts his hand into the box might not withdraw it, and that the box may stick to the wall, during my pleasure. My wishes are ended.'

The angel sighed as he granted the boon, and the legend further adds that Jack was from that hour excluded from all hope of heaven, because he had eternal happiness within his wish, and neglected to secure the vast gift; but the angel's blessing remained with his house—his children were many, and his crops and cattle thrived with large increase.

In twenty years after, as Jack sat one evening in his elbow chair, musing on his earthly affairs, a strange and unearthly smell of brimstone assailed his nose, and when he turned round to ascertain the cause, the appearance of a tall, dark-looking being, graced with a pair of horns, a cloven foot, and a long tail, which he carried rather genteelly tucked under his arm, further increased his astonishment. The stranger immediately opened his message, mentioned Jack's exclusion from heaven, and spoke of his infernal master's anxiety to see him speedily at his own hot home.

When Jack heard these awful tidings, he repressed every symptom of alarm, and, starting to his feet, bid the stranger welcome.

'I hope,' he continued, 'your honor won't be above sitting in the elbow-chair, and tasting a drop of potent this cold evening, while I put on my Sunday clothes.'

The demon complied.

'There,' said his host, 'is a real drop of the native. The sorra a gauger ever set his ugly face on it. Why then would your honor tell me if ye have any gaugers in — your native place?'

'We have lots of them,' replied he of the cloven hoof; but we give them other employment than still-hunting; but come, the road is long, and we must way.'

So saying, he motioned to leave his seat, but found himself immovably fixed therein, while the guileful mortal set his flail to work on the captive enemy. Vain every entreaty for mercy—in vain he kicked and flung his arms around; the swift descending enemy of vengeance smashed every bone in his skin, and it was only when exhausted, and unable to prosecute his task, that he consented to liberate the miserable being, on his solemn oath, that he would never more visit this upper world on a similar errand.

Satan has more than one courier to do his errands. A second messenger, provided with the necessary instruction for shunning the fatal chair and flail, was despatched to fetch the doomed mortal, who was ruminating, next day, on the adventure of the preceding evening, when the latch was raised, and a stranger cautiously entered.

When he had explained his business, Jack requested that he would be seated, and expressed his willingness to depart when he had put a stitch or two in his old brogue. The courier was too cautious, and declined to sit; but Jack took the chair, pulled off his broken shoe, and requested the demon to hand him an awl from the small box.

The infernal visitant obeyed, but found that he could neither withdraw his hand, nor remove the box from the wall. He cast a glance of dismay at his mortal antagonist, who sprang to the flail, and bestowed such discipline as forced the present visitor to submit to the same conditions for his release that his brother devil had done.

It is said that his sable majesty was greatly surprised at the discomfiture of his two trusty messengers, and, like a skillful general, he resolved to go in person and explore the enemy's camp. He ascended from the nether world through Mangerton mountain, near Killybeg, where that barren and bottomless pool, called the Hole of Hell, now fills up the funnel which forms his upward passage. He looked round from the lofty height into the far country, and with the sagacity of the vulture in quest of his prey, directed his course to Jack's habitation.

It was a sunny morning, and a heavy frost of some day's continuance had congealed all the waters, and rendered the surface of the land hard and slippery. Aware of Jack's wiles, he rapped at the door, and, in a voice of thunder, bid the miserable mortal come forth.

'I will go whithersoever your lordship commands me,' he answered, awed by the threatening voice and formidable manner of his summoner; 'but the road is slippery, and you will permit me to fetch my cane; besides, I would wish to kiss my wife and little ones before I go.'

The fiend was inexorable, and urged the wretched being on before him.

'If I walk without the support of a stick,' he resumed, hobbling on before his captor, 'I shall speedily break my bones, and if there are no carmen on the road to hell, how would your lordship wish to fetch my carcass on your princely shoulders? Oh, that I had even a bough from yonder sycamore to support my old limbs!'

To stay this murmuring, and furnish the desired support, Satan laid hold on a fair branch of the tree, but immediately found that he was unable either to break the bow or quit his hold, and Jack, with a yell of joy, returned to fetch his favorite flail. In the words of the legend, whoever would come from the remote ends of the earth to hear the most fearful howlings, occasioned by the most dreadful castigation, would here have ample gratification. Jack broke his three best flails on the occasion, and though the miserable fiend cried loudly for mercy, he continued his toil till the going down of the sun, when, on his promising neither to seek Jack on earth, or permit his entrance into hell, the arch-fiend was released, and the fortunate man retired to rest, more fatigued from that day's thrashing than ever he had been before.

Our story draws near its close. Jack, with all his skill, could not baffle the assault of Death. He paid the debt of nature; but when his soul was dismissed

to its final residence, the porter at the gate of the infernal regions stoutly denied him admittance—the fiends turned pale with affright—and even Satan himself fled within the lowest depths to hide his head from the dreaded enemy. Then, because he was unfit for heaven, and hell refused to take him, he was decreed to walk the earth with a lantern to light him on his nightly way till the day of judgment. Such, reader, is the legend relative to Jack o' the Lantern, commonly believed by the peasantry in many districts of Ireland.

WHAT IS HOME?

Timothy Titcomb, in one of his letters to young married people, gives the true idea in the following extract:—

'The French have no word into which the English word home may be legitimately translated; yet it is sufficiently evident that many of the French people have the thing without the name, while a large portion of the American people have the name without the thing. There are comparatively few who have an adequate idea of what home is, as an institution. It is recognized as a house, containing a convenient number of chairs and tables, with a sufficiency of chamber furniture and eatables—a place to eat an sleep in, simply. It is not unjust to say that half of the young married people of America have no higher conception of home than this. What they call their homes are simply boarding houses, where, for purposes of economy and convenience, they board themselves.

In my idea, home rises to the dignity of an institution of life, and like everything to be called an institution of life, is both an outgrowth of life, and a contributor to its development. Like all institutions, it has its external form and internal power and significance. Like the church, it has its edifice and appointments, not only by its membership, its bonds of spiritual fellowship, and its germinal ideas, developing themselves into influences that bear flowers and fruits to charm and feed the soul. It is into the meaning of the word home that I would introduce you first, my friends, and then into home itself. Marriage is the legitimate basis of a genuine home. A husband is its priest and a wife its priestess; and it is for you, your husband and young wife, to establish this institution, maintain it, beautify it in its outward form, fill it with all good influences, develop its capacities, make it the expression of your best ideas of intimate social life, and to use it as a general power in moulding such outside life as may come in contact with it. Its outward form and its internal arrangements should so far as your means will permit, be the outgrowth of your finest ideas, and the expression of your best tastes, combined with the practical ingenuities which may be necessary by a wholesome economy.

It is not the elm before the door of home that the sailor pines for when tossing on the distant sea. It is not the house that sheltered his childhood, the wall that gave him drink, nor the humble bed where he used to lie and dream. These may be the objects that come to his vision as he paces his lonely deck, but the heart within him longs for the sweet influences that came through all these things, or were associated with them; for the heart clings to the institution which developed it—to that beautiful tree of which it is the fruit. Wherever by the rivers of Babylon, the heart feels its loss and loneliness, it hangs its harps upon the willows and weeps. It prefers home to its chief joy. It will never forget it, for there swelled its first throbs. There were developed its first affections. There a mother's eyes looked into it; there a mother's voice spoke; there a mother's prayers blest it. There the love of parents and brothers and sisters gave it precious entertainment. There bubbled up from unseen fountains life's everlasting hopes. There life took form, and color, and consistence. From that centre went out all its young ambition. Toward that focus returns its concentrating memories. There it took form and fitted itself to loving natures and pleasant natural scenes; and will carry that impress wherever it may go, unless it become perverted by sin, or make to itself another home, sanctified by a new and more precious affection.



HIGHLAND MILITARY DANCE.

HIGHLAND DANCE.

This picture represents a group of Highlanders in their picturesque costume, dancing a fling to the music of the bagpipes. The gay national dress, which is so effective on a well-formed man, the plaid, kilt, spleuchan, and bonnet with a single feather, now survives only in the costume of certain Highland societies, and, much modified, in the uniform of certain British regiments. The military Highland dress of the present day is an infelicitous modification of the 'garb of old Gael.' The cap worn by the officers is loaded with a mass of black plumes instead of the single heron feather which formerly distinguished a chieftain or a duinhe-wassal. So the characters of the Highlanders is changed in many respects, though many striking characteristics still distinguish the Gael. The modern Highlander is still devotedly attached to his wild misty hills and lochs, his upland pastures and his purple heather, and when far away from his own blue mountains, in distant military service, the strain of 'Lochaber no more,' will bring tears into his eyes, 'albeit unused to the melting mood.' Still, as of old, he is brave as his claymore. In the bloody campaign of the Crimea, Sir Colin Campbell's Highlanders more than redeemed the promise of their ancestral fame, and, far East the Scottish claymores have shone in the fore-front of battle. Only the wild character of their native country could have enabled the Highlanders to maintain their traditional usages so near to the present time as they did. It was only in the latter half of the last century that they became peaceable subjects of the British Crown.

THE KING OF SPAIN'S CIGARS.

In addition to other bad qualities, Ferdinand VII. of Spain possessed extraordinary powers of dissimulation, and it was observed that the persons towards whom he happened to manifest attentions of a more familiar kind than usual was sure to be the party whose ruin was determined on by the royal hypocrite. Amongst these attentions, the one most frequent was the presentation of a cigar, out of the royal 'pataca' itself. This at last became so common that the attendants could at once point out the person disgraced, by seeing him come from the royal apartments with a cigar in his hand.

It occurred one day that Castanos had an audience of the king, which lasted some time. Ferdinand chatted in his usual, easy, familiar, though not polished or dignified manner, with his old general, and all

the while continued his favorite mode of passing his time—smoking and drinking beer.

On Castanos taking leave, his majesty offered him half-a-dozen rich havanas from the case which was upon the table. Castanos, far from accepting the significant present, started back in dismay, and earnestly entreated his majesty to excuse him; he would rather not smoke for the present.

'Well, then, put them in our pocket, and smoke them when you get home.'

'Thanks! thanks! a thousand times,' stammered the affrighted duke; 'I had rather not. Your majesty will, I hope—but the truth is, I—I—had rather not smoke. I have made a vow—a religious vow—against smoking. Pray, your majesty, excuse me. Lord save us!' he cried, as he saw the king approach him, and put the cigars in his hands.

'What, Castanos! Surely you have not given up smoking. See what thick smoke—what ashes of pearl, of an inch long at the end; and, oh! what a rich aroma!' his majesty exclaimed, as he showed, practically, the beauties of a thick light-brown regalia, that drew water from the mouth of Castanos, even when he resisted the temptation.

'May it please your majesty, it is exquisite; but my lambago—headache—pains in my knees—rheumatism—palpitation of the heart—vows to St. Michael, impossible to break—cannot smoke, your majesty—cannot smoke. Pray don't ask me. Will your majesty permit me to retire?'

'Not until you take a cigar; they are magnificent,' said the king, puffing away as if for a wager.

'Oh! your majesty, to tell your majesty frankly and honestly the truth, I like a good cigar'—and this avowal he made in an impassioned manner—'but I have not the slightest liking for the castle of Segovia, or any state prison in your royal dominions;' and he clapped his hands behind his back, for fear of even touching with his finger the dangerous cigars.

Ferdinand paused for a moment, as if searching in his own mind the cause for this answer. He soon guessed it, and burst out into a most unkingly roar of laughter at the dismay of his favorite and faithful general. Castanos, seeing the turn matters had taken, took a part in the royal cackinnation.

'Truly, Castanos,' said the king, after gulping down a glass of beer to stop the hiccup his burst of merriment had brought on; 'truly, child (Castanos was then approaching seventy), this is too good. But never fear,

Castanos; I pledge my word there is no cause for suspicion. No, Castanos, you need not fear. You shall never be sent to Segovia, or anywhere else, in the way you hint at. Others may have cause to fear, but you have none. So, my good lad, take your cigar, in heaven's name, and smoke at your ease.'

Castanos looked at his majesty between the eyes, to see if he was only joking; but, fancying that he could detect in Ferdinand's face the marks of a sincerity that could seldom be traced there, he took the cigar from the royal hands, but still with the tips of his fingers, as if he thought the glorious weed was so much steel at a white heat. He then made his bow, and left the royal presence.

It is pleasing to add that, although Ferdinand sent to Castano's house that same evening, it was only to present him with six thousand of these same regalias.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Recently a large black dog of the mastiff species jumped off the platform at Malahide, just before the quarter to nine up train from Kells started, and stood determinedly on the line. When the engine began to roar he turned to it and barked indignantly, but when it began to move along the dog scampered on before it. The train mended its pace, so did the dog, and it was a regular set-to between them for upwards of a mile, the engineer putting on steam and the dog putting forth more exertion. The line is somewhat sinuous in the locality, and this gave the dog the advantage; but, at the end of a couple of miles, there was a long tract of straight-way, and poor Carlo was getting the worst of it. His tail drooped, and he was evidently beat up. The engineer whistled and squirted out steam to frighten him off, but on he went. At last he became quite exhausted, and tumbled over the rails. He was safe from the train, but there he lay as if dead. The travellers who watched him, however, saw him, after some time, get up and skulk away in a very slovenly manner. He ran before the train fully two miles, and it would not be easy to say where there is a dog that did the same before him.

A distinguished hydropathist propounds a new medicine. This infallible remedy for melancholy is made of 'fun and fresh air in equal proportions, and to be taken with cold water three times a day.'

IRISH MISCELLANY

THOMAS O'NEILL - - - - PROPRIETOR.
MICHAEL J. WALSH - - - - CONDUCTOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1858.

WAR WITH PARAGUAY.

That an expedition is now being fitted out to seek redress for insult offered to our flag most of our readers are aware. Of the causes for seeking that satisfaction we believe our country is perfectly justified. It has been a principle with the United States never to give an insult, and very slow in seeking redress when the national honor has been slighted, or indignities offered us as a nation. This we, as citizens, admire. Nothing like being cool, knowing we are right, then being positive—not after the fashion of John Bull, because we are strong, seeking, upon every trifle, to 'let slip the dogs of war' to intimidate, to conquer. Yet there are bounds where honor forbids us to be less than dignified and positive in our demands for redress for wrong. Such, we believe, was the war with Mexico; and there is with nations, as with individuals, a point where forbearance is by no means a virtue. If we understand it rightly, our vessels, when on a scientific exploration, and peacefully pursuing the orders of their government in obtaining information, which was to benefit the world, were insulted and fired into. That, when our government sought redress or explanation, they received but menaces; that, in duty bound for the national respect and honor of its citizens, we should demand proper satisfaction all admit, and that Paraguay is preparing to resist our demands is likewise well known. That all the circumstances should teach the administration to send such an armament there as will speedily settle the difficulties, reducing the overbearing tyrants to proper submission, and teaching the world that one flag, at least, never violates the honor of any other, nor will be insulted with impunity.

Paraguay has had its tyrants, however, and, like the Chinese or Japanese policy, shut in its own people and shut out the world from even communication; a country which, though peopled by white men and governed as a republic for nearly two hundred years, yet remains a blank on the political map of America.

It is not very strange, then, to such as are at all familiar with the history and principles of the long tyrannical and arbitrary non-intercourse rule of Paraguayans, that foreigners who were never allowed to enter the country, or natives who were forbidden to leave it, should know so little of each other. Why it is that so many Irishmen have a secret and instinctive attraction towards South American countries we can scarcely define. Such, however, is the case, and we do know, from actual experience, the people of those countries have a leaning towards the sons of Ireland.

Who, that putting his hand upon his breast, and when addressing Mexicans in their capital, 'Me Irlandaíse,' have not been met with the exclamation, 'Irlandaíse!' 'See, Irlandaíse, much a wano, much a bravo, much a Christiano. Me cary much per Irlandaíse.'

Why it is, however, we cannot say; perhaps a combination of circumstances lead to the feeling—the climate; there is a chivalry likewise in South American character, as there is romance in the life led in the Southern republics.

Religion, too, has something to do with it. Every South American knows that the people of Ireland have, through civil report and good, through persecution and tyranny, through pains and penalties, clung to the religion of their ancestors, and to the memory of their saints.

But Paraguay is one of the most beautiful in climate, productive in soil, magnificent in scenery, and richer in internal resources and wealth than any country perhaps on the globe.

Paraguay holds the same relative local position in South America that Switzerland does in Europe, or Independent Tartary in Asia, Soudan in Africa, or

Kentucky in the United States. Situated in the interior, shut in by natural boundaries, and surrounded by governments hostile to her very existence, with no sea-coast, no shipping worth noting, and no communication with the ocean save by river, which has, by restrictive laws, been closed against her. But, now her old tyrants dead, we are astonished she has not cultivated good feelings with the United States, and thus emerged from the group of half civilized states by which she is surrounded into commercial importance, and take the position of leader in South America, that the character of her people warrants she should occupy.

At the present time Paraguay has about 600,000 inhabitants, in an area of 150,000 square miles, or about four to a mile, one third of whom are blacks or mixed breeds of Spanish, African, and native Indian blood.

Lying as it does between the parallels of 20 and 27 deg. south, the climate of Paraguay is mild and always beautiful. Summer reigns perpetual within this Southern-Eden land, and a summer, too, where the scorching rays of an Equatorial sun are tempered to a genial warmth, and the oppressive heat common to all other tropical countries is never felt.

Paraguay, like Switzerland, has no interest in common with the countries by which she is surrounded, and her people few of the characteristics belonging to either Spaniards or Portuguese, farther than that their language is rather a patois made up of Buenos Ayrean, Spanish and Brazilian Portuguese, than the pure Castilian of old Spain, and their architecture retains much of the heavy Moorish style once so famous in Andalusia, Granada, and Aragon.

As for the people themselves, they are a much finer race than those of Bolivia, Brazil, or Buenos Ayres, and the women, though dark featured generally, are almost invariably beautiful and graceful in person, which is more than can with truth be said of their neighbors, the senoras of Brazil, or the Guacho ladies of the Rio de la Plata.

We will say of the men that they are a fine, noble race, presenting many qualities and characteristics of manhood far superior to those exhibited by the men of any other country in South America. The Paraguayans are better soldiers, better mechanics, better farmers, better friends and enemies, and a great deal better Christians, than the Brazilians, Guachos or Bolivians, by whom they are surrounded.

It has been to us a source for wonder that, when emigration became necessary, the leading spirits of the Celtic race did not advocate emigration thither as we remarked; however, the policy of the governments were opposed to it till recently, when their attention has been drawn to the subject by the position of the United States, and the blessings accruing to this country by the labor, genius, and ability of the Irish people. That a few worthies of our race made their mark in the South is not remarkable. They have been felt and known everywhere, and their loyalty and devotion to adopted homes will be found as sacred as their love of native land. 'In Spanish America, the Captains General, O'Higgins of Chili, O'Donoghue of Mexico, and O'Donnell of Cuba, the Supreme Director O'Higgins, the Generals O'Riley, O'Brien, Devereaux, the Colonels McKenna, O'Leary, O'Conner, and O'Carroll, were all men of one generation—all Irishmen by birth or parentage. We will turn to South America again.'

THE ORPHAN'S FAIR AGAIN.

In our last week's issue we called attention to the fair which commenced at the Music Hall on Tuesday last, and we wish now to say a word more on the subject.

Our attention has been called to this matter by our having seen many of the articles of curious workmanship, furnished by the zealous managers and contributors to this charity; and we can say, in truth, that it richly deserves the most liberal patronage of our whole community.

Every table is crowded with articles of curiosity and utility, and is a perfect curiosity shop. Each

table is unlike all the rest, so that the whole presents a museum worthy as much examination as any exhibition ever seen in the city.

At the table of St. Aloysius's chapel, the children will find their old friend SANTA CLAUS, who is making an early exploration among his clients in order to find out who are worthy of his Christmas attentions. Those who pay their respects to him, at the Music Hall, he will be sure to remember when the holidays come.

Let the children all remember that Santa Claus is out, that he knows all about the fair, and all about them. He will not forget his friends; but his enemies, we are afraid, will not have a 'Merry Christmas' or a 'Happy New Year.'

Messrs. Southworth & Hawes have prepared some very interesting photographic groups of the Sisters and orphans, and other parties, which will make a valuable collection of pictures by these talented artists.

We learn from the directors and managers that the interest of the public in this matter seems to be more manifest now than ever before, and we hope, and expect, the result will equal the hopes and expectations of the most sanguine.

THE PENN-ITE SPIRIT TRIUMPHANT.

THE HIBERNIA ENGINE COMPANY'S EXCURSION. —The arrangements for the excursion of the Hibernia Engine Company, of Philadelphia, with their new steam fire engine, to New York and Boston, are nearly completed, and on Saturday the excursionists will leave in the two o'clock train for New York. Col. Page, President of the Company, has been untiring in his efforts to have the members of the company intending to participate properly drilled, so that in marching they may present all the discipline of a military company. There will be 100 equipped members, 7 trustees and 17 composing the band, besides three servants, making in all 127. Previous to the departure of the company, a handsome silk American flag will be presented, in front of the engine house, by the ladies of the Fifth Ward. It is trimmed with gold bullion and fringe, the staff being mounted with a gold eagle.

We clip the above from the Boston Ledger, and feel very glad to know that the Boston fire department are preparing to give this patriotic company such a reception as they deserve, for surely if there is anything in patriotism, they can boast of it in sincerity—organized twenty-four years before the Declaration of Independence, and composed of men who pledged themselves to support a Bank which had for its object the sustaining of our national struggle for liberty.

The majority of the company are Irishmen, or the sons of Irishmen, with such men as Col. Page, who is a patriotic soldier of 1812. Dr. Jayne, High Sheriff Magee, City Treasurer Wm. McGrath, John Thornly the great India Rubber Manufacturer, the Prothonotary of the District Court, John P. McFadden, Major Thorp, Col. C. M. Berry, Col. Delaney, and a number of the wealthiest citizens of Philadelphia. This company can boast of wealth, two of them (Jayne and Swain) are millionaires, thirty or more are worth over thirty thousand dollars; but, like true republicans, they can boast that neither religious nor political differences entered their organization. They own their engine, which is supposed to be the best in the United States.

We trust to date from the reception of the old Hibernians the true spirit of Americanism in Boston. We know our city to be right upon all great occasions; that fanatics had her by the throat many years we likewise know, but that she would redeem herself, we had no doubt, and here we feel assured of our hopes being realised in burying the ill-feeling and the un-American principles of hate against our brothers in love and attachment to the Union. The Philadelphia company, composed of men of all politics and religions, can show Boston the true source of the success of William Penn; the observance of others' rights and strict integrity in carrying out the great bonds by which we are united as a whole people under a free and noble Constitution, and a peoples government.

THOMAS MOORE AT ST. ANNE'S*.

[From a forthcoming volume entitled 'Canadian Ballads and Occasional Verses,' by Thomas D'arcy McGee, Esq., member of the Provincial Parliament for Montreal:—]

I.

On these swift waters borne along
A poet from the farther shore,
Framed as he went his solemn song,
And set it by the boatman's oar.

II.

It was his being's love to sing
To evening's close from earliest light;
Like Nature's chorister, his wing
And voice were only still'd at night.

III.

Nor did all Nights bring him repose,
For by the moon's auspicious ray,
Like Philomel on her rose,
His songs surpassed the songs of day.

IV.

He came a stranger summer bird,
And swiftly passed, but as he flew
Our rivers' glorious song he heard;
His tongue was loosed—he warbled too.

V.

And mark the marvel ye who dream
To be the poets of the land,
He nowhere found a nobler theme
Than you, ye favor'd! have at hand.

VI.

Not in the storm'd summer isles,
Nor mid the calm bright Cyclades,
Nor where the Persian sun god smiles,
Found he more fitting themes than these.

VII.

So while our boat glides swift along,
Behold from shore there looketh forth
The tree that bears the fruit of song—
The laurel loves the hardy North.

*St. Anne's, at the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence; the spot is still pointed out where Moore is said to have composed 'The Canadian Boat Song,' during his tour through Canada, in 1804.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

— IN THE —

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

THREE BARRELS OF BEER BEATING A WHOLE
SQUADRON.

While on the line of march from Liverpool to Burnley, in Lancashire, we were apprised that a serious riot had broken out during an election, and that matters had proceeded so far that the lives of the more peaceably disposed people were endangered. It was at the town of Clitheroe, notorious throughout the whole country for the turbulent character of its inhabitants, principally butchers. It was the roughest portion of a very rough district.

Our commandant did not feel justified in turning aside from our direct road, and, at the first application, declined to act in the matter, except on the requisition of some very responsible authority. But the urgency of the case, as it was made to appear to him, would render any departure from orders justifiable, and so we changed the course of our route, and set off at a brisk trot for the town of Clitheroe, which, after a warm ride, we reached at nightfall, and found great necessity existing for our services.

The yeoman cavalry had been turned out to sup-

press the riot, but had been driven from the scene of action, and beaten ignominiously, and were then hiding themselves in every place of safety they could find.

The militia in England are mostly cavalry, who parade once a year—except through such a necessity as I am about to describe—or on great occasions of national or rather royal shows and festivals, such as a 'Coronation,' 'Queen's Birthday,' &c. In case of active duty being required, they are never called out when the 'regulars' are within reach. The mob, aware of their inefficiency, know very well that it gives them enough to do to keep their saddle without doing them any harm.

When we arrived, the 'butchers' were in actual possession of the town. They were mostly drunk, and going about brandishing their bright steel cleavers in any but a friendly or pacific manner. Having driven away the yeomen, they had fired the town in several places, and becoming maddened by success, and the feeble opposition they had met with, they began to believe themselves invincible heroes. Such was the state of affairs on our arrival. Several houses were burning unchecked, while drunken riot reigned supreme. The riot act was immediately read, and the military ordered to do their duty by dispersing the mob. This, however, was not so easily done, for the rioters had some idea of the advantages they possessed; and having already completely routed the militia, they supposed that they could as easily dispose of us. In this, however, they found themselves mistaken, but not until they had paid dearly for their knowledge, for we had to charge repeatedly down upon them for hours, and, finally, to shoot the boldest down before they were completely dispersed. They plied their cleavers and knives upon us unsparingly; but at length we overcame and finally routed them, but not without considerable loss on both sides—many being severely cut and maimed. The fires were not got under till morning.

There being no present indications of another popular demonstration, we were ordered, about noon the next day, to Whalley Abbey, one of those old dismantled abbeys, which Henry VIII., of pious habits and memory, confiscated for the glory of God, and particular benefit of himself and satellites.

The town of Whalley is about two miles from the scene of the riots. The abbey is in the centre of the town, and is surrounded by a high stone wall, being entered by an old stone gateway.

Here it was determined to place the troops, in order to keep them together in case of further need. Now, although the interior of the abbey had fallen to decay, enough remained to show its ancient beauty, dismantled and desecrated as it was; both time and vandalism having performed their dilapidating work upon the sacred edifice. Still we found no difficulty in making out all the accommodations needed for a soldier. In front of the building, inside the wall, there was a beautiful grass plot, and in the centre of which an old fashioned well of clear cool water, where hung the 'old oaken bucket' so much sung of in modern times.

Here, indeed, was food for a meditative mind, in contemplating the ruin and scene before us. What varied ideas associated with the past nation were they not calculated to portray to the imagination. How many a scene of nightly wassail and pious vigil have these old walls witnessed. There at that gate was wont to be distributed the alms which piety, or the dying remorse of many a lordly freebooter, had left as a patrimony of the poor, alms which were distributed with a blessing and a kindly word in those dark days, ere the civilization of a more modern age had dotted the land with union bastilles, where the freezing relief of the 'poor law' is dispensed by cold and heartless officials. The mind would insensibly be led to review the times

and causes which led to the breaking up of the conventual system. Religious reforms, especially those, and history records them as the rule rather than the exception, where the fagots, and the bayonet, and the rack were the principal arguments used, speak to us, the latter-day saints, in tones of loud upbraiding, reproaching us with our laxity of zeal for the salvation of souls. Only to think of the character and acts of Henry VIII., and then believe, if we can, in the sincerity of his devotion to so holy a cause as the reformation of religion. Again, look at Cromwell, and later still, William of Orange, and the sanguinary means which they used to carry out the good work; and again, look at Cortez, and other equally bloody-minded and ferocious heroes of a similar stamp, and the impartial mind will insensibly arrive at the conclusion that it was an insatiable and unworthy ambition which incited the deeds and prompted the spirit of these so-called reformers, rather than the spirit of that divine Christianity which was libelled and blasphemed by the acts of these self-appointed apostles.

Enjoying the blessings of education under the free institutions of the present age, we can revert back to the deeds done in past times, and, guided by the light of history, judge of the characters and motives of such men, and view them in a light far different from that in which our fathers viewed them. We can deplore that their evil influence has lived so long in the traditions and memory of our race as, even to this day, to keep Ireland a divided and factious province, when, but for this, and this alone, she would long since have fulfilled the grand destiny she is so eminently fitted otherwise to accomplish.

Soldiers, however, pay but little attention to such ideas, or to the character of an old edifice, if it but answer their immediate purpose, as in the present case; nor, indeed, in general, do they study or care much about the calendar of saints itself. I have digressed upon this topic farther than I intended, and, with an apology to my kind reader, I return to my story.

Burke, I believe it was, who said, 'There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous,' so, from monastic institutions, Henry VIII., and the Reformation, I return to show three barrels of beer beat a whole squadron of British cavalry.

Soon after being turned in upon this lonely spot we partook of a hasty meal of bread, cheese and ale; we then began to select the softest spots on which to repose for the night. A sentry was posted at the gateway with strict orders to allow none of the troopers to pass out. We were not, however, denied the privilege of purchasing from the townspeople, who came to the gateway, such articles as tobacco and other requisites not considered contraband. The object in placing us there, was to keep us together, for the mob, although dispersed, were by no means subdued, and might during the night make another attempt at riot. Hence the necessity for keeping us so closely shut up in the abbey.

I may as well here state, that we were solely under the charge of non-commissioned officers, the superior officers having remained at the hotel at Clitheroe, knowing that should we be wanted during the night, they at least would be on hand.

In spite, however, of the vigilance of our sentry, some of the townspeople found their way to the grass plot, where we had bivouacked, having the knowledge, I presume, of some back entrances. They speedily informed our chaps that, if we could manage the rest of the affair, they would procure us a plentiful supply of ale. Now, this was a piece of news of the most agreeable importance to all of us, and set the inventive faculties of the most knowing amongst us speedily in action, devising means how to get in that promised and much wished for beverage.

The subject having been duly canvassed a smart

committee was appointed to bamboozle the sentry, aid him in seeing double, or not seeing at all, or otherwise, by a counter ruse, distract his attention, and thus overcome his vigilance; in fact, by some or any means, it was resolved that that ale must come in, and when in, be disposed of as ale should be. It was soon accomplished by some mysterious agency; a cask was rolled to the gateway, and in an equally mysterious manner was rolled in and hidden. The old oaken bucket was soon unhitched from its rusty fastenings, and brought into active requisition. The very careful 'non-coms' began to feel themselves slighted by being confined within the empty walls of an old religious house. The soldiers could see no possible necessity for them to remain prisoners, when every man was prompt and ready to perform any and every duty assigned them. Each painful that went round added fresh causes to the mutiny, until at length the non-commissioned officers, who felt their dignity abused, resolved to visit the 'Shoulder of Mutton' public house, close by. The sentry, who had either become partially blind, or had argued himself into the belief that his orders did not exclude barrels or casks; certain, however, two more barrels were rolled in. The old temperance hall was again in active service, and now the revel reached the height of desperation—yea, as if it had been a duty incumbent upon us, and, ere midnight, there were few if any who were not lying side by side with their chargers. Still there were some who were not yet willing to give quarters to the old pail, but seemed determined that nothing in the shape of men or beer should conquer British Hussars. This party, having further dismantled the old house, made a fire and 'camped it,' singing some old regimental songs, of which I have now but a faint recollection. One old trooper sang the especial favorite of which I have preserved a fragment. It is called the—

BATTLE OF SAHAGUN.

On the twenty-first of December,
As in quarters we lay,
Lord Paget came to us,
And told he did say—
'Come saddle your horses,
For we must march soon,
As the Frenchmen are lying
In the town of Sahagun.
We saddled our horses,
And away we did go
Over rivers of ice
And mountains of snow.
For the town of Sahagun,
Our course we did steer,
'Twas British Hussars,
My boys, never fear.
Now the French they turned out
From the town of Sahagun,
Well armed and well mounted
Full twelve thousand strong,
With their glittering broadswords,
Right at them we fled,
They went three about,
And away soon they sped.'

In the midst of this song, the singer was stopped to relate how, at the battle of Sahagun, he had received a cut 'six' from a Frenchman, a cut which disfigured him for life, having taken effect under his nose, separating the upper lip and one cheek, leaving an ugly seam. I have an indistinct remembrance of Hardy relating this circumstance, and then still more indistinctly these words—

'The sons of France,
We made them dance
That day at Waterloo—'

and then I must have dozed until a confounded noise and bustle, with the ineffectual efforts of the trumpeter to blow something, or anything, partially aroused me; but it seemed as if it was ordained that everything should go wrong, for the poor fellow could not get the right end of the trumpet to his mouth. To some, it appeared that we were wanted, but to any one who had the use of their senses, it was apparent that we should be more wanted before we could get ready.

I need scarcely add that the beer had been supplied by the rioters or their friends. It proved a successful piece of generalship on their part, for, after sundry ridiculous attempts to saddle, we had to give it up, and we were left to the enjoyment of an undisturbed if not glorious repose. The rioters burned and sacked without interruption until morning, when we were visited by our officers who pulled very long faces, but little was said. We mounted, and in the course of the forenoon reached Clitheroe, where everything had become comparatively quiet. We remained here for a day or two, but never heard anything of our bowing at old shrines in the abbey of Whalley. The fact was that, while we were revelling in the old ruins, our officers were at similar work at the hotel, and, therefore, the less said about it the better for all concerned.

Before we left we had many a laugh at the adroit manner in which the rioters at Clitheroe had beaten us with three barrels of beer, and it became a pass-word afterwards in the regiment. 'Remember the butchers at Clitheroe.'

THE HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL CONNECTION OF SCOTLAND WITH IRELAND.

[Substance of a late lecture delivered in Montreal by THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, M. P. P. for that city.]

* * * * *

Now-a-days, if we speak of Scotsmen, we have no confusion of ideas as to the country of which he is a native; it was, however, very different formerly. A few centuries ago, whoever, in the universities or exchanges of Europe—at Oxford, or Paris, or Antwerp, or Venice, or Rome—mentioned a Scot, invariably added, as a distinction, 'of Ireland' or 'of Caledonia.' It is not necessary to quote the long array of ancient authors who so speak of the people of both countries; but a very few—and those of most familiar note—may be mentioned. St. Prosper, of Aquitaine, a chronicler of the 5th century, speaks of Palladius preaching to the Scots of both countries; the venerable Bede, in the 8th century, speaks habitually of Hibernia as 'the island of the Scots,' and 'the fatherland of the Scoti'; Eginhard, the secretary and biographer, the Bourrienne of Charlemagne, writing in the 9th century, denominates Ireland 'Hibernia, Scotorum insula.' These authorities, French and English, will suffice for the notoriety of the fact abroad—that Ireland was known abroad as Scotia, at least from the 5th to the 9th century. Of Irish authorities on this point, I shall cite none, and of modern Scots but one—the learned George Buchanan, the preceptor of James I. of England and Ireland, and VI. of Scotland. 'All the inhabitants of Hibernia,' says Buchanan, 'were originally called Scoti, as Orosius points out; and our own annals tell us that there was more than one migration of the Scots from Hibernia into Albania.' And every recent research has gone to confirm the fact that it was not till the 11th century that Eri ceased to be called Scotia, or that Alba came into exclusive possession of that name. Occasionally, in poetical and other compositions, the old title was applied to the mother country, as we still hear England called Albion, and as America is sometimes poetically spoken of as Columbia.

The word Scotia is itself the name of a woman; some Gaelic scholars derived it from Scythia, a Scythian woman; others from Scyth, a flower or blossom, a name like Rosa and Flora and Laura, naturally suggestive of female beauty. All agree that this generic title of our race is derived from some first mother of the tribe, some hero's helpmate, who braved with him the perils of migration and of war, whose dusky eastern brow shines for us out of the dim traditions, and through the foliage of deep-wooded Innisfail, 'rich with barbaric pearl and gold.' The profound reverence of the Celtic tribes for their women is attested by all the Roman writers. In Gaul they neither made peace nor without consulting them, and in Britain the veterans of Caractacus did not refuse their homage to

Boadicea. In this respect the Celts followed the example of Asia, rather than of Rome; they, too, had their Cleopatras, Berenices and Zenobias, whom posterity might have equally admired had they been equally fortunate in their historians.

As the name Scotia is feminine, so that of Gael (Gaedhal) is masculine. His genealogy, like that of the lady, is the subject of much debate among the antiquaries; but all are agreed that from this ancestor the language of the Scots takes its name. In this respect, that race differed in their first customs from the Saxons and other northern nations, who still speak of their language as mother-tongue, and their country as father-land. Originally, these terms had an accurate sense; conquerors, intermarrying with the daughters of the vanquished, transmitted the land won by the sword to descendants nursed and bred in the speech of their mothers. With the Scotie family their speech is the speech of the father, their land bears the name of the mother of the race—a singular contrast, and full of matter for reflection.

Of some of the migrations of which Buchanan speaks, from Hibernia into Albania, we have no very precise records. No passages in human history have been less carefully kept than the records of emigration. The movements of rude masses of men, the first foundations of states and cities, are generally lost in obscurity, or misrepresented by patriotic ingenuity. The successive settlements of the Scots in Caledonia can be faintly traced from the middle of the 3d century till the beginning of the 6th. About the year 503, they had succeeded in establishing a principality among the cliffs and rocks of Argyll. The limits of their first territory cannot now be accurately traced; but it seems certain it spread north into Ross-shire, and east into the present county of Perth. It was a land of stormy firths and fessured headlands, of deep defile, and snowy summits. 'Tis a far cry to Lough Awe,' is still a lowland proverb, and Lough Awe was in the heart of that old Scotie colony. By the middle of the 9th century (A. D. 843), Kenneth, the eleventh in descent from Fergus the founder of the Argyll settlement, became king of all Caledonia, if we except the coast of Caithness occupied by Norwegians. His dynasty was extinguished in the male branch with Alexander III., in 1286; but through the Bruces and Stuarts, and from the latter to the present sovereign of Great Britain, the collateral issue may be traced, devious and adulterated in its descent, but unbroken even till our own day.

In the extension of their political power, the Scots advanced by slow degrees southward. Kenneth removed 'the seat of government'—if I may use such an expression in this case—from Inverlochy to Abernethy; Malcolm Ceanmore, two centuries later, brought it still further southward to Dumferline; in the reign of Alexander III., Edinburgh began to be looked upon as the permanent capital. The old coronation chair of the Argyll chiefs was in like manner transferred from Dunstaffnage to Scone (near Perth), and beneath it lay 'the stone of destiny,' on the preservation of which depended, according to Milesian belief, the continuance of the Scotie line. If we are to credit a recent learned writer—Dr. Petrie—this was but a supposititious stone, the original still remaining unnoticed and unknown on the grass grown mound of Tara; while its high placed counterfeit is now exhibited to visitors in Edward the Confessor's chapel, in Westminster Abbey. True or false, upon this corner-stone of Scottish loyalty the McAlpin line, the Bruces and the Stuarts, were crowned, and the tradition that connects them with it, connects them also with the paternal isle from which it was obtained, to add an additional solemnity to the coronation of their first kings.

It is hardly necessary to observe here that the Argyll Scots were not, in those early ages, the only inhabitants of Caledonia. There were at least three other groups of men—the Picts of the German Ocean and the Lothians, a German tribe; the Britons of Strathclyde, expelled by their Saxon conquerors, a Welsh tribe; and the Norwegians of Caithness, Sutherland, and the Orkneys. These three races

taken together, no doubt, largely outnumbered*, even in the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore, the descendants of the Scots-Irish. Yet the religion, the laws, and the nationality, and the sovereignty of Scotland, were all established by the children of the settlers of Argyle. They were the aggressive and prevailing race from the 6th to the 13th century, and if the Saxon element has been since steadily gaining in the lowlands and the cities—if the Anglo-Norman nobility, introduced by James I., have begun to outnumber the titled heads of great clans—still, in peace and in war, in action and in acquiescence, the offspring of the Gael need not, even in the 19th century, veil their bonnets before any proud southern plume. That they gave Scotland her style, her crown, her native kings, and the religion in which she worshipped for a thousand years, is proof enough that they were not inferior in energy or in civilization to the men of Germany, of Britain, or of the North, with whom they were brought in contact in those ages, and over whom, peaceably or forcibly, they, in the lapse of time, extended their dominion.

What we have said of the Scots in Caledonia may also be said, with some difference, of their kindred in Ireland. They were not the sole, nor were they the earliest, inhabitants. The Belgæ were before them—were the people before the arrival of the Milesian settlers. Of those still earlier pioneers, the 'Tuatha de Dananns,' we can get no certain sight. They move about in the distance and the darkness, huge and uncertain figures, performing all sorts of wonderful things. Such men there were no doubt, with princes, warriors, a society, and a culture, above barbarism. But they, as well as the Belgæ, had to succumb to the conquering Gael, called by our best writers 'Scoto-Milesians.' One desperate revolt the vanquished made in the first Christian century, cutting off their oppressors by a well-planned conspiracy; but it was of no avail. After revolution had followed restoration, and Tuathal 'the acceptable' returned from honorable dress in Agricola's tent, to re-establish the legitimate dynasty on the throne of Tara. From thenceforth till the Plantagenets came, the sceptre of Eri did not pass from the hands of the Scotie line. During all the long centuries, while the Argyle colony was growing into the Scottish monarchy, the parent island remained the populous home of the race, cherishing for their kinsmen in Alba an affection strengthened by all the ties of common creed, common speech, a common literature, a common ancestry.

The great unionist between the separate but kindred populations—the man who, in his own person, best presents the religious, the political and the intellectual identity of the two nations—is St. Columbcille, the Apostle of the Picts, and the founder of Iona. He was not at the planting of the Argyle colony, nor is his name the first name invoked in the old Scottish liturgy. St. Kieran, the ruins of whose churches still, or lately did, exist in Campbelltown and other parts of Argyle, was the patron of the pioneers; but Columbcille was the finisher of the work. Born in the Province, from which most of the emigrants had gone out, nearly allied by blood to the house of Fergus, it is not wonderful that his natural affections should have suggested the missionary field. And nature had well fitted him to the great task of adding another realm to the empire of Christendom. His princely birth gave him power over his own proud kindred; his golden eloquence and glowing verse—the fragments of which still move and delight the Gaelic scholar—gave him fame and weight in the Christian schools which had suddenly sprung up in every glen and island. As prince, he stood on equal terms with princes; as poet, he was affiliated to that all-powerful Bardic order, before whose awful anger kings trembled and warriors succumbed in superstitious dread. A spotless soul, a disciplined body, an indomitable energy, an industry that never wearied, a courage that never blanched, a

sweetness and courtesy that won all hearts, a tenderness for others that contrasted wonderfully with his rigor towards himself, these were some of the qualities which adorned the character of this eminent missionary.

According to Bede, Columba arrived in Caledonia in the year 565. He was then in the prime of his life—his 44th year. Twelve companions, the apostolic number, accompanied him out of Ireland. For thirty-four years he was the legislator and captain of Christianity in those northern regions. The King of the Picts received baptism at his hands; the Kings of the Scottish colony, his kinsmen, received the crown from him on their accession. The islet of I., or Iona, ever afterwards so famous, was presented to him by one of these princes. Here he founded his parent-house, and from the Hebridean rock, he shaped the destinies, spiritual and temporal, of many tribes and kingdoms.

Formed by his teaching and example, there went out from Iona apostles to Iceland, to the Orkneys, to Northumbria, to Man, and to South Britain. A hundred monasteries in Ireland looked to that exiled saint as their patriarch. Twenty British or Scottish bishops accompanied him from Iona to the assembly at Dromketh. His rule of life, adopted from the far East, from the recluses of the Thebaid and of Palestina, was sought for by chiefs, Bards, and converted Druids. Clients, seeking direction from his wisdom, or protection through his power, were constantly arriving and departing from his sacred isle. His days were given to labor, his nights to study and the transcribing of the scriptures. Death found him at the ripe age of almost four score, 'stylus' in hand, toiling cheerfully over vellum page. It was the last day of the week when the presentiment of his end came strongly upon him.

'This day,' he said, to his disciple Diarmidius, 'is called the day of rest, and such it will be for me, for it will finish my labors.' Laying down the manuscript, he added, 'let Baithen finish the rest.' Just after Alatus, on the Sunday morning, he peacefully passed away from the scene of his extraordinary labors.

Of his gentleness, as well as energy of character, tradition and his biographers have recorded many instances. Among them I may recall his habit of ascending an eminence every evening at sunset, to look over towards the coast of his native land. The spot is called by the islanders to this day, 'the place of the back turned upon Ireland.' The fishermen of the Hebrides long believed they could see their saint flitting over the scene after every fresh storm, counting the islands to see if any of them had foundered.

There is a beautiful legend of his finding a quail fluttering upon the strand with broken pinions, having been blown across from the Ulster shore by a western wind; of his nursing the poor bird until it had recovered, and then letting it loose, 'that it might fly back again to its own country.' Such are the relations which fond tradition, in no irreverent spirit, has carefully preserved of that great saint, and his must have been a loving and a lovely character of which such tender tales could be told, and such beautiful fiction could be universally believed.

As a statesman, he carried for our ancestors three great measures, of the last of which we are not, even at this moment, beyond the reach. He obtained the peaceful recognition by Ireland of the independence of her colony in Scotland, at the famous convention at Dromketh; he effected the reformation of the Bardic order, and he established the first western monastic institute. Of the two former, as political and social events of the first importance in Gaelic life, I shall speak a little more in detail.

(Concluded in our next.)

A WOMAN is like tar.—only melt her and she will take any form you please.

AMERICAN NEWS.

THE MODERN HERCULES.—It is said that Senator Douglas has addressed his constituents in 57 counties. He met Mr. Lincoln in debate once in each Congressional district; made 59 set speeches of from two to three hours in length; 17 speeches of from twenty minutes to forty-five minutes in length, in response to the compliment of serenades; and 37 speeches of about equal length, in reply to addresses of welcome. Of these 120 speeches, all but two were made in the open air, and seven speeches were made or continued during heavy rain. To do this Mr. Douglas crossed, from end to end, every railroad line in the State excepting three, besides making long journeys by means of horse conveyance and steamboats, the road total amounting to 5227 miles. By boat he made almost the entire western side of the State, and all that portion of the Illinois river which is navigable by steamboats.

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Times says that 'it seems to be the settled conviction of the President and his Cabinet that our Paraguay expedition will be defeated should President Lopez determine to fight. This it is believed will result from the great difficulty of reaching his capital. In the language of a member of the Cabinet, the expedition is about as chimerical as would be an expedition up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers against the State of Ohio. In order that Lopez may not have an opportunity of complaining of the presence of the fleet, the vessels will come to anchor in the river outside of the territorial limits, and there await the result of Commissioner Bowlin's negotiations.'

STEAM CARRIAGE FOR THE ROAD.—Col. R. M. Hoe, we see it announced, is about to construct a carriage to travel over any turnpike or good country road, and to be propelled by steam. It is intended for himself, to ride out and in between his place of business and his country seat, about twelve miles from the city of New York. It is expected that the carriage and propelling power will not cost more than a good pair of horses and coach, and travel over a fair road at the rate of two-thirty per mile.

NEW INVENTION.—A person at Niagara Falls has succeeded in an invention which he announces to be an 'electrical cannon.' It produces sixty discharges in a minute without becoming heated. A patent has been procured, and the proprietor intends shortly to exhibit its power and facility in this city, and then proceed to the War Office at Washington to astonish the President, Secretary of War, and all the practical subordinates of its superiority over all other missiles of destruction.

THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE SITE.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger writes that there is talk of the Astor House as the most eligible site for a Post-office, and strong representations will probably be made to Postmaster General Brown to close it with an offer, which, it is understood, the proprietors are ready to make, to sell out.

LIBEL SUIT.—Senior Antonio Jose de Yrissari, one of the Ministers from the Republic of Nicaragua to the government of the United States, has sued the proprietors of the N. Y. Times for libel, laying the damages to his character at the sum of \$25,000.

THE WESTERN RESERVE CHRONICLE adds a new item to the history of George Peabody, the liberal American banker. It says—'Thirty-two years ago the above millionaire was sawing wood for his board in New Haven, Ct.'

The latest intelligence from South America states that the U. S. frigate St. Lawrence was at Rio Janeiro and the U. S. sloop-of-war Plymouth, at Montevideo.

The Paraguayans were staking the lower part of their river, to prevent the ingress of the American squadron. The shores of Paraguay were well fortified, and it is added, the Americans would meet a very warm reception.

*Pinkerton surmises the original colony to have been 40 to 50,000 strong, but on what ground he does not state. I cannot forbear expressing some surprise at the importance attached to some of the dicta of this passionate and partial debater of historic doubts, rather than writers of history.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

CANNONADING IN QUEENSTOWN.—The Cork Examiner says:—Considerable sensation was created in Queenstown on Monday night by the loud booming of cannon in the harbor. The lateness of the hour and the strictness with which the Sabbath is observed on board English men-of-war prevented the idea being entertained that it was the mariners who were being brought through the gun exercise. In a short time the streets were crowded by the inhabitants of Queenstown, by naval officers, &c., and conjecture was rife as to cause of the cannonading. Some thought that a ship was on fire, others that a strange man-of-war might be entering the harbor, and a few of the more imaginative and impulsive were of opinion that it was a foreign invasion. Crowds of people came rushing down from the neighborhood of Spy Hill, shouting out, 'The French are come, the French are come,' and the greatest excitement, in consequence, prevailed; many people were terrified to an extreme degree, and in a few instances ladies fainted. After some time, however, the discharges were seen to come from her Majesty's ship Hawke, and some boats, containing naval officers, put off immediately to that vessel. The firing soon after ceased. The cause of such unusual activity on board the Hawke has been kept to the present a mystery from the public, but we have learned that it was a post-prandial entertainment given in the absence of the captain and other seniors, by the junior officer of the ship to some friends of his who were on board. The visitors, it appears, being mere landmen, expressed an anxiety to see the marines put through the gun exercise, and the officer, wishing to afford his guests every enjoyment, ordered the drums to beat the men to quarters. His directions were complied with—the marines were aroused from their hammocks, and in obedience to the command of their superior, blazed away at the guns for fully half an hour. They went at it with such a right good will that one of the boats was blown away from the davits. This morning, it is stated, the officer in question was placed under arrest, and a court martial will be held on him to-morrow. The Hawke will leave for Bantry to-morrow.

THE REV. MR. NIXON, whose severity as a land-lord appears to have incited the criminal and daring attempt on his life in Donegal, had for his first wife a lady from this county named Keating, who was originally of the Catholic persuasion, and whose forefathers had, with great difficulty, saved their possessions from the hungry and foul grasp of the infamous penal laws. By placing the property in the trusteeship of honorable Protestants it was preserved. Miss Keating had a dowry of £10,000, and she met her husband in Dublin, where he was then residing in temporal circumstances so narrow that he was unable, as stated, to afford advancing beyond the degree of deacon. He officiated subsequently for a few years in the King's County. He is married a second time; and is a man of large size, about fifty years of age, conditions that may assist his recovery from the wounds he received. It was with his first wife's fortune he purchased the property in Donegal, in connection with which he has evinced those traits of severity, in word and deed, to the people, which has gone near costing him his life—if indeed he is not already the victim. These particulars have been related to us by a Limerick gentleman who has had the Rev. Mr. Nixon's personal acquaintance. [Munster News.]

THE REV. PETER DALY, P. P., in a letter addressed to the Galway Vindicator, gives an extract from a communication received from the Secretary of the Midland Great Western Railway, in which it is stated that Mr. Carby, the efficient chief engineer of the Company, 'has instructions to proceed with the construction of the railway to the docks.'

GALWAY AND LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool press, naturally enough in the interests of the Liverpool mercantile interest, are decrying the Lever line of packets. We have been favored with some of their observations and calculations, but must candidly say that they are not sufficient to prevent us supporting the Galway route. A favorite objection of the English writers is, that the Lever line is much inferior to the Cunard steamers. If this be so and we are quite ready to grant—it shows, not that Galway should not be a trans-Atlantic station, but that a better class of vessels than have sailed yet should be obtained by Mr. Lever and his friends. Galway is only 2,731 miles from New York, Liverpool is 3,020 miles, so that if steamers of equal power start from each port, Galway must be entitled to precedence. Another advantage of sailing from Galway is, that the dangers of the channels are avoided. It is said that the harbor of Galway is unfitted for a packet station by reason of rocks and the want of a breakwater. The promoters of the Lever line admit that Galway bay needs to be improved, and they have called on government for a loan for that purpose. Of course their application is treated by many in England as another evidence of the disposition of the Irish to depend on governments, instead of helping themselves. But it may be urged in return that large sums of public money have been spent in the improvement of English harbors, and the old adage has it that 'what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.' Other Irish ports are understood to be competing with Galway for a line of ocean steamers; it is hoped, however, that they will waive their claims, and allow the experiment in favor of Galway to be fairly tried. [Wexford People.]

THE FOYNES PACKET STATION.—The men of Limerick no sooner heard of the success of the packet station at Galway than, like good fellows, they set about creating another for themselves at the mouth of the Shannon. This is exactly what boys do when they are fishing in one pool; when Jack sees Tom getting a bite, he himself pitches in the same spot, and probably destroys Tom's chance, without bettering himself. There was a meeting held at Limerick on Thursday on the subject of the station; a great number of M. P's attended; and the object was to learn the result of a deputation from Limerick to the manager of the Cunard line of steamers from Liverpool. The result was learned. That gentlemen snubbed them completely, and told them to lie by. It was very well that he did so. In its infantine state the Galway enterprise might be seriously injured by the raising up of a rival, and when Cunardians had effected this they would think little of their leaving Foynes for Liverpool, and thus deprive Ireland of a packet station in any place. Let us hope that the Limerick people will give over throwing at their neighbour's fish. They have other subjects of enterprise in abundance, and they should attach themselves to some of them. Mr. Smith O'Brien rebuked them well, when they asked him to co-operate with them in the establishment of packet station. Ah! what a lie there—all for Ireland, none for a locality. [Meath People.]

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The Stag with seven miles of the shore end of the cable on board, has arrived in Valentia harbour, and Captain Kell will, no doubt, commence the laying of it without unnecessary delay. There is one rather dangerous reef of rocks lying out about one mile and a half or two miles outside of the mouth of Valentia harbour, called the Coast Guard Patch. On this rock there are about ten fathoms at low water and about twenty six fathoms all round it. Unfortunately, as the Agamemnon entered the harbour, owing to the wind being unfavorable, she was obliged to lay the cable over this spot. It is thought that the drifting of the cable over this place might have partially caused the injury which has stopped the working for so long a period. From this point it will of course be removed, and deposited in the most secure and level channel in the harbor. With the view of discovering such a channel, Captain Kell has for the last few days been closely sounding every approach to the bay, both on the Valentia and Lough Kay sides of the Be-

ginish Island. As there is already between four and five miles of the shore end of the cable laid down, the additional seven miles which will be added to it by Captain Kell will render the rope quite secure against injury from the wash of the tide. [Munster News.]

THE PORT OF GALWAY—ITS INCREASING PROSPERITY.—For the last fifteen years our docks have not been so crowded with shipping as at the present moment. We counted this day no less than twenty-eight large ships, with three steamers, in our docks, and four at our roadstead, waiting for tide to come into dock; six of these were discharging cargoes of Indian corn, and a large brig at our roadstead was discharging her cargo in boats, so as to lighten her to cross the bar outside our docks. Between the discharging of these cargoes, with those of other vessels—coals, timber, wheat, herrings, and assorted cargoes—our docks present a scene of bustle and business which it was not our pleasure to witness for many years. [Galway Express.]

It is gratifying to us to be able to state that the potato disease, which caused no inconsiderable alarm a few weeks ago in consequence of the rapidity with which it was spreading on all sides, appears to be arrested in its progress. The crop is holding its ground, and the potatoes covered up with earth in pits, in the old way, are continuing free from the infection. We have heard various conjectures about the percentage of the crop damaged, but we believe no accurate approximation of the truth can be arrived at yet. The general impression is that two-thirds of the entire, on an average, will escape unhurt. [Tuam Herald.]

On Wednesday week two men, named James O'Donnell and John Keogh, were brought before the magistrates at Pallas petty sessions, charged with having killed a hare on the lands of Coogey, the property of the Earl of Derby. These lands are strictly preserved by the agent, Charles G. Grey, Esq. who, finding that the parties made no defence, prevailed upon the magistrates to inflict a nominal penalty, and, on paying the costs, the poachers were dismissed with a lecture on the risk they had run. [Clonmel Chronicle.]

The Art Exhibition in Clonmel was finally closed on Saturday evening.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

A TRUE PICTURE OF AN ENGLISH WOMAN IN PARIS.—Let us all religiously bend down to fashion, and own ourselves her slaves in all ages! But how are we in Paris to put on a grave face and look respectably at Mrs. Potts, and her friends the Misses Cofts, just arrived, and who may be seen on the Boulevards daily? Here are three ladies, fat and forty (heaven forgive me for publishing their age), wearing bronze colored chip hats with feathers, and a glittering screen of lace hanging from the broad rim of the said hat. Their dresses (dirty looking silk) are made to stick out suddenly and abruptly before, and behind and at the sides, as the case may be, and as accident may impose. We are all ashamed of them, and will not admit to our French friends that they belong to Great Britain or Ireland. [Paris correspondent of the London Post.]

The Paris correspondent of the London Globe writes:—'A rumor is circulated, and fully credited on the Bourse, that orders have been transmitted to Gen. MacMahon for immediate concentration of all the troops in Algeria, preparatory to a campaign against Morocco. The last battle fought at Isly against this Emperor of the Moors only produced a name for a Paris street, and a huge umbrella, which was captured with the imperial baggage.—A more material guarantee will be secured this time. Byron laughed at 'General Count O'Reilly, who did not take Algeria, but Algeria took him.' It is now a crumb of comfort for the Milesians, that from the Pyrenees to the range of Mount Atlas every bayonet and firelock is under the sway of Pat MacMahon and Leopold O'Donnell.

THE IRISH PACKET STATION--LETTER FROM SMITH O'BRIEN.

The following letter from Smith O'Brien has been received by the secretaries of the Limerick Packet Station Committee:—

CARRIGMOYLE, NEWCASTLE WEST, }
October 25, 1868.

Gentlemen—As you have done me the honor to solicit my attendance at the meeting which is to be held in Limerick on next Thursday, for the promotion of a trans-Atlantic Packet Station, and as it is probable that I shall not be present on the occasion, I take the liberty to commit to writing the ideas which have occurred to me on the subject—after having recently visited Galway, Blacksod Bay, Cork harbor and Valentia.

You state that the object of the proposed conference is—'To ascertain the views and opinions of those whose interests are most closely identified with the successful establishment of trans-Atlantic communication at the best port of Ireland for that purpose.' I offer the following remarks in conformity with the spirit of this invitation. If I have any personal interest in the question, that interest is connected with the port of Foynes, which lies within ten English miles of our residence, and the river that intersects the territory with which all the traditional memories of my family as well as all our relations of property are connected. But I am disposed to look at this question as a matter of national importance, rather than as one of local or personal interest.

I wish, therefore, in the first place, to disclaim any participation in the disposition which has been evinced by some to decry the port of Galway, and to obstruct the efforts which are at present in progress for establishing a Trans-Atlantic Packet Station. I consider Galway Bay to be a very fine port, and if we had the good fortune to possess a parliament in Ireland, I would have no hesitation in supporting a vote in favor of whatever reasonable amount of money (say £250,000) might be necessary for rendering it a secure harbor of refuge. The British government has squandered many millions of money, to which Ireland has contributed, upon ports, such as Alderney, Dover, &c., the utility of which is now questioned. It reserves also for England the whole of the expenditure that is connected with the maintenance of naval dockyards—to the exclusion of Ireland and Scotland. Under these circumstances it ought, in common justice, to accede to any proposal that may be made for the improvement of Irish ports, in whatever part of this kingdom they may be situated.

I wish success to the Galway line—first, because the Lever company has bestowed a great benefit upon Ireland in endeavouring to prove that trans-Atlantic communication can be carried on very successfully from an Irish port; and next, because I believe that the success of the Galway company will lead to the establishment of trans-Atlantic communication with Limerick—whereas its failure would probably retard for many years any similar enterprise from other ports of Ireland.

Further, I have satisfied myself that the Galway undertaking will succeed, provided that the company will put on the line vessels of the swiftest class. Having myself witnessed the starting of the Pacific from Galway Bay, and having perceived from the public journals that subsequent trips have been attended with even a greater amount of passengers and goods, I entertain no doubt that an amount of traffic, which would be far beyond the capacity of a single company to manage, will eventually feed the trans-Atlantic enterprise of Ireland, if it can be established, by practical experience, as an unquestionable fact that the voyage to America can be made more quickly—by 36 hours—from an Irish than from an English port. This is at present the great question at issue, and to the determination of this point the sympathy and co-operation of the whole people of Ireland ought to be directed. Galway has been the first to enter this career of competition, and instead of impeding our fellow-countrymen in the race, we ought rather to cheer them on. If

the Galway line be successful, it will follow, as an inevitable consequence, that a Shannon line will also be successful, provided it shall be found that our river possesses that superiority which we are disposed to claim for it; and it is beyond all question that there is traffic enough for both lines.

The same motives which will induce English and foreign passengers and merchants to freight a single vessel will equally operate to fill twenty vessels, and the trans-Atlantic traffic now concentrated in Liverpool will be distributed amongst the ports of Ireland. It is almost needless for me to observe that the Irish traffic is itself very considerable, and will probably increase every year. It will be not only a saving of money to Irish passengers to embark from an Irish port, but it will also be a comfort to them to escape from the frauds and annoyances which they encounter in the port of Liverpool.

Such being my views with regard to the Galway enterprise, I am of opinion that no evil will result from a little delay in the formation of a Shannon trans-Atlantic company. Whenever such a company shall be formed, I hope that efforts may be made to induce the Irish who are resident in America to become shareholders in it, and, if possible, to obtain from the American Government postal subsidies in support of this line of communication.

As between the different ports of the Shannon, I do not feel myself competent to offer an opinion that can claim to be of much value; but I give you the impressions which at present rest upon my mind. In the first place, I would say that our local community ought not to be swayed by the private interests of any locality, of any company, or of any individuals, in determining the port which shall be hereafter selected as the point of arrival and departure for trans-Atlantic vessels. Tarbert, Foynes and Kilrush are at present the competing ports, and their respective claims ought to be viewed with rigid impartiality by the public of Limerick and the surrounding counties. In regard to Tarbert and Kilrush, it may be assumed that very few years will elapse before these towns will possess the advantage of railway communication as well as Foynes. For my own part, I am convinced that the Foynes Railway will never pay a profitable dividend to the shareholders until it shall have been continued to Tarbert and thence to Tralee. It is also probable that the Ennis Railway will be extended to Kilrush. Now, if it be found that the Shannon communication with America can be carried on more advantageously from Tarbert or Kilrush than from Foynes, the claims of either of these ports ought to be supported; and, on the other hand, if Foynes be found to be superior to both, let it be taken as the point of arrival and departure. In any case, there can be no difficulty in trying the experiment, because it appears from your report that ocean steamers can be received into the docks at Limerick, so that all that would be required at Foynes, in order to make the experiment, would be the formation of a wooden jetty, or the purchase of an old Hulk at an expense of a few hundred pounds (as suggested by Mr. Randall), by means of which passengers could be landed on the pier at Foynes, which is at present inaccessible at low water. The trans-Atlantic steamer, after having delivered her passengers and mails at Foynes, might then carry her cargo into the docks at Limerick.

I know not how far these views may be acceptable to the parties who are promoting a Shannon line of steam communication with America, but having been invited to state my opinion, I have felt it to be my duty to offer it frankly—under the influence of a paramount desire that Ireland should possess the advantage of steam communication with America, an advantage to the relative importance of which I hold all local rivalries or personal interests to be subordinate.

I have not deemed it necessary to discuss the merits of Valentia harbor or Blacksod Bay, because they are at present out of the field of competition; but I may mention that when first I visited Valentia, I witnessed the wreck of a vessel in the harbor itself, and that Blacksod Bay is cut off from internal communication

with the rest of Ireland by an immense tract of moor. As for the Cove of Cork, if it possess the advantages which the citizens of Cork claim for it, the Cork merchants, and other parties connected with that city, are quite competent to establish for themselves a line of trans-Atlantic communication.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

John Ellard, Esq., Wm. Carroll, Esq., Secretaries

THE BATTLE OF ST. CAST.—This victory over the English, which the people of Brittany have lately commemorated by the erection of a fine monument, with an emblematic bronze group on the top, is thus described—'An officer of marines, who was present at the engagement, and which was originally published in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1758, after describing the manœuvring of the fleet under Lord Howe, says:—'Upon the beach the peasants had thrown up a sort of dyke, to hinder the sea from overflowing the country, which reached from one side of the bay of St. Cast to the other, and served as an excellent breastwork to cover us from the enemy, but by some mistake in General Drury, who commanded one division, and made the attack, it was rendered useless to us, and of vast advantage to the French, for, instead of waiting behind the dyke, he marched the division over it, and attacked the enemy, who were ready formed on the other side; though, indeed, he made them twice give way, yet the continual succors pouring down the hollow way brought them back to the charge, and then they drove General Drury in return. Now he perceived his error, for the second division could not get over the breastwork time enough to succor the first, which was entirely broke; some, with great difficulty, got back. The enemy, now having got possession of the dyke kept a continual fire upon our grenadiers. When the general saw no remedy left but to retreat, he ordered the whole to wheel immediately to the right, and make for the boats as fast as possible; some got on board, but a battery which the French had erected on the middle of the hill played so furiously that numbers of the boats were beat to pieces. Then the enemy, when they saw no retreat left for us on shore, mounted the dyke, and by a vast superiority of numbers drove those that remained into the sea, who were either cut to pieces or drowned. General Drury was shot in the breast, and Sir John Armitage, a volunteer, was killed upon a rock.'

[Translated from the German for the Miscellany.]

A young gentleman on horseback, passing a churchyard, where were many skulls, some of which were white, and others black, thus addressed his servant: 'You see the difference between these skulls.' 'Yes, sir,' was the reply. 'Well, the white skulls are of gentlemen; the others belong to the peasantry.' Soon after they had occasion to pass a gallows, where were a number of the skulls of those who had suffered thereon. They were all white. This time the servant stopped, and thus addressed his master: 'Here you see a great many skulls; they must have been all gentlemen; I cannot find any peasants amongst them.'

A burglar recently entered through the window into the house of a poor man, and was feeling round for something to steal. The poor man, who heard his operations, thus addressed him: 'Dear friend, you come at night to seek something which I cannot find in the day time.'

Two ladies, well powdered, and their faces covered with rouge, asked a gentleman in a large company what he thought of the fashionable ladies of the present day. He replied, 'I am a bad judge of paintings.'

A friend asked a Dutchman what kind of a winter he thought we should have. The Dutchman, drawing himself up with an air of philosophic equanimity, and an oracular snap of the eye, said: 'I think she will be werry cold dis winter, or werry hot—one of them both.'

VARIOUS ITEMS.

'Where's there?' said a policeman to a passing figure one dark night. 'It's I, don't be afraid,' kindly replied an old woman.

'A Stitch in time saves nine,' in boarding-school parlance is now rendered, 'the first impression of a needle upon a rent obviates a nine-fold introduction.'

What kind of a fever have those who wish to have their names in print? Type us (typhus) fever.

What bad practice was the comet constantly guilty of? Tale bearing. Why have we reason to suppose that it lacked refinement of manners? Because it was constantly seen in the company of a Great Bear.

'Miss Josephina,' said a thick, cherry-looking lipped negro, to one of Africa's daughters, 'Miss Josephina, will you do dis nigger de anticipation ob dancin' a Wergina reel wid 'im?' 'I doesn't assent to dance wulgarcious dances ob dat sort, Mr. Casus,' said Miss Josephina, turning up still higher her well-rounded lip, 'I dances only de porker!'

VERY NATURAL.—The man who had a cloud upon his brow has since been mist.

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TERMS MODERATE.

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August 17th, 1858.

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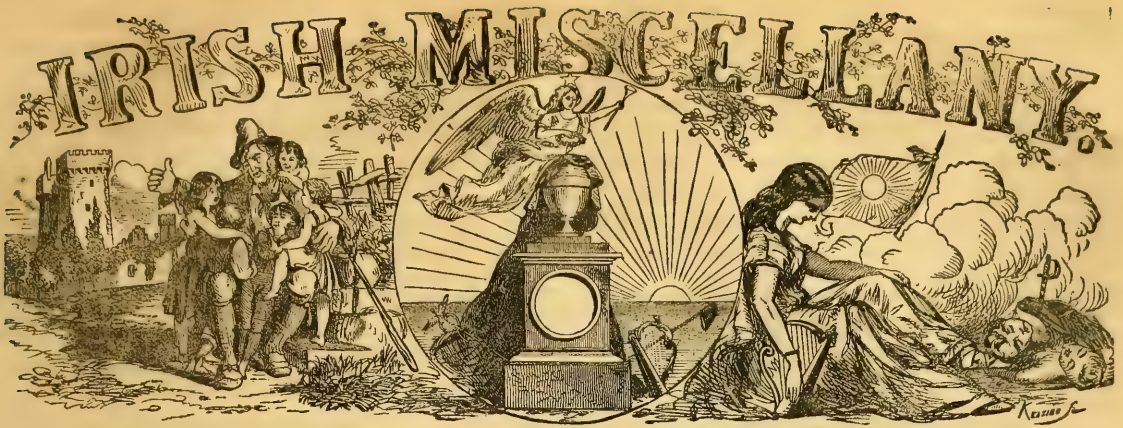
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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 43.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

CATHERINE HAYES.

The birth-place of this great vocalist was Limerick, Ireland. From her earliest childhood she exhibited a precocity of vocal power that won for her the patronage of Dr. Knox, the Protestant Bishop of that See. This clergyman, struck by the singular musical capacity evinced by the 'little Katie,' determined on making arrangements to cultivate her remarkable talents, and, to obtain the necessary funds, opened a subscription list amongst his friends, by which a large sum was procured, and Miss Hayes was then placed, by him, under Signor Sapia, then a resident in Dublin. Here she arrived in 1840, and in the following year her improvement had been so rapid, that she made her first appearance at the annual concert given by her master. Her success was unprecedented, and from that time she steadily made a rapid advance in her profession. In 1843, the operatic company of Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, were in Dublin, and she had the gratification of singing at a concert in which the great 'basso' Lablache was engaged, who then expressed a warm opinion of her merits. On this occasion she first saw an opera, and from that period her determination arose to succeed upon the lyric stage. After great opposition from her friend, it was at last decided that the enthusiastic girl should be placed under the tuition of Signor Garcia. Accordingly, in the following year she arrived at Paris. On hearing her sing, Garcia was at once struck by the capabilities of her voice, which is a very full and extensive 'soprano,' ranging in its lower portion over much of the 'contralto' register. He accordingly addressed himself to the task of instruction, and to use the enthusiastic words of Kate Hayes herself, proved himself 'the kindest and most generous of masters' during a year and a half, at the termination of

which he advised her to go to Italy and study for three months, for the stage, under the Signor Felice Ronconi.

This she accordingly did, and was soon prepared to make her debut upon the operatic stage. This took place in Milan, where her success was unequivocal. So triumphantly, indeed, did she succeed, that in less than three weeks her name was heard through the whole of Italy. Offers of engagements

singing at Court, where she received a warm tribute of admiration from Prince Albert, who is very essentially a thorough judge of music. After this strangely rapid rise into reputation, Katie Hayes had at this time been no more than three years before the British public. Possessing one of the purest 'soprano' voices, perhaps fairly considered, the finest organ of the present day, and thoroughly educated, she has yet one greater gift—

that of genius, and strong in its matchless power, is certain of reaping that golden harvest which is ever awarded to all excellence, without distinction, on the score either of sex or of country. The London Musical World thus discoursed at the time of her departure for this country:—'That Catherine Hayes will take Yankee land by storm, we have no doubt, and, with fair play for the Irish 'prima donna,' we prognosticate as resounding and legitimate success for her as was ever earned for a singer. Catherine Hayes has claims to the favor and countenance of the Americans, to which few others have any pretensions; she is Irish, and that is enough to make her obtain a very 'cead mille faillthe' of a welcome. May her successes be interminable, and may the bright star of Erin shed a light and a glory from North and South, throughout the Western Continent. Above all, may she not be lost in the prairies, or devoured in the effulgence of one of Barnum's comets; but re-



"THE SWAN OF ERIN."

poured in upon her from every quarter, and after singing at Florence, Naples and Genoa, as well as Milan, she returned to England, to dazzle and enchant the lovers of music in her own land.

Here her first appearance was at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and her success was at the same time unprecedented and most extraordinary. In the subsequent season she appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, and had the satisfaction of repeatedly

turn to us light in heart, weighed down by dollars, with her voice beautified and ripened by Columbian gales.' In some respects, Miss Hayes is said to actually rival Jenny Lind, and indisputably so as regards the pathos and feeling with which she renders her role. Jenny astonishes and draws forth rapturous applause, while Catherine delights and touches the heart to its most perfect tenderness.

CRINOLINE.

Pars minima est ipsa puella aut.
The young is the least part of herself.—OVID.

It had been from boyhood my fixed and unalterable belief that the circumstances of private life should be held sacred. This opinion may be original or it may not, but it has long been mine. I consider that the events which occur under the domestic roof should be inviolably guarded. There are few men who would not shrink from acknowledging, through the instrumentality of the press, that a joint under or over done, the absence of a shirt button, the presence of an undigested potato, and east wind, a rise in the price of coals, such like circumstances and things, had disturbed the equanimity of their temper, so necessary for domestic government. Say that the father of a family, having reduced his quarterly resources in the purchase of the latest fashions for the beloved associates of his hearth (endeared to him by all those ties of affection which exalt and beautify humanity), and that his exacerbated feelings exhaust themselves in unscriptural language when the tax man calls the third time for Ministers' Money? Say that he has forgotten his manhood so far as to consign (even temporarily) to a place of torture to which even his masculine energies would succumb, the female who from mistaken views of her art, had overstarched that neither garment, which, in connection with other articles of costume, but chiefly a brown silk umbrella, has become a symbol of British respectability? Say that a female servant aggravates his beloved partner, by giving warning in terms indicative of an equality if not superiority of position, flouncing off with four blue handboxes and her chin in the air, to represent the wife of his bosom to the proprietor of the mangle in the lane as a shrew who would furnish the smallest of domestic animals—are the public to be made the recipients of such confidences? No. Such things, I repeat, are sacred, and should be piously guarded from the profanation of publicity within the happy precincts of the domestic circle. And yet occasionally destiny creates circumstances under which humanity gives way, and man is forced, by a remorseless necessity, to ventilate his grievance and seek in the general sense of the public for alleviation and redress. When I say that I refer to crinoline, I convey, I am sure, the best illustration to this remark. I state the opinion I have arrived at on this subject broadly, which is this, that if its expansion increases, our wives and daughters, who, as my motto states, are now the least part of themselves, will become invisible—that before this occurs domestic life will from said cause, have become impossible—and that husbands will be driven to sue for a separate maintenance.

I know, sir, that the man who brings this topic under public consideration requires no ordinary courage and fortitude of soul. The appearance of this letter may surround the writer with innumerable and, not unlikely, with deadly foes. The female community, always happily large, and now more so than ever, will take the field against him, and he may possibly be sacrificed. But as there are certain duties from which it were ignominy to shrink, in the hope that the impression of the paper in which this appears will from the careful preparations I have taken, escape the eyes of my beloved wife and daughters, I enter fearlessly into the subject.

I need scarcely say that shortly after the invention and adoption of crinoline, I found that my house at certain periods of the day, became impassable. When my family dressed for a promenade, attempted to leave the house, or their female visitors in any force occupied the drawing-room, I was constantly under the apprehension that their departure would be attended with serious injury to themselves. On such occasions (while a mere fixture in a corner of the chamber) they quieted my fears as best they could, and exhibited, I must admit, extraordinary address in the management of their movement; but I found that, under a repetition of such scenes, my intellect became shaken and that my health was becoming impaired. Once, when called out on important business, and finding myself

jammed at a landing on the stairs between a number of crinolines ascending and descending, and dreading the concussion of the immense bodies gravitating toward me—my brain, I confess, gave way, and I was obliged to descend by the window, at great personal risk, and escape as best I could through the garden stables. In my progress I nearly sustained serious injury, by stumbling in my agitation, over my youngest child, who being dressed in the prevailing fashion, encumbered this entire walk, and a large portion of the beds on the other side. The appearance of my darling infant being that of an enormous saucer, so powerfully affected my mind during the day, that when we assembled at tea, and several times as I am informed, gave utterance to such expressions as—'Louisa—why don't you cool your tea in your Mary Anne, child'—'John take care, see you do not break from Marv Ann,' &c. But it is painful to dwell on this distressing subject. Let me hasten to relate the last frightful occurrence in which crinoline last involved me.

Some time since, my wife requested me to accompany her and my daughters to a Flower Show. The day appeared fine, when, after difficulties I need not dwell upon, we got under weigh. After some time, I mastered the difficulty of retaining my wife's arm, she being necessarily several yards distant from me. Louisa and Amelia Sophia followed in the rear, accompanied at a similar distance by two friends of mine, who had attained considerable ease in accompanying similar crinolines and keeping within speaking distance with the occupants. The day changed as we progressed, and a light wind sprung up from the north-west, as it increased in strength, presently filled my mind with ominous forebodings. I had, sir, experienced several gales upon the water during my life time in crossing the Channel, and one of awful violence while journeying in a canal boat into the interior, but as the gale freshened I became quickly aware that the dangers I had escaped on those occasions were quite insignificant to those which now encompassed me.

In ordinary navigation, two elements come into play—water and wind, and the first supports while the latter impels us; but in baloon voyages you are at the mercy of one element, and are blown hither and thither at will. I need not enter into the analogy. The following items from my note-book, or log, will sufficiently illustrate what I mean. I copy out verbatim the notes of this frightful and never-to-be-repeated experiment:—

* * * * *

'At the corner of the second street I almost lost my wife, the wind striking with immense violence upon the mass of crinoline which, becoming inflated, forced me to put forth my entire strength to retain our position on the flagway. I had frequently heard of the disastrous effects proceeding from what mariners call 'a cap full of wind, here, however I found myself borne down and overmastered by something much more dangerous—a crinoline skirtful. I was just about to intreat assistance from the members of a hackney cab-stand, which, being anchored in the road, was within hail, when the gust passed away and we put into a shop to refit. When there, discovered that immense strength of the iron framework underneath the dress had been proof against the violence of the element. Made an observation, while still under shelter, in the direction of my daughters, whom I found laboring under heavy stress of weather, at some distance, but by the courageous agency of their companions, they shortly appeared to have recovered themselves. (Lat. 22 deg. N. of Grafton-street, long. 18. 2' 2" E. of Bank.)

'For some time we proceeded on our course with a fair wind exchanging signals with several other crinolines outward and homeward bound. Two of those spoken with; found they were largely chartered with animal spirits. Gale increasing. Serious apprehension entertained respecting the passage of Carlisle Bridge. Suggestion offered as to the necessity of close reefing petticoats. Repudiated with scorn. Resolution arrived at that the convoy shall sail close to the palisades to insure safe anchorage, and that they keep

together as much as the violence of the elements permit. Corner of Westmorland street approached. Pass Lundy Foot's Point with flying colours. Threatening aspect of clouds to the westward; heavy drops of rain. Thunder!

'Female figure on outside car (supposed to be an Old Lady) passes in the storm, now immensely increased. Nothing visible but two black cloth laced boots, underneath an inflated crinoline, in which the figure, in an attitude of vigorous resistance to the tempest, is buried. Disappears suddenly, followed by a flash of lightning. Wind freshening rapidly. Concussions with one ground swell; eyeglass displaced; apologies; crown sailing under umbrella and parasols, awful tumult. Nothing heard but the flapping of skirts and creaking of iron.

'Sackville-street entered safely. Coast, especially eastward, in the direction of Law's, indicating the presence of great mineral wealth. Further on much sugar observed growing (fly blown), and immense varieties of cotton. One district solely engrossed with medicinal plants and abundantly irrigated by (Bowley and Evan's) soda water. Plain sailing for some time. Thunder clouds gathering heavily to leeward. Respected flashes of lightning and long continued peals of thunder. Danger extremely imminent. Horrible apprehensions that the electric fluid, acting on the steel framework of the crinoline sails should burn my family to the flagway edge. For some time nothing audible but the roaring of the wind, mingled with that of the cad of Wilson's omnibus.

'Stormbursts with unparalleled violence as we enter the meridian of Nelson's Pillar. Observe a number of crinolines in great distress at the crossing, which the fierce north wind roaring down from the Rotundo, renders impossible. Crossing attempted. Sudden explosion of the elements; parasols reefed; shrieks of agony from the entire convoy. Heavy rain. Endeavors to call a cab—failure: voices lost in the tumult of the elements. Crinoline skirts gave way, and iron protrudes through the muslin. Entire party wrecked and blown assunder. Finally collect and retreat into Confectioner Harbor; await in miserable plight, and with many pious ejaculations for their safety, the cessation of the storm. Not unlike a bundle of unbroken umbrellas. Such was the frightful termination of our crinoline baloon navigation.'

I am aware sir, that the suppression of crinoline will encounter the opposition not only of large bodies in the commercial community at home but of several of the most powerful European states. The iron masters of Birmingham, a most potent company, having interests of great weight at stake, will, undoubtedly take their stand by the side of the present petticoats; while the countries which export the material of which they are formed—Sweden and Russia—will, very possibly, oppose a movement tending to check the development of their commerce by a declaration of War. Again, should the attempt to revive the ordinary fashion of petticoat succeed, we cannot overlook the consequences of large masses of the manufacturing population being thus thrown out of employment—a contingency from which the government will naturally shrink, and which can only be met by organising an extensive emigration movement to the colonies. The whole question is surrounded with difficulties, and can only be encountered by the good sense, the energy, and courage of the people. If crinoline is abolished by Act of Parliament, foreign War and domestic Revolution assail us. If, on the other hand, the present system of petticoat is continued, increasing at the same rate as we have seen, and in which it appears to partake of the great Law of Development, which philosophers maintain is, in an equal degree with Gravitation, the necessary principle in the universe—the consequences may be still more awful. Domestic life will become a matter of no ordinary difficulty; and possibly we will find miserable husbands suing for a separate maintenance under the Crinoline Clause of a Divorce Bill. The attendance at all places of public resort will decrease, and the bankrupt list be vastly augmented. In time, two or three crinolines in the public streets

will occupy the area of a large crowd, and concussions with omnibuses and other vehicles suggest catastrophes which every well-ordered mind shrinks to contemplate. It is needless to accumulate the frightful images which must occur to any intellect projected on this subject. A total disruption of all ties, political and social will take place and revolts will cover the land—all the Arts except those of the Milliner and Iron Founder, will deteriorate; and except the common sense of humanity adopts means suited to the occasion, and tending at once to effect a collapse in this growing danger, the civilization of the nineteenth century will be swamped, and the world will be enveloped in another chaos—of crinoline.

THE FOUR HENRYS.

The following strange tale, translated from the French, contains the account of rather a singular rencontre of four individuals, who made themselves prominent in France during the middle and end of the sixteenth century, and is as follows:—

One stormy evening, as the rain fell in torrents, an old woman who lived in a miserable hut, in the forest of St. Germain, and who passed in the surrounding country for a kind of witch, heard a loud knocking at her door. She opened it, and a young man on horseback presented himself, and craved hospitality.

By the dull light of a lamp which she held in her hand she perceived him to be a young nobleman. He appeared to be quite young, and his dress denoted rank. The old woman lighted a fire, and inquired of the stranger whether he was hungry, and desired food. The appetite of a youth of sixteen is like his heart at the same age, craving, and not difficult to please, and he immediately accepted her offer. A morsel of cheese and a loaf of black bread from the cupboard was all the old dame could produce.

'I have nothing more,' said she to the young nobleman; 'this is all that your grinding tithes and taxes leaves a poor creature to offer a traveller; the peasants, too, in this country, call me a witch and sorceress, and make that excuse to their consciences for stealing from me the little that my poor old field produces.'

'Ma foi' said the young man; 'if ever I become King of France, I will suppress the taxes, and teach the people better.'

'God grant it!' replied the old woman.

At these words the gentleman drew to the table to commence his repast; but at the same moment a fresh knock at the door arrested him.

The old woman opened it, and perceived another horseman drenched with rain, who also begged for shelter. The same hospitality was instantly granted him, and, on the stranger's entrance, she perceived that the two was young, and, judging from his appearance, of noble descent.

'What! is it you, Henry?' cried one.

'Yes, Henry,' replied the other. Both were named Henry.

The old woman discovered from their conversation that they were of the number of a large hunting party, conducted by the King, Charles IX., which had been dispersed by the storm.

'Mother,' said the second comer, 'have you nothing better to offer us?'

'Nothing,' replied she.

'Then,' said he, 'we will go shares.'

The first Henry demurred, but glancing at the resolute eye and strong frame of the second Henry, said, in somewhat a chagrined tone—

'Agreed; we shall share equally.'

He dared not express his secret motive, but he feared, if not sharing equally, his companion would appropriate the whole. They accordingly sat down on either side of the table, and one had already begun to eat the bread with his dagger, when a third knock was heard at the door. The meeting was

indeed singular. It was again a youth, a nobleman, and a Henry. The old woman looked at them with amazement.

The first comer wished to hide the bread and cheese. The second replaced them on the table, and laid his sword by the side. The third Henry smiled.

'You do not wish, then, that I should share your supper?' said he. 'Well! I can wait: I have a strong stomach.'

'The supper,' said the first Henry, 'belongs, by right, to the first comer.'

'The supper,' said the second, 'belongs to him who knows best how to defend it.'

The third Henry became red with anger, and said, haughtily—

'Perhaps it belongs to him who knows best how to fight for it.'

These words were scarcely uttered when the first Henry drew his poignard; the two others their swords. As they were first beginning the affray they were startled by a fourth knock at the cabin door; a fourth young man, a fourth nobleman, a fourth Henry is introduced. At the sight of drawn swords he produced his own, and, attaching himself to the weakest party, he joined in the combat.

The old woman, terrified, hid herself, and the weapons struck everything in their reach. The lamp fell down and was extinguished, but they continued to fight in the darkness. The noise of the swords lasted sometime, then gradually became less, and at length ceased altogether. The old woman ventured to issue forth from her hiding-place, and, rekindling the lamp, she perceived the four young men stretched on the ground, each having a slight wound. She examined them carefully, and found that fatigue, rather than loss of blood, had overcome them.

They rose from the ground one after the other, and ashamed of what had transpired in the heat of their passion, they began laughing, and exclaimed:—

'Come, let us now sup together without any more fighting.'

But when they came to look for their supper, they found it on the ground, all trodden under foot, and stained with blood. Meagre as it was, they regretted it. In addition to this, the cabin was destroyed, and the old witch, seated in a corner, fixed her pale, red eyes on the four young men.

'Why dost thou stare on us thus?' said the first Henry, who was troubled at her gaze.

'I am reading the fates written on your foreheads,' replied she.

The second Henry commanded her sternly to disclose them, and the two others laughingly acquiesced. The old woman replied:—

'As you have all four met in this cabin, so shall you all meet in a like destiny. As you have trampled under foot and stained with blood the bread offered you by hospitality, so will you trample under foot and stain with blood the power you might mutually share. As you have devastated and impoverished this cottage, so will you devastate and lay waste France. As you have all four been wounded in the darkness, so you will all four perish by treason and a violent death.'

The four young noblemen could not refrain from laughing at the old woman's prediction.

These four noblemen were the four heroes of the Ligne—two as its leaders, and two as its enemies.

Henry of Conde: poisoned by his wife at Saint Senn d'Angely.

Henry of Guise: assassinated at Blois, by the Forty-five.

Henry of Valois: assassinated by Jacques Clement, at Saint Cloud.

Henry of Bourbon: assassinated at Paris by Ravallac.

THE SWOOP OF THE NIGHT HAWK.

It was the gentle hour of gloaming. The beautiful Isabel had left the parental cot for an evening ramble. Through a green lane, redolent of honeysuckle, she bent her way to an antique wooden bridge, crossing a rivulet that murmured beneath the baronial towers, distant some half a mile from her humbler, but not less happily dwelling.

A mendicant who was leaning over the bridge rose as she approached, and in a hoarse voice solicited an alms. Isabel had left her purse at home, or the appeal to her gentle bosom would not perhaps have been made in vain. There was truth, that, in her protestation that she had nothing for the man; but he would not believe it, and as she hurried on to escape his importunity, he followed her with the accelerated step and heightened voice so characteristic of the determined and professional beggar.

At this juncture a youth, emerging from behind a gnarled oak, and armed with a substantial walking-stick, suddenly placed himself between the maiden and the vagabond, and authoritatively ordered him to go about his business. The fellow, grumbling, sulkily obeyed.

The young man, taking off his hat, respectfully made an offer to escort Isabel home, and his services were gratefully accepted. He was tall and dark, wearing a profusion of sable ringlets, with mustachios and a tuft. The moon, which was just then rising over the neighboring castle tower, beamed full upon his aquiline nose, and was reflected in the lustre of his black eye.

'Beautiful moon!' he exclaimed, addressing the planet. 'For ages of ages, on this turbulent world, hast thou shone down, tranquil and serene as now. And thou wilt still shine on, in thine unchangeable calmness, on hopes as yet unformed, on griefs unfelt, on unimagined fears. Thou, oh! moon, that smilest on the quiet graves, thou wilt one day smile as peacefully on us, when we are laid in earth, and all cares forgotten! Is it not so?'

'Oh, yes!' answered Isabel, with emotion.

The youth heaved a long-draw sigh.

'This is a strange meeting,' he observed, after a pause. 'A few minutes more, and we part—perchance for ever. In the meanwhile, might I entreat a trifling favor, which would render me supremely happy?'

'Really, sir, I—that is—pray, excuse—I could not, indeed!' stammered Isabel, blushing with an intensity actually visible in the moonlight.

'Suffer me to imprint but one kiss'—the maiden shrank back—'on that delicate hand,' said the stranger.

'This is indeed a strange request,' she replied.

'It is perhaps romantic. But of late years,' he continued, 'I have resided in Germany, where the boon which I now venture to crave would be esteemed a life-long happiness. Would you deny so rich a blessing, granted so easily?'

'To my preserver?—that were indeed ungrateful,' Isabel answered. And divesting her little hand of its neat kid glove, she presented it to the stranger, who, kneeling, respectfully raised it to his lips.

At this moment a wild cry for help proceeded from a coppice not far distant. The stranger started to his feet, holding the hand of Isabel in his own, and clutching it convulsively as he listened to the heart-piercing shriek. 'Await for me a moment!' he exclaimed: 'a fellow-creature in distress! Farewell, beautiful being, for one instant—farewell—farewell!' And bounding over a gate into the adjoining field, he disappeared.

So had a diamond ring, from Isabel's forefinger. It was the gift of a generous uncle, and worth at least thirty pounds. She never again saw either the stranger or the ring. It is but too probable that the latter was stolen, and that the former was a member of the swell mob.

KATE CONNOR.

'Trust me, your Lordship's opinion is unfounded,' said the Lady Helen Grave, and as the noble girl uttered the words, her eye brightened and her cheek flushed with greater feeling than high-born fashionables generally deem necessary.

'Indeed!' exclaimed the Earl, looking up the animated features of his god-daughter, 'and how comes my pretty Helen to know aught of the matter; me thinks she has learned more than the mysteries of harp and lute or the soft tones of the Italian and Spanish tongues; 'come,' he continued, sit down on the soft Ottoman, and prove the negative to my assertion—that the Irish act only from impulse, not from principle.'

'How long can impulse last?' enquired the lady, who, like good girl, did as she was bid (which women, by the way, seldom do, unless they have a point to carry,) and seated herself at her god-father's feet in the very spot he wished, playfully resting her rosy cheek on his hand, as she enquired—'tell me first how long an impulse can last!'

It is only a momentary feeling, my love, although, acting upon it may embitter a long life;

'But an impulse cannot last for a month, can it? Then I am quite safe; and now your Lordship must listen to a true tale, and suffer me to tell it in my own way, brogue and all; and moreover must have patience. It is about a peasant maiden, whom I dearly love—ay, and respect too, and whenever I think of sweet Kate Connor, bless God that the aristocracy of virtue (if I dare use such a phrase) may be found in all lustre in an Irish cabin.

'It was one of the most chill of November days, the streets and houses filled with fog, and the few stragglers in the square, in their dark clothes, looking like dirty demons in a smoky pantomime that papa and myself, at that ousé season, when every body is out to town, arrived at Brighton; he had been summoned on business, and I preferred accompanying him to remaining on the coast alone. 'Not at home to any one,' where the orders issued, when we sat down to dinner. The cloth had been removed, and papa was occupying himself in looking over some papers; from his occasional frown, I fancied they were not of the most agreeable nature. At last I went to my harp, and played one of the airs of my country, of which I knew he was particularly fond. He soon left his seat, and kissing my forehead with much tenderness, said—that strain is too melancholy for me just now, Helen, for I have received no very pleasant news from my Irish agent.' I expressed my sincere sorrow at the circumstance, and ventured to some enquiries as to the intelligence that had arrived. 'I cannot understand it,' he said; 'when we resided there, it was only from the papers that I heard of the 'dreadful murders,' 'horrible outrages,' and 'malicious burnings.' All round us was peace and tranquility; my rents were as punctually paid as in England, for in both countries a tenant—yes, and a good tenant too—may be sometimes in arrears. I made allowances for the national character of the people, and while I admired the contented and happy faces that smiled joyously over potatoes and milk as if the board had been covered with a feast of vension, I endeavoured to make them desire more, and then sought to attach them to me by supplying their new wants.'

'And, dear sir, you succeeded,' I said. 'Never were hearts more grateful—never were tears more sincere, than when we left them to the care of that disagreeable, ill-looking agent.'

'Hold, Lady Mal-a-pert,' interrupted my father sternly: 'I selected Mr. O'Brien; you can know nothing as to his qualification. I believe him to be an upright, but I fear me, a stern man; and I apprehend he has been made the tool of a party.'

'Dear papa, I wish you would again visit the old castle. A winter amongst my native mountains would afford me more gratification than the most successful season in London.' My father smiled and shook his head. 'The rents are now so difficult to collect, that I fear—', He paused, and then added abruptly, 'It

is very extraordinary, often as I mentioned it to O'Brien, that I can receive no information of the Connors. You have written frequently to your poor nurse, and she must have received the letters—I send them over with my own, and they have been acknowledged! He had scarcely finished this sentence, when we heard the porter in loud remonstrance with a female, who endeavored to force her way through the hall. I half opened the library door, where we were sitting, to ascertain the cause of the interruption. 'Ah, then, sure ye wouldn't have the heart to turn a poor craythur from the door—that's come such a way jist to spake tin words to his Lordship's glory. And don't tell me that my Lady Hiliin wouldn't see me, and she to the fore.' It was enough; I knew the voice of my nurse's daughter, and would, I do think, have kissed her with all my heart, but she fell on her knees, and clasping my hand firmly between hers, exclaimed, while the tears rolled down her cheeks and sobs almost choked her utterance—'Holy Mary! Thank God!—'Tis herself sure!—though so beautiful!—and no ways proud!—and I will have justice!' And then, in a subdued voice, she added—'Praise to the Lord!—his care never left me—and I would die content this minute—only for you, mother dear!—yourself only—and—' Our powdered knaves, I perceived, smiled and sneered, when they saw Kate Connor seated that evening by my side—and my father, (heaven bless him for it!) opposite to us, in his great arm-chair, listening to the story that Kate had to unfold.

'Whin yes left us we all said that the winter was come in earnest, and that the summer was gone for ever. Well, my Lord, we striv to please the agint, why not? sure he was the master ye set over us—but it doesn't become the likes o'me, nor it wouldn't be manners, to turn my tongue agin him, and made as good as a jentleman, to be sure, by ye'r lordship's notice—which the whole country knew he was not afore—either by birth or breeding. Well, my lady, if ye put a sod o' turf—saving yer presence—in a gold dish it's only a turf still—and he must ha' been odd Nick's born child—(Lord save us!) whin your honor's smile couldn't brighten him—and it's the truth I'm telling and no lie. First of all, the allowance to my mother was stopped for damage the pig did to the new hedges—and thin we were forced to give our best fowl to Mr. O'Brien, because the goat, and the crathur without a tooth! they said, skinned the trees—then the priest (yer Lordship minds Father Lavery)—and the agint quarrelled, and so—out o' spite—he set up a school—and would make all the children go to learn there—and then the priest hindered—and to be sure we stud by the church—and so there was nothin' but fighting, and the boys gave over work, seeing the tip-tops didn't care how things went—only abusing each other. But it isn't that I should be bothering your kind honours wid. My brother, near two years ago, picked up with the hoith of bad company—God knows how—and got above us all, so grandlike, wearing a new coat and a watch, and a jewel ring! so—whin he got the time o' day in his pocket, he wouldn't look at the same side of the way we wint. Well, lady dear, this struck to my mothers heart—yet it was only the beginning of trouble—he was found in the dead o'night', confined poor Kate, her voice trembling—'but ye hard it all—'twas all in the papers—and he was sent beyant the seas. Och! many's the night we have spent crying, to think of that shame! or on our bare bended knees praying that God might turn his heart. Well my lady, upon that Mr. O'Brien made no more ado—but said we were a seditious family, and that the cabin—the nate little cabin ye gave to my mother—was to go to the gauger.'

'He did not dare to say that!' interrupted my father proudly—'he did not dare to use my name to a falsehood.'

'The word—the very word I spoke,' exclaimed Kate. 'Mother,' says I, 'this lordship would never take back, for the sin of the son, what he gave to the mother! Sure it was hard upon her grey hairs to see her own boy brought to shame, without being turned out of her little place when the snow was on

the ground, in the cold night, when no one was stirring, to say, God save you. I remember it well; he would not suffer us to take so much as a blanket, because the bits of things were to be canted the next morning, to pay the rent of a field which my brother took, but never worked. My poor mother cried like a baby, and happing the ould grey cat, that your ladyship gave her for a token, when it was a small kit, in her apron, we set off as well as we could for Mrs. Cassidy's farm. It was more than two miles from us, and the snow drifted; and, oh! but sorrow wakens a body, and my mother foundered like, and couldn't walk, so I covered her over, to wait till she rested a bit, and sure your token, my lady, kept her warm, for the baste had the sense almost of a Christian. Well, I was praying for God to direct us for the best—but, may be, I'm tiring your honors)—when, as if from heaven, up drives Barney, and—

'Who is Barney, Kate?'

'I wish, my dear lord, you could have seen Kate Connor, when I asked that question—the way-worn girl looked absolutely beautiful. I must tell you, that she had exchanged, by my desire, her tattered gown and travel-stained habiliments, for a smart dress of my waiting-maid's—which, if it were not correctly put on, looked, to my taste, all the better. Her face was pale, but her fine, dark, intelligent eyes gave it much and varied expression: her beautiful hair—even Lafont's trim cap could not keep it within proper bounds—actuated, probably, by former bad habits, came straying (or, as she would call it, streeeling) down her neck, and her mobile mouth was garnished with teeth which many a duchess would envy; she was sitting on a low seat, her crossed hands resting on her knees, and was going through her narrative in as straightforward a manner as could be expected; but my unfortunate question as to the identity of Barney put her out;—face, forehead, neck, were crimsoned in an instant; papa turned away his head to smile, and I blushed from pure sympathy.

'Barney—is Barney—Cassidy—my lady,' (she replied at length, rolling up Lafont's flounce in lieu of her apron)—and a great, true friend of—of—my mother's—'

'And of yours also, I suspect, Kate,' said my father.

'We were neighbor's children, please your honorable lordship, and only natural if we had a—frindlike—'

'Love for each other,' said my lordly papa; for once condescending to banter.

'It would be far from the likes o'me to contradict yer honor,' she stammered forth at length.

'Go on with your story,' said I gravely.

'I'm thinking, my lord, and my lady, I left off in the snow—O, no—he was come up with the car:—well, to be sure, he took us to his mother's house; and oh! my lady, but it's in the walls of the poor cabins ye find hearts!—not that I'm down-running the gentry, who, to be sure, knows better manners; but it's a great blessing to the traveller to have a warm fire, and dry lodgings, and shave of whatever's going—all for the love of God—and 'cead mile faillte' with it. Well, to be sure, they never looked to our property, and Barney thought to persuade me to make my mother his mother, and never heeded the disgrace that had come to the family, and knowing his heart was set upon me, his mother did the same, and my own mother too, the crarer! wanted me settled: well, they all cried and wished it done off at once, and it was a sore trial that. 'Barney,' says I, 'let go my hand—hould yer whisk all o' ye, for the blessed Virgin's sake, and don't be making me mad entirely,'—and I seemed to gain strength, though my heart was bursting.

'Look,' says I, 'bitter wrong has been done us—but no matter; I know our honorable landlord had neither act nor part in it—how could he? and my mind misgives, that my lady has often written to

you, mother; for it isn't in her to forget ould friends; but I'll tell ye what I'll do—there's nobody we know, barring his reverence, and the school-master could tell the right of it to his honor's glory upon paper; his riverence would not meddle nor make in it, and the school-master's a friend of the agent's; so ye see, dears, I'll jist go fair and asy off to London myself, and see his lordship, and make him sinisble;—and, before I could say my say, they all—all but Barney—set up such a scornful laugh at me, as never was heard. 'She's mad,' says one—'she's a fool,' says another—'where's the money to pay your expences?' says a third, 'and how could you find your way, that doesn't know a step of the road, even to Dublin?' says a fourth. Well, I waited till they were all done, and then took the thing quietly. 'I don't think,' says I, 'there's neither madness or folly in trying to get ones own again. As to the money, it's but a little of that I want, for I have the use of my limbs and can walk; and it'll go hard if one of ye's wont lend me a pound, or maybe thirty shillings—and no one will lose by Kate Connor, to the value of a brass farthing, and as to not knowing the road, sure I've a tongue in my head, and if I hadn't, the great God that taches the innocent swallows their way over the salt seas, will do as much for a poor girl who puts all her trust in him.' 'My heart's against it,' said Barney, 'but she's in the right,' and then he wanted to persuade me to go before the priest with him; 'but no,' said I, 'I'll never do that till I find a justice—I'll never bring forth shame and poverty to an honest boy's hearthstone. I'll not be tiring yer noble honors any longer with the sorrow, and all that, when I left them. They'd have forced me to take more than thirty shillings—God knows how they raised that same—but I thought it enough, and by the time I reached Dublin there was eight of it gone, small way the rest lasted, and I was ill three days from the sea in Liverpool. Oh, when I got a good piece of the way—when my bits of rags were all sold, my feet bare and bleeding, and the doors of the sweet white cottages shut against me, and I was tould 'to go to my parish,' thin, thin—I felt I was in the land of the cold-hearted stranger. Oh! the English are a fine honest people, but noways tinder. Well, my lord, the hardest temptation I had at all (and here Lady Helen looked up into her godfather's face with a suplicating eye, and pressed her small white hand affectionately upon his arm, as if to rivet his most earnest attention) was when I was sitting crying by the road side, for I was tired and hungry, and who, of all the birds in the air, drives up in a sort of a cart, but Mr. O'Hay, the great pig merchant, from a mile beyant our place. Well, to be sure, it was he wasn't surprised when he seen me. 'Come back with me, Kate, honey!' says he, 'I'm going straight home, and I'll free your journey; when ye return, I'll let the boy ye know have a nate little cabin I've got to let, for (he was plaised so say) you deserve it,' but I thought I'd persevere to the end; so (God bless him for it) he had ten shillings, seeing he was to receive the money for the pigs he had sold, at the next town; but what he had he gave me, that brought me the rest of the journey, and if I hadn't much comfort by the way, sure I had hope—and that's God's own blessing to the sorrowful; and now, here I am, asking justice in the name of the widow and the orphan, that have been wronged by that black-hearted man;



PILGRIMS ENTERTAINED AT ROME.

and, sure as there's light in heaven, in his garden the nettle and the hemlock will soon grow in place of the sweet roses; and when he lies in his bed on his dying day, the just and holy God—' My father here interrupted, and in a calm, firm voice, reminded her, that before him she must not indulge in invective. I humbly ask your honor's pardon,' said the poor girl; 'I leave it all now just to God and yer honor, and shame upon me that forgot to power upon you, my lady, the blessings the ould mother of me sent you—'Full and plenty may you ever know,' said she from her heart, the crathur! 'may the sun never be too hot, or the snow too cold for you; may you live in honor, and die in happiness; and in the end, may heaven be your bed.'

'And now, my dear lord,' continued the Lady Helen, 'tell me: if a fair English maiden, with soft blue eyes and delicate accent, had thus suffered—if, driven from her beloved home, with a helpless parent, she had refused the hand of the man she loved, because she would not bring poverty to his dwelling—if she had undertaken a journey to a foreign land, suffered scorn and starvation, been tempted to return; but until her object was accomplished, until justice was done to her parent, resisted that temptation, would you say she acted from impulse or principle?'

'I say,' replied the old gentleman, answering his goddaughter's winning smile, 'that you are a saucy gipsy, to catch me this way: fine times, indeed, when a pretty lass of eighteen takes down a man of sixty! But tell me the result?'

'Instead of returning to Brighton, my father, without apprising our worthy agent, in three days arranged for our visiting dear Ireland. Only think how delightful, so romantic, and so useful, too; Kate, you cannot imagine how lovely she looked, she quite eclipsed Lafont. Then her exclamations of delight were so new, so curious—nothing so original to be met with, even at the soires of the literati. There you may watch for a month without hearing a single thing worth remembering; but Kate's remarks were so shrewd, so mixed with observation and simplicity, that every idea was worth noting. I was so pleased with the prospect of the meeting—the discomfiture of the agent, the joy of the lovers, and the wedding—all stories that end properly, end in that way, you know—that I did not even request to spend a day in Bath. We hired a carriage in Dublin, and just on the verge of papa's estate, saw Mr. O'Brien, his hands in his pockets,

his fuzzy red hair sticking out all round his dandy hat, like a burning furze bush, and his vulgar face as dirty as if it had not been washed for a month. He was lording it over some half-naked creatures, who were breaking stones, but who, despite his presence, ceased working as the carriage approached. 'There's himself,' muttered Kate. We stopped, and I shall never forget the appalled look of O'Brien when my father put his head out of the window. Cruikshank should have seen it. He could not utter a single sentence—many of the poor men also recognized us, and as we nodded and spoke to some we recognized amongst them, shouted so loudly for fair joy, that the horses galloped on—not before, however, the triumphant Catherine, almost throwing herself out, exclaimed: 'And I'm here, Mr. O'Brien, in the same coach with my lord and my lady, and now we'll have justice,' at which my father was very angry, and I was

equally delighted. It was worth a king's ransom to see the happiness of the united families of the Connors and Cassidys—the grey cat, even, purred with satisfaction: then such a wedding! Ouly fancy, my dear lord, my being bridesmaid! dancing an Irish jig on an earthen floor. Ye exquisites and exclusives, how would you receive the Lady Helen Graves, if this were known at Almack's. From what my father saw and heard, when he used his own eyes and ears for the purpose, he resolved to reside six months out of the twelve at Castle Graves. You can scarcely imagine how well we got on; the people are sometimes a little obstinate; in the matter of smoke—and now and then an old dunghill too near the door—and, as they love liberty themselves, do not much care to confine their pigs. But these are only trifles. I have my own school on my own plan, which I will explain to you another time; and now will only tell you, that it is visited by both clergymen and priests, and I only wish that all our absentees would follow our example; and then, my dear godpapa, the Irish would have good impulses and act upon right principles.

PILGRIMS AT ROME.

It was formerly the practice during the jubilee at Rome for pilgrims who had returned from Palestine to be entertained at a feast, and to be attended by the Pope and the college of cardinals.

On this occasion the Pope was divested of all the ensigns of his dignity. He bore a dish, and offered it respectfully to the pilgrim diners. The cardinals were simply clothed, and actually did the waiters' work at the table, placing and removing the dishes, and paying every attention to the guests.

But the banquet was rather typical than real. It was a sacred feast, not a convivial dinner. The pilgrims admitted to it were selected from the poorest and humblest class, their feet washed by bishops and Roman barons, dressed as penitents.

The pilgrims received certain chaplets and holy medals, including the 'agnus Dei.' Clement V. ordained that the jubilee should be held every hundred years. Urban VI. reduced the period to thirty-three years. Boniface IX. celebrated the jubilee every ninth year. Paul II. and Sixtus IV. fixed it at twenty-five years; but these were exceptions. The ceremonies of the jubilee are still exceedingly interesting to all who visit Rome at that period. An apostolic sub-deacon repeats in Latin the bull of the jubilee before the court of Rome; another sub-deacon repeats the same in Italian before the people. Soon after twelve trumpets are sounded; the bells ring forth a merry peal, and the St. Angelo shakes that old castle to its base. On the 10th of December, all the regular and secular clergy go in procession to St. Peter's from the Vatican. They find the door shut. The Pope, the cardinals, the bishops, clothed in white, with mitres on their heads, assemble under the Swiss portico. There the Pope nominates three cardinals to open the doors of St. John of Lateran, St. Mary, and St. Paul. He himself ascends a throne, erected before the chief entrance to St. Peter's. He is presented with a golden hammer, with which he strikes three times on the door, saying, 'Open unto us these gates of justice' to which the choir appropriately responds.

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

Ah! tell me not of a cloudless sky,
Of a pertume-breathing air;
Our own sweet fields are of emerald dye,
And, oh, my heart is there!

I love our own soft rose's glow,
And our graceful shamrock's green;
More than the myrtle's shining snow,
Or Dublin's dazzling sheen.

Though famed Italia's shores may be
The land of song and mirth,
One spot is dearer far to me—
The island of my birth!

THE BOGWOOD FIRE.

Several years ago there appeared in an Irish newspaper the first fitt or canto of a poem, entitled 'The Monks of Killerea.' Though short and fragmentary, it excited much notice at the time both in Ireland and England. A French gentleman, M. le Chevalier de Chatelain, was so struck by the beauty of the poetry that he immediately made a translation of it, and, through the editor of the newspaper, transmitted it to the author, who remained, and still remains, unknown. Afterwards, at long intervals, a second and a third canto saw the light; and notwithstanding several bad rhymes, implying an almost total want of acquaintance with poetry as an art, and a very bad ear besides, displayed so much invention, so much power of imagination, so rich and vivid a fancy, and so deep a sympathy for all that is beautiful in nature, that had the author come before the public in a poetical age, he would have earned for himself a high reputation. But when all the cantos were collected and published by Mr. McGlashan, in Dublin, the volume, to borrow David Hume's celebrated phrase, seems to have fallen still-born from the press.

The French translator of the first canto appears fully determined, however, that our Celtic fellow-countryman shall not be suffered to drop quietly into oblivion. He has, therefore, made a version of the whole poem, which has just been published. M. de Chatelain is well known as a translator; we ourselves have spoken of his merits more than once—his *Gay* and *Chaucer* are popular both in England and on the continent; but nothing he had previously done could have prepared the public for what he has now accomplished in 'The Monks of Killerea.'

The scene of the poem is laid far back in history, when the house of Lancaster fought its brilliant battles on the continent, and almost broke up the foundations of English society, in order to precipitate half the nation upon France. Ireland, at that time, was a social and political chaos. In its capital, the Saxon reigned predominant; Norman barons possessed castles here and there throughout the land, while large districts, we might almost say provinces, remained in the hands of native chiefs, engaged in perpetual dissensions, and making way, by mutual slaughter, for the triumph of the common foe. In many parts, the country was little better than a wilderness; the bogs were undrained; rivers were not spanned by bridges; the mountains and glens were densely overgrown with forest; and wild beasts, especially wolves, visited the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous. Monasteries in such an age were not only an advantage, but a necessity. They were created by society because society wanted them; they were to our forefathers what the caravansary is to travellers in the East—places where the wayworn, the homeless, the poor, the wretched, could always find sustenance and shelter. To preserve them from becoming scenes of disorder and bloodshed, they were all converted into places of sanctuary, where an unseen, mysterious power—the power of the church—watched over host and guest, over monk and pilgrim, and made it criminal, under any circumstances, to break the peace.

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire in the shrine of St. Bridget, in a small chamber commanding the door of the monastery. Without raved the storm; the rain fell in torrents, then ceased suddenly, and the shattered clouds flying before the wind alternately disclosed and

concealed the moon. Ever and anon the convent-bell threw forth its music on the night air, as a signal to wayfarers that there was a place of refuge at hand. The light of a lamp and of the blazing fire steamed through the wicket, directing and comforting all who approached. Within sat the three monks with a well-covered table before them, food of a substantial kind, and flagons of foreign wine, to refresh the hungry and exhausted traveller. As the night wore on, the monks nodded at each other, and the golden skirts of dreams began to flutter about their fancies. Suddenly there came a tapping, or rather rapping, at the convent door, which, having been opened by one of the brothers, admitted a man somewhat advanced in life, but of colossal dimensions and fierce aspect. His countenance and bearing, his complexion and light hair, proved him to be a Saxon, even before his language had revealed the fact. It was evident that he cared little among the men of what race he might find himself; his iron frame and ready hand, familiar with the sword-belt, rendered him, in his own estimation, the master everywhere of his destiny. He accepted, with rough courtesy, the hospitality of the monastery, and was engaged in expressing his thanks, when another knock was heard at the wicket, and a second stranger, a smirking Gleeman, came bowing towards the good things on the board. But the circle of that night's guests was not yet complete; a third knock, loud and imperative, was heard, and one of the gentle brothers soon led in the new-comer, a Celtic outlaw, tall and strong, with a fell of black hair tinged with gray. He glared like a wolf upon the Saxon; but, remembering where he was, took the proffered wine-cup, and having drained it to the bottom, sat down quietly by the blazing fire.

Unfortunately, both poets and prose writers, when they desire to find a pretext for relating a certain number of stories, appear to be extremely limited in the choice of a plan. Boccaccio has thrown together a number of persons who have fled from the great city to escape the plague; Chaucer, with superior ingenuity, marshals a number of pilgrims proceeding towards Canterbury, and makes them tell stories at the suggestion of a jolly host, to lessen the tedium of the way; but the author of the 'Arabian Knights,' most artistic of all, contrives a situation in which the story-teller exercises her genius for the preservation of her own life. When you have laid down these three platforms, it seems easy to perceive that all future relaters of stories must adopt some scheme bearing a resemblance more or less striking to one of them. The author of 'The Monks of Killerea' has been as felicitous in his conceptions as any among the thousand and one imitators of 'The Thousand and One Nights.' The monks sitting before the bogwood fire, having long ago exhausted all topics of conversation among themselves, and not knowing exactly how to entertain the strangers, hit upon the bright idea of making the latter at once amuse each other and them; they invite them to describe their adventures, and explain by what chance they were conducted on that wild and stormy night to St. Bridget's shrine.

Who does not know that the bare skeleton of a man, stripped of all his muscles and integuments, is as well calculated to give you an idea of that man's form and features, as the outline of a story to present a true conception of the manner in which that story has been narrated by its inventor? When the business is not only to abridge but to translate poetry into prose, the difficulty of the task is more than doubled. The poet is a magician, whose pencil, dipped all the colors of the rainbow, paints rather than tells his story. He floods your fancy with imagery; he agitates your breast, he stirs your deepest passions and emotions, and thus, if need be, conceals from you the improbabilities or imperfections of his tale. When prose undertakes to deal with the same events and incidents, it immediately perceives the necessity of creating a consistent whole, of accounting for what it relates, of being reasonable, and at times even philosophical. We find ourselves in the midst of these difficulties at the present moment. The bogwood fire is burning brightly before us; the

three monks, with cowls drawn forward over their faces, as if to keep out the night-air, are distributing the pastry and pouring out the red wine; the Saxon, the Gleeman, and the Rapparee, already exhilarated, are beginning to entertain less objection to each other's company. Accordingly, when the request is made by the monks, the Saxon, as the first guest, breaks abruptly into the history of his life.

The Celtic poet, who had obviously never been in Kent, yet selects that beautiful county to be the scene of his first narrative. The hero, a stout yeoman, is left in early youth master of his own fortunes, with a lovely sister to watch over, and property more than sufficient for the wants of both. Of course, Alice had a lover, because no poem, written in whatever age, or laid in whatever scene, is thought complete without one. Poetry is the ark in this respect—all animals enter it in pairs. Well, the Saxon's sister, Alice, had a lover, a youth of noble lineage, handsome, wealthy, and besides—which was rare in those days—a scholar. Through some perversity of nature, jealousy of his rank, or still more of his superiority in knowledge, and all gentlemanly acquirements, the brother hated this youth; and one day, while heated with wine, meeting him accidentally in a wood, he attacked, and would have slain him. Fortune, which is not always unjust, punished the aggressor, who appeared in the combat to be mortally wounded. The lover fled, and was never more heard of; and Alice, whilst she nursed her brother with the deepest solicitude and affection, still mourned secretly for him who had won her heart. The wounded man recovered, the sister died. Remorse then came upon the Saxon, who felt that by the sword of another he had slain the only one that had remained to him of his kindred.

A few words suffice my tale to close,
And those shall now be briefly spoken:
In Hepton Church a snow-white rose
Above a green grave drooping grows,
Where sleeps at length a young heart broken,
There Alice lies, her gentle breast
And wounded spirit both at rest.
I left that place.

King Henry V., just then engaged in the preliminaries to Agincourt, the Saxon, having wasted all his fortune, joined the heroic's forces, and enjoyed the excitement of the French war. Performed some act of distinguished bravery, a nobleman in Henry's army, whose retainer he had become, bestowed on him lands in Ireland. On the night when the three monks sat by the bogwood fire, he had been proceeding on some affair of importance to Cork.

'Twas evening when I left Macroom,
And when I reached steep Carrig's ford,
Night had flung o'er it all its gloom,
And the fierce waters rushed and roared,
As if a torrent through them poured.
Though white the foam that swept along,
The river deep, the current strong,
I little cared for foam or tide
When there was need for speed to ride,
And spurred my horse in careless mood
To cross that rough and swollen flood;
And so, despite both start and shiver,
I dashed him reckless at the river.
With drooping head and quivering flank,
In wild dismay twice back he shrank;
But still, with spur, and voice, and rein,
I wheeled him to its brink again;
And rearing madly, with wild bound,
He plunged amid the waters round,
And swam, right through the hissing strife
Of wind and wave, the stream, for life.
Short was the struggle; like to foes,
Across our course the billows rose.
In vain I strove to stem their wrath,
Or onwards hold my fearful path—
Like floating foam, as if in play,
They swept us down the stream away,
Till, striking 'gainst a rock, my horse
Sunk in his depths, and I was left
To buffet the dark rushing tide,
Almost of sense and strength bereft.

Here the poet enters into a speculation on the pleasures of drowning. But our Saxon friend had so much upon his conscience that he could not enjoy the dreamy pleasure of entering Nibban by water. He struggles

desperately, and prayed to his sister as to a saint, for he was a good Catholic, conjuring her to come to his aid. She came—but her appearance we must describe in the poet's own language :

'Twas at the moment when, as lost,
My hands to heaven I frantic tossed,
Then wildly in my heart I prayed,
Orcailed on Alice to my aid;
And instant through the gloom of night
Flashed on the waves a sudden light
And on the dark and rushing flood
The sainted spirit by me stood.
Ay, start—I saw her, by Saint John,
As plainly as I see ye now,
And light around about her shone,
Like glory from our Lady's brow !
And at her presence instant died
The howl of wind and hiss of tide;
And soon, I know not in what way,
Upon the bank I panting lay,
As if her saving hand had bore
Safe through the waters to the shore:
Yet when I raised my reeling head
To hail and bless her, she was fled!
And 'mid the gloom that round me fell,
'Twas then I heard a faint bell:
And weak and distant, I trotted on,
Through bog and brake, until I won
Your abbey gate. My tale is done.

The conclusion of the Saxon's tale provides for the reader an unexpected and somewhat startling pleasure. From before the bogwood fire, one of the monks rises, throws back his cowl, and reveals himself to the astonished traveller as the lover of Alice and his former foe. The hands that never met in friendship before were clasped firmly now; while the monk, with deep delight, sat on Walter's breast, returning thanks to Heaven that he had not been a murderer. This incident is managed by the poet with singular skill and tenderness. To complete the picture, the spirit of Alice floats into the chamber, and sheds a benign influence on the souls of the reconciled foes.

When this tale is ended, the Gleeman is invited to contribute his share to the night's entertainment. Our author does not soar high in search of his characters. The Gleeman has been a tapster in Dublin, where he has learned tales and legends without end. By way of preface to his narrative, he sketches slightly his own life, and supplies an explanation of his roguish air, with the expression of reckless daring which lurks in his countenance. His tale begins in a highly original and striking manner; the characters are admirably contrasted, and their peculiarities brought out with extraordinary felicity; the gorgeous scenery of Ireland in the darkest and wildest period of its history, is likewise spread out before the fancy with masterly power. No landscape-painter could equal in composition or coloring the poet's vivid delineations. Mountains, glens, cataraacts, lakes, castles frowning in feudal grandeur from all but inaccessible cliffs, sweep in bewildering panorama before the mind's eye, now enveloped in mist, and now bathed in golden sunshine. Unluckily for our appreciation of the story, the machinery of the fairy system is introduced. This is a grave error in a poet of the nineteenth century. However beautiful they may have been, the fairies have now vanished from the face of the earth, and that, too, more completely than oreads, dryads, or naiads. Of this the reader becomes convinced when, in the Gleeman's story, he passes from the real to the supernatural. Up to that fatal point of transition, his interest is kept painfully alive; he sympathises with the lovers, he detests the tyrant, he is even reconciled by the warmth and hurry of his feelings to the sounds of celestial music which burst from time to time over the enchanted glen. But, then, suddenly, like a torch in a stormy night, the inspiration is extinguished, and we drag ourselves languidly on to the indefinite conclusion.

When we escape from the fairies and the Gleeman together, the Rapparee claims our attention. He is a true Celtic hero, loving solitude, building up half his life out of dreams; now perching with the eagle amid the pinnacles of some far-off mountain, and now rushing with savage joy to engage in deadly conflict with hostile clans. From the very dawn of his life, the Rapparee was hemmed round by a circle of misfor-

tunes; and, worst of all, when he imagined himself to have found a sweet balm for all his hurts, he discovered that what he had mistaken for balm, was in truth the most deadly poison. The woman upon he had staked his life's happiness became false to him, and her falsehood led to wretchedness, madness, death. What remained to him in this world concentrated itself in the desire of vengeance. In conjunction with others, he stormed and gave up to the flames the stronghold of his enemy, through whom, in the midst of the conflagration, he again and again thrust his vindictive weapon. When revenge had thus been gratified, the triumph of victory began immediately to give way to feelings of remorse. He wished he had not killed him, and in closing his tale he reiterated his conviction that now, as age came on, he should have been almost happy, were it not that he had blood upon his hands. 'Be happy, then,' exclaimed one of the monks, 'for the miserable man who was your enemy did not die by your hands. In this form—wasted by penitence—you behold that wicked and proud man, whom you, I see have forgiven, and whom may God also assail !'

This termination is almost identical with that of the Saxon's tale, and therefore objectionable. Both in themselves are good, but they should not have been found in the same volume. The French translation of this poem is extremely graceful and charming. It makes Ireland look like a mountainous fragment of France, with rivers, lakes, glees, precipices, far more picturesque and beautiful than any ever beheld in that country. Such is the illusion, the spell created by language.

PETIT SESSIONS SKETCH. CASE OF ASSAULT AND BATTERY.

At the sessions of———, a short time ago, Timothy, or Tim Rielly, his grandfather had doffed the O, appeared before the sitting magistrates, to prefer a charge of assault and battery against the pigs of his neighbor, the widow Delany. The case, from its peculiarity, excited considerable interest among the 'neighbours,' and the little court-house, adjoining the chief constable's house, was crowded to excess. Several of those important personages familiarly designated 'peelers,' helped to fill it; and in a corner between a couple of them, Mr Tim Rielly had placed himself.

The case being called on, Tim boldly stepped forward, and, in his best style, made his obeisances to the bench. I would require the pen of a Carver or a Scott to do justice to the description of Tim's person. He was fully six feet two in height, with arms, were they stretched, that would reach much below his knees; the latter, while he stood appeared to commune with each other in the most friendly manner, but when he walked, they must have been at open war but his head was a little inclined to the right, as if the fall of some heavy matter upon it had given it a friendly twist; his nose was a caricature of the aquiline; and his mouth extending from ear to ear, now made a terrible grimace as seconding some violent motion of his arm again relaxed into condescending smile as he 'grinned complaisance.' On the whole, a figure so extraordinary was seldom beheld; and it was evident it required the greatest possible exertion, on the part of the magistrates, to keep their countenance during his appeal.

Magistrate—'Where's the defendant?'

'Mrs. Delany,' exclaimed a policeman.

'Mrs. Delany,' roared Tim, with a stentorian bawl. Mrs. Delany was echoed by fifty voices without, and in a few minutes, Mrs. Delany herself appeared bustling through the crowd that thronged the hall, and presently placed herself by the side of our hero.

Magistrate—'What's your complaint, Rielly?'

Tim—'And plase your honor, this woman's pigs has assaulted me an' near kilt me.'

'Oh, don't mind a word he says, your worship,' interrupted the widow, 'for—'

Magistrate—'Silence, woman, you will be heard in your turn.'

'Yis, silence, Mrs. Delany,' exclaimed Tim, 'you will be hard in your turn.'

The serious and theatrical manner in which Tim gave utterance to this mandate was too much for the gravity of the spectators, already a little shook by his outer appearance, and roar of laughter in which the bench heartily joined, followed his words.

'Musha, thin,' said Tim 'it would be much better for them there peelers to be minding their goats, than to be laughing at an honest man—its ugly enough they are already without making themselves more so; troth they ought to sell themselves for tobaccy signs, half of them—'

Magistrate—'Proceed with your complaint, sir, at once.'

Tim—'I will, your honor. You must know, your worships, that I farm a taste of arable land outside the town here, and this woman is my right hand neighbor. Well, your worships, when I used to come to the market here, to sell one little thing or another—and may be, to buy some too—when I'd go home, the crathurs of chilters would up an tell me how Mrs. Delany's three pigs would be rootin' my little grain of piatees; and when I'd go out to the field your worships I'd find that the sorra a lie was there in the chilter's mouths, for sure enough my piatees would be all rooted but the sorra a pig could I lay my clatch upon. Well your worships, I'd go in thin to Mrs. Delany, and I'd up an tell her how her pigs had misbehaved.'

'Oh, no, Mr. Rielly,' interrupted the defendant, 'you never told me but once.'

'Tin times, Mrs. Delany, begging your pardon. And Mrs. Delany, says I, your pigs is badly educated—they know as much about larnin' Mrs. Delany, says I, as the dancing master does about navigation. Here the court was convulsed with laughter. Well your worship s, it's how I was remarkin' that Mrs. Delany's pigs was badly larned; and as I tould her one morning if she didn't know how to tache her chilter better nor her pigs, they'll be cryin' disgrace to her.'

Magistrate—'What has that to do with the case?'

Tim—'I'll tell you, your worship. Last Tuesday mornin', when I was tying some straw to cover a turf reek, the chilterer come cryin' to me, that the pigs was at their ould work, rooting my piatees—up I leaps, and straight I run to the field, and sure enough, your worships, there they were, and their noses in clover. Hurish, hurish, muck, muck, says I; well, with that, as soon as ever they heard me, straight they galloped towards me, and, before I could get out of the way, the biggest of them, bad manners to him, leaps up and hot me right here—suiting the action to the word, Tim stretched forth his gigantic arms, and made his enormous hands meet on his breast full force.

It would be impossible to describe the state of the court during the delivery of Tim's eloquent harangue, several shed tears from the laughter.

'Oh, your worships,' exclaimed Mrs. Delany, 'he has ma-lined my pigs, for better behaved bastes never lay upon straw; I tould my little gesha of a daughter to keep them out of his praties for the first morning he spoke to me, and as for striking him, your worships, the poor animals knew no better, for they were making home, and he stood in the gap.'

Magistrate—'You must compensate Rielly for the damage your pigs have done his potatoes.'

Tim—'Oh, plase your worship, I'm not lookin' for compensation, but in regard of their bad behavior, and their strikin' me, that I complain; and, Mr. Delany,' he added, turning to the widow, 'if you promise to keep them out of my arable land, and tache them better manners in future, I'll not prosecute them no farther.'

This being faithfully promised, and Tim, having made another bow to the bench, and begged their 'honours' pardon, for the trouble he had given them, retired amidst the laughter of the spectators, he himself, however, filled with the importance of the part he had performed, and giving sundry frowns at those gentlemen he denominated 'peelers.'



RUINS OF THE URSULINE CONVENT, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

THE URSULINE CONVENT.

We present a view of the Ursuline Convent, in Charlestown, as it now appears, after the destructive work of a vandal mob on the night of the 11th of August 1834. It is not without extreme regret and humiliation that such an event is to be recorded as occurring in Massachusetts, and in the highly respectable town where the convent is situated. We disclaim all intention of imputing improper motives, or even a want of purpose to prevent such an unprecedented outrage, to the authorities of that town. The attack was not expected to be made on the night it happened, if at all, either by the selectmen or the other citizens of Charlestown. And when the rumor was abroad that an attack was intended on the convent, they were on the alert, and were preparing measures of prevention before the time threatened, according to the reports in circulation. They can only be justly charged, then, with not acting with all the promptness and spirit which would have probably been manifested, if the riot had happened in Boston. It would not be strange if the selectmen of Charlestown had no real belief that the people in the vicinity were so thoughtless and depraved as to commit such an act of outrage. The deed struck every sober man with surprise as well as abhorrence. Few, indeed, in our community, could have supposed any portion of the people were prepared for such a lawless and wanton deed. And without intending to apologise for, or even to palliate it, we cannot but hope that few who engaged in the outrageous act had premeditated the destruction which ensued. A few, indeed, must have previously intended the destruction of the building with a view to break up the institution; but they probably did not wish to offer any injury to the persons of the inmates, whether Protestants or Catholics.

There is just cause to fear that, with all the light of the present age, a portion of the community are still destitute of the true spirit of toleration in religion. There are such prejudices against the Catholics and their religious creed and forms, that it is thought to be unfaithfulness to God, not to avoid and persecute them.

On an investigation of this unhappy and disgraceful affair, it was found that a belief prevailed in the vicinity of the convent that females were there con-

finned against their will, and that the members of the institution were severely punished if they did not manifest unreasonable obedience to the principal, and suggestions were made, calculated to give the impression that some improper practices were allowed.

The persons engaged in the riot were wholly or mostly of that class who do not always duly reflect on the consequences of violent and lawless acts, like the burning of the convent. But they must have known that the act was not only a violation of law, but of most dangerous tendency. If force and violence are to take the place of law, no one is safe, and the property and person of every citizen is exposed to attack without just cause, and merely from the prejudices of the ignorant and unprincipled. Under the influence of the excited feelings of a few, and of inconsideration in others, the building was fired in several places about midnight, and the wood-work was consumed. The furniture was also broken and destroyed, as well as the fences adjoining the convent. It is said that warning was given to the inmates to retire, and some search was made in the house to see if any remained before the fire was put to it. But this is only proof that there was no settled plan to take or to endanger life. It furnishes no justification of the riot or destruction which followed.

It is highly honorable to the character of the citizens of Boston and vicinity, that they expressed their abhorrence of this violent transaction in a prompt and decided manner, the following morning, when the destruction of the convent was known. A very numerous meeting was holden in Boston, and a committee of forty or fifty citizens of the first respectability was appointed to investigate the affair, and endeavor to find out the vile perpetrators. Several persons were arrested as agents in the work of destruction. The most of them were acquitted, as the proof was not full and direct against them; but some were found guilty, not indeed of arson, but of a less atrocious crime, the penalty of which, by the present statute, is confinement in the state prison for life.

The city of London is eight miles long, and from four to five miles wide.

THE IMPERIAL PRINCE.

On the 16th of March, 1856, the long and anxiously looked for event took place, and the Empress Eugenie gave birth to a prince. The star of Louis Napoleon would seem, in every particular, to be in the ascendant. His destiny, although chequered, has, on the whole, been propitious, and the good fortune which raised him from an exile to a throne has also given him a son to its inheritance.

The memories which such an event recalls, however, are not a little remarkable. From the days of Louis XIV. up to the present, not a single King of France has been at his demise succeeded by his son, notwithstanding that none of them has been childless, with the exception of Louis XVIII.

Louis XIV. lived to see the extinction of several generations, of successors and was at last succeeded by one of the younger children of his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy.

Louis XV. was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XVI., who, in his turn, left a son behind him only to perish in a horrid dungeon, to which the vengeance of the Terrorists consigned him. The only son of the Great Napoleon died a colonel in the service of Austria.

Louis XVIII., as we have said, was childless.

The Duke de Berri was cut off during the lifetime of Charles X., whilst the son of the Duke de Bordeaux was an exile from his native land. The eldest son of Louis Philippe fell by an accident, and his grandson and heir is ejected from the throne of his ancestors.—Such a catalogue of sorrows connected with the crowned heads of France is calculated to make the thoughtful pause a few moments, and speculate on the probable future of the Imperial Prince now born to Napoleon III.

SCOTCH TENACITY.—'Once on a time,' says history, 'a Scotch pedestrian was attacked by three thieves. He defended himself well, but was overcome, when the thieves, much to their astonishment, found that he owned only the small sum of sixpence. 'The devil's in the fellow,' said one, 'to fight thus for a sixpence! Why, if he'd a shilling he'd have killed us all.'

Gas was first used for lighting streets in the U. S., at Baltimore, in 1821.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS should forward communications intended for insertion in the *Miscellany*, not later than the Saturday before the day of publication, as our increasing circulation compels us to go to press every Monday morning, and should be addressed—Editors of the Irish *Miscellany*, Boston, Mass. Subscribers should mention the township, county and State in which they reside.

We cannot return any manuscript sent us for publication.

A. SMITH, Roxbury, Mass.—In reply to your letter inquiring our opinion as regards the spread or existence of secret societies in Ireland, or what our knowledge on the subject amounts to, &c., we would state that the quotation and facts on which we commented in No. 41 of the Irish *Miscellany* were taken from the Irish papers and a letter of Mr. William Smith O'Brien of a late date. We have no knowledge ourselves of what is taking place in those societies except what is known to the public. There have been secret societies in Ireland for centuries, either gotten up by the British government or in direct opposition to it; but when that government ceases to exist in that country, our opinion is that secret societies will cease to exist there also.

J. M. W., Lawrence, Mass.—The article entitled our 'English Vice Kings,' which we published a week or two since, was written by Thos. D'arcy McGee.

E. MYERS, Blairsville, Pa.—The back numbers you write for were forwarded at the time. We will comply with your request.

A. BRITTON.—The Queens of England are not called upon to sign a death warrant. The real power is the hands of the Home Secretary and his colleagues. The Queen's prerogative is a mere fiction. It is Parliament that governs Great Britain.

JOHN KENNEDY, West Troy.—John O. Lever is a Protestant and an Englishman. We cannot vouch for the truth of the statement that his mother is an Irishwoman, though we have heard it on good English authority.

M. P., Boston.—A foreigner can only be naturalized in England by a special Act of Parliament.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

THOMAS O'NEILL - - - - PROPRIETOR.
MICHAEL J. WALSH - - - - CONDUCTOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

LIBERTY—EDUCATION—CRIME.

It is not required of us to prove that society is in a bad state, and that a false estimate of liberty has to do with the present lawlessness and crime which abounds in and disgraces our country. Education is not especially confined to the public schools, nor the indoctrination of academies. It is not the working of a sum in arithmetic, nor the capacity to spell words of many syllables, nor yet the parsing a sentence, nor the conjugation of a verb. The opinions and teaching of parents have much more to do with it than ought else.

The ear of youth drinks with avidity all the sentiments of good, certainly all of bad, advanced or heard in the home circle. There are also out-door associations, where youths congregate, and where parental restraint is discussed as so much tyranny. 'Young America' seeks to throw off guardians at an earlier age than is customary in other nations, and anything which impedes that desire is called tyranny.

Again, youths learn and espouse the political feelings which are attached to parties, and can scarcely help becoming imbued with their animosities and perverse party spirit. We admire the 'esprit du corps' which moves young men to cling to their own particular parties; but the danger is in passing the bounds of propriety, and running into hate of any other. Again, there is the bigotry which produces dislike towards any one not born in the country, or who bows at altars which suit not the fancy of those who have neither moral nor religious restraint at all.

Slighting parental authority or disobedience is a crime to which youth at a very early age are too apt to indulge in here in the United States. The home government thrown off, the next step is to

hold lightly the laws of the land. And while we admire republican institutions as being the perfection of human government, yet we know the leaders in all political associations pull wires for their own political and private ends; that men are frequently elected to office, pledged to sustain certain political views, the sustaining of which is in violation of the very spirit of free institutions.

Through, perhaps, a misdirected sympathy, crime has frequently escaped unpunished. To party tactics, and not unfrequently through contrivance, have culprits walked forth in open day, till rowdiness became stronger than the arm of the law, and its administrators, if not partisans, felt afraid of being in the seat of justice.

In no land has there been such inducement to crime as in the United States, through the many influences brought to bear upon the bandage covering a certain lady's eyes.

Who will say that even a premium has not been held out to become a thief? A man steals, by forgery or otherwise, some \$50,000; is held at \$10,000 for bail; he gets two friends to be responsible for his appearance by paying them said sum; they forfeit; the state may or may not sue them; he steps out, clearing by the operation some \$40,000; he is immediately dubbed a smart fellow.

We cannot be called the greatest admirers of England, but we do acknowledge she excels us in the due administration of justice. There is no respect for persons, wealth, nor title before the law; the statue is strictly adhered to; the law is vindicated.

We cannot see even-handed justice in sending a poor man to jail for selling a glass of gin, while the State traffics therein, and rich men sell with impunity. We believe in the administration of the law—in its repeal, if either unjust or unpopular.

Good government has its seat in individual moral character. That society where 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you' is the leading principle, is best governed, where men, believing in their own rights, extend like privileges to all others, and those men are generally the children who had parental government, those who followed parental instruction.

We are led to these reflections by scenes passing before our eyes. A young man, under twenty years of age is executed in a sister state for the dreadful crime of murder—the murder of a man who never committed aught against him, who, with his wife, was peacefully walking the public way. Who will say that the reckless spirit, the false idea of independence, the Americanism which teaches to do as you like, right or wrong, had not to do with it? Then, the philanthropists, whose only efforts are to save criminals, and disgust the community, have they before or since the execution of young Rodgers discussed the causes which led to the crime for which he suffered the dreadful penalty? Again, in a neighboring state, a citizen and an officer of the law, is shot down, and cruelly murdered, because he gives evidence in the courts in vindication of law, order and truth.

Nor can we, in this 'Modern Athens,' wash our skirts clear from some of this 'independence mania' while we read that three young scions of the 'Young America' school recently refused to testify in our courts, declaring that their words ought to be sufficient to satisfy the requirements of the law. We were pleased, however, that the court sustained its honor and dignity by sending them to cool in the cells until they could learn the duties of the citizen, and a proper regard for the administration of justice.

We really consider it behoves all lovers of laws and order to aid in bringing back public sentiment to a true sense of what is real liberty and true freedom, not as in wild and visionary brains, which lead to lawlessness and anarchy, but in the respect of

every individual right, and the observance of the social bond.

We are no advocates of hanging, nor are we under the impression that society is much benefited by the death of a fellow-man; but we are decidedly of the opinion that the laws should be vindicated to the letter, and should neither be trifled with to-day nor governed by judge Lynch to-morrow; nor yet are we in favor of giving power to a governor to pardon every scoundrel who may, through money, get influence, without hedging it round with proper restrictions.

Society demands from every good citizen not only the observance of law, but his individual effort in maintaining the dignity and peace of society; and while the law is only a terror to the evil-doer, yet there should be felt an individual responsibility, as in each link of the chain depends its strength and durability. Everything which has a tendency to immorality, every ism which would subvert a private right should be frowned down. In the inviolability of other's rights, we ensure our own, in the teaching and training of youth at home is the guarantee for the stability and elevated character of society abroad.

THE GALWAY LINE STILL TRIUMPHANT.

Despite the endeavors of Liverpool merchants and their hirelings, who scribble all sorts of stuff to the effect that Liverpool is the nearest and the safest port to the great American continent, we are pleased that the indefatigable Lever is full a match for them. The cabinet ministers have no sooner contracted in a secret and covertly manner with the Cunard line for the transmission of the mails until the year 1867—thus ignoring the new and shorter route, although publicly acknowledging not only its practicability but its public benefit, declaring that the fact of London being brought within six days of Washington was of sufficient importance to gain for the undertaking government aid, and that, with first class vessels, it was not improbable the passage could be made in five or five and a half days—than Mr. Lever, whose faith and resources seem fully capable for the task, immediately makes application to France for a mail subsidy, receives warm assurances and a kindly greeting from the Emperor, who immediately enters with all heart into the views of the Galway company's agent, and we are pleased to be able to announce, as we do elsewhere, the fact that a bargain has been struck; Ireland is to be allied to France, and is about to be the channel of communication between the Empire and the Great Republic. What may be the consequences of drawing closer those bonds of friendly feeling which have always existed between the two Celtic nations we are not bound to say; but we do really think that this new feature may have some effect in making England's governors think it an incumbent duty to act honestly by the sister isle; that the time has come and cannot be delayed when Ireland's claims, position and resources will be understood and appreciated by the world, who study geography without England's version. We really think her days of severe trial are nearly over, and that the Almighty, in his wisdom and goodness, is, in his own way and time, vindicating Ireland's cause, and is about to lift her up. Now, then, should all her children work, that they may rejoice.

TURKEY SALVE.—We call attention to the advertisement in another page of the 'Turkey Salve.' We mean to puff no quackery; but believe it to be really what it is called.

JAMES MCGINN, of San Francisco, is our agent for California, who will take in return for our pictorial lumps or dust from the diggings. Our friends in the gold regions can send on a pile. We will send back in return rich effusions of literary brains.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

MY MOLLY BAWN.

BY DARRY MCKEON.

[Dedicated to Paul Peppergrass, Esq.]

Yon silvery wavelet beneath the mountains,
Into whose bosom does gently glide
Sweet singing streamlets from sparkling fountains,
Still mingling in that translucent tide.

Gay nature fair in wild splendor there
Fills earth and air with rich fragrance grand,
Where Sol's bright beams shed transparent gleams
O'er the rocks and streams round my MOLLY BAWN.

The purest flower in yon leafy bower
Cannot in sweetness with her compare;
She's mild and meek, o'er each blooming cheek
Flows charming ringlets of golden hair.

Her virgin smile would a saint beguile,
Her step is light as the gentle faun;
Pure as the faith of that holy isle
Is the tender heart of my MOLLY BAWN.

Her skin's more white than the lily bright,
Her eye's a sparkling sweet magic blue,
That shoot forth rays of angelic light,
Her voice is soft as the Cushite's Coo.

No Saxon heiress to me so fair is—
Their haughty queen I'd refuse her hand—
That rural maiden my only care is,
My virtuous, charming sweet MOLLY BAWN.

At eve, when Phœbus with radiant glory
Lit up the sky like some golden se—
With joyous rapture my plaintive story
In tender whispers she heard from me.

Too soon that sun, 'mid effluent gladness,
Spread lustrous beams o'er a hapless land,
Which leaves me pining to-day in sadness,
An exile far from my MOLLY BAWN.

At last, the rays of a glorious morning
Are glimmering o'er yon Eastern skies;
Ye hopeful millions behold the warning,
Your Eris's Sunburst again shall rise.

'Far o'er the waves, when the green is flying,
I'm pledged to be, at the morning's dawn,
Lifeless and bold 'mong the dead and dying,
Or FREE and BOLD with you, MOLLY BAWN.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

—IN THE—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

EFFECTS OF BAD COMPANY.

Tom D— was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. In figure and face, he was a perfect model. He was about twenty-two years of age, stood five feet nine inches high, presenting an appearance that might well set astray the heart of any damsel of from fifteen to thirty. Stout, but not fleshy, his bony and sinewy frame indicated great strength and agility; in fact, he was a model Hussar. A keen, penetrating intelligence flashed from his bright hazel eyes. He was, indeed, one of Nature's own noblemen.

Added to his symmetry and manly beauty, he was blessed with the best of temper, and was expert in acquiring a full and practical knowledge of the science of his avocation. Gentle, modest, sober, and intelligent, he soon gained the good will and warm friendship of every man in the regiment, from the old colonel down to the latest recruit. He was fitted for the society of the highest and most refined, was well read, possessing a fund of information which enabled him to enter fluently into conversation upon most any topic. With the illiterate and

the young, he was an especial favorite; indeed, he seemed to be more at home nursing and teaching the soldiers' children, when off duty, than at any other occupation, or in any other company, no matter how select.

From the day that he entered the service, it appeared that he outstripped all his compeers. He was not only at the head of his class, but mastered the use of all kinds of weapons in an incredibly short space of time, taking pleasure in what others regarded as difficult. He laughed at obstacles, only to surmount them, while others would be considering them until they became discouraged. Sword, lance, stick, carbine, or pistol, were alike to him. In riding school, he was a pattern for others to imitate. In fact, he became a complete and almost faultless soldier.

His moral conduct was in accordance with his mental and physical qualities. No person ever saw him drunk; no oath or profane word was ever heard to issue from his lips, but truthfully up to the Quaker's mark, yea or nay, as the case might require. Such a man, possessed of such endowments, could not long remain unnoticed by his superiors. He was promoted, and very soon afterwards made sergeant, and, although perhaps at the time, the youngest cavalry sergeant in the service, there were none who could perform duty better. The most arduous task, the most responsible post were not denied to him on account of his youth. Every one ceded to him an aptitude and fitness to perform any duty.

Upon being made full sergeant, he was transferred to another troop, in which there happened to be a very fine looking young man, as to outward appearance, but one of quite a different character to our friend Tom D—. His name was Wilson. He was thoughtless and careless, fond of pleasure and frolic, no matter at what cost. He had established his character for wildness and irregularity, as the other had for the reverse.

It so happened that the sergeant and private Wilson were from the same district in Shropshire, and in the course of conversation they discovered that each had known the other's family before leaving home. The acquaintance had not lasted long between these two young men when the sergeant was remarked for visiting the city more than usual, and, ere long, was observed to return somewhat flushed in the face and a little excited. His friends began to fear that his new acquaintance would not serve him, but would bring him into mischief if continued. They accordingly remonstrated with him on the danger of his position. But it was too late. He now purposely sought the company of Wilson and his associates, rejecting that of his former friends, or the non-commissioned officers, room. Matters continued thus, but daily grew worse. He became boisterous, and frequently showed unmistakable signs of inebriation.

At length, one afternoon, while we were on the line of march, he tore the stripes from his arm, and made a football of his 'busby,' kicking it to pieces before him on the streets of Derby. He was arrested, tried, and reduced to the ranks, besides being sentenced to three months imprisonment in the military provost.

There are two of these military prisons, one at Maidstone, in the county of Kent, England, the other in Dublin, Ireland. The punishment inflicted on the soldiers in these places is disgraceful in the extreme. Every cruelty that can be devised is resorted to—hard labor, hunger, and the 'silent system,' are among their tender mercies. Houses of correction, penitentiaries, gaols, or state prisons for civilians, may in comparison be considered comfortable abodes.

Poor D—'s three months, like all other three months before or since, had their termination. He came out a ruined man. His friend Wilson set upon him, and finding him in a ready vein for any

mischief, led him from bad to worse, until theft followed drunkenness.

Not long after his release, they robbed a farm near Mansfield. Their thieving forays became of nightly occurrence. Some half a dozen of these foolish men, after being in bed at the regular hour, half past nine o'clock, would get up, after the roll was called, and scamper all over the country, committing depredations, steal fowl, vegetables, or anything else that they could lay their hands upon.

I have often, on awakening in the morning, seen geese, hens, vegetables, and fruit, in abundance, laying about, sufficient to victual a whole troop. This system of thieving, began in a drunken lark, was continued as a joke. It was winked at by the orderly-sergeant, whose duty it was to call a check roll at midnight to see if the men were in their beds. The orderly, of course, was silenced by a fat chicken or turkey for dinner. The sick were helped to fowl, vegetables and fruit. But this pious distribution of their ungodly spoils did not hurt them much, for, notwithstanding all they gave away, they still had enough to sell, by which they procured pocket money to spend.

The bribing of the orderly-sergeant, the pious offering to the sick, and the sales to married soldiers, who could buy cheaper in the troop-room than at the market, involved so many interests and individuals, that secrecy became a necessary consequence.

The farmer, however, who happened to have been their first victim, not relishing their rather peculiar mode of cracking jokes, determined to prevent a repetition of them, at least at his expense. He therefore awaited a second visit from the worthies with some solicitude, but not without having prepared a due reception for them. He had not long to wait; they arrived in time—a scuffle ensued—some hard knocks were given and returned. The farmer's party, however, succeeded in arresting one of them; he was a musician. He was handed over next day, and had to be sent to the hospital. But, under no circumstances, could he be induced or coerced to divulge the names of any of his accomplices.

One of the officers jestingly charged Tom D— with being one of the party, which he answered by striking him a blow. This, under the circumstances, the officer might have overlooked, had not several others been looking on, who reported the circumstance to the commanding officer. Tom got away by jumping a wall. He did not intend, however, to desert, he merely wished to have a frolic before going to the provost again.

I had been one of his warmest friends, and would have given anything to have him restored to his former self. This he well knew, and the night before he surrendered he came to my bedside and awoke me. I reasoned with him on the great impropriety of his conduct. He told me that he felt all the pain imaginable for his friends, but none for himself. He believed that there was no possible chance for redemption for him, for he thought his doom was ordained; in fact, he had become a blind fatalist. He left me to go to the guard-room, saying, 'If I am sentenced to be shot I shall be satisfied, for I do not like to be continually court martialled; if I am transported it will please me, but if flogged I shall become a desperate, degraded, furious being. I will then excel and revel in every vice and mischievous devilry. I must excel in everything; it is my nature; if I were with highwaymen, I would be chief; but,' added he, 'if I am flogged, and thought one nerve would shrink or move, I would cut it out were it next my heart.'

He was tried, and in a few days after the regiment was ordered out to parade with arms—this was the customary order when sentence of court martial was to be read.

The afternoon arrived, and the regiment was on parade. We marched to the riding school, forming three sides of a square. The prisoner was marched

in. The sentence having been read aloud, he was ordered to strip. The method adopted in cavalry regiments for executing this base, cruel, and degrading punishment, is to drive strong hooks into a wall about seven feet from the ground, and at about the same distance apart. The prisoner stands with his face to the wall, his arms are stretched out, and then finally lashed by the wrists; the legs are in like manner firmly tied by the ankles and thighs, but not so far apart as the arms. The surgeon stands beside him, on his right hand, and is supposed to see that the punishment does not endanger the life of the culprit. I have never, however, during my experience in the service, seen a surgeon examine any one while undergoing this cruel torture. The regimental sergeant major likewise stands by, to see that the farriers do their duty—a duty which is one of obligation, but naturally much disliked by them. As each stroke falls upon the back of the unfortunate, the sergeant major counts them aloud. A farrier soon becomes tired, and is at once relieved by another. Each stroke is supposed to be delivered with all his strength and judgment, stepping back a pace after each infliction, and again advancing as he delivers the succeeding one. The farriers get whiskey to drink to keep them to the flogging point.

I never before witnessed the flogging of a man without becoming sick. On this occasion I did not, nor can I account for it. There was one in whom I felt a great and lively interest undergoing a cruel punishment of the most excruciating nature, yet I felt as though under the influence of a solemn obligation to look on. I watched him closely. I knew the strength of nerve which he possessed, and although I had seen the stoutest and boldest spirits cringe and twist, he moved not a muscle. The first stroke fell, and there appeared nine distinct red marks, which invariably turned black ere the second could be given. The marks extended from the right shoulder-blade to the loins of the left side. After about a dozen strokes had been inflicted the whole back was black, and appeared ready to burst, looking soft and liver-like. Soon the blood came forth, and no doubt the fellow felt relieved, though he still showed no sign.

The allotted one hundred and fifty lashes were duly given and counted, when the lacerated and bleeding victim was loosed from his bonds. He called for his cloak, which he stoically cast over his shoulders, and as he returned with the guard for the hospital he bowed with a smile to his comrades; every man of whom felt truly sorrowful for his degradation and fall.

As soon as we were dismissed I visited the hospital, and found him anxiously waiting my arrival. The doctor had left him; 'But,' said he, 'the doctor's process will be to slow. I want you to bathe my back with blue-stone water.' He had secretly provided it. I did as he desired, repeated the process afterwards, and in a few days he was ready for duty and more mischievous.

As we lay side by side, one night after he returned to the barracks, I was desirous of learning the state of his mind. He said—

'I can no longer remain a soldier, especially in this regiment; if I was transported I might do better; but no,' he continued, 'every man in the service would know me. I must be transported or shot, and that before many months are over.'

I was truly sorry to hear him speak thus; but how much more grieved to witness him take up with his forever wicked companions, who rejoiced to have him among them so soon.

In less than two months he was again a prisoner in the guard-room, for drunkenness and absence from duty. While in confinement, the corporal of the guard made use of some harsh expressions to him, for which, in his mad rage, he struck him several times. He was tried, and though the corporal declined to prove an assault, more than merely show-

ing him, he was sentenced to transportation beyond the seas.

In execution of this sentence, he was conveyed on board a convict ship. On board these vessels there are rings rivetted in the deck, to which the more desperate convicts are chained, and their limbs manacled, when brought up from the hold for the benefit of the air.

One day, while being thus chained down, an altercation took place between him and the officer, whose duty it was to fulfil this unpleasant task. The officer reported him, and he was accordingly denied some trifling privilege, in punishment. This made him desperate, and he vowed to have revenge. In a few days after this the same officer was again performing the same unpleasant duty, but before he had time to fasten him, and while the shackles were hanging loosely about his limbs, Tom seized the officer in his arms, and, in his mad strength, lifted him up, and before any one could interfere to prevent him, plunged headlong into the sea with him. The iron manacles bore them down, and neither ever rose to the surface again.

Thus ended the career of as promising a young soldier as ever mounted a horse—who, but a few months before, was honored and respected by all who knew him. Bad company was the ruin of a friend, whose loss to this day I mournfully regret. His tragical and terrible end has obscured the memory of his faults and failings, and I remembered only his good qualities, his manly beauty, his kindness of heart, and the promise of his youth.

His destroyer was soon afterwards dismissed from the service, being strongly suspected of stealing wine. He and two of his companions were handed blank discharges, and the guard ordered to see them beyond the barrack gate at Hume, never again to be admitted to the service they had disgraced.

Some years after, I was accosted in the streets at Stockton, by an excavator or 'navvy,' as they are called in England. It was Wilson. His dishonorable discharge distressed him much; but when I alluded to the untimely fate of the subject of this narrative, he seemed deeply and truly affected. He was then married, and having reformed his conduct, was apparently doing well.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

SKETCHES FROM MEMORY.

BY J. E. F.

COMING TO AMERICA.

No. I.

On a beautiful evening in May, 184-, the ship *Mt. Washington* left Liverpool for Boston, U. S., having on board some 250 emigrants, composed mostly of the better class of Irishmen and women, with a sprinkling of English and Scotch. Emigrant vessels leaving Liverpool are not attended with those heart-rending scenes so often witnessed in Irish ports, on the event of a vessel leaving for America, for the English do not possess that susceptibility of feeling so characteristic of the inhabitants of the 'sister isle,' and there regrets at leaving England, are not generally of the same nature as those who leave Ireland. The announcement, therefore, that the ship was under weigh, caused no excitement among the passengers, but when we entered the rough waters of the channel, there were heavings, other than those of grief, in the breasts of many of them.

Voyages across the Atlantic are generally monotonous, but I think there was an exception in this case, although by the time that we reached the harbor of Boston, eight weeks after leaving Liverpool, incidents and amusements were well nigh exhausted. On calm evenings there would be groups on deck, enjoying themselves in various ways, some of whom, to the music of the Irish pipes, would be 'tripping the light fantastic toe,'—no, I must confess that some of the toe were 'heavy,' to judge from the impressions left on the

deck by their shoes, yeelp 'brogues.' On another part of the deck, Sandy McDonald played 'Rob Roy,' while Scotch lads and lassies reeled it for hours together to the music of the Highland pipes.

When four weeks out, quite a storm arose, and for three days and nights, many of us expected a watery grave. On the third night our mizenmast was shivered with a crash, and the few passengers who had gone to their hammocks came rushing up the hatchway, supposing the ship was going down. The vessel lay a moment upon her side, then slowly lifted herself up, and rode gallantly on. This 'life on the ocean wave' was not to our tastes, but on the fourth day, the wind slackened, and finally died out altogether, verifying the old saying—'after a storm comes a calm.' The following three days, the ship lay like a huge log upon the ocean, the water being as still and untroubled almost, as if it were one unbroken sheet of ice.

On the fourth day of calm weather, which was Sunday, the sails began to fill, and again we moved on the trackless ocean. Towards noon, was despatched to leeward a vessel, quickly nearing us. It was the first sail we had seen, beyond our own, since leaving the English Channel, and almost every passenger was on deck as the stranger approached, she seemingly wished to hold converse with us. Our flag, the 'Star Spangled Banner,' was flung to the breeze, and our companion (pardon me, gentle reader,) showed her colors the bloody red ensign. When within speaking distance, the wind apparently lulled, Boreas not wishing, I suppose, to mar the conversation by his 'blowing.' After the usual questions—'Where are you bound? what's your cargo?' &c., were asked and answered, and the two ships were close enough to speak without aid of trumpets, a real Irishman sprang on top of the cook's galley, and taking off his hat, pointed towards the 'Stars and Stripes,' exclaiming—'There, boys, is the American flag! let us give three cheers for it.' It is enough to say that they were given, not only by the 'boys,' as he called his countrymen, but women and children also joined in the hurrahs, and with such a hearty good will that told it came from their hearts—Irish ones.

But he did not stop here. When the cheering had subsided, he put on his hat, and raised his hand again, this time towards the British flag, saying, 'There is the flag of the country that is now sending us to America, away from poor old Ireland. We are under the protection of the stars and stripes, and now boys, let us give three groans for the bloody flag of England!'

This was done with as good a will as on the previous cheering, to the no small discomfiture of the English passengers. Our captain, too, pretended to be displeased, and apologised to the captain of the British vessel; but when we parted company he invited the maker of the impromptu speeches into the cabin, and to judge of the manner in which this son of Erin smacked his lips after coming out, the impression was that he got a stiff 'halyard' (sea-language), for a glass of whiskey.

This man was apparently about six feet high, with a frank, open countenance, and his attire contributed not a little to set his figure off to good advantage. He was dressed in a coat of gray frieze, and corduroy breeches, with leggings reaching to the knee. His throat was unfettered by a cravat, and the wind played with his jet black locks as harmless he stood, pointing with uplifted hand to the flag of the free floating above his head. In my youthful enthusiasm I fancied him a hero, and Wallace and Walsh (the latter being his name), were, in my mind, synonymous.

On the next day, a scene somewhat different was witnessed on board—the burial of a passenger, who died of ship-fever. There is something peculiarly solemn in a burial at sea, and now, after the lapse of years, the scene is as fresh in my memory as if it occurred but yesterday. The man was in the prime of life, had been a well-to-do farmer in Ireland, and

was the father of a large family, who were entirely dependent on him for support. He had been sick but a few days when Death, who never spares his victims, laid his ice-cold hand upon his heart, and stilled its throbs forever.

'No useless coffin enclosed his breast';

but, wrapped in a sheet, he was let gently down into the coral bed of ocean; the waves closed over him; the ship sped on her course, and the event was soon forgotten, except, indeed, by the widow and orphans, who lost what time could never restore.

On the third of July we entered the harbor of Boston, and the same afternoon the Mt. Washington reached her dock, and discharged her passengers. It was the eve of the anniversary of American Independence, and when the clock tolled the hour of midnight, and the 'Fourth' was ushered in by the booming of cannon, ringing of bells, &c., I thought of my impassioned countryman who stood bare-headed beneath America's flag at sea, and who, on this day, must feel a renewed pride in celebrating the anniversary of its birth.

GRAND RECEPTION OF THE HIBERNIA FIRE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Hibernia Engine company No. 1 of Philadelphia, arrived in this city Wednesday evening, and were received by nearly the whole of the Boston fire department. They reached here in the New York Express train at ten minutes before seven o'clock, and were met at the depot by a large crowd. The Boston firemen were drawn up in line on Lincoln street, with the right resting on Beach street, and after the reception ceremonies had been gone through with, the procession took up its line of march in the order named below.

The visitors were in full parade dress, black pants, drab coats, over-waistcoats of red flannel appropriately ornamented, green water-proof capes painted with golden emblems, and hats to match. They were accompanied by Beck's Band of Philadelphia, and number, with the band and three servants, one hundred and twenty-seven men. The following is a list of their officers: Chief Marshal, Col. James Page; Special Aid, James M. Colgan; Assistant Marshals, Henry A. Cook, John R. Downing, John T. Doyle, George McGee, William A. Thorp, William A. Delaney and Thomas Dillon; Guides, C. M. Berry, Francis Fox, James A. Sawyer, James R. Nightingale, John Delaney and Edward Gowan; Engineers, George W. Holloway and Joseph Parry.

As our readers doubtless know, the Hibernia is the oldest fire company in this country—if not in the world—having been instituted on the 20th of February, 1762. From the company's earliest existence up to the present time, its roll has embraced the names of some of Philadelphia's best citizens. In the time of the Revolution, most of the noted patriots of the city and a number of the officers of the army were enrolled upon the list. Gen. Stewart, Robert Morris, Thompson, the Secretary of Congress, who read the Declaration of Independence from the State House steps, Nicholas Biddle, and other men of like calibre, have been members. Their present President, Col. James Page (who also acts as Chief Marshal on this excursion), was formerly postmaster of Philadelphia, and afterwards collector of the port. One division of the company, as now constituted, is composed of men over six feet in height. Their steam fire engine arrived, but was not drawn in the procession. The machine is new, having been finished only about a month. Upon the dome is a massive silver plate, on which are inscribed the name of the company, the date of their organization, incorporation, &c., together with the names of the officers. The whole inscription was published in our paper some days since, together with some other facts in relation to the company.

The following was the order of procession:—

Chief Marshal,
George W. Bird, Esq., Chief Engineer.
Assistant Engineers.
Chelsea Brass Band.
Perkins Engine Co. No. 2, Capt. George Brown.
Eagle Engine Co. No. 3, Capt. E. W. Milliken.
Cataract Engine Co. No. 4, under the command of Clerk Charles P. Stetson.
Melville Engine Co. No. 6, Capt. Calvin C. Wilson.
Tiger Engine Co. No. 7, Capt. Thomas Whipple.
Washington Hose Co. No. 1, Capt. Charles E. Dutton.
Union Hose Co. No. 2, Capt. M. C. Thompson.
Howard Cornet Band.
Suffolk Hose Co. No. 5, Capt. Wm. Lovell.
Deluge Hose Co. No. 6, Capt. Joseph Barnes.
Boston Cornet Band.
Tremont Engine Co. No. 12, Capt. O. R. Robbins.
Beck's Band of Philadelphia.
Hibernia Engine Co. No. 1, of Philadelphia, surrounded by a body guard composed of all the companies.
Washington Hook and Ladder Co. No. 2, Capt. C. Simonds.
Warren Hook and Ladder Co. No. 3, Capt. G. W. Warren.
Loud's Cornet Band, of North Weymouth.
Boston Engine Co. No. 8, Capt. Benj. Tarbox.
Maverick Engine Co. No. 9, Capt. J. P. Somerby.
Barnicoat Engine Co. No. 11, under command of Clerk J. A. Fynes.
Webster Engine Co. No. 13, Capt. H. Weston.

The procession numbered upwards of seven hundred men, and all the companies, except Tremont Engine Company No. 12 (whose guests the Philadelphians are during their stay in Boston), carried torch-lights or Chinese lanterns. On account of the bad state of the streets the route was considerably shortened. It laid through the following streets: Beach street, Harrison avenue, Newton, Washington, Court, Sudbury, Portland, Merrimack, Wall, Minot, Leverett, Lynde, Hancock, Mt. Vernon streets to Louisburg square, and from thence through Pinckney, Charles, Pleasant and Tremont streets to the house of Tremont Engine Co. No. 12 in Warren street, where the line was dismissed.

At the depot, when the procession started, and at various points along the route, displays of rockets and other fireworks were made. The house of Eagle Engine Company No. 3, on Washington street, was illuminated, and several flags, together with the following, were strung across the street in front: 'Hibernians, we welcome you.' Several other buildings were illuminated.

Upon reaching Warren street, the Philadelphia Company were invited by Engine Company No. 12, to a collation, spread in the ward room adjoining the engine house. The room was tastefully decorated for the occasion by Col. Beals, and plates were laid for one hundred and sixty persons.

Capt. Robbins, in a brief speech, welcomed the strangers to Boston, and after the repast, offered a sentiment in honor of the Hibernia, which was responded to by Col. Page, who said he was glad to meet the Boston firemen. He was not an entire stranger here, for a quarter of a century ago he visited the city as the commander of a military company. There had been many changes since that time, but he found no change in the hospitality of the citizens. This time he had visited Boston to exhibit to her citizens their new apparatus for the extinguishment of fires. There had been much prejudice against steam fire engines in his own city, but he was convinced that steam would, sooner or later, supersede the manual labor in the fire departments of all large cities.

Chief Engineer Bird made a brief speech, and also bid the Philadelphians a hearty welcome. Speeches were also made by Assistant Engineer Damrell, John Thorley, Esq., one of the trustees of the Hibernia, Major William A. Thorpe of Philadelphia, the several representatives of the press, and others.

At eleven o'clock, the Hibernia Company were escorted to their quarters at the American House by Tremont No. 12, accompanied by the Boston Cornet Band.

The 'Hibernia' was built by Messrs. Raney, Neiffy & Co., Kensington, Pa. Her performance surpassed everything seen in Boston before, as did

her company, which we do not flatter when we say they looked like men and acted like gentlemen.

In their reception by the Bostonians we see the dawn of a new era, and, as we trust, a new proof that the Union is safe; that 'tis sacred in the hearts of Bostonians and Philadelphians. As we watched their comingling we felt satisfied there was no alienation of feeling, but a true brotherly sentiment of Americanism, which would again bring us together shoulder to shoulder, as of yore, in defence of the common flag.

The visit of the Hibernians to Charlestown and East Boston was marked by every courtesy and kindness, and we only repeat their own words when we say, they thought more of their reception in Boston than anything which they met with since leaving home.

For the hour spent in company with James Leddy, Sheriff McGee, Messrs. McGrath, Barry, McFadden, Jones, Plumley, Sawyer, O'Brien, and Neill, without an O', we have only to say, we hope to see them at McKibben's, in Fourth street, one of these days, to renew the kindly feeling so auspiciously commenced. Nor can we but return our thanks to Mayor Lincoln, for his efforts to produce this good feeling, and carrying out to a successful issue what was so universally desired.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN IN CLONMEL.

The following is the answer delivered by William Smith O'Brien to the address of the congregated trades of Clonmel:—

You will do me the justice to believe that I accept and appreciate the congratulations of the workmen of Clonmel, whom you represent, with as much satisfaction as I have felt in receiving those of the wealthier classes. I have always considered that a man whose life is devoted to industrial pursuits is entitled, provided he be well conducted, to as much respect as the richest and proudest in the land. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that those who are engaged in the usual occupations of life are more to be respected than those who spend days in idleness and self-indulgence.

You also do me justice in your address to impute to me a desire to assist in developing the intelligence of the humble classes of society. I am happy to say that I have never for a moment felt any apprehension that the working classes would be dangerous if they were highly educated, and I have, therefore, at all times, endeavored to promote every effort which can tend to refine their tastes, and to elevate their social condition. Whenever any of them is able by his industry, enterprise, frugality, or intelligence, to raise himself to an influential position in society, I greet his success with hearty congratulation. Such being the feelings which I habitually entertain towards the industrial classes, you will understand how highly I value their sympathy and approbation. And it affords me great gratification to find that in this town, which was the scene of the most interesting event of my life, such approval is not withheld.

Having taken several opportunities since my return to Ireland of placing before the country my opinions relative to the present political condition of Ireland, it is unnecessary that I should detain you by again recapitulating them. With respect to the past, even though my public conduct were condemned, instead of being approved, by a large majority of my fellow-countrymen, I should still be sustained by the consciousness that I had endeavored, with faithful disinterestedness, to serve the land of my birth. Now, I have only to regret that my attempts to serve Ireland have not been attended with as much success as I could have desired; but I acquiesce in the decrees of Providence which disposes of the destinies of nations, and regulates the course of events with a wisdom which we ought not to question—which I dare not impeach.

With regard to the future, it is better that I should abstain from suggesting the occurrence of contingencies which may call forth decisive action on the part of the Irish nation. It is possible that such contingencies may occur in our days, but I cannot take upon myself to prescribe any course of action to the nationalists of Ireland until events shall impose the necessity of forming a decision. Perhaps I may then, if called into consultation, offer my opinion to my fellow-countrymen. At present I can only advise you not to despair of the cause of Ireland's nationality.

I can only entreat you to cherish and keep alive the embers of a patriotism which, though often damped by chilling mists, has never yet been wholly extinguished, and which may hereafter, under the kind protection of Heaven, be re-kindled so that it may encircle our beloved island with the radiance of national glory.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.
IRELAND.

POSTAL SUBSIDY TO THE GALWAY LINE.—The news of the first instalment of the success of the Galway line of steamers was communicated to the directors on Monday morning. Lord Bury has imparted the gratifying intelligence that he has concluded the terms of a subsidy with Newfoundland and the imperial government conjointly for that colony. It is understood that this commencement has been made on the most liberal scale, and that we have reason to believe that the future operations of Lord Bury with the remaining colonies will be conducted to a similar issue. It may, therefore, be considered that the Atlantic Royal Steam Navigation Company is now in a position to compete with all or any lines of transatlantic steamers. Lord Bury is at present negotiating with the United States government and the rest of the North American provinces. Considering the manner in which the Galway company have hitherto fulfilled all their promises, the immense boon conferred upon Ireland by their agency, and the fact that through them British North America may look forward to the happy development of her colossal resources, this intelligence will be received throughout the empire with feelings of unmingled gratification. It is evident that the extension of the Cunard subsidy is not intended by the government as a monopoly to be employed by that energetic individual, who has certainly done much more to forward and foster the interests of the United States than those of the British colonies, and consequently of the British people. Hitherto, it has been a fact that of eight lines of steamers leaving the United Kingdom for various parts of the world, not one has despatched a single vessel from the shores of Ireland. Nor has a single Irish emigrant been enabled, previously to the establishment of the Galway line, to sail even from an English port in a transatlantic steamer, at a cost easily attainable by a poor man. In this respect Ireland has hitherto been little better than a mere barren breakwater to England. No Englishman who has the true interest of his country at heart can desire such a state of things to be perpetuated. To Newfoundland has occurred the good fortune of being the first to respond eagerly and energetically to a claim which, every colonist must feel, carries a reciprocal boon in favor of this country and himself. So far, then, we heartily congratulate Lord Bury on this first auspicious result of his patriotic mission, and we await with eager interest the next instalment of the noble viscount's successful negotiation on the other side of the Atlantic.—[Telegraph.]

IRON SHIP BUILDING IN WATERFORD.—We learn that the Dutchman, a very fine iron vessel built at the Neptune Iron Works, under the superintendence of Mr. Horne, has been just purchased by the new Russian company, who obtained from the Sardinian government the lease of a part of one of the ports in the Mediterranean, and that she will be placed on one of the lines running to Civita Vecchia. This vessel, as well as her companion ship the Abeona, has won a very high character. Two other iron steam vessels built in this port were bought by the Sardinian government a few years since, and gave great satisfaction. In addition to the Dutchman the Russian company have bought from the Messrs. Malcolmson two other steam vessels, the Bellona and the Norma; the latter was, we believe, built in Cork.—[Waterford Mail.]

THE BANDON EXTENSION LINE TO SKIBBEREEN.—Negotiations are now pending between some eminent capitalists, railway contractors, and engineers, in relation to the accomplishment of this undertaking. It is expected that the matter will be decided this week, and if favorably for the project, steps will be immediately taken to prepare a bill and push it through Parliament next session, which, of course, if there be no opposition, there can be no difficulty in doing.

JAPAN.—God help the people of Japan! England has just succeeded in effecting a treaty with their government—a treaty of perpetual peace and friendship, a treaty of everlasting love—and so God help the government and the people of Japan. At present they are comfortable and contented, yea they are rich; but they lack a navy, and horse, foot, artillery—and so the Lord be merciful to them! Soon will their riches be diminished, soon will their contentment disappear—and all through the great love and the good offices of England. Oude was a very fertile country, and its people were rich, and its monarch was unsuspicious; but England found them out, and made a treaty of perpetual peace, love and friendship with them, and the consequence is to-day patent to the world. The country is 'annexed' to the British possessions, its fair fields are wasted, the monarch is dethroned and in prison, the people are beggared and in rebellion. A similar course of treatment for Japan is now inaugurated, but we have our hopes that it will never be consummated. There is a canker at the heart of England which is rapidly eating its way through; the fabric of British power is rotten at the core, and it only requires a shock, which assuredly will come and is not far distant, to lay the whole in ruins.—[Nation.]

THE KENMARE ESTATES.—The Tralee Chronicle contains the following most gratifying announcement—honorable in the highest degree to Lord Castlerosse, as a model, generous, and considerate Irish proprietor:—

'The Leinster estates of the Earl of Kenmare were to be sold in the Incumbered Estates Court, the noble proprietor being himself the petitioner. The result of the sale, there can be little doubt, will be to free the splendid estates of Lord Kenmare from all incumbrances. This is the most appropriate time to mention a noble act of landlord liberality. When it became known that the property was to be sold, a number of the tenantry who had no leases were seized with a panic, and, rushing down to Kilarney, waited on Lord Castlerosse, who is now the virtual owner of the estates. His lordship not only received them with kindness and hospitality, but very soon quieted their fears by giving them leases of 31 years. The effect of this, looking at the rate at which the lands are let, will be, it is calculated by competent judges, to reduce the selling value in the market by ten thousand pounds.'

THE MOST REV. DOCTOR CULLEN—AN IRISH CARDINAL.—Letters from Rome, received in town this week, give the most gratifying confirmation of the previous accounts of the entire recovery of the venerated Archbishop of Dublin. One of these letters, dated the 3d inst., says:—'Dr. Cullen has returned from Tivoli in most excellent health and spirits. His recovery has caused the greatest delight here; and I am happy to tell you that it is the intention of his Holiness to raise Dr. Cullen to the dignity of the purple, and thus to give to the faithful and devoted Irish people an Irish Cardinal. I can well imagine the delight with which this intelligence—which you may consider as perfectly accurate—will be hailed in Ireland.'

THE CASE OF THE CORMACKS.—Thurles, Tuesday. —We have this evening received a special telegraph from our own reporter, stating that at two o'clock this afternoon a meeting of the Cormack Committee was held at O'Shee's Hotel, the Rev. Mr. Mullally, P. P., in the chair—for the purpose of carrying out the resolutions passed at the county meeting at Nenagh. After mature considerations a memorial to the executive was adopted, praying for inquiry into the proceedings connected with the trial of the brothers Cormack; and a deputation was appointed for the purpose of waiting on the Lord Lieutenant, and urging an accession to the prayer of the memorial.—[Telegraph.]

A blind man, about thirty years of age, led by a middle-aged woman, his sister, also blind, or nearly so, passed down the streets a few days ago, playing

the Irish melodies in exquisite style on a common penny tin whistle! He played 'John O'Dwyer of the Glen,' 'Tara's Hall,' 'The Exile of Erin,' and other Irish airs, if not as artistically as Picoe would have done, yet with infinite feeling and true harmony, appealing powerfully to the hearts of his audience—not a small one—who generously responded to the appeal by showering half-pence and pence into the hand of his conductor, as he passed along. His name is Owen Dowdall, and he is a native of the County of Armagh. The patrons of music in this city might well give him a modest benefit.—[Munster News, Limerick.]

AN occasional correspondent informed us a few days ago that the rumor of the formation of a secret society in Bantry was but an elaborate 'ruse' on the part of the people of that town to procure for their bay the advantage of being made a naval station. We were amused at the idea, which we conceived to be a mere 'jeu d'esprit. If it be a joke, however, it has received a curious confirmation, as by the naval intelligence we learn that a formidable squadron is about to anchor in the waters of Bantry Bay. The following announcement appears in the Globe of yesterday:—

'The Royal Albert, 131, Captain E. B. Rice, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir C. Fremantle, K. C. B.; the Renown, 91, Captain A. Forbes; the Orion, 90, Captain D'Eyncourt; the Brunswick, 80, Captain E. Ommaney; and the gunboat Shipjack, tender to the Admiral, left Plymouth Sound under canvas on Saturday morning for Bantry Bay.'

Whether or not these floating castles are intended to repress an insurrection in the West or not, we congratulate our Bantry friends upon the opportunity they will have of seeing the most celebrated of the vessels which formed the escort of the English Queen to the great fete at Cherbourg—the Royal Albert and the Renown.—[Cork Examiner.]

THE LEVER LINE.—Mr. Lever, the founder of the Transatlantic Steam Packet Line from Galway to America, is now in Paris, accompanied with a deputation, to complete arrangements by which telegraphic communication will be made from all parts of Europe to any port (possessed of a telegraph station) of America in six days. He will endeavor to secure the adoption by the French government of the Galway line for the transmission of their mails, merchandise, and passengers—the mails to be delivered at St. Peter's, Newfoundland, in seven days from Paris.

SHAMEFUL.—A vicar writes to a newspaper:—'Judge of my feelings when I read this morning in your advertising columns the following: 'For sale, the next presentation to a living in a most beautiful part of the country, on the borders of Oxfordshire and Bucks. There is a superior parsonage house and grounds, and the income amounts to about £170 per annum. Population small. Incumbent several years of age and a bad life.' He asks what right has any auctioneer to say that his life is a bad one, either morally or physically and whether there is no redress against such brutality. [We recommend the old gentlemen to help as in putting an end to such a system.]—[Liberator.]

EXTRAORDINARY RUN BY A SAILING SHIP.—ELEVEN AND A HALF HOURS FROM HOLYHEAD TO QUEENSTOWN.—The Mersey line clipper Black Eagle which sailed hence for Melbourne on the 28th ult; left the steaming at 3 A. M., the following morning off Holyhead, and was off Queenstown at 3 p. m. on the 29th—making the run from the bell buoy to abreast of Queenstown in 24 hours and from Holyhead (where she left the steamer) in 11 1-4 hours. The distance between Holyhead and Queenstown being 164 miles, the speed obtained was 141-2 knots per hour; and it is believed to be the quickest run on record, either by sailing vessel or steamer.—[Liverpool paper.]

THE Paris correspondent of the London Globe says that Galway is about to be adopted by France as the outlet of her postal communication with North America, and that the Lever line will succeed in getting a large subsidy from the Emperor, the projected Havre line having withdrawn in favor of the Galway enterprise.

THE HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL CONNEXION OF SCOTLAND WITH IRELAND.

(CONCLUDED.)

The great convention of the Scotch race and the last one in which the Argyle colony was represented in the mother country, was held at Dromketh, in the present county of Derry, in the year A. D. 590. Hugh, King of Ireland, presided, and there were present all the princes, chiefs and prelates of both countries. The great questions to be settled were three: 1. The proposed suppression of the Baidic order, which, with their attendants, had reached the enormous number of 30,000 men, nearly one-third of the male adult population. 2. The taxation of the colonists in Argyle, by the mother country. 3. The case of the Prince of Ossory, then held close prisoner by the monarch. Aidan, Prince of Argyle, attended this convention, and thither, also, Columbcille came with a numerous train, set down in an ancient poem at 150, mainly ecclesiastics.

Of the incidents of his journey we need not repeat the marvels that are told. He pleaded the cause of the Bard so effectually that the order was spared. The doctors, or master-singers among them, were prohibited from wandering from place to place; they were assigned residence with the chiefs and princes; their loyal attendants were turned over to other pursuits, and thus a great danger was averted, and one of the most essential of the Scotch institutions being reformed and regulated, was preserved. Scotland and Ireland have good reason to be grateful to the founder of Iona, for the interposition which preserved to us the music, which became, in the lapse of ages, the inspiration of two modern Bards well worthy of the inheritance—Robert Burns and Thomas Moore.

The proposed taxation of Argyle by the mother country, Columbcille strenuously and successfully resisted. Up to this time, the colonists had been bound only to furnish a contingent force, by land and sea, when the King of Ireland went to war, and to make an annual present called 'chief-rent.' If the noble King of Ardhgal, enumerated in the 'Leabhar n'g'ceart, as tributary to Tara, the Argyle Princes, he meant, they at the time of the compilation of that palimpsest, or of the more ancient one it follows, paid the stipend 'out of Alba' of seven shields, seven steeds, seven bondswomen, seven bondsmen, and seven hounds all of the same breed. But the 'chief-rent,' or 'eric for kindly blood,' as it is variously phrased, did not suffice in the year 590 to satisfy King Hugh. The colony had grown great, and like some modern monarchs, he proposed to tax it for its success. Columbcille, though a native of Ireland, and a prince of its reigning house, was by choice a denizen of Caledonia, and he stood true to his colonial neighbors. The Irish king refused to continue the connexion on the old conditions, and declared his intention to visit Alba himself; Columbcille, rising in the convention, declared the Albanians 'forever free from the yoke,' and this adds Geoffrey Keating, 'turned out to be the fact.' From this statement we may conclude that Scotland never paid political tribute to Ireland; that their relation was that rather of allies than of sovereign and vassal; that it resembled more the homage Carthage paid to Tyre, and Syracuse to Corinth, than any modern form of colonial dependence; that a federal connexion existed by which, in time of war, the Scots of Argyle, and those of Hibernia, were mutually bound to aid, assist and defend each other.

This perpetual alliance, founded in the blood of both nations, sanctioned by their early saints, confirmed intermarriage by a common language and literature, and by hostility to common enemies, the Saxons, Danes, and Normans grew into a political bond of uncommon strength and power. Before I mention the most remarkable proofs of its continued

efficiency for ten centuries, let me call your attention to the general fact, that Scotland and Ireland never had a national quarrel. There were Scottish expeditions against Man and against the Orkneys; there were constant wars between Scotland and England; but Ireland never invaded Scotland, nor Scotland Ireland.

During the successive Danish invasion of both countries, we constantly find the two nations combating side by side. These invasions were almost uninterrupted from the close of the 8th till the beginning of the 11th century. At first they may have been more predatory incursions under independent chiefs—those terrible Vikings, who issued with their long ships out of the Baltic, chanting battle songs to their God, and marked with the runes of death. One conspicuous fact will show how the Scots of both sides the Irish sea assisted each other against them.

The most disastrous battle which the Danes ever fought in the West was unquestionably that of Clontarf, fought on Good Friday, 1014. Of the invaders, Bruder, the Danish leader, and Sitrick, Earl of the Orkneys, a deadly enemy of both Scotiæ, fell; of the Scots, Brian, King of Ireland, his son, grandson, and several of his nobles, and the Maormars (High-Stewards) of Man and Levin in Alba. In the chronicles of Denmark, Brian's battle is mentioned as the most memorable of its age. In Adelmair's chronicle, and the chronicle of Merianus; in the Scandinavian collections of Porfæus and Johnstone, as well as in Gray's translation of 'the Fatal Sisters,' and Moore's matchless melody, 'the Memory of Brian,' is amply honored. His own poet, McLeig, who survived him less than two years, in his pathetic address to Kinkora, the palace of Brian, asks where is 'the faith-keeping prince of the Scots,' who of old sat with the chiefs at the feast in thy halls and drank the red wine. Where! oh, Kinkora?

It is remarkable that the year 1014 is given by all the Scotch writers as that in which the Danes finally abandoned their country also. So reasonable is it to conclude that, when the brave Maormars of Levin and Man fell at Clontarf, they were fighting the battle of Alba as well as of Erin.

In the Plantagenet invasions of Scotland they sometimes summoned the Irish chiefs to accompany them at the head of their clans; but I do not know an instance in which any Scotch-Milesian prince answered to the call. The Hiberno-Norman piers, the Butlers and De Burghs, whose kindred ties were with the invader, often obeyed his requisitions; but though before the campaign of Bannockburn every notable Irish chief was invited to join Edward II., we do not find one of them named, as among either the prisoners or the slain. I know Sir Walter Scott has sung how—

'Connought poured from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.'

But there is no mention of Scotch-Milesians on the English side in the battle; while there is the evidence both of 'Blind Harry,' and of Barbour, for reckoning Irish Scots among the adherents both of Wallace and Bruce. The second Henry's invasion of Ireland, in the 12th century, had given the two kingdoms a common enemy in the third. They had previously, in the Danish wars, assisted each other on both sides of the Irish sea. And now that the family of Bruce had enhanced the glory of Scottish name, it was to him the Irish looked as their natural ally, offering to his brother Edward their crown, on condition of his helping them to repeat on Irish ground the victory of Bannockburn.

The family of Bruce were bound by genealogical bonds, then kept bright and strong, to both the Scottish monarchies. The first Robert Bruce—Balliol's competitor—was grand-nephew to William, King of Scotland. He stood, also, maternally in close relation

to Dermid, King of Leinster, whose daughter Eva, the prize-bridge of Stronghow, Earl of Pembroke, left a daughter, who by William, Earl Marshal, left again four or five other daughters—co-heiresses, from whom the Bruces in Scotland, the Mortimers in England, and other noble families, were maternally derived. The second Robert Bruce, grandson of the first, was, in 1306, but 32 years of age when he stabbed his rival, the red Comyn, in the Dominican church of Dumfries. He was one of several brothers of whom four are known to us by name: Edward, Thomas, Alexander, and Nigel. The commencement of his reign is known to have been disastrous, and it was not until the day of Bannockburn—eight years after his coronation, that he could be said to wear the crown with any degree of security. This justly celebrated event is the best known of his life; but other passages which connect the name of Bruce, inseparably with the history of Ireland, are not less certain and authentic.

It will sound strange to some at this day, to hear that Edward Bruce, brother of Robert, reigned three whole years in Ireland, from May, 1316, to May, 1319, surrounded by a court and army, and in possession of a great part of the kingdom. This possession he undoubtedly owed to the fame of his illustrious brother, who had passed the first winter of his reign a fugitive in the island of Rathlin, and who had returned to reclaim his crown, backed by Irish volunteers. An intimacy had then been established, which continued throughout life; for Robert Bruce was as remarkable for generosity in friendship as for his deadly hatred. Some of his Irish allies had shared the fate of their captain brothers, Thomas and Alexander, in 1307, and had died for the Scottish cause on the scaffold at Carlisle. Other Irishmen were in his army at Bannockburn, and the name of a very considerable territory. Kincardine O'Neil still attests his generosity to one of his Irish allies,—'When intelligence arrived' [in Ireland] says Dr. Lingard, 'of the victory at Bannockburn, it was received with enthusiasm, and the conviction that the English were not invincible, awakened a hope that Ireland might recover her independence. Edward discovered that an active correspondence was carried on between the men of Ulster and the court of Bruce.' In the month of May, 1315, Edward Bruce, with 6000 men, landed at Carrickfergus, and was immediately joined by Donald O'Neil, Prince of Ulster, and other northern chiefs. The following year, O'Neil formally resigned his claims to the sovereignty in his favor, and he was crowned at Dundalk, with all possible solemnity. Of brief reign, I have not time to speak in detail; he was slain in battle, in his third year, in consequence of his own rash haste, or as an old writer expresses it, 'his own wilfulness, that would not tarry for his full company, that were about at hand.'

At another point of great political interest, we find the traditions of ancient policy still influential at the Scottish court. This was in 1541, when Henry VIII, of England, after many years of negotiation, at last obtained the crown and title of 'King of Ireland,' when the Irish arms were first quartered with the great seal of England, and the English heralds proclaimed the king's new title at Paul's Cross, London, and from Le Dame's gate in Dublin. In the 'State papers of Henry VIII,' there are two volumes dedicated to his Irish policy, and two others to his Scottish intrigues and negotiations. We there find his agent at the court of Scotland, informing him how in 1539, 'eight Irish gentlemen' had arrived in Sterling, to offer their country's crown to James Vth—the vanquished of Flodden-field, and the father of the ill-fated Queen Mary. Among the last to recognize the new title of Henry, was the same king, who naturally did not wish to see the pretensions of his own house extinguished, though he was, at the moment, in no condition to maintain them by arms. But that which he desired did indeed come to pass, though not in any manner he could have foreseen; when on the death of Elizabeth, his grandson, James Vth, of Scotland, attained

*Tel. Coll. II., p. 547

the sovereignty of the three kingdoms, under the title of James I. Thus the crown of Ireland did, in half a century, pass from Henry's descendants to his own.

[In the subsequent passages of the lecture, Mr. Mc Gee pointed out the Hiberno-Scottish alliance illustrated by the union of McDonald of Antrim with Montrose, of Colonel O'Kane with Dundee, and the fealty of Stapleton, O'Sullivan and O'Neil, to the unfortunate Charles Edward. But those are comparatively modern events, which any reader may master for himself.]

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TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED.

We have determined to appoint a number of Travelling Agents, to travel in the various States of the Union and canvass for subscribers for this paper. We do this at the earnest request of many warm friends, who think we do not take the requisite steps to make the paper known as extensively as it ought to be.

Persons desirous of becoming Travelling Agents, who can be well recommended, are requested to apply at our office forthwith. None but faithful, reliable men need apply. To such a liberal commission will be allowed. Apply at our Publication Office, 4 Water street, Boston.

BACK NUMBERS of the Miscellany, from the commencement of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 4 Water street, Boston. Will our friends in want bear this fact in mind?



VOLUME 2—NUMBER 44.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH.

We present our numerous readers this week with a view of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, Galway. We do so believing every thing connected with this ancient city is, at the present time, when the attention of all seems fixed in that direction, of peculiar importance to Irishmen at home and abroad.

This ancient church was founded in 1320, and was dedicated to St. Nicholas, of Myra, the tutelar saint of mariners. It is a gothic structure, built in the form of a cross, with a spire rising from the centre, situated on a gentle eminence in the centre of the town on the site of the small chapel, formerly the only place of worship belonging to the (English) settlers, for extent and architectural beauty, it is a lasting monument of the piety, the wealth and the public spirit of its founders.

Our space does not permit us to enter into details of the history of this church in connection with the

Wardens of Galway. For the present; we will merely state, that shortly after its foundation, at a council which was held, at which many of the nobility and gentry were present, it was thought proper to annex, among others, the see of Enachdune (to which Galway at that time belonged) to the metropolitan church of Tuam. The union with Tuam being accomplished, the church of St. Nicholas, one of the finest ecclesiastical structures, was governed by vicars, who were instituted by the archbishop, and who were commonly of Irish extraction. They were entirely different in their manners and habits of life, as well as in principle, from their English parishioners. Under such a state of things, discontent grew up, and the affairs being badly circumstanced, Donatus O'Murray, Archbishop of Tuam, in the year 1484, erected the church of St. Nicholas into a collegiate one, and exempted it from his jurisdiction, by letters under his seal, and which

were confirmed by the bull of Pope Innocent VIII., and Donatus also attached to it the parish church of Balenclair. Wm. Joyce, Archbishop of Tuam, a native of Galway, confirmed by his deed all the former grants and privileges of the collegiate church, warden and vicars, and soon after united to it the churches of Furanmore, Moycullen, and Skryne.

In the reign of Edward VI., St. Nicholas was constituted the Royal College of Galway, and was granted by Elizabeth the revenues of the dissolved monasteries of Annadown and Ballintubber. Such has been the practice in Ireland. The appropriation of the church property to the support of an alien establishment is the monster evil of that unfortunate country. In England it is quite otherwise, because the masses of the people have embraced the state religion, where it has not produced the heart-burnings and the massacres which peculiarly belong to it in Ireland.



COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, GALWAY

A SIGH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Nothing that lives can bloom
Long upon the earth;
Meteors, that realms illumine,
Die in their birth!
All that the soul admires—
All that the heart desires—
From heart and soul expires:
Leaving but death!

Stars, as they light the hours,
Steal them away!
Suns which unfold the flowers
Bring them to decay!
Even Morn's beams of light
Fresh on their heavenly flight,
Shine but to speed the Night!
Nothing can stay!

So, for a little while,
Time passes on—
Flowers that our hopes beguile
Fade one by one!
All that our love can say
Of those who blessed our way,
Is—that they passed their day—
Lived—and are gone!

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

'Very well,' said Count Alexis Wankoff, 'your reputation is now established, and you only require an imperial commission to consolidate it. Hold, here is a letter to the Aid-de-Camp of the Grand Duke Constantine, who must already have heard of you. Introduce yourself to him boldly, with your petition for his brother, the Emperor, and ask him to recommend you.'

'But, Count,' said I, hesitatingly, 'do you suppose he will receive me well?'

'That depends on what you consider a good reception.'

'I mean, will he be likely to receive me civilly, graciously?'

'Ah! my dear sir,' said Count Alexis, laughing, 'you do us too much honor. You would treat us as civilized people, when, in truth, we are still half barbarians. There is the letter. I have opened the door for you, but I cannot promise you nothing—all depends on the good or bad humor of the czarowich, and you must take your chance. You have a battle to fight, and a victory to gain. Adieu, may good fortune attend you.'

I had need of this encouragement, at least, for I knew the reputation of the man with whom I had to do, and I must acknowledge, that to attack an Ukraine bear in his den, would have seemed a less formidable undertaking, than to ask a favor of the czarowich, the strange compound of good qualities and uncontrolled passions.

The Grand Duke Constantine, who was younger than the Emperor Alexander, and older than the Grand Duke Nicholas, possessed neither the winning elegance of the first, nor the calm, cold dignity of the latter. He seemed to inherit his disposition entirely from his father, so completely were the peculiar eccentricities of Paul re-produced in him; while the two others resembled Catherine, one in the heart, the other in the head, both possessing that imperial grandeur of character, for which their ancestress was so strikingly distinguished.

Indeed, from the very birth of her two oldest grand-sons, Catherine seems to have resolved that they should divide the world between them; the very names she bestowed, calling one Alexander, and the other Constantine, confirms the idea, and the whole course of their education, which she herself directed, was only in furtherance of this gigantic project. Thus Constantine, whom she destined for the Eastern Empire, had only Greek nurses and Greek attendants, while Alexander, who was to rule the West, was surrounded by the English. The tutor, common to both brothers, was a Swiss, named Laharpe, cousin to that brave General Laharpe, who served in Italy under Bonaparte. But the lessons

of this excellent instructor were not received with equal readiness by his two pupils, and the seed, although the same, produced very different fruits, for on one side it fell upon a prepared and generous soil, and on the other, upon that which was by nature wild and sterile.

While Alexander, at twelve years of age, replied to Graft, his professor of experimental philosophy, who told him that light was a continual emanation of particles from the sun, 'That cannot be, for, in that case, the sun would be constantly growing smaller,' Constantine answered Saken, his private tutor who urged him to learn to read, 'I will not learn, for I see that you are always reading, and yet you are a fool.'

Something of the characters of the two children may be inferred from these answers.

Constantine's dislike for scientific pursuits was, however, equalled by his taste for military exercises. The use of arms, the management of horses, the manoeuvring of armies, was, in his opinion, much more useful knowledge for a prince than any of the arts in which his brother delighted. After the rupture between Russia and France, he was sent to Italy, under the order of field-marshal Suwarrow, who had charge of completing his military education. A master of this description, quite as much celebrated for his eccentricities as his courage, was ill-chosen to reform the natural singularities of Constantine, which, consequently, instead of disappearing, were increased to such a degree that the question was frequently asked if the resemblance of the young grand duke to his father did not extend even to his aberrations of intellect.

After the treaty of Vienna, Constantine was nominated Viceroy of Poland. Placed at the head of a warlike people, his military tastes now redoubled their energy, and for want of those real combats in which he had lately been engaged, parades and reviews, those phantoms of war, were his only amusements. Summer or winter, wherever he might be, at three o'clock in the morning he was up and arrayed in his uniform of general, and no valet was ever required to assist at his toilet. Then, seated at a table covered with military orders, in a room, on each pannel of which was painted the costume of some regiment, he examined the reports delivered the evening before by Col. Axamilowski, or the Perfect of Police Lubowidzki, approving or disapproving them, but adding to all some remark.

This labor continued till nine o'clock in the morning, when, after hastily taking a soldier's breakfast, he usually reviewed two regiments of infantry and a squadron of cavalry. The platoons filed off at equal distances and with mathematical precision before the czarowich, who examined them, standing dressed in green uniform of a chasseur, and wearing a hat loaded with cock's feathers, which he contrived to place on his head in such a manner that while one corner touched his left epaulette the other pointed to the sky. His brow was narrow, and plowed with deep furrows, indicated continual and anxious thought, while a pair of bushy eyebrows, lowering with a constant frown, almost entirely concealed his small blue eyes. This, with his little flat nose, and long upper lip, gave a strangely savage expression to his head, which, placed on a neck extremely short and naturally bending forward, seemed sunk between his shoulders.

But when he saw those men whom he had trained, heard their measured steps, and listened to the military music, a species of fever seized him, and his face flushed crimson. His stiffened arms clung convulsively to his body, and the motionless fingers were nervously expanded, while his feet, in continual agitation, beat the time, and his deep guttural voice from time to time uttered hoarse jerking sounds, unlike anything human, which expressed either satisfaction, if all went on right, or rage, if anything happened contrary to his discipline. In

this last case his punishments were almost always terrible, for the slightest fault procured to the soldier a prison, and to the officer loss of rank. This severity was not, indeed, confined to men, it extended even to animals. He once caused a monkey, who had too much noise, to be hung in his cage; a horse who stumbled with him received a thousand lashes, and a favorite dog, who waked him in the night by howling, was shot by his orders.

As for his good humor, it was not less savage than his anger. He expressed it by shouts of laughter, joyously rubbing his hands, and beating the earth with his feet. In this mood, he would catch up the first child he met, turn it over and over in every way, kiss it, pinch its nose and cheeks, and end by sending it away with a piece of gold in its hand. There were, however, other periods marked neither by joy or anger—hours of complete prostration and melancholy—when, weak as a child, he sighed, and laid trembling on the divan or floor. No one then dared to approach him, but on such occasions they opened the doors and windows of his apartment, and a fair, pale lady, tall and slender, usually dressed in a white robe with a blue girdle, passed in like an apparition. Her presence seemed to exercise a magic influence on the czarowich. At sight of her, his nervous sensibility revived, his sighs changed to sobs, and tears flowed abundantly. The crisis was then passed, the lady seated herself by him, he laid his head in her lap, fell asleep, and awoke cured. This lady was Jeannette Grudzenska, the guardian angel of Poland.

When a child, as she was once praying in the metropolitan church before a picture of the virgin, a crown of flowers which ornamented it fell upon her head, and an old Cossack of the Ukraine, who passed for a prophet, being consulted by her father upon this event, declared that the sacred crown which had fallen on her from above was a presage of one that was destined for her on earth. The father and daughter, however, had forgotten this prediction, or rather they only thought of it as a dream, when apparent change brought Jeannette and Constantine together.

Then this half savage man, of ardent and absolute passions, became timid as a child; he, whom hitherto nothing had resisted, who, with a word had been accustomed to dispose of life or fortune, became an humble petitioner to an obscure old man for the hand of his daughter, supplicating him not to refuse a gift, without which there would be no happiness for him on earth. The old Muscovite then remembered the Cossack's prediction, and saw in Constantine's demand an accomplishment of the decrees of Providence. The grand duke, therefore, received his consent, and also his daughter's; nothing remained but to gain that of the Emperor, which he at length purchased by renouncing his claim to the throne.

Yes, this strange, this inexplicable man, who, like the Olympian Jove, had made a nation tremble at his own frown, gave up for the heart of a young girl, his double crown of the east and west—that is to say, a kingdom which covers a seventh part of the world, with its fifty-three millions of inhabitants, and the six seas which bathe its shores.

In exchange, Jeannette Grudzenska received from the Emperor Alexander the title of Princess [of Lovicz.

Such was the man to whom I was now to introduce myself. He had just arrived in St. Petersburg, as report said, to confer with the Emperor on an important conspiracy, of which he had gained some intelligence at Warsaw, though the clue to farther discoveries was now lost through the obstinate silence of two conspirators whom he had arrested. This circumstance, as may be supposed, was rather unfavorable for one who had so frivolous a request as mine to make. Yet I resolved to run the risk of a reception which could not, under any circumstan-

ces, fail of being singular. The next morning, therefore, I entered a droshki, and departed for Strelina, armed with the Count's letter to General Rodny, Aid-de-Camp of the czarowich, and my petition to the Emperor Alexander.

After a two hours' ride over a magnificent road, bordered on the left by a succession of country houses, and on the right by fields of unequalled verdure, which extended to the Gulf of Finland, we reached the convent at St. Serge, the saint most venerated in Russia after St. Alexander Nieuski, and ten minutes afterwards found ourselves in the village. After proceeding about half way down the principal street, we turned to the right, and in a few moments stopped before the castle. The sentinel would have prevented me from entering, but on seeing my letter to Gen. Rodny, I was permitted to pass.

I mounted the steps, and reached an ante-chamber, where I learned that General Rodny was occupied with the czarowich, and was conducted to an apartment which commanded the view of magnificent gardens, intersected by a canal running directly to the sea, where I waited, while an officer carried him my letter. In a few minutes, the same officer returned, and desired me to follow him.

The czarowich was standing near the fire, for, although it was scarcely the end of September, the air began to be chilly. He had just finished dictating a despatch to General Rodny, who was seated. Not being aware that I was so soon to be introduced, I stopped in some embarrassment on the threshold, surprised to find myself so quickly in his presence. But the door was scarcely closed, when projecting his head, without any other movement of the body, he fixed his little piercing eyes on me.

'Your country?' said he.

'France, your highness.'

'Your age?'

'Twenty-six years.'

'Your name?'

'G——'

'And you wish for an imperial commission to teach the use of arms in one of my brother's regiments?'

'That is the object of my ambition.'

'I say you are first rate?'

'I ask pardon of your imperial highness, that is not for me to say.'

'No, but you think it?'

'Your imperial highness knows that pride is the besetting sin of the human race; besides, I have given an exhibition of my skill, and your highness may inquire the result.'

'I know all about it, but you were only opposed to second-rate amateurs.'

'And therefore I spared them.'

'Ah, you spared them, did you? and if you had not spared them, what would have happened?'

'I should have hit them ten times to their twice.'

'Oh, oh! thus myself for example, could you hit me ten times to my twice?'

'That would depend on circumstances.'

'Ah! what circumstances?'

'It would be according as your imperial highness desires to be treated. If you exact the deference due a prince, you will undoubtedly hit ten times to my twice, but if you permit me to use you like the rest of the world, it is probable that I shall hit ten times to your twice.'

'Lubenski,' cried the czarowich, rubbing his hands, 'Lubenski, bring my foils. Oh ho! boaster, we shall see.'

'What will your highness permit?'

'My highness does not permit, my highness orders you to hit me ten times if you can. Come, are you going to draw back?'

'I certainly will do my utmost to obey your highness's commands.'

'Very well, take these foils and this mask, and let me see a little of your work.'

'It is in obedience to your highness.'

'Yes, yes, an hundred, thousand, million times I say yes; but remember, I must have my ten blows, do you hear,' cried the czarowich, commencing the attack, 'not one less. I will not excuse you a single one; ha! ha!'

Notwithstanding this gracious invitation I contented myself with parrying without even indulging in a thrust.

'Well!' cried he, warming up, 'I suspect you are sparing at me. Come on man, come on. Ha! ha!'

And I saw the blood rush to his face beneath his mask, and his eyes sparkled like fire.

'Now, then, the ten blows, where are they?'

'Your highness, my respect——'

'Go to the devil with your respect! hit me! hit me!' he shouted.

Taking instant advantage of his permission, I hit him three times in succession.

'That's well. Well,' cried he, 'now for my turn. Ha! a hit! a hit!'

This was true.

'I perceive that your highness is not inclined to spare me, and that I must do my best.'

'Do your best, then, do it. Ha! ha!'

Again I hit him four times, and in return received one from him.

'A hit, a hit,' he cried, stamping with joy. 'Remember, Rodny, I have hit him twice to his seven.'

'Twice to my ten, your highness,' cried I, pressing on him in my turn. 'Eight, nine, ten. We are quit.'

'Well, well, cried the czarowich, 'very well; but of what use would all this be to my soldiers? It is the sabre they want—are you expert in the use of the sabre?'

'I think so, your highness.'

'Could you, with your sabre, defend yourself on foot against a man on horseback, armed with a lance?'

'I believe I could, your highness.'

'You believe, but you are not sure. Oh ho! you are not sure?'

'Yes, indeed, your highness, I am sure.'

'Ah! you are sure that you could defend yourself?'

'Yes, your highness.'

'You could parry a lance?'

'I could parry it.'

'Against a man on horseback?'

'Against a man on horseback.'

'Lubenski! Lubenski!' cried the czarowich, again, 'get me a horse, get me a lance; a lance, a horse, do you hear; quick! quick!'

'But, my lord——'

'Ah, you seek to draw back; ha ha.'

'I do not seek to draw back, my lord, and with any other person for an opponent, this trial would be highly agreeable to me.'

'Very well! and against me why is it not so?'

'Opposed to your highness, I equally fear failure or success; for, if successful, I fear that you may forget that I acted by your orders——'

'I never forget; besides, here is Rodny, before whom I have given you the order, and before whom I once more command you to treat me as you would him.'

'I must observe to your highness that you have not yet put me quite at my ease, for I should treat his excellency very respectfully also.'

'Flatterer! you think to make a friend, but no one influences me; I judge for myself. You have succeeded once, I shall see if you are as successful a second time.'

At this moment an officer appeared before the windows, leading a horse and holding a lance.

'Come,' continued Constantine, rushing out, and

making me a sign to follow him, 'and you, Lubenski, give him a sabre, a good sabre, a sabre that suits his hand, a sabre of the horse-guards. Ah, ha! we shall see. Now take care of yourself.'

At these words he sprang upon his horse, a wild courser of the steppes, whose mane and tail swept the ground, and performed several difficult evolutions with remarkable skill, all the while playing with his lance. In the mean time three or four sabres were brought for me to choose from; my choice was soon made; I extended my hand, and took the first that offered.

'There! there! are you ready?' cried the czarowich.

'Yes, your highness.'

He immediately put his horse on the gallop to reach the other end of the alley.

'But surely this is a joke,' said I, to General Rodny.

'I assure you that nothing is more serious,' he replied; defend yourself as you would in a real combat, for your life is in danger; that is all I can tell you.'

The matter was becoming more important than I had anticipated. If it had been only to defend myself, and return blow for blow, I would willingly have taken my chance. But this was another affair; with my heavy sabre, and his long slender lance, the joke might become very serious; but I was in for it, and there was no retreat; therefore, calling up my coolness and address, I faced the czarowich.

He had already reached the end of the alley, and turned his horse. Notwithstanding what Rodny had told me, I still hoped to find it a joke, when shouting for the last time, 'Are you ready?' I saw him put his lance in rest, and the horse to his utmost speed. I was not fully convinced, till that moment, that I had my life to defend.

The horse plunged madly on, and the czarowich laid himself on his neck in such a manner that he was hidden by the waving mane which floated in the wind; I saw nothing of him but the top of his head between the animal's ears. On reaching me, he endeavored to strike a blow with his lance full in my breast, but I avoided it by bounding aside, and the horse and rider pressed onward by their own impetus, passed without harming me. When he saw that he had missed his mark, the czarowich stopped his horse short, with marvellous address.

'Very well, very well!' said he, 'we will try it again.'

And without giving me time to make any observation, he wheeled his horse round on his hind legs, regained his starting place, and after inquiring if I was ready, burst on me with more fury than before; but, as formerly, I had my eyes fixed on his, and anticipated all his movements; therefore, seizing the favorable moment I parried his thrust and sprang to the right, so that the horse and rider passed me again as ineffectually as before.

The czarowich uttered a kind of low roar; this tourney had excited him like a real combat, and he was determined that it should end to his honor; therefore, at the moment when I supposed all was over, I saw him preparing for a third course. But thinking that we had enough of it, I resolved that this should be the last.

Consequently, when he once more approached me, instead of contenting myself with warding off his simple attack, I struck a violent blow on the shaft of his lance, which cut it in two, and left him disarmed; then, seizing his horse by the bridle, I stopped him so violently as to force him back on his haunches, at the same instant pointing my sabre at the breast of the czarowich. General Rodny uttered an exclamation of terror. He thought that I was going to kill his highness, and Constantine had undoubtedly the same idea, for I saw him turn pale. But instantly stepping back, and bowing to the

grand duke, 'Your highness sees,' said I, what I can teach your soldiers, if you think me worthy of being their instructor.'

'Yes, the devil take you! yes, you are worthy, and you shall have a regiment or I will lose my name.'

'Lubenski, Lubenski!' he continued, leaping from his horse, 'see that Pulk is returned to his stable, and you come and let me recommend your petition.'

I followed the grand duke to a saloon, where he

took a pen and wrote at the bottom of my application.

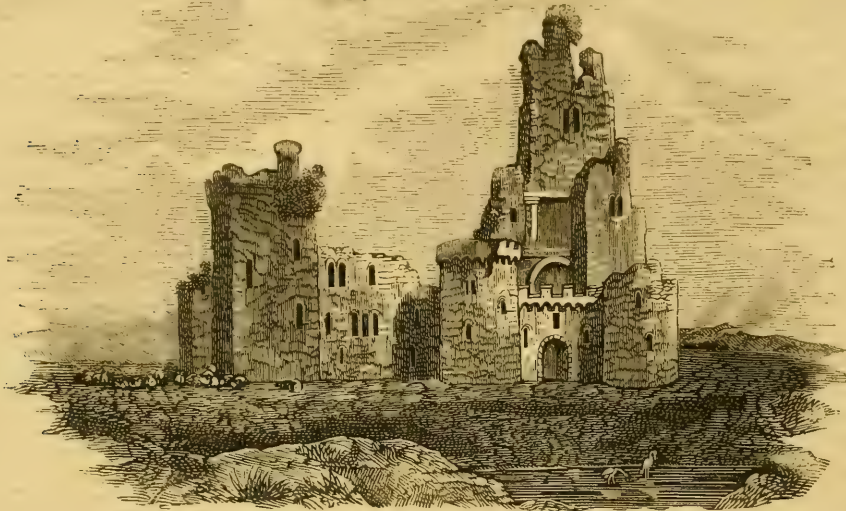
'I humbly recommend the above-signed to your imperial majesty, believing him entirely worthy of the favor he solicits.'

'And now,' said he, 'take this paper, and put it into the emperor's hand yourself. You will run the risk of imprisonment if you are caught speaking to him about it; but faith! those who risk nothing have nothing. Adieu! if ever you visit Warsaw, come and see me.'

I bowed joyfully at this happy termination of my

adventure, and regaining my droschki, took the road to St. Petersburg, carrying with me the all powerful recommendation.

In the evening I went to thank Count Alexis for his advice, though it had so nearly cost me dear, and the next day, at about ten o'clock in the morning, I departed for the palace of Tzarko-Selo, where the emperor then resided, resolved to stroll in the gardens till I met him, and then risk the punishment to which any one is liable who presents a petition to him in person.



COURTSTOWN CASTLE, CO. KILKENNY.

COURTSTOWN CASTLE.

The ruins of Courtstown Castle present to the notice of the tourist the remains of one of the most splendid ancient baronial residences that ever existed in Ireland. These ruins are situated within a few miles of Kilkenny, to whose noble castle alone they are said to have once yielded in magnificence. Imposing as these proud castellated residences were in their structure, and rich in historical recollections, we may congratulate ourselves that we have been reserved for more peaceful times, in which, in security, we may survey them in their ruins. No bands of fierce spoilers now issue from their walls, and their dungeons have been long untenanted. Nor were the victims of such a power alone entitled to our pity; the oppressors themselves must have lived in that state of barbarous disunion and feverish anxiety which tends inevitably to destroy the charities, and consequently the best enjoyments, of our nature. Yet human life has ever exhibited a balanced system, and man in the most uncivilized state has the rude virtues, peculiar to his situation, which are unknown to a higher degree of cultivation. These strongholds of power, though almost invariably the seat of violence and oppression, yet were usually the abode of the most unbounded hospitality; the destitute wanderer or the benighted wayfarer never roused the warder from his slumbers, but the portal was thrown open for his reception, with a welcome as lavish as it was habitual.

Raymond le Gros, the founder of the powerful family of Grace, the lords for centuries of this castle, and a vast territory surrounding it, whose representative, even in the reign of Elizabeth, was designated as 'An Grassagh more Ballynacoury' (the great Grace of Courtstown), is well known in Irish history as the bulwark of early English power, as the brother-in-law of Earl Strongbow, and as the first victory of this kingdom. The name of this chief was more properly

Raymond Fitzwilliam de Windsor, and we learn from Giraldus Cambrensis that he was designated le Gros as personal characteristic. Of this common mode of discriminating individuals of the highest rank, in the western nations of Europe, during the middle ages, and continued in England even long after the Norman conquest, the application of Strongbow, borne by the well-known Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, Chepstow, or Strigul, furnishes an example; and while the other noble patronymics of his family are forgotten, the assumed name of Strongbow is to this day universally and familiarly repeated. So also the son of Raymond le Gros was called William Fitz Raymond le Gros, or le Gras, or Grassus, which names, their meaning being similar, are used indiscriminately by our historians and antiquaries, by Cambrensis, Hammer, Stanhurst, and others, and Grace has now become the family name of his descendants.

History scarcely presents a more striking instance of that first and powerful proof of greatness, which lies in an ascendancy over other men's minds, than was exhibited by Raymond le Gros. The soldiers without him, were nothing, with him were every thing, and Earl Strongbow, says Hollinshed, was constrained to become joint viceroy with himself. Giraldus Cambrensis calls him the 'notable and chiefest pillar of Ireland.' With heroism so elevated, magnanimity so unassuiled, wisdom so profound, and exploits so unrivalled as their unvarnished tale unfolds, Raymond le Gras wanted only a Homer or a Tasso to have been an Achilles or a Rinaldo. In fact, though Strongbow was the head, Raymond was the very soul of the Anglo-Norman enterprise in Ireland. Upon his secession in anger, when Strongbow deferred consenting to his marriage with his sister, Basilia de Clare, the war either stood still, or, what was worse, went back. The repentance of Strongbow was immediate, and his concession complete.

It will be remembered that on the death of Dermot Mac Murrough, King of Leinster, in 1171, his extensive territory became the property of Earl Strongbow, really by force of arms, nominally by virtue of his marriage with Eva, that prince's only legitimate child.

The lands of England were not more liberally distributed on the Norman conquest than were those of Ireland on the success of the Anglo-Norman enterprise. What the Duke of Normandy was in 1066, such was the Earl of Pembroke in 1170, and his followers as largely participated in the success of his adventure as did those who attended the Duke of Normandy into England. The possession of extensive districts rewarded these military chieftains, and from such splendid acquisitions the services of their own subordinate adherents were also largely recompensed. Among these princely grants was that of Grace's country to Raymond le Gros. This consisted of a vast tract of land, comprehending, it is said, the barony of Cranagh, and extending northwards by the liberties of Kilkenny and the river Nore, to the borders of the Queen's County; and thence southwards along the borders of Tipperary and the Munster river to the liberties of Callan, forming a district between eleven and twelve miles in length, and between five and six in breadth. The central situation of Tullaroan, in the district of Grace county, naturally occasioned the selection of that place for the chief castle of the territorial lords, some of whom we find styled Baron of Tullaroan, as well as Baron Grace and Baron of Courtstown.

Raymond le Gros first landed in Ireland the 12th of May 1170, but he returned to Wales in 1173 to take possession of the lands that devolved to him on his father's death; whence he shortly after hastened back to Ireland, with 30 leaders of his own kindred, 100 horsemen, and 300 archers, to the assistance of Strongbow, whose sister he at this time married at Wexford,

and obtained a great portion of land with her in dowry, as well as the tied-up civil and military offices of constable and standard-bearer of Leinster. On the demise of Earl Strongbow, 22 Henry II. (1176), he was appointed sole governor of Ireland. When Basilia wrote to inform her husband that her brother was dead, she, fearing lest her letter might be intercepted, used this expression, 'the great tooth which has been so long ailing has at length fallen out!'

We have been unable to ascertain what authority 1184 is stated as the period as this distinguished chieftain's death, but an entry in the archives of the Abbey of St. Thomas, in Dublin, distinctly proves it to have been previous to 1201. His eldest son, William Fitz Raymond, as we have before mentioned, retained the patronymic of le Gros, the usual mark of primogeniture at this period, and succeeded to all the lands Raymond had inherited in Wales and England, as well as to those he had acquired in Leinster.

The English conquerors necessarily maintained their dominion by the iron hand of coercion, and the protection of their domains, and the subjugation of the natives, equally obliged them to erect strongly fortified castles. The situation of Grace's country, continually exposed to the attacks of its restless neighbors, the Fitzpatricks, the O'Mores and the MacMurroughs, justified, on the principle of self-defence, the many frontier castles of its military chieftains, though indeed this legitimate object was often abandoned for motives of predatory warfare and feudal aggression. Though we are unable to fix a precise date to the building of this castle of Tullaroan, or Courtstown, we may be allowed to conjecture that it was nearly coeval with Grace's castle, in Kilkenny, erected by William le Gras, before the 11th of John (1201); it is, however, obvious, from the architecture, that different parts of the building have been the work of different periods. A tradition prevails, that the castles of Tullaroan and Courtstown were distinct structures, and that the former, having been destroyed in a hostile irruption of the Irish, the latter was erected on a different site. The ruins of this edifice evinced considerable grandeur as well as great strength. They exhibited the spirit of a powerful chieftain, and the taste of a feudal age.

Courtstown Castle consisted of an outward baillium or envelope, having a round tower at each angle, and also at each side of an embattled entrance to the south, which was further defended by a portcullis. Within this area, or outward court, comprehending about an acre of ground, stood the body of the castle, enclosing an inner court of an oblong form. A massive quadrangular tower, or keep, projected from the centre of the south front, directly opposite to the embattled entrance of the exterior area above-mentioned. The walls of this tower were of considerable thickness, and the rests and fire-places within showed it to have originally admitted five floors. From the sides of this great square tower two wings extended, which terminated on the east and west with round towers. The east front, consequently, exhibited on its southern angle one of these round towers, and further northwards stood a similar tower, flanking a portal which led into the inner court, formerly furnished with a portcullis. Between this and the last flanking round tower and a square tower at the northern angle, was a spacious room or hall, of an oblong shape, occupying the entire space. The north front consisted of a high embattled wall, connecting two square towers, and enclosing the inner area on that side. The western front externally corresponded with the eastern. There is said to have been a communication round the buildings of the inner court, by a gallery, and in the centre of it the traces of a draw well are still visible, as are also the vestiges, beyond the outside walls, of the bowling-green, cockpit, fish-ponds, &c. Some mounds of earth to the south of the castle, called bow-butts, are likewise visible, and are reported by tradition to have been the place where the followers were exercised in the practice of archery.

Though deprived of the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,' Courtstown Castle long continued to possess great dignity of appearance, from the

extent of its area, the height and massive thickness of its walls, the picturesque and skilful disposition of its towers, the embattled gateway, and works of circumvallation by which it was defended. Such were the characteristic features of this baronial edifice about the year 1760, and after abundantly supplying, for above century, materials for all the neighboring structures, and for repairing the roads, &c., its foundations are now beginning to be rooted up, and

'Broke by the share of every rustic plough;
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth.'

The fate of the Grace family has been but little less unfortunate than that of their ancient fortress, but we must reserve their history to a future number.

ORIGIN OF ADDRESSES--THEIR VALUE.

During the perusal of some curious old papers in the British Museum, my attention was attracted by an account of 'The History and Origin of Addresses,' from which I have made the following extracts, thinking that they might prove of interest your numerous readers. The work from which I have taken the following, bears the date of 1768:—

'Addresses from cities, universities, towns, and bodies corporate, societies civil and religious, &c., were for the first time introduced upon Richard Cromwell's succeeding his father (Oliver) in the Protectorship, in 1658, when he received them from all parties in the kingdom, who promised to stand by him with their lives and fortunes; most of whom, at the same time, were known to have been plotting his destruction. Richard Cromwell was not so weak a man as some historians have presented him, or as the world generally imagines him to have been, for, after his seven months, of mock government, as he was giving orders for the removal of his own furniture from Whitehall, he observed with what little ceremony they treated an old trunk, and begged of them to take a little more care of it, 'because' (said Richard) 'it contains the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England,' thereby testifying a noble and generous indignation, and plainly indicating his opinion of addresses.'

I find it also stated 'that no Prince was more addressed by his people than Charles the Second, of merry memory, who, at the same time, suffered him to starve, and scarcely allowed him the necessary supplies for the expenses of government, which forced him, contrary to his inclination, to become a pensioner to France.'

There is an old story relative to this, which is, I believe, attributed to Killigrew, of most facetious memory. It is represented that this humorous wit privately gave orders to his Majesty's tailor to make one of his royal master's coat pockets of a most enormous size, and the other scarcely larger than the thimble on his finger. The merry monarch being informed that it was done at the desire of master Killigrew, asked the reason. 'May it please your Majesty,' said the arch wag, 'the large pocket is to receive the addresses of your subjects, and the other to put the money in which they intend to present you with.'

I also find that King James the Second found the same sincerity; for in his declaration for liberty of conscience, all the Dissenters in the kingdom ran mad with addressing, and devoted their lives, &c., to his Majesty's service, some of whom carried their professions of loyalty to such an extravagant degree that they said 'they wished their breasts were made of glass, that his most gracious Majesty might see the sincerity of their hearts,' though it is well known that no set of men were more active and persevering in detroning him afterwards. Now, as the intent of that prince, by the above declaration, was only to introduce Catholicity, he and his posterity stand for ever justly excluded by the solemn laws of the land.

William the Third (or 'Orange Billy'), our great deliverer from 'Pope and Popery,' did not meet with that gratitude he might reasonably have expected, nor that satisfaction in sovereignty which men, dazzled by ambition, hope to find in the possession of it, for his crown proved a crown of thorns to him. King Wil-

liam's subjects, it appears, addressed him as they did his predecessors; but, entertaining a jealousy of being too much involved in continental connections, which they imagined were entered into more for the sake of Holland than England, they seldom granted him supplies to carry on the war against France till the campaign was far advanced, and the enemy had got the start of him, and taken the field, which was a principal reason why that prince, glorious even after a defeat, was generally worsted by the French.

In this slight sketch of the history of addresses, I must not omit to state that of the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne, a set of men addressed her Majesty with the strongest and warmest assurances of securing the Protestant Succession, who, at the same time, were using their utmost endeavors, after her demise, to bring in the Pretender.

One of the most remarkable and curious addresses over presented to royalty was to his Majesty, King George the First. It was from the town of Totness, in Devonshire. The inhabitants of that town are stated to have made themselves memorable for an address to that monarch, after the late Emperor Charles the Sixth and the King of Spain had united themselves by the treaty of Vienna, which alliance seemed to promise no good to England, wherein the good people of this borough assured his Majesty 'that they were not only ready to grant him four shillings in the pound land tax, but, if his services required it, to give him the other sixteen shillings likewise.' It is, however, droll enough, and heightens the ridicule of the thing, when I inform readers that this over and above loyal and most liberal borough had not then one foot of land belonging to their corporation!

I will conclude my notice of the origin of addresses with the following, which will, I think, give my readers a tolerably correct estimate of the general value of such things. In one of the most critical conjunctures in the reign of his Majesty, George II., which was during the rebellion, a junta of men made the same professions of loyalty and attachment as his really and truly loyal subjects did; but when his Majesty had introduced a very capable and most accomplished nobleman into his ministry, they went and declared their fixed and determined resolution to resign their places in case he was any longer continued, notwithstanding his Majesty was then in the greatest distress, and the rebels were in the heart of the kingdom.

JAPANESE JUGGLERS.—A letter from Simonda gives the following account of the feats of a juggler the Anderson of Japan—performed before Mr. Townsend Harris, the American Consul General:—

No. 1. He took an ordinary boy's top, spun it in the air, caught it on his hand, and then placed it (still spinning) upon the edge of a sword near the hilt. Then he dropped the sword point a little, and the top moved slowly toward it. Arrived at the very end, the hilt was lowered in turn, and the top brought back. As usual, the sword was dangerously sharp.

No. 2. was also performed with the top. He spun it in the air, and then threw the end of the string back toward it with such accuracy that it was caught up and wound itself all ready for a second cast. By the time it had done this, it had reached his hand, and was ready for another spin.

No. 3 was still performed with the top. There was an upright pole, upon the top of which was perched a little house, with a very large front door. The top was spun, made to climb the pole, knocking open the said front door, and disappear. As well as I remember, the hand end of the string was fastened near the door, so that this was almost a repetition of the self-winding feat.

But feat No. 4 was something even more astonishing than all this. He took two paper butterflies, armed himself with the usual paper fan, threw them into the air, and, fanning gently, kept them flying about him as if they had been alive.

'He can make them alight wherever you wish! try him!' remarked the Kami (priest) through the interpreter.

Mr. H— requested that one might alight upon each ear of the juggler. No sooner expressed than complied with. Gentle undulations of the fan waved them slowly to the required points, and there let them comfortably seated. Now, whether this command over pieces of paper was obtained simply by currents of air, or by the power of a concealed magnet, Mr. H— could not tell or ascertain. One thing, however, was certain—the power was there.'

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

'This must be the last of your wedding gifts, Vaninka,' said Madam Brentano, handing a small package to her daughter. 'As you are to be married to-morrow, and it is now quite late in the evening, I think there will be no more.'

'Mother!' said the young girl, in a frightened tone, holding up a small necklace, the contents of the package, 'see, it is black! It is ominous. Oh, what grief can be in store for Henry and me!'

'None, none, Vaninka!—this is more folly,' said her mother, in a tone of rebuke.

But it was some minutes before the young maiden recovered her calmness. Then, conquering her weakness by a violent effort, she said, lightly:—

'Am I not silly, mother? You will laugh when I tell you that my blood ran cold, and my flesh seemed to creep, as I touched this bauble, as it had been a serpent. See, I do not mind it now!'

Vaninka Brentano was the only child of wealthy Prussian commanders. She had been long betrothed to Henry Werder, a young officer in the Prussian army, but, owing to the wars in Europe, their wedding had been long delayed. Now, however, there was peace, and the lovers were to be united the day after the one toward the end of which my story commences. Vaninka was devotedly attached to her betrothed, and too happy at the near approach of their nuptials to allow the black necklace to disquiet her long. Her parents left the room, and, throwing herself into a chair, she leaned her head against its back, and sank into a reverie, her fingers mechanically playfully the while with her last gift. It was easy to see that her reflections were of a pleasant nature, for, ever and anon, a beautiful smile stole over her features, and fading gradually away, still left the same expression of quiet happiness. She had been sitting there some time, when another person entered the room. The intruder was a young handsome man, dressed in full Prussian uniform. His face was pale, and wore an agitated look, strongly contrasting with the peaceful smile on Vaninka's lips. She did not hear him enter, and he stood for a moment looking, with his eyes beaming with tenderness, upon her; then, with the air of a man who has a distressing duty to perform, he advanced and stood before her.

'Henry!' she exclaimed, starting to her feet. 'I did not expect you this evening. Has anything happened?'

'Much, much, Vaninka. Sit down again, and I will take this stool at your feet. My own beloved, I came to tell you that our wedding must be postponed.'

'Our wedding?' cried the astonished girl.

'Even so! You are astonished, perhaps hurt; have I told you too abruptly? Look in my face, Vaninka, and see what I suffered before I would grieve you with my bad news.'

'But, Henry, I do not understand. Why must we wait still longer?'

'Because I must leave you in twenty minutes.'

'Leave me?'

'Yes! Napoleon has left Elba, and is even now in Paris. Our troops leave the city in half an hour.'

'Henry! am I awake? No, no, Henry you are not in earnest. Ah!' she said, shuddering, as she caught sight of the necklace. 'I said it was ominous! I—I—Henry, you cannot leave me. To-night, too! the very night before our wedding!'

'Vaninka, do not tremble and sob so! Vaninka!' he cried straining her to his breast, 'I must go; see, the clock points to the time I set to leave you, Vaninka! She has fainted. Better so! And, kissing her pale face again and again, he laid her on the sofa, and went in search of her parents. A few words told them all, and, bearing their fervent blessing, he departed.

Weeks passed, and Vaninka heard nothing from her lover. She grew pale and thin; her movements were languid, and her former light step grew slow and heavy. She no longer sang at her work, but would let her hands fall listlessly into her lap, and heave deep sighs, while sometimes the great tears rolled unheeded down her cheeks.

At length there came the news of the battle of Waterloo. Napoleon had been defeated, and all Europe was ringing with the tidings. Vaninka's suspense now amounted to agony. 'Henry!' she would cry, 'Is he killed? Oh when will he come?'

One morning, when she was seated with her mother sewing, she was told that a Prussian officer waited to see her. With her heart trembling between fear and hope, she obeyed the summons. As she slowly entered the room, a stranger rose, and advanced to meet her.

'Mademoiselle Bretano? he inquired, bowing.

'The same. Will you be seated, sir?'

'I am Frederick Lieten. I served in the battle of Waterloo, in the same regiment with Henry Werder, and he requested me to deliver this to you.' And as he finished, he placed a small package in her hands.

'Why does he not come himself? He is not dead? Oh say he is not dead!' she said, in a voice of such imploring agony that the young soldier felt the tears rise in his eyes.

'Lady,' he said, in a sad tone, 'Henry fell at Waterloo!'

She did not scream nor faint, but sank into the chair near her with only a moan of agony. He mistook her silent, tearless agony for calmness, and began to relate the particulars of his comrade's death, and delivered his dying message to his betrothed. Vaninka heard every word, but she neither spoke nor stirred, but sat with her eyes fixed on the little package he had given her. He left her, and her mother found her, half an hour after, still in the same position.

'Vaninka,' she said, 'who was your visitor?'

There was no answer.

'Vaninka!' she said again. 'Are you ill?' and she laid her hand gently upon her arm.

'Dead, mother, dead!' she said, now raising her eyes.

'Who is dead, darling?' asked her mother, frightened at her strange tone.

Vaninka slowly opened the package, drew out the ring and it contained, and murmuring, 'Henry! Oh, mother, he is dead?' she fell sobbing into her mother's arms.

We change the scene now to Waterloo, in the latter part of the battle between the armies of Napoleon and Wellington. The moment we choose was the one in which the Imperial Guard of the Emperor threw themselves with desperate valor between the advancing Prussian forces and the English army, to prevent their joining their strength. Henry Werder, at the head of his regiment, felt his heart throbbing with intense excitement as the two immense columns, the flower of the French army, advanced upon the English troops. They came on in silence, until within range of the batteries prepared to receive them; then a terrific discharge, seeming to rend heaven and earth, scattered death among their ranks. Still these veterans advanced; the honor of their nation was in peril; they could die; but not before the enemy. Another discharge and the Prussian troops, who had been rapidly nearing the scene of action, then dashed amongst them. The Garde Imperiale de Napoleon was utterly annihilated. One exultant shout was raised by the allied armies as this fearful crisis was decided in their favor.

But where, in the moment of victory, was Henry? Stretched upon the field, his head supported by his fellow officer, Frederick Lieten, and the life blood flowing from a wound on his breast.

'Frederick?' he murmured, in a dying voice, 'you will see Vaninka?'

'If I live?' answered his comrade, with deep emotion.

'You will give her this ring, and cut some of my hair off for her. Tell her my dying thoughts were all of her. Heaven bless you, my comrade. Farewell!' and his head fell heavily back.

'Dead,' said Frederick, 'and I must leave him here.'

Frederick was mistaken. Henry was not dead, he had only fainted. Some hours afterwards he was

lying on a hospital bed in a raving delirium. For weeks his life hung upon a thread; then a young strong constitution triumphed, and began to mend. His physician positively forbade his returning to Prussia, and, warning him that his lungs were much affected, he recommended a winter in Italy. Writing a long letter to Vaninka to explain his long absence, Henry made his preparations, and after an illness of over three months, started in the early part of October for Naples. He remained there, gaining health and strength until the next June, and started for home. During his residence in Italy, he had written again and again to both Vaninka and Frederick, and wondered why he had received no letters in answer. His epistles never reached them.

We now return to Vaninka. Contrary to the fears of her friends, she had seemed to bear her loss with calmness. She had been so long in a state of agonizing suspense, that any certainty, even this direful one, was a relief. Still her step did not regain its elasticity, and her grief, if not loud, was deep. Her friends mistook despair for calmness. She grew paler and thinner, and now frequently kept her room for days together.

Her lover had been gone some eight months when her hand was again sought in marriage. George Weimar was a gentle, mild, old man, of about seventy years of age, wealthy, and of a large influence in his native town. He was an old friend of Vaninka's father, and had long thought of seeking Vaninka for his bride. When, however, he had seen the place he so coveted to be worthily filled, he had kept silent on the subject of his desires, and cultivated the acquaintance of his lady-love's betrothed. Now deceived as others were by Vaninka's quiet demeanor, he advanced his suit. Her parents knowing that he would spare no pains or expense to make her happy, urged their child to accept his offer and she consented to see him.

'Mr. Weimar,' she said, 'I wished to tell you how grateful I feel for your kind and flattering offer, and to place my situation full before you. God alone knows how entirely my heart is occupied by my dead love. Since I heard of my irreparable loss, I have felt that I should ere long join him; still, I endeavored faithfully to perform the duties left to me. I do not think I shall live long, but if I can, by any means, add to the happiness of another, God has granted me the will to do so. If you will accept my hand, knowing that my heart is in Henry's grave, it is yours, and I will endeavor to fulfil my duties as a wife, trusting to your love and indulgence to forgive me if I fail in making you happy while I am with you.'

The good old man was too happy to have his offer accepted on any terms, and he thanked her warmly. A day was soon set for the wedding, and all things were making ready.

Mr. Weimar hoped, by travelling and other diversions of her mind, to raise his bride's spirits and prolong her feeble life.

Again it was the night before Vaninka's wedding, and again she was seated, lost in thought, in the same chair that we first saw her in. Now, alas, the reverie was a very painful one, and low, choking sobs took the place of her former happy smiles. She was sitting painfully reflecting on the past when a shadow fell on the ground before her, and, raising her eyes, she saw a stranger standing looking on her. He stood with his back to the light; she could not see his face, but something made her heart stand still as she arose to greet him. He only said one word, 'Vaninka!' and, exclaiming 'Henry!' she sprang to his embrace. He caught her passionately to his breast, and held her there as if he feared another separation.

'So,' said a pleasant voice at the door, 'there is a change of bridegrooms,' and Mr. Weimar entered the room. Vaninka stood a moment confused, but taking her hand, he placed it in Henry's, saying—'Take her, Henry; she is too young, good and handsome for an old man like myself. I was an old fool to think of it. Take her, and my warmest blessing attend your union. And with a kind beaming smile, the old man left them together.

This time Vaninka's wedding was not postponed, and as Vaninka and Henry stood before the altar, Mr. Weimar, watching the happy blushing face of the bride, owned that he could not have called up, with all his devotion, such an expression of perfect love and joy.

THE BECCAR AND THE BIRDS.

'What a miserable world this is!' exclaimed Karoun, the beggar, as he sat one day at the gates of the city of Bagdad; 'were I to make it over again, I would exceedingly mend it! My world should contain no kings, and certainly no eadis—every one should do that which was right in his own eyes—it should be possible to get money without working for it, and knowledge without learning. Allah! what a miserable world this is. Of what use are the tribes of children forever interrupting one with their noisy play? Without doubt, we should be rid of some thousands—and their mothers. Why are women such tender creatures? In my world they should be as strong as horses, and dig and plant, and go to battle, like their husbands. Then, in regard to gold and silver and precious stones, there should be plenty for every one, or else none at all—and the same of palaces, fine horses, and rich clothes. As to diseases and misfortunes, I would abolish them altogether, just as I would poisons, precipices, storms and earthquakes, and whatever else tends to shorten life. Oh, what a beautiful world could make of this! However, I feel inclined for a nap at present, so I will remove to yonder grove for the benefit of the shade.'

The self-complacent beggar accordingly stretched himself beneath a large plane tree, and presently fell into a sound slumber, in which slumber he was visited with the following dream.

He fancied himself where he was, lying under a plane tree; but he also imagined he heard an extraordinary noise among the branches. On lifting up his eyes to discover the cause, he found the tree filled with all manner of birds, screaming, singing, whistling, and chattering. They were more vociferous than all the beggars of Bagdad, and grievously annoyed our friend Karoun.

By and by the tree became quiet; the birds arranged themselves on the boughs in companies, according to their kind; and the beggar discovered that it was a parliament of birds, met to deliberate on the state of the feathered world.

The golden eagle sat aloft in silent majesty; and a venerable honored owl opened the business of the meeting by entreating the members to conduct the meeting with decorum, and bear in mind that wisdom was never confined to birds of one generation. He was followed by a superb red and green parrot, who scratched his head and spoke as follows:—

'I conceive that for many ages birds have been grossly used by nature; and I hail the meeting of the present assembly, that the rights and privileges of all who have claws and beaks are about to be understood. I do not speak for myself. My fate makes me the associate of man, the favorite of ladies. I am fed with dainties, and observe all that passes in dining and drawing rooms. For myself, I have little reason to complain: I speak as a patriot—why should not all birds have the privileges of parrots? Is it not gross partiality that we alone should have gilt cages?' The speaker ceased amid tremendous applause.

The crow spoke next. 'I agree with the parrot,' said he, 'in blaming nature; but I disagree with him as to his mode of charging her with injustice. The evil lies deeper. There ought to be no gilt cages, no fine plumage, no sweet voices, among us. Why is one kind of bird to be exalted over another? and yet this will ever be the case while these vain and useless distinctions remain in force. Why am I to serve the farmer, by clearing his fields of grubs and worms, and be considered a low-lived bird only because I am useful? while the nightingale must be admired because she sings! Why does not man write poetry about me? What is a nightingale but a bird like myself? Is not she—'

Here he was called to order, and a beautiful dove

spoke next. 'I do not complain,' said he, 'of what the preceding orators have complained. My regret is that distinction does not make amends for conscious weakness. What signify my delicate plumage, and tender note, while I want the eagle's wing and hawk's eye?'

Here the owl attempted to speak, but was prevented by a magpie. 'My case,' said the chattering, 'is harder still. My plumage is beautiful, but no one will own it; I talk, but no one will listen to me. I am a persecuted bird—an envied genius.'

Here the magpie was interrupted by a sparrow. 'Why am I to be shot for a dumpling any more than a redbreast?'

'And why,' said the lark, 'am I to be roasted any more than a nightingale?'

'Why are we to be preyed upon by kites and hawks?' cried the birds in a chorus.

'Let us rebel,' said the tom-tits.

'Let us be kites and hawks ourselves,' said the jenny wrens.

'Let us leave man to pick up his own caterpillars,' said the sparrows; 'the world will come to an end without us.'

'It will! it will!' screamed all the little birds.

At this point of the dream and debate, Karoun fancied he thus addressed the congress of birds:—

'With the exception of the eagle and owl, who, to do them justice, are sensible, well-behaved bipeds, you are a set of insolent, foolish, half-witted creatures, not worthy of wearing feathers. Listen now to reason, and since birds cannot blush, hide your heads under your wings for shame. In the first place, Mr. Parrot, if every bird is to live in a gilt cage, and hang up in a drawing-room, pray where is a man to live himself?'

'In the second place, I ask Mr. Crow whether he clears the farmer's fields of worms from love to the farmer, or the desire of a good meal?'

'Thirdly, if any of you, after a reasonable enjoyment of life, object to be killed to feed men, why, I ask, may not the grubs and flies also object to being killed to feed you?'

'Fourthly, if you were all of one kind, all eagles, or all kites, would there not be ten times more fighting among you than there now is? And what, I demand, must you live upon?'

'Fifthly, if you object to dying altogether, and yet trouble your numbers every year, how is the world to hold you all? And as for you, sparrows, chaffinches, larks, wrens, &c., who is it that steals man's corn, eats his cherries, and picks his peas? Little mischievous varlets, as you are, your lives are forfeited fifty times before they are taken.'

'Lastly, I entreat you all, from the eagle down to the tom-tit, to look away from your own individual interest to that world of which you form so small a portion. I do assure you it is infinitely better, on the whole, that you should differ from each other just as you do—that some should be strong, some weak, some beautiful, some ugly, some wear fine coats, some plain ones. Now, begone everyone of you, and, instead of wishing to amend nature, try to amend your own manners.'

In a few minutes all was silent.

It was now Karoun's turn to be reproved. He dreamed that a tall figure stood by his side, and said, in a stern voice, 'Presumptuous mortal! thou hast had no patience with the folly of the birds—yet thine own is far greater. Thou mend the world! Thy mending would be destruction. Were there no disease and no misfortune, how could man exercise the virtues that fit him for paradise? As to death, is it not a blessing to the righteous? And if thou art wicked, is it not thine own fault? If all possessed riches, who would do the work? If everyone was wise, who must learn? And if everyone was ignorant, who must teach? Thou thickest the world would be happy if there were no laws or rulers—no such thing! Where there are two battles, there would be twenty; where there are five robberies, there would be fifty; and for one lazy, discontented vagabond, like thyself, there would be a thousand. Go about thy business, Karoun, and, in-

stead of wishing to mend the world, try to mend thy own manners.'

This dream made Karoun a wiser man. He gave up being a beggar; and hiring himself to a fisherman, he became a contented and a respectable member of society.

A LITTLE ROMANCE.

Baron Hohenberg had invited for his birthday all his relations, friends, and boon companions of the neighborhood. Ladies were not seen at his board. The first arrival was Baron V. H., the lord lieutenant of the county. The noble host received him in his usual jovial manner, led him up the staircase, and opened for him the door of the large hall; but he immediately started back horrified, covering his face with both hands, and trembling from head to foot. As his visitor, in amazement, asked him what was the matter, the host, in great agitation, pointed towards the middle of the hall, being unable to utter anything beyond 'There! there!'

The lord lieutenant replied that he saw nothing but the large banquetting table ready spread.

Baron Hohenberg, however, exclaimed, 'There! there! don't you see that the hall is all hung with black, and also the many funeral tapers?—and lo! yonder I am myself laid out on the state bed; and oh! the nasty smell of the tapers, and the oil, and perhaps of the corpse itself!'

The lord lieutenant had great difficulty in inducing his host to enter the room, in order that he might convince himself by touch that there was really nothing but the banquetting table. As the guests arrived, by degrees the agitation of the baron gave way to his usual joviality.

He now told them that, just a year before, when out hunting, a gipsy fortune teller, after looking at his hand, had told him that he should always pass his birthday quite alone, in serious thought and prayer, secluded from the world, and even from his own people, for his birthday would also be the day of his death, and that he would lose his life by a fool. The guests now sat down to table, when merry toasts were proposed, wishing to the giver of the feast long life, much happiness, and a speedy marriage.

After dinner, the company went into the open air to amuse themselves with different rural sports. All at once some, one called out, 'But where is our merry Andrew, Master Michal Ganskragon?—(Goose neck.)' Since we arose from table he has made himself scarce; he is sure to be lying dead drunk either in the kitchen or in the cellar.'

The poor fellow, who used to be baited by every one, and, especially in the games, was most liberally treated to kicks and cuffs innumerable, had taken refuge in a closet at the top of the house, known to but a few of the inmates, and which was only approached by a narrow and very steep staircase. The boisterous guests, after having searched the whole castle in vain, returned vexed and angry to the skittle ground. Baron Hohenberg, however, told them, with a laugh, that he could at once bring down the jester.

All followed the host, who was not long in discovering the deserter in his hiding place; but the jester refused to open the door. In vain the master of the house tried to kick it in, until at last he remembered an old forgotten rope by which it might be opened. He pulled with all his might; but the rotten line snapped, and Baron Hohenberg, falling backwards down the staircase, broke his neck.

When, on the following day, the lord lieutenant, with his officials, entered the hall where the banquet had been on the day before, a shudder seized him—the corpse lay exactly in the same place, and the whole hall was fitted up as Baron Hohenberg had described it from his vision of second sight. 'Hohenberg! Hohenberg! and never Hohenberg any more!' it was then said, as is the custom wherever the shield and helmet are laid on the coffin of the last of his race.



A HARE IN FORM.

The scene above represents what, in sportsman's phrase, is called 'a hare in form.' It is when the animal crouches down to escape the vigilance of its natural enemies. The attitude is one of perfect rest, but it admits of instantaneous change to a state of the utmost activity. The ease and safety of 'poor puss' are thus provided for by one arrangement, and the economy of the Creator's works, and the benevolence of his nature made plain to the passer by.

Study the form of a hare. In the flattest and most unpromising of fields, the creature will have availed herself of some little hollow to the lee of an insignificant tuft of grass, and there she will have nestled and fidgeted about till she has made a smooth, round, grassy bed, compact and fitted to her shape, where she may curl herself snugly up, and cover down below the level of the cutting night wind.

Follow her example: a man, as he lies down upon his mother earth, is but a small low object, and a screen of eighteen inches high will guard him securely from the strength of a storm. The great mistake of a novice lies in selecting a tree for his camping place, which spreads out nobly above, but affords nothing but a barren stem below. It may be that, as he walks about in search of a bush, the quantity of foliage at the level of his eye, with its broad shadow, chiefly attracts him, and, as he stands to the leeward of it, it seems snug; and, therefore, without farther reflection, he orders his bed to be spread at its foot.

But, as soon as he lies down upon the ground, the tree proves worthless as a screen; it is a roof, and not a wall; what is really wanted is a dense low screen, perfectly wind-tight, as high up as the knee above the ground. All additional defence is superfluous to a sleeping man. Thus, if a traveller has to encamp on a bare turf plain, he need only turn up a broad sod, seven feet long by two feet wide, and if he succeeds in propping it up on its edge, it will form a sufficient shield against the wind.

THE MILITARY SURGEON.

We look with pleasure at a regiment on its march. Our hearts are thrilled by the martial music, and we regard with deep interest its mounted generals, who have turned grey in the service of their country, leaving home, comfort, and riches, for the hardships of the tented field. The soldiers who follow on foot, ranged in companies, are their natural successors. These crosses, these epaulettes, and that authority, will become the heritage of those men, who, with burdens on their backs, silently obey.

Following these long files of soldiers, we observe a man modestly clad, and walking on foot. Like them, he is on the road to battle; but he is not, like them, on the road to glorious renown and fortune. His duties will be unattended with eclat; his vigils will be unremembered; and even though he should prove a hero, as did Becourt at the field of Eylau, he will probably not, like him, be personally rewarded by an emperor. But an hour will come when this man will be the chief amongst all this multitude. It is the hour after the battle.

During the fight he will brave death as fearlessly as any other one. Without sharing the excitement of the combatants, he will be a great actor in the bloody strife. He will be calm and reflective when all around him are agitated and distracted. He denies himself emotion, for his hand must not tremble; his glance must be penetrating, and his judgment must be prompt and unerring. In an atmosphere of grapeshot and smoke, he is as collected as in his cabinet. The shrieks of the wounded and the booming of the cannons disturb him not; his hand is as steady as in the operating theatre of a hospital.

All ranks appeal to him for aid, and he obeys as promptly the call of the poor soldier as of the mighty general; he succors the fallen of the enemy as well as the wounded of his own army. The mangled and dying bodies of his companions and friends are brought to him, yet he must stifle in the birth every rising emotion, for the eye of the surgeon should never be veiled by a tear. Kneeling on the bloody straw of the ambulance carriage, he coolly issues

his orders, and his moral courage revives the sinking hopes of the wounded; for his face wears a supreme calm which inspires them with confidence.

In these solemn hours, the military surgeon is the repository of great mysteries. The dying man entrusts him with tender messages for his far away family; one confides to him his riches, another his profoundest secrets. After the battle, the general, the officer, and the soldier, hear only the shouts of triumph and songs of joy; but the surgeon only hears the long and plaintive groaning of the whole army.

Night comes, and all are asleep save him; a vigilant sentinel, he is awake amongst the wounded. Next day, though exhausted with fatigue, he sets out with the ambulance; he goes to one and to another; here, hastily exploring a wound; there, searching for a bullet in the cavity of the human chest. He goes about giving hope to all; sowing life—so to speak; wrestling in despair with death; inventing and improving a thousand methods; transforming planks and cords into surgical apparatus; even tearing his clothes into rags to staunch the blood of the wounded. His is the struggle between the blind force of destruction and the intelligent power of conservative science. Such is the man whom we have seen modestly walking at the left of the regiment.

Over that breathing waste of friends and foes,
The wounded and the dying, hour by hour—
In will a thousand, yet but one in power—
He labors through the red and groaning day.
The fearful moorland where the myriads lay,
Moved as a moving field of mangled worms,
And as a raw brood, orphaned in the storms,
I trust up their heads if the wind bend a spray
Above them, but when the bare branch performs
No sweet parental office, sink away
With hopeless chirp of woe, so, as he goes,
Around his feet in clamorous agony
They rise and fall; and all the seething plain
Bubbles a cauldron vast of many colored pain.

WHEN a lazy man says, 'I'll do it at my leisure,' you may take it for granted he will never do it at all.

IRISH MISCELLANY

THOMAS O'NEILL - - - - PROPRIETOR.
MICHAEL J. WALSH - - - - CONDUCTOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858.

THE COMING MUNICIPAL ELECTION AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

It has now become a common phrase that 'in municipal government elections there should be no political party strife,' but a unity of sentiment in the selection and election of the very best men. To this we would cordially agree, could we find the different parties sufficiently honest, and disposed to allow the opposition a fair representation in the city government, such an one that would not allow the whole of the offices to be filled by Republicans or Americans, to the exclusion of Democrats. Neither do we go for the so-called citizens' movement. We have memory sufficient to recur back to some curious and fun-inspiring pantomimes performed in that way, where a few buffoons made laughable grimaces, which, for the moment, pleased the populace, but were intended to cheat them; after which the people found, to their cost, that they had been 'acted upon.' It is true that the municipal governments of Boston have not been composed of that rowdiness which characterizes other cities, nor have they so grossly robbed the people. If they have, it has been done cunningly, and they have not made much noise about it, for which we ought certainly to thank them. To commit a robbery is bad enough, not to make a boast of it. But we must not be understood to believe that there is not a few little pickings and stealings, after all, neatly done by the old jackals, who, for years, have been such pure philanthropists that, fearing the city would become bankrupt, have made it appear necessary to certain weak-minded people amongst their constituents that, for public safety, it would be absolutely necessary they should be re-elected.

In making the selections for the offices of Mayor, Aldermen and Common Councilmen, the pledge should be exacted that, if elected, exclusiveness should not be tolerated. Then will be the proper time for laying down party nominations; then will harmony prevail, and improvement in our city be expected.

We may, then, seeing that a municipal election is upon us, ask how much the Democratic party has got out of the City Treasury during the last year? Would it amount to one per cent? We think not. Under these circumstances, would it not be as well to make distinct party nominations, or aid that party which is found nearest to honesty, and most willing to do right? We may as well here allude to the fact, that when Mayor Lincoln was elected, some leading Democrats thought well to advise that honored gentleman not to put any adopted citizens on the police. How well he has observed that advice is obvious, and the reasons for acting upon that policy we have heard from that gentleman himself, that 'although never belonging to a secret organization, and opposed to its spirit and doctrines, he really thought it better not to again awaken this bad feeling, which was now dying out, by the trifling boon of placing a few men in that body.' Now, we do not believe those Democrats above alluded to were THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, by any means, nor were they authorized to act for it. Neither do we believe in his honor the Mayor's views, of pandering to unjust prejudices. We believe there are men not only fitted for those places amongst our adopted fellow-citizens, but fitted for any other place. Amongst all the governments on earth, they have won position, as well in the present as in the past. No race amongst men, nor subdivisions of race, present a more exalted capacity, a brighter intelligence, a more natural or acquired ability for positions of trust or importance than that much abused, but to New England people unknown, for unread of, Celtic race.

The Auditor's forty-fifth annual report of the receipts and expenditures of the city of Boston and the county of Suffolk is before us, and we ask what portion of the

outlay has been received by the adopted citizens? And we do not wish to make invidious distinctions when we say they are not noticed in the expenditure or outlay of the city government funds, nor would we here allude to the matter if they were not ostracized. This being an evident fact, their growing numbers may render them of sufficient importance to astonish those gentlemen whose only ability and popularity is in decrying the adopted citizen. We will never be found making appeals to the passions, places, or creeds; but we will, by every legal and peaceful means, combat the prejudices which attempt to degrade the national or individual character of our people.

In regard to the present city authorities, we would here remark that no city in the Union is nor can be better governed than the city of Boston. No man in the past nor coming future will fill the civic chair with more urbanity, capacity, and integrity, than Frederick W. Lincoln, Jr., nor can any reason be given why he should be superseded by a new and untried man. We predict his almost unanimous election. We feel pleased that that sterling Democrat, Mr. Pierce, goes again to the board, and that Emerson will be with him. Alderman Joseph M. Wightman, Chairman of the Committee on Police, we think a capital worker, and to his arrangements, and their execution by Chief of Police Coburn, do we owe the efficiency of that body during the last year. We have hitherto had complaints to make of some of the men composing the police force, but of those who are now posted in our portion of the city, all agree that too much cannot be said of their gentlemanly conduct and bearing. Nor shall we ever withhold praise where we believe it deservedly due.

The popular branch of the government is well provided over, and, taken altogether, are an active body of men; and if some changes were made in the upper board, the Common Council would make some useful reforms.

We trust the School Committee, or those of it whose terms expire, will be allowed to pay full attention to their own business, for we think they have performed the duty entrusted to them any way but satisfactorily.

We cannot forget that the present city government has been most liberal in their attentions to everything that regarded the poor, and those who were out of work during the last winter; and we trust they will be as liberal and active in everything relating to the interests of that class in the coming cold season. Those attentions, and all that is done by any government to alleviate suffering, is well received, and makes popular those who exert themselves in behalf of the poor. Should the approaching winter be one of severity, let the Mayor employ all the labor that offers, that the frosted snow may not be allowed to accumulate, nay, even to keeping the streets of our city swept. The labor thus afforded will keep warm the poor man's dwelling and feed his children, and our citizens will cheerfully endorse that item of expenditure. Our city institutions are up to the mark, if not superior to all others. Our citizens retire to rest with as little fear of being disturbed as those of any other portion of the known world. Neither is the ear or sanctity of home disturbed by those offensive noises which are too frequent in other large and crowded cities.

It is also true that we cannot boast of the morals either of our city or its government; 'to err is human,' and 'man is depraved.' Nor will the election to an important city trust prove the man to be of 'God's elect.' On the other hand, when we call to mind the many trying scenes and associations, the visits of condolence to the poor in our institutions of charity, the visits for reforming and checking vice to our Magdalen and houses of correction, which our City Fathers are obliged to make annually, we are inclined to commiserate rather than blame them or their position, nor dare we ask too much from them!

On the whole, with a few changes in the Board of Aldermen, a few in the lower branch, a sharp look-out upon the demands for money for filling up the

Back Bay, keeping an eye upon that aristocratic southern square, making the whole body know they are the people's servants, elected to perform business of the most important character for a large city—the prospect is, that we will live another year through without bankruptcy, civil war, or any other particular collapse.

MR. MCCREE'S LECTURE.

The very able lecture on the 'Historical and Political Connection of Scotland with Ireland,' by Thomas D'Arcy McGee, which was concluded in our last number, we have read with much interest. It is another evidence of the historical knowledge possessed by the author, whom we look upon as a repository of information, upon all that relates to the Celt or Gael.

We wish that that celebrated author, Washington Irving, would give his opinion to the world upon the voyages of St. Brandon, Patron of Clonfert, whose voyages to America, or the 'Promised Land,' is so much held in estimation in Northern Europe, and of which so much corroborative evidence exists. A full digest of the knowledge of this truly great author would go far to prove that America is the 'great Ireland' or 'Ireland it Mikla' of the North; which, probably, would disturb the claim of Columbus himself, who knew of the tradition, and spoke of them, and make it appear that, upon the right of discovery, the sons of the 'Old Isle,' have the prior claim of nativism. We well remember of Mr. McGee calling upon Mr. Irving for his opinion, but did not receive it. We are pleased to add Mr. McGee to the list of our contributors.

OBITUARY.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret and sorrow that we have to announce the lamentable demise of the Rev. John T. Rodden, universally known as one of the ablest clergymen of the diocese, as a brilliant writer and profound thinker. Like the rest of good men, he did not please every body (nor sought he so to do), while everyone who knew him believed him arduous, affable, benevolent, and sincere; where best known, most regretted. By a complication of diseases, he was summoned before the Great Eternal Judge, where, we trust, he had an advocate whose plea was never in vain, and that to him was pronounced the words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' 'Requiescat in pace.'

LETTER FROM GENERAL SHIELDS.

We take the liberty of giving publicity to the following letter from General Shields:—

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25, 1858.

My Dear Friend—Your letter of 1st September has only just reached me. I regret this, as it may have inclined you to believe that I could for one moment neglect to reply to one of your letters. For the honor you have done me, in dedicating your work to my name, please to accept my sincere and hearty thanks. 'Reminiscences of a Soldier' by you ought to be full of interest. I have been out of the world for a short time, recruiting my health, and have seen or read nothing. Is the work published? I long to see it. It is the work of a brave soldier, and his views and experiences will be a treat to me. Your views in relation to naturalization are worthy of consideration. I will revolve them in my mind, and see what can be done. With the best wishes for health and happiness, accept my thanks and assurances of regard.

Your friend,

JAMES SHIELDS.

Thomas O'Neill, Esq., Boston, Mass.

We are happy to announce to the readers of the Miscellany that we have added to our corps Christopher Plunkett, who will assist in conducting the business department of the paper. We hope those who are subscribers, and those who know the benefit of advertising in a paper which will be bound in book form, will give him due attention—and their orders.

J. FORD, importer and wholesale dealer in foreign and domestic liquors, Nos. 166 and 158 Federal street.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

THE SCHOOLBOY.

BY J. MEAGHER KAVANAUGH.

Spring time now, the birds are singing
Over the meadow, hill and way,
Of the little schoolboy ringing
Out his merry song to-day.

There's a smile upon his feature,
Tokens of some cherished hope,
Thoughts of present, past and future,
And of life's approaching slope.

Armed like a little giant,
For the school-house on to-day,
Innocent and thus defiant
To the world's unholy way.

Summer now, the sun is shining
Over valleys, hill and plain,
Gaily comes a young man singing,
In youth's sweet and joyful strain.

Life is fill'd, 'tis true, with pleasures
To the young and gay to-day;
Yet there comes a time such treasures
Unto dust again decay.

Now 's the time to choose life's pathway;
Which will wrong or right prevail?
Steer your bark for Heaven's gateway,
And from Satan's sinful pale.

Autumn now, the leaves are falling
From the branches of each tree;
Youth is gone, old age is dawning
On the young so gay and free.

Winter comes, the snow is falling
On the mountain, hill and plain;
Hark! an old man's gently calling
In a sad and deathly strain.

Hear the weeping and the wailing
Of the friends who round him move;
'Tis no use, his spirit's flying
To the blissful land of love.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

—IN THE—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

A SOLDIER'S FREAKS.

If Fred Lysaght still lives, there lives one who is in every true sense of the term a gentleman. Born and reared in affluence, of an aristocratic family, and a land owner, he was intended for the church, and after going through the usual preparations, he was sent to Oxford University to study theology, and prepare for the work of the ministry.

Fred seems to have been a wild youth, for, some time after entering college, he, with others, was charged with the crime, and convicted, of administering the sacrament of the Lord's supper to an ass. They were, of course, expelled from the college.

Among Fred's accomplices in this sacrilege was Walters of the 'Times.' This is the man, who, since then, so berates the Roman Catholic religion and priesthood, and who cannot invent lies enough to stigmatize and defame the character of the turbulent Irish. The above fact was proved beyond contradiction by *Publicola*, in the *London Weekly Despatch*, in the year 1841, when Alderman Harmer was at the head of that paper.

Fred, having lost all hope of becoming a minister, or serving in the church militant, by the premature attempt of serving on a common without waiting to be called to the altar, turned his attention to the army. He obtained a commission as lieutenant in an infantry regiment, and was in due time promoted to a captaincy. But the income received from the service, aided by re-

mittances from his family at home, was not at all sufficient to supply his wants. Every month found him longing for 'the route,' as he said the order for march receipted a year's bills for him.

At one time the regiment to which he belonged lay idle at Cork, and when it became known that it was ordered to England, his creditors became importunate for a settlement of their claims against him. It was, however, of little use to them, for Fred kept out of their way. One of them, more importunate than the rest, was determined, in his own mind, to secure a settlement, or know some reason why he should not do so. He obtained a writ against him. Our hero got wind, and was equally determined to outwit the Corkonian. He was never at home, or if he chanced to be caught there, he was sure to be sick, and could not be seen. His door was always locked.

The morning the regiment left, the bailiff who held the writ was determined not to be balked, and so placed himself at the door of Fred's quarters. He nabbed him. The regiment was off, aboard the steamer bound for an English port. The bailiff, exulting in the success of his perseverance, brought his man off to the debtor's prison—when lo! and behold, to his utter amazement and chagrin, he learned, when too late, that he had arrested the wrong man. The captain had exchanged regimentals with his servant, and got clear off. The servant, who remained in the room dressed in his master's clothes, had issued at a fitting time and was taken. But as a servant, though dressed in a captain's uniform, cannot legally be held for a captain's debt, he was allowed to follow his master in the next steamer.

I cannot follow my friend through all his varied and multiplied tricks and dodges from this time until he was obliged to sell out—that is, dispose of his commission, or submit to be 'cashiered.' He sold out, spent the money, and then enlisted in a regiment of Hussars, where he passed through all the grades from private up to troop sergeant major, two or three times. I knew him as regimental clerk, school master, letter-carrier, cook for the troop, and at last as servant to an officer. He had ability and capacity for any and every post or service, but lacked steadiness of application to retain one. His large estate was encumbered by his extravagance. His sisters, who were wealthy, offered to redeem it if he promised and gave evidence of amendment. But no, Fred would have his frolic, no matter at what cost. His relatives were in the habit of remitting him funds from time to time, until they found that it was more an injury than a benefit to him. In fact, he never did any good, until compelled to subsist upon soldiers pay.

I remember well being on guard at the outer gate one night when the regiment lay in Brighton. Just before daylight I heard a strange noise outside the barrack gate, and, opening which, we found Fred lying in a most pitiable plight, covered all over with blood, so exhausted that he could hardly speak; yet he was endeavoring to scold somebody, whom he gave us to understand had abused him, and whom he had left for dead on the common. Upon taking him to the guard room it was found that his hands were terribly lacerated. We could, however, gain no further information from him than that he had killed the fellow who had quarrelled with him, and that we would find his body on the common.

As soon as it became daylight the place he designated was searched. It was a little common adjoining the barracks, through which a pathway led along a precipice or cliff to the town of Brighton. It was a very perilous passage for even a sober man to traverse, for, should he fall, his destruction was almost inevitable. It was seldom passed, except in daylight, as a short cut from the town to the barracks. Even so, it was but seldom resorted to, the risk being very great.

We searched in vain for the dead man; but we found the man-killer—a small cask of rum, which Fred had contrived to roll along this dangerous pathway on a dark winter's night. It was covered with his blood. We trembled when we saw it. We supposed that when he got over the little hill on the com-

mon he found it difficult to maintain his equilibrium, and whenever he fell or stumbled, that he turned on the cask, and belabored it with his fists, supposing it to be a man who was throwing him down and mocking at him.

We afterwards learned that it was a party of smugglers whom he met who gave it to him. Brighton, on the Sussex coast of England, has more smugglers than any other seaport or town in the kingdom, of its size.

Our friend Fred was sick and sore for more than a month after this freak; but it did not cure his madness.

A short time after the event just related, he received some funds from home, and, as usual, obtained a few days leave of absence. His favorites were on hand, of course, to share the enjoyment, while the 'needful' lasted. During their absence, and while on the roll about the city, they espied one of our men carrying a mask and costume to a hotel for one of our captains, who that evening was to attend a masked ball. They at once took the servant under their own especial keeping. He was used well; in fact, so well, that he became quite drunk, and forgot all about his master. They kept him safe within doors, until Fred returned from the ball, where he figured in full Turkish costume, and enjoyed the evening and the joke, much to his own liking, while the captain had to cool himself at the hotel as best he could.

As a matter of course, the tricks was found out. The servant dismissed, and a guard sent to bring our hero and his friends back to barracks. They were confined twenty-four hours, and then sent to their duty. But the captain never forgave Fred, for personating the Pacha for him at the masquerade.

Fred had a most wonderful disposition. He had a heart that could adapt itself to any fate. He could fill a captain's post, or act as cook for a troop, with equal composure. 'Sunshine and cloud,' he would say, 'poor luck this time, the better the next.' Cheerfulness belongs to no one position in life, but is often found to accompany hard work and moderate diet, rather than luxury and ease. As Dr. Weighting would say, 'Not only gout, but melancholy, and oftentimes insanity, is produced by laziness and gluttony.' The same authority has declared that the juries of inquests, in nine out of ten cases, where sudden deaths are the subjects of inquiry, should be, 'Died from the effects of late suppers, too much beefsteak, and too much wine,' instead of the usual rendering, 'Died from the visitation of God.'

Fred, besides having a usual amount of the cheerfulness which generally belongs to the soldier, was something of a philosopher, for, when things were lowest with him, and the prospect of change not at all encouraging, he would rub and polish the harder, and make the buckles shine brighter, and never would a boy whistle more earnestly while passing a churchyard at night to keep away the ghosts, than would friend Fred sing when it was below low water mark with him, thus—

'Begone, dull care, I prithee begone from me,
Begone, dull care, for you and I can never agree.'

After which he would strike his thigh with his hand. This was a sure indication that some bright idea had occurred to him. On one of these occasions, he laughed aloud. But nothing would induce him to explain the cause which produced the laugh. He merely advised us to wait awhile. Soon he set down to his portfolio, and in a few minutes a letter was sent to the office for 'franking.' And in a fortnight afterwards, a boy came to the barracks from the mail coach office with a message, that a wheelbarrow, made of good oak, had arrived, and awaited his order.

He received the message with the same hearty laugh which he indulged in before writing the letter mentioned above. He got leave from evening

stables, and with a few friends proceeded to the mail coach office, where, to their laughing gaze, was exhibited a well made wheelbarrow of oak, nearly as large as a cart. They were not long in finding a purchaser for the landlord of the hotel, on ascertaining the fun of the thing, bought the article for thirty shillings—about seven dollars—and, instead of rolling the wheelbarrow, the worthies rolled themselves, and I scarcely ever remember during my soldiering, when a heartier laugh prevailed than when the story of that wheelbarrow was explained.

Fred was out of funds, and had to depend upon his wit to 'raise the wind.' He knew well, that if he wrote to his sisters for money, they would refuse him. So he wrote to them that he had broken a government wheelbarrow, and that he would be court-martialed, if they did not send him one, never for a moment imagining that they would send him a wheelbarrow, but supposing they would remit a few pounds to pay for it. They, however, got a wheelwright to make him one, and sent it on the roof of the mail coach, prepaying the odd passenger fare. I need hardly add, that the story of the wheelbarrow went the rounds of every room in the barracks, causing a hearty laugh everywhere.

At another time, the regiment was out at Preston, in Lancashire, to suppress railroad riots. We had to go into quarters some five or six weeks. This is always the case in towns where there are no barracks, or where the barracks are pre-occupied, and as no women went with us, we were at a loss for a laundress. This difficulty, however, was soon overcome by Fred's ingenuity. Quarters at the 'Golden Cross' a few evenings after our arrival, he undertook to wash for himself, by using the 'Lancashire dolly.' This useful and labor-saving machine, consists of two parts, a deep tub, like a churn, to hold the water; and the clothes, with a closely fitting cover, having on its inner side three short legs, and on the upper side a handle or crank for turning the cover, thereby moving and twisting the clothes in the tub, thus performing the greater part of the washing process, a little rinsing was all that was needed to complete the job.

One of the female servants of the house, seeing him at work, came to his assistance, saying that she would do that part of it for him. Fred thanked her, assuring her that she could not do his washing, for, said he, 'tis my turn to do the washing for all the men, as they had to take it by turns when away from home, and the soldiers' wives. This rather astonished the lassie, who communicated the hard case to the other women of the house, who resolved to come to his aid.

Fred received their offer of assistance with delight, not indeed so much for the pecuniary advantage as the satisfaction of having perpetrated so good a joke. He immediately entered into a contract with them; he was to do the hardest part of the work with the 'dolly,' and they were to finish. He further undertook to assist in making beds, tending bar, or anything else in the range of his capacity. When the clothes were dry he mangled them, and then, with the precision of a laundress, who knew the soldier's 'inspection day,' had them home to time.

When the men heard that he had procured the services of a laundress, they were well pleased, and the troop sergeant major readily paid over the stipulated allowance—sixpence per man—so that, as we had forty men in the troop, Fred drew one pound sterling per week, which he duly spent with his friends, and although they wondered whence the money came from, it was not until after our return to Burnley that the joke was found out.

As I before stated, Fred filled almost every post from private to captain. He lost the clerkship by omitting to state the time on a furlough. He left out the date, and the soldier taking advantage of the

omission, remained away until brought back for desertion. On his trial, the man produced the furlough, and was acquitted—demanded full pay, and got it—but Fred lost his post.

While at New Ross, in Ireland, he was broken for taking eight men with him twice a week to the stag-hunts in the neighborhood, until the horses were reduced to skin and bone. He lost the post of troop cook, for making away with the men's allowance. Puddings were usually served twice a week; he furnished them but once; but then he gave double the number, though containing only the quantity for one day. When reported to the officer of the day, he excused himself by saying that he had to make two days' puddings in one. The men did not deny the number, but protested against the quantity. When pressed to assign the cause for this deficiency, he replied, 'Sir, I drowned the miller.' The answer raised a laugh, but did not save the post. The cook was dismissed.

His many freaks and tricks would fill a volume. But there was nothing vicious in any of his eccentricities. At length he received an insult from a young snob of a lieutenant, which hurt his feelings. He demanded, and received, his discharge, after being sixteen years in the service; but his ruling passion for fun still swayed him. Before leaving he sent an invitation to the young aristocrat, who had offered him the indignity, to join him in a shooting match, which was declined. However, Fred was bound to have some satisfaction out of him. He procured two hats, placed them on canes upright in the ground, and each duly labelled, one for himself and the other for his enemy. The latter he labelled 'liar, coward, and poltroon.' Fred then took his stand, and after passing a few balls through it, sent the riddled hat, labelled as it was, to the lieutenant, accompanied by a note, advising him to return to his mother, and get his baby locks combed.

He returned home to his property and relations, and by a prudent management of his estate overcame his embarrassment, and now takes good care of himself, enjoys the respect and esteem of a large circle of friends, is noted for his liberality and strong advocacy of the rights of the working classes. He resides in or near the town of Stafford, in England, and leads a jolly life, as full of fun and frolic as ever.

May his last days be as peaceful and as happy as his life has been harmless and pleasant.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

CATOCTIN.

BY 'ORANMORE.'

PART VI.—THE RECEPTION.

It was long past midnight, as Vernon's watch revealed, when closely examined by the expiring omnibus lamp.

It was as inky as Erebus or a printer's devil, for the light we had seen fitfully flashed out, and was sucked in again by the chimney of Catoctin Furnace, a mile further on. There it burns every day and night, Sunday too, its mute tongue blazing its doings.

But Cerberus was awake, and as 'no light from the battlement burned,' from the attic, or anywhere else, his 'honest bark bayed deep mouthed—anything but—'welcome' to the wayworn travellers. Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart wakened 'wi' the din,' and rallied with ear-splitting melodies, fiercely forbidding a nearer approach to the house.

What a contrast between the efficiency of the old police, ever sober and vigilant, and the efficiency of the new police, when not drunk and asleep at their posts. They must think them bed posts, or possibly they suggest ideas of post horns and taverns.

But the new police can discriminate—they are human. They know when to expect kicks, and when coppers; how to make a bone—the shrewd dogs—and when to break a bone.

'Disturb not their slumbers.'

We must fight off the old police now, and disturb the slumbers of the Millers, who, as soon as a light is produced, gather around it, flitting as millers always do, and answer, in chorus, to the hallooing of our party, by asking—

'Who are yov? What is the matter?'

It being inconvenient to convey so much information at so late an hour, covered only with mountain mist and dew, by way of extra wrapping (though 'heavy wet' and 'mountain dew' is not calculated to impart spiritual comfort) we desire them to come as far as the gate, and receive the explanation from 'friends.'

All this time the old police are springing their rattles furiously; Cerberus crazy to get at us. He's a good chief of police, a 'most senseless and fit constable for the watch.'

The light comes in at the door, and the Millers follow it, of course, and the light comes out again at the door, which is shut behind it, and, shaded by a broad, transparent hand, it advances, flickering, towards us; then the hand is withdrawn, and an honest, brown, intelligent face presented; two grey eyes look intently inquiring, and a gentle voice calmly gives them speech.

'Well, neighbors, what is it?'

'Why, David, how do you do? Don't you know me? I have brought our friends. Did n't you expect us to-night?'

'I believe it's Docter Whitehead?'

'Of course it is! Did n't your father get my letter?'

'No, sir, not a word from you. I've been to Lewiston and the Furnace every day, expecting your answer. Walk, in ladies. Don't mind the dogs. Get out you brutes.'

'How provoking,' grumbles Dr. Whitehead. 'Ladies, allow me to present you Mr. David Miller, the eldest son of our host. Gentlemen, get acquainted.'

And we were so instantly, for there was that in that ingenuous countenance, as restless and refreshing as the fruition of its desire to the 'hart that pants after the water brooks.' We don't often see such faces in town, even on market days.

Nurse rubbed her eyes, and took up tenderly the sleeping innocent, that had temporarily gone back to Heaven. Little Ida wakes up cross, but cheers up, and laughs gaily, ascertaining we are 'there.' Band-boxes, scarfs, bundles, sunshades, fans, baskets, carpet-bags, and the rest of the plagues of Egypt, that travellers have had to take since—and before—the children of Israel were led out of the 'house of bondage,' were 'gathered together in one great' pile, like furniture at a fire, and afterwards removed to a place of security.

And Cerberus was captured by David (new policemen are captivated with ancient David's weapon—a sling), his collar fastened to the door of the dog house, and there he sat on his haunches, looking melancholy, morose, ferocious and distrustful, even dubious of his master's judgment, until the whole contents of the omnibus, except the straw, the cushions, and the lamp—which had gone out of itself—were deposited in Catoctin House.

His last expression, as 'the little candle threw its beams' upon his countenance, was decidedly misanthropic.

We were ushered into a great hall, neatly papered, without matting or oil cloth, but scrupulously scrubbed, the solid oaken floor fairly glistening from the physical force expended on it; its dimensions, fifty feet by fifteen.

A lard lamp, of a peculiar pattern, that I have never seen outside of Maryland, nor at all until now, lighted the way. The lamp was britannia, and in proportion as you screwed down a button at the top, the wick arose, the light increased, and, I suppose, the wicked, whose deeds are darkness, thereby flee.

This barbarous, or classic, relic—it may be either—was placed out of the draught, behind the hall door. The luggage was reckoned carefully, to see that all was safe. We democratically bade good night to the driver—whose horses were to aristocratically spend the night in clover, like unto the realization of their

dreams of horse heaven) and commended him to repose on the cushions of his omnibus, where he had coolly decided to sleep.

Then we followed old Mr. Miller, and David, William Frederick, and Willy, and Mrs. Wardell, (a married sister), Willy's mother, and Miss Mary, (the representative of the mother of the family, who was weakly—coughing very loudly in her room at the moment—or she would have been along), and Miss Sarah, and last, but by no manner of means the least, Miss Beckie and Miss Carrie Miller, the pottesses.

Well, the truth is, we were not expected; so the children were deposited upon a temporary shake down on the floor, where, it is presumed, they relapsed into pleasant visions of a land flowing with milk and honey, not interrupted by 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.'

The voices of twenty. More than that had by this time assembled, all directing or assisting John, his late master's body servant, as he called himself. As, for some time now, his master had not needed his services particularly, they were regarded as less apt to be requisite in the graveyard than the cornfield, for scaring off crows, whereat he was commonly employed.

At this moment he was transferring fragmentary bedsteads, headboards, footboards, and sides heavy as sideboards, from a common ware-room into the several separate apartments assigned us. Then he set to screwing them up with much more apparant satisfaction than he had exhibited when his late kind old master was similarly suggestively disposed of. When this was done, he staggered successively into five different rooms, each time under the influence of a hair, shuck, or straw mattress, which he threw down as grandly as an Irish rebel might lay down his arms, and as philosophically contemplated the dust he had kicked up. Then off he went, like Atlas, prepared to 'rise' another world.

What a time there was afterwards, not in arranging elats, for these were primitive couches, but in passing the bed-cords from one to another, and then tautly turning them around a wooden button, making a lattice work like a child's string saw-mill, then bearing down heavily on the first cord, drawing up the slack, as it is cautiously 'paid out' by an assistant, and finally 'belaying it' when the hemp has done its best. Oh, it's easy to get the hang of it. It was at that time, Barret's case had not yet arisen.

The mattresses were hoisted upon this fret-work, the beds made, John dismissed with several shillings, and a universal blessing, and we bade each other a welcome good night.

'To them that have shall be given.' I being the only one with the cares of a family, the last feather of the camel's burthen naturally falls to my share. Mrs. Oranmore, or one of the children, had to be taken sick, or I should have betaken myself thence, convinced that I, Abon Hassan, fancied myself the Caliph, that the door had been left open, and evil spirits had entered, that I had been eating 'Chang,' in fact, that my luck was too good to be real.

Mrs. Oranmore was taken sick, and no misgivings of my identity arose. But a ministering angel descended from the third story (by the staircase), and a twin sister could not have bestowed more affectionate attentions upon the patient than did her friend—for whom, as in duty bound, we shall ever pray.

At length she was easy, and peacefully sleeping, as, doubtless, we are all by this time inclined, especially the reader. Then re-echo our 'good night!' as its sepulchral sound floats away through the dim, empty corridors of the old mansion, and is hushed in its vaults like Hamlet's ghost. 'Rest, rest, perturbate spirit!' I will not trouble thee with another word to-night.

RETURN OF THE HIBERNIA ENGINE COMPANY.—The Hibernia boys arrived home Saturday night, 4th inst., completely worn out, it is stated, with their marchings and feastings abroad. On their arrival at the Kensington depot they were met by the firemen of Philadelphia, and the streets in the vicinity were brilliant with torches, lanterns, bonfires, &c. Immediately on their arrival, a large and splendid wreath was presented them, in behalf of the ladies. The procession of firemen was over a mile in length, and the Fairmount Engine Company, which headed the line, numbered over 200 men. As the procession passed along, bells were rung, cannon fired, large bonfires blazed in every corner, engine houses were illuminated, flags suspended across the streets, transparencies exhibited, large reflectors, similar to those used on locomotives, glared, and the lanterns and devices borne by the various companies are said to have been very beautiful. A salute of one hundred guns, fired by Col. R. Murphy, greeted the Hibernians when they reached their engine house. Their welcome home is acknowledged to have never before been surpassed in brilliancy.

MEAN AND UN-AMERICAN.—We see by the papers that some of the shoe manufacturers of Milford have reduced the wages of their men. This is uncalled for, and is without justifiable excuse, at a time when trade is good, and the banks are running over with money. None of your fictitious panics, gentlemen; it won't do. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' and, as the old Jewish proverb had it, as well as being a passage in the holy writ, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox which treadeth the corn.' Winter is on us, and it is guilt to take advantage of it. Remember that the producers of your wealth are entitled to your bounty, and ought not to be crushed by your capital. We are glad that there are some shoe manufacturers in Milford above such despicable conduct.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

A despatch from Sir John to Mr. Secretary Labouchere has been published, recommending the abandonment of the British 'protectorate' over certain of the Ionian Islands, and the retention of others. The despatch says:—

'No doubt, by a very vigilant attention, by standing always on one's guard, by removing, as I have endeavored to do, topics of disagreement, and striving, as I hope you will think not without success, to infuse somewhat of a calm and moderation into the working parties, a lull may be produced, under favorable circumstances; but the impression upon my mind is, that no permanent benefit to England, or real satisfaction to the Ionians, can accrue. England is in a false position here, and the islands are too widely separated, geographically, and their interests too distinct, ever to form a homogeneous whole, under foreign auspices.

England could retire from the protection with a good grace. I mean especially from the southern islands, in which all the difficulties really originate. With respect to one of them, Santa Maura, it is not an island at all—it is a bit of the continent.

As to Corfu, it could scarcely be given up without bad faith, for its possession by Greece would keep all Albania and Epirus in constant agitation; but it ought to be held by England in full sovereignty as a colony, and if so held, it would, with its dependencies, form a most valuable and beautiful possession. Corfu, as well as its satellite, Paxo, more than pays all its own expenses; has, indeed, a large surplus of revenue, though it is not half peopled; more than half waste, undrained, and neglected. In Corfu, and in it alone, of all the other islands, there exists no desire to be separated from England.

It may possibly be objected that the powers which were parties to the treaties of 1815 would not consent to our transformation into a sovereignty of our

protectorate of Corfu; but it is clear to me that our military possession is the only point of interest to foreign states, and that they must be indifferent as to the form under which we may find it best for the interests of the Corfiotes to administer their civil government. And it is obvious that if the southern islands, (i. e. Cephalonia, Zante, Ithaca, Santa Maura, and Cerigo), which are widely removed from Corfu in race, sentiment, and geographical position, were given up to the kingdom of Greece—as those islanders, from national feelings, desire—they would still be under the joint guarantee of the three protecting powers of Greece, and, consequently, no more liable to fall into the hands of any other state than the Greek Islands of the Archipelago now are.

The London Daily News has received a communication from the Colonial Office, stating that the publications in that journal of two despatches from Sir J. Young had been without the knowledge of Her Majesty's government. The News, in reply, states that the documents were sent to it under cover of an official envelope, with a request for their publication, by a person communicating his name and address. On inquiry, it was ascertained that the name and address were genuine. On being made aware that the despatches had been published without the sanction of the government, the News handed over to the Colonial Office other important documents, which had at the time been placed in its hands for publication.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

It will be perceived from the subjoined that Mr. Lever is working indefatigably for his great project, and that, as usual, success follows energy. The European mails will eventually find their way to America through Galway, which is the only natural route. Of course passengers will follow mails, and general commercial intercourse must be the result. The correspondent of the Globe writes:—'What is now going on at Paris in one department of the executive is intensely interesting to the west of Ireland, and the venerable 'city of the Tribes.' Galway is now about to be adopted by France as the outlet of her postal communication with North America, and a large imperial subsidy will supply sinews of war to the Lever line, the future predominance of which is now placed beyond a doubt. As all the correspondence of the Spanish and Italian Peninsulas, and of the Levant, passes through France, the various ramifications or reticulations of this immense network will be gathered into one. The 'Havre to New York' line resigns its claims to the French postal contract and government support, in favor of the Hiberno-American transit, a sacrifice which national pride would never make to a Liverpool company. The details of this financial measure are not all arranged, but the principle is established. Mr. Lever's activity has carried the point; he gets a personal interview with Napoleon III on his return from Compeigne. Meantime, he has gone to Brussels in involve Belgium in the scheme, leaving Mr. Barry to carry out his objects here.'

A private investigation was held by the magistrates of Macroom Petty Sessions, on Wednesday, November 10th, into charges preferred against a young man named Riordan, the son of a publican, of being a member of an illegal organization called the 'Phoenix Club,' which has of late attracted some share of public attention. A reporter from a paper, who attended the sessions, applied for leave to be present at the investigation, but was refused by the magistrates, on the ground that it was necessary that the nature of the proceedings should not be publicly known at present. We understand that informations have been ordered but have not ascertained what is the nature of the allegations against the prisoner.—[Cork Examiner.]

A few days ago, at Enniscorthy, a woman named Mary Doyle had very comfortably papered her little bedroom, and when going to bed was foolish enough to introduce the room a metal pot, containing turf

coals of fire. In the morning it was found that she was not up as early as was usual with her. A neighbor of hers rapped several times, but getting no answer burst in the door, and found the poor old woman lying dead, by the side of her bed. An inquest was held on Monday when a verdict was found 'that she died from suffocation, accidentally caused by having introduced a pot of fire into the room for the purpose of drying the paper.'—[Wexford People.]

NOTICE TO QUIT.—The general practice at present is to fix the rent too high. The landlord allows arrears to stand over and accumulate. There is a tacit understanding that these arrears are not to be called for, but the landlord retains his legal right, and by this means he always keeps the tenant under pressure—often under gross oppression. On numerous estates every yearly tenant—and leases are still too much a novelty in Ireland—is regularly served every year with a notice to quit, whether cause may have arisen or not, so that he may be at any time turned out should he fail to conform in all things to the will of his landlord or of the agent. That is not a wholesome condition of things, notwithstanding what the admirers of territorial authority may think, and until it is remodelled, and the tenant be enabled to hold a position of some independence and self-respect, Ireland cannot permanently improve.—[Star.]

APPLICATION having been made by the O'Connell family for power to have mass again celebrated in the private chapel of Darrynane, which had lapsed since the death of the Liberator, his Holiness has been pleased most graciously to accord the privilege. The following extract is from the letter of the Rev. Dr. Kirby, President of the Irish College, Rome, to Mr. Morgan O'Connell, communicating the grant of this high favor:—'I need not say that I feel the greatest pleasure in having it in my power to further your pious intentions, and to enable the family of your venerated father again to have the consolation of assisting at the adorable sacrifice of the altar, in the same chapel where he so often knelt, and in which he so often nourished with the bread of angels that sacred fire of Catholic zeal, which enabled him to emancipate his Catholic countrymen, and vindicate with so much success the rights of our holy religion.'

A meeting composed of gentlemen of wealth and respectability was held in Smith's Hotel, Kilrush, on the 9th inst., Colonel Crofton Moore Vandeleur in the chair, for the purpose of promoting the construction of a railway line between Kilrush and Kilkeel. A large number of shares were taken on the spot, and almost every one present became a shareholder to a considerable amount. The share list remains at the office of Mr. Michael McDonnell, who was appointed secretary. The express conviction of the meeting was that the line would be a prosperous one, and would well remunerate those taking shares in it.—[Munster News.]

The humane project of a reformatory for Limerick, promoted by Henry Shea, with characteristic earnestness, is prospering as it deserves. The Limerick papers publish a respectable list of subscriptions, at the head of which stands the name of Robert Tighe, Esq., chairman of the county, for £100, followed by that of the Earl of Clare for £50, the next being that of Lord Dunraven for £20.

Mr. John Orrell Lever, the founder of the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company, had an interview with M. Masin, the Belgian Minister of the Interior, and director of telegraphs and railways. Mr. Lever was introduced by Lord Howard de Walden, the British Minister at Brussels.

It is said that the last Australian mail, which was delivered in Dublin on Sunday last, contained the almost incredible number of 1,400 registered money letters was transmitted by emigrants to relatives and friends in the old country.

Mr. J. Macnamara Cantwell has been appointed solicitor for the Atlantic Steam Navigation Company (Galway line) in Ireland.

INDIA.

THE Times special correspondent says:—'The 10th Punjab Infantry are reported to have marched off with all their arms for Dera Ismael Khan, in the hope of inducing some of their countrymen to join in an insurrectionary movement. Should this be an insulated instance of disaffection on the part of many Sikh battalions in our pay, arising from some sudden pique or the influence of evil counsels, there is little to fear. If it should be an overt act of a great conspiracy—which appears to be most improbable—it is impossible to exaggerate the danger. Our empire in India is, indeed, in a desperate case should the Sikhs, who are now fighting our battles in every district where an enemy to our rule can be found, turn traitors: are the mass of the reinforcements from England can reach us. There is reason to believe that mischief has been brewing at Dera Ismael Khan since the discovery of the plot which occasioned such excitement in the north-western provinces a few weeks ago. It would appear as if Brigadier Chamberlain's investigations into the origin of this plot had led him to the knowledge of acts which he considered of a dangerous character, for it is only within the last few days that a column, consisting of Blount's troop of Horse Artillery, a wing of the 7th Fusiliers, a squadron of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and 300 Sikh infantry, marched from Lahore to strengthen the place, which is mainly important because it commands the Indus (on the right bank of which it is situated), and, further, that it contains the magazine of the whole of the Punjab Irregular Force. It is remembered that those fierce warriors even at Delhi were fond of recalling the stories of the great battles in which they in vain sought to destroy the supremacy of our arms, and that they were, in rude jocosity, wont to say—'We fought against you ten years ago and you beat us; now we are fighting for you; in ten years, more or less, we may once more be fighting against you.' During the late campaign they fought side by side with our best troops, and the Sikhs in our service cannot be less now than 80,000 horse and foot. I am told that an occurrence at Umballa the other day gave great offence to those irascible warriors. The Rajah of Puteala's wife presented him with a son, on which there were great rejoicings, and the sounds of the salute fired on the occasion alarmed the officer on duty at Umballa, who thought that the Sikhs had risen, and in that belief turned out the European guard, marched them to the posts occupied by detachments of a Punjabee regiment, and forced them to deliver up their arms. At the moment I write, a telegraphic despatch has been received by one of my companions, Colonel Tombs, dated Meerut, September 26, informing him that half of his troops has been ordered to Delhi, and required him to go down to Meerut without a moment's delay. The 9th Lancers are on their way from Umballa down country, and their presence will probably insure the safety of the main trunk road for the time.'

The last intelligence from India, notwithstanding the usual amount of guns taken and natives slain, or despatched in one way or the other, contains some very alarming items—not the least alarming of which is the disaffection which has broken out among the Sikhs. There have been rumors of insubordination amongst them for some time past, but nothing definite was made known. At length, however, the disaffection seems to be assuming the appearance of a general insurrection. Should this extend, the Indian Empire may, indeed, be considered in jeopardy, as almost the only natives that are now employed in concert with the British army are Sikhs. But there is, in fact, throughout the country an unmitigated hatred of British rule, and a

spirit of disorganization and revolt which threatens to be seriously troublesome and difficult of suppression. So far, then, from the back of the insurrection being broken, we are beginning to think it is gaining more strength and vigor daily. The whole truth is evidently not told, but the Indian government will find it difficult to keep it concealed much longer, and there is a good reason for believing that by far the worst part of the intelligence has been withheld. But this suppression cannot last long, and we should not be much surprised if very disastrous news were to reach us when we least expect it. At all events, the aspect of matters, even as they stand now, is by no means encouraging.—[Dublin Telegraph.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

An astonishing act of fanatical vandalism is recorded in the Church of All Souls, Langham place, London, was a very fine picture of great value, 'Jesus Crowned with Thorns.' Some naturally weak minded person, made mad by excess of religious puritanism, secreted himself in the church, and during the night cut up into shreds and completely destroyed the picture. It is known that this must have been the motive for the outrage, for the letters 'IHS' were also cut out of the front of the cloth covering the communion table.

The Times says according to a statement from Madrid, the Spanish government are likely to order their fleet to Cuba, to demand satisfaction of Mexico in the matter of dispute between the countries. The French government, who are likewise reported to have sent additional ships of war to that point, is relied upon in this movement, while it is also known that England has serious demands to urge, which will cause her to insist upon redress at least equal to that which may be accorded in other cases.

The Emperor Napoleon has returned the compliment recently paid him by Queen Victoria, and has forwarded to Her Majesty a 12-pounder howitzer, invented by himself, accompanied by the complete harness for six horses. The piece bears the name of the alliance. It is inscribed in French, 'To Queen Victoria, from the Emperor Napoleon,' with the arms of England and the imperial cypher. The Duke of Malakoff is to make the presentation.

Details have been received by telegraph from Marseilles of the taking of Tournae. The gun-boats destroyed five forts in half an hour. The allied troops occupied the town, and had despatched reconnoitering parties into the Peninsula. Tournae has been declared French territory. The expedition will advance to attack the metropolis at the end of September.—[London Times.]

Prince Napoleon, in proposing to the Emperor the nomination of four persons belonging to the Jewish religion as members of Councils General in Algeria, said—'The measure proposed is in conformity with our principles of religious toleration, and in consequence of the numerous modes of worship performed in Algeria it is useful and opportune to manifest by an act of your government that in the eye of our laws all creeds are absolutely and completely equal.'

Accounts from Cadiz state that a second portion of the reinforcements for Cuba were ready to sail at a moments notice for completing the expedition. A force of 2,100 infantry, 8,500 marines, and seven steam vessels of war, were prepared of the maritime expedition; against the Riff pirates on the coast of Africa.

The Liverpool select vestry on Tuesday week agreed to a resolution which will permit lady visitors to call and converse with the inmates of the workhouse. An ineffectual effort was made by the Catholic members to extend the permission to the Sister of Mercy and Sisters of Charity.

An Englishman in Paris becoming enamoured of the beverage sold in that city under the name of punch Grassot, ordered 12 bottles to be sent to his address in London. The cost of the nectar in Paris was 12s a gallon, and to his astonishment he had to pay 20s a gallon as duty.

COUNT MONTALEMBERT'S OPINIONS ON ENGLAND.

The publisher of *Le Correspondant*, a French journal, is about being prosecuted for publishing the opinions of Count Montalembert, an eminent French Catholic, on the conduct of the English in India, as well as at home, in which he deals severely with the Emperor of France and his government. Some persons say the prosecution will be followed up. But it is not on this part of the question we desire to make any remarks, but on the silly, unwise, and unstatesmanlike views of the Count on the foreign and domestic policy of England. He looks on England as the home of liberty, and says that her public press, her people, and her institutions, are free and unfettered; and, in fact, that her toleration of Catholics, and her indulgence of free discussion, render her the home of freedom and an example to the world.

How a man of such eminent character as Count Montalembert could come to such conclusions is quite unaccountable, unless we take into consideration that he wishes, by the arguments he uses, to annoy and damage the Emperor of France. That this was his object in writing as he has done, there can be no doubt whatever, because he must observe, as many others do, that the whole public policy of England is a gigantic fraud, and that she is not what she seems; but, on the contrary, a cheat and a hypocrite.

Any man, in making a comparison between the government of England and that of France, must take a fair and impartial view of the state of parties in both nations. And if he does so, he will at once see that the system of government pursued in one country would not, by any means, suit the other. The English system would not answer in France; the French system would not now be endured in England. But it was endured, when England had more than one party claiming the crown.

In judging of the governments of both nations, this particular point must be kept closely in view. At present there is no claimant for the English crown but the lady who wears it, and therefore liberty of the press is allowed. But would that be the case if one of the Stuarts were living in France, and that he had a party in England conspiring against Queen Victoria? We may be certain that it would not. Then there would be no public meetings tolerated, and the press would be gagged, as the Irish press was in '98 and '48, and not permitted to utter a word on behalf of the Pretender, or against the 'crown and dignity' of the present Queen.

Now this imaginary state of things, as regards England, is a reality in France. In that country there are three or four parties claiming the upper hand, and the one that is uppermost is sure to find the other parties conspiring against it. In our own times we have seen the effects of the struggles of each. Charles X., one of the elder branch of the Bourbons, was hurled from the throne in 1830, and Louis Philippe, one of the younger branch, crowned in his place. In '48, the Republicans and Bonapartists conspired against him, and he had to fly into exile. The republicans were then in the ascendant; but they did not use their opportunity with wisdom or discretion, and they fell before the admirers of the empire, and their cabals and divisions raised Napoleon III. to the throne of his uncle. He reduced chaos to order; but no sooner had he done so, than the other parties commenced their conspiracies against him.

Now, in his present position, what is he to do? Should he give the public press free license, the newspapers of his enemies would inflame the public mind against him, and it is probable that he would be driven again into exile. If he is a despot, he is one from necessity. But he has done great things for France and for Europe. He has given the

French people universal suffrage, a privilege which England has not conceded, and will never concede as long as her government can withhold it from the people. He has made France respected at home and abroad; raised her military glory to the highest point; given her name a prestige which it had not enjoyed before since the battle of Austerlitz, extended her commerce; increased her manufactures; made her agriculture prosperous; exalted religion; and, more valuable than all, especially to an Irishman, displayed to the world the hollowness of the military power of England.

Now, we ask, was Count Montalembert justified in comparing the deeds of the English government with those of this great man? 'Was it wise in him, in order to gratify his spleen against the Emperor, to talk as he did of England and English institutions? Was it creditable in him to sink the fame and glory of great, liberal, and Catholic France beneath the fame of bigoted and intolerant England? Let him, if he wishes to see England and her mode of governing, come to Ireland or start for America, and then proceed to India. He will find in this country the marks of her intolerant rule. He will see the island strewn with the ruins of our religious establishments, which were levelled with the earth by English barbarity. He will see a population, the rightful owners of the country, reduced to the lowest condition of any people in the world. He will observe a Catholic nation compelled, at the point of the bayonet, to support a church establishment whose creed it repudiates. He can be shown the graves of a million of human beings who were slain by a famine which the English government could have averted, but would not. He can be shown the ruins of nearly half a million houses and cottages which were cast down by landlord power, after their occupants were banished to other countries. And we can tell him of the massacres of '98, of the gagging of the public press, of the packing of juries, of the hangings, transportations, whipping at carts' tails, and the passing of insurrection acts, and, to this day, of crime and outrage acts; all to crush down and hold in servitude a people who are the worst treated in the world.

In America, he will find how English governments acted there, and the tyrannies they practiced till a brave people rose up and endured a seven years' war rather than tolerate such cruelties. And in India, he will hear of wholesale plunder of nations; and of deeds in the shape of government which will only be fully known on the great accounting day.

Nay, in England itself, he will learn what her aristocratic government is. It was the aristocracy of England who dealt largest in the sons of Africa; but now, foresooth, they are the enemies of slavery, when the nation paid them £20,000,000 to let their slaves go free. And when the people, in 1819, met at Peterloo, near Manchester, to demand redress, they were fired upon and slaughtered in cold blood.

But why pursue this subject further. It must be evident to every impartial observer that there is a far better government in France than in these countries. In these islands we have nothing but despots and slaves. The aristocrats have the land, and they and the millionaires work the poor farmers and laborers with more severity than the brute, and tax them in such a manner that they are kept in a position, through penury and toil, of a broken-hearted community.

In France it is quite otherwise. There we find few having great wealth, and fewer still suffering from poverty. The people have the land, and are lightly taxed, and if they cannot boast of great wealth they can display a state of ease and comfort in all quarters not to be found in England. If famine threatens them, the Emperor, like a father, exerts himself to give them cheap food; and, inundations destroy their crops, he goes amongst them to alleviate their condition. It is not so in England. Men have died in thousands, under her flag, from a famine which she could have stopped, but she would not.

This, then, is the state of both nations; and must not Count Montalembert be an unwise man to praise

for a moment the clumsy and cruel rule of England, and deprecate the government of great and gallant France.—[Dundalk Democrat.]

VARIOUS ITEMS.

THE other day an old lady rushed into the garden in search of her daughter, on being told that the young lady walked out with a rake.

A COQUETTE treats a lover like a bouquet—carries him about a certain time for amusement or show, and then quietly picks him to pieces.

A DASHFUL printer refused a situation in a printing office where females were employed, saying he never 'set up' with girls in his life.

WHEN the wolf turns moralist, always look to your lambs.

'WHAT makes you spend your time so freely, Jack?' 'Because it's the only thing that I have to spend.'

A LIEUTENANT in the army, named Broom, was advanced to a captaincy, and naturally enough liked to hear himself addressed as Captain Broom. One of his friends persisted in calling him plain Broom, much to his annoyance, and one day, having done so for the fortieth time, Broom said, 'You will please remember, sir, that I have a handle to my name.' 'Ah,' said his tormentor, 'so you have; well, Broomhandle, how are ye?'

THOSE who write and speak best upon spirituous liquors are most generally those who are fullest of their subject.

'WOOD is the thing after all,' as the man with a wooden leg said when the mad dog bit it.

'My native country has treated me badly,' said a drunken vagabond, 'but I love her still.' 'Probably,' replied a gentleman, 'her 'still' is all that you do love.'

LADIES who array themselves in patent hoops should sing, as they dress, 'Still so gently o'er me steeling.'

GOLD is an idol, worshipped in all climates without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

How can five persons divide five eggs, so that each shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish? One takes the dish with the egg.

'DOCTOR, what do you think is the cause of this frequent rush of blood to my head?' 'Oh, it is nothing but an effort of Nature. Nature, you know, abhors a vacuum.'

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make up your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husband's shirt; do not rake up any grievance; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—A most conclusive reason for an effect was given by a one-idea'd Dutchman, in reply to a friend, who remarked—'Why, Hans, you have the most feminine countenance I have ever seen.' 'O, yar,' was the reply. 'I know de reason for dat; mine moder was a woman.'

'SIR,' said a burly fellow, of no enviable character, 'I have the largest neck of any man in the city.' 'Very likely,' said his neighbor, 'and I saw, yesterday, the largest rope in the city. Put that and that together.'

AN artist who had been employed to construct an angel for the spire of a church in a neighboring town, finished the work with a pair of shoes on. Some one undertook to point out the error to him, and asked, 'Who ever saw an angel with brogues on?' The artist regarded the work for a moment with an air of mortification, but recovering himself, rejoined, 'You may be right, but who ever saw one without?'

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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 45.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

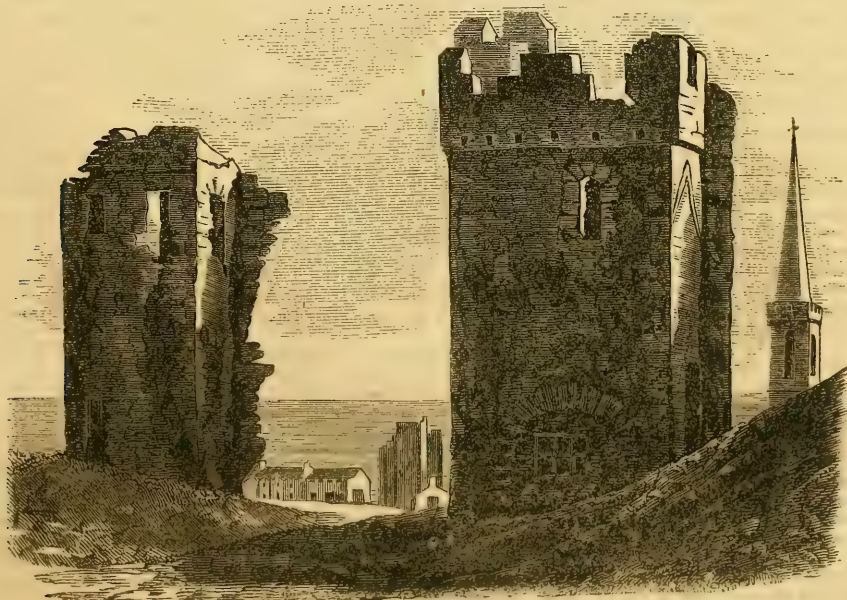
ARDGLASS.

The prefixed illustration, which is engraved from an original drawing by Mr. Nicholl, represents the largest of the many ancient castles of Ardglass, and is popularly known by the name of the 'King's Castle.' It is a fortress of considerable size and strength; but is at the present much dilapidated, and falling to decay. A second castle here is called Horn Castle, and a third, Choud Castle; but the origin of these names is now unknown, nor is the period recorded at which any of those castles were erected. Of the remaining fortresses, the most remarkable is that called Jordan's Castle, which, though inferior in size to the King's Castle, is yet constructed with greater elegance than that, or any of the other buildings of the kind, and was a place of considerable strength. It is situated in the centre of the town, and appears to have been the citadel. This castle is memorable for the gallant

defence made by its owner, Simon Jordan, who, in the Tyrone rebellion, held out for three years, till he was relieved by the Lord Deputy Mountjoy, on the 17th of June, 1601, who rewarded him for this service, both by a concordatum from the Queen and his own private bounty.

Here is also a long range of castellated houses, called by the inhabitants the New-works, and said to have been erected by Shane O'Neill, about the year 1570. It stands boldly on a rocky shore of the bay, which washes it on the east and north sides, and extends 250 feet in length, and in breadth only 24, the thickness of the walls being three feet. Its design is uniform and elegant, consisting of three square towers, one in the centre and one at each end, each tower containing three apartments 10 feet square; the intermediate space is occupied by a range of 15 arched door-ways of cut stone, and 16 square windows—a door-way and a window

being placed alternately next to each other all along the range, an arrangement which leaves no doubt that they were designed for shops or merchants' waterrooms. There is a story over the shops, containing the same number of apartments, and each has its own separate stone staircase. The rooms on the ground floor were seven feet high, the upper rooms six feet and a half; and in each of these was a small water-closet, the flue of which runs down through the walls, and is washed at the bottom by the sea. They have no fire-place, and the merchants, as it would appear, were in the habit of using Horn Castle as their kitchen and dining-hall. On the sea side there are no windows or apertures, except narrow loop-holes, a circumstance which, together with the centre and flanking towers, shows the secondary purpose of the building to have been a fortress, to protect the merchants from piratical assailants. There are also ruins of



RUINS OF KING'S CASTLE, ARDGLASS, CO. DOW.

other castles of lesser moment, whose names are forgotten.

Ardglass is picturesquely situated on the shore of a little harbor of the same name, in the barony of Lecale, seven miles N. E. of Downpatrick, and though now a mean village, with very few inhabitants, ranked, anciently, as the principal town of trade, next to Carrickfergus, in the province of Ulster. Its harbor, however, which is iron-bound, and full of rocks, is only fit for fishing vessels to enter, for which reason the out-trade was, for the most part, carried on in Killough harbor, from thence called by Speed the haven of Ardglass. Its antiquity is very great, as a church was founded here by St. Patrick. It is said to have been a borough, though on its ruin the privilege of returning members to parliament went into disuse; in the reign of Henry the VI. it was a corporation, governed by a portreeve. So late as the beginning of the reign of Charles the I., the duties of the port of Ardglass were let to farm. The history of this interesting town is involved in much obscurity. The ancient English family of the Savages are generally supposed to have been the first colonists of the place, and the founders of most of the castles remaining there, to whom a good part of Lecale, as well as the Ardes, anciently belonged; for it appears by an indenture in the public records, dated the 31st of May, 28th of Henry VIII., made between Leonard Gray, Lord Deputy, and Raymond Savage, chieftain of his clan, that it was covenanted—'That Raymond should have the chieftanship and superiority of his sept, in the territory of the Savages, otherwise called Lecale, as principal chieftain thereof, and that Raymond should give to the deputy, for acquiring his favor and friendship, 100 fat able cows and a horse, or 15 marks, Irish money, in lieu thereof, at the pleasure of the deputy.' But however this may be, it is certain that this southern part of Lecale originally belonged to the Magennises, and the historian of the county—Harris—from whom most of our materials are taken, is of opinion that the Savages were only intruders, of a rather recent time, 'For' he adds, 'there is a tradition in these parts, that when the Savages had formed a strong body of men, in order to oppress the Magennises and other Irish families in Lecale, the latter were obliged to call for the assistance of the Earl of Kildare, and promised him one or two townlands, according to the extent of their territories, and by that means, that noble family got Ardglass, and other lands thereabouts. When the Earl had marched as far as Ballykinlar, the Savages submitted, and so the quarrel ended.'

The Kildare family are, we believe, still the chief proprietors of this decayed town, as well as of Strangford. King Henry the VIII., by letters patent, granted to Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, in fee-farm, all the grand and petty customs of the ports of Strangford and Ardglass, with a power of constituting officers for the collection of that revenue. They continued in the Kildare family, except during the period of its attainder, until the Earl of Kildare sold the same to King Charles the I., in the government of the Earl of Strafford, Anno 1637, and were then said to be worth to the king £5,000 per annum, and they were confirmed to King Charles the II., his heirs and successors, by a clause in the act of explanation, 17th and 18th Charles II.

During the various civil wars in Ireland, the castles of Ardglass frequently changed masters. About the year 1678, they were taken from the O'Neils, after a stout resistance, by Sir Nicholas Bagnal, Marshal of Ireland, who placed here a strong garrison, and they again fell into the possession of the Irish in the memorable rebellion of 1641.

Ardglass formerly gave the title of Earl to the family of Cromwell, and afterwards that of Viscount to the family of Barrington. It is a rectory

in the diocese of Cloyne. The ancient church of Ardhol, situate near the town, was the original parish church, but was removed into the town, as tradition says, in consequence of its being desecrated by a cruel murder, committed by the clan of the MacCartens, on the whole congregation assembled at the Christmas midnight mass.

There is a very curious lime-stone cavern, with a large entrance aperture, and extending 60 feet, situate at the N.E. point of the harbor.

THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROCK.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

'I will a round unvarnished tale deliver'—SHAKESPEARE.

INTRODUCTION.

More than one philosopher has insinuated that no man is great in his chamber; that in private life the hero and the scholar act much like ordinary men, and that the individual whose name fills the globe with awe or veneration, is frequently unable to inspire his domestics with either wonder or esteem. This, perhaps, is generally true; but still there is in the world a restless anxiety to pass that line which separates the public from the private character, for while men would not give three straws to know what way such beings as Tom Ellis or Alderman Nugent spent their time, when not employed in eating or taxing bills of costs, they would give half their substance to ascertain how the 'great leader' amuses himself in Merriem square, with his rosy-checked progeny, when not conning his briefs or saying his prayers. The curiosity is natural; for big children, like little ones, must break the rattle to see what is inside; and though frequently disappointed, they will not be deterred from doing so again and again.

The demand, say political economists, will produce the supply, and those who are curious will have their curiosity gratified. Memoirs, from year to year, fill the press; and we have volumes upon volumes, detailing the private lives of demireps, rouges and vagabonds, kings, queens and princes, as well as dukes, lords, and commoners. Within these few years the appetite for scandal has increased the supply; and Melvin's Conversations of Lord Byron has scarcely been digested when the town was gratified with the chaste production of Miss Wilson. The political memoirs of my own family met with a becoming reception from an inquisitive public; and I am now induced to give them the history of my private life, lest the anxiety evinced by all classes should produce a spurious one. Indeed, I understand that 'A Voice from Rockglen is now hurrying through the press, from the pen of Barry O'Meara, who spent five days last August with my son, and I should not wonder if a volume, detailing my conversations, were shortly to come forth; for a thin, pale, long, lank, black gentleman pursues me every day into Peel's Coffee-house, and makes me speak to him whether I will or not; and the waiter cautioned me to be on my guard 'for that there fellow is a rum'un, who is always writing down summat after you go out.' Yesterday I passed Peel's, and entered Anderton's; but the ghost (of another I suppose) followed me in, and again made me open my mouth, for I gave him a hearty damn for his intrusion.

I shall advise my publisher to erect a steam-engine for the purpose of printing this 'Gazette'; otherwise it will be impossible for him to meet the increased demand occasioned by my 'Memoirs' appearing once a week in this publication. The sensation caused by the first number was astonishing. Orders arrived from every village in the three kingdoms, and such was the anxiety to read it, that all other periodicals were completely neglected. Indeed, it had the effect of diminishing, very considerable, the sale of the 'Edinburgh Review,' which happened to come out the same week. As for Blackwood's, and Taylor and Hessey's Magazines, they have not sold this month at all; and, though the appearance of the 'Dublin and London' might have contributed something to this, the great

cause was the announcement of 'Captain Rock in London.'

But, if this was the case with the first number, what will it be with the second? for the world never yet read anything half so interesting, amusing, and important, as my 'Private Memoirs.' My former publication was pretty well; but it was only the shadow of what is to follow, or at least a skeleton of my political life. What is there left undone will now be supplied; and while I shall, with rigid fidelity, record all the events of my own life, I shall depict upon the canvass the characters of my contemporaries. Think, reader! only think, what a feast there is before you! tragedy, comedy, and farce, interspersed with interludes and melodramas, performed by Irish characters, consisting of magistrates, parsons, priests, lawyers, soldiers, rith-proctors, White-Boys, and a long list of supernumeraries; for what is the character with whom I have not been acquainted?

Let the legislature look to it, for I shall draw the opaque veil which too long has been thrown over the affairs of Ireland, and reveal to the eyes of the public the real condition of the public. Henceforth, they shall know what kind of men are called upon to administer justice and religion in the land of bogs, as well as the reasons why the people accept of neither. Who could do this but myself? Not one, for all the secrets of the kingdom are known to me, and me alone.

But, while I am filling up the vast historical picture, I shall not forget

'The story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed,

—even from my boyish 'days.'

Like Ossian, 'my soul is full of other times; the joy of my youth returns,' and I can now view, through the vista of years, the long perspective of my eventful life—the tricks of youth, the contests of my later years, the enemies I have defeated, and the friends I have caressed. All, all I have done and said, shall be laid before my readers; and, though their pleasure must be great, mine shall be greater; for what a fool was Franklin! he robbed Heaven of lightning, yet lamented that he could not renew the tenure of life. Silly 'man! he need not have petitioned Jupiter; he had only to sit down before a good coal fire in his two-arm chair, uncork a bottle of port, or mix a tumbler of whiskey punch, shut the door of his apartment, and unburden his thoughts. The waters of oblivion, according to the reports of the latest travellers, are not half so mentally soporific as these necessary companions of a lonely hour, for they immediately, judging from himself, annihilate the present time, and renew the scenes of twenty, forty, or fifty years ago. Reminiscence has nameless charms for me, and in these delightful moments of retrospection, I forget the obloquy that has been showered upon my name, the arts of my enemies, and the imprudence of friends; while I revel amid the scenes of youth and manhood, laugh at all the ludicrous incidents of my long life, and enjoy, for the hundredth time, the jokes, the pranks, and the 'vacant laugh,' of those I shall never jest, or drink, or fight with, more. No matter! age has only reversed my prospects; in youth I look forward to the future; but now my greatest solace is derived from the past.

Reader! judge not harshly of my conduct. Many things I have done which give me pleasure, many that give me pain. To you I relate the good and evil of my life, and before you condemn mine, recollect how much of both is in thine own.

CHAPTER I.

MODE OF NURSING IN IRELAND SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

In the good old times, when it pleased Providence that I, the most remarkable character of the age, should be born, no mother nursed her own child. Fostering was then the common practice of the country, and, as I afterwards understood, more

than three score women contended for the honor of sucking the tenth son of the old chieftain of Rockglen. Shase M-Farlane, however, was selected, she being the foster-sister of my mother; and, immediately after the christening (a real Irish one), she carried me to her cabin, situated among the mountains, about five miles from my father's house. Being intended for the church, my nurse received particular directions to be careful of her charge, and she promised to watch over the 'little darling' with more than a mother's anxiety; after which she was presented with the fleeces of three wethers, six hams of bacon, a 'muskann' of butter, a piece of linen, and a sack of oatmeal. Such was the munificence of the times, and such was the anxiety of my parents for the welfare of a little Decimus!

Shase having many foster-sisters, she was obliged to become a nurse to more children than one, and a single cradle rocked half a dozen of us to repose—a circumstance which, I fancy, led to that love of society which attended me through life. The period was one of alarm, and the vocation of my father (hunting tithe-proctors) prevented him from paying that attention to his child which he would otherwise have done, were he not incumbered with the most important public affairs. For two years neither he nor my mother came to see me; and when he did make it his business to inquire after his son, I was pointed out to him in rather a singular manner.

He arrived alone at the cabin, and, having taken his seat on the straw buss in the corner, he was not a little astonished to see six of us, all of one age, sprawling on the floor, among whom he could not recognize his own. He inquired of the brat who was performing the duty of a nursery-maid for Shase, and was told she was busy in the potato-garden. 'And how,' he inquired, 'do you feed all these children?' 'Well enough,' replied our protector, at the same time calling out 'Gin! Gin!' when in ran a gray goat, and placed herself over a hole in the floor, into which no sooner a child was put than it commenced an immediate attack upon the dugs of poor Gin, who was in the habit of performing for us all the functions of a wet-nurse. Indignant as my father felt, he remained silent, until he discovered his son through my obstinacy; for, it having come to my turn to descend into the sucking-hole, I refused to quit my hold before nature was satisfied; upon which the boy seized me by the arm, saying, 'Come out of this, Rock; you would drink as much as five.' 'Oh,' says my father, interposing, 'let poor Rock drink his fill; and, as I looked up in his face, he snatched me from the floor, pressed me to his heart, and bedewed with his tears my sun-burnt face. A removal to Rockglen immediately followed, and in happier moments I have been pleased to see the venerable chieftain shake his sides with laughter while he related his anecdote, always concluding it by assuring his auditors that he attributed my eccentric disposition to the milk I was reared on.

But though I was, like the founders of Rome, suckled by a quadruped, it does not follow but that I was well fed; for, in addition to Gin's milk, I ate good mutton. This I can't state from my own knowledge, but I have no doubt of its truth, for, on my coming home from nurse, we had a leg of lamb for supper, and, when grace was concluded, I cried out, with great vehemence, 'Hide the bones!—hide the bones!' This I learned from my foster-father, for it appeared that he, like most mountaineers, was in the habit of stealing the sheep that fed on the hills, and, to avoid detection, used to order his children, after every meal, to 'hide the bones.' For many years this remained a standing jest at Rockglen, and I remember the time when I was silly enough to take umbrage whenever any one after dinner cried out, 'Hide the bones.'

I shall not dwell any longer on the anecdotes o-

childhood, but pass, at once, to that period which is yet vividly impressed upon my memory—my school-boy days, from which time I began to observe the manners and conduct of men, and to perform myself no contemptible part in the great drama of life; for, like players, 'we have our exits and our entrances.'

CHAPTER II.

AN IRISH SCHOOL AND SCHOOL-MASTER SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

In the good old times, no boy was tortured by that instrument of good manners, a pedagogue, until he had obtained, at least, his tenth year; though it was by no means unusual to see a raw-boned fellow, of six feet high, marching to school with a turf in one hand and a horn-book in the other. Perhaps our forefathers were right, for what proficiency can a child under ten make? He may, indeed, learn to spell, as a parrot learns to speak; but nothing more, for his ideas are incapable of being either separated or combined. The gain by early schooling is at least doubtful, while the loss of juvenile happiness is certain; for what greater misery can a boy suffer than that of going to school? Mrs. Trimmer, and other old women like her, whether in breeches or petticoats, may write nice little books to subdue the propensities of nature; but still the child will 'creep, like a snail, unwillingly to school,' and a boy himself must certainly know best what constitutes his immediate happiness.

My father was not only a chieftain and lawgiver, but a philosopher. From him I inherit many orthodox as well as paradoxical opinions, and perhaps the reader will consider this, about school-boys, as one of latter species. If so, I shall adduce myself in proof of its truth and reasonableness, for I assure you that I was fifteen years old before a book was put into my hand, and I can safely aver that those fifteen years were the happiest of my long life. I did nothing all the time but gather flowers about the meadows of Rockglen, listen to the songs of my father's bard, and hear the predictions of my future greatness from each successive visitor. But this felicity, like peace in Ireland, was too good to last long. One morning in summer, as I stepped out of bed, I found a book and a 'clough' lying on the floor. I knew their meaning, and, without hesitation, I stooped for the book. In an instant my poor father had me clasped in his arms, and, with tears of gladness, he exclaimed, 'I knew my Decimus had a natural pride about him, that would prefer being a scholar than a clown; for, in these times, parents ascertained the disposition of their children by laying before them those things which indicated learning and labor, and it depended on which they preferred whether they were sent to school or to the plough.'

Having always had a prescience of being a great man, I set off for the school and Florence McCarthy, without shedding a single tear, though my too-partial mother, bedewed my cheeks with hers at this our first parting since my return from nurse. About half an hour brought me within sight of the 'noisy mansion,' and my little heart bounded against my side as I entered it. The school-master, with a switch under his arm, welcomed me with a smile, and placed me on a seat near him; but so intent was I on getting my lesson, that I did not raise my head for a full half-hour. When I ventured, at last, to look up, good God! what a sight met my eyes! A hundred boys, of all sizes, ages, and degrees, were arranged on boards, placed on large stones, that made a kind of forms of them, while their position served to illustrate every figure in Euclid, as they went across and along, angular and diagonal. Tables and desks were then considered an incumbrance in a school-room, the boys, and even Florence himself, having a board, twelve inches by eighteen, to write on, which, for want of a better place to put in, was always laid on the knees. Mr. Castairs and Mr. Lewis may laugh at this; but I have still some writing executed by poor Florence, and I will wager one of my 'Gazettes' against their last piece of penmanship, that neither of these professors of the new system will better it.

Poor Florence! 'I knew him well.' Tall, thin, and formal, he seemed made up of precision, every word being pronounced with as much care as he evinced in the pointing of a letter in a copy-piece, while his dress, of decent frieze, indicated the extreme neatness of the wearer. The village all declared how much he knew, and he was not insensible of his own merit; for there is not a fellow of Trinity College could sit in his curiously carved chair with more dignity than Florence when he called out, 'Silence! Lessons now.' I think I hear his voice at this moment, and my ears ring with the Babel-like din that followed, for that boy was counted best which shouted his lesson out loudest, and you may be sure the emulation thus excited made the school-house very unlike a Quakers' meeting. Goldsmith must have been well aware of this custom when he wrote 'noisy mansion,' a fact which proves, more than any other, that the scene of his 'deserted village' was laid in Ireland.

The noise thus unnecessarily made had sometimes a singular effect on Florence himself, for, when the roar was at the highest, he would start up from his chair, and commence piercing the thatch with a long pole; and then, lowering it to the ground, he would run round the school, drawing it across the boys' legs, who always made the best preparation they could when they saw the fit coming on him.

A country school-house at this period was, and even at the present day is, like a church-yard,—the gathering-place of all conditions, for the poor scholar, who could not pay, was as welcome as the rich man's son, who could, and nothing is more erroneous than to suppose that education is not within the reach of all classes in the country parts of Ireland. The books usually made use of at this time have been objected to, but, I think, without reason, for I owe much of that patriotic heroism and enthusiastic virtue which have distinguished my career to the early perusal of the hedge classics, 'The Seven Champions of Christendom,' and 'Guy Earl of Warwick.' I even read the 'History of Jane Shore,' and was better for it, since that time, I have held despots and seducers in equal abhorrence. It is rather remarkable that the great wish to engross all works of such tendency to themselves, for, while they take their sons and daughters to see Rowe's tragedy, they would exclude the life of this unfortunate woman, which enforces an excellent moral lesson, from the daughters of poverty, who stand in much need of such an example.

For three years I was regular in my attendance at school, and was making the usual progress, when the crowded state of Florence's academy alarmed the government, lest the Papists should learn to read the statutes they were bound to obey; for these sages were wiser than Heliogabalus, and, instead of hanging their edicts on high and inaccessible places, they at once disqualified the people from perusing them. Tyrants are always cowards, and when information of Florence's existence was given at the castle of Dublin, the sensation produced was incredible; the courtiers ran to hiding-places, the ladies fled to the island of Dalky, and the Sir William Stammer of the day was commissioned to erect barriers at Cullen's Wood and Killmainham, while the military force of the country was placed under arms, and the whole of the Dublin aldermen were apprehensive that they should rise some morning with their throats cut.

When the panic had somewhat subsided, a detachment of dragoons was sent down to arrest the great enemy of ignorance, and so unconscious was Florence of having given offence, that he had just taken his seat as the cavalry formed round the school-house, as usual, commanded 'Silence! now to your lessons.' The roar that instantly burst from a hundred lungs so terrified the soldiers, that, thinking Florence was prepared for their reception, they scampered off in different directions. The confusion thus caused brought us all running out, when, seeing what kind of enemies they had to contend with, the dragoons rallied, and soon made prisoner of poor Florence, who was instantly tied behind one of the men, and carried off, the remainder of the troop surrounding him with drawn

swords. This was the first time I found myself imperiously called upon to take a leading part in the public affairs; for, although then but eighteen, I longed to make myself useful. Seeing all the scholars staring at each other, I mounted upon the master's chair, and addressed my fellow pupils. My harangue must have been very impressive, for even the smaller boys volunteered to assist me in attempting a rescue. No time was to be lost, and, as we formed a body of forty young fellows, most of whom were older than myself, we considered ourselves fully able to encounter the troopers, who did not exceed that number.

The dragoons having to make a circuit of near three miles, to avoid a neighboring bog, we had time enough to intercept them, and, accordingly, we set off at a full speed, collecting such arms as we could in our progress. An old woman supplied me with a Spanish gun, as long as a fishing-rod, and my companions succeeded in securing swords, pikes, &c. Our numbers, too, were greatly increased, for Paddy then, as well as now, loved fighting, and hated oppression. Rivers and bog-holes were insufficient to cool our zeal, and in less than twenty minutes we had collected a score of horses and cows on the road, which the dragoons had to pass. Arranging ourselves in the fields, on each side, we awaited their approach, and when they came, a shot fired by me was the signal of attack. We made short work of it. About half a dozen troopers fell, when the commandant begged a truce, surrendered his prisoner, and made me a present of the sword and pistols which 'yet I wear.'

The fame of this exploit spread far and near, and the whole country declared that I would one day be more famous than any of my predecessors—a prediction which has been literally fulfilled.

It is but justice, however, to observe that the law which hanged priests and transported schoolmasters was then very seldom enforced, thanks to the intervention of my family; but even the dread inspired by the heroes of Rocklen could not preserve such an innovator as Florence M. Cartly, who was obliged to leave that part of the country, and commence an attack upon ignorance elsewhere.

CHAPTER III.

ABDUCTION OF A SCHOOLMASTER—ILLUSTRATION OF THE PENAL LAWS.

For some time after the departure of poor Florence, we indulged in the hope that he might in a few months return when the storm had blown over; but we were disappointed, for the unfortunate man died of a broken heart in less than two months from the time of his removal from the delightful neighborhood of Rocklen. A pedagogue, qualified to supply his place was not easily found, for we were determined to patronize no master unless he was capable of teaching Greek and Latin, these languages being then fashionable among the Irish peasantry. After looking about us for some time, we turned our eyes to a parish half a dozen miles distant, which enjoyed the rare felicity of a schoolmaster who was at once celebrated for instructing the mind and healing the body, being an excellent classical scholar and physician of vast reputation, his fame having extended beyond the limits of the parish where he lived—a proof of eminence which can be adduced by few of those whose names occur in Scottish diplomas.

This man, known by the name of Dr. M'Inery, was one of the most singular characters I have ever known, and was regarded by his pupils as a philosophic madman. His appearance was most repulsive, as he was never known to undress himself, while the absence of cleanliness left him subject to a disgusting cutaneous disease, in which he prided himself, alleging it as an axiom in physic, that the itch is a preventive against contagion. Perhaps he was right. The faculty should look to it, for what a blessing if the music made by a Scotch fiddle had the power to charm away the plague and typhus!

Dr. M'Inery was in his fiftieth year when I first knew him, and his image is yet before me, as he used

to walk along the road with a book in his hand, the bridle round his arm, and his old crooked horse following him, as if unwillingly dragged after his master. The dress of the doctor consisted of as many coats as d waistcoats as were worn by the grave-digger in 'Hamlet,' while his legs were swallowed up in flannels, and a large red wig, like the capital of a Corinthian column, curled round under his old hat. His face indicated nothing but benevolence, and the blessings of the peasantry audibly declared his active humanity. As a physician, he was in general request, and while he resided in the country no old woman or quack got footing in the district. His learning admitted not of doubt, and the Catholic clergy were unanimous in recommending him pupils. But what made the doctor an object of wonder was the mystery which he sedulously threw over the former part of his life. He resisted all inquiries respecting his family or connexions, and though it was quite apparent that he was an Irishman, none could tell of what county he was a native. His creed, too, was dubious, for, he never went to confession; but, being looked upon as 'cracked with the learning,' he was never reproached with a neglect of religious duties.

He had resided for about seven years at Ballyfearnagh, when the young fellows about Rocklen thought it unreasonable that their neighbors should monopolize so much wisdom; and, thinking that 'might constitutes right,' they resolved that the tyros of Ballyfear-



CAPTAIN ROCK.

nagh should allow others to profit by the instruction of him whose tuition they had so long enjoyed. Knowing that such a treasure as Dr. M'Inery would not be tamely surrendered, they formed an expedition for the purpose of carrying him off 'vi et armis;' and as I had already distinguished myself as a pedagogue liberator, I was chosen by unanimous consent to head the invading forces. My chosen consisted of 30 young fellows, who, on this occasion, evinced an extraordinary love of education, and though, no doubt, there was much of a selfish feeling in the enterprise, yet it was one which reflects great credit on their literary courage. The roost-cock of Rocklen had proclaimed the solemn hour of midnight before we took our departure for Ballyfearnagh, and when we arrived there it was some time before we discovered the doctor's residence, for he had no settled habitation, leading, like most country schoolmasters, a kind of a vagrant life, continually removing from one house to another. This night he had taken up his abode at the residence of a pupil, and was not a little surprised when informed that we were not inclined to consult his interest or inclination, being determined to compel submission to our wishes. He made many protests against such arbitrary proceedings; but, in spite of remonstrances, we seated him upon his sheep-skin saddle, and with three cheers commenced our progress towards Rocklen. The doctor was a practical philosopher, and seeing that

resistance was in vain, he seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing, and joked upon the honors paid him during the journey. He related many anecdotes of Plato, Socrates, and other pedagogues among the ancients; but protested that his reading did not furnish him with an instance of the abduction of a schoolmaster in the history of either Greece or Rome.

Having deposited our prize at Rocklen, we commenced preparations against the attempt which we knew would be made to recover the stolen doctor, and, as a necessary precaution, stationed outposts to watch the appearance of the enemy. About twelve o'clock word was brought me that the heroes of Ballyfearnagh were approaching, burning for revenge, and eager for battle. We received them warmly, and after a protracted contest of three hours, they retired, with the loss of half a dozen arms, and probably as many legs. My companions lauded me to the skies for the military capacity I displayed on this occasion, and even the defeated owned, like O'Regan after the battle of the Boyne, that had they the enemy's captain, they should have proved victorious.

The doctor soon became reconciled to his new situation, for though the base and unnatural conduct of my brother had depressed my father into poverty, yet enough remained to bid a friend or stranger welcome. The doctor's horse was well taken care of, and himself comfortably lodged in a little room above the kitchen, from which it was separated by a bundle. Here he continued for three weeks, when, seeing no further attempt at a rescue, we gave him his liberty, and inducted him into the professor's chair, left vacant by poor Florence. Here, however, he was not destined to continue long, for his former pupils renewed hostilities, and a desultory warfare was carried on for six months. One day the heroes of Ballyfearnagh invested the school, and a desperate engagement took place, when the doctor, imprudently interfering between the belligerent parties, received a wound from the stab of a pitchfork. The melancholy fact was no sooner known than the horror it excited had the effect of immediately terminating hostilities, the contending powers vying with each other in regret for the alarming accident. Being instantly removed to Rocklen, his wound was dressed; but he, with too much accuracy, pronounced it fatal. On the third day he put a sealed paper into my hand—for I had become his favorite—and requested of me to preserve it for his sake. 'It will,' said he, 'explain my extraordinary conduct, and if I mistake not, awaken your sympathy for my misfortune. Death, thank Heaven, is about to terminate a life of silent and secret misery; and, that its detail might benefit others, I request you will, after I have ceased to breathe, make the contents of that paper public.' On the next day an hemorrhage took place, and he soon after surrendered his soul into the hands of Him with whom I hope he had previously made his peace. The day after I saw him 'quietly inurned' I broke the seal of the package, and read as follows:—

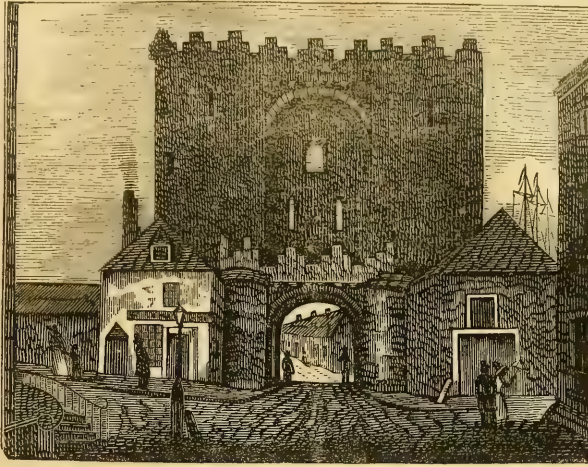
'Tranquility is at length within my reach, and the remainder of my miserable life is likely to continue undisturbed by my enemies. While, therefore, I have opportunity and leisure, let me endeavor to exculpate my character from the foul crime which is attached to it, and leave behind me an apology for the greatest error of my life.

'I was the oldest son of an Irish Catholic, who descended from the chieftains of Tyrone, whose name he bore. I was baptized Henry Neil O'Donnel, and my only brother, two years younger than I, was called Hugh O'Donnel. My father had contrived to elude the rapacity of government, and, through the kindness of a neighboring Protestant, named Glennon, he retained possession of his ancient patrimony. The redeeming qualities of human nature are generally a good security against despotic laws, for though the informer was declared by act of parliament highly honorable, and entitled to the property of such Catholics as he brought to what was called justice, yet in a few instances only were men found base enough to avail themselves of such iniquitous laws, and hundreds of the 'old religion' retained their possessions notwith-

standing these profligate enactments.

'My father was one of these, and as his fortune was ample, he bestowed on his two sons an education suited to their rank and prospects in life. Being under many obligations to Mr. Glennon, it followed that a friendly intercourse existed between the two families, the younger branches of both being constantly together. Youth is the season of innocence and love, and, as our neighbor's only slaughter was every thing that could attract and retain affection, it will not be wondered at that I whispered into her willing ear the sentiments of an unsophisticated mind. Caroline listened, and returned my affection; we pledged an eternal attachment, and at eighteen I quitted her for the Continent with all the anguish of an ardent lover, having first promised inviolable fidelity, and marriage when I returned. 'For six long years I continued in the Austrian service, and, at the conclusion of the campaign, hastened to redeem the pledge I had given. I literally met my Caroline on the wings of love, and beheld, with amazement, that her brow was clouded, while her pallid countenance indicated some latent sorrow. As she appeared, however, to rejoice in my presence, and receive, without opposition, a renewal of my vows of love, I attributed her melancholy to her anxiety during my absence. In a little time she began to resume her wonted cheerfulness, and as we talked of our approaching union, the cup of happiness seemed to overflow. But, alas! a jealous hand was protruded, and dashed it from our lips. That hand was my brother's! He, it appeared, had addressed Caroline during my absence in Austria, and, though his suit was rejected, he continued his fulsome attentions, thinking to overcome, by perseverance, the repugnance she felt towards him. All this time he certainly knew nothing of the engagements between us, and when he discovered that I was his successful rival, revenge seemed to have taken instant possession of his soul. He hastened to Dublin, read his recantation, and, of course, became legally entitled to the whole property of his father. The wretch who disgraced religion dishonored human nature, he caused his aged parent and family to be ejected from the home of their ancestors, and flung them upon an unpropitious world, as if unworthy the protection of either law or justice.

A follower of the family received us into his hut until we should find an opportunity of embarking for Spain—the hospitable asylum of expatriated Irishmen. I felt on this occasion as a son and a brother ought to feel; but I felt more for my Caroline than for myself. Her I should now part with forever, being no longer in a condition to support her in that rank to which she was entitled. I waited on her for the purpose of resigning my pretensions, and, when I had stated my reasons for doing so, her noble soul mounted into her face, and, pointing to my sword, observed, 'The woman who would not feel honored in being a soldier's bride is unworthy the hand of O'Donnel.' The appeal was irresistible; I clasped her to my heart, and promised to share my fate with hers. This resolution, however, her father opposed, and we found ourselves under the necessity of resorting to clandestine means of procuring occasional interviews. During one of these, at a short distance from her father's house, on a fine summer's evening, a stranger made his appearance; it was my detested brother! I demanded his business; he gave an ironical reply; then, drawing my sword, I commanded him to depart; but, instead of obeying me, he drew his rapier, and, with a demoniac laugh, exclaimed, 'Now or never! This opportunity I have long sought, and my revenge shall at length be satisfied.' He then made a thrust at me, which I fortuna-



ST. LAWRENCE'S GATE, DROGHEDA.

tely parried, and had put myself in a posture of defence ere he could renew his attack. Caroline, who had hitherto remained stupefied with astonishment, now gave a wild cry, and rushed in between us. My brother's sword, whether accidentally or designedly I know not, entered her side; with a scream, she fell upon the ground. At that moment I thought the murderous act intentional, and, rushing like a fury upon the assassin, I instantly disarmed him; and, oh! my miserable fate, thrust my weapon through his heart.

'Dare I apologize? No, reader! judge for yourself, and say, ought my memory to be charged with the fell crime of murder? The reeking blade had scarcely been wet with the blood of an O'Donnel when I repented the rash act; I cursed my fate, and wished the ground to open and swallow me. With distracted steps I hurried to my father, confessed what I had done, and, by his advice, fled to Spain, where, hiding myself in a college, I spent five years in the study of medicine.

At the termination of this period, I returned to Ireland, when, horrid to relate, I first heard that my father was executed for the supposed murder of Caroline, and his son! The miserable man, weary of existence, and anxious to stop pursuit after me, declared himself the assassin; and, being found near the dead bodies, he was tried and condemned. My cup of misery was now at the full; life was a burden; yet, unwilling to loose it, I put on the disguise I have ever since worn, and having assumed another name, I continued a vagrant life until I took up my abode at Ballyfeanagh, where I hope to spend the remainder of my days.'

Here the MS. ended, and, as it contained a melancholy illustration of the penal statutes, I soon made it public. I could not refuse to sympathize in the fate of the unfortunate man, while I heartily cursed those laws which deprived me also of opulence and rank through a brother's baseness.

My next tutor was of a very different description; and, when I have given his character, I shall detail the history of my family, a knowledge of which is necessary to the understanding of my own.

[To be Continued.]

ST. LAWRENCE'S GATE.

The town of Drogheda was formerly enclosed by high and massive walls, several portions of the ruins of which are to be seen in various directions. St. Lawrence's Gate is in excellent preservation, and a good specimen of the ancient building. The town is remarkable for having been several times besieged from 1641 to 1683, and for having been taken by Oliver Cromwell, who, after an obstinate resistance, and having been twice repulsed, reduced the walls to their

present condition, and put the governor, Sir A. Aston, and all the inhabitants to the sword. In 1649, the utmost pains had been taken to strengthen and furnish the place for a vigorous and protracted defence; but Cromwell, actuated by the fierce and steady determination which characterized him, and sensible of the advantage of promptitude and decision, was not to be impeded by any ordinary obstacle. Disdaining the regular approaches and forms of a siege, he thundered furiously for two days against the walls with his great guns, and having effected a breach, issued orders for a general assault. The desperate valor of the assailants was encountered by the desperate valor of the garrison, so that with appalling havoc on both sides the troops of Cromwell were twice repulsed. But determined on conquest, he led them in person a third time to the breach, and with an intrepid, steady, and impetuous charge, bearing down all opposition, gained the

possession of the ground. In 1689, and the following year, this town was garrisoned by James II., but was given up to King William, without a struggle, after his victory on the adjacent banks of the Boyne.

The circumstances attending the surrender of this place on this occasion, are thus succinctly, yet satisfactorily, stated by Mr. Harris. The day after the victory at the Boyne, the king sent Brigadier 'la Meloniere,' with a thousand horse, a party of foot, and eight pieces of cannon, to summon Drogheda, where the Irish had a great magazine, and a garrison of thirteen hundred men, commanded by Lord Jevagh. The governor at first seemed resolute to defend the place, and received the summons with great contempt; but the king sending word, 'that if he was forced to bring the cannon before the place, he must expect no quarter,' his lordship, considering that King James's army being defeated he could expect no relief, accepted of the offered conditions, and marched out with only the garrison and baggage, leaving all their arms and stores. Colonel Cut's regiment took possession of the place, which they found well stored with wine and provisions, and took care to preserve the town from violence.—Life of William III. by Harris, vol. 3. pp. 98-9.

The corporation of Drogheda attained considerable military distinction in the reign of Edward IV. In an engagement which took place at Malpas bridge, the mayor of Drogheda, at the head of five hundred archers, and two hundred men armed with pole-axes, assisted in the defeat of O'Reilly and his confederates, who had committed great ravages in the county of Louth. In commemoration of this signal piece of service, King Edward gave the town of Drogheda a sword, to be carried before the mayor, and the sum of twenty pounds a year for its maintenance.

The town of Drogheda is situated on the river Boyne, by means of which vessels of one hundred and fifty tons burthen are floated up to the bridge, which crosses at the end of one of the principal streets. The extension and improvements of Drogheda have been rapid within the last few years; the principal street, as well as the new houses on the quay, are substantial and handsome. It contains about eighteen thousand inhabitants, many of whom are of considerable respectability. A very extensive trade, particularly in the export of corn and provisions, and in the import of many articles of commerce for the interior of the country, is carried on. The lower orders, especially those who reside in the vicinity of the town, still retain much of the appearance and manners of the ancient Irish—many of them continuing to make use of the Irish language. The priory situated near St. Lawrence's Gate is said to have been founded by the mayor and citizens of the town, to whom it was granted on the dissolution of religious houses though Ireland.

SONG.

Along the stream of life we row,
With constant mind;
Still lightly touching as we go,
Each port we find.
The duldest spot we carol by,
With laugh and lay;
And be it still, with smile or sigh—
Touch, and away!

We never dream that sunny hours
Were made to last;
But know, like them, that storms and showers
Must soon be past.
And thus springs pass and springs return;
Joys come and flee—
And sober mortals laugh and mourn—
We still are free!

THE RIDING-WHIP WHICH HAD THE DEVIL IN IT.

Charles Lambert, of Creg-a-Clare, in the county of Galway, Ireland, was a very wealthy gentleman. He lived about fifty years ago. His estates brought him in several thousands each year, and they do yet to his descendants. To field sports he was greatly addicted. Race horses, hunters, more than one pack of hounds, an extensive deer-park, and a proper number of coachmen, butlers, huntsmen, and dog-boys, belonged to him. He was a dashing horseman, a splendid shot, successful angler, and a gentleman of great hospitality. When the sporting season came, his mansion was one of unusual bustle, and all about nothing but sport, in its various departments of fishing, shooting feathered game, and hunting the hare, the fox, and the stag. Gentlemen from all parts of the country were at Creg-a-Clare at the pleasant time, and the greatest liberality and cleverness greeted and welcomed each one of them. The wealth, and sport, and hospitality of Lambert of Creg were famous throughout the province.

Mr. Lambert was an extensive farmer, as well as a dashing sportsman. He cultivated each year immense quantities of grain. This he did, not for the love of lucre, but for the benefit of the poor, who were quite numerous in his neighborhood. In those days, threshing machines had not yet been heard of in Connaught. The flail was the instrument used in the barns of that time in that quarter of Ireland. It was Mr. Lambert's custom to give out his threshing in piece work. There was a man in the vicinity who used to deal with him quite largely in this way. His name was Peter Mulcahy. Peter was very expert with the instrument of his profession. He could beat out, by himself, in one day, any quantity of grain put into the barn for him. This strange fact attracted a good deal of attention, and, of course, Mr. Lambert could not but be inquisitive about it, as well as any one else. No one could explain it. But it was observed that Peter never allowed any one to handle his flail, that he always took it home with him when going to his meals, and when retiring from his day's toil. The conclusion arrived at, from this carefulness about the flail, was, that in the flail was the secret of his wonderful dexterity in threshing out the whole contents of a barn by himself in the course of a day. Mr. Lambert made this inference, as well as his neighbors, and, being as curious as any of them, he resolved to get the flail into his hands for examination. His plan to effect this was, to invite Peter to dinner at Creg-a-Clare House, and while eating it, to examine the implement, which, he supposed, Peter would leave after him in the barn, should the invitation be accepted.

This trick succeeded. Peter was proud of being asked to dinner by the great man, and when he went to it, he was too polite to encumber himself with the flail. Fatal condescension! In his absence, Mr. Lambert proceeded to the barn, and made out the flail. In his examination of it, he was that there was a piece of white wood nicely

screwed on at the end of the part which is held in the hand. This he undid, and, to his extreme amazement, out leaped a great black, creeping insect, which in Ireland is called the 'dhawr dheul,' and which is universally allowed there to be the first reptile that bores the coffins of the dead. Mr. Lambert concluded at once that this insect was Old Nick, and that if possession of him made Peter Mulcahy a wonderful man at the flail, it would make himself a wonderful man on horseback. He therefore picked up the insect, and put it in a hole in the handle of his riding whip, which he made for it with his knife, and then left the barn lest Peter might catch him. Peter was greatly chagrined when he returned, for he found that the devil had left him, and that his flail was a very ordinary one indeed. Mr. Lambert was not disappointed at his expectations. No matter what kind of a horse he rode, if he had the whip with him, he was carried with the greatest ease, in perfect safety, over the most dangerous places, and at whatever speed he liked. In the hunt, he outstripped all his competitors by a dashing distance, and halted at the most terrible jumps. On the race course he was equally successful; he always won. A cut from his whip would make a cart-horse go faster than the fleetest thorough-bred. His name soon became famous in England as well as in Ireland. Before long, however, he was disqualified from riding. The notion that he had the devil to add speed to his horses was the cause of this. In the course of a short period after his disqualification, a match was made between an English and an Irish horse of great celebrity for a very large sum of money. The race was to come off on the Curragh of Kildare. The horse that won two out of three heats was to be the winner. Charles Lambert was specially debarred from riding; and the cash was to be handed over at the end of the race. These were the points of the contract. The point excluding Lambert, however, was not to be observed. The owner and backers of the Irish horse, which was called 'Black and all Black,' were determined to have the gentleman from Creg-a-Clare to ride. To effect this, however, there was a good deal of difficulty, for that person was very well known to all the gentlemen of the opposite party. But they were full of stratagem. The great stakes at issue filled them with cunning. Mr. Lambert was willing to ride, and their plan to enable him to do so by stealth was this: on the day previous to the race, he was to have several gentlemen with him at Creg-a-Clare, all of whom he was, if possible, to send home at a late hour of the night dead drunk, and to have them hunt and dine with him on the following day. Creg-a-Clare was more than one hundred miles from the racing ground.

Along this road, several horses of first-rate mettle were to be posted at short distances. These horses Mr. Lambert was to ride, one by one, all the way to the Curragh, after getting rid of his guests in the manner mentioned. All this succeeded very well. The day of the contest came, and Charles Lambert was just in the nick of time, in his riding-dress at the scales. He was soon weighed, was correct in his weight, was soon mounted, and at the starting-post, where he took particular care not to come too close to his opponent, who knew him well. The word 'away,' was given, and off they flew; Lambert came in by a couple of stretches. When the heat was over Mr. Lambert kept among his friends alone. The second heat was announced in due time, and off they went like the wind. Lambert won this heat by such a distance that before his competitor was weighed, he was quite a long way on the road home to Creg-a-Clare, to fulfill his engagement of the preceding day. It seems that, during this heat, the English rider recognized Lambert, for as soon as he came in, he swore most lustily that he must have ridden against him. This, of course, started suspicion, and the winning rider

was looked for by the English party. A man to represent him was produced, but the suspicion that Lambert rode only got the stronger. An investigation was therefore made, but to no avail. It was morally impossible that Charles Lambert, a gentleman who hunted on his own grounds, which were more than a hundred miles distant from the Curragh, on the day before the race, which a number of sportsmen, whom he kept for dinner after the chase, and whom he sent home drunk at a late hour at night, and who had the same gentlemen to hunt, dine, and drink with him on the very day of the race, could have ridden in the race. The English had, therefore, to pay the bets.

The trick leaked out after some time; but the English gained nothing by its detection. Irish sportsmen of those days soon got rid of their winnings, and going to law with them was nonsense.

Such is a correct account of one of the most noted facts in Irish sportsmanship. It is hard to secure credibility for it in America, but it is admitted in Ireland. One thing is certain, Charles Lambert was disqualified as a rider, and he rode in the race in question, and under the circumstances here mentioned. Whether he had the devil with him or not, is the point. But there is nothing in it but—improbability.

ENGLISH PRICES AND LABOR IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Wheat, the price of which necessarily varied, averaged in the middle of the fourteenth century ten pence the bushel, barely averaging at the same time three shillings the quarter. With wheat the fluctuation was excessive; a table of its possible variations describes it as ranging from eighteen pence the quarter to twenty shillings, the average, however, being six and eight pence. When the price was above this sum, the merchants might import to bring it down; when it was below this price, the farmers were allowed to export to the foreign markets, and the same average continued to hold, with no perceptible tendency to a rise, till the close of the reign of Elizabeth.

Beef and pork were a half penny per pound; mutton was three farthings. They were fixed at these prices by the 3d of the 24th of Henry VIII. But this act was unpopular both with buyers and with sellers. The old practice had been to sell in the gross, and under that arrangement the rates had been generally lower. Stowe says—'It was this year enacted that butchers should sell their beef and mutton by weight—beef for a half penny the pound, and mutton for three farthings, which being devised for the great commodity of the realm (as it was thought), hath proved otherwise, for at that time fat oxen were sold for six and twenty shillings and eight pence the pound; fat wethers for three shillings and four pence the piece; fat calves at a like price, and fat lambs for twelve pence. The butchers of London sold penny pieces of beef for the relief of the poor, every piece two pounds and a half, sometimes three pounds for a penny, and thirteen and sometimes fourteen of these pieces for twelve pence; mutton eight pence the quarter, and an under weight of beef for four shillings and eight pence.'

The act was repealed in consequence of the complaints against it; but the prices never fell again to what they had been, although beef sold in the gross could still be had for a half penny per pound in 1570.

Strong beer, such as we now buy for eighteen pence a gallon, was then a penny a gallon, and table beer less than a half penny.

French and Spanish wines were eight pence the gallon. Spanish and Portuguese wines a shilling. This was the highest price at which the best wines might be sold, and if there was any fault in quality or quantity, the dealers forfeited four times the amount.

Rent, another important consideration, cannot be fixed so accurately, for parliament did not interfere with it. Here, however, we are not without very tolerable information. 'My father,' says Latimer, 'was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had

a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milk'd thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse. I remember that I buckled on his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds or twenty nobles each, having brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbors, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did of the said farm.'

If 'three or four pounds at the uttermost' was the rent of a farm yielding such results, the rent of laborers' cottages is not likely to have been considerable. I am below the truth, therefore, with this scale of prices, in assuming the penny in terms of a laborer's necessities to have been equal in the reign of Henry VIII. to the present shilling. For a penny at the time of which I write, the laborer could buy more bread, beef, beer and wine—he could do more towards finding lodging for himself and his family—than the laborer of the nineteenth century can for a shilling. I do not see that this admits of question.

Turning, then, to the table of wages, it will be easy to ascertain his position. By the 3d of the 6th of Henry VIII. it was enacted that master carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tillers, plumbers, glaziers, joiners, and other employers of such skilled workmen, should give to each of their journeymen, if no meat or drink was allowed, six pence a day for half the year, five pence a day for the other half, or five pence half penny for the yearly average. The common laborers were to receive four pence a day for half the year; for the remaining half, three pence. In the harvest months they were allowed to work by the piece, and might earn considerably more, so that, in fact—and this was the rate at which their wages were usually estimated—the day laborer received, on an average, four pence a day for the whole year.

Nor was he in danger, except by his own fault or by unusual accident, of being thrown out of employ, for he was engaged by contract for not less than a year, and could not be dismissed before his term had expired, unless some gross misconduct could be proved against him before two magistrates. Allowing a deduction of one day in the week for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of twenty shillings a week—twenty shillings a week and a holiday—and this is far from being a full account of his advantages.

In most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and unenclosed forest land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it; and so important was this privilege considered, that when the commons began to be largely enclosed, parliament insisted that the working man should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry. By the 7th of the 21st of Elizabeth, it was ordered that no cottage should be built for residence without four acres of land, at least, being attached to it for the sole use of the occupants of such cottage.

ANECDOTE OF GILBERT STUART.

A party travelling in England, of whom Stuart was one, affords the following story:—

'After blazing away in his dramatic manner, his companions were very desirous to know who and what he was, for whatever Doctor Franklin may have said a century ago of the question-asking propensity of his countrymen, I never noticed so much of that kind of travelling curiosity in New England as in Britain. On the contrary, I am certain that we in the United States are remarkably free from that sort of travelling importunateness. To the round-about question, to find out his calling or profession—

Mr. Stuart answered with a grave face, and serious one, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and la-

dies' hair (at that time the high craped pomatumed hair was all the fashion) 'You are a hair-dresser, then?' 'What!' said he, 'do you take me for a barber?' 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are, then?' 'Why I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat, or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat.' 'O, you are a valet, then, to some nobleman?' 'A valet! Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant—to be sure I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen.' 'Oh! you are a tailor!' 'Tailor! do I look like a tailor? I'll assure, I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one.' By this time they were all in a roar. 'What the devil are you then?' said one. 'I'll tell you,' said Stuart. 'Be assured all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes at your service.' 'Oh ho! a boot and shoemaker after all!' 'Guess again, gentleman; I never handled a boot or shoe but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true.' 'We may as well give up guessing.' After checking his laughter, and pumping up a fresh flow of spirits by a large pinch of snuff, he said to them, very gravely, 'Now, gentlemen, I will not play the fool with you any longer, but tell you, upon my honor, as a gentleman, my bona fide profession. I get my bread by making faces.' He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage, in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Chas. Matthews might have envied. When 'his companions, after loud peals of laughter, had composed themselves, each took credit to himself for having 'all the while suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre,' and they all knew that he must be a comedian by profession; when, to their utter surprise, he assured them that he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a play-house, or any similar place of amusement. They now all looked at each other with astonishment.

Before parting, Stuart said to his companions, 'Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments is comprised in these few words; I am a portrait painter. If you will call at John Palmer's, York-Buildings, London, where I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair, a-la-mode, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and make faces for you.'

'While taking a parting glass at the inn, they begged leave to enquire of their pleasant companion, in what part of England he was born; he told them he was not born in England, Wales, Ireland, or Scotland. Here was another puzzle for John Bull. 'Where, then?' 'I was born at Narraganset.' 'Where's that?' 'Six miles from Pottawomee, and ten miles from Popasquash, and about four miles west of Connonicut, and not far from the spot where the famous battle with the warlike Pequots was fought.' 'In what part of the East Indies, is that sir?' 'East Indies, my dear sir! it is in the state of Rhode Island, between Massachusetts and Connecticut river.' This was all Greek to his companions, and he left them to study a new lesson of geography, affording another instance of the ignorance of islanders, respecting men of genius, whose vernacular tongue is the same with that of Bacon, Newton, and Locke, Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope.'

THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULD NOT THROW STONES.—In the reign of James I., the Scotch adventurers who came over with that monarch were greatly annoyed by persons breaking the windows of their houses; and among the instigators was Buckingham, the Court favorite, who lived in a house in St. Martin's Fields, which, from its great number of windows, was termed the 'Glass House.' Now, the Scotchmen, in retaliation, broke the windows of Buckingham's mansion. The courtier complained to the king, to whom the Scotch had previously applied, and the monarch replied to Buckingham, 'Those who live in glass houses, Steenie, should be careful how they throw stones,' whence arose the common saying.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

The first intercourse between Russia and England took place in the year 1554, when the sceptre was held by the strong hand of Elizabeth. Some Englishmen who had sailed on a voyage of discovery, landed, by chance, on the shores of the White Sea, where the port of Archangel now stands. The natives received them with much kindness, and transmitted them to the Emperor in so pleasing an account of their new friends, that he requested them to come to his court, when he declared himself so greatly pleased with the accomplished strangers as to resolve to give every encouragement to English commerce, that his subjects might reap the advantage of intercourse with a polished nation.

He expressed the highest esteem for Queen Elizabeth, and requested, by his ambassador, that should the ingratitude of his subjects ever compel him to leave Russia, she would grant him an asylum in her dominions!

In consequence of this apparently accidental communication, England first engaged in a trade with Russia; and shortly after a company of Russian merchants was established in London.

Civil and social improvement for a time kept pace in Russia with the progress of its arms. The laws were revised; the grasping demands of the clergy restrained, and the morals of the nation improved by mild but decisive restrictions.

Such were the fruits of Anastasia's influence, which procured repeated audiences for the wise and virtuous Sylvester. But death too early deprived the land of that benign influence, and with the amiable Princess called the temporary improvement in the character of her husband. It seemed as if from the moment of his loss he was actuated by the base advice of an unworthy bishop, who had been banished the court on account of his crimes, and sought, by flattering the wicked inclinations of his sovereign, to regain his position there.

'If you wish to be a sovereign,' said the prelate, 'never seek a counsellor wiser than yourself, and never ask advice from any one. He who begins by advising his prince, is certain to end by ruling him.'

The jealous nature of Ivan was gratified, and kissing the old man's hand in a transport of gratitude, he exclaimed—

'My own father could not have spoken more wisely!'

His best counsellor, his amiable Anastasia, he had lost after thirteen years of married happiness, and from that period, fatal for his country, the chronicle of his reign exhibits a detail of crime at the relation of which the mind grows sick. One of his historians charitably supposes him a lunatic, but there are too many proofs that his complicated guilt was the result of ungoverned passions and a deliberate love of sanguinary violence.

A GREAT KINDNESS.—The royal family (1161) ran loose about the world, and people did not know how to treat them, nor how they to be treated. We have heard no bad story of the Duke of York. When he was at Southampton, in the summer, there was a clergyman in the neighborhood with two very handsome daughters. He soon had wind of them, and dropped in for some reason or other; came again and again, and grew familiar enough to cut a bone of their mutton. At last he said to the father, 'Miss ——— leads a mighty confined life here, always at home; why don't you let one of them go and take an airing with me in my chaise?' 'Ah, sir,' said the parson, 'do but look at them—a couple of hale, fresh-colored, hearty wenches; they need no airing—they are well enough. But there is their mother, poor woman, has been in a declining way many years; if your royal highness would give her an airing now and then it would be doing us a great kindness, indeed!'

HEAD OR TAIL.—Why is a horse half way through a gate like a half penny? Because there's a head on one side and a tail on the other.



OLD COURT, CO. WICKLOW.

OLD COURT.

In the reign of Henry VI., Sir Thomas Mulso, an English knight, obtained a grant of a district of land in the territory of the O'Tools, now the county of Wicklow, then called the Marshes of the county of Dublin, on condition of reducing it to a state of order and obedience to the English government. He accordingly took possession, by force of arms, and drove the O'Tools from their strongholds, and built a castle and town called Mulso's Court. It is said he was killed in a skirmish with the Irish, and his followers were expelled from the country. It continued in the possession of the Irish till the time of Charles II., when it was granted to Richard Edwards, Esq., a Welsh gentleman, whose descendants still remain it, by the name of Old Court.

CURRAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST SPEECH.

One day, after dinner, an acquaintance of his, in speaking of his eloquence, observed to Curran that it must have been born with him. 'Indeed, my dear sir,' replied Curran, 'it was not; it was born three and twenty years and some months after me, and if you are satisfied to listen to a dull historian, you shall have the history of its activity. When I was at the temple, a few of us formed a little debating club—poor Apjohn, and Duhigg, and the rest of them; they have all disappeared from the stage. Upon the first night of our assembling, I attended, my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honor of being styled 'the learned member who opened the debate,' or 'the very eloquent gentleman who just sat down.' All the day the coming scene had been flitting before my fancy and exulting in it; my ear had already caught the glorious melody of 'hear him, hear him.' Already I was practising how to steal a cunning, sidelong glance at the tear of generous approbation bubbling in the eyes of my little auditory. My mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter, but it was like a book wanting the preface, and so, for want of a preface to begin with, the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling through every fibre; but remembering that, in this circumstance, I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually proceeded as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my utter astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was rivetted upon me. There were only six or seven,

at the most, present at the time, and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet it was to my panic struck imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb; my friends cried 'hear him, hear him;' but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation, but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, upon going to strike up the solo which was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow. So you see, sir, it was not born with me. However, though my friends, even Apjohn, despaired of me, the 'cacotheloquenai' was not to be subdued without a struggle. I was for the present silenced; but I still attended our meetings with the most laudible regularity, and even ventured to accompany the others to a more ambitious theatre, 'The Devils of Temple bar,' where, truly, I may say, that many a time the devils own work was going forward. Here, warned by fatal experience that a man's powers may be overstrained, I at first confined myself to a simple 'aye,' or 'no,' and by dint of practice and encouragement, brought my tongue to recite those magical elements of parliamentary eloquence, 'with sound emphasis and good discretion,' so that, in a short time, I had completed my education for the Irish senate. Such was my state—a popular throb just beginning to revisit my heart, when a long expected remittance arrived from Newmarket. Apjohn dined with me that day, and when the leg of mutton, or rather the bone, was removed, we offered up the libation of an additional glass of punch 'for the health and length of days of that kind mother who remembered the necessities of her absent child.' In the evening, we repaired to 'The Devils.' One of them was upon his legs; a fellow of whom it was impossible to decide whether he was most distinguished by the filth of his person, or the flippancy of his tongue; just such another as the great Harry Flood, our talented countryman, would have called 'the highly gifted gentleman with the dirty cravat and greasy pantaloons.' I found this learned person in the act of calumniating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms, and (as I believe I shortly afterwards told him), traducing the illustrious dead, by affecting a confidential intercourse,

as he would with some nobleman, 'his very dear friend,' behind his back, who, if present, would indignantly repel the imputation of so insulting an intimacy. He descanted upon Demosthenes, the glory of the Roman Forum; that Tully was the contemporary and rival of Cicero, and in the short space of one half hour, transported the straits of Marathon three several times to the plains of Thermopylae. Thinking I had a right to know something of these matters, I looked at him with surprise, and whether it was the money in my pocket, or my classical chivalry, or most probably the supplemental tumbler of punch, that gave my face a smirk of saucy confidence, when our eyes met, there was something like a wager of battle in mine, upon which the erudite gentleman instantly changed his invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel (*horresco referens*) to 'orator mum,' who he doubted not possessed wonderful talent for eloquence, although he would recommend him to show it in future by some more popular method than silence. I followed his advice, and I believe not entirely without effect, for, when upon sitting down, I whispered my friend 'that I hoped he did not think my dirty antagonist had got clean off.'

'On the contrary, my dear fellow,' said he, 'every one around me is declaring that it is the first time they ever saw him so well dressed.'

The speech which Mr. Curran made upon this occasion was immediately followed by a more substantial reward than the applauses of his hearers. The debate was no sooner closed than the president of the society despatched his secretary to the eloquent stranger, to solicit the honor of his company to partake of a cold collation, which proved to consist of bread, cheese, and porter; but the public motives of the invitation rendered it to the guest the most delicious supper that he had ever tasted.

TRUE.—A cobbler, at Leyden, who used to attend the public disputations held at the academy, was once asked if he understood Latin.

'No,' replied the mechanic; 'but I know who is wrong in the argument.'

'How?'

'Why, by seeing who is angry first.'

IRISH MISCELLANY

THOMAS O'NEILL . . . PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1853.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

This document, at all times important, and at each successive meeting of Congress regarded with more and more importance, is now before the people. The development of our internal resources and the growing demands of an extraordinary and progressive people make it necessary that such a state paper should be a concise expose of everything in relation to the interests of the nation. However we may rejoice over the great inherent value of our mineral productions, the great unworked resources of our internal seas, the yet infantile attempts at manufacture—our capacity in every artery of life, which only requires years to develop and mature—all are yet of a secondary importance to our foreign relations, or the policy which governs our conduct in connection with other powers.

Our system of government, to us a glorious and unmistakable fact, is looked upon by the monarchies of Europe as a problem; one, in fact, which may possibly succeed, but is not likely to, and they wait with anxiety to see a national collapse. Every street fight, election riot, political excitement, or even every difference of opinion, is so much evidence upon which their fancy feeds, and is also food for the hope that a people's government may not succeed. This anxiety for our political death (and of which there is no present appearance) very often causes them to fret, and fume, and threaten, and occasionally leads them to acts and words, and to take positions, which require the utmost sagacity of the statesman to watch.

To the subject of our foreign relations, we would especially call attention, and we doubt not but the whole country will endorse the views of the President, and sustain them. He says of Spain:—

With Spain our relations remain in an unsatisfactory condition. In my message of December last I informed you that my envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Madrid had asked for his recall, and it was my purpose to send out a new minister to that court, with special instructions on all questions pending between the two governments, and with a determination to have them speedily and amicably adjusted, if that were possible. This purpose has hitherto been defeated by causes which I need not enumerate.

The mission to Spain has been entrusted to a distinguished citizen of Kentucky, who will proceed to Madrid without delay, and make another and a final attempt to obtain justice from that government.

Spanish officials, under the direct control of the Captain General of Cuba, have insulted our national flag, and in repeated instances have, from time to time, inflicted injuries on the persons and property of our citizens. These have given birth to numerous claims upon the Spanish government, the merits of which have been ably discussed for a series of years, by our successive diplomatic representatives. Notwithstanding this, we have not yet arrived at a practical result in any single instance, unless we may except the case of the Black Warrior.

It has been made known to the world, by my predecessors, that the United States have, on several occasions, endeavored to acquire Cuba from Spain, by honorable negotiation. If this were accomplished, the last relic of the African slave trade would instantly disappear. We would not, if it were, acquire Cuba in any other manner. This is due to our national character. All the territory which we have acquired, since the origin of the government, has been by fair purchase, from France, Spain and Mexico, or by the free and voluntary act of the independent state of Texas, in blending her destinies with our own. This course we shall ever pursue, unless circumstances should occur which we do not now anticipate, rendering a departure from it clearly justifiable, under the imperative and overruling law of self-preservation.

The island of Cuba, from its geographical posi-

tion, commands the mouth of the Mississippi and its immense and annually increasing trade, foreign and coastwise, from the valley of that noble river, now embracing half the sovereign states of the Union. With that island under the dominion of a distant foreign power, this trade, of vital importance to these States, is exposed to the danger of being destroyed in time of war, and it has hitherto been subjected to perpetual injury and annoyance in time of peace. Our relations with Spain, which ought to be of the most friendly character, must always be placed in jeopardy, whilst the existing colonial government over the island shall remain in its present condition.

Whilst the possession of the island would be of vast importance to the United States, its value to Spain is, comparatively, unimportant. Such was the relative situation of the parties, when the great Napoleon transferred Louisiana to the United States. Jealous, as he ever was, of the national honor and interests of France, no person throughout the world has imputed blame to him for accepting a pecuniary equivalent for thiscession.

With or without purchase, Cuba, of necessity, must belong to the United States, and if Spain would throw away her ancient pride, and exercise a little common sense, she would sell that which is now, by right, hers to sell, but must eventually, sooner or later, belong to the United States.

He says of Mexico:—

Mexico has been in a state of constant revolution, almost ever since it achieved its independence. One military leader after another has usurped the government in rapid succession, and the various constitutions, from time to time adopted, have been set at naught almost as soon as they were proclaimed. The successive governments have afforded no adequate protection either to Mexican citizens or foreign residents against lawless violence. Heretofore, a seizure of the capital by military chieftains has been generally followed by at least the nominal submission of the country to his rule for a brief period but it is not so at the present crisis of Mexican affairs. A civil war has been raging for some time throughout the republic, between the central government at the city of Mexico, which has endeavored to subvert the constitution last framed by military power, and those who maintain authority of that constitution. The antagonist parties each hold possession of different States of the republic, and the fortunes of war are constantly changing. Meanwhile, the most reprehensible means have been employed by both parties to extort money from foreigners, as well as natives to carry on this ruinous contest. The truth is that this fine country, blessed with a productive soil and a benign climate, has been reduced by civil dissension to a condition of almost hopeless, anarchy and imbecility. It would be vain for this government to attempt to enforce payment in money of the claims of American citizens, now amounting to more than ten millions of dollars, against Mexico, because she is destitute of all pecuniary means to satisfy these demands.

Our late minister was furnished with ample powers and instructions for the adjustment of all pending questions with the central government of Mexico, and he performed his duty with zeal and ability. The claims of our citizens, some of them arising out of a violation of an express provision of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and others from gross injuries to persons as well as property, have remained unredressed and even unnoticed. Remonstrances against these grievances have been addressed without effect to that government. Meantime, in various parts of the republic instances have been numerous of the murder, imprisonment and plunder of our citizens, by different parties claiming and exercising a local jurisdiction; but the central government, though repeatedly urged thereto, have made no effort either to punish the authors of these outrages, or to prevent their recurrence. No American citizen can now visit Mexico on lawful business without imminent danger to his person and property. There is no adequate protection to either; and in this respect, our treaty with that republic is almost a dead letter.

Abundant cause now undoubtedly exist for a resort to hostilities against the government still holding possession of the capital. Should they succeed in subverting the constitutional forces, all reasonable hope will then have expired of a peaceful settlement of our difficulties.

With regard to Central America he says:—

The political condition of the narrow isthmus of Central America through which transit routes pass between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, presents a subject of deep interest to all commercial nations. It is over these transits that a large proportion of the trade and travel between the European and Asiatic continents is destined to pass. To the United States these routes are of incalculable importance, as a means of communication between their Atlantic and Pacific possessions.

The latter now extend throughout seventeen degrees of latitude on the Pacific coast, embracing the important State of California, and the flourishing Territories of Oregon and Washington. All commercial nations, therefore, have a deep and direct interest that these communications shall be rendered secure from interruption. If an arm of the sea, connecting the two oceans, penetrated Nicaragua and Costa Rica, it could not be pretended that these States would have the right to arrest or retard its navigation to the injury of other nations. The transit by land over this narrow isthmus occupies nearly the same position. It is a highway in which they themselves have little interest, when compared with the vast interests of the rest of the world. Whilst their rights of sovereignty ought to be respected, it is the duty of other nations to require that this important passage shall not be interrupted by the civil wars and revolutionary outbreaks which have so frequently occurred in that region. The stake is too important to be left at the mercy of rival companies, claiming to hold conflicting contracts with Nicaragua.

The commerce of other nations is not to stand still and await the adjustment of such party controversies. The government of the United States expect no more than this, and they will not be satisfied with less. They would not, if they could, derive any advantage from the Nicaragua transit, not common to the rest of the world. Its neutrality and protection, for the common use of all nations, is their only object. They have no objection that Nicaragua shall demand and receive a fair compensation from the companies and individuals who may traverse the route; but they insist that it shall never hereafter be closed by an arbitrary decree of that government. If disputes arise between it and those with whom they may have entered into contracts these must be adjusted by some fair tribunal provided for the purpose, and the route must not be closed pending into the controversy. This is our whole policy, and it cannot fail to be acceptable to other nations.

Under these circumstances, I earnestly recommend to Congress the passage of an act authorizing the President, under such restrictions as they may deem proper, to employ the land and naval forces of the United States in preventing the transit from being obstructed or closed by lawless violence, and in protecting the lives and property of American citizens travelling therupon, requiring at the same time that these forces shall be withdrawn the moment the danger shall have passed away. Without such provision, our citizens will be constantly exposed to interruption in their progress, and to lawless violence.

This is the policy we admire, and the policy the president intends to pursue in relation to all the Central American routes to the Pacific. Especially do we hope he will watch and defeat the machinations of England.

Of Paraguay, with which we are on the eve of war, he says:—

Should our commissioner prove unsuccessful, after a sincere and earnest effort to accomplish the object of his mission, then no alternative will remain but the employment of force to obtain 'just satisfaction' from Paraguay. In view of this contingency, the secretary of the navy, under my direction, has fitted out and despatched a naval force, to rendezvous near Buenos Ayres, which, it is believed, will prove sufficient for the occasion. It is my earnest desire, however, that it may not be found necessary to resort to this last alternative.

Of the many other recommendations, we highly approve the alteration in the tariff, for raising more revenue, for the building more sloop-of-war, and strengthening our navy, for the building a railroad to the Pacific, connecting our Atlantic with our Pacific States.

The message will not receive praise from every one; strange if it should. On the whole, it is a sound and American document.

JAMES SULLIVAN, our travelling agent, will be in Milford, Hopkinton, Marlborough, Natick, Worcester, Uxbridge, Blackstone, Woonsocket, Lonsdale, Valley Falls, and Pawtucket, next week. All those who are indebted to us in those places will, we hope, pay him, and increase their orders.

The first of the course of lectures, by the Young Catholics' Friend Society, will be delivered by L. Silliman Ives, LL.D., at the Music Hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 15. Previous to and after the lecture the boys of the House of the Angel Guardian will perform some national airs.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

FAREWELL.

BY T. P. W.

Farewell, my own loved Erin!
What painful thoughts arise,
When to those ages wherein
Thy greatest glory lies;
Fond memory—oft officious—
Reurs with flush of pride,
To muse o'er scenes auspicious,
Along the Past to glide.

Sweet land! I may not see thee,
To breathe thy balmy air;
No more may I behold thee,
Thy hills and valleys fair,
Where, in youth's golden morn,
Each fairy rath and mound,
My fancy did adorn
As sacred, holy ground.

The merry hours of childhood,
The sheen of Pleasure's day;
The bounding mirth of boyhood,
With thee were passed away
In dreams, so fond and tender,
That thoughtless were and rash,
And deeting in their splendor,
As lightning's vivid flash.

Ah! far since then I've wandered,
My poor and hapless idle!
Youth's mad ambition sundered
Affection's ties awbile;
But to regret the deeper
That e'er I strayed so far
From thee, thou lovely weeper,
My heart's true polar star.

Farewell!—when Freedom's battle
Will call thy sons once more,
With cannon's thundering rattle,
From every foreign shore,
That sound shall be the herald,
If breath and strength be mine,
With the war-strength of Clan-Gerralt*,
That day to stand in line.

*Clan-Gerralt—the Geraldines of Desmond, whose war cry was 'Shan-nit-aboo'—The old place forever.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

—IN THE—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

A TYRANT'S REPENTANCE.

John Charles Jackson, one of my companions in arms, was a man, whom to know was to love. Ever ready with a helping hand, full of kindness to all who came in contact with him, he was an universal favorite. He was of a literary turn, and every leisure moment was devoted to his pen or books. Articles frequently appeared from his pen, under a 'non de plume,' in the 'Weekly Despatch,' which told as hammer-tongued facts upon the tyrants who rode rough-shod over the rights of British soldiers.

At the time of which I write, the regiment was commanded by a tyrant, who, since then, was dismissed the service by sentence of a court-martial, sanctioned by King William IV. The sentence was that 'Lord B——, shall not be considered fit to serve under His Majesty any more, either by land or sea.'

Is it not singular that this man, thus dishonorably dismissed from the service, should afterwards enter the army, take high rank in command, and be honored at court, notwithstanding that his crimes were numerous and notorious? Besides having been tried and convicted by court-martial,

he was indicted for felony, and frequently and publicly reprimanded. Simple reader, do not wonder at all this; the man was rich; had high titles; aristocratic blood, and, consequently, great interest at court. His Majesty, although he had signed and approved the verdict of the court-martial for his dismissal, was yet prevailed upon to restore the rascal, but not without great and persevering interests having been used, for the king had repeatedly declared that he should never be restored during his lifetime. At length, the influence of Queen Adelaide was brought to bear in his favor, and the cashiered, disgraced Colonel became, and is now, a General in the British army.

This tyrant had, on more than one occasion, well nigh caused our regiment to mutiny. Such was the exasperation of the men, at one time, that they tore up their beds, and threw their iron bedsteads out of the windows. At another time, the commander-in-chief deemed it necessary to appoint a General to investigate the cause of insubordination in the regiment, which resulted in the Colonel's being reprov'd; for, upon the General's demanding the cause of their complaints, they (the soldiers), through their representatives—three old soldiers from each troop—gave such evidence of the impossibility to soldier under such a commander, that the well known General G—— said that 'it was enough to make hell mutinize, that the Colonel might be fit enough for a peer, but not for a soldier.'

What it was that influenced this tyrant to vent his spleen and satanic disposition upon one of the men, who was never known to incur the displeasure of any superior officer by bad conduct or neglect of duty, was a secret, unless, indeed, he entertained a suspicion that he was the author of certain articles which now and then appeared in the columns of the 'London Weekly Despatch.' These articles, it appears, reflected severely upon the Colonels' conduct. This man was John Charles Jackson. He was very feminine in his appearance; his health was poor, and he had but recently buried his wife, to whom he was greatly attached. She had left him the charge of an only child, a fine boy of five years of age. The loss of his wife had so severely acted upon his already delicate health, that he was obliged to go into hospital, where he remained but for a short time, and was then dismissed to the performance of some light work, till further orders.

This light work consisted in working in the stables, where sick and disabled horses were kept, and was entirely under the control and under the supervision of the veterinary surgeon, no other officer having any command, or being entitled to interfere in this department. Nor did the regular stable hours affect in any way the men attending sick horses, for the simple reason that all their time was given to the latter, and at the usual troop hours, the duties to which they were probably attending, might, as likely as not take them to the veterinary drug room, the farrier's shop, or other place; besides, the sick horses are not regularly or carefully groomed like the other horses until returned for service.

I have thought it necessary thus to particularize the duties of those attending the sick horses, in order to show the premeditated villainy which I am to relate. It happened once, one beautiful evening in the month of March, the trumpet sounded 'evening stables;' the troops marched from their rooms to work; one minute had scarcely elapsed, when the enquiry went around—'Where is John Charles Jackson?' One supposed him here, another there, but nobody supposed him absent from duty. The Colonel had gone to the stables, and made enquiry, the soldier was sent for, and on arriving, was thus interrogated by the Colonel.

'Where were you from your duty, sir?'

'I have been at and attending to my duty, sir!'

was the soldier's calm reply. 'I have been to the barrack-room, to get this kettle of boiling water,' (holding up a kettle) he added.

'You should be here at trumpet sounding, and I will teach you not to be absent,' said the Colonel. 'I have not been absent from my duty, sir,' and am now acting under orders from the veterinary surgeon, to whom alone (as I understand) I am responsible, while attending sick horses,' rejoined the trooper.

'Let him be confined, serjeant-major,' ordered the Colonel, and he was confined.

Now, although we knew the tyrant, we certainly supposed he would be afraid to exercise his authority, or manifest his demon-like disposition; in this case, at least, we thought that no court-martial could be found, composed of gentlemen, who could or would dare find a verdict against our comrade under such circumstances, considering the case as it stood, and the well-known characters of the Colonel and the accused. We were wrong, however, for he was ordered for court-martial, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be flogged. The feelings of the entire regiment were shocked, firstly, at the idea of the man being court-martialed at all, and, nextly, at the severity of the sentence. His comrades, to a man, declared that it was murder most foul.

Jackson himself felt it to be his death warrant, but uttered no complaint. Hardened soldiers, used to all kinds of severity, were horrified.

John Charles Jackson was flogged, and while the dreadful and cruel sentence was being carried into execution, the coward trembled. Well he might tremble, for one spark falling into a magazine would not explode with more certainty or violence than for one word to have been spoken at that moment—hearts were bursting—hands were clenching—teeth were grinding—tongues were bitter—eyes were downcast—and anon might be heard the heavy drawn breathings of men scarcely able to restrain or control their passionate indignation. The tyrant's eyes wandered fiercely around, flashing fire; he knew and felt that he stood upon a mine. No word escaped the lacerated victim during his torture—the spirit overmastered the flesh. Pale, emaciated, but deadly silent, he was unbound, and assisted to the hospital. The troops were marched back to their rooms, and the Colonel started for the capital, where, in the giddy whirl of fashionable dissipation, he might drown the stings of a guilty but remorseless conscience.

A few weeks afterwards the regiment was ordered to march. The sick soldier was sinking rapidly; it was but too apparent he could not recover, and that our successors in the barracks might not learn the cruelty that had been inflicted upon him, it was ordered that he be taken with the baggage. This hastened his death. Daily and nightly we watched him, calmly travelling to that home from whence none return; to that place 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' He alone, of all the troop, seemed resigned. Life's cup to him was full of bitterness; he had now drained its dregs. He had only one desire, as regards the affairs of this world, and that was that we, his comrades, should take charge of his orphan boy. Right cheerfully, as only rough men will, did we pledge our manly faith to fulfil that wish. About an hour before his death, a thought seemed to strike him; he called me to him, and requested pen, ink and paper, and wrote with a trembling hand two sentences, which I can never forget. He confided the paper to my keeping, charging me to keep it secret until, some future day, I was to place it in the hands of the Colonel. He now seemed ready to depart, and having taken an affectionate adieu of all around him, he left us—settling himself as it were quietly to sleep, he gently passed beyond the borders of time.

The last sad and solemn rites were performed

over the soldier's grave, midst prayers and curses, and pledges of vengeance—many a tear fell, as it were, in shame upon the mound, and with hearts of truthful, earnest sorrow, we led our little orphan charge from the grave of his late loving, but murdered, father. He now sleeps in stranger earth, with no stone to mark the spot. But why regret? the grave shall give up its dead; that pious soldier will raise to life everlasting, while the tyrant who sent him to an untimely grave must meet him at the bar, where justice will be equally administered to all, without distinction of rank, according to the deeds done in the body.

I need hardly add that the boy was well cared for by us, as a sweet legacy, until it came to the Colonel's ears, that the deceased had given me something for himself. He sent for me, and I told him such was the fact, and thinking I might not have a better opportunity, I fulfilled the mission imposed upon me by my dying comrade. I handed him the paper. It was addressed to 'Colonel B—', and read thus:—

'You have murdered the father—at least provide for his boy.'

It staggered the 'noble' rascal for some time. But finally he sent the boy to one of those institutions with which London abounds, and paid a large sum to become a patron to the institution before he could get him admitted. Through his influence, and by means of his wealth, the boy has been well provided for, and is now a fine, well-educated young man.

THE WAR IN INDIA.

The war of independence, we are happy to say, goes on actively, and although the British have won a vast number of 'signal victories,' by their own accounts, and have almost invariably, they say, taken all the cannon and ammunition of the 'rebels,' still they meet with fresh armies, and have many more signal victories to win yet.

We annex the last official telegraphic announcement received in London at the India House:—

To the Under Secretary of State, India House, London. From G. F. Edmonstone, Esq., Secretary to the government of India with the Governor General.

ALLAHABAD, October 15.

ODEE—The following events have occurred in Oude since the date of my last message, on the 4th of October:—The rebels had advanced on Sandella with 12,000 men and 12 guns. Captain Dawson entered a fortified enclosure with 1400 police infantry, sending back his 600 cavalry to Malleabad. On the 10th of October, the rebels were driven out of Sandella, losing one gun and 100 men killed. On the 8th, a column sent from Lucknow attacked the rebels at Zhamoo, near Sandella, and routed them, taking three guns. The pursuit was kept up for ten miles, and 1000 rebels were killed; our loss—Europeans, two officers and seven privates wounded; police, four killed and forty-four wounded.

On the 5th of October, Brigadier Eveleigh encountered a body of rebels at Meahunge, near the Cawn-pore road; took two guns, and killed and wounded 200 men. Our loss trifling.

The Kapoorthalla Contingent have again distinguished themselves in an attack on the town of Bundoor, near Bairam Ghaut, on the Gogra River; 400 of the rebels were killed, without any loss on our side.

A strong column, under Brigadier Wetherall, is being formed at Soraon, in the Allahabad district, on the left bank of the Ganges, and will advance into Oude immediately.

NORTHWESTERN PROVINCES.

BENARES DIVISION—The district of Benares, Jann-poor, Mirzapore and Azimgarh are quiet. The northern frontier of Azimgarh is, however, still threatened from Oude. The Ghazepore district is generally quiet; but a few Sepoys are still hanging about the village of Burragoon.

GORUCKPORE—The rebels, who had again advanced on Bansee, were driven off, and the country east of Bansee is now, in a great measure, cleared of rebels. The territory bordering on Gueth (?) continues to be disturbed.

ROHILCUND DIVISION—This division continues quiet, with the exception of the northern frontier of Shahjehanpore, which suffers from occasional runs by the Oude rebels.

A force from Shahjehanpore, under Sir T. Seaton, encountered a body of rebels at the village of Bangamaon, on the Oude frontier, on the 8th of October, took two guns out of three, and killed 300 men. Our loss about twelve killed and wounded.

On the same day another body of rebels attacked Powacen, but were repulsed.

The Agra, Merut and Kumaon divisions are quiet.

JHANSI DIVISION—This division has been generally quiet; but the approach of Tantia Topee, who was last heard of on the banks of the Betwa, on the borders of the Sullutpoor district, has caused great uneasiness. Captain Fenton, the Deputy Commissioner of Sullutpoor, has had to abandon his district, and fall back on Jhansi.

The Jabulpore division is tolerably quiet.

CENTRAL INDIA—On the 2d of October, Tantia Topee attacked and took Enaghur. The troops of Scindia, who held the place, are believed to have fraternized with the rebels. The post of Thundegree, in the Jhansi division, was attacked by a portion of Tantia Topee's force from the 7th to the 9th of October. The rebels were beaten off by the garrison, which was composed of Scindia's troops, and retreated to Seel (?), ten miles off.

On the 9th of October, General Michell surprised a division of the rebels under the Banda Nawab, at Mongreul (?), killing 150 of them, and taking six guns. The Rao Sahib is said to have gone towards Jhansi with another division.

DELHI TERRITORY—The King of Delhi left Zeenut Mahul, and Awan Bux left Delhi on the 7th of October, under escort of her Majesty's 9th Lancers, a troop of Horse Artillery, and a Police Battalion.

PATNA DIVISION—A party of Sepoys were attacked near Doondaon, in the Arrah District, and about thirty men killed. Our loss, two officers—Captain Nason, military train, Captain Douglas, Madras cavalry—killed.

G. F. EDMONSTONE,

To this we have only to add, that various symptoms and rumours were rendering the English very uneasy about the 'loyalty' of the Nepalese and their chiefs—also about the good disposition of the Sikhs. The moment those two spirited and military races think fit to turn upon the Anglo-Saxon brigade, that moment Queen Victoria's new Asiatic empire is gone.

THE OVERDUE STEAMSHIP.

The steamer Indian Empire sailed from New York on the 22nd, and from Halifax, for Galway, on the 29th of October. When she left New York she had on board eighty-one passengers, fourteen of whom were in the first cabin, and a crew of eighty-six men, besides the captain and nine officers. The number on board was probably somewhat augmented at Halifax. On the passage from New York to Halifax she encountered terrific gales, but weathered them in a handsome manner, sustaining only some slight injuries to her sails. Nothing had been heard from this steamer when the Europa left Liverpool, Nov. 20th, and apprehensions are excited as to her safety.

The Indian Empire was a well built vessel of 1857 tons register. She was built by Mr. Webb, in 1843, and her name has been changed twice. She was originally called the United States. She was engaged in the trade between New York and Liverpool for two years, and was subsequently engaged as a transport vessel. She was next purchased by the Germanic Confederation, and formed one of the many of that ephemeral government. After that, she became the property of a Bremen Steamship Company, and her

name was changed to Hansa, under which name she made several voyages to New York. Finally, she was purchased by Mr. Lever for the Galway line, and her name was changed to Indian Empire. On her last overhauling, at Southampton, under the direction of her present owner, she was found to be in sound condition. She has no bulkhead partitions, but is provided with six boats, two of which are of the Francis patera. These would probably accommodate the passengers and the crew. For extinguishing fire, a donkey engine, and steam fire and bilge pumps can be brought to bear. The Marine Register rates the Indian Empire as A 1-2, and says that her 'security and provisions against fire are good.'—[Exchange.]

The agents and friends of the line in the city of New York hold to the theory that she is out of coal, and express great confidence that she will be heard of in a few days, relying largely upon the strength and staunchness of the vessel, and the skill and long experience of Capt. Courtnay.

T. F. MEACHER ON COSTA RICA.

The narrative of travel in Costa Rica, given by Mr. Meagher at the Theatre on Wednesday, was one of the most entertaining and instructive to which we have ever had the pleasure to listen, whether we consider the eloquent delivery of the lecturer or the glowing and beautiful language with which he clothed his subject. Certainly no other topic than that chosen could have been better suited to a thoroughly Irish temperament and imagination. Mr. Meagher is a true Irishman, and possesses, to their fullest extent, the appreciation of natural beauties and powers of description, which so peculiarly characterize his nation.

Selecting Punta Arenas as his starting point, he led his audience along the high road to San Jose, pausing to make appropriate remarks on the social and political state of the country, to eulogize the grandeur and splendor of the scenery, and to discourse most humorously on the disposition and peculiarities of the people. His description of the ball at San Jose, given in honor of that ridiculous Frenchman, M. Belly, will create a smile whenever called to remembrance.

Mr. Meagher's views of the Costa Ricans, their rulers, and their form of government, differ very materially from those of the generality of persons who profess a knowledge on the subject; yet they were apparently substantiated by forcible and comprehensive argument.

The sketches of Mr. Paez add considerably to the interests of the narrative.—[The States.]

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION—The Baltimore Sun says very properly—but the Sun and the rest of mankind might have been familiar with the facts before:—

SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND—In a late English journal we noticed the announcement that the Irish tenants of the Marquis of Westminster had petitioned that nobleman for leave to vote according to their convictions, but that his lordship's agent had replied that the tenants were expected to support their landlord's nominees. This pregnant fact explains many of the mysteries of British elections. The people of Great Britain are too often censured for returning unworthy members to Parliament, when, in point of fact, it is not the voters, but the landlords who are to blame. In this country it is difficult to realize the influence and power which the nobility possess. Owning, as they do, by far the largest portion of the soil, making it generally a practice to turn off tenants who vote to displease them, and avoiding to buy of shop-keepers, or to employ mechanics, who are of different politics from themselves, they practically control the elections, and return whom they please to Parliament.

We hear persons occasionally talk of England as 'a republic in all but the name.' It is very far, however, from being a republic. It is an oligarchy under the forms of a monarchy, and oligarchies have often led to despotisms than to republics.

OUR VISIT TO RANDOLPH.

Up among the Blue hills, without any distinguishing feature of outward attraction, is located the very neat and thriving town of Randolph. Years have now rolled by since we visited it before, and there shook hands with old comrades, school mates and bed fellows. Many were the thoughts that came rushing to our memory, recalling the past, while in company with those whose every suggestion carried us back to the old school-house of boyhood life, to the happy, careless days when naught disturbed our joy save the striking hours of advancing night, summoning us from sports and merriment, which only gave way to increasing years and the cares of life. Some we knew in this busy hive of New England industry that shall be known 'no more forever,' summoned to an early grave, which knows no waking to mortality, and who fell asleep to arise to a purer and more exalted life of eternal happiness. And shall we not name one? Young, ardent, hopeful and warm, Joseph Boat, now scarcely remembered. Thus are broken the links which bind us to life, drawing us, as it were, away from time, admonishing the living to prepare for eternity.

We were drawn away from these melancholy reflections by a visit to the town hall, where we were delighted to see the exhilarating flow of spirits which animated the youthful gathering. If dancing never becomes more criminal than that witnessed there, we think the crime will not be great. We are not advocates of 'all work and no play.' We think the exercise of dancing as necessary as food, while the animated spirits have the effect of making unnecessary—the doctor's bill. We are aware, however, that dancing is carried too far, night turned to day, pleasure to crime, and that morals, as well as health, are frequently sacrificed to this inspiring pleasure.

The neat little cottage homes of these exiles is the evidence of their industry and the blessings of good government—the lie to England's boasted freedom and the slander with which she follows the poor Irish outcasts, that 'they are idle and not industrious, turbulent, ungovernable, and wreckless.' Visit this and all the other flourishing towns in New England and throughout the entire Union ye defamers, and see what labor and the right to live produces, what freedom and equality before the law inspires, what an inherent right to the soil, to a home, to freedom of conscience, without either government or an established church, soldiery to rob or intimidate—is capable of producing.

We were somewhat astonished to see some old friends, who, from appearances, never leave the workshop—sons of Cyclops we should have thought them; they looked more like Russian bears than shoemakers. Their voices were familiar, but their faces were so covered with hair that it was almost impossible to distinguish a feature. As we were presented to the married sons and daughters of old associates, whose little ones occupied the places of their parents a few years ago, we gave up the idea which clung to us so long, that we were still in youth.

We feel very grateful for the kindness of all our friends, and more especially that of the McGrath family, which we will not soon forget. Randolph men have ever been noted for the prompt and efficient aid they give and the way they sustain any project which has for its object the lifting up of the old land and the vindication of national character.

We have appointed Mr. Lawrence McGrath as our agent, he having kindly accepted the trust, and will attend to the wishes of our many friends in the town of 'spiler.' We hope to see them again ere Patrick's day.

GATAZZI IN IRELAND.—This roving evangelist has been lecturing in Dublin, and was expected in Belfast. Riots were almost certain to occur at the latter place, and it is probably the express mission of the evangelist to create riots for some government purpose, a very old and well-known policy.

A narrative of the recent visit of Cardinal Wiseman to Ireland is shortly to appear from the press of Duffy of Dublin. Cardinal Wiseman furnishes the narrative.

NEW YORK NEWS BY THE WAY OF BUFFALO.

The New York correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, under date of Nov. 29, furnishes an incident in relation to the enterprise of some of the New York papers, which we have not discovered to have been brought to light by either of the papers interested in the affair. The correspondent says:—

'Newspaper enterprise, even in New York, is not always crowned with success. Here is a case in point: Bennett of the Herald having managed to smuggle a reporter on board the Niagara, it will be remembered, distanced all his rivals by the earliest and most accurate intelligence from the Atlantic telegraph squadron. The Times, which is looked upon as his immediate rival, never forgave the then Secretary of the Navy (Toucy) for that bit of favoritism, which denied to other journals a privilege accorded to the Herald alone. Well, when the Paraguay expedition was on the eve of departure the other day, it struck the Times that it would not be a bad idea to have a correspondent on board one of the squadron, and special influences were brought to bear upon Gen. Cass for the necessary permit. These influences were successful. A special correspondent was chartered forthwith, and a comfortable state room was assigned to Mr. Sewell (that is his name) on board the Sabine. The correspondent sent his baggage on board; the Sabine was on the point of weighing anchor, and the editor of the Times was just in the act of penning the paragraph congratulating his readers upon the arrangements that had been made for procuring for them the earliest intelligence from the fleet, when an incident occurred which shows how

'The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft aglee.'

A loud knock was heard at the door, and, in a high state of excitement, in rushes no less a personage than Judge Bowlin himself, and with an air becoming an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, presented the editor with a 'special telegram' from Washington, signed by Gen. Cass, countermanding the permit. The editor looked unutterable things; he was certain there must be some mistake. But the minister said he had not time to argue the matter; the Sabine was about to sail; his orders were peremptory; Mr. Sewell must go ashore, 'bag and baggage,' forthwith. Saying which, he left the sanctum, and sure enough, in the course of an hour thereafter, 'our own correspondent' was ignominiously put ashore.

But the laugh does not come in here. About an hour after the Sabine had cleared the Narrows, and had fired her farewell shot, it came out that the envoy extraordinary had been the victim of an extraordinary hoax. Gen. Cass was telegraphically requested to explain, and he did explain, by pronouncing the revocation of the permit for the Times correspondent a forgery, expressing his profound regret, and assuring the Times folks, and Mr. Sewell, of his distinguished consideration, &c., &c. Now, the place where the laugh comes in is here, when I add that there is every reason to suspect that the bogus dispatch was the malicious concoction of a rival newspaper establishment, which it is unnecessary to name. When it was known that the Times was to have a 'special' on board the Sabine, a council of war was held at a certain sanctum in Nassau street, and there it was resolved that the 'special' should be squelched, by hook or by crook—and it was squelched.'

FRENCH FILLIBUSTERING.—The French find it subject of rejoicing in their conquest of the bay of Tourane, in Cochin China. The expedition went out with the mission of demanding satisfaction for outrages upon French missionaries, and after having destroyed the forts by a short but vigorous cannonading, the French flag was hoisted over the place, and the island proclaimed a legal seizure. There remains yet, how-

ever, another fortification to seize, while the chief of the country is in command of a reserve force of ten thousand men. But these were to be attacked and no doubt conquered; and then the island will pass under the French flag. Thus France puts in force the practice so long prevalent with the European nations; they do not simply punish a petty nation for its offence but they filibuster and annex it.

THE LIVERPOOL VESTRY AND THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

Within a very few weeks it has been our painful duty repeatedly to show that though 'the school-master has been abroad' for more than a quarter of a century, the faith in sorcery is not extinct, and that this and the kindred diabolical superstition of fortune-telling have still a deep root in the minds not of the lowest class of the community. But now another shock awaits us. Grant that maid-servants will listen to the voice of the charmer who appeals to their pockets with the promise, if not of a nobleman in disguise, at least of a handsome swain and a rising income; grant that women of some education, and who move in Bible-reading and Bible-propagating circles, now and then have faith in the efficacy of burnt powders, at sixpence a piece, to remove the effects of witcheries and conjurings; and grant many other similar facts, which, having been matter of admitted deposition in our police courts, are beyond question here. Still we have the upper classes to fly to; we can take refuge from this ignorance in the delectable society of ladies and countesses. And indeed of witcheries, save those which they effect without metaphysical aid, we have no ground to accuse them.

But some of these high dames, it would appear, fly to more vulgar aids when time has done his work upon them, and, unable to appreciate the venerable dignity of years, would snatch a grace beyond the reach of nature, though not it seems of art. So we are constrained to believe, by force of judicial testimony, in a trial in which Madame Rachel complained, in Her Majesty's Bail Court, that her landlord had assaulted her, not only to her personal hurt and outrage, but to her great professional disadvantage. And what was Madame Rachel's profession? Was she an actress, or dancer, or singer, or an operator on corns and bunions? No, she was a resorter of elderly ladies. Our readers are incredulous; but we assure them the fact is beyond doubt. 'It appeared,' says the report of the trial, that the plaintiff was a manufacturer of cosmetics and perfumery, and, according to her counsel's statement, prepared elderly ladies for balls.' Pause here, gentle reader, and be observant of the fact that you have left the lower regions of society, and are now amongst the elect of Mayfair and Belgravia. Take off your hat, too, to Madame Rachel, the enchantress. It was her skill that inspired that eloquent paragraph in Jenkins's last flourish in the Post, in which he gave Lady —'s eyes and complexion a brilliancy superior to her diamonds. Lady — has no complexion. Her cheek is sallow and withered; her eyes sunken and glittering with the feeble light of waning years. But when her ladyship has to appear in public, and by wax-light, she knows whence the qualifying aid is to come. She sends for Madame Rachel, slips five guineas into her hand, and bids her to do her best. Madame opens her trunks of cosmetics, and sets to work. In that trunk she has the rarest and most wonderful commodities. Articles 'for the restoration and beautifying the human hair, complexion and teeth.' She has 'depilatory' powders for taking the hair from the dear old countess's faces, and other appliances for restoring it to the dear old countess's heads. You, who have pictured to yourself a piece of noble humanity tottering on the verge of the grave, and dried up as mummy, may suppose that art cannot amend that withering mortality, or re-

store to it even the semblance of its earlier days. You are unable to appreciate Madame Rachel and her box. But wait and you shall see. There sits the countess, and here stands the operator. Over the face of that dried up anatomy she first thinly spread a delicate layer of 'blanchinetta.' Perhaps, you think this will only make matters worse by adding ghastliness to wrinkles. But patience; the 'blanchinetta' is not everything; it is only the 'premier pas' of the operation. For now, you see, she lays it aside and takes out her 'rosinetta,' and suffusing that exquisite and truly wonderful preparation over the ground already skillfully prepared, she produces quite a metamorphosis. She streaks the lips with it, pencils the eyebrows, and puffs the wrinkles where they mar the finer expressions of the face. Nor is even this all. Something is yet wanting to bring these adjuncts together to blend their effects into a harmonious and fascinating whole. And what do you suppose that 'something' is? Dull mortal, you can't even guess it. But Madame Rachel will sell you as much as you like to buy of it at two-and-sixpence, five shillings, and ten-and-sixpence a box. It is her 'Arabian bloom'; one wash, or layer, or puff of which—for the mode of application is not stated—imparts a bloom to the cheek sufficient to convert the glossy glitter of my lady's dreary old eyes into at least candle-light brilliancy, and produce a similarly admirable result on her patent enamels.

Now all this is fact; serious, sorrowful fact. It is not the case of a poor foolish servant girl giving her last half-crown to a gipsy, or robbing her mistress in the hope of hearing of something to her advantage in the shape of a good-looking carpenter or a curly-headed tar whose relations towards her are to be of the happiest and most fortunate kind. It is not even the case of a benighted fool who thinks she is under the influence of a spell. Nor, in a word, does it belong to any category of superstition, no matter how ridiculous. It belongs to something worse. It is part of an idolatry of which the fading dust of mortality is the god, and a degraded soul the worshipper. And, be it observed, this Madame Rachel, with her cosmetics, has not been the successful victimizer of a single dupe. Though only eighteen years of age, she has reached the 'full blaze of her popularity,' and during the season is in such request that she can afford to pay £163 per annum for a first floor, her average earnings, never, under any circumstances, falling below £15 per week. When the assault which brings all this paint, and varnish, and hideousness before us, was committed, she had a cab waiting to take her and her trunk of cosmetic to a countess who wanted to be 'prepared for a ball.' How the countess fared with the 'blanchinetta,' and 'rosinetta,' and the 'Arabian bloom,' we are not told; but surely it is fair to ask how, in a country pretending to such enlightenment, such things can be? How many Madame Rachels there are in our English world, with their cosmetics, we know not; but that there should be one who, with their own consent, desecrates the features of high bred ladies, and converts the reverend aspect of years into the hideous deformity of paint, is a circumstance which cannot be too deeply deplored.—[London Tablet.]

The parishioners of Donoughmore and Knocka (aided by his friends in Limerick) have presented the Rev. James Moore, their late curate, with a purse containing upwards of £80, on his removal from the above united parishes to the curacy of Ballingarry.—[Munster News.]

ARCHBISHOP CULLEN.—The Freeman's Journal of the 11th ult., states that letters from Rome have been received confirming the announcement made some days since, that it is the intention of the Pope to raise the Archbishop of Dublin to the dignity of a cardinal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We have not this week received our regular foreign exchanges, but in their absence, we have drawn somewhat extensively on the Southern Citizen. On page 11 will be found the latest news from India, and on page 14 extracts from late Irish papers in relation to Orangeism and the 'crushing out' system.

IRELAND.

RELIGION IN GOREY.—Within the last fortnight three members of the Franciscan order, known as 'Recollects,' arrived at Gorey from Belgium. On the evening of their arrival they were warmly received by the inhabitants; vast crowds assembled in the streets, and cheered them loudly. They sojourned for a few days at Ramsfort, after which they took possession of a temporary house prepared for them. Their object is to found a monastery at Gorey, and their duties will be to attend to the spiritual wants of the faithful, not only there, but in the surrounding districts, and to give missions whenever solicited to do so in this diocese and elsewhere. Their rules are the most rigid of any order in the church, with the exception of the Carthusians. They depend altogether on voluntary offerings for support. The priests of the order are prohibited even from handling money—a lay brother or some other appointed for the purpose acting in such cases.

In the little kingdom of Belgium there are nine houses of 'Recollects,' the number in each house ranging from forty to eighty. Since their reformation, two hundred years ago, they never have been known to stand in need of means of support. Each house has half the number of inmates priests, and half lay brothers. The priests give missions, hear confessions, and, in towns, attend sick calls. Mass is celebrated every morning before day, at which large congregations attend. It is quite usual even on week days to see from three to four hundred persons at holy communion. There is solemn high mass every morning at seven o'clock, and in the evening solemn benediction of the most holy sacrament. The members of the order rise at half past eleven every night to sing the divine office. They then retire to rest till five, at which time they resume their daily occupations. During a mission the fathers are dispensed from the severity of the rule.

We are happy to hear that they have been engaged already in two or three parishes adjacent to Gorey to give missions in the spring, also, that application has been made from persons desirous of entering the house. The inhabitants of Gorey have come forward cheerfully to aid Mr. Ram in contributing to the support of the fathers, and there is every reason to expect that the good work will go on and prosper. Mr. Ram has built a convent for some members of an order of cloistered Franciscan nuns, called 'Penitents.' They arrived late at Gorey, and are under the direction of the Hon. Mrs. Law. This lady, it may be well to mention, is daughter to the late Recorder of London, M. P., for the University of Cambridge, sister to Lady Kilmaine, and to the heir apparent to the earldom of Ellenborough. It may be remembered that the Rev. Mr. Bennett, a minister in the diocese of Exeter, founded a convent for Protestant Sisters of Mercy. Mrs. Law was one of those. She happily entered the Catholic church at a subsequent period. In addition to the foregoing gratifying facts, the reader will be pleased to learn that two Sisters of the Tertian order of Penitents are expected over immediately to take charge of the sick poor, and perform the duties of Sisters of Mercy in the parish. His holiness the Pope, a member himself of the Tertian Order of the Franciscans, is most anxious that the 'Recollects' should be established not only in Ireland, but throughout the Christian world.—[Wexford People.]

SECRET SOCIETIES.—This subject continued to disturb those persons in Ireland who term themselves 'loyal'—those, namely, who are disloyal to their country, and slavish to a foreign power. Mr. Smith O'Brien has evidently no participation in these secret societies, though he abhors British government, at least, as much as any other man alive, and has taken several occasions of condemning them. We, on the other hand, approve of all societies and organizations, secret and open, having for their object the destruction of British power in Ireland. The Dublin Packet, an Orange paper, thus questions the Nation:—

'Disclose their objects, if they be honest, and not murderous. Tell us what they contemplate in plain downright language? We ask the Nation.' The Nation, as the Packet knows, does not profess, and has never professed to be acquainted with the affairs of those societies. But we can, nevertheless, afford the 'plain downright language,' which the questioner dare not reciprocate. We are assured, and we do believe their objects are not 'murderous,' and that what they 'contemplate in plain, downright language' is that for advocating that which Grattan received the thanks of a Protestant Irish parliament—the legislative independence of Ireland.—Has the Packet its answer?

MURDER IN THE QUEEN'S COUNTY.—A most lamentable occurrence has taken place in the Queen's County. On the evening of Friday week Mr. Richard Ely was mortally wounded by a gun-shot near the gate of his own residence, and he died on the following day. The unfortunate gentleman it appears fell a victim to some private grudge which he had raised in the breast of a bad character in the neighborhood. Mr. Ely was not an exterminator or an oppressor; he had not fanned up for himself the hostility of the inhabitants of the surrounding country, and the popular feeling on the subject is one profound horror at the perpetration of the crime by which his life was sacrificed. It is, therefore, extremely wrong to speak of this horrible business as an illustration of the 'state of the country.' It has nothing to do with the state of the country; it has nothing to do with the 'spread of Ribbonism' which, by the way, is not spreading at all—the scoundrel who shot Mr. Ely was probably as much a Knight of the Garter as he was a Ribbonman—it has nothing to do with societies of any sort, secret or public; it has to do, we should say, judging from the circumstances, only with the blind passion of some one bad heart.—[Nation.]

With regard to the Prince Albert's passengers and freights, the Galway Vindicator gives the following information:—There were 208 first, second and third class booked at two o'clock P. M. that day, 10th inst., and there are four trains yet to arrive before the sailing of the ship—4 P. M., 10 P. M., 12 night, and 12.20 A. M., to-morrow—so that we may very safely estimate the number she will carry at least 250. With respect to the cargo, there was put on board of her, yesterday and to-day, 348 cases and hogsheds of manufactured goods of a valuable description, the larger portion being Irish linens and other productions of native manufacture from the north of Ireland, besides very large quantities of hardware from Scotland in hogsheds, weighing 16 cwt. to 18 cwt. each. The passengers are from every part of the kingdom, but the great proportion of the Irish are from the province of Ulster, next to that, from Leinster and Connaught, and comparatively few from Munster, whose population of an emigrating tendency seems to have been completely drained out by the exodus of the famine years.'

LEVY OF THE EXTRA POLICE TAX IN DONEGAL.—On the 4th instant, Daniel Cruise, Esq., resident magistrate, with a large body of police, went to the townland of Ballyboe, on which the late attempt to murder Mr. Nixon took place, and levied off the occupiers the sum of £50, for payment of the extra police stationed there.

TERROR AND RACE.

The Government press, or Orange, or British press, of Ireland, is at this moment louder and more savage than ever in our memory, advising and urging on an extermination of the tenantry. The immediate occasion is the late assassination of Mr. Nixon, an exterminating landlord of Donegal. The Londonderry Journal speaks of the threatened crusade thus:—

'In the comments of the landlord organs, one and all, the spirit exhibited is simply the spirit of inhumanity. One journal suggests that the wretched inhabitants of Gweedore and Cloughaneely be again made to feel the gripings of that cruel poverty which public charity had removed—another, that dragons be sent to the district to ride down the natives—a third, that the sons of the gentry be organized as patrols, and armed with revolvers, and that these young gentlemen, so remarkable at all times for moderation, be permitted to range the mountains in the aristocratic sport of Celt-shooting, and a fourth proposes the extermination of such 'savages' by wholesale. These are a few of the expressions that have been printed. We shall not repeat all the verbal suggestions mildly advanced. When we give one of them, viz.: 'to shoot a priest for every landlord'—we will readily be pardoned for not sully our columns with such bloodthirsty sentiments.'

The Dublin Nation says:—

'Our people are every day being rooted off their own soil, driven from their own homes, banished from their own native valleys, hunted like noxious vermin from the land, crushed out, swept out, mopped out, as dregs, refuse, nuisance. They are every day driven across the sea to other countries—to England—from whence they are spurned again, should they, after, it may be, years of hard toil, be forced to apply for a day's relief from the public charities, to America—anywhere—everywhere, away from their own land. This thing is, we say, going on every day; it is bad enough, and is felt deeply enough, although endured with seeming patience. But this new development—this added fury—this savage threat of wholesale depopulation—what shall we say to it?

Only this—that if a course of proceeding which is opposed to the laws of God, and outside the laws of the land, and which is at variance with the first principles of human society, be attempted to be carried out in Ireland—if our challengers take the law into their own hands, and say to our people: 'We shall drive you into the jaws of death; your extermination, nothing less, can content us'—we shall answer their war message plainly, openly, readily, in the words of a memorable defiance to as savage a threat—let them come on!

This, we fear, is but vain bravado. They have 'come on' ere now, and have slain their tens of thousands, and with impunity.

The Nation of the 20th November has collected a few specimens of the true Orange fury. One gentleman, a magistrate, writes a letter to a Dublin paper, with the following suggestion:—

'I would propose the formation of a society of landed proprietors throughout Ireland, who should publicly execute codicils to their wills directing the removal of the Roman Catholic population from every townland over which they have control, which may become the theatre of agrarian murder. Let each member, on joining the society, pay £1 entrance money, and a few shillings yearly subscription. Let the society furnish the members, on joining, with the necessary form of codicil, and let the funds of the society be employed, under its legal advisers, in effecting the clearance of such property as may come within the meaning of the rules of the society. The principles for such an association as I propose, i. e., making the neighborhood answerable for the deeds within it, is nothing new; it is as old

as our Saxon forefathers. We see it in our laws concerning malicious injuries, in our extra police, &c., but the application of the principle has failed, because we do not hit the nail true on the head—because we hit only the masses that are put in motion, and not the string which governs those masses. The spring, sir, I repeat, is the priest, and unless you get round his soft and vulnerable side, the pocket, you can do nothing.'

Another recommends a general armament of the 'loyal' with blunderbusses. Another bethinks him of bloodhounds—

'Now, sir, if a couple of these sagacious detectives were kept at every police barrack in Ireland, the assassins of the Rev. Mr. Nixon and of Mr. Ely would have been amenable to justice within an hour or two after the perpetration of their crimes, or rather, in all probability, those crimes would not have been committed. One or two bloodhounds would also, you may depend upon it, be a better safeguard to the 'marked men,' when travelling the Queen's highway, than even a blunderbuss or a revolver.'

But the Nation here observes—

'Now, inasmuch as a bloodhound is unable to distinguish between the scent of a 'sheep stealer' or an 'assassin' and that of the most moral character in the neighborhood, any honest man may have the bloodhound at his door on any day or night that a cowardly or drunken landlord may fancy himself attacked. So we caution the tenantry to be prepared to protect themselves, and to make short work of the bloodhound should he come the way.'

The *Warder*, an Orange organ, in a leading article, says—

'The public opinion of the country gives the government CARTE BLANCHE to use ANY and EVERY means for the ferreting out of this fearful combination.'

QUARTERING AND DISMEMBERING.—That very apocryphal personage, the London correspondent of the *Warder*, writes:—

'If one of the heads of the system could be got, and made an example of, possibly the crime might be exterminated. I am not disposed to argue in favor of the revival of old and debasing forms of punishment; but if such an organizer of Ribbonism were brought to conviction, it would, perhaps, be effective to carry out his execution in some of the more degrading methods long disused, but scarcely adequate to the case of such a wretch.'

In the meantime, the English press is, of course, delighted with the occasion of launching out into the customary abuse of Irish Celts—than which no literature is more palatable to the British reader. For example, says the *Saturday Review*:—'No one can yet have quite forgotten old Ireland—the Ireland that moved the souls of statesmen, and baffled the efforts of philanthropists—that grovelled on in filth and wretchedness, half wild, half pitiable—that gave curses for gratitude, and shot down all who presumed to improve on her traditional way—whose words rivalled the ferocity of Red Republicans, and whose most heroic deeds rose just to the level of assassination. Every one must still remember the Ireland of O'Connell and Smith O'Brien, and Meagher of the Sword (that never was drawn)—the country where a threatened war of extermination, to be waged with pikes, and scythes, and vitriol bottles, and all the desperate resources of a down-trodden race, ended in a flight from a cabbage garden before a handful of police—the holy island where a faithful peasantry was ready to kill by the job 5s a head—the land of Ribbonmen and Orangemen, where no one except a murderer flying from justice could rely on his neighbor's fidelity, where religion was made the pretext for bloodshed, and treachery and turbulence were rewarded by retribution, ruin and starvation.'

'YOUNG is a very hard case,' said the fox to the oyster.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

A pedagogue threatened to punish a pupil who had called him a fool behind his back. 'Don't! don't!' said the boy. 'I won't do so again, sir, never! I never will say what I think again in my life!'

AN 'improved apparatus,' recently patented, and fully described in the *Mechanics Magazine*—'for raising and lowering the skirts of ladies dresses'—is styled by the *Home Journal*, 'ladies high-draulics.'

It is said of a rich miser, that he died in great want—of more money.

A PROSAIC TAR.—A seaman, who had escaped shipwreck, was asked by a lady how he felt when the waves dashed over him. He replied, 'Wet, madam—quite wet.'

A man came very near dying in California by putting on a pair of clean stockings and drinking a glass of cold water—an experiment he had not tried for many years before.

AN editor says that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailor to give the prison a puff.

'You have considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?' asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. 'Well, yes, rather,' was the reply, 'about half the year the water is up to the second story windows.'

WHAT is that which, supposing its greatest breadth to be four inches, length nine inches, and depth three inches, contains a solid foot?—A shoe.

'WHY is a bluish like a little girl?' Because it becomes a woman!'

THE water howling from a spring does not congeal in winter. And those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity.

A large fellow, lying down on the grass, said, 'Oh, how I do wish this was called work, and well paid!'

WOULDN'T FOLLOW HIM.—On a gravestone in a Southern burial ground, is the following popular inscription:—

As I am now, you must be;
Prépare to die, and follow me.

To which some cautious individual added, in pencil mark:—

To follow you, I'll not consent,
Until I know which way you went.

'MEN cannot expect to take pleasure unless they are willing to take pains.

A servant asked her mistress whether she would oblige her by going out on a particular afternoon, as she was going to have a party of friends, and wanted the loan of the drawing room.

GENIUS has limits, virtue has none; every one pure and good can become purer and better still.

THE religion that costs us nothing is worth exactly what it costs.

'How came such a greasy mess in the oven?' said a fidgety spinster to her maid-of-all-work.

'Why,' replied the girl, 'the candles fell into some water, and I put them into the oven to dry.'

THE heroine of a love story—a mere thing of goose-quill and foolscap; one born in a garret to be buried in a trunk.

Sir Thomas Coxe finds nothing to abuse except his wife's crinoline and Mrs. Longbow Miles's hoops.

'If they have no other advantage,' sneered Lady Coxe, 'they keep the men at a proper distance, and that's a great blessing.'

'To the men,' growled Sir Thomas.

FRIENDS.—Some English officers, drinking in their tent, asked the chaplain for a toast. 'The King of France!' 'What, our foe?' said the colonel. 'You live by him,' said the chaplain. The colonel took the first opportunity of giving, 'The devil!' 'Do you mean to affront me?' said the chaplain. 'You live by him,' said the colonel, very coolly, 'do you not, good doctor?'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MERCANTILE AND WRITING SCHOOL,

E. J. GLEESON, MASTER.

This School is now opened at No. 23 PORTLAND STREET, a few doors south of Dooley's Exchange Hotel, where a select and limited number of the Youth of both sexes will be admitted; time from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

TERMS MODERATE.

EVENING SCHOOL!

This School will be opened in the same place on the first evening of next month, where adults and those of riper years, will be carefully and assiduously instructed in the various branches of learning, suitable to their calling.

BOOK-KEEPING:

Mr. Gleeson ventures to say, and pledges himself without hesitation, that he will qualify young gentlemen for the Counting Room, in half the time that is consumed in similar institutions in this city, and at considerable less expense.

August 17th, 1858.

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EDWARD DOWNE'S CONNERY & CO.

New York, march 27

THE SOUTHERN CITIZEN,

is published weekly at Knoxville, Tennessee, by JOHN MITCHELL & WM. G. SWAN, at \$2 per annum, or \$1 for six months, payable invariably in advance.

Mr. Mitchell having commenced in the 28th number of the paper, a series of Letters addressed to the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, which when completed will furnish an entire history of

THE IRISH TROUBLES OF 1848,

With their Causes and Consequences,

The Southern Citizen will be the more interesting to both American and Irish readers. Besides these contributions from Mr. Mitchell, the Southern Citizen will continue to have its usual quantity of original matter upon political and literary subjects prepared by him. The circulation, though large and constantly increasing, the proprietors have thought will be much more extended by an announcement in this form.

Communications with remittances may be addressed to Mitchell & Swan, Knoxville, Tennessee, or to any of the following Agents:

S. G. Courtney & Co, Charleston, S. C.; Thomas B. O'Connor, Savannah, Ga.; J. C. Morgan, New Orleans, La.; Jas. A. Gentry, Richmond, Va.; Alexander Adamson, Washington city; Fallinage & Tunner, Cincinnati, O.; P. M. Haverly, 110 Fulton street, N. Y.; S. H. Goetzl, 33 Dauphin street, Mobile Ala.; Benj. B. Davis, Masonic Building, Montgomery, Ala.; Ross & Toucey, 121 Nassau street, N. Y., supply dealers only upon reasonable terms; James McGinn, 121 Kearney street San Francisco.

* Clubs of ten will be supplied with the paper for \$15.

CLUBS! CLUBS!! CLUBS!!!

There is no town or village so small, but a club of six or more subscribers for the Irish Miscellany can be easily obtained. Will those of our friends who are well-wishers of the land of their birth, do us the favor of getting up Clubs. Our terms will be—

To a club of six persons sent to one address, \$10.00
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The whole of the money must invariably be sent at one remittance, and in advance.

In addition to this great reduction of price, each member of a Club will be entitled to copies of all our splendid Gift Pictures. Let our friends exert themselves, and by their patronage make the Miscellany the foremost Irish journal on this continent.

TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED.

We have determined to appoint a number of Travelling Agents, to travel in the various States of the Union and canvass for subscribers for this paper. We do this at the earnest request of many warm friends, who think we do not take the requisite steps to make the paper known as extensively as it ought to be.

Persons desirous of becoming Travelling Agents, who can be well recommended, are requested to apply at our office forthwith. None but faithful, reliable men need apply. To such a liberal commission will be allowed. Apply at our Publication Office, 4 Water street, Boston.

BACK NUMBERS of the Miscellany, from the commencement of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 4 Water street, Boston. Will our friends in want bear this fact in mind?

HENRY GILES, THE DISTINGUISHED LECTURER.

Who has not heard of our old and esteemed friend, Henry Giles, an Irishman who has done more to lift up the Irish character than any other of our countrymen in the United States? The English boy's idea of Ireland is much akin to that which the generosity of the American people have of Irishmen. The former, in describing that country, from his impressions, thought it 'a great place where they grew bullocks.' So with most of the American people; they think the Irish are great people for making roads, digging, delving, and all sorts of hard labor; but if you told them that Swift, Goldsmith, Grattan, Burke, and the Sheridans, were Irishmen, they would be likely to doubt it. If you told them that in all ages Irish intellect soared as high as that of Bacon, Milton, or Shakespeare, you would (without it was literary society) be laughed at. Were they told that the most abstruse philosophers, the ablest statesmen, the greatest talents at the bar, in the pulpit, on the stage, in journalism—everywhere demanding mind—Irishmen were found capable, and made an indelible impression—they would still be incredible.

Among the deep thinkers and hard workers of the present day is Henry Giles, universally known and admired, and foremost among critics, lecturers and original writers. He is admired by the most able literary men in the United States. In private as well as in public, he has taken every opportunity of vindicating the character of his countrymen, and preserving the name and glory of Ireland. True as the needle to the pole, has his warm heart beat towards his countrymen in exile, while the liberty of his sentiments has endeared him alike to all creeds and shades of politics. So intensely national is he that he would give an estate—did he possess it—along with the Cromwellian name of Giles, to be the possessor of a thorough Milesian name.

Who, we ask, has studied Irish character more thoroughly? who entered into every feeling, thought, passion and desire of the Irish heart, more than Henry Giles? Who understands more keenly the intense love for home, the pangs of separation, the exile's sorrow? and who can so truly trace half their crimes to what is, in truth, deep-rooted virtue, national affection, love for association, and a clinging to old customs, better than our friend. Were he a trader and pander to prejudices, he might possess wealth and affluence; but he preferred to be identified with the weeping island of his nativity.

'More dear in her sorrow, her tears and her showers
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.'

We feel proud of the success which attends his Western tour, and hope sincerely he may return to the East and his family built up in mind, body and wealth, and reinvigorated for the winter's campaign, to scatter around the jewels of thought, the enriching productions of a well-stored mind—to instruct, to please, to drive away 'dull care,' and cause the dull to laugh, to carry us for an hour to the scenes of home, and to make us forget (by his illustrations of national wit and humor) that we are exiles and strangers in a foreign land.

We understand from a Western friend that he has delivered some new lectures on Irish character, among which is one on O'Connell, and which has not yet been delivered in Boston. We are assured they are the richest of his productions on Ireland. It is the desire of his many friends to hear them, and we understand arrangements are in progress to solicit him to favor this community. We trust all the arrangements may be satisfactorily completed. We believe our people are indebted to him, and, if we know them, as we think we do, they are ever ready to pay debts of gratitude, and to cling to those who labor in their behalf.

Our West Roxbury agent, Mr. Charles A. Belford, has kindly consented to act as agent for the Miscellany in West Roxbury. Mr. Belford is one of the most prominent young men in West Roxbury, and we hope that his friends will give him a warm reception when he calls upon them.

It will be seen by advertisement in another column that the office of the Boston Irish Miscellany is still at No. 4 Water street, in that city. We have noticed with pleasure the advancing strides of this periodical since it came under the control of our old friend and contributor, Sergeant Thomas O'Neill, whose sketches of the Life of a Soldier in the British and American Armies form not the least interesting and reliable feature of the Miscellany. There is a splendid field open to his enterprise, of the advantages of which we are confident he will not be slow to avail. We wish him all luck and prosperity.

We thank our friends of the Irish American for their very kind notice of our paper, and beg to inform them that our office is at 16 Franklin street.

GEORGE O'NEILL, our travelling agent, will visit Lynn, Salem, and Danvers during the next week, where, we trust, our many friends will aid him in his mission for extending the Irish Miscellany.

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Application for freight or passage may also be made to NAZRO BROTHERS & SWEENEY, No. 5 Chatham Row, Boston.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.

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The Miscellany may also be had, retail, of newspaper and periodical dealers throughout the country.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

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THE

IRISH MISCELLANY

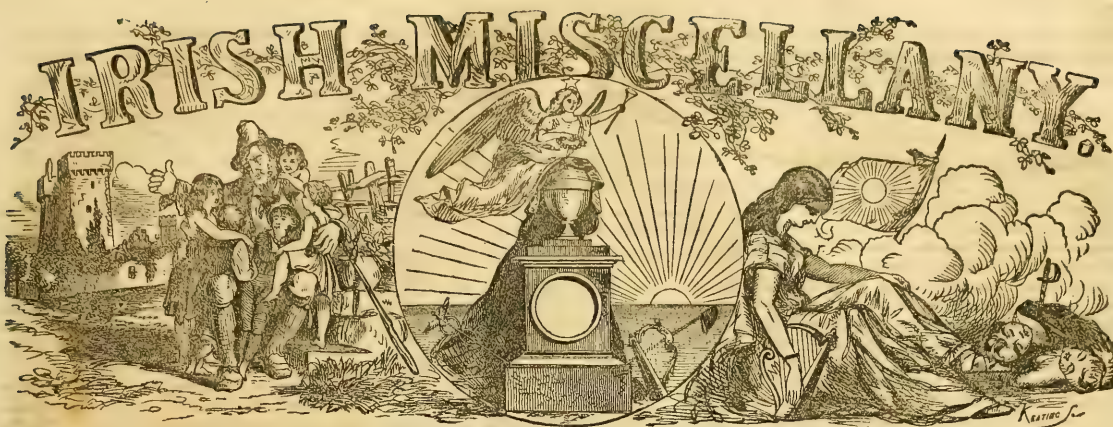
Is published weekly, and devoted to the interests and vindication of the Irish people throughout the world.

The Miscellany republishes each week one whole number of the old 'DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,' with original and selected essays, reviews, poetry, &c., by Irishmen, of first-rate ability. It also contains beautiful Pictorial Illustrations of Irish scenery and other objects of interest, among which may be enumerated engravings of the ancient castles and round towers, the ruins of old churches, the plundered monasteries, convents and abbey roofs of Ireland.

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THOMAS O'NEILL, PROPRIETOR,
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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 46.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

O'CONNELL'S HEART IN ROME.

The picture which we give below represents the Roman Catholic clergy of Rome conveying in solemn procession the heart of the great Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, to the Church of Saint Agatha.

The processions and foims of the Roman Catholic Church are its greatest bug-bears to its enemies, but piety, in whatever form it may exist, is entitled to respect, as is the tribute which Roman Catholics paid to one, who labored so earnestly to promote the

interests of their faith. Reverentially, then, may the formula attending the conveyance of a heart rendered sacred by the dying wishes of its possessor be regarded by the stranger, for the bequest was typically the devotion of the dying man to the Jerusalem of his hopes.



THE HEART OF O'CONNELL CONDUCTED TO THE CHURCH OF ST. AGATHA, ROME

THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROCK.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER IV.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY ANCESTORS.

The history of Ireland bears ample testimony to the antiquity of the Rocks, and it is even supposed we flourished long before the Wrongheads were established in England. Some think we are a remnant of the 'Tuath de Dennans,' a nation of necromancers, who could restore the dead to life, and bring into the field the warriors who had been slain the preceding day; though others think we are descended from the 'Firbolgs,' who emigrated two hundred and sixteen years after the death of Nemédus. Father O'Meara, however, was of the former opinion, from the fact that our family has proved indestructible—a proof that we are necromancers still. Certain it is, that we existed in Ireland anterior to the year 1300 before Christ, when Heber and Heremon, the sons of Milesius, King of Spain, invaded the kingdom; and, though we had but little opportunity of distinguishing ourselves during the reigns of such wise monarchs as Ollam Fodlah, Dubhlaclach, Flabbertach, Brian Boroinhe, &c., it is well known we made some noise previous to the memorable period when Pope Adrian thought fit to make a present of Ireland to the crowded murderer of Thomas à Becket. For the first one thousand one hundred years of the Christian era, however, there is little or nothing known of our family greatness.

The inglorious supineness of the Rocks during this period is easily accounted for. The Chief Judge, on all solemn occasions, had a kind of collar placed around his neck, which possessed the extraordinary virtue of pinching him unmercifully whenever his decisions were contrary to right. From the number of strangulations which took place, the use of this test of justice was discontinued, and, for some centuries, was supposed to be lost; but, to the great joy of the nation, this Irish curiosity was lately found by the Marquis Wellesley, and presented to the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, Lord Norbury and another judge having prudently declined its acceptance. My Lord Bushe, however, I understand, wears it with all imaginable ease and honor to himself.

It was doubtless a poor time for the Rocks to live in, when a beautiful young lady, in the most costly dress, was allowed to travel, without molestation, from one end of the kingdom to the other, though she carried on the top of her wand a gold ring of inestimable value. Robbery and abductions, it seems, were then unknown, so excellent were our morals, though there remains no proof that Brian Boroinhe ever enacted a Constabulary Bill, or put the Insurrection Act in force.

The origin of the name of Rock has puzzled antiquarians no less than our descent. Some hint that it foretells the future greatness of Mr. Roger O'Connor, being composed of the initials of the following awful words, Roger O'Connor King, while others are assured that it takes its rise from the saxum Jacobi, or stone of Jacob, which was brought from Egypt to Ireland by the Eranites, a tribe of Joseph.

Perhaps neither of these suppositions is right, as, in all probability, the name took its rise from the Rock on which for ages we continued, in spite of the persecuting spirit of the times.

Notwithstanding the quiescent state of my ancestors during the reign of Ollam Fodlah and others, there can be no doubt but that their disposition was unchanged. The great Frederic used to say, 'The French fight for glory, the Spaniards for religion, and the English for liberty, but the Irish always fight for fun.' This, at all events, is true, as applied to the Rocks, for like the seal, we

are never happy but in a tempest; discord is our natural element, and the English government has consulted our disposition in ministering to our love of riot, during the last six centuries. Well might each successive Rock exclaim—

Que regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.

Or, as O'Flaherty translates it—

Through Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Munster,
Rock's the boy to make the fun stir!

Soon after the arrival of the English in Ireland, my family arose to consequence. Our whiskers, in spite of statute after statute, flourished in a manner that would put a modern military exquisite to the blush, for Rowland's Macassar oil is not near so good a nourisher of national beards as persecution. In 1798, it required an army of thirty thousand men, and all Lord Cornwall's good sense, to put down the crops, although there was as little mercy then shown them that wanted a queue as in former ages to a lip that wanted a beard.

In those times a mere Irishman could be killed with impunity; and, even if naturalized, the penalty seldom exceeded five marks, so cheap was then considered the blood of a 'merus Hibernus.' Under such laws, my pugnacious ancestors began their career, which they have continued to the present time, under the different denominations of mere Irish Rapparees, Levellers, Hearts of Steel, Peep-o'-Day Boys, Carders, Caravants, Whiteboys, &c., &c. Had the English usurpers (for they were never conquerors) adopted the policy of the Tartars, and given their institutions to the people among whom they intended to settle—had they levelled all invidious distinctions that recalled the memory of their intrusion—in short, had they sown the seeds of good fellowship, instead of sitting down, like hags beneath a plantation of night-shade—the family of the Rocks had remained in obscurity, and I had not now been publishing my 'Gazette in London' for the instruction of statesmen and the good of my country. But the English seem to have been adventurers for personal advantage, and not for national benefits, and filled their nets best in troubled waters. 'It was certainly,' says Sir John Davis, who, like most of his successors, acknowledged the misrule of every government but their own, 'a great defect in the civil policy of Ireland, that for the space of three hundred and fifty years, at least, after the conquest first attempted, the English laws were not communicated to its people, nor the benefit or protection thereof allowed, for as long as they were out of the protection of the laws, so as every Englishman might oppress, spoil, and kill, without control, how was it possible they should be other than outlaws and enemies to the crown of England?'

Sir John, like most other commentators on Irish affairs, forgets that his countrymen were admitted by treaty into Leinster, and had not, until the time of Elizabeth, any right, jurisdiction, or power, out of the English pale, which extended only a small distance from Dublin. The English monarch was acknowledged lord of Ireland, but each Irish chieftain ruled with undisputed power in his respective province. The fact fully accounts for the length of time which elapsed before the introduction of English laws; and though the 'sassanachs,' or strangers, treated rudely their mere Irish neighbors, I dare say my countrymen were no way backward in returning the compliment. This was a glorious time for the Rocks, and, accordingly, they flourished amazingly.

It might have been supposed that, previous to the Reformation, the game at which the Rocks and the government have so indefatigably played, would have lagged, for want of the stimulants of opposite creeds. But those who are incited to quarrel will easily find apologies to begin, and, accordingly, we had two hostile altars set up in Ireland, at which

people who believed in the same Pope knelt down to curse each other; with this difference only—the one cursed in English, and the other Irish. 'Alas!' said one of my ancestors, on seeing this phenomenon, 'if such is the mode in which these pious persons now agree, what sport shall we have when they differ!'

'The first difficult fact,' says Mr. William Parnell, 'those writers (who attribute Irish rebellion solely to the antipathy of Catholics to a Protestant government) have to encounter is, that rebellions were just as frequent while the government was Catholic as when it became Protestant, and that the most formidable rebellion which ever shook the English power in Ireland broke out thirty years before the reformation, and continued, with little intermission, until the era of the reformation.'

I must not here forget to mention, because it is intimately connected with history of my family, that to our English intruders we are indebted for the blessed system of tithes—the decimal part of the produce of the earth being the bribe given by Pope Adrian, through the synod of Cashel, to the clergy, to ensure their obedience to Henry II. Dr. Doyle has proved that in these happy times, when children were baptized in buttermilk, tithes were unknown in Ireland, though O'Halloran asserts to the contrary, and assures us his countrymen were such good tithe-payers that every tenth child was thrown in as a tilly. This, doubtless, is an exaggeration of the veracious historian, otherwise we should have heard more of the Rocks during the Milesian era, for it is principally to tithes they owe all their glory.

CHAPTER V.

TRIUMPH OF MY FAMILY FROM THE TIME OF HENRY II. TO THE PERIOD OF THE REFORMATION.

The annals of Ireland, from the year 1189 to 1509, are nothing more than the history of the Rocks, for during this period insurrection and discord never assumed anything beyond those predatory contents in which my family delights. We have always excelled as sharpshooters, but were known to succeed in regular movements, for though indestructible, as our name imports, we have seldom been found in close columns or 'phalanx firm.'

In looking over the historians of this period we are forcibly reminded of the time in which we live, for between both there is a strange similarity. Discontent and insubordination reigned then as well as now, and the same reply was given by government to the complaints of the people, namely, 'This is not the time,' Ireland had then her Orangemen, though under another name, and Munster had her Rock, though under another title. There was, it is true, no Catholic disqualification, but Irishmen and enemy were synonymous.

The history of this period is greatly misunderstood, and very wrong conceptions respecting it have gone abroad. The English are uniformly described as polished and high-minded invaders, while the Irish, we are told, were barbarous, undisciplined and weak. Now what is the fact? Does not every thing concur in showing that Strongbow and his followers were mere free-booters, impelled by love and plunder, and indebted to Irish treachery for success? They were received as guests, and protected by their host; while the monarchs of the country considered them so insignificant that they disdain a quarrel with them, and renewed their private hostilities while the Welsh adventurers were revelling in Dublin. The slightest effort would have crushed them; but this was not made, and the absence of the attempt is attributed to Irish cowardice.

The English authority, during those three hundred and twenty years, was, in every sense of the word, circumscribed within very narrow limits; and that

they were only permitted, by courtesy, to remain in the kingdom, is evident from the fact that, whenever they presumed to pass their prescribed limits, they were quickly chased within the pale. Nay, they paid tribute, under the title of 'Black Mail,' for the liberty of remaining in the country; and more than one of my ancestors enacted this proof of dependency at the very gates of Dublin. The Irish never attempted, nor ever desired, the expulsion of the English, or they could have accomplished it at any time in twenty-four hours. They were a martial people; and, like a cat with her prey, delighted to amuse their pugnacious propensities with the strangers, whom they regarded as harmless and insignificant opponents.

Latter historians have ascribed the feelings and institutions of their own times to the people of this period, and then wondered at the obstinacy of the Irish in not embracing the English laws. Silly men! there was then nothing attractive in them; and Britons, compared with Irishmen, were mere slaves. The former were the serfs of barons, while the latter were independent followers of a chieftain chosen by themselves. The election of their rulers was gratifying and popular, and an equality of their rights was universal. Justice was administered by an independent judge; they paid no tithes, and the will of the monarch was wisely limited by depriving him of any control over the finances of his kingdom. Gavelkind then prevailed, and a better proof we cannot have of popular government, for this system completely destroyed all monopoly, and secured the poor man from any dependence on the rich. At this time no inconvenience attended this method, for there few enclosures; pasturage was the practice of the country, and our ancestors knew so little of agriculture, that sickles or reaping-hooks are of very modern invention, and they yoked the horse to the plough by his tail. So attached were they to this method, that prohibitory statutes were passed in vain, the fines in 1612, for disobedience, amounting to eight hundred and seventy pounds, being a penalty of ten shillings each on 1740 ploughs. What laws could not effect, fashion soon accomplished, for the farrier's knife proved more salutary in destroying the custom than acts of parliament.

Men are generally the best judges of what immediately concerns their own advantages, and when we find the English colonists embracing the Irish laws, customs and manners, we have every right to conclude that these were more congenial and attractive than their own. English by birth, were well known terms of distinction; and the latter, in time, became as odious as the O's and Mac's themselves.

This short review of Irish history sufficiently accounts for the indifference displayed by my countrymen towards the mild and humane laws of England; and, if we want a further reason, we have it in the conduct of the new settlers, who 'found it more for their interest,' says Leland, 'that a free course should be left to their oppressions; that many of those whose lands they coveted should be considered as aliens; they should be furnished for their petty wars by arbitrary exactions; and, in their rapines and massacres, be freed from the terrors of a rigidly impartial tribunal.' Those polished and chivalrous adventurers, therefore, represented the Irish as a race utterly irreclaimable, and their countrymen have kept up the fashion. In Swift's time the same language was common, and some men in our day have had courage enough to repeat the same old story.

The Irish of the pale, like the host of the porcupine, soon found that they had admitted a very disagreeable guest; but, with their usual hospitality, unwilling to eject them, they petitioned Edward the First to be allowed the benefit of the English laws. To a request so reasonable the monarch would have consented, were it not for the barons, alias the Eldons, of the day, who

in support of the English interest, assured Edward that the measure was not possible under the existing state of things; that the kingdom was in too great ferment and commotion, &c. Thus we find Irishmen excluded from justice by a policy which is continued by the Protestant ascendancy of the present day.

Still my countrymen had such an inconvenient love of justice, that, fifty years after, they renewed their petition, which met, it is needless to say, a similar fate; for, had it been successful, the glory of the Rocks might have been eclipsed for ever; on such slender circumstances depended the destinies of men!

On the rejection of this petition, up rose the O's and Mac's, and carried the flame of war through those classic regions of turbulence, Munster, Meath, &c. which still 'live in numbers and look green in song;' and so weak, says the historian, were the English, that want of concert among the Irish prevented their extermination. Yet so insolent were the legislators of the period, that they passed the following penal laws:—'It was enjoined, by royal mandate, that no more Irishmen should be admitted into any office or trust in any city, borough, or castle, in the king's land.' Again, by parliamentary ordinance, called the Statutes of Kilkenny, it was enacted 'that marriage, nurture of infants, and gossip with the Irish, should be considered and punished as high treason.' It was also made penal to the English to permit an Irish cow to graze their land; and as these governing Goths had no ear for harmony, they proscribed our venerated bards, who, they said, perverted the imagination by romantic tales. Our music at this period incontestably proves that we were more civilized than our rulers.

This uniform and perfect system of policy produced its proper fruit. The Rocks were everywhere active; and it is not a little singular that in the distant epochs of Henry IV., Elizabeth, and George III., we find the noble and English name of Fitzgerald 'flaming in the front' of rebellion.

That the activity of the Rocks does not depend upon religious differences must be apparent from the following historical extracts relative to the period which immediately preceded the reformation.

'In the reign of Henry VII., 1504, a general confederation of the Irish princes took place, headed by Ulrick Burke, Turloh O'Brien, Melroney O'Carrol, &c., &c., who collected the greatest army that had been in Ireland since the conquest. They fought a bloody and hard-contested battle with the Lord Deputy Kildare, at Knocklow, in Connaught.

'In Henry VIII.'s reign, before the reformation, the English were defeated at Monetrar, by an army under the command of the Earl of Desmond's son, Tirlagh O'Brien, and M'William. (Ann. 1510.)

'In the year 1513, M'William took the Castle of Dunluse, and we read that the Irish met with very little opposition this winter; they ravaged the country as they pleased, but they paid dear for it next spring.

'In 1514, we find the Deputy attacking the Irish chieftains, O'Moor and O'Reilly.

'In 1516, the deputy slew Shane O'Tuathal, besieged Lemevan Castle, took Clonmel, invaded Ulster, took the Castle of Dundrum, conquered Fylemy M'Genius, and (as it was technically termed in those days) preyed Tyrone. The citizens of Dublin were likewise defeated in Imale.

'In 1519, Con O'Nial invaded Meath.

'In 1521, we find mention of the Byrnes being in rebellion.

'The same year a confederate army of the O'Morris, O'Connors, and O'Carrols, defeated the English.

'In 1523, the Earl of Desmond, meditating a rebellion, applied to the French king for assistance.

'In 1523, O'Nial was in rebellion;

'In 1528, we find the English power so reduced, that they paid tribute (called black rents) to the Irish chieftains for protection. O'Connor invaded even the pale; the lord deputy was too weak to revenge the injury, but withheld O'Connor's pension; O'Connor, in return, took the deputy prisoner.

'In 1520, Kildare, by means of his daughter, Lady Slane, raised a great confederacy among the Irish

chieftains. In the same year, a negotiation between the Emperor Charles V. and the Earl of Desmond only proved ineffectual by the earl's death.

'Fresh insurrections of the O'Tuathals, O'Connors and O'Carrols succeeded, and were closed by the great rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, which bring us to the period of the reformation.'

Were not these fine times for the genius of Rockism?

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROGRESS OF ROCKISM.

Some have gone so far as to assert that the Rocks of Ireland and the Wrongheads of England are identically the same; it being observed that, whenever riot reigns in one country, the most profound tranquility reigns in the other. And as we do not possess, like Sir Boyle Roache's bird, the power of ubiquity, it is inferred that our presence in one kingdom naturally enough implies our absence in the other. This, however, is an hypothesis unworthy of serious refutation, for it is well known that the Rocks of Ireland bear no affinity to the 'Chieftains' of England, having much more of the devil in them, and being by far more eccentric and mercurial. It is, notwithstanding, a singular fact that these two kingdoms, in a moral point of view, are the very antipodes of each other, and, as if the union between them, like many other unions, were unnatural, and productive of discordant feelings, they pull different ways. What one does, the other will not do, and when one fights the other will stand still. Rebellion in England has uniformly produced peace in Ireland, and vice versa. When the radicals were turning every thing upside down in the one, Rock was quite sober in the other; but, when Hunt commenced the manufacture of 'blackings,' the captain arose from his slumbers, and kept the police at bay.

The same system prevailed at the time of the reformation; for, while the English people showed a pliancy of disposition truly laudable, in following their capricious monarch through every variety of mystery and murder—complying with all his whims, whether he beheaded his wife, or cut out for them a new creed—the Irish people laughed at the ridiculous movements of Britain, and remained firm to the faith of their fathers. The inactivity of my ancestors at this period is attributed to their high respect for the name of 'King;' and whether their title was conferred or assumed, they had sense enough not to inquire, but dutifully acknowledged the sovereignty of Henry, and hastened to Dublin to pay homage to the monarch who had quartered the arms of Ireland—the harp—with those of England. He had as many names as a Spaniard, viz: Carroll M'Murchard O'Kavanagh Rock.

In this state of dishonorable apathy my countrymen might have continued, had it not been for Sir Anthony St. Leger, who, like Mr. Goulburn, finding the nation tranquil, determined to keep it so; and as the wisdom of our legislators has always been the same, the method he resorted to was not unlike that adopted by our modern Solons, who suppressed the Catholic Association, for 'he made it his business,' says Sir Richard Cox, the apologist for every bad action of a deputy, 'to break the dependencies of the Irish, and to that end, upon all references to him, he took care that the weaker party might depend upon the government for protection.' This, perhaps, was not bad policy, though a barefaced interference with existing rights; but the Rocks of the day could not endure such presumption in a 'sassenach,' and accordingly once more sounded the tocsin of discord.

The Irish, though described as mercurial and inconstant, have adhered with heroic fidelity to their ancient faith; while their neighbors have exhibited in religion strange versatility of characters, obeying, in each successive reign, the will of the monarch in all matters of theology.

Many worthy persons contrived to retain their places during the reigns of Henry, Edward and Mary, notwithstanding the very opposite interests which

prevailed. Latimer was a kind of religious camelion, having changed his opinions no less than eight times, and Cramer's mutations were so many, that historians have forgot to enumerate them. Even in the parliament convened in Ireland, 'most of the temporal lords,' says Leland, 'were those whose descendants, even to our own days, continue firmly attached to the Romish communion; but far the greater part of the prelates were such as quietly enjoyed their sees by conforming, occasionally, to different modes of religion.'

Although the formal identity of religion proved no preservation against mutual vituperation, yet the fame of the Rocks is not a little indebted to the introduction of reformation among us. The bearer of this pure blessing was the mild and tolerant Bishop Bale, whose holy mantle has descended to Archbishop Magee, a prelate not very unlike his predecessor. Both substituted arrogance for dignity, and thought apparent religious zeal atoned for their poverty of birth. The inferior clergy were not better calculated than their principal for disseminating the novel creed. Spenser asserts that they were 'bad, licentious, and most disordered; they were distinguished for the grossest simony, the most rapacious avarice, and the most shameful neglect of professional duties. The fruits of their livings were gathered with extortion, to be squandered in intemperance and sensuality. Conscious of their own unworthiness, they were slavishly subservient to their bishops, upon whose pleasure the duration of their incumbency depended. Those bishops received a regular tribute out of the benefices of their clergy, and some even retained in their own hands the livings in their donation, and appointed their menial servants to collect their revenues. It may be added that the reforming clergy were entirely ignorant of the Irish language; which, in spite of repeated enactments to restrain it, had long become the predominant dialect of the nation.'

The conduct of the Protestant laity, in recommending the reformed creed, was not less attractive than that of the clergy. 'Under pretence of obeying the orders of the state,' says Leland, 'they seized all the most valuable furniture of the churches, which they exposed to sale without decency or reserve. The Irish annalists pathetically describe the garrison of Athlone, issuing forth with a barbarous and heathen fury, and pillaging the famous church of Clonmacnoise, tearing away the most inoffensive ornaments, so as to leave the shrine of their favorite Saint, Kieran, a hideous monument of sacrilege.' This venerable crosier of St. Patrick, too, was committed by these Goths to the flames. Is it any wonder that the Rocks of that period were active and useful?

The Arab, in his journey over deserts of sand, is sometimes relieved by the green spots which appear more lovely from the surrounding sterility. So the Irish historian, while obliged to describe deeds of repugnant and cruel atrocity, has the satisfaction of recording actions of heroism and traits of national virtue. Thus, while the ignorance of immorality of the Protestant clergy, and the barbarism of the Protestant laity, excite our undivided detestation, it is a pleasing relief to be able then, as well as now, to refer to the pious conduct and exemplary morals of our beloved priests, who were at the time of reformation, as well as subsequently, regarded by the Irish people with the justest veneration. A remarkable instance of this occurred towards the end of Elizabeth's reign. The Castle of Cloghan was besieged by Her Majesty's forces; and the brother of the constable, who had charge of the castle, was a prisoner in the hands of the besiegers. Their commanding officer, understanding that a Catholic priest was harbored in the castle, sent word to the constable that, unless he immediately surrendered, his brother should be hung in his sight. The con-

stable refused to surrender, as he knew no quarter would be given to the priest, and the execution of his brother took place before his eyes. Yet in four days after, when the priest had been transferred to a place of safety, the governor capitulated.

During the reign of Queen Mary, my family trembled for their future destinies, as the Catholics, on their resumption of power, contrary to our most sanguine expectations, refused to butcher their Protestant countrymen. Nay, they even went so far as to afford many of the persecuted Protestants of England an asylum in Ireland. Under these circumstances, we were apprehensive of a total declension of our power; but, still hoping for the best, we kept our hands in practice by quarrelling among ourselves. Good soldiers are only made in a protracted war, said Bonaparte, and it was well for us that we kept our swords from rust, for the reign of Elizabeth required an edge sharper than usual. One of my ancestors, who battled through the whole of it, has transmitted to his descendants the high honor of having been personally engaged in forty rebellions, as well as in some local insurrections, which he threw in as make-weights. At Castle of the Pass of Plumes, he plucked a feather from the gay young Earl of Essex's cap, which still remains at Rockgen, as a relic of his bravery.

Among the arch-tyrants of this reign, the name of Lord Leonard Gray stands pre-eminent. 'The Queen was assured,' says Leland, 'that he tyrannized with such barbarity, that little was left in Ireland for Her Majesty to reign over but ashes and dead carcases.' In the year 1583, the garrison of Limerick, in Kerry, surrendered to this nobleman upon a promise of mercy. An officer, of the name of Wingfield, was commissioned to disarm them. The garrison was then immediately put to the sword, and it is painful to add that the instrument of this detestable service was Sir Walter Raleigh. Forty thousand acres of land, in the county of Cork, were the recompense of this and similar exploits, which estate Sir Walter afterwards sold to Richard, first Earl of Orrery.

About the same period, O'Nial, Chieftain of Clanaboy, with many of his relatives, was invited to an entertainment by Walter, Earl of Essex. Three days and three nights were past in mirth and revelry. On the fourth, O'Nial, with his wife and brother, was suddenly arrested. His friends were slaughtered in his presence, even the women and children were not spared, and the chieftain himself, with his wife and brother, were sent to Dublin, and there, as the Chronicle informs us, 'were cut in quarters.' No immediate provocation was even pretended for this barbarous perfidy, which must affix an indelible stigma to the character of its contriver.

Passing over the fate of M'Mahan, O'Neil and O'Donnell, we come to that of the Earl of Desmond, and with his case I shall close my remarks on the revolting scenes which this reign presents. I am not writing a history of Ireland, I am only tracing the causes which led to the renown of the Rocks.

The Earl of Desmond, an Englishman by descent, but who had long conformed to Irish laws and customs, possessed a vast estate in the province of Munster, his family was one of the most ancient in Ireland, and upwards of five hundred gentlemen of his own name and race, says Baker, were obedient to his commands. It by no means appears that, before he was proclaimed a traitor, in 1579, he had committed an overt act of treason, for it is impossible to consider as such his private family quarrels with the Earl of Ormond. About a month before the proclamation, the Countess of Desmond had delivered up their only son, and two ecclesiastics of noble birth, to Sir William Drury, Lord Justice of Limerick, as pledges of the loyalty of the earl. Nor can we find that anything amounting to more than mere suspicion was alleged against him,

founded on some casual delay in drawing out his forces against his own brother, who had first appeared in arms. It is no trifling confirmation of his previous innocence that the bills for his attainder were not received in the council without much difficulty, nor passed with considerable opposition.

When Desmond was thus driven into rebellion, it must be owed that he committed many excesses. At the head of his own dependents, and an auxiliary force of Spaniards and Italians, he took the town of Youghall, which was devoted to indiscriminate plunder. Even the churches were not spared, and the superstition of the Irish writers has attributed the downfall of Desmond to the sacrilege of his followers. As some palliation, however, of these and other enormities, let us remember the provocations he received, the imprisonment of his son, and the execution of the other hostages he had delivered, previously to any open acts of hostility.

The vengeance, however, of his enemies was signal and severe. His territories were ravaged, and his people slaughtered. Numbers of his unfortunate vassals were formed into castles and houses, which were then set on fire, the soldiers shooting or stabbing the wretches who attempted to escape. To carry infants on the point of their spears, and enjoy their tortures, was a favorite recreation. Numbers of women were found hanging upon trees, with their children strangled with their mother's hair. Famine completed what the sword had begun, and pestilence succeeded to conflagration. Spenser has left us a tremendous description of the calamities of this ill-fated province. The unhappy people crept out of the woods, for they were unable to walk—flocked as to a feast to every plot of grass that was visible—devoured the carrion that strewed their plains and poisoned their atmosphere, and actually scraped the putrefying carcass from the grave, to appease the cravings of intolerable hunger. A tract of country, which had once been the most fertile and populous in Ireland, was thus suddenly converted into a barren and uninhabited wilderness.

The reader, perhaps, may be curious to learn the fate of Desmond himself. This unfortunate nobleman, bending under the weight of years, was compelled, like an abject outlaw, to make refuge in his own forests. The countess, upon her knees, and in tears, had in vain besought the viceroy for his forgiveness. The earl was no longer formidable as an enemy, and his estates was a forfeiture too tempting to be relinquished. He was therefore pursued to destruction, and his own relative, but implacable enemy, the Earl of Ormond, was selected as the arbiter of his destiny. Deserted by all, except four of his followers, he had taken shelter in a miserable hut, where he was discovered by a partisan of Ormond's, of the name of Kelly, who, with a body of soldiers, had been commissioned to pursue him. This leader, on entering the hut, found that all had fled, except one man of a venerable aspect, who was languidly stretched before a half-extinguished fire. This person Kelly instantly assailed and wounded. 'Spare me,' he exclaimed, 'for I am the Earl of Desmond!' The other immediately struck off his head, and brought it to Ormond, by whom it was sent to the Queen, and impaled on London Bridge. Thus perished the once powerful Earl of Desmond, the lord of many counties, whose estate contained six hundred thousand acres, and whose influence extended over the entire of the south of Ireland—a descendant of the ancient kings of the province, commanding in person, dignified in aspect, and possessing in a high degree those virtues of hospitality, generosity, and courage, which the selfish apathy of modern refinement has stigmatized by the epithet of barbarous. A witness to the downfall of his house, the extirpation of his kindred, and the ruin of his country, reduced to the lowest privations of nakedness and

hunger, deserted by every friend, at night, alone, in a wretched hovel, he fell by the base hand of an obscure and hireling murderer. In this reign Ireland was completely subjugated.

[To be Continued.]

A NOVEL STORY.

Some few years since, amongst many passengers that landed from a Liverpool vessel, after a rough voyage, was a sun-burned, well looking man, seemingly about forty; on coming on shore, he fervently thanked God for again finding himself on Irish ground, adding, that he had trod many a weary step with a heavy heart since he had left it. He accompanied the rest of the voyagers to one of the best inns—the term hotel was not then used. On arriving there the head waiter glanced at him the supercilious expression that is not uncommon now amongst those gentry—the brethren of the knife and fork—when they suppose the person cannot satisfy their rapacity, and turned him over to the care of an underling, a fine lad. The stranger ordered dinner, and a retired room; and, after dinner, desired the attendant to bring whiskey, lemons, &c., to make punch, saying it was a long time since he had tasted his native liquor. Come, my boy, here is a glass of wine for you; you have attended me well, but I am sorry to see one so young in your situation—a bad school for you; how old are you?

'Fifteen, if you please, sir, next Michaelmas.'

'Ah, my l!' exclaimed the stranger with a sigh; 'young, indeed, to be left to yourself; have you no friend that could do better for you?'

'My mother is living here also.'

'Your mother—that is well; no doubt she is careful of you; and your father—where is he?'

'I never saw him, sir. My mother says he is dead,' replied the lad in confusion.

The stranger concluded from the boy's manner that he was illegitimate, and asked no further. When left to himself he began to think over the events of his past life, and few pass such retrospect without mixed sensations of weal and woe. 'I had my trials,' said he, 'who is without them? God be praised for all!—here I am again, a richer man than ever I could have expected to have been; and sweet is the wealth that has been acquired innocently, by honest fair labor, under the help of God. I have now but one wish to have granted; but on that hangs all my future happiness. If she be dead or married, what will become of me? yet if ever woman was to be trusted it was herself.'

Time passed unheeded, as the stranger mused on his own affairs, till the clock, striking eleven, roused him. 'Come, there's no use in thinking; a night's rest will do me more good than all my waking thoughts. I will ring for the little waiter; I like that lad, and must not lose sight of him if my own matters go on well. He has a handsome Irish face, with all the freshness of youth and innocence. Alas! I have not seen such for a long time; yet his features are familiar to me, too, though I cannot remember who I have seen like him; in a dream, perhaps—here the lad entered, rubbing his eyes.

'Did you ring, sir?'

'Ay, my poor child, I have kept you up too long; but all shall be settled to-morrow. Is my luggage in my room?'

'Yes, sir, and a good fire there.'

'Well, my boy, show me the way.'

The housemaid, a handsome woman, was settling the luggage as the stranger entered; the lad left the light on the table and withdrew; the housemaid was about to follow—

'That waiter is a fine lad, who is he?'

'My son, please your honor; and, though I say it, a better boy never lived, goodness be praised for it.'

'Your son,' said the stranger, looking sharply at

her; 'why you seem too young to be his mother; you are then married?'

'I am—I was,' she replied with a sigh, and moved towards the door. 'Stop a minute; the lad is like you; is he also like his father?' Instead of replying, she asked whether he wanted anything more in his room, and was again leaving it. 'Not in such a haste,' said the stranger; 'nay, don't be alarmed. I have taken a fancy to your son, would you let him go with me? I would be careful of him as my own.'

'Thank your honor kindly.'

'What is your name?'

'Jessy Mahony.' The stranger started; but, recovering, asked in a faint voice—

'Is that your husband's name?'

'I knew one Mick Mahony abroad, perhaps he was your husband.'

'Oh, that I could say it was! but that is impossible; I saw his corpse after he was drowned; oh, could I have but one sight of my Mick again, I could die happy.'

The stranger caught her in his arms. 'Dear Jessy, I am your Mick Mahony. I was not drowned; but Peter Dunne was, that trapped me on board the trading vessel. He took my clothes; but God is just; and Peter got drunk with the money he got for kidnapping an able seaman, such as I was then, and he tumbled into the Liffey. I saw him fall. Meanwhile Jessy pondered over what she had heard, and knew not what to think. The corpse was in her husband's clothes, but so disfigured from lying in the water, that otherwise she could not have thought it her husband; but then there was no account of him, and the circumstance of a body being found of her husband's size, colored hair, and in his clothes, made her certain that her poor Mick had perished. She glanced at herself in the mirror. 'I might be known for the wife Mick left,' she thought, 'but can this strange colored man, with white hair, be my clean-skinned, black-haired, youthful Mick? Though my heart warms to him, I will be cautious. It's not long since Biddy Casey was tricked by a man that set up for her husband, just returned from foreign parts!' Mick Mahony seemed to understand his wife's scruples, and thought how he could remove them.

'Why woman, have you forgotten all your Irish, that I taught you when we were courting, and you but a slip of a girl; do you forget how often you and lame Joan would try to keep me from my work to give you a lesson?'

'I do, I do remember it well; but what did you say to us when you wanted to put off my lesson till evening, when your work would be finished?'

'Luidhean cruadhtan for dhiomhaoineas,' said he eagerly.

'My own darlint Mick, and no other,' exclaimed Jessy, transported with joy.

TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

LADY DEFFERIN.—Seldom runs the tide of talent so strongly through successive generations as it has done in the distinguished family of Sheridan. First springing into literary notice in the days of Swift, we see, in the witty Dean's lively correspondent, the grandfather of the illustrious Richard Brinsley Sheridan, commemorated by Thomas Moore, in his matchless monody, as—

The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
Thro' each mode of the lyre, and master of all.

Through him is descended (in the sixth generation)



TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

the authoress of the following song. She has written many, all of great excellence, but none can evoke their mirth or their tenderness with such point or pathos as the fair and noble lady herself:—

So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me
All alone by myself in this place,
But I'm sure you will never deceive me,
Oh no, if there's truth in that face.
Tough England's a beautiful city,
Full of illigant boys, oh what then—
You would'nt forget your poor Terence,
You'll come back to ould Ireland again.

Och, those English, deceivers by nature,
Though maybe you'd think them sincere,
They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,
But don't you believe them, my dear.
No, Kathleen, agra, don't be minding
The flattering speeches they'll make,
Just tell them a poor boy in Ireland
Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's a folly to keep you from going,
Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case—
For, Kathleen, you know, there's no knowing
When next I shall see your sweet face.
And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
None the better will I be of then—
You'll be spaking such beautiful English,
Sure I won't know my Kathleen again.

Eh, now, where's the need of this hurry—
Don't flutter me so in this way—
I've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
Every word I was maning to say;
Now just wait a minute, I bid ye,—
Can I talk if ye bother me so?
Oh, Kathleen, my blessing go wid ye,
Ev'ry inch of the way that you go.

KEEPING SILK ARTICLES IN GOOD ORDER.—

Silk articles should not be kept folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will be apt to impair the color of the silk. Brown or blue paper is better; the yellowish, smooth India paper is best of all. Silk intended for dresses should not be kept long in the house before it is made up, as lying in the folds will have a tendency to impair its durability, by causing it to cut or split. Hard silk should never be wrinkled, because the thread is easily broken in the crease, and it can never be rectified. To take the wrinkles out of silk scarfs or handkerchiefs, is to moisten the surface evenly with a sponge and some weak glue, and then pin the silk with some toilet pins around the shelves on a mattress or feather bed, taking pains to draw out the silk as light as possible. When dry, the wrinkles will have disappeared.

NOT FOND OF LIGHT FOOD.—'Glass pud in, glass pud in,' shouted a Polish glazier in one of our side streets.

'No, thank you,' replied a passer-by, 'I'm not fond of glass pudding; its very apt to give one 'panes' in the stomach.'

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

[The following beautiful production, so descriptive of a true gentleman, is from the pen of an Irish lady, and was handed us some time since, at the same time soliciting our opinion as to whether it possessed sufficient merit to entitle it to publication. We had it published in the *Lawrence Sentinel* at the time, and now fell proud, in our present position, to be able to transfer it to the pages of the *Miscellany*, as it will be more universally read and admired by her country people.—*Ed. Irish Mis.*]

Whom do we dub as gentlemen? the knave, the fool, the brute,
If they but own full title of gold, and wear a courtly suit;
The parchment scroll of titled line, the ribbon on the knee,
Can still suffice to gratify and grant such high degree.
But nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth her nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;
She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
And cries, exulting, 'Who can make a gentleman like mine?'
She may not spend her common skill about the outward part,
But showers beauty, grace and light upon the brain and heart;
She may not choose ancestral fame, his pathway to illume,
The sun that sheds the brightest ray, may rise in mist and gloom.
Should Fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold abound,
He shares it with a bounteous hand, and scatters blessings round;
The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end designed,
When held by Nature's gentleman—the good, the just, the kind;
He turns not from the cheerless home where Sorrow's off-springs dwell;
He'll greet the peasant in his hut, the pilgrim in his cell;
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love—
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above;
The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless or the poor,
Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door;
His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe;
An honest name his jewelled star, and truth his ermine robe;
He wisely yields his passions up to Reason's firm control;
His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul—
He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,
But will not love the revel scene, or head the brawling strife;
He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, bears no honeyed tongue;
He's social with the gray-haired one, and merry with the young;
He gravely shares the council speech, or joins the rustic game,
And shines as Nature's gentleman in every place the same.
No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word;
No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard;
He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn or teach—
With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candor in his speech;
He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed—
He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed;
Justice and mercy form his code, he puts his trust in heaven—
His prayers, if the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven.
Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are,
Each shining in his hallowed sphere as Virtue's polar star;
Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt and dark,
Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn, lit by Promethean spark;
There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride,
Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse tide.
They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace,
Nature puts forth her gentleman, and monarchs must place.

AUNT NABBY'S STEWED GOOSE.

It was Aunt Nabby's birthday, and she was bent upon having a goose stewed in onions, and with cabbage and salt pork to match.

'Polijah,' said she to me, 'hen't we got a goose about the farm?'

'No,' said I, 'we eat the old gander at Christmas, and he was the last of the patriarchs.'

Aunt Nabby went down to Sue, who was getting breakfast.

'Susannah,' said she, 'the boy's tells how we be'cent got a goose in creation; now what shall we do?'

'Go without,' replied Susannah, with that amiable tone which so marked her, and which my father said had worn off her teeth to the gums.

But Aunt Nabby was bent upon a goose, and when such a stiff and strait person gets bent upon anything, you may consider the matter settled, and I saw that a goose of some kind would be had at some rate or other.

'Here you crittur,' cried Aunt Nabby to the little black specimen of the human family, which was digging potatoes in the garden; 'here, I want you to go along to the neighbors, and borrow a goose.'

Cato laid down his hoe, got over the fence, and shovelled off on his broad pedestals to get a goose. The first house that Cato came to was that of Sam Soap, the tailor, formerly called Soft Soap. Into the shop went the yankeeified negro, and making a leg to Mr. Soap, who sat like a Hindoo idol, busily employed in patching an old blue coat, with still older brown rags, and humming most mournfully the air of—

'Ye banks and braes of Bonny Doon.'

giving it a nasal twang that came direct from Jedediah Soap, who was a member of the Long Parliament.

'Soap,' says Cato, 'you hen't got no goose nor nothing, hen't ye, for Aunt Nabby?'

Soap was a literal (not literary) man, and so he called to his daughter Propriety, who, having but one eye, was likewise called Justice—that is, by some that were classical.

'Priety,' says he, 'gin Cato my goose.'

Priety, like a good girl, took the broad flat-iron off the shelf, and telling Cato to be as careful as everlasting not to get it wet, she wrapped it in a paper, and away went the web-footed mortal to deliver the charge to Susannah.

'My gracious,' said Susannah, if that nigger ha'n't got me an iron goose to stew.'

But, nevertheless, as her business was to stew the goose, and ask no questions, at it she went, and pretty soon the tailor's treasure was simmering among the onions and carrots, and cabbages, and turnips, and spices, all as nice as need to be. After breakfast, Aunt Nabby had gone abroad to ask in the neighbors, and, when she came home, she went, of course, directly to the kitchen to see how the goose came on.

'Is it tender, Susannah?' said she.

Susannah smiled so sweetly that the old house clock, in the corner next the cupboard, stopped and held up its hands.

'Oh, ma'am,' replied Susannah, 'it is so tender that I guess 'twont be any more tender after being biled.'

My aun't's mouth watered so that she was forced to look at Susannah, to correct the agreeable impression.

Well, noon came, and the neighbors began to drop in. First came the parson, who, being a man of vast punctuality, took out his watch as soon as he came in, and for the purpose of seeing how it 'chimed,' he said, with the old clock, walked into the kitchen, bade Miss Susan a 'good day,' hoped she continued well in body, and snuffed up the sweet savors of the preparing sacrifice with expanded nostrils.

Next came the squire; he opened the front door, and, seeing no one but me, 'Polijah,' he said, 'when'll that air goose be done? cause I'm ever-lasting busy settling that hay-mow case, and I'd like to know.'

'Ready now, squire,' answered the parson, opening the kitchen door, 'and I guess it's an uncommon fine goose, too, so walk in and let's have a little chat.'

The squire entered, and he and the minister had a considerable spell of conversation about that hay-mow case; the case is this:—Abijah Beggs got leave to carry his hay 'cross Widow Stokes' field to the road; well, this hay-mow dropped off the polls, and Widow Stokes claimed it as a waif and stray.

'Now, said the squire, 'I conceit the chief pint in the case is this here—has Widow Stokes a right to the hay? Now this 'll depend, ye see, 'pon 'other pint, to wit, videlicet—does the hay belong to 'Bijah? Now the widow says, says she, every man in this country's free, and therefore every man in this country's a king, jist as fur as his farm goes; now the king, all allowed, has a right to waifs and strays, and so says Widow Stokes, that air hay's mine. But, says 'Bijah—and, by jinks, it's a cute argument—but, says he, though every man in this land of liberty's a free man, yet that doesn't prove that every woman's; and, per contra, we know that woman don't vote and of course ain't free; so, said he, the hay ain't thern. But it's a puzzling case, ain't it?'

'Well now,' answered the minister, 'it strikes me that hay ain't a stray.'

'Well,' said the squire, 'that's a point I never thinned of.'

Just then in came deacon, and after him the sexton, and so on till pretty much all the aristocratic democracy of the village had assembled, and then in bustled Aunt Nabby—awfully fine I tell you—and then Susannah and Cato began to bring in dinner, and while they were doing that, the company all took a stiff class of grog, by way of appetite, and then stroked down their faces and looked at the table, and there was a pig roast and stuffed, a line of veal, and two old hens, and 'an everlasting sight of all kinds of sauce,' and pies and puddings, and doughnuts, and cider, and current wine, and, above all, at the head of the table, the dish in which lay the hero of the day, 'that air goose, smothered in onions, and utterly hid beneath the carrots and cabbages.'

The seat next the goose was assigned to the minister, and all sat down. The squire flourished his fork, and pounced upon the pig; the deacon he tackled the veal, while the sexton was seriously at work to exhume a piece of baked pork from amid an avalanche of beans. The minister, with a spoon, gently stirred away a few carrots and onions in hopes of thus coming at the goose.

'It smells remarkably fine,' said he to Aunt Nabby.

'It's particular fat and tender,' she replied, 'I picked it myself from a hole heap.'

And still the minister poked, till at last his spoon grated upon a hard surface.

'A skewer, I guess,' he said, and plunged his fork into the onion mass; he struggled to raise the iron handle with which he had joined issue.

'Bless me!' cried Aunt Nabby; 'what's that air? I should judge that that air was an old goose.'

'Gracious me!' exclaimed the deacon.

Still the minister struggled, and still the goose resisted. Aunt Nabby grew nervous, and the more the minister struggled, the more the goose wouldn't come. I saw my aun't's eye dilating, and her hand moved ugly, and then, pounce—just when the minister thought he had conquered the enemy, my aun't's claws drove through the onions, and drag-

ging forth the tailor's goose, she held it at arm's length before the company. The squire had just raised the pig upon his fork, when, seeing my aunt's discovery, he dropped it, and the dish was knocked all to smash; the sexton had his beans to the edge of the table; another pull, as he saw the goose, and over it went. My aunt dropped the cause of this evil, and there went another plate. The company dined elsewhere, and next Sunday the minister declined preaching on account of a domestic misfortune. My Aunt Nabby died soon after, and the sexton buried her, observing, as he did so, that 'she departed, the poor critter, in consequence of an iron goose and broken crockery.'

DEATH OF BARON DEKALB.

Immediately on receiving orders of departure, we waited on the good old de Kalb to take our leave, and to express our deep regret at parting with him. 'It is with equal regret, my dear sirs, that I part with you,' said he; 'because I feel a presentment that we part to meet no more.'

We told him we hoped better things. 'Oh no!' replied he, it is impossible. War is a kind of game, and has its fixed rules, whereby when we are well acquainted with them, we can pretty correctly tell how the trial will go. To-morrow, it seems, the die is to be cast; and, in my judgment, without the least chance on our side. The militia will, I suppose, as usual, play the pack-game—that is, get out of battle as fast as their legs will carry them. But that, you know, won't do for me. I am an old soldier, and cannot run; and believe I have some brave fellows that will stand by me to the last. So, when you hear of our battle, you will probably hear that your old friend, de Kalb, is at rest.'

I never was more affected in my life, and I perceived tear in the eyes of General Marion. De Kalb saw them too, and taking us by the hand, he said, with a firm tone, and animated look, 'No! no! gentlemen; no emotion for me, but those of congratulations. I am happy. To die is the irreversible decree of Him who made us. Then what joy to be able to meet death without dismay. This, thank God, is my case. The happiness of man is my wish; that happiness I deem inconsistent with slavery. And to avert so great an evil from and innocent people, I will gladly meet the British to-morrow, at any odds whatever.'

As he spoke this, a fire flashed from his eyes, which seemed to me to demonstrate the divinity of virtue, and the immortality of the soul. We left him with feelings which I shall never forget, while memory maintains her place in my aged brain.

It was on the morning of August 15, 1780, that we left the army in a good position, near Rugely's mills, twelve miles from Camden, where the enemy lay. About ten that night orders were given to march, and surprise the enemy, who had, at the same time, commenced a march to surprise the Americans. To their mutual astonishment, the advance of both armies met at two o'clock, and began firing on each other. It was, however, soon discontinued by both parties, who appeared very willing to leave the matter to be decided by day light. A council of war was called, in which de Kalb advised that the army should fall back to Rugely's mills, and wait to be attacked. General Gates not only rejected this excellent counsel, but threw out insinuations that it originated in fear. Upon this, the brave old man leaped from his horse, and placed himself at the head of his command on foot, saying, with considerable warmth, 'Well, sir, perhaps a few hours will show who are the brave.'

As day-light increased, the frightened militia began to discover the woods, reddened all over with the scarlet uniform of the British army, which soon, with rattling drums and thundering cannon, came rushing on to the charge; and they scarcely waited to give them a distant fire before they broke, and fled in every direction. General Gates clapped spurs to his horse, as he said, 'to bring the rascals back;' nor did he stop till he reached Charlotte, eighty miles from the field of battle.

Two-thirds of the army having thus shamefully taken themselves off, the brave old de Kalb and his handful of continentals were left to try the fortune of the day. More determined valor was never displayed, for though outnumbered more than two to one, they sustained the whole British force for more than an hour. Glorifying in the bravery of his continentals, de Kalb towered before them like a pillar of fire. But, alas! what can valor do against equal valor, aided by such fearful odds? While bending forward to animate his troops, the veteran received eleven wounds. Fainting with loss of blood, he fell to the ground, while Britons and Americans were killed over him, as they furiously strove to destroy, or to defend. In the midst of clashing bayonets, his only surviving aid, Monsier de Buysen, stretched his arms over the fallen hero, and called out, 'Save the Baron de Kalb! save the Baron de Kalb!' The British officers then interposed, and prevented his immediate destruction.

De Kalb died, as he had lived, the unconquered friend of liberty. When an English officer condoled with him his misfortune, he replied, 'I thank you, sir, for your generous sympathy; but I die the death I always prayed for; the death of a soldier, fighting for the rights of man.' He survived but a few hours, and was buried in the plains of Camden, near which his last battle was fought.

Many years after, when the great Washington visited Camden, he eagerly inquired for the grave of de Kalb. It was shown to him. Gazing upon it thoughtfully, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, 'So there lies the brave de Kalb, the generous stranger, who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood, the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share its fruits!'

STORY OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

There was a fine old general once, who having spent most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very little of the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough and honest spirits often met with in his gallant profession, innocent as an infant of almost everything save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was nearly fifty years old, and his toils were over, when master Dan Cupid brought him acquainted with a widow 'Wadman, in whose eye he began to detect something that made him uneasy. Here was the result of leisure.

During his service he had never seen anything worthy of notice in a woman's eye. In fact, he would scarcely have observed whether a woman had three eyes in her head or only one, for no matter where his own eyes were, his thoughts were ever amongst 'guns and drums and wounds,' and love was a thing that lived in his memory just as he remembered once reading a visionary story book called the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' when he was a boy.

Well, the general had settled down into an amiable, gentlemanly old fellow, living alone, with comfortable wealth around him, and having little to do, save now and then to entertain an old comrade in arms, which companionship afforded opportunity for him to 'fight his battles over again.' But, alas! o'er this calm evening of the old general's day a deal of perplexity was doomed to fall, and he soon found himself in troubled waters, the depth of which he could by no means understand. He floundered about like a caged rat under a pump—and such another melancholy fish out of water never before swallowed the bait, hook and all, of the angling god of love. The poor general! We must give him a name, or we can't tell the story, and the best name for such a story is Uncle Toby. Poor General Uncle Toby debated abstractedly about his new position, and never had siege or campaign given him such perplexity before.

At length, however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose uppermost among his conflicting plans, and his course was chosen. At school he had once studied 'Othello's defence,' to recite at an exhibition, but made a great failure; and he now recollected that there was something in this 'defence' very much

like what he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, found the passage, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the window 'Wadman's,' with Shakspeare under his arm.

'Madam,' said General Uncle Toby, opening his book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleader at the bar—'Madam!—'

'Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace,
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted they had used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore!—'

Here the general closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said with a spasmodic grasp, 'I want to get married!'

The widow laughed for ten minutes, by the watch, before she could utter a syllable, and then she said, with precious tears of humor rolling down her good-natured cheeks—

'And who is it that you want to marry, general?'
'You!' said Uncle Toby, flourishing his word arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defiance, as if he expected an immediate assault.

'Will you kill me if I marry you?' said the widow, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

'No, madam!' replied he; but one thing I am bound to tell you of, madam—I wears a wig!'

The widow started—remained silent a moment, and then went into a longer, louder and merrier laugh than she had indulged in before, at the end of which she drew her seat nearer the general, gravely laid her hand on his head, gently lifted his wig off, and placed it on the table.

Uncle Toby had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt a most decided inclination to run away. The widow laughed again as though she never would stop, and the general was about to lay his hat upon his denuded head and bolt, when the facetious lady laid her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then deliberately raised her other hand to her own head, with a sort of military precision; executed a rapid manœuvre with her five fingers, pulled off her whole head of fine glossy hair, and placing it upon the table by the side of the general's, remained seated with ludicrous gravity in front of her accepted lover—quite bald!

As may be expected, Uncle Toby laughed now along with the widow, and they soon grew so merry over the affair, that the maid-servant peeped through the key-hole at the noise, and saw the old couple dancing a jig and hobbing their bald pates at each other like a pair of Chinese Mandarins. So the two shortly 'laid their heads together upon the pillow of matrimony.'

THE STYLE OF DRESS BEST SUITED TO THE FEMALE FORM.—By the use of a mathematical rule or system, and with the use of a tape-measure, a lady may learn to make a much more natural fit that can be obtained by first fitting the linens to the body, and then cutting the outside by them. Much art and taste is also required to correctly distribute the wadding, and a delicate figure, as well as one with a waist naturally large, requires to be built out with wadding about the shoulders, and not seek to render the necessary contrast between the shoulders and the waist, that is observable in a 'taper waist,' by lacing the waist too tightly. French ladies never have the dyspepsia; they generally enjoy good health and a fine flow of animal spirits; their figures are regarded as models for milliners, and yet they are not so small in the waist as are the ladies of Vienna, London, or New York. The beauty of a feminine form does not consist in a small waist, as the French and all people of taste fully comprehend. A waist unnaturally small is devoid of attraction to a gentleman. A beautifully formed, perfectly developed figure, with the glow of health, and the wit that sparkles from innocent mirth, are much more captivating than are beauties suffering from the excruciating arts of tight lacing.



THE NEST OF THE WREN.

THE WREN.

The nest of the Wren is curiously constructed of moss, lined with feathers, its shape being almost oval, with one small entrance only. It is most frequently made in some corner of an out-house, stack of wood, or hole in the wall, near the dwellings of men; but when the wren builds in the woods, it is commonly in a bush near the ground, or on the stump of a tree, but it is sometimes made on the ground. It is very remarkable that the materials of the nest are generally adapted to the place where it is formed; if against a hay-rick, its exterior is composed of hay; if against the side of a tree clad with white lichens, it is covered with the same substance; and again, if it is built against a tree covered with green moss, or in a bank, its exterior always corresponds in appearance. The wren does not, as is usual with most birds, begin the bottom of its nest first; when it is made against a tree, it begins by tracing the outline on the bark, and thus fastens it with equal strength to all parts.

The peculiarities of the manners of the wren have often been remarked. Audubon has described it in terms which appear to be universally applicable to all the varieties of the species. 'Its tail,' he says, 'is almost constantly erect; and before it starts to make the least flight, it uses a quick motion, which brings its body almost in contact with the object on which it stands. The quickness of the motions of the little bird is fully equal to that of a mouse; it appears, and is out of sight in a moment; peeps into a crevice, passes rapidly through it, and shows itself at a different place the next instant. These wrens often sing from the roof of an abandoned flat-boat. When the song is finished, they creep from one board to another, thrust themselves through an auger-hole, entering the boat's side at one place, and peeping out at another.'

For some weeks preceding Christmas, crowds of village boys may be seen peering into the hedges, in search of the 'tiny wren' and when one is discovered, the whole assemble and give eager chase until they have killed the bird. In the hunt the utmost excitement prevails; shouting, screeching, and rushing; all sorts of missiles are flung at the puny mark; and, not unfrequently, they light upon the head of some less innocent being. From bush

to bush, from hedge to hedge is the wren pursued, until bagged, with as much pride and pleasure as the cock of the woods by the most ambitious sportsman. The stranger is utterly at loss to conceive the cause of this 'hubbub,' or the motive for so much energy in pursuit of 'such small game.' On the anniversary of St. Stephen (the 26th of December) the enigma is explained. Attached to a huge holly-bush, elevated on a pole, the bodies of several little wrens are borne about. This bush is an object of admiration in proportion to the number of dependent birds, and is carried through the streets in procession by a troop of boys, among whom may be usually found 'children of a larger growth,' shouting and roaring as they proceed along, and every now and then stopping before some popular house, singing 'the wren boys' song.

To the words we have listened a score of times. The following specimen will probably satisfy our readers as to the merit of the composition:—

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day was cot in the furze;
Although he is little, his family's grate—
Put yer hand in yer pocket and give us a trate.
Sing holly, sing ivy—sing ivy, sing holly.
A drop just to drink it would drown melancholy,
And if you draw it ov the best,
I hope in heaven yer soul will rest;
But if you draw it ov the small,
It won't agree with the wren boys at all.

INDIA PRIOR TO THE BRITISH OCCUPATION.

Timour was justly denominated the 'firebrand of the universe'—the greatest wholesale butcher that humanity ever heard of; he plundered and massacred without distinction of religion or sex, and his

track was marked by blood desolation, famine and pestilence. Aurungzebe was little better towards the Hindoos; Tippoo Saib circumcized all the Brahmins he could get hold of, and it is said sixty thousand Christians were subjected by him to the same operation. After Abdallah captured Delhi, in 1761, he ordered a general massacre, which lasted seven days; his guards were not even then glutted with slaughter, but the stench of dead bodies drove them out of the city; a great part of the buildings were reduced to ashes, and thousands who escaped the sword suffered a lingering death by famine, sitting upon the ruins of their smoking tenements. Thus a city extending thirty-four miles in length, and containing two millions of inhabitants, became almost a heap of ruins. The historians of the day have hand-

ed down to posterity the most appalling descriptions of human suffering of women and men whipped naked through the streets with wanton tortures, citizens fleeing from their dearest friends, as from beasts of prey, for fear of being devoured amidst general starvation; women feeding on their own children, and infants sucking at the breasts of their deceased mothers; fire and sword seemed to contend for pre-eminence in the work of havoc and destruction; the work of war and blood was perpetual; human heads piled in pyramids, and the streets of cities and towns rendered impassable by heaps of slain, the country in many places exhibiting few signs of being inhabited, save in the bones of murdered bodies, and the smouldering ruins of villages and temples; all law and religion trodden under foot, bonds of private friendship as well as of society broken, and every individual, as if amidst a forest of wild beasts, could rely upon nothing but the strength of his own arm, or the deep villany of his nature. This, then, was the time for avaricious England.

YEDDO, IN JAPAN.

Mr. Consul Harris, in a private letter to an officer of the navy who was in the Japan expedition, gives the following description of the city of Yeddo:—

'I have visited the city of Yeddo twice, and have had an audience of the Emperor. I passed nearly six months in Yeddo during my two visits, and succeeded at last in making a commercial treaty that fully opens Japan to our enterprising citizens and brings Japan fairly into the great family of nations.

'Yeddo is a large city of two-story wooden buildings. The streets are generally wide and well sewered, but are not paved. It is probable that the population is between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000. There is neither beauty nor splendor to be found there. The exterior of the houses is the same as those you saw at Simoda and Kanagawa, and the interiors are quite as destitute of furniture or ornament. Even the palace of the Emperor is built of unpainted wood, and is equally bare of furniture. The golden columns and roofs spoken of by old writers have vanished, if they ever existed, and I am assured by the Japanese that their buildings and mode of living are precisely the same that have been for the last five hundred years.'



THE WREN ON ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

THOMAS O'NEILL . . . PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858.

THE PATERNAL GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND.

We last week published an article from the Dundalk Democrat—of which we highly approved—showing the mistake which that truly great man, the Count de Montalembert, made when he spoke in praise of the English government, in drawing a comparison between the systems adopted under the Emperor Napoleon and Queen Victoria. The man who could for a moment be so misled into praise of England, at the expense of France, must indeed have forgotten himself. To thank the government of England for the liberty of the press is sheer nonsense. This same liberty-loving government of England, it will be remembered, not many years ago illegally destroyed the property of Charles Gaven Duffy, John Mitchel, and others, and in so arbitrary and tyrannical a manner that were it in any other country than Ireland it must have caused a revolution. What, call you this liberty, Monsieur Montalembert?

To deprive the French people of bread or any other necessary of life would immediately cause a revolution, and no monarch would attempt it, if sane. Yet the paternal government of England has not only deprived the Irish nation of bread, but wilfully designed it for the express purpose of extermination, and by thus depriving them by taxes of even the produce of their own soil—God's rich bounty—designedly starved 2,000,000 of one of the noblest races that ever stalked on the face of God's foot-stool.

The spy system is, or has been, very cunningly carried on in France; but have they ever beaten the English in softening the seals of letters and reading private correspondence, and then resealing and delivering them as though entirely ignorant of their contents? When did France—its monarchs, we mean—receive gifts of gold to bribe them to do justice to the people; pocket the money, and then deliver their homes over to the spoiler? and thus drive them forth as outcasts from an ancient patriarchy.

The Count de Montalembert must certainly have been seized with a fit of forgetfulness, for we cannot for a moment doubt that such a profound thinker must have known that England is a decided cheat and humbug. Does he not know that England has chained Ireland to poverty, as it were, by suppressing her every interest by enactments destroying her commerce and manufactures, depriving the people of their first right and interest in the soil and their improvements thereon, making them aliens on their own hearth-stones, and giving to foreign and absentee landlords more than the power of the Cuban slave driver.

Our attention has again been drawn to this subject by an article in the Dublin Catholic Telegraph of the 27th ult., commencing thus:—

MANUFACTURED MURDERS.—That portion of the press which is inveterately hostile to the Irish people on both sides of the Channel has met with a terrible disappointment. Already every pen was in action, every period rounded, and every backbiting invective on the point of being committed to the d— (the printer's, of course), when lo! the welcome theme turned out to be like so many before it—a pure myth—an Orange fabrication; in plain terms, a lie.

Mr. Gason, a gentleman who was a few days ago reported to have been shot at, and to have escaped the assassin's deadly aim by something very closely akin to a miracle—this veritable Mr. Gason now informs the public that no attempt whatever has been made on his life, and no injury of any kind inflicted on his person. Wonders will never cease! All the world hears that a certain gentleman has been within a hair's breadth of being shot dead, and nearly all the world believes it, when suddenly the reputed victim himself declares he knew nothing about the matter till he read it in black and white in half a dozen Orange journals, whence it flies as swiftly as the electric wires can carry it to the columns of their sympathisers in England. Now, these fabricated murders would necessarily be incomprehensible to such as are strangers to the past history of Ireland; but those who are acquainted with it see in them a mere revival of the treacherous policy

which it was hoped had been almost wholly abandoned. One actual murder and an unsuccessful attempt at a second would not have been sufficient to justify the landlords in calling upon the executive to adopt coercive and rigorous measures towards the peasantry. Hence one or two other murders must needs be invented to furnish a better pretext for harsh and rigorous measures against them. To the same conspiracy against the people may, in a great measure, be ascribed the exaggerated accounts of the revival of secret societies so industriously circulated, and so artistically amplified by British journalists.

But the strangest part of the story is, that they are confirmed in these exaggerated notices by the one-sided sources of information which they receive from native journalists of the anti-Catholic class. Only a few days ago, for instance, it was stated in one of these faithful chronicles that a Mr. Going was 'gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns,' and that he had been sped thither by the hand of a Ribbonman or desperado of some kind or other. But scarcely was the horrible tale ventilated when it was found that Mr. Going, to the very great delight of himself and friends, was as well as man could be, and that the news of his having been barbarously assassinated came upon him altogether by surprise. And no wonder, since no one had attempted to injure a hair of his head, which was still as safe on his shoulders as ever.

England's business, if necessity, has been to belie and misrepresent Ireland. Emmett, the acknowledged martyr of universal freedom, labored not to save his life, but his reputation, which, of necessity, England must traduce and slander to justify herself in crime.

We cannot believe the new humbug of secret societies anything but an English invention, got up for the express purpose of preventing the 69th Regiment New York Volunteers, under Colonel Ryan from visiting the old land and home of their forefathers, knowing they would be likely to create a new national feeling. If the story of secret societies should prove true, it is nothing but the evidence of Ireland being still true to liberty. The oppressed will meet, though the gallows was over their heads, and the English gallows has ever found Irish food to satiate its glutton demands. Ireland is still true to liberty, and England knows it.

England is about to pass some new penal law, and she is now making the necessary preliminary arrangements. By and by she will come into the 'great General Court' with a string of crimes in Ireland, showing the necessity of keeping a large standing army there; rewards will be offered; murders will be created there. Who forgets Delephant, who had his palms rubbed with British gold till he slew a boy in cold blood, that he might receive the bounty held out by England for crime in Ireland? But the part which we most admire in the Telegraph's article is the following:—

To keep alive ancient feuds, to persist in fanning the flame of religious or rather irreligious discord, and to keep class in continual hostility with class would seem to be the peculiar province and favorite occupation of some men in every community. This is an age of progress. Improvement has proceeded and kept pace with the onward march of time. But no improvement, no progress, can bring permanent welfare and true prosperity to a people unless petty jealousies, sectarian rancour, and partizan feuds give place to a firm determination on the part of all classes and all creeds to labor together for the common and individual good.

We endorse the latter sentiment with all our heart, and will ever give it our full co-operation. We love liberty, a true legitimate freedom, the exercise of every religious, moral and social right; but we see no chance for Ireland till her people work together, not as Limerick inviting Cunard to destroy the prospects of Galway.

Christian and liberty-loving England is down on secret societies now, at least those who meet to curse her cruel government and landlord system. Has she yet broken up the Orange lodges? No! but nurses them, keeping alive the animosities and ill-felling created by her policy to divide the Irish people. Does she not put arms into the hands of the Orangemen, which leads to feuds of the bitterest and often fatal consequences? Her government of

Ireland has been the greatest cruelty on earth. It is only equalled by the follies which prevent Irishmen from uniting on the subject of Nationality, which prevents them from being a great and independent nation. This we pronounce the greatest cruelty. Who is guilty? Let every man put his hand on his heart and answer the question.

Since this article has been in type, we learn that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has issued a proclamation against Ribbonism and secret societies. We wonder whether he has included the government pet Orangism?

CHRISTMAS DAY.

It will be seen that our present issue is dated December 25, the eighteen hundred and fifty-eight anniversary of the birth of the Redeemer. This is, in all Christendom, a great day, but no where that we know of is it held in greater esteem than in our own 'old land.' It is the great religious festival of the year, as it is the great social merry-making. Men who had neglected religious duties during the past, in general renew their vows for a more scrupulous observance of right and well-doing. Like the New England Thanksgiving, the scattered family meets around the festive board, and rejoices that one day in the year they meet to forget poverty and wrong to love and rejoice together. And why not? God in his mercy sent the Saviour, and he lived that we may not die; he died that we may live eternally. Born and laid in the manger, his mission was to the poor, and poor and oppressed Ireland, since the day of its conversion to his great truths, rejoices in Heaven's greatest blessing.

SAFETY OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

By the arrival of the steamship Arabia, from Liverpool 4th inst., we have the news of the safe arrival of the Indian Empire at Broadhaven, county Mayo. Her fuel was exhausted, and she was obliged to consume part of her cargo and woodwork. She was also short of provisions. She was obliged to lay to for a week when within a day's steaming of Galway, owing to serious storms.

We trust no agent will hereafter promise to subscribe any more pictures. We have already announced that they are all gone. They were one of the greatest evils this paper has had to contend with. We understand they were sold by some agents for ten cents a piece, instead of delivering them to the subscribers. Being so near the end of the volume alone prevents us from commencing the paper anew, and washing out the promises, policy and system of management of our predecessors. We have evidence that the people want such a paper, and, without pictures or promises, we hope to make the Miscellany worthy their support.

OUR AGENTS.—We are pleased to be able to add the names of John Flood, of Dover, N. H., and James Quinlan, of Cleveland, Ohio, to our list of agents. In the hands of these gentlemen, we feel confident the Miscellany must succeed.

John Warren, our travelling agent, is now making a tour through the shoe manufacturing districts of this State, and we trust all those who have previously subscribed, will be able to add their friends to his list, and replenish our funds.

Through moving from our old to our present quarters, 16 Franklin street, we fear some of our subscribers may have been neglected. We trust any of those who have not received the Miscellany regularly will let us know.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee lectures in the Tremont Temple on Thursday evening. Subject—'What the Irish have done, what they have not done, and what they are capable of doing, in the world of intellect.'

[Written for the Irish Miscellany.]

I SWEAR TO THEE.

BY WILLIAM H. DONOHUE.

(Dedicated to Therese of Oranmore.)

I swear to thee, by all my hopes, I prize thee!
I have no hope in life but in thy love;
I would not for my soul that thou despise me,
Or think my faith could ever from thee rove.

Yes, I have vowed to other maids before thee,
And worshipped since at other shrines than thine;
But oh, believe my truth, now, I implore thee,
Never I loved but when I called thee mine!

What thrall!—what subtle web is this enfold me?
How laid my fate such cunning snares to bind?
And now remorseless tyrants, but firm, withhold me
From all the bliss can ever soothe this mind!

It is my Destiny—and I must bear it!
It is thy Fate—thou yield to its control!
Grief was not grief to me, when thou didst share it,
But now the iron sinks into my soul.

Think; when at all you dare to think about me;
That sore I labor life's slow journey on—
Dread to its charms, quick to its toils without thee—
Watching the adverse path thy steps have gone.

Washington City, Nov. 20, 1858.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

— IN THE —

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

AN IRISH PRIEST'S INFLUENCE.

'In for another court martial,' said jolly Charley Hale, one fine afternoon, to his troop-mates, as a party of eight of us were out on 'a time' in the town of sweet Clogheen, where it is said, in the old song, 'Sergeant Snap met Paddy Carey.'

'What's wrong now?' said one.

'Only lost my sword-blade, and ten rounds of ball cartridge,' was the reply.

And so it really proved, for the country people in Ireland will do anything to possess themselves of arms. They took a strange liking to Charley, and stole his sword and ammunition. I considered it rather strange that they should steal arms from the soldiers. It was the first instance of the kind that had come to my own knowledge. Having searched everywhere in vain, and threatened the landlord (being in quarters) to no purpose, I was reluctantly compelled, being in charge of the party, to report the circumstance to head-quarters.

Poor Charley was ordered in and court-martialed, and though there were mitigating circumstances in the case, yet the 'articles of war' were against him, and he was sentenced to thirty days solitary confinement. I felt very bad about the affair, and so resolved to do my utmost for poor Charley. Our arms, having been together, it might just as well have been mine, or any of the other troopers, that had been taken. I consequently exerted myself, strenuously, to recover the stolen property, and the landlord aided me all in his power, but, as above stated, in vain.

At length an idea occurred to me, and I resolved to act upon it forthwith; I inquired of the landlord if he knew the priest. Why of course he did, and why not? He not only knew him, but was on intimate terms with his reverence. I requested to be introduced to him the next time he came that way. He happened to do so in a day or two after, and my request was complied with.

In the course of conversation with his reverence,

I opened the whole case to him, and represented how much I felt for the position of my troop-mate. I informed him that Charley was a most harmless fellow; that he had been three or four times previously tried by court martial for offences that could hardly be considered crimes. I also explained to him the awkwardness and delicacy of my position; the regiment was almost exclusively an English one, and I almost the only Irishman in it. I likewise told him the sword-blade would convict any person in whose possession it might hereafter be found, being a military weapon, with the name engraved thereon, which would surely, sooner or later, lead to the detection and consequent punishment of the thief. The ammunition, likewise, was useless for any other weapon than our carbines, for which, alone, it was suited.

The clergyman listened attentively to my statement, and expressed great regret for the punished trooper, but seemed to think that whoever stole the property was not very likely to come to him for advice. However, he added, that he would try what could be done. He proved as good as his word, for the sword-blade was quickly restored, but the ammunition was never recovered.

I asked the priest to write to the commanding officer in relation to the affair, which he did, sending the letter and sword-blade by the hands of the landlord. The latter informed the colonel that he would not have had it happen for any consideration, that a soldier should be suffering imprisonment on account of anything stolen from his house. He added that he felt it as a disgrace, and, in his simplicity, offered any sum of money for the release of the trooper. This, though ludicrous, had some effect, or, at least, united with the priest's letter, did the business, for Charley was released after seven days' solitary confinement, and sent under my charge again.

As a matter of course, Charley was introduced to his good friend, the worthy priest, who, from what he had heard, took a great interest in him, and had now become a regular visitor of ours. Charley thanked him warmly for his kindness, telling him that, save one, all the scrapes he had got into were no more criminal, upon his part, than the sword-blade affair. Yet, let him do what he would, everything seemed to turn wrong and uppermost with him. In fact, he was the luckiest man in the corps for getting into trouble.

The priest manifested a desire to hear the circumstances of that scrape, to which alone he pleaded guilty. Here follows the narrative, to the truth of which I can attest.

In our troop there happened to be a corporal who had not the respect of a single man in the regiment. He would report the most trifling offence, and was well known to have got more men into trouble than all the other non-commissioned officers put together. Having done some act, which particularly annoyed and hurt the feelings of the men, they resolved, if possible, to be even with him, and so combined together to effect his downfall. Many plans were laid. His principal weak point was known in the fact that his corporalship would imbibe to excess, if the drink were only paid for by any one but himself. He would indulge most freely at the cost of any pocket save his own. He was miserly and penurious to a degree scarcely permitting himself the simplest indulgence.

On the anniversary of any great battle day, it is customary for the captains of each troop to give the men leave of absence until twelve o'clock, furnishing them each with a day's pay to enable them to enjoy themselves. On such occasions, it was not uncommon to see the worthy corporal drinking in the canteen, but most assuredly in no one's company but his own. He would share with no man; but jovial and pleasant was he if invited to partake with others, provided it was at their expense. Now, it being decided that this was the vulnerable point in the man, it was resolved to await his turn for duty, and on the evening previous to start some one on the spree with him, each of us to contribute our quarter towards defraying the expense of the frolic.

Charley happened to be ordered for guard the same evening with the corporal, and no better selection could be made to carry out the intentions of the plotters. The forenoon of that day he pretended to have received some money from his friends at home, and expressed a desire to share with his room-mates, a thing very usual in the army. A sufficiency of good things were provided in the room, during the forenoon, to set the corporal's teeth on edge. The feast was postponed until evening, when a company of twelve or fourteen assembled to have a good time.

The fun and hilarity were kept up for some time, when, one by one, the company slipped away, leaving Charley and the corporal finally started. Bed time came, and a pretty fair share of liquor was carried to their rooms, to be duly disposed of, during the night, by the now happy pair. We talked until near morning, for the plan was to make the corporal keep up the steam next day, and thus render him unfit to mount guard, for which he would certainly be court-martialed, and reduced to the ranks.

The scheme worked bravely, for the next morning the corporal was at the canteen ere the trumpet sounded the reveille. Charley, acting well up to his instructions, plied him well with liquor, while his room-mates got his appointments ready for guard duty in the afternoon. They pretended, also, to be getting the corporal's troops in order, while he continued all the forenoon at the canteen.

Charley declared that, sooner than miss getting the corporal court-martialed, he would incur the risk of a trial himself. At dinner time it was quite apparent that neither of them were fit to parade for mounting guard in a regiment which had acquired, from the strictness of her discipline, the cognomen of 'the Buffsticks and Burnishers.' They kept on until three o'clock, when we were determined to make them dress. Charley had, by this time, lost all control over himself, and we feared would not 'pass muster;' but, by copious applications of cold water, soda drinks, and an odd nudge in reference to the corporal, we partially succeeded in getting him, as we hoped, right. The latter individual had now given up even the intention of dressing, declaring that he would not mount that guard.

The trumpet sounded, and we marched to the parade ground, watching Charley with mingled hope and fear, but confident in the assurance that the corporal, at all events, was fairly caught. But our confidence speedily vanished when we saw another corporal take the place of our supposed dupe. Useless inquiries were made as to who ordered the change. We were regularly dead sold, as we soon found out.

The carbine exercise was being performed by the guard, and poor Charley found himself utterly unable to keep time. We saw the guard 'advance arms,' 'stand at ease,' when all was up. Charley fell back; the regimental sergeant-major sent for a file of the old guard, and ordered them to confine private Hale. Our well-dosed dupe gave a hearty laugh; our suspicions were now fully confirmed; we were cheaply, badly sold. We, however, kept our secret; but, to add to our mortification and chagrin, the corporal coolly set about preparing for the hospital, where he went that afternoon. It appeared that, unknown to us, he had taken the precaution, early in the morning, to report himself sick, fearing that it would turn out a bad case with him before night. He told the doctor that during the previous night he had been affected with something like an attack of cholera, and had been advised to take some brandy, which he really thought had done him some good; the doctor thought that he had better have a day or two's rest, and so ordered him to the hospital.

Now, the doctor never visits the hospital more than once a day, except in extreme cases. His visit takes place at noon, and men, who report them-

selves sick, see him at that time, and if he considers it necessary for them to go on the sick report they return to their rooms until the evening of the day, when they pack up their things and go to the hospital.

The next day the doctor found our friend rather low and weak, but not in need of any medicine, than rest and quiet; but the day after that he was ordered to duty. Nothing suited him better, for now he had the laugh all to himself, poor Charley having been ordered to prepare for court martial.

The old stager, having so cleverly outwitted us, could not contain himself for joy. He had slipped the trap that had been laid for him, and he exulted his full in our defeat. He now drank to his own cleverness, and defied the whole troop to catch him napping.

In the stable to which he belonged was a very vicious grey mare, named Molly Gray. This mare was so very unmanageable that, whenever her own rider happened to be absent, she had to be neglected, so far as cleaning or leading her to water was concerned, and all that dare be done for her was to fill her hay-rack, and throw her oats into the manger.

The corporal went to the stables in the evening, evidently entertaining a very high opinion of himself. He strutted and swaggered about like a person of great consequence. Molly Grey did not seem to relish his noise and bluster, and, whenever he went near her, she manifested her displeasure in her own peculiar manner. At one time, she screeched as he passed her; he struck her with his open hand. We called to him to be cautious, but he only laughed at us. We called to him again, but with no avail. We begged, and besought him to keep away from her, but all to no purpose. He persisted, saying that he was not afraid of her. She kicked; but he was too close to get hurt. Her first kick only threw him out from her; but kicking immediately again—sad to relate—he struck him with the toe of her shoe, directly between the eyebrows, lifting the skull completely off from the nose and face. He fell, and never spoke again. After a few hours of insensibility, he left the world to us and Molly Gray.

It seemed as though the animal was somewhat sensible of the mischief which she had done, for immediately, upon the corporal's falling, she shrank up to the manger, trembling, as if to hide herself, until every hair on her body was wet. This being the second victim of this vicious animal, she was ordered to be sold.

Our friend Charley was duly tried, and sent to the military provost, to break stones for three months. We all mourned the terrible death of the unfortunate corporal; but Charley often declared that he ought to be shot, as he believed himself to have been the cause of the dreadful end of Corporal Wheelwright.

IMPENDING WAR.

The news brought by the Washington from Nicaragua may well induce the apprehension that not only the most valuable interests of the United States are in imminent danger, but that even our honor as a nation is involved in the attitude assumed by the British naval officials on the Central America station. The steamer Washington, on reaching the shore of Nicaragua, and in the neutral harbor of San Juan, was subjected to the deliberate insult of a visit and search, and this in the most wanton manner, their being in the immediate vicinity American vessels of war, to whose officers an appeal might have been made in case there was any reason to suspect the Washington or her passengers of being engaged in an unlawful enterprise.

This conduct, taken in connection with the recent disclaimer on the part of England of her pretended right of visitation and search, when complaints

were made of the conduct of the officers of cruisers on the coast of Cuba, is well calculated to provoke not only the liveliest indignation at the insult, but a still more bitter feeling in consequence of the bad faith involved in a continuance in such affronts after the promise of their abandonment. The perfidy of Great Britain, in this act, is as marked as her insolence and injustice.

It seems almost an irresistible inference that war has been resolved on against this country by France and England, and that those countries are only waiting for a suitable moment to let slip the hounds at our throats, or a favorable pretext for their justification. It was no doubt thought that Walker and his deluded followers might furnish some such excuse for interference on the part of England and France with the affairs of Central America, and there is every reason to suspect that this same outlaw has been aided or cajoled by agents of these governments to persevere in his wanton and mischievous attempts to embroil affairs in Nicaragua.

William Walker is a nuisance, we admit frankly, with his reckless gang of filibusters; but the United States have, before this, under order of the President, arrested his career, and the American navy have officers, like Capt. Paulding, who would prevent this man from doing the people of Central America any harm; so that there is no necessity for French or English fleets and armies to go out to capture this Governor of Nicaragua and his motley crew. It certainly appears as if there was a concert between Walker and Monsieur Belly, and the former may have received money, in order that the scheme of the Belly Protectorate might be carried out according to the programme laid down by Signora Mora and Martinez.

At all events, Congress cannot now hesitate as to the proper course to be pursued with respect to that infamous fraud and humbug, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The course of her Britannic Majesty's ship Leopard towards the Washington shows how much the neutrality of the Nicaragua route is regarded, and even the name of the vessel offering the offense seems to carry with it an additional insult, as if the provocations of the war of 1812 were to be resumed, and another was fastened on this country on the same issue.

The President, in his message, has informed Congress and the people of the country that negotiations were pending to settle the discussions with reference to Central America, 'in accordance with the general tenor of the interpretation placed upon the Clayton Bulwer treaty by the United States, with certain modifications.' He likewise tells us that the British government have recognized those principles of international law 'which secure the vessels of the United States upon the high seas from visitation or search in time of peace, under any circumstances whatever.' Either, then, the commander of the Leopard acted in the most flagrant violation of the orders of his government, or England has been guilty of profound dissimulation and treachery, and she and the French usurper have a secret hostile understanding to interfere with the peaceful routes of American commerce across the Isthmus and Central America, and to establish a Cuban, Mexican and Central American protectorate.

The policy of the United States has been peaceful, ever standing in strong contrast to the land-robbing schemes of conquest that England and France are at this moment prosecuting on the most gigantic scale in the East; one gaining a foothold in China, and the other aiming at the annexation of the whole of the vast regions of Assam and Cochin China. By far the greatest portion of the additions to the territories of the United States has been made by purchase, and at the present moment our President offers to purchase Cuba from Spain. Nor need this alarm either of the marauding powers of western Europe; the annexation of Cuba would be of incal-

culable benefit to the world, and especially to Great Britain, while it would secure at once the entire cessation of that trade which, unfortunately, is conducted at so great a cost of human life and suffering as to be revolting to public sentiment.

Taking these outrages, however, in connection with the rumors of an Anglo-Gallic protectorate, and the concentration of vessels of war of those two flags in the waters of the gulf, this policy of intervention becomes highly probable, and it may be apprehended that the highway of American commerce to California is to be obstructed by the cruisers and officials of these two interloping European powers. America does not interfere with the affairs of the European continent, and she has a right to demand that they do not busy themselves with the internal affairs of this continent, by colonization or conquest. To suffer this protectorate would not only be yielding our independence and honor, but sacrificing the material interests of our commerce and the progress of our Pacific empire.

We believe that the French despot and the English aristocracy are in league against our country, and that nothing but the influence of the people of Great Britain and Ireland, united to us by the ties of commerce and kindred, has prevented it from breaking out at any time since the treaty of Paris. They demanded that there should be no war on account of the insults offered to the American flag on the coast of Cuba. They compelled the government to disavow the acts of the commanders of the *Styx* and *Buzzard*, and they will, if the opportunity is given, cause the insults of the captain of the *Leopard* to be repudiated. It is, however, unpleasant to be thus situated, and it will become necessary to become forearmed, as we are forewarned, by these continued attacks on our neutrality and honor.

Fortunately we possess resources that are inexhaustible, and the ingenuity of our people will turn them to such account that even the heroes of *Sevastopol* will recoil in defeat and disgrace from any invasion of our soil. Let, then, the war come, if such is our destiny, and we will meet it patriotically, trusting, as did our fathers, in the just support of Heaven, and convinced that this event will unite every section in firm bonds of lasting amity against the foe, not merely of these United States but of republican institutions and the rights of man.—[New York News.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

As you are pretty well posted as to affairs in Boston, I want to know why the Columbian Artillery, and other companies disbanded (or intended to be) by Gov. Gardner, do not form independent military companies, for if they wait until Massachusetts turn Democratic, I am afraid there would be one of the old squad at this side of Jordan. We have done so in this State in two places—here and New Haven. The New Haven company organized about a year ago; but our company, the Montgomery Guard, never gave up the ship for one night. When the adjutant general's order arrived, we, of course, gave up the state arms, but continued to drill every Monday night as usual, until, through the kindness of our own citizens, we procured muskets of our own. This, in my humble opinion, is the way to prove to know Nothingism that adopted citizens know that they have rights, and will maintain them outside of such reasons. I believe that military companies have a tendency to create a good feeling among our countrymen, more than literary or other societies, as there is not such a chance, as Oliver Byrne says, for spouting. Wishing every success to the Irish Miscellany, I remain truly yours, LEINSTER.

Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. 8.

Our esteemed friend from the 'Nutmeg' state had better apply to Captain Thomas Cass, or the Messrs. Dougherty, or Clancy. We suppose them competent to answer him. For ourselves, all we know is that those gentlemen disbanded of their own accord, giving up their charter, but immediately formed themselves into a literary association, called the 'Columbia Literary Association.'

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By the arrival of the steamship *Persia* at New York we have received our foreign exchanges, with dates from Ireland to the 27th Nov.

IRELAND.

Some companies of an English militia regiment, at present situated in Cork, have just been giving the inhabitants of that city a taste of their temper. On Saturday night, it appears, a building in some part of the city took fire, and the valiant fellows of the Staffordshire militia were drawn up at some distance from the spot—whether for the purpose of 'preserving order,' or with the design of letting the Cork public see that, notwithstanding the rotting of the British army in India, there was yet a squad or two left to keep Ireland in a state of wholesome terror—we cannot exactly tell, but certain it is that there they were, and moreover that just as if they were going in for the looting of an Indian village and the slaughter of its people, not only were they under arms, but they had their bayonets fixed, and seemed to be in perfect readiness, and something more than readiness, to use them. The Examiner tells us that, 'they were placed in Academy street, with fixed bayonets, and from the tendency they showed to make use of their weapons, it is quite evident they were hardly fit to be entrusted with them. For when a drunken man attempted to make his way through the line, they not only did not show the patience which old soldiers would have displayed under the circumstances, but actually made thrusts at him with their bayonets.' There were English heroes!—trying to stab at the poor drunken fellow who wanted to make his way through the line! But the desire for action manifested by the warriors of Staffordshire had not yet exhausted itself. The Examiner continues: 'Not content with this they began charging the entire crowd, consisting in great part of women and boys. One gentleman, whose name has been communicated to us, heard some of the soldiers say, 'Damn them; let us be at them!' It was well for those brave English fellows that they did not go at the women and boys by whom they were surrounded. We venture to say that, notwithstanding their bayonets, the Cork men would very soon be at them to some purpose, and the warriors would find themselves in contact with a quality of muscle which is not to be met with in Staffordshire. We have seen a good many of the militia regiments which, since the commencement of the Crimean war, have been scraped together somehow in England. They have been sent across here to us from time to time, for what purpose we cannot imagine, unless it was to try the effect of a change of air, which, generally speaking, they looked sadly in need of. If it was by way of ornament to the country they were sent over, certainly there must be rather a queer taste prevailing in the country they came from, and if it was by way of use—well, they shall not hurt their feelings by saying anything on that point. But we can tell the Staffordshire 'braves,' who were so anxious to get 'at' the crowd in Cork a few nights ago, that, if they would put aside their guns and bayonets, so that both parties would be equally armed for the fray, we have a most profound conviction that the market women of Cork would beat their whole regiment into the river Lee; and we tell them further, that though they are armed, and the civilians do not appear to be, they would be acting wisely if they would put a little more restraint on their fiery valor for the future, and refrain from charging with fixed bayonets at crowds of Irish women and children.—[Nation.]

The principal streets of our city, says the *Kilkenny Journal*, were the scene of a very disgraceful row between the police and military. It seems that some soldiers of the 14th Regiment were drinking at Mrs. Maher's public house, in High street, and that a row took place amongst themselves, during which they broke some glass in one of the windows. A little girl ran out and called a policeman, Sub-Constable Timms, who immediately proceeded to James street police barracks for a few men to assist him in the discharge of his duty. Two men returned with him to Mrs. Maher's,

and when they saw that the persons causing the uproar were soldiers, they were about to leave the public house, when one of the soldiers put his back to the door, and dared the police to arrest him or any of his party. The police were not provoked by any challenge, and contrived to get out without further molestation, when they proceeded to the Tholsel. They had no sooner entered the little office, used as a lock-up, than an alarm was given, by some one outside, that a person was being murdered. They immediately rushed out, when they were met by ten or twelve soldiers, who struck at them with their belts, and inflicted some severe wounds, particularly on Sub-Constable Timms, who received a blow of a belt-clasp in the right eye, injuring it to such an extent as renders it doubtful whether he will ever recover the use of it. The few police who were present could make no defence against such odds, and beat a retreat into the office. His worship the mayor was present on the spot, and stood at the door of the office, warning off the soldiers from further violence, when they desisted and proceeded on their way to the barracks. In Rose-inn street they met Sub-Constable Crean, and assaulted him without provocation. They struck at him with their belts, and he rushed for shelter as fast as he could, pursued by the yelling soldiery till he got into Mr Callinan's hotel, when the soldiers dashed in after him, breaking the glass door, and perpetrating other acts of violence. Crean escaped through the back door, and the military proceeded to John street barrack, and coaxed out Head-Constable M'Laughlin, saying that some civilians were fighting. When he made his appearance, a blow was struck at him, which he fortunately escaped by dashing the door in the ruffian's face. Disappointed of their vengeance on Mr M'Laughlin, they broke the windows of Mr. Cole's office, which they mistook for a portion of the barracks, and after satisfying their destructive propensities they retired to their barracks.

A fire which, during its duration, has hardly been surpassed in the city, and attended not only with loss of property to a considerable amount to the proprietors, but the throwing out of employment of a great number of hands, took place in Frenchchurch street, at the factory of Messrs. Baker, Simpson & Co., the extensive fancy biscuit manufacturers, about nine o'clock on Saturday evening, Nov. 20. A few minutes after the smoke was discovered, the engines of the Royal Exchange and Atlas companies were brought to the spot by one of the proprietors, but, as is usually the case in this city, they had to wait for nearly an hour, as no water was to be had during this time, and it could only be procured by dispatching a messenger to the water works. The flames spread rapidly, and great fears were for some time entertained that they would attack the adjoining premises. They were, however, happily confined to the factory alone. The fire having originated in the upper loft of the factory, and the lofts being made of planks three inches thick, it was a considerable time before they could be destroyed. The roof and the highest loft were demolished, and some machinery and property on a loft underneath crushed and broken. As far as we can learn, the proprietors were not adequately insured, as, from the extension of their trade, various new machines have lately been added. The loss will, we believe, fall principally on the North of England Insurance Company. We, however, hope that the business may soon be again recommenced by the spirited proprietors, who, many of our readers may not be aware, were the first that introduced this branch of trade into this country, and were preparing, the day of the fire, an export order for the distant colony of New Zealand. No blame seems attributable to any person, nor can the origin of the fire be accounted for, as the lofts were checked as usual after the men had left, and the gas had been extinguished.—[Cork Examiner.]

The Derry Standard says—A correspondent informs us that a magnificent urn has been lately discovered on the Cumber estate, near Claudy, county Derry, the property of William L. Browne, Esq. This

relic of antiquity is thirteen inches in height, five inches in breadth at the bottom, and is in good preservation. It is simply but elegantly formed, and, when discovered, was found to contain ashes and human remains, but no inscription of any kind. This urn was found at the bottom of a cut out bog, about two feet below the soil, so that it evidently belonged to a remote antiquity. About twelve months ago, two other urns of similar size, one measuring six and a half inches in height, by three and a half at the base, the other three and a half by two and a quarter inches, were found at some distance in the neighborhood at a place called Kincull, but no inscriptions were discoverable. We have heard that, some time ago, a curious mallet, or hatchet of gigantic dimensions, composed of solid flint, and apparently covered with ancient characters, was dug up in the same district, but through the ignorance of the parties into whose hands it came, this invaluable relic was unfortunately destroyed. It weighed, we are informed, twelve or thirteen pounds, having been broken up to make a ten pound weight for common use. Had this precious stone been preserved, it might have thrown light on a period of our national history which at present is involved in nearly total obscurity. The urns referred to are now in the valuable antiquarian collection of William L. Browne, Esq., proprietor of the Cumber estate.

On Thursday night, Nov. 18th, between nine and ten o'clock, a herd named Thady Keogh, in the employment of a Mr. M'Manus, was fired at within a few yards of his own house, and severely wounded. Keogh, with much presence of mind, when he found that he was wounded, turned quickly round and recognized the assassin, as he stood to see the effect of his shot, who, on perceiving his victim fall, made away across the country. Keogh was, after a little time, conveyed to his home, and intimation of the outrage having reached the police, a man named Luke Spelman was arrested, and, on Saturday, an inquiry took place in presence of James Ross, Esq., M. P., and Captain Henderson, when the latter placed the prisoner Spelman amongst a number of countrymen, and he was fully recognized by Keogh, whose information was at once taken. Spelman was brought into Athlone on Sunday night, and lodged in the bridewell. Some time since a house on this property was maliciously burned, and the vigilance since exercised by the heard is supposed to be the cause of the outrage. The weapon used must have been a blunderbuss, and placed quite close to the unfortunate man, as twelve slugs have been lodged in his shoulder and back, and the wall near where he stood is marked with a shower of shot and slugs that went over him; his escape from instant death was miraculous.—[Westmeath Independent.]

A monster of those species which inhabit the deep, having found its way some weeks since to the inner portion of Clew Bay, Mayo, (so beautifully studded with islands and estuaries near Westport) to the great alarm and detriment of several industrious fishermen, its capture was decided upon, and most decidedly carried out a few days since by Commander Wilcox, of the coast-guard, Lieut. Hardy, of her majesty's cutter Wellington, and Dr. Burke, Mayo Rifles. Its whereabouts being ascertained, the gallant marksmen, by a well-regulated, cross rifle fire, succeeded in driving, after much pulling about, the object of their destruction (as it now and again rose to the surface to breathe) into the long estuary terminating at Castlesiff, under the old ruins of which, after an exciting chase of five hours, it was finally dispatched in shallow water, and consequently towed and hauled on the beach under Innislyre Coast-Guard station, where it was found to be a specimen of the *Grampus*, measuring about 20 feet by 12 in circumference.

It is known that the Leinster estates of the Earl of Kenmare, Carlow, have just been sold in the Incumbered Estates Court in order to relieve the ex-

tensive estates of Lord Kenmare from all incumbances. But it may not be generally known that when the tenantry who had no leases of their farms on the lands which were about to be disposed of, heard of the intention to dispose of the property, they waited on Lord Castlerosse, fearing that the Leinster estates might fall into hands that dispossess them of their respective holdings. His lordship, however, with that kindness and good nature for which he is distinguished, soon allayed their apprehensions by granting them leases of thirty-one years, thus lessening the value of the property which was sold immediately afterwards by at least £10,000. Such instances of noble disinterestedness are indeed rare, not only in Ireland, but elsewhere too. What contrast does the munificence of this young nobleman present to the gripping selfishness and tyrannical treatment which the tenantry of Donegal receive from their landlords.—[Post.

The Cork Examiner says: 'A meeting of the directors of the Athenaeum was held for the purpose of considering if Gavazzi should be permitted to deliver his lectures, as announced, in that building. Upon the representation of his worship the mayor, that a breach of the peace would probably occur in the event of permission being given, it was decided unanimously to refuse the application of the Padre's friends in this city, and considering that they would not be disposed to make good any damage that might be done to the building, we conceive the directors have acted prudently.'

Many years since our beloved pastor, Archdeacon O'Reilly, found it necessary to denounce and expose the vile system of secret societies in his parish. By his zeal and determination he at that time effectually succeeded in crushing these illegal confederations, and since then our neighborhood has been free from their foul influence. But it would appear that symptoms have appeared of their revival, and on Sunday last Archdeacon O'Reilly deemed it his duty again to announce secret societies, and warn his parishioners against such combinations, forcibly pointing out the misery and ruin they were sure to entail. He said he had heard of their existence on the Leinster side of the town; but, if they were introduced into his parish, he would spare no exertion to expose and crush them, as he had done on a former occasion.—[Athlone Sentinel.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams gave their share of the receipts of their last performance in Dublin, amounting to £81 0s. 1d., to the lord mayor, to be distributed among the charitable institutions of the city.

The fidelity, industry, and love of the Irish people for their kindred, says the Munster News, are manifested in the remittances which arrive with every mail from abroad. On Wednesday over eighty money orders reached Limerick through the post from Australia.

On the line from Wexford to Liverpool, in consequence of the violent opposition that exists on this line, passengers are being carried for 1s. per head; the rate of charge for live stock is also ridiculously low; it is rumored that they take them for nothing and give a feed of turps into the bargain.—[Waterford Mail.

All the preliminaries connected with a railway to Nenagh are progressing speedily. The tracing of the line has been received by Mr. Bolton; the prospectus is being made out, and will shortly be submitted for public approval, and Sir Matthew Barrington, Son, & Jeffers, solicitors to the Great Southern and Great Western railway company, have agreed to prepare the parliamentary bill for the construction of the undertaking.

In this county, says the Clare Freeman, we are happy to say, nothing has occurred which would lead us to suppose that agrarian disturbances are likely to become general. As to two or three thre-

ening notices about mock land, which the police found posted up a few days ago in this town, we do not think the slightest importance is to be attached to them. They are, doubtless, the work of some idle vagabond, who has taken that mischievous way of amusing himself, and it is evident the police authorities did not look upon the matter in any serious light, or they would have brought it before the magistrates, of whom there was a meeting on Monday in the court house.

On Monday last, the unhappy children of the late John O'Malley were taken from the convent schools of the Sisters of Mercy at Tuam, by Mrs. Jane Robinson and her solicitor. The children wept and screamed, and called on the priest and the good Sisters to save them, but Mrs. Robinson and her attendant attorney caught them up in their arms, and hurried them away, and so ended the case of the O'Malleys for the present—a case which should ever be a warning to Catholics against the danger of mixed marriages. Any reliance on 'the law' in these cases is a gross mistake—the law will always be on the side of the Protestant parent, whether that parent be the father or the mother. This has been proved over and over again, before and since the celebrated case of Alicia Race. But law all at one side is nothing new to the Catholics of these countries; it is only 'the old, old story.'—[Nation.

GWALY LINE.—Mr. Lever publishes the following letter received by him from Lord Clarendon:—
NOVEMBER 23, 1858.

Sir:—I have to apologize for the delay which, in consequence of my absence from England, has occurred in acknowledging your letter of the 6th inst., inclosing a prospectus of the company established for the conveyance of European mails and passengers, via Galway, to British America and the United States. Since my attention was directed to this important subject, several years ago, I have always been of opinion that the advantages of the geographical position of Galway would not be fully recognized until it had been demonstrated that the passage by that route to America could be more quickly performed than by any other. I heartily wish success to the company by whom that fact has now been established, and I beg at the same time to congratulate you upon your connection with an undertaking which promises, in many ways, to be beneficial to Ireland. I am, &c.,
CLARENDON.

It is announced that the Galway (Lever) trans-Atlantic company have concluded a contract with Palmer Bros. & Co., shipbuilders, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the construction of three first class side wheel steamers, to be ready for sea respectively in June, July and August next. The steamers are to be of large capacity, and it is said that a guarantee has been given that they shall be equal to the performance of twenty miles per hour, minimum speed, with a consumption of only seventy tons of coal per day.

A correspondent from Galway, on whose veracity we rely, assures us, 'on undoubted authority, that Lord Bury is negotiating in America for the purchase of the Collins steamers,' in order to place them on the Galway station. A letter from New York, dated New York, Nov. 9, conveys this information to our correspondent, who adds, 'These vessels are so well known that I need not say a word more. The Adriatic made one voyage which was the shortest on record. She beat the Persia by several hours.'—[Packet.

FRANCE.

The trial of Count de Montalembert and M. Donnoil, editor of the Correspondant, charged with having published a seditious libel entitled 'a debate on India in the British parliament,' commenced at noon on the 24th November, before the sixth chamber of correctional police, presided over by M. Berthelin.

The speeches of MM. Berryer and Dufaure, on behalf of the accused, are said to have been magnificent beyond description. The former spoke for two hours and a half, and said that the prosecution was 'unjust, unfounded, ill-advised, and, he would add, rash. When Berryer concluded, a tremendous shout of 'bravo' burst from the lower end of the court. The president ordered the police to turn out, but they could not put their finger upon any one.

At 6 o'clock in the evening the judges retired to deliberate, and at 7 o'clock they returned into court and promoted judgment to the following effect:—Montalembert to be imprisoned for six months, and to pay a fine of 3,000 francs; Donnoil to be imprisoned for one month, and to pay a fine of 1,000 francs. Both defendants to be jointly and severally held liable for the fines and the costs of the trial, and in default of payment to be imprisoned one year.

A gentleman who had the good fortune to obtain a ticket of admission, says, describing the scene, 'I have heard all the most distinguished advocates of the day in England, but I think I am not carried beyond the bounds of sober judgment, by the enthusiasm of the moment, when I offer the opinion that none of them, in point of eloquence of the highest order, are at all comparable to either M. Berryer or M. Dufaure. Berryer, quivering with contagious passion, and yet never for a moment forgetting the legal points of his case during a speech of three hours, was one of the finest sights I ever saw in my life. Dufaure, regarded as a mere lawyer, is probably now the greatest at the French bar, but he is much more than a mere lawyer. His severe logic and concentration remind me of the late Sir William Follett, but he is much more eloquent, his action is more varied and dignified, and he has humor, which Follett had not.'

LATER FROM EUROPE.

SAFETY OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

The steamship Arabia, from Liverpool 4th inst., arrived at Halifax on 16th inst.

The Indian Empire reached Broadhaven, county Mayo, the 26th ult., all well. Her fuel was exhausted, and she was obliged to consume a portion of her cargo and woodwork. She was also short of provisions. The ship was obliged to lay to for a week, when within a day or two's steaming of Galway, owing to furious storms.

All English papers containing reports of the trial of Montalembert are forbidden to enter France.

The ten deputies of Corfu had protested against the truth of the statement that the inhabitants desire an incorporation with Great Britain, and say they desire annexation to Greece.

The London Times continues editorially to hold up the corruption which prevails amongst officials in the United States, as a warning against the adoption of universal suffrage, likewise draws similar lessons from the Canadian system.

Much anxiety is felt for the troop-ship Bombay, with about three hundred soldiers on board, bound for India. The ship was dismasted and lost some of her crew, as she was proceeding to Cork for additional troops. She was afterwards seen battling the storm in a most distressed condition, but still later was spoken, making good headway under jury masts for Plymouth.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has issued a proclamation against Ribbonism and other secret societies.

The Emperor Napoleon pardoned Montalembert, but he refused it, and has entered a formal appeal against his sentence.

The news from India is one-sided, as usual. No reliance can be placed on anything passing through an English channel.

AMERICAN FILLIBUSTERING.

Anything bearing upon our present relations with England cannot but be regarded with a considerable degree of interest at this time. The London Times of a recent date delivers President Buchanan and the American people the following FRIENDLY lecture upon the course they must hereafter pursue in regard to the acquisition of any new territory by fillibustering. The logic of the 'Thunderer' is only equalled by its ignorance, selfishness and inconsistencies as regards everything connected with the American continent:—

'Never nation more entirely misunderstood the true grounds of its own strength, the true basis of its own glory, or the true elements of its present and future prosperity, than did the United States when they suffered themselves to be prevailed upon to go fillibustering. We are not speaking now from a moral but only from a political point of view. There have been communities in the world to whom piracy and rapine, which is not exactly a necessary of life, have been, at any rate, an indispensable condition of wealth and progress. The Northern barbarians who overwhelmed the Roman empire were driven to issue forth from the dreary solitude of Central Asia by a stern necessity, exhibiting itself in the form of an onslaught from some other tribes more hungry, more needy, and therefore more violent than themselves.

The Danes and Norwegians, who overran the coasts of Europe during the middle ages, from Caithness to Constantinople, acted under the compulsion of a rigorous climate and a barren soil, and if Russia follows their example, she may plead a somewhat similar excuse. But the United States of America have no such pretext to justify them in the invasion or in connivance at the invasion of the territories of their neighbors. They have more elbow-room than any nation of the earth. They have their choice of climate from the winter of Norway to the summer of Egypt. They have their choice of land, from the finest alluvial flats to the breeziest upland pastures, from the sea-shore to a distance from the ocean almost as great as the breadth of Europe. Their difficulties spring not from the pressure of population or the means of subsistence, but rather from the superabundance of land yet unoccupied. If their railways do not pay, it is because they are made in anticipation of a people that is yet to come, because many of them pass through a fertile desert possessing every element of wealth and prosperity except the care and industry of man.

From the same cause, the dispersion of the population over a vast tract of country, arises the tendency sometimes observed in the more remote parts of the country to a retrogression from the usages of civilized life. It would seem, therefore, that America has nothing to do but—like the Laird of Dumbiedikes' trees—to grow while we sleep. If she can maintain a government sufficiently to protect life and property, if she continue to double her population at the end of every twenty-five years, she has a destiny before her which leaves no reason to envy the lands and prospects of any nation of the earth. The elements she contains within herself are sufficiently homogeneous to fuse into a single nation, and that nation must, if things go on as they are now proceeding, become in no very long time as numerous as the Chinese themselves, and far more powerful than all the states of Europe put together.

It is not strange that the heirs of this magnificent inheritance should have been so blinded by vanity, by party spirit, or by ambition, as to believe that they could accelerate the destiny which is so clearly working itself out in their favor, by piratical inroads upon neighboring nations? 'The mission of America being, as we have said, to grow and increase, how can she more effectually counteract it than by sending her sons to contend with deadly climates and hostile populations for the possession of lands in all respects inferior to that which she enjoys in such abundance at home? Why should America, inhabited by a race which evidently flourished best in the northern part of the temperate zone, seek to force her way into regions where

her sons, if they establish themselves, must become in a few generations enervated and degenerate, and very probably unable to maintain the possessions which they have acquired?

A hundred years hence the then people of America may find emigration, if not a necessity, at any rate a convenience; but even then we think they will seek for their new settlements rather in the temperate regions of South America and Northern Asia than in the burning and insalubrious jungles of the tropics. Let America look at our experience, and profit by it. Our colonists in the temperate zone, the States themselves among the number, have been incredibly successful. Within the tropics our success has been much more checkered, and our great tropical empire of Hindostan is held only at a price of blood, and treasure, and of anxiety, which makes us often half inclined to regret the success of the British fillibusters of the eighteenth century. Entertaining these views, we have read with the most lively satisfaction the anti-Walker proclamation of President Buchanan. It will be a happy day for America if she can prevail upon herself to act according to the policy of her President, and to adopt the principles of his organ in the press. She may take it as the feeling of all her well-wishers on this side of the Atlantic, that nothing would tend to raise her so much in the eyes of Europe as to see her people as well as her government separate themselves emphatically and entirely from any appearance of sympathy or interest in the transactions of such second-rate adventurers and reckless homicides as the so-called Generals Walker and Henningsen.

Europe is not so straight laced that there would not be in many quarters a secret, or perhaps an avowed, sympathy for the splendid iniquities of a Cortez, a Pizarro or an Alvarado. But America would be little flattered could she be made acquainted with the remarks that one hears on the delusion of a great nation, which suffers its character to be soiled before the world by the outrages of a set of stupid bravos, who do not even understand their own miserable trade, and which is betrayed into a demonstration of sympathy for men who have dragged its flag through the dirt without offering it in return the slightest moral or political advantage.

The decided stand which Mr. Buchanan has taken in this matter is the more creditable to him because in making it he is by no means to be considered as the representative of the party to whom he owes his election. Such countenance as the fillibusters have received in America is mainly owing, we believe, to the desire of the South to bring new slave States into the Union. The North is increasing so rapidly that the South is reasonably apprehensive of losing its own preponderance unless it can succeed in establishing new slave States as a counterpoise.

Now slavery, though doubtless, as has been repeatedly and triumphantly proved by the newspapers devoted to its advocacy, in every other respect exceedingly superior to freedom, has at any rate this drawback—that while freedom has a tendency to grow and increase, slavery is essentially stationary—nay, it is well if it does not become a retrograde institution. It has no chance in a race of growth with the North, and therefore some people have been disposed to connive at the enormities of such men as Walker, under the idea that, whatever are their moral obliquities, they are atoned for by the fact that they go forth as the champions of slavery, to maintain its predominance against the inroads of freedom in the councils of the republic.

Mr. Buchanan seems to be of opinion that whatever be the merits of slavery as an institution and means of political power to the Democratic party, it is not worth the price which is paid for it by countenancing wholesale piracy and murder. We rejoice to see that in this respect the President of the United States, now that his object is attained, and he looks no more for re-election, has discarded the views to which he gave his sanction at the conference at Ostend.

We think John Bull, too, has more than his share of 'elbow-room' in the East, and more than he can well maintain.

SLEEPING IN THE WRONG BED.

An acquaintance of ours (Brown) sleeps in the third story of one of our hotels. On Sunday night, contrary to his usual abstemious habits, Brown concluded to indulge himself in the luxury of a hot whiskey punch. The liquor had the effect to set his spirits in a glow. Brown argued with himself, arithmetically, if one whiskey punch will make a man feel good, what will two whiskey punches do? He took another punch. It is now bed time, and Brown, slightly top-heavy, started towards his dormitory. As before stated, he roomed in the third story. Being a little heavier on this occasion than usual, Brown, of course, experienced more difficulty in getting up stairs. Owing to this fact, he thought he had attained a greater altitude than he really had. The consequence was, in the first place, that Brown, in all innocence, entered the room immediately below his own, in the second story. This room belonged to a lady and gentleman, but was unoccupied at the time of Brown's entrance. The room was very like his own, and Brown, not being intimately acquainted with himself, proceeded to divest himself of his habiliments, and got into bed. Just as he had fallen into a sort of dreamy, drunken wakefulness, he felt a soft hand wandering over his face, and pressing his temples in a very affectionate manner. He leaped with a sudden bound into the middle of the floor, and the lady, for such it was, screamed, and ran down stairs. Meeting her husband, who had just come in, the lady informed him of what she had discovered, and how she had very nearly made a terrible mistake. The husband went up to his room, accompanied by a couple of servants, and found the door locked. In answer to his repeated thumpings on the door, Brown answered, in great indignation, that rather than be interrupted in that way he would leave the house, and accordingly commenced to harness up. Meantime, the true state of things flashed across his befuddled intellect, as he opened the door he stood out in bold relief to the husband and servants, looking the picture of shame and confusion. Being a proverbially polite man, Brown stood humbly passing his hands over each other, as he related how the mistake occurred, seemingly

Washing his hands in invisible soap
And imperceptible water.

His profuse apologies and a happy exit saved him from being precipitated headlong down stairs. He has not been seen at table since, and is supposed to have sought another boarding house.—[Waeeling (Va.) Intelligence.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, 'I am glad to hear it.' But reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, 'and yet I don't know why I should be, he never did me any harm.'

If you cannot avoid a quarrel with a blackguard, let your lawyer manage it rather than yourself. No man sweeps his own chimney, but employs a chimney-sweep, who has no objection to dirty work, because it is his trade.

SELF love exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues.

MIRTH should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web, and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.

A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, a thatched roof, and love—there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests on a potato patch or a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

A WITTY dentist, having labored in vain to extricate a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with the felicitous apology, 'The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come from your mouth.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MERCANTILE AND WRITING SCHOOL,

E. J. GLEESON, MASTER.

This School is now opened at No. 23 PORTLAND STREET, a few doors south of Dooley's Exchange Hotel, where a select and limited number of the Youth of both sexes will be admitted; time from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

TERMS MODERATE.

EVENING SCHOOL!

This school will be opened in the same place on the first evening of next month, where adults and those of riper years, will be carefully and assiduously instructed in the various branches of learning, suitable to their calling.

BOOK-KEEPING:

Mr. Gleeson ventures to say, and pledges himself without hesitation, that he will qualify young gentlemen for the Counting Room, in half the time that is consumed in similar institutions in this city, and at considerable less expense.

August 17th, 1858.

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FINE READY MADE CLOTHING

—AND—
CUSTOM TAILORING.

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GOOD, STYLISH, WELL MADE GARMENTS,

Such as men of taste and good judgment will wear, can at all times be found at our store.

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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 47.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

We present our readers with a portrait of the present head of the Roman Catholic church.

Pius the Ninth was the Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, He is of a noble family of Senigallia, and received the best civil as well as moral education. Love for the study of the sciences was united with love for the study of virtue, and both grew in him with age.

When he reached the priesthood he became as eminent a preacher as he was a good theologian, and learned in other matters. His merit raised him to the honor of the prelacy. During all this time he was distinguished for his labors of love amongst the poor, teaching them, and exercising the ministry in the house of retreat for the poor. The education of young men was one of his most zealous cares. When the diocese of Imola was vacant, he was the only man whom the late Pope deemed adapted to the difficult task of dealing with the temper of that country, and the difficult circumstances of a popular nature connected with it. He was created Cardinal Archbishop, Bishop of Imola, December 14th, 1840.

Pope Pius is in his sixty-ninth year, is of commanding presence, his countenance beaming with an almost angelic innocence, his habits incorruptible, his manners gentle and winning, his learning eminent, his capacity and dexterity in business well proved; in a word, he abounds with all the qualities requisite to render him supereminent in his exalted station, whether we look to the spiritual or temporal duties now devolved upon him. The portrait of Pius bespeaks such a man.

It is a singular fact, that so little did Mastai expect his own elevation to the chair, that he was one of the three cardinals appointed, after the third scrutiny, to open the voting papers. Thirty-four votes are the number required for the election, and on opening the thirty-fourth, which gave him the majority, his emotion was so great that he fainted and fell. His two colleagues raised him and bore

him to his seat. For a long time he strenuously refused to accept the election.

One of the first acts of Pius was to publish an amnesty for all political offences, and to liberate all the political persons who would pledge themselves not to abuse this act of clemency. Of the political wisdom of this act every one can form an idea, who knows the discontent which prevailed in Romagna.

It is said that, by the amnesty, six thousand prisoners were liberated, of whom nine hundred were incarcerated in Rome, the expense of whose maintenance was about £260 a day. This act of the Pope threw the whole population of his States into a fever of enthusiasm. M. Rieni, the chief of the insurrection which broke out in Rimini, in September, 1845, was liberated from the castle of St. Angelo, and admitted to an interview with the Pope, who would not allow him to descend to the kissing of the toe, but gave him his ring to kiss; treated him with much affability, and taking Rieni's own manifesto out of his desk, observed that it contained many useful suggestions, of which he would avail himself. The papers abounded with accounts of the Pope's simple behavior, walking the streets of Rome without ceremony, and of his active benevolence and deeds of justice. It was a glorious pattern for monarchy—may it last!

As the facts connected with the election and subsequent doings of the illustrious prelate who now fills the chair of St. Peter are of thrilling interest, we shall hereafter publish them, from a work by one who was an eye witness of the 'glorious three days,' and other interesting incidents.



POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROCK.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

{Continued.}

CHAPTER VII.

FINAL ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ROCKS IN IRELAND.

Hitherto our family might have been said to live in apprehension. The union of the Irish princes might, 'one fell swoop,' have annihilated the English power, and reduced the Rocks to inglorious peace; but the folly of our countrymen saved us from the consequence of national independence, and we rode triumphant on the waves of perpetual discord. English policy effected what English arms never could. The Irish chieftains were occasionally repulsed, as it suited the motives of each successive monarch, until their power was undermined and their authority diminished. Henry soothed them to peace, and Elizabeth provoked them into hostility; but their purpose was the same—the destruction of clanship. Perhaps this was good policy, and, had it been honestly pursued, the Irish people would not have to complain, for the time had then come when feudal customs were no longer calculated to promote the happiness of mankind. The system had already begun to degenerate, and Irish historians have recorded some brutal and tyrannical acts committed by the petty rulers of provinces. Here then was an opportunity for England to conciliate the Irish people, to give them freedom from their local oppressors, and to bind them by gratitude to their benefactors; but, as I before said, the policy of Britain was always the same. 'Semper eadem' should be her motto, as she has uniformly neglected the right to pursue the expedient. Instead of widening the growing breach between the chieftain and his followers, the latter were robbed by the way of punishing the former, and the ground which undoubtedly belonged to the sept was confiscated, as that of the Canfinny.

Elizabeth, however, demolished the independence of these petty princes, and her successor, James I, took from them even the shadow of power. Their castles were, in many instances, razed to the ground.

James was a pedant, and employed himself in writing metaphysical treatises, instead of attending to the wants of his people. The Irish Roman Catholics had reason to expect some protection from him, and, for a while, he was considered liberal, until he thought fit to declare, by proclamation, that he was a bigot. He forbade the Catholics the exercise of their religion, banished their priests, and committed other acts of intolerance, which will make his memory 'sink in the nostrils of posterity.' The Stuarts were altogether Scots—selfish, narrow-minded egotists, and, thank God, one of that anti-Irish race can never sit upon the throne of Britain.

James's rapacity and confiscating propensities knew no bounds. He robbed and cheated by wholesale, and yet the nation continued tranquil. To explain this Irish phenomenon, O'Halloran considers it a matter of sentiment, and thinks we continued peaceable in consequence of the king being a kind of Milesian bastard; but Sir John Davis, James's Attorney-General, supposes it resulted from the 'joy and comfort' the people felt at being 'brayed,' as it were, 'in a mortar,' a process which has been frequently tried since without producing any such demonstrations of gladness.

Whatever was the cause, the thing actually existed, and the following ode, composed by a bard of Rock-glen, expresses the feelings of my family at this national supineness:—

Where art thou, O Genius of Riot?
Where is the yell of defiance?
Why are the Sheas and O'Shaughnessies quiet?
And whither have fled the O'Rourkes and O'Briens?
Up from thy slumbers, O Brannigan!
Rouse the MacShanes and O'Haggarties!
Courage, Sir Corney O'Foote!—be a man again—
Never let Heffernan say, 'What a braggart 'tis!'
Oh! when rebellion's so feasible.
Where is the kern who'd be sinking off?
Con of the battles! what makes you so peaceable?
Nah, the grand! what the devil are you thinking of?

The Irish are an inflammable people, and the burning sentiments of this ode had an immediate effect, assisted, as they were, by our good allies—the Protestant ascendancy of the day—who, in one night, butchered, in cold blood, three thousand men, women, and children, in the island Magee, not far from Carrickfergus. The Rocks now flew to arms, under the banner of their cousin, the Chieftain of Leix, on which was inscribed, 'God, our Lady, and Roger O'More,' or, as it is now pronounced, 'O'Moore.' Success awaited our first efforts, and the rebellion of 1641 wore a most promising aspect, when the Catholic aristocracy, too often loyal to little purpose, offered their services to their Protestant oppressors. They were rejected with scorn, and soon after joined the ranks of O'Neill. Alas! the principles of liberty were then little understood, or Ireland was now a republic, and Captain Rock, in all probability, a senator. The English forces could not have withstood their opponents, had they been guided by any tangible rule; but they fought not, the fools! for national freedom, but for English concession. The result is well known; the Catholics quarrelled among themselves, they divided into parties, and fell an easy prey to Cromwell, and the other regicides, when they arrived in Ireland.

In reading the history of this period, one would imagine that Ireland became a wilderness, and, if historians were correct, this would undoubtedly have been the case; but the truth is, Cromwell triumphed almost without opposition, from the distractions already mentioned, and the tyrant is even loaded with greater infamy than he deserved. I wish those who take upon themselves to write the Irish histories would study a little common sense; then they would soon see that the Irish were not all driven into Connaught by Cromwell, nor extirpated by Elizabeth, nor murdered by William, for, if any one of these circumstances had taken place, how comes it that their language remained behind them? This is a puzzler to those who sing their Jeremiads over depopulated provinces, for even at the present day the Irish language, except in Dublin and half a dozen other towns, is the medium by which all the business of life is transacted. A shopkeeper would have little business in Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Sligo, &c., &c., unless he could speak Irish. What preserves the national dialect? An Irish population. What preserved the people? The family of the Rocks, to be sure.

With this chapter I shall conclude the history of my ancestors, and from time to time I shall give sketches of Irish history—so little understood even in Ireland. From the time of Cromwell the Rocks flourished in all the luxuriance of a favored race. Our rulers promoted our greatness by successive laws, compared with which even those of Draco, though written in blood, were humane. 'We have no instance,' says Dr. Johnson, 'in the ten persecutions of anything so cruel as that inflicted on the Irish Catholics by the Protestants.' Herod was out-Heroded in each successive reign, until the accession of George III., whose son—notwithstanding the Insurrection Act—has all the good wishes of Rock. Many of the penal laws, I admit, were inoperative, for they were too wicked to be put in force; but still their very existence contributed to add fuel to that flame, from which the Rocks snatched the brand that lit them on their way.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PENAL LAWS.

The brave Sarsfield, the particulars of whose life, to the disgrace of Ireland, is little known, surrendered Limerick, after a protracted siege, to the English general on certain conditions, which guaranteed the liberty of his Catholic countrymen. He had, however, scarcely landed in France when the articles of capitulation were violated by the great and 'good' King William, whose memory the idiot corporators of Dublin are so fond of toasting, though he was a decided enemy of Ireland. 'How it is possible,' says Sir Henry Parnell, 'to defend William and his ministers from the charge of having acted with perfidy towards the

Catholics, it is not easy to discover. That they were guilty of violating the treaty no one can deny. The excuse that has been made for William, that he was obliged to submit to the power of the anti-Catholic party, may easily be proved to be a mere pretext.' Everything demonstrates William's want of faith, and soon after we find his parliament passing acts to prevent Catholics from sitting in Parliament—preventing them from educating their children at home or abroad, preventing them from being guardians to their own or other persons' children—preventing Catholic schoolmasters from teaching, and preventing Catholic priests from residing in Ireland.

As if these acts of wanton tyranny were not sufficient to oppress the Catholics, we find the following statutes passed in the reign of Anne:—

'On the 4th of March, 1704, the royal assent was given to the act to prevent the further growth of Popery, being the first of these two famous acts, which have most deservedly been termed, by Mr. Burke, the ferocious acts of Anne.

'By the third clause of this act, the Popish father, though he may have acquired his estate by descent from a long line of ancestors, or by his own purchase, is deprived of the power, in case his eldest son, or any other son, becomes a Protestant, to sell, mortgage, or otherwise dispose of it, or to leave out of it any portions or legacies.

'By the fourth clause, the Popish father is debarred, under a penalty of five hundred pounds, from being a guardian to, or from having the custody of, his own children; but if the child, though ever so young, pretend to be a Protestant, it is to be taken from its own father, and put into the hands of a Protestant relation.

'The 5th clause provides that no Protestant shall marry a Papist, having an estate in Ireland, either in or out of the kingdom.

'The 6th clause renders Papists incapable of purchasing any manors, tenements, hereditaments, or any rents or profits arising out of the same, or of holding any lease of lives, or other lease whatever, for any term exceeding thirty-one years. Even with respect to this advantage, restrictions were imposed on them; one of which was that if a farm produced a profit greater than one-third of the amount of the rent, the right in it was immediately to cease, and to pass over entirely to the first Protestant who should discover the rate of profit.

'The 7th clause deprives Papists of such inheritance, devise, gift, remainder, or trust of any lands, tenements or hereditaments, of which any Protestant was or should be seized in fee simple, absolute or fee tail, which, by the death of such Protestant, or his wife, ought to have descended to his son or other issue in tail, being Papists, and makes them descend to the nearest Protestant relation, as if the Popish heir and other Popish relations were dead.

'By the 10th clause, the estate of a Papist, for want of a Protestant heir, is to be divided, share and share alike, among all his sons; for want of sons, among his daughters, and, for want of daughters, among the collateral kindred of the father.

'By the 15th clause, no person shall be exempt from the penalties of this act that shall not take and subscribe the oath and declaration required by this act to be taken.

'By the 16th clause, all persons whatsoever, who shall receive any office, civil or military, shall take and subscribe the oath and declaration required to be taken by the English act of third William and Mary, and also the oath of abjuration required to be taken by another English act of first of Anne, and also shall receive the sacrament.

'The 23d clause provides that no Papist, except under particular conditions, shall dwell in Limerick or Galway.

'The 24th, that no persons shall vote at elections without taking the oaths of allegiance and abjuration.

'And the 25th clause, that all advowsons possessed by Papists shall be vested in her majesty.

Though the treaty of Limerick was now violated in every point, the spirit of persecution was still restless and unsatisfied. However great was the ingenuity of the legislators who produced that master-piece of oppression, the act to prevent the further growth of Popery, it was found that another act was still wanting to explain and amend it. Such an act was passed in the year 1709.

The 1st clause provides that no Papist shall be capable of taking any annuity for life.

The following is the 3d clause, every word of which is of value, in order to show the cruelty with which the unfortunate Catholics of Ireland have been oppressed:—'And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that where and as often as any child or children of any Popish parent or parents hath or have heretofore professed or conformed him, her, or themselves, to the Protestant religion, as by law established, and enrolled in the High Court of Chancery a certificate of the bishop of the diocese in which she or they shall inhabit or reside, testifying his, her, or their being a Protestant, and conforming him, her, or themselves, to the church of Ireland, as by law established, it shall and may be lawful for the High Court of Chancery, upon a bill founded upon this act, to oblige the said Papist parent or parents to discover upon oath the full value of all his, her, or their estate, as well personal as real, clear, over and above all real incumbrances and debts contracted, 'bona fide,' for valuable consideration, before the enrolment of such certificate, and thereupon to make such order for the support and maintenance of such Protestant child or children, by the distribution of the said real and personal estate, to and among such Protestant child or children, for the present support of such Protestant child or children, and also to and for the portion or portions, and future maintenances, of such Protestant child or children, after the decease of such Popish parent or parents, as the said court shall judge fit.'

The 12th clause provides that all converts in public employments, members of parliament, barristers, attorneys, or officers of any courts of law, shall educate their children Protestants.

By the 14th clause, the Popish wife of a Papist, having power to make a jointure, conforming, shall, if she survives her husband, have such provision, not exceeding the power of her husband, to make a jointure, as the chancellor shall judge.

By the 15th clause, the Popish wife of a Papist, not being otherwise provided for, conforming, shall, have a proportion out of his chattels, notwithstanding any will or voluntary disposition, and statute 7th William III. 6.

The 16th clause provides that a Papist teaching school publicly, or in a private house, or as usher to a Protestant, shall be deemed and prosecuted as a Popish regular convict.

The 18th clause provides that Popish priests, who shall be converted, shall receive thirty pounds per annum, to be levied and paid by grand juries.

The 20th clause provides, whimsically enough, for the reward of discovering Popish clergy and schoolmasters, viz:—For discovering an archbishop, bishop, vicar-general, or other person, exercising any foreign ecclesiastical jurisdiction, £50. For discovering each regular clergyman, and each secular clergyman, not registered, £20. For discovering each Popish schoolmaster or usher, £10.

The 21st clause empowers two justices to summon any Papist of eighteen years of age; and if he shall refuse to give testimony where and when he heard mass celebrated, and who and what persons were present at the celebration of it, and likewise touching the residence and abode of any priest or Popish schoolmaster, to commit him to jail, without bail, for twelve months, or until he shall pay twenty pounds.

By the 25th clause no priest can officiate except

in the parish for which he is registered, by the second of Anne, c. 7.

The 30th clause provides for the discovery of all trusts agreed to be undertaken in favor of Papists, and enables any Protestant to file a bill in chancery against any person concerned in any sale, lease, mortgage, or incumbrance in trust for Papists, and compel him to discover the same; and it further provides that all issues to be tried, in any action founded upon this act, shall be tried by none but known Protestants.

The 37th clause provides that no Papist in trade, except in the linen trade, shall take more than two apprentices.

In the reign of George I., the following acts were passed:—

An act to make the militia of this kingdom more useful.

By the 11th and 12th clauses of this act, the horses of Papists may be seized for the militia.

By the 4th and 18th clauses, Papists are to pay double towards raising the militia.

By the 16th clause, Popish housekeepers in a city are to find fit Protestant substitutes.

An act to restrain Papists from being high or petty constables, and for the better regulating the parish watches.

An act for the more effectual preventing fraudulent conveyances, in order to multiply votes for electing members to serve in parliament, &c.

By the 7th clause of this act no Papist can vote at an election, unless he takes the oaths of allegiance and abjuration.

An act for the better regulating the town of Galway, and for strengthening the Protestant interest therein.

An act for the better regulating the corporation of the city of Kilkenny, and strengthening the Protestant interest therein.

An act by which Papists resident in towns, who shall not provide a Protestant watchman to watch in their room, shall be subject to certain penalties.

By the 7th clause of this act, no Papists can vote at a vestry.

In the reign of George II., the following were passed:—

By the first clause of 1st George II. c. 30, barristers, six clerks, &c., are required to take the oath of supremacy.

By the 2d clause all converts, &c., are bound to educate their children as Protestants.

By 7th Geo. II. c. 5, sect. 12, barristers or solicitors marrying Papists are deemed Papists, and made subject to all penalties as such.

By 7th Geo. II. c. 6, no convert can act as a justice of the peace, whose wife or children, under sixteen years of age, are educated Papists.

The 13th Geo. II. c. 6, is an act to amend former acts for disarming Papists.

By the 6th clause of this act, Protestants educating their children Papists are made subjects to the same disabilities as Papists are.

By 9th Geo. II. c. 3, no person can serve on a petty jury, unless seized of a freehold of five pounds per annum; or, being a Protestant, shall not be possessed of a profit rent of fifteen pounds per annum, under a lease for years.

By 9th Geo. II. c. 6, sect. 5, persons robbed by privateers, during war with a Popish prince, shall be reimbursed by grand jury presentment, and the money be levied upon the goods and land of Popish inhabitants only.

The 19th Geo. II. c. 6, is an act for granting a duty on hawkers and pedlars to the society of Protestant charter-schools.

The 19th Geo. II. c. 13, is an act to annul all marriages between Protestants and Papists, or celebrated by Popish priests.

By the 23d Geo. II. c. 10, sect. 3, every Popish priest, who shall celebrate any marriage contrary to

12th Geo. I. c. 3, and be thereof convicted, shall be hanged.

The cruelty of these acts, like ambition, overvalued their purpose; they were partially inoperative. The Catholics multiplied under them; and priests, during their existence on the statute-book, were more numerous than they are at present. At length his late majesty, George III., mounted the throne; and, though the early part of his reign was disgraced by one or two additional penal statutes, the bloody code soon after received a death-blow, though its quivering members still proclaim a painful existence. In 1774, the first act of conciliation was passed, and, in 1799 the Catholics were placed in the situation which they at present hold, little or nothing having been conceded to them since. What was done for them at this period will be seen from the following list of disabilities under which they still labor:—

Education.—They cannot teach school, unless they take the oath of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35. They cannot take Protestant scholars, or be ushers to Protestant schoolmasters, 32d Geo. III. c. 20.

Guardianship.—They cannot be guardians unless they take the oaths of 13th, 15th Geo. III. c. 35. If ecclesiastics, they cannot, under any circumstances be guardians; nor can any Catholic be guardian to a child of a Protestant, 30th Geo. III. c. 29.

Marriage.—If a Catholic clergyman marries a Protestant and a Catholic, the marriage is null and void, and he is liable to suffer death, 32 George III. c. 21.

Self-defence.—No Catholic can keep arms, unless he possesses a freehold estate of ten pounds per annum, or a personal estate of three hundred pounds. If so qualified, he must further qualify himself by taking the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35.; unless he has a freehold estate of one hundred pounds per annum, or a personal estate of one thousand pounds, 23d Geo. III. c. 21.

Exercise of Religion.—The Catholic clergy must take the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35, and register their place of abode, age, and parish. No chapel can have a steeple or bell, no funeral can take place in any church or chapel yard, and no rites or ceremonies of the religion or habits of their order are permitted, except within their several places of worship or in private houses, 21st, 22d Geo. III. c. 24, sect. 6.

Property.—The laws of Anne are in force against all Catholics who do not take the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35.; and also against all Protestants who may have lapsed or become converts to the Catholic religion.

Franchises.—No Catholic can hold any of the offices enumerated in sect. 9. of an act here inserted.

Catholics cannot sit in parliament. They cannot vote at elections for members without taking the oaths of the 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35, and of 33d Geo. III. c. 21. They cannot vote at vestries. They cannot be barristers, attorneys, or professors of medicine on Sir P. Duane's foundation, without taking the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35, and of Geo. III. c. 21, or even fowling and game-keepers.

Catholic soldiers, by mutiny act, if they refuse to frequent the Church of England worship, when ordered to do so by their commanding officers, shall, for the first offence, forfeit two-pence; and, for the second, not only forfeit twelve pence, but be laid in irons for twelve hours; and, by the second section, art. 5, of the articles of war, the punishment even extends to that of death.

An Irish Catholic officer or soldier, on landing in Great Britain, Jersey or Guernsey, is immediately liable to the penalty, among others, the English act 1st Geo. I. c. 13, of forfeiting three hundred pounds.

Catholics are excluded from holding the office of

of governor, deputy-governor, or director, of the Bank of England.

'No part scarcely in fact of the penal code is repealed, but all of it is now the law of the land, and in full force against those Catholics who have not qualified themselves for relief from its violence, by taking the oaths of 13th. 14th Geo. III., c. 35, or who may have lapsed or become converts to the Catholic religion.'

I have made no alteration respecting the right of burial, as Mr. Plunkett's late bill is inoperative.

Having now traced the causes which have given fame to the Rocks, I shall, in my next number, return to the history of my own private affairs.

[To be Continued.]

KEDAGH AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A few miles from Barnestown, the residence of the famous Anthony Malone, and contemporaneous with that worthy, there lived a jolly old squire of the regular Irish school, named Kedagh Geohagan. This old gentleman, together with a great deal of Irish virtues, contained in himself a great deal of what his enemies would call downright Irish vices and infamies. Among them he was exceedingly litigious, to which disposition the propinquity of such a convenience as the prime serjeant, was, perhaps, in some degree an encouragement; be that as it may, the assistance of Malone was often given to exonerate his unlucky neighbor out of those scrapes which his infatuation was daily hurling him into; but his patience and good will were at length exhausted, when after years of such hard service, he had to declare himself absolutely ignorant of the color of Kedagh's gold.

This unlucky consummation of his imprudence came about at the very moment when the counsellor's aid was most required. Poor Kedagh had got himself into a dreadful hobble. Some sharp attorney had taken under his protection, one of his numerous victims, and law and equity were together, hurling their thunders on his now defenceless head. He knew that Malone would in a few days be going to town to attend Term, and that unless his anger was previously deprecat, it would be idle to expect assistance from him. To pay him, would be an abandonment of those principles on which, through good report and evil report, he had acted for nigh half a century; and pay him he would not—and yet, to get free of the dilemma without doing so, was a puzzle. He, however, at last, hit on the expedient which will be seen in the sequel.

The day for Malone's departure had arrived, and he was already in his carriage driving out of his avenue gate, when his progress was stopped by a fine herd of cattle turning down in that direction.

'Hallo, my man,' shouted the counsellor to the herdsman—'whose bullocks are those?'

'Mr. Geohagan's, your honor,' replied the fellow, touching his hat, 'that is, they wor, sir, but he sint them to your honor, wid his compliments, and this bit of a note,' at the same time fumbling the mishapen epistle from the recesses of his breeches pocket, and handing it to the great man.

'Hum—aye—unforeseen troubles—hope to be excused—request a continuation of my services—oh, very well, my good man, all's right—present my compliments to your master, and tell him I shall feel happy in using my utmost exertions in his business—drive them on, and deliver them to the herd—one, two, three—ten, I believe are in it—pon my word, a very fine lot of bullocks, and do great credit to the feeder, and you may tell your master I said so—stay, here's half-a-crown for you to drink my health, since I'll not be below myself—drive on, John.'

Next vacation Malone returned home, full of complacent delight at the good news he had to tell his generous client, for whom his splendid talents had procured an unequivocal victory. The morning after his arrival, when taking his usual walk through his concerns, he met his herd, and after receiving his congratulations on his safe return, began making the natural enquiries regarding his stock.

'Fine weather you had while I was away, Thady?'

'Yis, indeed, 'twas delightful, your honor.'

'Pon my word, I never knew it so soft at this time of year before. An old parliament gentleman of my acquaintance, that was laid up in his bedroom ever since winter, was able to go down all the way to the cove of Cork last week, it was so very mild.'

'Dth! dth! think o' that now.'

'Yes, indeed; and how is the grass coming on, Thady?'

'I never seen the like, your honor; if you'd only jist step down an' look at it you'd see, yourself, sure.'

'You didn't find Mr. Geohagan's bullocks too great an addition, I hope.'

'Sir—'

'Old Kedlah's bullocks; those that he sent here the day I went to Dublin; 'pon my word, Thady, they shamed you, they were so superior to any you ever sent off my pastures.'

'Och, he's a very judgmatical feeder, your honor, but for all that I'd show my herd with his any day; but, as to my bullocks, bedad, your honor, myself doesn't rightly know what you're talking about, at all, at all.'

'Why, the bullocks he sent here the day I went to Dublin, the ten fat bullocks by his own man, Kelly, I think, is his name.'

'Arrah, the deuce a bullock, beggin' your honor's pardon, he ever sint here, the old rogue; they'd bring the murrain or some miahg among us, so they would.'

'Old Kedlah tricked me, then!' shouted the counsellor.

And so he did. The heard had been waiting an hour at the head of the avenue to intercept him, as we have related, and no sooner was the carriage out of sight by an angle of the road, than, according to his master's directions, he turned the bullocks' heads, and before evening they were browsing quietly in their native pasture, whence they had been called that morning to effect the deception.

It was little wonder that Malone should be deeply exasperated at the trick so humiliating to him and successful to his outwiter, and just as little that honest Kedagh should take credit to himself for so neat a piece of chicanery; it was, in fact, a subject of merriment to him for a long time after, until some dilemma, similar to that which gave rise to the expedient we have related occurred, and compelled him to try and make his peace with his incensed advocate. The hopeless task was undertaken in the same spirit that characterized his former proceedings. Kedagh took to his bed—was ill, very ill, going to die in fact. It was not long until an account of his illness reached Barnestown, and fast on the heels of report followed a messenger from the invalid requesting to see his dear friend the counsellor.

'Confound the rascal,' exclaimed Malone, 'his impudence is insufferable; what can he want with me?'

'Oh, your honor,' said the afflicted messenger, 'he's stretched for death, an' won't die aisy if he doesn't see you an' the priest.'

'Well, now, for curiosity's sake,' said Malone, 'I will go over and hear what he has to say. It would be really a pity not to hear Kedagh repenting.'

The counsellor arrived, and was shown into the darkened room where poor Kedagh was waiting his final call.

'You wished to see me, Mr. Geohagan, I believe,' said Malone, in the coldest tone of voice he could assume.

'Counsellor, dear, is that you?' whined the invalid from the middle of the bed in the corner.

'Upon my word, Mr. Geohagan, you may well ask the question with doubt, after the manner you treated me and used my name.'

'Oh, counsellor, dear, sure you wouldn't be ripping up my old stories on a dying man. God forgive me my sins, but I've a great deal to answer for. Forget and forgive, avick; that was your father's way, rest his soul. I knew him well, and many and many's the time I saw him sitting in his arm-chair, and stroking your head and saying, 'Anthony, my boy, you'll never be your father's if you desert your friend in distress. It's my will I'd be taken off, avick. I'm afraid the boy's 'ill be quarrelling among one another about the money when I am gone, and I want a will that will hinder them, and who would I get to draw it but yourself, the first lawyer in the three kingdoms, and more betoken, my old friend's son?'

'Really, Mr. Geohagan, I must try to be excused; my interference with your affairs already—'

'Ah, now, avick machree, why would you be talking about that, and cutting short a dying man's breath. Let me tell you all first, and then, sure, if you're for leaving I can't help you. I'm going, counsellor dear—going quick—but I'd like to do justice first, so just put in a legacy of £500 now to my dear and valued friend, meaning yourself, avick, and make it so it can't be broke now.'

'Kedagh, my dear Kedagh, this is so good, so generous, really I must forget and forgive now, though to tell the truth, Kedagh, I was angry.'

'Ah, Anthony, my darling, this is just like your father, rest his soul, but indeed I was wrong.'

'Kedagh—now—my dear friend—this generosity—'

'Counsellor, dear, I always intended it.'

'My dear friend this is a melancholy duty, and trust me that all my talents can do shall be done for you to secure your little property.'

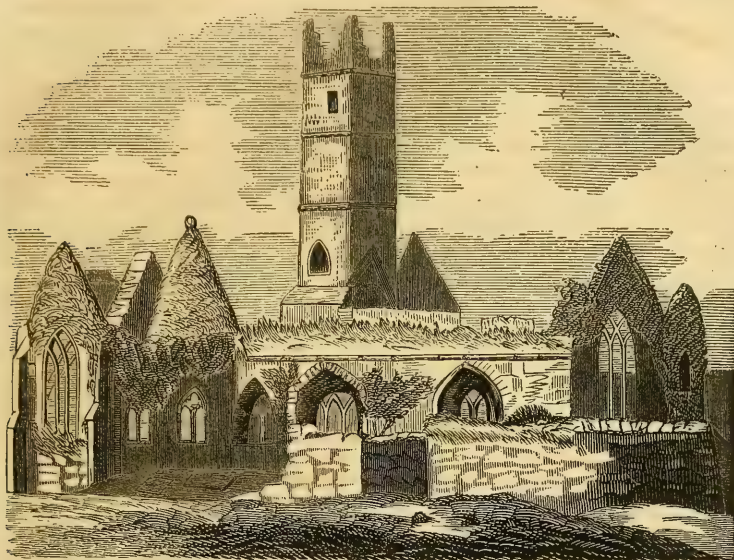
'Arah, Anthony, my darling, give me your hand; where are you avick? I knew it was in your father's son to be generous; so now sit down counsellor, dear, and let us to business, and don't forget the five hundred.'

The will was drawn and approved, not forgetting the five hundred; and Kedagh, after uttering a profusion of thanks, for what Malone assured him was a will that all the lawyers in Ireland could not break, requested it should be left with him to get copied, after which, when completed, it should be left with himself.

Malone, of course, acceded, and a day was appointed when he should return and receive the sacred trust from the hands of the dying man. The day came, and with it the punctual counsellor, who was no little surprised to find Kedagh out of bed, and much more improved in personal appearance.

'I am better, avick,' said he, 'thank goodness—a deal better and able to sit up; but, sure, you knows how long it will last with all the trouble I'm in. Maybe now, counsellor, dear, you could advise me a bit; here's the will, avick. Put it up in your breast pocket now safe, for a deal depends on that bit of parcel; but I was thinking about the law; it's this way, avick.'

And Kedagh proceeded with a long explanation of all the ins and outs of his new troubles, and received from his kind-hearted friend such assurances of assistance as completely satisfied him. From this time forward, Kedagh became better and better by beautiful gradations of convalescence, until, at last, he was reported quite well to his disappointed expectants. His cause was undertaken spiritedly by Malone, and, it is needless to say, that it succeeded—the friendship of the counsellor became now as conspicuous as the contrary feelings were formerly, and excited the surprise of all who knew both, which was still more heightened when Kedagh was called to his people at last—by Malone's attending his corpse to the grave as one of the chief



THE ABBEY OF QUIN, COUNTY CLARE.

mourners, and conducting all the affairs of the funeral. No sooner was our poor hero safely deposited, than Malone announced to the relatives that the will was lodged with him, and collected all of them in his parlor for the purpose of reading the important instrument to them.

All preliminaries being arranged, the parties seated, sentiments of condolence expressed on all sides, and Kedagh's honesty and goodness boldly asserted by every one, and a defiance hurled at all gainsayers, the will was produced, acknowledged, and handed to Mr. Matthews, Malone's clerk, for perusal. He began, and according as he proceeded and settled with each devisee or legatee, as the case was, 'My poor father,' blubbered one of the fortunates, and another, and another, in due succession, as they ascertained their good luck, until the clerk's voice could scarce be heard amid the general din. Malone was, however, listening all the time with that quiet sort of satisfaction which we feel when we know that hope and certainty are to shake hands, until the clerk had dispatched the sentence immediately preceding his part of the will, and continued on, as it were, skipping the important sentence.

'Now, now, Matthews, my good fellow,' said the counsellor, interrupting him, 'do not be so precipitate, pray—go on—in such serious matters as these; it is very unbecoming to be so giddy—go on, if you please—and to my dear and valued friend'—go on, pray—don't you see it?'

'Faith, sir,' said the puzzled clerk, looking over the whole document, 'I don't see e'er a dear and valued friend in it from top to bottom.'

'Mr. Matthews, you are insufferably stupid, and really this will not do at all. Give me the will, sir,' and seizing it from the hands of the terrified clerk, he looked over and over it, but in vain; the titter could no longer be suppressed—it was too bad.

'Kedagh! Kedagh! you lived a rogue and you died a rogue,' exclaimed the outwitted lawyer, and bolted out of the room amid the ill-suppressed laughter of the company. Kedagh, true to the last, copied every line of the well-drawn instrument but the part containing the legacy, and gained all his ends, and theated a counsellor.

ADVANTAGES OF HISTORY.

'There is no study,' says Seneca, 'more amusing in itself, or more instructive and improving the mind than that of history. Works of fiction are the gilded baubles that appear attractive; but history is the sterling gold that really possesses value.'

The apophthegm of the philosopher needs not much argument to enforce it. We can, perhaps, in no way form a more correct estimate of the great worth of history than by supposing ourselves to be at present without its aid, and thus we cannot but see how narrow and contracted would be our conceptions of things if our knowledge were not enlarged by the history of other times, but was confined merely to what we derived either from our own experience, or from that of those immediately preceding us. It is very problematical whether civilization would have progressed with such rapid strides as it has done, if each successive generation were not illuminated by the light of history, and though, perhaps, it would be too bold an assertion positively to say, that but for it we would differ little from our Saxon ancestors, yet it is quite certain that, even if we did differ, we would not be able duly to appreciate our present condition, if we had not the page of history to prove to us how much the refinement of the present day is superior to the barbarism of the Hepharchy. There is no one to whom his country is more indebted than to the faithful historian. Philosophers may raise her in the world of science; poets may draw upon her general admiration, and warriors render her name terrible among other nations; but the excellence of all these, in their several departments, would be evanescent and transitory, or, at most, confined to but a few generations, if they had not the page of history to affix to them a perpetuity of fame. How little of the general history of ancient Greece would we be able to collect from the verses of Homer or Hesiod; while, on the other hand, how much more do we appreciate even their beauties, when the mist that hangs over those olden days is partially dispelled by the light from the pages of Thucydides and Xenophon. All the wondrous deeds of ancient times, the exploits of an Alexander or a Hannibal, of a Miltiades or a Leonidas, the glories of Marathon and Thermopylae, would be unknown to us save in the indistinct allusions of the poets and the orators,

if it were not for the page of history. To the statesman no study is more pre-eminently useful; it may, indeed, be styled the grand emporium of political wisdom; by it the experience of the parts is concentrated into one mass, and made the exigencies of the present, and thus the result and working of measures, which otherwise would be but speculatively conjectural, is foreseen with almost the certainty of mathematical demonstrations. By history, a new element is added to our being; we become creatures not only of the present but also of the past, and, in many cases, of the future. It is history which expands and enlarges our views; it gives to our minds that arm, discursive, ubiquitous power by which they are not confined to a particular locality, but become denizens of other countries. By history, the circle of our existence and of our social affections is enlarged. With it, we feel the general bond of union between us and our fellow creatures of all ages. Maintained without it, the connecting link would be broken, and we would be mere isolated creatures in a world that had no peculiar associations, but those of animal instinct to attach us to it.

QUIN ABBEY.

Quin, called Quint or Quinchy, is situated in the barony of Bunratty, about five miles east of Ennis. An abbey was founded here at an early period, which was consumed by fire, A. D. 1278.

In 1402, Mac Cam Dall Macnamara, Lord of Glancoilean, erected the present monastery, being a beautiful strong building of black marble; his tomb is still remaining. This monastery, with all the manors, advowsons, &c., of Davenunswail, Ichancee, Downagour, and divers others, with the site of all the hereditaments thereof, was granted to Sir Turrough O'Brien, of Innishidyman (Innistymon) in fee, December 14, 1583.

The monastery was repaired in 1604. Bishop Pococke thus describes its present state: 'Quin is one of the finest and most entire monasteries that I have seen in Ireland; it is situated on a fine stream, with an ascent of several steps to the church; at the entrance one is surprised with the view of the high altar entire, and of an altar on each side of the arch of the chancel. To the south is a chapel with three or four altars in it, and a very Gothic figure in relation of some saint; on the north side of the chancel is a fine monument of the family of the Macnamaras of Rance, erected by the founder; on a stone by the high altar the name of Kennedye appears in large letters; in the middle, between the body and the chancel, is a fine tower built on the gable ends. The cloister is in the usual form, with couplets of pillars, but is particular in having buttresses round it by way of ornament; there are apartments on three sides of it, the refectory, the dormitory, and another grand room to the north of the chancel, with a vaulted room under them all; to the north of the large room is a closet, which leads through a private way to a very strong round tower, the walls of which are near ten feet thick. In the front of the monastery is a building, which seems to have been an apartment for strangers, and to the south-west are two other buildings.'

Dutton, in his statistical survey of the county of Clare, published in 1808, observes that it remains nearly in the same state as when the bishop wrote, but greatly disfigured by the custom of burying within the walls of churches. The south end, built by one of the family of Macnamara, is much superior in neatness of workmanship to the adjoining parts. There are the remains of a curious representation of a crucifix in stucco on the wall near the high altar, that have escaped, I believe, the observation of all travellers.

Refrain from bitter words; there is only the difference of a letter between words and sounds.

THE CONVOY.

We had been detained in Kingston harbor for several days, waiting the departure of an English convoy; the day of sailing had at length arrived, and we were wafted gracefully to sea by the trade wind, which blew fresh and favorable, and promised, with its continuance, a speedy arrival to the United States. The fleet was composed of at least forty sail vessel of all nations, who had, like us, sought the convoy's protection from the many piratical cruisers which at that time infested the shores of the West India islands. There might have been seen the clumsy Hollander, and the more fragile vessel of Spain, the large unwieldy barque of Russia and the light felucca of the Mediterranean, the strong and handsome Englishman, and the beautiful fast sailing trader of the United States, the high black lugger of Breemen, and the long low cruiser of Portugal, all with their canvass set, gracefully ploughing the green waves of the Atlantic. I had embarked in an American ship, bound for the port of Baltimore, a truly noble vessel, and I felt a secret pride thrill in my veins as I cast my eyes along the tapering spars, suffering them to rest upon the well-trimmed head rigging and belling topsail; there was not a brace, stay, or haulyard but was drawn taught to its respective place, and the light foot-ropes hung in graceful curves from the numerous yards in beautiful contrast with the running and stationary rigging. On deck everything presented as neat an appearance as aloft; the guns were newly painted and bound to their places with widely plaited, breeching, the deck had been cleared of every fibre of useless stuff, and the running rigging hung from the cleets and belaying pins in beautiful coils. When I had finished my survey of her appearance, I turned almost involuntarily towards the stern, and suffered my gaze to fall upon the Star Spangled Banner, which rolled in graceful folds from the main-gaff—the guardian of all this beauty—the protection of all this elegance.

Our captain was a large and finely moulded man, but the most distant and tacit being I had ever encountered; he would stand for hours leaning over the taffrail and gazing in the blue deep of the ocean, as if he could read therein some darkly fascinating page of futurity; his eyes were grey and deeply sunken, yet they flowed with an almost unnatural lustre, and seemed to search and be satisfied of your most secret thought with a glance; to a superficial observer he appeared a being illy calculated to gain the affections of mankind, yet every one on board loved him, and appeared to take pleasure in executing his mandates; there was something so singularly and impressively interesting in the expression of his countenance, something so stern, so noble, and so decisive, that I felt, as I gazed upon him, that his like I should never behold again. As my eyes fell from the banner of my country they encountered his; he had been observing me for some time, and I felt that his penetrating glances was master of my feelings.

'American,' said he, advancing, 'those hands were the first that ever raised your proud banner to a gaff; I fought, bled and conquered under your stars and stripes, and while the arm that reared it is left me it shall never be lowered in submission to created man.'

I could make no answer to his speech, but I grasped his hand with a pressure which indicated more than words could express.

After a moment's pause, he looked around to observe that none were within hearing, and again resumed—

'Yes, stranger, I once shot a man dead for laying his hands upon the haulyards with the intention of striking that proud banner to a foe-man.'

A fierce though animated light for a moment illuminated his expressive eye, and then, turning abruptly away, he strode to a distant part of the

quarter-deck, with a manner which seemed to forbid further intercourse; this singular man made a deep impression upon me; I resolved to study him well during the voyage.

There was a general movement among the ship's company, and the eyes of all on board were turned towards the squadron, and then inquiringly on the captain, as if to hear and obey his commands. His Britanic majesty's ship Hyperion had overhauled the squadron, and informed them, by signals, the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the IV., King of England, was on board.

In a few minutes the peak of every vessel in the fleet, save ours, was lowered, and for a while nothing was heard on the water but the cracking of sheaves as the haulyards sped swiftly through the blocks; peak after peak fell in honor of the royal passenger, but the gaff of our vessel was motionless, while all around had submissively fallen. When I learned the cause of this movement I turned towards the captain, and never shall I forget the ghastly smile that at that moment played around his lips.

'Fools,' muttered he, 'minions to do homage to the boy whose father's foot is on their neck! By heavens! I'd suffer death before my peak should bow to their effeminate pup of the purple,' and he cast his eyes jealously along the spotless canvass.

'John Bull seldom allows such disrespect as this to go unpunished,' whispered Bob Barnacle; 'see, they are lowering the yawl from the davits for the purpose of boarding us, and if the judgment of an old seaman don't deceive him, we shall have some heaving of iron before this squall blows over.'

'I hope nothing serious may accrue to us,' said I.

The naval veteran shook his head importantly as he answered, 'the captain is like a Dutch lugger in a blow.'

As the veteran concluded, he moved away, leaving me to conjecture the meaning of his mysterious sentence. Again I turned my attention to the commander; for a moment he regarded the yawl as it left the ship's side, and then folding his arms, he continued to pace the quarter deck until its arrival. Our independent bearing had been perceived by the whole squadron, and the eyes of men, of more than one nation, were turned upon us with jealous curiosity, and a thrill of national pride traversed my veins as I contemplated the proud sense of freedom we had so nobly displayed; yet we had committed a daring if not a rash action, and there was no alternative but to follow it up manfully, or disgrace the proud pennons that floated over us, in presence of the citizens of almost all the christian nations of Europe. The dark man who paraded the quarter was the sole being upon whom was rested the responsibility of our country's honor; his command might exalt us in the eyes of many a jealous rival, or, on the other hand, it might render us an object of contempt and ridicule; but, at that moment, I felt a certainty of conviction, that our commander would honorably finish the work he had so nobly begun. The English yawl had now arrived, and a young midshipman, arrayed in all the naval finery of his nation, ascended the ship's side, and sprang upon the deck.

'Are your peak haulyards checked, or has your mizen-down hauls given away, that you refuse to drop your gaff to his grace, the Duke of Clarence?' asked he, as he gazed severally on those around to discover the commander.

'Neither, young man,' was the calm reply of our captain.

'Then why have you dared to insult the flag of Great Britain on the high seas?' demanded the youth with an impertinent and cocknied air. 'Are you not fearful that we will inflict the chastisement richly deserve?'

A spark of anger flashed in the eyes of our com-

mandant, but it instantly passed away, and he calmly replied—

'No, boy, I am not fearful of receiving punishment at your hands, nor shall my peak or banner ever be lowered to the cross of England while I have life to lose it in defence.'

'By St. George, sir rebel, you speak tauntingly of my country's prowess,' exclaimed the midshipman; 'more such language as that might tempt us to tear that rag of thine from the gaff and trample it beneath our feet.'

At this disgraceful allusion to our flag the lips of our commander quivered with concealed rage, and turning to one of the sturdy seamen that lined the deck, he vociferated, 'Barnacle, throw that man overboard.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' exclaimed the veteran, and, seizing the slight form of the midshipman, he hoisted him over the gunwale, and plunged him into the sea beneath.

A roar of laughter ensued amongst the friends of Neptune, and even the British seamen were observed to chuckle with smothered delight, as they drew him dripping from the briny element, and shoved off to return.

When the yawl which contained the exasperated midshipman had arrived at the side of the British vessel, a general stir was observed on her decks; her long black yards were swung round, and her bow wore to windward in a straight line with our vessel, and it was evident by their movements that it was their intent to run us down and pour in a broadside. Studding-sails, spankers, and stay-sails were spreading in all parts of her wide extended rigging, and in a few minutes every boom, mast and stay was closed in its respective robe of flowing canvass, yet, for near an hour, during which she had gained rapidly upon us, we continued our course without adding a sail to those with which we had cleared the harbor.

Our commander, who had hitherto stood silently regarding the advancing vessel, turned to the seamen with the usual premonitory command of 'silence.' In an instant, the murmured hum which arose from the ship's deck was hushed, and then each ear sharpened to catch the following order:—

'Clear away the long Tom.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' shouted a dozen of the seamen, and in a few moments the gun was prepared for discharging, and the men stood waiting his further orders.

By this time the advancing ship had approached so near that her bob-stays and lanyards were seen distinctly relieved from the dark and massive hull; men were observed clambering the shrouds, crowding forward, and stationing themselves in the starboard chains for the purpose of viewing and admiring the saucy Yankee, who evinced no disposition either to run away or come to close quarters. Still she swept onwards, and in a few minutes the letters of her name grew legibly detached from the fornetting, and the swelling notes of 'Rule Britannia' rose upon our hearing; yet our commander stood motionless, attentively surveying the noble Briton as she swiftly advanced, dashing proudly aside the white spray that gathered around her bow; not a word was spoken on board of our ship, and every eye was bent on the Englishman with absorbing interest; it was the most exciting moment of my life; I fairly held my breath with thrilling, indescribable feeling that was awakened in my mind.

'Stand by the weather-braces,' shouted our commander, and the ropes were disengaged from their respective cleets.

Again an interval of silence succeeded as the captain again turned his gaze on the ship in chase. 'Wear ship,' shouted he at the top of his voice, and the long yards of our vessel were swung round until her bow veered gracefully to windward; this manœuvre was scarcely executed, when a volley of smoke issued from the bows of the ship in chase,

and the loud report of a cannon rang upon the breeze; in an instant every eye was thrown aloft to discover if their fire had proved effectual, but all above remained untouched; the ball had passed us harmlessly by.

'Keep her at that,' exclaimed our commander to the man at the wheel, as our topsails were thrown aback and the vessel lay motionless in the wind's eye; then glancing his eye along the gun he pointed it to suit his aim; the priming was fired, and the roar of our cannon reverberated on the ears with its wanton stunning effect.

'Huzza!' shouted our seamen, as the mizen-top of the Briton flew in splinters, and the top, topgallant and royal mast fell over the stern, dragging along with it the proud banner of England.

For a moment I stood regarding the lame vessel with a glow of delight which can better be imagined than described. National pride, and the exciting thrill of triumph swept through my veins, and I felt that I could not breathe other than as an American. I turned towards the commander; he still gazed at the vessel astern, while his eye was lighted with a fierce triumph, and his lip curled with a grim though not unpleasant smile.

'Thus,' said he, addressing me, 'shall Paul Jones ever do homage to the penons of British tyranny and oppression.' Then, suffering the excitement of his countenance to vanish, he gave the loud command of 'Fill away!'

Our vessel then swung round on her course, the sails were again filled, and again she bounded forward through the green waters of the Atlantic. 'Set the studding sails and crowd all sail,' exclaimed the commandant.

The light booms were speedily run out from the extremity of the yards, and in a few hours our antagonist and those of the ships of the squadron were lost in the rotundity of the ocean.

[Translated from the French.]

THE EXECUTION OF A BANDIT.

The morning of the day fixed for the execution of Guiseppe and his party dawned dark and gloomy; black heavy masses of clouds hung about the sun, and almost intercepted his light; the rain had fallen during the night in torrents, and had now settled into a thick and dingy haze, which almost resembled a palpable veil of darkness spread over the earth; a light wind swept fitfully along, and hurried with it the autumnal leaves that lay strewn around. The prison in which Guiseppe was confined was a square building with turrets rising at each angle; the windows were small and strongly secured, both inside and outside, with iron bars; the gallows was in front as in our modern prisons, and the ropes hung down and were drifted about by the wind, as if waiting for their prey; before the front entrance, two sentinels paced with a slow and measured step.

'I can't think,' said one of them, 'what the mischief that woman can want that has been hanging about this place ever since nightfall; once or twice I had a mind to level my musket at her.'

'Oh,' replied the other, 'some poor creature who has never seen an execution, and doesn't like to let so fine an opportunity pass, or it may be, as she seems to be in tears, some relative of the prisoners, maybe one of their wives; but see, she approaches; I'll ask her her business.'

It was Juliett, her face was tinged with a death-like paleness; the tears chased each other down her wan and care-worn features; she at once intimated to the sentinel that she was the wife of Guiseppe, and that she hoped to be admitted to see him for the last time.

It was now near the hour appointed for the execution; crowds of people were beginning to assemble; the soldiers were drawn up before the prison, it was apprehended that a rescue would have been

attempted, there were nine in the gang besides their leader Guiseppe; it was settled that the nine should be first executed, and that Guiseppe should remain till last, as if to add to his torments by obliging him to witness the sufferings of his companions; accordingly, they were brought forward closely pinioned, and still retaining their dogged fierceness of look. Things were soon arranged, and without much struggling their spirits passed into eternity.

Guiseppe now alone remained; more anxiety was manifested by the crowd; all were anxious to get a sight of the man whose name had so often struck terror to their hearts; he came forward, slowly and fearlessly, Juliett hung about his neck. She was the only object that seemed to affect him. Soon as he appeared, there was a half suppressed murmur of horror among the crowd; he gazed around him with a soul of the most fiendish malignity; his countenance had assumed an unearthly ferocity, as if hurling defiance at all around him.

'Juliett,' said he, with a slight tremor in his voice, 'farewell; mine has begun a life of guilt, fearful, horrible guilt; these hands are stained with the blood of hundreds; 'tis now too late to repent; a few moments and my soul shall be burning in a lake of fire; I am too deeply dyed in sin to expect mercy; but, Juliett (here a tear stood for a moment in his eye, but instantly disappeared, as if frightened back by his iron visage), little thought I that such would be my disgraceful end. I had determined to change my course of life, but death has overtaken me. Farewell, Juliett, we never meet again. And now,' said he, turning to the soldiers, and assuming his wonted fierceness, 'dogs, lead on, I fear you not; I am too familiar with death to dread him now. Oh, if I had a hundred of you in the open plain with but half the number of my faithful band, I'd soon make the earth red with your blood; bind me close, I'll soon be free from your grasp; you cannot follow me where I am going.'

All was now arranged, he fell, he struggled desperately for a few moments, as if grappling with death himself, his limbs gradually relaxed, there was one convulsive start, and all was still. At this moment a horseman was seen urging on at his utmost speed. Pardon, pardon, was shouted through the crowd. Instantly the body was cut down; but it was too late, the spirit of Guiseppe was gone; there remained nothing but a lump of lifeless clay.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

Louis the Fifteenth despatched into Germany a confidential person on a mission of importance; on this gentleman returning post, with four servants, night surprised him in a poor hamlet, where there was not even an ale house. He asked could he lodge at the manor one night, and answered that it had been forsaken some time; that only a farmer was there by day-light, whose house stood apart from the manor which was haunted by spirits that came again and beat people. The traveller said that he was not afraid of spirits, and to show that he was not, his attendants should remain in the hamlet, and that he would go alone to the manor-house, where he would be a match for any spirits that visited there—that he had heard much of the departed coming again, and he had long had curiosity to see some of them.

He established himself at the manor-house—had a good fire lighted—and as he did not intend going to bed, had pipes and tobacco brought, with wine; he also laid on the table two brace of loaded pistols. About midnight he heard a dreadful rattling of chains, and saw a man of large stature, who beckoned, and made a sign for his coming to him. The gentleman placed two pistols in his belt, put the third in his pocket, and took the fourth in one hand, and the candle in the other. He then followed the phantom, who going down the stairs, crossed the court into a passage. But when the

gentleman was at the end of the passage, his footing failed, and he slipped down a trap door. He observed, through an ill-jointed partition, between him and a cellar, that he was in the power of several men, who were deliberating whether they should kill him. He also learned, by their conversation, they were coiners. He raised his voice and desired leave to speak to them. This was granted. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'my coming higher shows my want of good sense and discretion, but must convince you that I am a man of honor, for a scoundrel is generally a coward; I promise upon honor, all secrecy respecting this adventure. Avoid murdering one that never intended to hurt you. Consider the consequences of putting me to death; I have upon me dispatches, which I am to deliver into the King of France's hands; four of my servants are now in the neighboring hamlet. Depend upon it such strict search will be made to ascertain my fate, that it must be discovered.'

The coiners resolved to take his sword; and they swore him, to tell frightful stories about his adventures in the minor. He said, the next day, that he had seen enough to frighten a man to death; no one could doubt of the truth, when the fact was warranted by one of his character.

This was continued for twelve years. After that period, when the gentleman was at his country seat with some friends, he was informed that a man with two horses that he led waited on the bridge, and desired to speak to him, that he could not be persuaded to come nearer. When the gentleman appeared, accompanied by his friends, the stranger called out, 'Stop, sir, I have but a word with you; those to whom you promised twelve years ago not to publish what you knew regarding them, are obliged to you for the observance of the secret, and now discharge you from your promise. They have got a competency, and are no longer in the kingdom; but before they would allow me to follow them, they engaged me to beg your acceptance of two horses, and here I leave them.' The man, who had tied two horses to a tree, setting spurs to his horse, went off so rapidly that they instantly lost sight of him. Then the hero of the story related to his friends what had happened to him.

A CUNNING COBBLER.—A knight of the awl had promised three customers a pair of boots by a certain time; he had just stock and time enough to make one pair. When the time arrived, one came in and was told his boots were almost ready, he might try one.

Says he, 'This is three sizes to large.'

'How unlucky; it was the best skin in my whole lot; however, I will make another pair for you next week.'

He had but just got out, when in came a second, depending upon his boots to go a courting next night.

'I am just treeing your last boot. I worked nearly all night to be sure and not disappoint you; here, try that one on.'

'This boot ain't big enough; I swan, I can't get it near my foot; how disappointed I am. I promised to carry Jane down to Uncle Joe's to-morrow, and now I ha'n't got a boot to my foot.'

'Well, you are not more disappointed than I am. I am desperate sorry they do not fit. I don't see how I made such a mistake.'

Jonathan went off rather grouchy, and in came the third, an animal called a dandy.

'Well, sir, I trust my boots are ready at the appointed time.'

'Certainly, sir.'

He handed them. The dandy stood aghast. 'I protest, sir, I hope you do not intend to insult me; these boots for me, sir? why they are big enough for the foot of a clown. I could really, sir, introduce both my feet into one; you need not trouble yourself further, sir; I shall buy me a pair at the fashionable boot and shoe store.'

As soon as he was off, Crispin very deliberately kicked off his old shoes, and says, 'Who knows, but they suit me after all?' He pulled one on; it fitted as slick as a glove.



LYNCH'S HOUSE, GALWAY.

LYNCH'S HOUSE, GALWAY.

James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, an opulent merchant, was mayor of Galway in 1493. He had made several voyages to Spain, as a considerable intercourse was then kept up between that country and the western coast of Ireland. When returning from his last visit he brought with him the son of a respectable merchant, named Gomez, whose hospitality he had largely experienced, and who was now received by his family with all that warmth of affection which from the earliest period has characterized the natives of Ireland. Young Gomez soon became the intimate associate of Walter Lynch, the only son of the mayor, a youth in his twenty-first year, and who possessed qualities of mind and body which rendered him an object of general admiration; but in these was unhappily united a disposition to libertinism, which was a source of the greatest affliction to his father. The worthy magistrate, however, was now led to entertain hopes of a favorable change in his son's character, as he was engaged in paying honorable addresses to a beautiful young lady of good family and fortune. Preparatory to the nuptials, the mayor gave a splendid entertainment, at which young Lynch fancied his intended bride viewed his Spanish friend with too much regard. The fire of jealousy was instantly lighted up in his distempered brain, and at their next interview he accused his beloved Agnes of unfaithfulness to him. Irritated at its injustice, the offended fair one disdained to deny the charge, and the lovers parted in anger.

On the following night, while Walter Lynch slowly passed the residence of his Agnes, he observed young Gomez to leave the house, as he had been invited by her father to spend that evening with him. All his suspicions now received the most dreadful confirmation, and in maddened fury he rushed on his unsuspecting friend, who, alarmed by a voice which the frantic rage of his pursuer prevented him from recognizing, fled towards a solitary quarter of the town near the shore. Lynch maintained the fell pursuit till his victim had nearly reached the water's edge, when he overtook

him, darted a poniard into his heart, and plunged his body, bleeding, into the sea, which, during the night, threw it back again upon the shore, where it was found and recognized on the following morning.

The wretched murderer, after contemplating for a moment the deed of horror which he had perpetrated, sought to hide himself in the recesses of an adjoining wood, where he passed the night a prey to all those conflicting feelings which the loss of that happiness he had so ardently expected, and a sense of guilt of the deepest dye, could inflict. He at length found some degree of consolation in the firm resolution of surrendering himself to the law, as the only means now left to him of expiating the dreadful crime which he had committed against society. With this determination he bent his steps towards the town at the earliest dawn of the following morning; but he had scarcely reached its precincts, when he met a crowd approaching, amongst whom, with shame and terror, he observed his father on horseback, attended by several officers of justice. At present, the venerable magistrate had no suspicion that his only son was the assassin of his friend and guest; but when young Lynch proclaimed himself the murderer, a conflict of feeling seized the wretched father beyond the power of language to describe; but finally ordered the guard to secure him.

In a few days the trial of Walter Lynch took place, and in a provincial town of Ireland, containing at that period not more than three thousand inhabitants, a father was beheld sitting in judgment, like another Brutus, on his only son; and, like him, condemning that son to die, as a sacrifice to public justice.

The morning of the day of execution had scarcely broken when the signal of preparation was heard among the guards without. The father rose, and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate son. Then unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each. In this manner they ascended a flight of steps, lined with soldiers, and

were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appears not to have been prepared. His wretched wife, whose name was Blake, failing in her personal exertions to save the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family, and prevailed on them, for the honor of their house, to rescue him from ignomy. They flew to arms, and a prodigious concourse soon assembled to support them, which our cut represents, whose outcries for mercy to the culprit would have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the laws of the country; but finding his efforts fruitless to accomplish the ends of justice at the accustomed place and by the usual hands, he, by a desperate victory over parental feeling, resolved himself to perform the sacrifice which he had vowed to pay on its altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building, that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled with the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope which had been previously fixed around the neck of his son, to an iron staple, which projected from the wall, and, after taking from him a last embrace, he launched him into eternity.

The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the populace, but the people seemed so much overawed or confounded by the magnanimous act, that they retired slowly and peaceably to their several dwellings.

The innocent cause of this sad tragedy is said to have died soon after of grief, and the unhappy father of Walter Lynch to have secluded himself during the remainder of his life from all society, except that of his mourning family. His house still exists in Lombard street, Galway, which is yet known by the name of 'Dead Man's Lane,' and over the front doorway are to be seen a skull and cross bones executed in black marble, with the motto 'Remember death, vaniti of vaniti, and all is but vaniti.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS should forward communications intended for insertion in the *Miscellany* not later than the Saturday before the day of publication, as our increasing circulation compels us to go to press every Monday morning; and should be addressed—Editors of the Irish *Miscellany*, Boston, Mass. Subscribers should mention the township, county and State in which they reside.

We cannot return any manuscript sent us for publication.

CRITIC.—You are right. It is perfectly ridiculous to compare Barney Williams to Tyrone Power, Collins, Leonard, Brougham, or even Hudson, and if five hundred pensioners like Carleton praised him, it makes no difference, and only lowers them in our estimation. The only good acting Barney Williams ever done was when he refused to be drawn by the ignorant dupes who would not only make horses but asses of themselves.

JAMES RODGERS.—Manchester.—St. Sweetum, or Swithin, was Bishop of Winchester, England, and through humility wished to be buried in one of the walks at the entrance of the churchyard, that he might be walked on; but the people, who sincerely venerated him, attempted to dig up his remains, and upon commencing the work, rain descended for the forty days called 'Sweeten days,' and believing it displeased the saint, they finally abandoned it.

WARD SEVEN.—You mistake or do not know us, friend. We would not use a weapon the foe did not possess. Type came not into our hands to defend our character from slander; to all who know us, we think no vindication necessary; to those who do not, and require the truth, we refer them to his honor Mayor Lincoln. The greater lie the easier to live it down.

JAMES SULLIVAN.—New Haven, Conn.—Many friends ask us to reprint the 'Recollections of Youghal,' which we shall do in our next volume. They were originally written for the Irish American, but we shall publish them in a more extended form.

ARMORE, St. Declan.—We will have something to say by and by. He died 527.

JAMES WALSH, Lawrence.—Franklin Pierce was nominated at the National Convention of the Democratic party which met at Baltimore in June, 1852.

J. McHUGH, Lowell.—The papers will in future be sent under wrapper to the Post Office, and each subscriber will find his paper there.

J. QUINLAN, Portland, Conn.—Send the numbers of those you want, and they will be sent. The other matter is all right.

'THE OLD CHURCH OF SLANE' will appear. The other matter will be considered.

'L. McGRATH,' Randolph.—We have written to East Stoughton.

'JAMES POPE,' Randolph.—The name was wrong.

'FITZGERALD,' Lowell.—Received, and will be attended to.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

THOMAS O'NEILL . . . PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

CAN IRELAND EVER BECOME A CONTENTED PROVINCE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE?

The Celtic and the Saxon characters are such that it seems no less than absurd to expect fair justice to the Irish from the British, or a contented endurance of any less than the full measure from the Irish. The English nation is notoriously selfish, haughty in its bearing towards acknowledged friends, and cruelly pitiless to agonized humanity when writing in the talons of its vulture-like power, though craven and truckling when overmatched in a foe, until by craft and stratagem its antagonist is circumvented, defeated and destroyed.

Truly, the monarch of the cat kind is the fit emblem of English power, existing by slaughter, gloating over blood, battering on the destruction of innocence, and stalking haughtily along, enjoying the surrounding desolation accompanying its terrific march, yet ever meanly crouching in presence of a formidable foe, and, depending on the stratagem, spring to surprise its victim.

The Irish national character seems the very reverse of the picture, proverbially generous, undeniably brave. Noted for fidelity, and, perhaps, too merciful to a vanquished foe, the Irish nation presents a character which must of necessity detest and despise that of Britain, which must in its very nature be antagonistic,

and which must consequently, at every hopeful opportunity, attempt the destruction of British power in Ireland. Vain shall we ever esteem the hopes of those who would unite, assimilate and consolidate the two nations, and we must acknowledge the existence of a lurking fear that the expectations of those who would shortly separate them are quite as groundless.

To us it appears that the British character forbids an amicable union. The Irish render futile the attempts at separation; thus do we reason: Could Britain discard her selfish and centralizing policy, grant a fostering encouragement to the commerce and industry of the sister kingdom, and discountenance all invidious distinctions between Irish and British, Catholic and Protestant—in short, imitate American rule—the Irish, so prone to forget past injuries, when friendship and reparation are offered, and so apt to attach themselves devotedly to their benefactors, would forget, with the memory of their wrongs, the ancient glories of their independent nationality would banish as utopian dreams, all ideas of separate national existence, and settle down into busy, peaceful and comfortable west Britons.

But the British cannot come to this; their character would not then be British, but Irish, with fair play as its motto. Forbid it, lion of England! Thy grisly majesty, meekly lying down with the lambs, in peaceful association with the guardian of the flock, the emblem of fidelity, the sagacious Irish wolf dog. Absurdity! such a consummation is not to be dreamt of. In our opinion, the sun must set at least once, if not much oftener, on the British empire ere the dawn of this new golden age appears.

Peaceful union being, then, out of the question, in consequence of the characteristic attributes of the English mind, we come to the consideration of hopes entertained by many, of a speedy separation of the two countries; here the Irish character exerts a malign influence, although 'the failings lean to virtue's side.' Erin disdains to attack the enemy in his weak or ungarded moment, but, always, according to a rule of her ancient chivalry, strikes the shield to warn her foe of her hostile intention; and should the enemy be sick, lame or lazy, and politely request a postponement of the encounter, our amazon is too honorable to refuse the respite. On the contrary, in the plenitude of her generosity, she gives her cordial assistance to her now feeble adversary, who, as soon as he regains his strength, attacks her, while Hector, like her shield, is thrown aside, defeats, and drags her at his chariot wheels, a bleeding and mangled victim, as much to her own impudence as to his savage ferocity.

This foe-sparing, self-ruining character of Ireland precludes us from a sanguine hope of the early advent of Irish freedom. Could Irishmen imitate American revolutionists, patiently watch and await an opportunity, quietly recognize their forces, then suddenly and simultaneously charge the foe at all points, ere he could concentrate his strength, and relentlessly crush both foreign foes and native traitors, then, indeed, may we expect soon to see Erin's green rise from the field to the flag-staff; but can this be? Can Irishmen learn caution enough to reconnoitre the enemy's position? to wait in the stronghold of a consolidated organization (O'Connell's plan) until the shattered forces of their adversaries invite them to an easy conquest? Alas! it seems they cannot, though the lessons of their experience have been accompanied by blows and stripes enough to awaken to a painful perception of their past errors the most sluggish intellects.

From the foregoing premises, the legal conclusion is that England and Ireland are fated to a long continuance of a dear delectable cat and dog life. The Irish have too many disputes among themselves to render it possible for them to make common cause against a common enemy; for instance, the questions whether orange or green is the noblest color in the solar spectrum, whether the 12th of July or the 17th of March is the fittest day for uproarious processions and silly sham-battles, in which a few

casualties occur once in a while, with some other disputes of minor importance.

The English are too fearful that the central stomach (a stomach, not a heart, seems to be the central organ of the British empire) would suffer was any care bestowed on the distant extremities of their national systems, except the care of drawing from them. Their body politic has a venous system without an arterial one; as a consequence, it would seem of the substitution of a stomach for a heart in the centre.

When Albion shall adopt the principles of American statesmanship, seek the greatest good of the greatest number, and be as beneficent as provident, and, therefore, as beloved a power at the extremities as at the centre of the empire, or when Ireland shall imitate America in her revolutionary struggle—the history of which we would recommend to the perusal of our countrymen—then, and not till then, can Ireland be either cordially united with or gloriously separated from England.

THE NEW YEAR.

Upon the dawning of a New Year, congratulations for health, prosperity and happiness are on every tongue. 'A happy New Year' is the first expression when friend meets friend, and, as a man looking at himself in the glass, so, in the face of each friend, you behold the mirrored desire and good wish you entertain for them. This is the acknowledged commencement of a new period, a time when men commence anew to put forth efforts in their respective callings, and, taking a retrospect of the past, determine upon improvements for the future. Many questions may be asked at the commencement of a new year: How stands it between ourselves and the Great Giver of all good? How stands it between ourselves and our neighbors? with our families and business? Stock must be taken in many ways, soundings felt, charts and maps overhauled; improvements must, at least, be attempted in each, for each new year announces one more gone—gone with all the errors into eternity, never to be improved. Each one counts one the less to come, and none can say that this is not the last to him; at longest, but a few more remain before the last. Are we ready, then, to render an account? Are our books posted? Is our house in order? Are we prepared to show that we have performed our duty, in every sense, to religion, society, to our families, and to ourselves? These are the questions to which we have generally to answer, and if we soliloquize upon the subject it generally brings the resolve to start again and do better. We wish all our readers a 'Happy New Year.'

'WHO IS SHE?' is a question frequently asked us since the publication of that beautiful and truthful poem, 'Nature's Gentleman,' in the last number of the *Miscellany*; and while some persons ridiculously doubt the originality of the production, because of its appearing anonymously, others—and in their opinion we heartily concur—declare, with enthusiasm, that the fair authoress need not hesitate to throw off the mask and take her place high among the enviable list of our talented countrywomen. Whether our timid contributor prefers to remain 'inconnue,' or to heed the advice of her ardent admirers, we, at all events, shall be most happy to hear from her again, and often. Inasmuch as she evidently wields an able pen, it should not be suffered to remain inactive, if only to overcome the obloquy attempted to be heaped upon the Irish people because of their present assumed intellectual shortcomings.

Time has closed upon our old friend, John B. Harvey. He has passed to that bourne where there is neither sorrow, affliction nor death.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

SKETCHES OF RELIGIOUS CHARACTERS.

BY PROFESSOR J. MAC EVOY.
No. I.

THE NOVICE.

The convent bell is slowly ringing,
Blending with the sacred song;
In the choir the nuns are singing;
Eager crowds the portals throng.
To see, impressed with holy feeling,
A young and beautiful girl revealing
Her fervent love for Him alone,
Her sacred spouse, her chosen one.

The convent bell is tolling still
The knell of hopes and ties on earth
Of her who, with unfetter'd will,
Lays down her wealth, her pride of birth,
Before the throne of Him she loves—
The choice is made, her heart approves.
The organ now, like thunder rolling,
Through the convent chapel peals,
And still that bell its deep note tolling
O'er the heart in sadness steals.

Behold, they come! the virgin throng
In bridal robes arrayed along,
And bridal wreaths the fairest, too,
That ever wept the midnight dew,
White robed children bowers flinging
In their path, and censers swinging
With perfum'd vapor fill the air,
And shed a grateful fragrance there.

The Novice comes. Like living light
She bursts upon th' enraptured sight;
A white wing'd seraph seen in dreams
By saints of old, that maiden seems,
So little now of earth is there,
So much of heaven, so wondrous fair,
That lovely girl appears;
Upon her neck of virgin snow
Her raven ringlets freely flow;
Beneath the veil she wears
Her head, with gems whose flash illumines,
Droops gently 'neath white waving plumes;
Her soft blue eyes, the earth that seek
The blushes mantling o'er her cheek,
As shrinking from the admiring gaze
She hears the subdued voice of praise
From those who mourn to see thus doom'd
Such loveliness to be entomb'd;
She heeds it not, but moves on, while
The sacred hymn swells thro' the aisle.
Oh, ne'er does woman look more bright
Than when array'd for holy rite;
There is a charm religion flings
Around her very simplest things—
More radiant still that halo glows
When beaming round young beauty's brows.

And can this be Sir Roland's child,
The youthful Clara, wayward, wild,
The last lone link of all his line,
Here bending at the virgin's shrine,
And now so changed?—say, can this be
The idol of each titled knee,
The evening star of Fashion's sky,
That beam'd in splendor on the eye?
Those graceful limbs, those fairy feet,
Oft in the wreathing waltz so fleet,
Are prostrate now in humble prayer
Before the enthron'd prelate there.
Her bosom heaves with sorrow's sighs,
And rayless seem her starlike eyes,
That swim in streams of silent tears,
Wept for the stains of other years,
That her young soul unconscious cherish'd,
By Fashion taught and Passion nourish'd,
The word or thought her light heart flung
Unmurmur'd from her truant tongue.
The studied airs and looks that warm
The heart of youth to beauty's form,
The many hours she spent to please,
And lure the wanton eye to gaze,
Where robes seem'd worn to conceal
The charms that they half reveal.
Here are the sources of the tears
That sparkle on the cross she bears,
But with a joy that Hope awakes
And to her suffering spirit speaks.

Still oft a thought will come with pain
Around her heart, and joy restrain:
It is of one who loved her long,
And woo'd her with his tender song;
Who was her tutor in that art,
The sweetest language of the heart—

Music! sister twin of Love,
The brightest ray that from above
Fall on this earth from this bright sphere,
And tell us of the bliss that's there.
But poor the minstrel was and young,
His only riches Love and Song;
Yet these were all the wealth she sought,
Who gave to Song the Love it taught.
To win by valor, wealth and fame,
That he some day might proudly claim
Young Clara at her father's hands,
He leaves his home for distant lands;
His sweet guitar he flings aside,
And grasps the sword with martial pride;
He mounts his steed, and, borne afar,
The minstrel mingles in the war.

Years onward roll'd; no tidings came
To mark his pathway or his name.
At length, the fate she long had feared
Has befallen him—for she has heard
That he in battle fighting fell,
And sent to her his last farewell.
Her father, too, died. Now alone:
All that she lov'd on earth is gone.
She turns in coldness from the crowd
Of suitors, noble, rich and proud.
To Heaven lifts her tear gem'd eyes,
And for some tranquil home she sighs,
Where, free from earthly joys and cares,
Her days may pass in peace and prayer.
Her heart with holy fervor fir'd,
With sacred grace her soul inspir'd,
She seeks those cloister'd sisters where
The heart is trained to God in prayer;
And there she heard those truths reveal'd
That from her mind were long conceal'd,
But now, like rays of morning, broke
Upon her slumb'ring soul, and woke
Her heart from dreams of earthly love,
To joys that have their source above.
She felt like one wak'd, long entranced,
And as her mem'ry backward glanced,
Her youthful follies, now review'd,
Seem'd of such depth and magnitude
That reason trembled on the brink
Of dark despair, and thus to think
Upon the waste of early years
Unspent in virtue. But these tears
Her soul's sincere contrition speak,
In sighs that seem her heart to break.
The choice is made, the path is taken,
And all of worldly things forsaken.
Before the prelate now she kneels,
The call of grace her young soul feels;
She craves admittance to the choir
Of saintly sisters, where the fire
Of holy love is ever burning,
From morning's dawn to morn returning,
To lead a life of prayer and peace
Within the convent walls.
Is all she asks, till life shall cease,
And heaven her spirit calls.

Her vows are made, her prayer is granted,
The hymn of praise is loudly chanted;
The Novice and the nuns retire
To seek their sisters in the choir,
Who greet her as a new-made bride,
And come to put those robes aside
She lately wore with holy pride.
Those costly tissues that she wore
Lie crushed and trampled on the floor;
The diamond zone that binds her hair
Is sparkling for the last time there;
Those raven tresses, once the theme
Of many a tongue and midnight dream,
Are sever'd now, no more to deck
By contrast with her swan-like neck;
And with regret she deeply sighs,
To think how poor the sacrifice
For Him whose brows were pierced with thorns,
And bore for her both scourge and scorns.
Now all is o'er. That high-born maid,
In coarse and simple garb arrayed,
Prays in the choir. The rites are done;
The gates are clos'd; the crowd is gone.

And years rolled by. One summer night
The moon shone forth with softest light,
And thro' the convent window streams,
As if rejoiced to lend her beams
To light the little chapel where
The nuns are prostrate all in prayer.
The vesper bell had ceased to chime;
The vesper hymn of praise sublime
In harmony arose
From lute-like voices, while around

All breath'd of piety profound,
Religion and repose.

Hark! to the gate a warlike steed
Comes reeking there in foaming speed;
The rider lights, and seems oppress'd
With some sad care. His martial vest
Reveals a warrior's manly form,
That bears the marks of battle's storm,
While on his breast are sparkling stars
Of honors won in many wars.
He gazes on the convent walls,
Knocks at the gate, and loudly calls.
He listens; but no voice is heard,
Save where the wind the trees has stirr'd;
But soon a chord of music swells
Upon his ear like distant bells.
It is the vesper hymn, ascending
On the night breeze, greets his ear;
He fancies one loved voice is blending,
In past days he loved to hear.
He strikes with trembling hand the strings
Of his guitar, and sweetly sings
The song he taught and knew she loved,
When oft at summer's eve they roved.
A female form soon appears,
And in her hand a taper bears.
His quick'ning pulses tell half his hopes
Are granted. As the lattice opens
The timid portress seeks his name,
And starts to hear 'tis linked with fame.
He enters, and the Abbess veild,
Her pallid face from him conceal'd,
Receives the soldier. Bending low
He craves her blessing; bares his brow;
His plumed helmet is removed,
Disclosing features once so loved.
She starts to see that form again!
Long lost, and mourned as of the slain,
Recalling dreams of vanished years;
And mem'ries long effaced by tears
Came rushing o'er her heart and brain
With all their agony of pain.

The pledged faith, the parting token,
She gave to him with vows long broken;
His promise, then, to win from fame
For her dear sake a glorious name,
That e'en the proudest dare not spurn,
When to her feet he would return—
All now fulfill'd. The fame is won,
The pilgrimage for her is done;
Tho' prisoner long in dungeons buried,
Till he escaped a d homeward hurried,
But knows not of those solemn vows
That wed her to a heavenly spouse.
She sees that brow with laurel crown'd,
His name thro' every land renew'd,
And feels it all with agony
That tares her heartstrings, thus to see
Him at her feet, the worshipper
Who braved a thousand deaths for her,
And deeper still the grief to know
The hands that bless him give the blow;
She cannot scar a heart that loved
Her with an ardor, now so proud.
She feels her courage failing fast,
Her eyes with faith are upward cast,
And pitying angels bear to heaven
That sigh for strength, and strength is given.
With faltering step and voice she press'd
Her trembling hands upon his brow,
And then he knew 'twas Clara bless'd,
Her lover in the warrior now;
For, oh! that touch thrill'd thro' his frame;
He felt its fire, and breathed her name!
Then in his own her hands he press'd,
And rose to fold her to his breast;
But nature now could bear no more,
She fainting fell upon the floor.

The night was gone, and twilight grey
Was melting into dawning day
Ere from the porch the soldier pass'd;
That long and meeting closed at last!
His bronzed brow bore no relief
From traces of some dreadful grief;
His pallid cheek and sunken eyes
Told blighted hopes, wild agonies;
His features wore a deep despair,
As though life's journey ended there;
And for him now there was no home
Beneath the sky's expansive dome.
Oh, bitter were the thoughts that rushed
Upon his soul—so sad, so crushed—
To see the ceaseless toil of years
For fame, for wealth, and all that cheers
The lover's heart to dare and do
For her he loves, if she is true—
All lost, all perished, in one word;

Her tears half smothered, yet he heard,
And on his breast in anguish fell
Her sad, and solemn, last 'Farewell!'

The convent bell for matin's rung,
As on his courser's back he sprang;
One last look on the convent turning,
In an open casement sees
A lighted taper dimly burning,
A white veil waving in the breeze,
And snowy hands are raised in prayer
To bless him parting, lingering there.
He feels it as her last adieu,
To him on earth no more to view;
He waves his hand, he bows his head,
And tears flow now, the first he shed.
He looks again, the vision's fled,
The casement closed, the taper gone;
He sorrowing bends his way alone!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE

LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

—IN THE—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

THE PARENT'S PET.

During the rebellion of '98 in Ireland, when the government of England was compelled to hire foreign troops to suppress and keep down the people, the Hessians were, as they still continue to be, ready to fight for pay in any cause, or any quarrel, whatsoever. So it was with them in the American struggle; so it was in Ireland, at the disastrous period I have mentioned.

Many of these Hessians were very unwilling to leave a service in which they were better paid than they were by their native petty tyrants of Germany, and so a number of them remained in the British service after their comrades had returned home to the continent.

Those old Hessians, on their immediate descendants, usually occupy posts of trust and emolument, such as quarter masters, band masters, veterinary surgeons, or such like lucrative and easy staff situations.

The veterinary surgeon of our regiment was an old Hessian. He understood his profession well; no man was better skilled in horse flesh. He could tell about every horse in the regiment. If you told him your horse was sick he would ask his name—all the horses were named—when he would reflect a little, and, after a short pause, would say: 'Yes, I know him, he joined at such a place, in the year so and so.' His character followed after this wise: 'Him von goot, von vary goot horse; he done his work vary vell; him no von schamier.' If the horse was not up to his mark he would describe him thus: 'Him von bad raschal; him one schamier tief; him got for nooting; him ish fifteen or eighteen years in de service; him nefer earn his hay; him all humbug; I vill see him; you pring him out.'

He would then examine his horse, and, if anything ailed him, would prescribe for him; otherwise he would wake him up with the weight of his strong arm, and his good horse-cudgel, in which, he used to say lay more virtue than all the nostrums contained in his medicine chest.

Now this old veteran had two sons, as fine looking young fellows as ever were seen at barrack, and so much did they resemble each other in their personal appearance, that few could tell them apart. They were accomplished in the drill of the military school, and fitted for any branch of the service.

Henry, the eldest, was a special favorite with all

who knew him; mild, kind, and attractive in every way, he had the good will of all save his parents. Frank, the younger, was wild, overbearing and impudent. Nobody who knew him liked him except his parents. He was their pet; their spoiled child.

This reprehensible partiality of the parents was justly punished as the sequel will disclose. No parents are justified in indulging in such capricious whims. All their children are entitled to like treatment, and no marked partiality should be exhibited except where the conduct of children would justify a marked difference; but this only occasionally, for the benefit and reformation of the erring, otherwise the practice is highly criminal, and should be frowned down by the good sense of mankind.

From childhood up the boys were treated by their parents as though they were not brothers. One was their idol, and all he did, no matter what it was, was right, while the other could do nothing to please. Nothing too good, no expense too great for Frank, while for Henry nothing could be too harsh, unkind, or unjust.

Things remained thus until the young fellows grew up to manhood. The pet became wild and reckless, quite unmanageable; the other, on the contrary, was mild, retiring and gentlemanly in his demeanor and habits, but a shade of quiet melancholy evinced how much he felt the want of parental affection. He was warmly attached to his brother, and Frank never reciprocated his affection, but seemed to share the unkind feelings of his parents towards him. Every person who knew the family was aware of this unnatural state of things, and very justly condemned the wicked partiality shown by the parents, for Henry was universally liked; but none could be found to commend the conduct of Frank.

Such was the condition of affairs in the household of this family at the time the civil war in Spain was attracting the attention of Europe. Strong inducements were held out by agents of both Don Carlos and the young Queen Isabella to enterprising young men to embark in their struggle.

In the meantime, it had been generally understood, in the regiment that the old veteran intended to bring up the younger son as a veterinary surgeon, taking every pains in instructing him, and sparing no expense on any branch of education that was needed. In dissecting the horse, the old man himself was reputed to be very skillful, and he strove to impart all the knowledge that he had acquired to his pet, who, to say the least, exhibited unmistakable evidences of proficiency in his profession; nor yet was it any secret, when Frank returned from college, having obtained his diploma, that it was the father's intention to retire from the service on half pay, using all the interest he could muster with the reigning family, the Guelfs, to have his favorite son installed in his place.

As for Henry, there appeared to be no thought of his future; he might go where he pleased, seek his fortune how and where he best could, and, apparently, the sooner he betook himself from their charge, the more pleasing it would be to his unnatural parents.

It would seem that he felt this, for very soon after he announced his intention of entering the British legion, which was at that time, under the sanction of the British government, fitting out for Spain, to aid the Christina party. He respectfully communicated his determination to his parents, who received his announcement with great indifference, coolly remarking that he might be shot.

Henry had acquired the good will of all the officers in the regiment, who, being well posted as to how he stood with his family, took the greater interest in him, and, knowing him to be a deserving young man, and thoroughly qualified to perform every duty of a good soldier, they obtained for him a commission, and sent him, with the highest recom-

mendations, to Gen. Sir De Lacy Evans, who, being quite taken by his appearance and the high character he brought with him, at once appointed him to a troop of lancers.

He bade an affectionate and dutiful farewell to his parents, who appeared to be a very little concerned whether they ever saw him again or not. It was not so, however, with many others who knew him well. The troopers parted with him with sincere regret, heartily wishing him the most abundant success in life, and prophesying that, if he got any chance at all, he would earn honorable promotion.

Nothing was heard of him for more than a year after this, save that his bravery had won him favor from those in authority. The next intelligence we heard of him was that he had been wounded, and then came a report that he had been killed. His parents attributed his death to his own mad folly, and said it looked very much like a fulfilment of their prophecy in relation to him, and that they never expected any good to come of him.

There were flying rumors that poor Henry was not dead; but still nothing definite as to his fate could be ascertained with any degree of certainty until the war was ended. During the interval, Frank had completed his course of study. Through interest made with the King and his brother, Duke of Cumberland, King of Hanover, he was appointed veterinary surgeon vice his father, retired. The old fellow had spent forty years in the service.

One winter's evening, a short time before the old man had quitted the service, a coach drove into the barrack yard, and a tall figure, dressed in a military cloak, was heard to inquire for the rooms of Mr. P—. The coachman, in answer to inquiries made of him, stated that his 'fare' was a Spanish officer, and, shortly after, the troopmates had the pleasure of greeting Henry P— as one amongst the living. He looked delicate, but was fast recovering from the effects of some severe wounds, and had good prospects of a speedy and permanent recovery to health.

His parents seemed glad to see him, but evidently feared, at the same time, that he had returned to be a burthen upon them, and, to those who were intimate with them, it became too plain that they would as soon have been assured of the certainty of his death as to see him return to them.

In a few days Henry signified his intention to leave them, and though not yet restored to health, he took up his abode in a Metropolitan Hotel at the west end. In a day or two afterwards it was announced in the newspapers that the brave Colonel P—, who had so signally distinguished himself in Spain, had returned to England to recruit his health, and that the fame of his brilliant services had procured for him the honor of a presentation at court; that he had received the most gracious tokens of distinguished favor from her majesty, and, finally, that he had been appointed to settle the claims against the Spanish government, while his health was being re-established, when he would receive a lucrative appointment near the person of her majesty.

The news astounded the old couple; they were completely chagrined, while, to increase their unhappiness, their pet was every day sporting his time and what little character he had left in scenes of dissipation and debauchery. He had also taken to gambling, became involved beyond his means, and, at length, became a mere sot. He lost his commission, and was obliged to join his father in business—the old man, on retiring from the service, had set up an extensive livery establishment. He soon, however, lost all; the pet had ruined him—drove him out of business into poverty.

The young colonel, after remaining a few years in London, returned to Spain. There he rose to great

reputation and high favor at court. To his honor, be it said that, in his prosperity, he did not forget or neglect his parents, but rendered them support in their old age, notwithstanding their cruel treatment of him in former days.

It needs no seer to tell the final end of the pet. I will, at least, accord him the charity of silence regarding it, and will conclude my true story by offering it to foolish parents as a lesson and a warning.

ORANGE RIOTING IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

Every day some event or other occurs to convince us that Protestantism is in danger of dying out, that it is approaching its last throes, and culminating towards its agony. How, it will be asked, does all this appear? By the desperate efforts made to pervert the young and the adult poor, by the endless mendacities circulated as to the number of perversions effected, where in reality there are none, and where in numerous instances there are, on the contrary, conversions to Catholicism, and, finally, by the acts of infuriate violence and serious injury to the person and property of Catholics. A scene of brutality of the latter class has just been enacted in the Isle of Man. The 5th of November, which should, if possible, be transferred to the 1st of April in the Protestant calendar, seemed a fit occasion for the descendants of the Pagan Druids of Mona to play a part which would have better befitted the times when there were worshippers of wood and forest, and the savage priesthood that sacrificed human victims, than for our days of boasted enlightenment and progress in all things. There are about 1600 of the Queen's lieges in the Isle of Man, all good men and true, but who, because they worship God in the manner their fathers before them did, are objects of derision, mockery, and incessant persecution to the followers of the endless creeds that have sprung from the blessed Reformation—that Reformation, bless the mark!—whose three hundredth anniversary these saints of every conceivable sect conceived they could not more fittingly celebrate than by sacrificing a betanomb of Papists. We can understand what an infuriated, ignorant mob would do when hounded on by intolerant zealots, professing to be preachers of peace. But we confess ourselves utterly unable, if what is alleged be true, to comprehend the conduct of the chief magistrate of Douglas. We, however, refrain from further comment at present on what we trust will prove to be unfounded. Convinced that the whole of this outrageous rufianism, this barbarous maltreatment of an offending people, and desecration of that which they hold most precious and sacred, must be subjected to a strict and searching investigation, an investigation which shall not only bring the foul instigators of the riot to light, but shall visit with due penalties those who, instead of allaying the insane fury of the rabble, winked at, and tacitly, at least, approve of, as it would seem, the mischief, misrule and Vandalism in which the mob indulged with such marked impunity. On Tuesday the public bellman was sent round the town, shouting at every corner at the top of his voice that all Orangemen were to meet at seven o'clock on special business, adding, 'God save the Queen,' after which a deafening cheer is heard from the Orange party who accompany him. The meeting assembled at seven o'clock, and immediately after a mob, consisting of some hundreds of persons, perambulated the streets, and proceeded to the scene of action. After a good share of curses against the Catholics, and a pretty good share of stone throwing at the new church, they proceeded to the residence of the high bailiff, and requesting he would say a few words of consolation to them, in their affliction, he comes out of the house and tells them, instead of reading the riot act, that he knew their feelings had been hurt, and that they had cause for this demonstration, but he would rather they would go home. One cries out—'We will teach the priests and Irish Ribbonmen how to act,' and immediately a deafening cheer was given by the mob, the chief magistrate, at the same

time, taking of his hat, walked into the house. They then made a most dastardly and outrageous attack on the Catholic chapel, breaking all the windows. After this they attacked the houses of some of the most prominent Catholic, in some instances the occupants barely escaping with their lives. For more than one hour and a half did they continue their fiendish work of wrecking and destroying the property of the Catholic portion of the community. There was no show of resistance whatever made by the Catholics during the riot.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

THE APOSTLES OF EXTERMINATION.—The monomania of the landlords of Donegal, as may be gathered from the letters of justices of the peace, and others in the Daily Express, seems to be the belief that they can put down assassination by taking the law into their own hands, thus unconsciously falling into the deplorable error of the assassins themselves. This is the one point on which these men of education, refinement, and gentlemanly instincts, contribute their quota in support of the theory we have noticed. The attempted murder of Mr. Nixon has done it all. Like the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus, the teeth lost by the reverend gentleman have sprung up in the shape of armed men, whose valor will not be satisfied with anything short of wholesale extermination. A writer, who seems to have studied the 'History of the Buccaneers' to some advantage, recommends bloodhounds as a suitable aid to landlord scouring parties in their mountain visitations. Another—apparently a landlord—is equally practical in his letter to the Daily Express. Here are the sentiments of this 'natural protector' of the people:—'I would recommend landlords and agents, when visiting doubtful and discontented tenants, to go forth with a stout heart, a firm hand, and a loaded blunderbuss—this is my modus. It will deter the skulking coward from openly attacking you, and if you get a fair shot at him, you save a trial by jury.' Now, we put it to the common sense of the community whether any one who writes in this strain can be in the enjoyment of more than a slight proportion of his senses. We shall not ask any opinion as to the mental condition of those journalists who advocate these Christian suggestions in all the moods and tenses. Were it not that the authors of these foolish letters may find readers as weak-minded as themselves, such productions might supply a fund of amusement to the public in these dull times, nor might they be without some value in the estimation of the medical faculty. As it is, however, the peace of a county is too dangerous a subject for trifling; and if the writers belong, as is generally believed, to the aristocracy of Donegal, we would commend them to the attention of those who do not wish that privileged order to become utterly ridiculous.—[Derry Journal.]

A month ago, says the Times, a gentleman called for Mr. Douglas, justice of peace fiscal in Glasgow, and stated that he wished to be united to a young Catholic lady, with whom he had eloped from Ireland. He had courted her, he said, and was accepted, but in consequence of being a Protestant, the lady's mother refused to consent to the marriage. As time wore on the young lady suspected that another match was on the tapis, singularly distasteful to her, and informed her lover of her fears. Then, accompanied by her maid, they drove off from Kildare, round by Wicklow county, and thence to Dublin. On being unsuccessful in their attempt to be made man and wife there they started for Liverpool, and finally for Glasgow, where they were informed the thing could be done off-hand. But in this they were doomed to suffer, if not disappointment, at least delay; for, although those useful gentlemen, the justices, can 'splice' a couple, they must have sufficient evidence that the pair have resided at least twenty-one days in the county. The couple, however, were determined not to go back, except as a married pair, and ac-

cordingly a respectable lodging was procured for the young lady and her maid in the vicinity of Glasgow, and Saturday last, being the day when 'time was up,' the happy event took place in due form. Then, after the health of the newly married couple had been pledged, the gentleman, with his beautiful wife, (who is said to be the heiress of £60,000) proceeded to Jozze's hotel, where an elegant 'dejeuner' was served. A delightful afternoon was spent, and the happy pair started off in the evening by the Belfast boat en route to the gentleman's seat. The event above narrated is chronicled in the local papers as follows:—'At Glasgow, on the 27th inst., Richard Newcommen, Esq., of Turf Lodge, Kildare, to Marianne, eldest daughter of Wm. Disney, Esq., of Lark Lodge, Kildare.

DEATH OF A VETERAN PATRIOT.—In the historic and patriotic town of Callan, there died, on the 23d ult., as true an Irishman as ever lived or died for his country. He was a man in humble life; but he had a noble soul—a spirit that would not shrink from sacrifice when the cause of creed or country required it. This veteran patriot of Callan, was Thomas Feehan, aged 70 years, who stood by his native land in every struggle, made for its independence during that long and eventful period; who remembered from his early boyhood the sufferings of our forefathers in hapless '98, and who treasured in his inmost soul the memory of those wrongs, and the spirit to avenge them. In every struggle for Ireland he was the first, and the foremost in it, incurring its risks, and sharing its dangers. He was all through O'Connell's agitation, one of his warmest admirers, and most steadfast supporters in his own humble way; and when a bolder step was taken, Thomas Feehan was in the first rank, and suffered incarceration with Smith O'Brien, in Clonmel jail, for nearly six months. He was a strict teetotaler for the last eighteen years, having taken the pledge in the commencement of Father Mathew's mission, and kept it faithfully till the day of his death. May he rest in peace.—[Kilkenny Journal.]

A terrible crime—more resembling an English than an Irish one—has been committed near Faghart, on the old road leading from Dowdall's Hill to Flurry bridge. The unfortunate victim was a widow named Mary McCourt, aged fifty-four years, and lived in a house in which she sold meal and other provisions. No one resided with her but a grand-daughter, aged four years. The unfortunate deceased was reputed to have money. We understand she took £120 out of the bank when the run for gold took place some months ago, but whether she lodged it there again we cannot say. On Tuesday morning last the neighbors were astonished on finding the door of her house locked. Her brothers were informed of the fact, and on going to the house they found the door locked and the shutters on the windows, and heard the child crying inside. They forced the door open, and on going inside their worst fears were realized; they found their unfortunate sister dead, and several wounds on her head and neck, as if she had been strangled. The till in the little shop was rifled, and there were only a few pounds of candles and about one cwt. of meal found in the drawer. Doctor Callan held an inquest on the deceased, when the jury found that Mary McCourt was murdered by some person or persons at present unknown. The little child could give no distinct account of anything she heard or saw. The affair has created a great sensation.—[Dundalk Democrat.]

Nations have no objection that the slaves of other countries shall assert their freedom, if only their own slaves remain submissive. We have no doubt that the Legrees of Louisiana would wish to hear of the Polish banner waving once more over the waters of the Vistula, if 'Uncle Tom' would still bow to his labor and his lash. Upon the same principle England sym-

thizes with freedom abroad, and tramples upon it at home. She weeps over the fallen Magyars while she tortures the fallen Hindoos! And yet the Englishmen see nothing wrong in all this, for they are blinded by prejudice and self-interest. Personally we bear no ill-will to the English people. They possess many excellent qualities; but certainly love of freedom is not one of them. Can they point to a tyranny in Europe, or even in America, like that which has prevailed in India since first they set foot on it. We need not enumerate the horrors of British rule in that country; they are universally admitted; and, although they still characterize it, the voice of England is not raised to denounce them. And why? Because England makes money by her cruelties towards the hapless Hindoo. Macaulay accurately describes British policy in that country when he says that the instructions of the company to Warren Hastings were:—'Rule leniently if you can, but—send home more money.' The loot binds England to the lash; else why do not Englishmen exclaim against British brutality in India?—[Kilkenny Journal.]

NEW SHIPS FOR THE GALWAY LINE.—We have already announced by telegram from London that the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company had concluded a contract for the building of three ships with the Messrs. Palmer & Co., the eminent shipbuilders of Newcastle-on-Tyne. We are now enabled to give our readers some particulars on the subject. The three new vessels, which will be ready in June and July next, are to be 'express despatch steamers,' for the conveyance of telegraphic messages, mails, and passengers only. They will carry no cargo whatever. They are to be in every respect first class vessels, fitted up in the most superb style; and, if the terms of the contract should be carried out (of which we have no doubt), will be equalled in point of speed and comfort. Their dimensions will be 347 feet in length, forty feet in beam, and twenty-five feet in depth. Tonnage, 2,500 builders' measurement. They will each afford accommodation to 200 first and 300 second class passengers; and will be provided with a dining saloon 120 feet in length. The engines will be oscillating cylinders, warranted to work at 2,500 effective horse power. The contractors have guaranteed a minimum speed of 20 miles an hour. This is a quicker rate of speed than has hitherto been attained; the Queen's yacht, which is one of the fastest boats afloat, having never exceeded, even under the most favorable circumstances, eighteen knots an hour. Even at the highest speed which those 'express despatch steamers' can reach, it is calculated that they will not consume more than seventy tons of coal per day, in consequence of the improved machinery with which they will be fitted up. We believe we are not too sanguine in anticipating, along with the directors of the company, that they will ere long cross the Atlantic in six days.—[Galway Vindicator.]

We have to announce the death of Denny Wynne, the well known jockey, which took place at Rossmore Lodge, Kurragh. He had been ailing for sometime past, and at the steeple chase at Tullamore, in March last, when riding Black Bess, he broke a blood vessel and was obliged to pull up. From that period he daily declined, and never after ventured to exhibit across country, though in the September meeting he was winner on the Knight of the Blaze, and rode in one or two other races at the meeting; but it was evident from his wasted appearance that he would never get over the winter. Denny was a first class horseman, both as a steeple chase rider and on the flat, with a firm seat and a capital judge of a pace, and for many years past there has not been a race of any note in this country in which he was not 'up.' He has left a numerous family behind him, badly provided for, to lament his loss.—[Telegraph.]

The Rev. Michel Ryan, C. C., St. Mary's, on Monday received Mr. William Green, of Mary street, into the Catholic church.—[Limerick Reporter.]

The Kilkenny Journal says:—'An accident of an appalling nature occurred at Ballyouskel, near Durrus. The house of Mr. John Hoolahan, a respectable farmer living in that locality, took fire accidentally from the blaze of a candle, and all efforts to extinguish the flames proved ineffectual. The house and outbuildings were all consumed, and the household had all escaped with the exception of one of the infant children. In the first flush of excitement Mrs. Hoolahan did not miss her child, but the moment she missed it, she dashed at once into the blazing ruins, and was in the act of rescuing her infant when the burning timbers fell upon her, crushed her to death, and burned her almost to a cinder! A portion of her remains were found amongst the smouldering ashes.

WARNING AGAINST SECRET SOCIETIES.—At the different services in the Downpatrick Catholic chapel, on Sabbath last, the Rev. Father M'Convey, C.C., cautioned the young men of the parish against being misled or entrapped into the secret or illegal societies, as by so doing they would cut themselves off from the communion of the church—that, in point of fact, they would be excommunicated by joining such societies; and if any had the misfortune to have joined, he implored them at once to give up the connection, as he assured them that all who joined sinned grievously and continued in a state of sin so long as they remained in such connection with such societies.—[Newry Herald.]

A correspondent from Bantry informs the Cork Examiner that the rumors about secret societies in that town and in Kenmare have already begun to bear mischievous fruit. Poor men have been discharged from their employment upon the mere suspicion of their being connected with a secret organization, and badly disposed persons are already beginning to make capital out of malicious institutions respecting persons they intend to injure. The police force of the town of Bantry has been trebled, and military gentlemen have been inspecting the dilapidated houses which adorn the streets with a view, it is said, of converting them into a sort of bivouac for soldiers to suppress the 'rebellion.'

The gentry of the Queen's County have subscribed £850, which sum with £150 offered by government, makes up £1,000 as the reward for the conviction of the assassin of Mr. Ely. Delany is still at large; £200 is offered for his apprehension; £100 for the arrest of such person or persons as may harbor Delany, and £700 for such information as shall lead to the actual conviction of the murderer or murderers of Mr. Ely.

In consequence of a reduction of wages, about 500 laborers turned out on the Athlone and Tullamore railway, and desperately assaulted five gangers, one of whom is not expected to recover. The mob also broke a large quantity of tools and implements. The police at Ballycumber and Clare pursued the rioters and dispersed them. Further disturbances being apprehended, two stipendiary magistrates and a very large force of police were stationed at different points along the line to keep the rioters in check.

We are happy to find that Ireland is not behind-hand in the manufacture of pianofortes. We have just visited the manufactory of Mr. Marks, of No. 1 D'Olive street, Dublin, through whose exertions the only pianoforte manufactory in Ireland has been established. We have inspected the different process of manufacture explained by Mr. Marks, and from the tone, and touch his instruments are equal to any we have heard. All the workmen are natives of Ireland.—[Mail]

The following verdict has been returned by the jury in a case of infanticide near Dundalk:—'We find that Bridget Kindillon, Rose Kindillon, her mother, and Anne Kindillon, her sister, did, on Friday, 19th of November, 1858, wickedly, feloniously and of malice aforethought, kill and murder a

female infant, the child of the above Bridget Kindillon, and we also find that Thomas Kindillon, and his daughter, Mary Kindillon, had a knowledge of the concealment of the birth of the said female infant.'

The Wexford Constitution says that the French lugger Le Jenne Victor, of Nantes, Captain Victor Troer, has been unfortunately driven ashore at Ballygrangins, near Kilmore. Finding all efforts to save the vessel in vain, the captain and crew took to the log-boat, and succeeded in reaching the shore, but without saving even so much as a change of linen.

FIVE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE PACIFIC AT ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

ST. JOHN, N. F., Dec. 22. The Galway steamship Pacific, which left Galway on Thursday, the 19th inst., arrived here to-day en route for New York. She brings Liverpool dates of the 8th by mail, and of the 9th by telegraph.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Marion was at St. Vincent on the 23d ult., the Macedonian at Alexandria on the 19th, and the steam frigate Wabash at Malta on the 23d ult.

The troop ship Bombay had returned to Plymouth, completely dismasted, and having lost overboard 12 of her crew.

An extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders of the Atlantic Telegraph has been called for the 15th of December, to consider the condition of the affairs of the Company. A petition is in circulation calling on government to give a guarantee on the new capital necessary to prosecute the enterprise.

A collision occurred in the English Channel on the 4th, between the steamship Ceylon and the American ship Waban, bound from Calcutta to Hamburg. The latter was seriously damaged, and lost overboard the chief officer and one seaman. She was subsequently towed into Portland by the Ceylon.

FRANCE.—The government has decided on allowing the appeal of the Count de Montalembert to come before the Superior Court.

The Moniteur officially declares that the disquietude as to the relations between France and Austria, caused by newspaper discussions, is by no means justified.

France has concluded a treaty with Japan similar to that between England and that country.

SPAIN.—The Queen's speech at the opening of the Cortez says everything compatible with the national dignity was being done to secure a specific solution of the Mexican difficulty, but if the immediate result is not obtained, the demonstrations already proposed will be energetically resorted to. An address in response to the speech was adopted unanimously.

Baron Humboldt is seriously ill.

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA are said to be negotiating for a better defensive understanding between themselves.

IONIA.—Mr. Gladstone, in a speech to the Ionian Senate, said his mission was simply to inquire how England can most satisfactorily discharge her obligations to Iona.

LATEST.

The Bombay mail brings the Queen's proclamation, which was read throughout India Nov. 1. It guarantees to protect religious freedom, confirms all existing treaties and rights, and offers a general amnesty to all save murderers of British subjects, provided submission is made before the 1st of January.

Lord Derby acknowledges the receipt of a memorial praying for aid to the Atlantic Telegraph, and promises to lay it before the Commissioners of the Treasury.

The Times Paris correspondent hears it was decided in Cabinet Council that Montalembert's appeal should be allowed to come before the Court, but that the answer to it will simply be the Emperor's pardon, which it will be pleased to cover everything the penalty imposed, and possibly the effects of the new penal law.

THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

The anxiety which for some time past has prevailed so generally in this country relative to the safety of the Indian Empire, whose arrival at Galway was so long overdue, is now happily allayed, the gallant vessel having anchored in Broadhaven at nine, A.M., on Friday morning, 26th ult., after having experienced one of the most terrific and continuous storms that has ever been witnessed in the Atlantic. The gratification which all persons must feel at learning the safety of a ship respecting which such fearful apprehensions had been entertained will be enhanced in the minds of Irishmen by the fact that the steamer whose safe arrival we chronicle is one belonging to the newly established transatlantic line, whose prosperity is such lively interest to the Irish people of this country. The arduous and dangerous passage which the Indian Empire has successfully accomplished, under the most adverse circumstances, lasted, in all, twenty-five days from Halifax to Ireland. We have gleaned the following particulars of this interesting voyage, which will satisfactorily account for the delay:—

Having taken in a fresh supply of coals, and repaired some trifling damage which had been sustained by a collision with a brig on leaving New York harbor, the Indian Empire, having then sixteen days' supply of coal, left Halifax on the afternoon of Saturday, the 31st of October, and had a tolerably favorable run to Cape Race, a distance of about 500 miles. The wind was not directly favorable, being on her quarter, and the average speed of the ship during this time was eleven knots an hour. Upon rounding Cape Race the wind shifted dead a head, and gradually rising, blew with great violence, which in a few days increased to a most fearful hurricane. The ship gallantly struggled against the violence of the wind and waves, the captain displaying all the resources and skillful and experienced seamanship, and being ably seconded by his officers and crew, who had the most implicit reliance in his ability and judgment. Of course, progress was scarcely possible under the circumstances, and after thirteen days of such weather as has rarely been experienced in the Atlantic, even at this season of the year, the captain found himself still four days' voyage from Galway. Upon calculating the amount of coal which still remained on board, and finding that it was barely sufficient for a four days' run, he thought it expedient to lie to rather than incur the risk of expending all his fuel in an unavailing struggle against the elements. At this time there was a fair prospect of more favorable weather; the barometer was rising, indications of a change were apparent, and, moreover, it was an unprecedented thing for a south-easterly wind to last three weeks in the Atlantic, especially at this season of the year, when westerly winds more generally prevail. However, the expectation of fine weather was not fulfilled; the wind still continued high, and the Indian Empire lay to seven days, during which time she made a little headway. At the end of seven days there was a lull, and the captain gave orders to steam a-head, in the hope of completing the passage without further difficulty. In a short time, however, the wind again sprang up and increased almost to its former violence. At one time—on Wednesday last—the Indian Empire reached within twenty-five miles of the Galway coast, running at the rate of two and a half knots an hour against a heavy sea, when the gale increasing in violence drove her a distance of 100 miles away to the westward. The prudence and foresight of Captain Courtenay in having lain to for seven days was then made manifest, for at this time the coals had been completely exhausted, and it became necessary to consume a small portion of the cargo, consisting of cotton, stores, &c., and also some spars and part of the planking of the decks. At half-past one on the morning of Friday, the lights of Broad-

haven were sighted, and we need not say that every one on board experienced the keenest delight at the approaching termination of their long and difficult voyage. Broadhaven, as is well known, is an excellent harbor on the coast of Mayo, about forty miles from Westport; and eight hours after its lights were sighted, the Indian Empire dropped her anchor in the harbor, amidst the hearty cheers of the passengers and crew. It is gratifying to be able to state that at no time—even during the greatest violence of the gale—did the passengers manifest the slightest alarm or apprehension. Their confidence in the captain, officers and crew never for a moment failed, and they took frequent occasion during the voyage to give expression to this feeling. They knew that everything which skill and judgment could do would be effected to bring the vessel in; and their confidence was increased by the good qualities displayed by the ship, which excited the admiration alike of the experienced and the inexperienced. The manner in which the Indian Empire stood the severe test to which she was subjected, proves her to be an excellent sea boat, well adapted for Atlantic navigation. No more convincing proof of this could be afforded than the fact that she shipped one sea only during the whole passage. Captain Courtenay, who has had large experience as an Atlantic navigator, states that the weather was unprecedented in its combination of violence and duration. Several wrecks have already been reported, and it is greatly to be feared that a great number of casualties must have occurred in the Atlantic, as well as along our own coasts. The Indian Empire fell in with large quantities of floating wreck during her voyage. On Monday last she spoke the ship *Silistria* 115 days from Callo.

A LITERARY OMNIBUS DRIVER.

The New York correspondent of the *Charleston Courier* relates the following biography of an omnibus driver, whose acquaintance he made during a night ride on one of the lines in that city:—

'Talking as two people will naturally do when journeying together, it was impossible not to notice that the driver of the car had seen better days, and had pursued very different avocations. The comet was blazing away in the western sky. This furnished a topic of conversation. Instead of trying to illuminate the driver on the causes, condition and theories of these celestial visitors, I learned that he knew more about them than I did. He went beyond this topic, and began to discourse on meteorology, astronomy generally, mathematics, &c. His wonderful learning, the extent and thoroughness of his reading, almost bewildered me. But my surprise could not be imagined when, in illustration of some thought, this driver of an avenue car quoted a line from Virgil. Horace, too, afterwards finished one or two sententious sayings of the educated driver.

It was a very natural desire, but a very delicate matter, to learn the history of such a person. Slowly and timidly the fact came out. He had been in better circumstances. Though never a student at any college, he had used every advantage that offered, and grasped at the fruits of knowledge wherever they hung in the garden of his experience. At first, in mercantile business, he had been swindled by a partner, and left almost without a penny. He made another effort and went on swimmingly for a while. In an hour of sunshine he got married. The crisis of last fall came, and again everything was swept away; and instead of standing alone upon the desolate shore of life, he had another to look after and care for, even more helpless than himself. The thoughts of his wife being left to penury and misery buoyed him to do anything to spare these afflictions.

There were several kinds of employment at which

he could make a small pittance, though many of them were precarious. As a driver on a public car he was sure of \$1.50 a day; though the business was laborious, and to him almost degrading. But even these objections had no terrors for him, when he thought of her whom he had pledged to protect. And every day, from eleven in the morning till twelve o'clock at night, this accomplished driver is making his trips up and down the Sixth avenue, taking his five cent fares with the equanimity of a philosopher. I wonder if the persons who travel with him ever imagine that the Jehu over their heads could instruct them in the classics, or unfold to them his wonderful stores of knowledge. This is no romance. The facts were derived from the driver himself, and it is another instance of what man could do, however low he may have got down in the world, if he only makes up his mind to conquer or to die.'

A NECRO DISCUSSION ABOUT ECCS.

Geneva, the lovely village on Seneca Lake, furnishes the following specimen of parliamentary ruling: In the fairest village of Western New York, the 'culled persons,' in emulation of their white brethren, formed a debating society, for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The deliberations of the society were presided over by a venerable darkey, who performed his duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on this occasion was, 'Which am de mudder of the chicken, de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chicken?' The question was warmly debated, and many reasons, pro and con, were urged and combated by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority, and the president made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party.

At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and begged to state a proposition, to this effect: 'Spouse,' said he, 'dat you sot one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder, de duck or de hen?'

This was a poser, was well put, and nonplussed the other side, even staggering the president, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle, so, after cogitating and scratching his wool a few moments, a bright idea struck him. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced—'Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; derefore, I rule de ducks out!' And do it he did, to the complete overthrow of his opponents.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

A minister repeating the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk, by some mistake or other, read it after him. The clergyman read as follows: 'Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of the people.'

The clerk, who could not exactly catch the sentence, reported thus:—

'Moses was an oyster man, and made oinment for the shins of his people.'

'Put out your tongue a little further,' said a physician to a female patient; 'a little further, ma'am, if you please—a little further still.'

'Why, doctor, do you think there is no end to a woman's tongue?' cried the fair invalid.

CLERICAL PUNNING.—Parson Twiss, of New Hampshire, had just married a lady whose Christian name was Desire, and it being in his course of remark on a certain Sabbath to illustrate the difference between the renewed and unrenowned man in the exercise of love, he delivered himself, to the amusement of his audience, in this way: 'Formerly I had no Desire to love, but now I have a Desire to love and I love, freely.'

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BACK NUMBERS of the Miscellany, from the commencement of the paper, may be procured through any of our regular agents, or by sending direct to the office of publication, No. 10 Franklin street, Boston. Will our friends in want bear this fact in mind?

A VISIT TO STOUGHTON.

Last week we dropped in amongst the jolly sons of St. Crispin, in the neat little town of Stoughton, and saw friends we had not seen for some time. This town, as does Randolph, presents to the observer a busy scene of New England industry, for every house, from cellar to attic, is occupied by the jolly sons and disciples of the above-named royal saint. We believe every man, woman and child in Stoughton is a boot maker. Even the clergymen, we understand, manufacture boots; and having occasion to call into the Post Office, we found, in the democratic and accommodating incumbent, as we thought, the veritable saint himself, for, lo and behold! there he sat, all in his glory, part of the bench upon which he worked being his principle department from which he dispensed the latest news. Such is democracy, whose maxim is—

'Honor and shame from no condition rise,
 'Aet well your part, there all the honor lies.'

To those who love to traduce the Celt, we would say go to Stoughton; see our people there; see the prints of their industry in their tasty, clean and comfortable houses, which are all their own. We have heard of men who are but a very few years in the country and now own houses, and live in all the comfort which industry can procure.

An obliging friend pointed out a whole street occupied and owned by our people, who must feel an independent pride when they step from their workshops into their houses. Nor must we forget the 'Catholic country' and the generous souls who dwell there. This is a large plain, which is interspersed with neat cottages, and receives the above 'nom de plume' from the fact that none but Roman Catholics live there; it reminded us of home, for the 'cead mille faulte' with which we were received brought to our minds the greener sward and prettier brook of our native village, and the generous hearts of our more than hospitable country people.

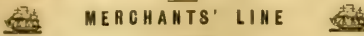
Reflections will come, and we asked ourselves shall we ever see that home again? Are we to roam forever as strangers in a strangland? No! a thousand no's! That Supreme Being who does everything for his own wise purposes is reversing the wheel, and the day is not far distant when the haughty British oligarchy will tumble to the ground groaning under the weight of its dark and iniquitous deeds. But we have digressed, thinking of Ireland and her wrongs, and forgot Stoughton, the plains, and 'Catholic country.' We return the Stoughton boys our sincere thanks for the many kindnesses shown us, especially the Dunn family and Mr. E. Cashing. The latter kindly volunteered to pass us round among the boys, whom we hope to have the pleasure of seeing ere Patrick's day, thereby redeeming our promises. J. W.

We witness with much satisfaction the improvements announced in the programmes of our older and better known contemporaries. We heartily wish them all success, and many more readers, and at the end of the year they may be able to announce an unprecedented prosperity. We cannot, as they do, announce the commencement of a new volume. Our first year expires in February, when we hope to make our bow, and receive the approbation of the Irish people in the United States.

Mr. McGEE'S LECTURE.—This lecture was replete with truths of vast importance to the Irish race, pointing out their errors as well as their natural ability and power to excel. We will, in a future number, refer to some good advice he gave, while we regret he had not the house we anticipated, owing to the approach of holidays, which demand the attention of our people to meet.

Mr. JAMES SULLIVAN, our travelling agent will visit Birmingham, Waterbury, Southington, and adjacent towns, about the commencement of New Year's, where he hopes to double his list of subscribers for the Miscellany.

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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 48.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

DOWN ABBEY.

This was the first church erected in Ireland by the blessed apostle and patron, St. Patrick. He founded the 'Abbey of Saul in 432, and shortly afterwards an 'Abbey of Canons Regular,' near the ancient Doon or Fort, the site being granted to him for the purpose by the chieftain of the Daldechu, whom he had converted to Christianity.

To it, as to the centre of Christianity in the island, many holy men flocked from all parts of the world, and erecting houses of their orders, filled the whole neighborhood with monastic institutions. In historical records, accordingly, we find mention of the 'Priory of Canons Regular,' 'Priory of St. John the Baptist,' 'Abbey of Cistercian Monks,' 'Cistercian Convent,' and 'Franciscan Friars.' St. Patrick presided over these religious houses, until his death, in 493, and was interred in the Abbey, in which were subsequently deposited the remains of St. Bridget and St. Columba.

The remains of the three saints having been discovered by Sir John De Courcy, in the 12th century, were, by a 'Bull' obtained from Pope Urban III., translated, and placed within its hallowed precincts.

Besides the Abbey and Priory founded by St. Patrick, there were also the Priory of St. John the

Baptist, founded by De Courcy for cross bearers of the order of St. Augustine, and an Abbey of Cistercian monks, both founded in the 12th century; a Franciscan friary founded by Hugh De Lacy, or some say by Africa, daughter of Godred, King of Man, and wife of De Courcy, as well as an hospital for lepers, dedicated to St. Nicholas. Of these establishments there are, alas! now no traces. The Abbey, 100 feet in length, contained a centre aisle 26 feet broad, and two side aisles 13 feet wide each; its roof was supported by five handsome arches, whose tops, as well as those of the pillars and windows, were adorned with a variety of sculptured stone. Three niches were over the lofty east window, in which, for a long while, the pedestals still continued, whereon it is supposed statues of St. Patrick, St. Bridget and St. Columba once rested. In 949, the Abbey was plundered by the Danes of Dublin. In 1101, Magnus, King of Norway, was here interred. In 1183, it passed from the Secular Canons, whom De Courcy turned out, and replaced by black monks from the Abbey of Werburgh, Chester: 1316, Abbey destroyed by Lord Edward Bruce; 1538, burnt, and the monuments of Saints Patrick, Bridget and Columba (whose relics had been placed in shrines within the Abbey when discovered, in 1185, by De Courcy), were defaced

by Lord Leonard De Grey, for which, it is said, he was beheaded. In 1539, resigned by the Prior to the King, and afterwards, with the immense possessions belonging to it, granted to Gerald, Earl of Kildare. Finally, in 1790, and still beautiful in its decay, this Abbey was thrown down by Arthur, the great-grandfather of the present Marquis of Downshire, and nearly on its site, if not exactly, was erected the present (so called) Cathedral of Down.

As we gaze on this venerable and beautiful specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, which, with its ivy mantled walls and broken arches, up to the time mentioned, formed so fine an ornament to the town of Downpatrick (supposed to be the Dunum mentioned by Ptolemy), how many memories of the past are vividly called up in the mind? How many of this holy fane, from whose portals saints and holy men of God have issued forth as from a well-spring, and been scattered over the earth, spreading the waters of healing to the perished nations? And how many of their successors, who ever since have carried the seeds of the gospel, even by the mouths of their faithful flocks, to all portions of the globe. We close our description, by adding that the Round Tower stood, as shown in the engraving, about forty feet from the western end of the Abbey.



THE ABBEY OF DOWN.

THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROCK.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

{Continued.}

CHAPTER IV.

MY FATHER.

A French student being told not to indulge in protracted grief for the loss of his father, as he had always proved himself a dutiful son, replied, 'Alas! I thought so while my father was living, but now that he is dead, I am conscious of having been too often disobedient.' There are few sons, however good, who will not readily make the same admission; and, though distinguished for the filial affection, I still recollect, with pain, the many occasions on which I deserved the anger of old Captain Rock, as my father was once called at Rockleglen. But he has long since gone to 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns,' and his son has now to write a brief memoir of the distinguished services which he rendered his country.

From the history of the penal laws, detailed in the preceding chapter of my memoirs, the reader must have seen that, at the time I was born, a Catholic was incapable of purchasing estates, or holding lands, farms, or houses, for a longer period than thirty-one years; and, lest he might grow rich on this short and precarious tenure, there was a clause in the act obliging him to pay two-thirds of his profits to the landlord, and if he should fail to do so, the whole property became the prey of the first Protestant informer who was lucky or base enough to bring the transaction into a court of justice, where there was, as Lord Redesdale said, 'one law for the rich and another for the poor.'

By the same merciful code, enacted in the Augustan age of English literature, any one of the sons of a Catholic, by professing to become a Protestant, would not only enter upon immediate possession of a large part of his father's fortune, but constitute himself heir-at-law to the whole. Thus Protestantism calculated on increase by the influx of profigate children.

My father, like his predecessors, notwithstanding these diabolical statutes, continued to reside in the hereditary castle of his family, and was about adding to his fortune by the purchase of a small estate which he intended to transfer in trust to a poor neighboring Protestant, who had long made himself convenient in this way to Roman Catholic gentlemen, when an informer, before the deeds were executed, put the proper authorities in possession of the secret, and truth compels me to state that this informer was my own brother, or rather half-brother, for he was by the second Mrs. Rock (suspected of being descended from a Cromwellian drummer), where my mother, the third Mrs. Rock, was regular Milesian blood, being a real O'Brien.

Driven thus into obscure poverty, my father wished the established church joy of its virtuous convert, and took up his abode in that wild valley, since called, after him, Rockleglen, where I was born, the son, I may say, of an Irish cottier, for my father, at this time, had joined the 'laboring train,' and supported his family by the sweat of his brow. Every condition of life has its pleasures as well as its inconveniences, and old Captain Rock bore his misfortunes with an air of contended dignity. His two-armed oak chair stood in the right-hand corner under the wicker chimney, and no monarch could appear happier than the venerable chieftain while relating the heroic deeds of the Rocks, the greatness of his ancestors, and the future expectations which he indulged in. The schoolmaster used to assist his memory in the particulars of Irish history, and the travelling mendicant was a capital expounder of Columbcill's prophecies. The vagueness and mystery in which these were expressed seemed to add to the proofs of their authenticity; and I am sure, had he read Pastorini, he would have rejected

him at once. Dates to prophecies are like the gift bestowed on Cassandra—they prevent all from believing them.

His courage, though undoubted, was of a rather singular character. He would, when alone, or assisted by my uncles and brothers, attempt even impossibilities; but, when followed by obedient thousands, he would shrink from even a sergeant's guard. Numbers always proved fatal to his designs, and though he was often known to retreat from a dozen enemies, a whole regiment was sure to provoke him to an immediate attack. In short, he was an 'Irishman all over,' a denomination which explains at once that singular assemblage of good and strange qualities which composed his character.

Prosperity, had he been allowed to enjoy it, might have proved fatal to his reputation, for, while in the possession of affluence, he was considered a very loyal man; but no sooner was he 'hurled from his high estate' than the hereditary propensities of his nature quickened into activity, and he soon after showed himself worthy of the name he bore. The first public occasion on which he displayed his talents, though attributable to the government, had little to do with church or state, and though his subsequent proceedings chiefly related to tithes, to his honor be it spoken, he made his debut in insurrection, for the benefit of the poor man.

In 1762, the landlords of Munster, tempted by the increasing demand for pasture, commenced enclosing those commons on which the poor man had a right of feeding, and thus added to the misery of those already too much distressed, by preventing them from keeping a cow, a goat, a pig, &c. These enclosures threatened to ruin thousands, until my father stepped forth, and arrested the progress of tyranny. Himself and followers, on this occasion, took the name of Levellers, from the fact of their levelling enclosures, and had scarcely effected their object when they were called to a higher sphere of action, and found in the tithes system the seeds of perpetual discord.

The depression of agriculture, about this period, threw whole districts into pasture, and as grazing ground paid no tithe, the patrons were obliged to press more heavily on the poor, who alone sowed potatoes and corn. Rack-rents were bad enough, but to be obliged to bear a burden of the church, which the rich had cast upon them, was too much, and accordingly my worthy father stepped forth, once more, to redress the poor man's grievances. Being dressed in white shirts, his followers obtained the name of Whiteboys, which long continued the favorite appellation of those who loved whiskey and riot, and hated proctors and middlemen.

The sage who truly told Solon that laws were like spiders' webs—the defenceless are caught, but the great ones break through them. In 1785, the landowners combined against the Agistment tithe, formed illegal associations in every country, and ultimately triumphed over the patrons. Yet these wealthy Whiteboys were never punished—were never condemned to get into bed at sun-set, or transported without trial. But no sooner did the cottiers, on whom the whole weight of tithes were thrown, raise their voice and arms against oppression, than statutes worthy of Algiers were enacted to hang and banish them. On this subject I have a personal feeling, and shall therefore prefer the language of an Englishman, Mr. Arthur Young, who was in Ireland at this period. 'Acts were passed,' said he, 'for their (Whiteboys) punishment, which seemed calculated for the meridian of Barbary. This arose to such a height, that by one they were to be hanged (under circumstances) without the formalities of a trial; which, though repealed the following session, marks the spirit of punishment; while others remain the law of the land, that would, if executed, tend more to raise than to quell insurrection,

from all which it is manifest that the gentlemen of Ireland never thought of a radical cure, from overlooking the real cause of disease, which, in fact, lay in themselves, and not in the wretches they doomed to the gallows. Let them change their own conduct, and the poor will not long riot. Treat them like men who ought to be as free as yourselves; put an end to that system of religious persecution which has for seventy years divided the kingdom against itself. In these two circumstances lies the cure of insurrection, perform them completely, and you will have an affectionate poor, instead of oppressed and discontented vassals.'

This advice, though given fifty years ago, is still applicable. 'Who,' says Congreve, 'would die a martyr to sense in a country where the religious is folly?'

From this time till the day he died he continued in active operation, both in the north and the south, for the Rocks are no bigots, and care but little who they fight with, so they but fight against the common enemy.

CHAPTER X.

IN LOVE.

The progress of my memoirs has now brought me back to my individual concerns; and though the digression was necessary to the right understanding of my 'family history,' yet I am sorry an having been compelled to absent myself, personally, from the eyes of my readers, though I like other heirs of a great name, I am not a little proud of the ancestors from whom I sprung, particularly as our genealogical parchment, like that of the Welchman, is rendered imperfect only by the universal deluge, when the ante-diluvian particulars of the Rocks were swept away like other terrestrial things. The geological professor at Cambridge, however, entertains some hopes of recovering them among other fossil remains, as he rightly thinks that whatever appertains to the Rocks must be at least as 'endurable as the memorials of elephants, hyenas, &c.' Of my family greatness, perhaps, I have now said enough, and shall proceed, without intermission, to lay the particulars of my private life before the public. In speaking of myself, I must necessarily introduce others; and, as truth shall inflexibly guide my pen, I must beg my Irish friends to weigh well the 'tales' I shall unfold. They will teach an important lesson to many of my adherents, and, as they will be accompanied with moral reflections, I beg their most earnest and serious attention. Every man has his faults; I had mine; but, certainly, I shall not appropriate to myself all that has been attributed to me. I have enough to atone for without answering for the crimes of others.

Before I had attained the proper age of manhood, I had few rivals in those gymnastic exercises which have latterly fallen into undeserved disrepute. Hurling, foot-ball, leaping, ball-playing, and dancing, were the amusements of our virtuous and brave ancestors, and in the time of my boyhood, they constituted the attractions of an Irish holiday. These exercises were harmless and wholesome; they promoted good feeling by bringing the people frequently together, and served to add new charms to rural life; while they fitted the peasant's body for the labor to which he was happily doomed. A Sunday and holiday were then hailed as harbingers of innocent mirth and rustic revelry; they were regarded as different from the other days of the week, and the boys and girls lightened their toil by anticipating these periods of relaxation, when the one came forth to inspire love or applaud their sweethearts, and the other to display their activity and prowess. Wherever there is rivalry (says the philosopher) there is pleasure, and I doubt if the praise bestowed on patriots and scholars has ever given greater satisfaction to the object of it than that showered on the conqueror in a hurling-match or a ball-court.

Being possessed of an active pair of feet, and a ready pair of hands, I was early distinguished in places of public resort as a young man who prom-

sed to be one of the best hurlers and dancers in Munster. There were few young girls who would not honor me with their hand on the green, and fewer still who would not divest themselves of their cap-riband at May or Christmas, to 'decorate' my person when I went a mumming. But there was one approving fair whose hand and smile I valued above all the others, and as she was a stranger to coquetry or disguise, I soon discovered that she took an interest in my fate that amounted to something like love, though never acknowledged otherwise than by a blush when I kissed her, and a visible anxiety for my success when contending with my rustic competitors. You may be sure I owned the 'soft impeachment,' and, of course, was not backward in convincing her that her affections were returned.

Susan M'Mahon was about my own age when I first knew her, and, indeed, I was not a little vain of her partiality, for Munster could not boast a more bewitching form or prettier face. In fact, she was one of Nature's favorite children, and though not absolutely the 'mould of fashion,' she was what might be called a rustic beauty. Her dress was unaffected, but neat; her manners artless and pleasing, and though a stranger to the airs of those above her, there was a natural grace in all her movements. Her father was what we call cozy; that is, he was a comfortable farmer, and having no child but herself, it was naturally inferred that whoever gained Susan's hand would inherit Mogue, M'Mahon's farm, as well as the 'cool' three hundred it was said he had buried somewhere in his kitchen-garden.

Fortune-hunters are not confined to the town; they abound in the country, and even simple swains can sometimes play the knave as well as their betters. A number of these contemptible creatures were continually annoying Susan, whenever she appeared at fair or pattern, and as I was not quite inaccessible to the 'green-eyed monster,' I did not much approve of their attentions. Some half-dozen of them I occasionally chastised; but they multiplied so fast that it would have required the club of Hercules to subdue them effectually. Among others, there was one Toney Kelly, a young man of good family, but who, through early dissoluteness and bad habits, had acquired the significant appellation of the 'rake.' He was to be seen at every place of public resort, and was never known to quit one of them without a cut head or a broken bone. By this course of folly and extravagance, he had, in two years, nearly run through a large property. The house and farm left him by his father he had disposed of to pay the publican's bill, and then went to reside on an out-farm, where a cow-shed was hastily converted from its original purpose into that of a temporary dwelling-house. Its inconvenience, however, was not much felt by the rake, for he spent nearly the whole of his time from home, and as the sale of his remaining stock still supplied him with money, he was not without companions, good fellows, like himself, who helped him to spend it.

Susan was too tempting an object to escape the eye of this foolish fellow; and, though she endeavored to shun him with an instinctive sensitiveness, she could not stir from home without encountering him. To her father's house he dare not go; but he avenged himself for this prohibition by watching her whenever she made her appearance abroad. Generally, indeed, I was beside her, and the rake had too often felt the effects of my anger to obtrude himself on one under my immediate protection; but as business or duty sometimes prevented my accompanying her, he was sure to avail himself of the circumstance for the purpose of renewing his 'rejected addresses.'

The Irish are a grateful and sympathizing people, or, when my father was hurled from grandeur and

opulence, they still remembered his services and former state. To his family they were attentive and respectful, and though inferior, in a pecuniary point of view to Susan, her father never objected to my circumstances. I was, in his estimation, one of the 'right sort,' and as the 'arms' of the M'Mahons were hung up over the fire-place in his little sanded parlor, to prove him of gentle blood, I could not think myself committing an outrage on the escutcheon of the Rocks by an alliance with his daughter. There was, therefore, nothing clandestine in our intercourse, and we were beginning to talk seriously of marriage; but, as I was then very young, my father objected to an immediate union, particularly as I had never yet distinguished myself in the Rock line, further than in the affairs of the schoolmaster.

We were young and happy, and, therefore, suffered but little from my father's obstinacy; we had to wait but a short time, and he then united for ever. In the interim, however, we resolved to be as much together as possible, and, therefore, I was a constant visitor at the home of my mistress. One night, while proceeding there with a quick step and a light heart, I thought I heard a scream of one in distress. I stopped and listened; all was as silent as the full moon above me; but I had not proceeded far when the cry again assailed me, apparently much nearer. I stopped once more, and, putting my ear to a hole in the road, I distinctly heard the approach of horsemen. Being entirely unarmed, I stepped to one side, and, having concealed myself beneath the shade of a large tree, determined to wait the issue. In a few minutes the sound became more audible, and presently a wild scream of unutterable anguish burst upon my ear. 'An abduction!' cried I to myself, starting from my place of concealment, determined to rescue the unhappy female, for I had ever regarded the practice, prevalent in Ireland, of carrying off girls, as one of the worst and most barbarous specimens of our national character. By the light of the moon I could see that the party were scattered along the road, some of them being considerably behind the foremost, who rode double, and I quickly recognized a female before him. Just as he came up, in a smart trot, I seized his bridle, twisted the horse about suddenly, and brought the riders to the ground. The hands of the female, released from the grasp of the ruffian who held them, quickly pulled a bandage from her mouth, and in the first word she spoke, I recognized, to my utter amazement, the voice of my Susan! Thrown off my guard by this unexpected recourte, instead of snatching the pistols from the author of this outrage, I seized Susan in my arms, and was about imprinting a kiss on her cheek, when a tremendous blow from a club brought me to the ground, where I must have lain for some time senseless, for when I recovered, I found myself lying in the middle of the road, without a living being near me.

CHAPTER XI.

MY FIRST EXPLOIT IN THE TITHE DEPARTMENT.

Without waiting to ascertain whether my head still continued in its old position between my shoulders, I hastened to the house of old M'Mahon, where I found the wretched man tied to his servant boy, and both confined to the wall that usually, in Irish houses, projects between the fire-place and the door. Their arms were pinioned to their sides by a small cord, and their bodies closely bound to the wall by means of a cart-rope passing through the spy-hole, an aperture which serves at once to discover the first appearance of a visitor, and hold the good woman's pipe. I quickly relieved the alarmed pair from their distressing situation, and then learned from the poor old man, whose eyes streamed with tears, that he knew none of the ruffians who had carried away his daughter,

as their faces were all blackened. His lamentations were deep and loud, and he seemed disinclined to receive any consolation from my repeated assurance that I would instantly set about recovering Susan. 'Avhudusthrue!—avhudusthrue!'—exclaimed the unfortunate man, 'how can you bring me back my darling girl? Ochone! ochone! why has this sorrow come upon my ould hairs, or why was I re-sarved for this miserable night? Oh! Susan! Susan! the Lord of mercy have pity on you, and presarve you, my poor 'thackeen,' from all hurt and harm, and restore you to your ould father, before he sinks in sorrow to his grave.'

So frequent were occurrences of this nature in the country, that the poor man seemed in no hurry to commence pursuit, and he started at me with incredulity when I signified my intention of immediately setting out after the villains.

'They are now in the mountains,' said he, wiping away a big tear with a hand hardened by sixty years of toil.

'It is no matter,' I replied; 'they can be found there, and I swear never to desist until Susan is restored to her father.'

'God bless you, boy!' he returned, somewhat composed, for the miserable readily grasp at hope. I had destined her for you, Decimus, and, if you can find her, such as a M'Mahon ought to be!—(a tear of apprehension for the honor of his child here obtruded. He shook it off, and continued)—'win her and wear her, for then you shall have her father's blessing and all his hard earnings.'

I was young, ardent, and in love; romance formed a part of my character, and though my soul was torn by conflicting passions, there was in the old man's proposal something that flattered my vanity; and as I hurried home to obtain assistance, I considered myself little less than one of those champions who, in the olden time, spent their youth in the glorious task of liberating captive damsels, and punishing their detainers. The spirit of revenge certainly burnt within my breast; but, for the present, I gave myself wholly up to the desire of recovering Susan. For this purpose I aroused my foster-brother, Owen M'Farlane, who now lived at Rock-glen, and desired him to summon the boys. Owen quickly obeyed me, for, to speak the truth, there was not a lad in Munster fonder of a bit of mischief, and he reckoned on some fun this night, from the agitation I was in. A wake that was held in the neighborhood supplied us with help of dozen assistants, and, by the help of a blazing faggot, held on the top of a pole, a score of others made their appearance.

No subjects in the world better understand the nature of allegiance than the Rockites. They are remarkable for obedience to the will of their captain, when legitimately exercised; but no sooner does his purpose become personal or private, than they cease to reverence his commands. While employed against tithe-proctors and land-pirates they never murmur; but if their chieftain directs their vengeance against anything but the public enemy, he can seldom calculate on their resistance. Aware of this obstinacy, I played the orator on this night, and knowing how susceptible the Irish bosom is of pity and generous feeling, I represented in glowing colors the misery of old M'Mahon, and the anguish of his daughter. Having worked them up into a comfortable state of indignation and pity, I asked them would they not assist me in recovering the lovely Susan from the monsters who had carried her away. An unanimous 'we will' was the reply, and, having armed ourselves in the best manner possible, we set forward. The moon was still brilliant in the blue heaven, and the stars showed vividly above us. It was a night calculated to put people in good humor; and, as we walked along, its effects became apparent on our little party—the jest, the laugh, and the song, prevailed, and I believe, there was not one who felt

unhappy but myself. The first cross-roads reminded us of the business we were on, and after a few minutes consultation, we resolved to search first the house of Toney Kelly, for I had, from the beginning, suspected that it was at his suit Susan had been carried away. The old cowhouse, however, we found nearly deserted as the eastern ruins, for nothing met our eyes but the Genius of the place, a tolerably ugly old woman. Of her master she could give no information, and she made no opposition to our searching the place. Disappointment is a great damper of ardour, and many of my friends were inclined to relinquish the task as hopeless. 'A likely story indeed,' says one, 'that a fellow would go to the trouble of earning a hempen cravat for himself by carrying off a young girl, without making sure of her, any how. By my own soul, I'll engage Father Tackem has spancelled them together afore this time o' night, or else the fellow has made his own of her, in a way not difficult to guess. He'd be an ummadman if he did not.'

This allusion, rendered familiar to the vulgar by the practice too often resorted to in cases of abduction, grated on my ear like the last opening of the convict's cell-door, and dreading a repetition of the thoughtless fellow's insinuations, I desired him, if he thought as he spoke, to return home, and leave to others the humane task of averting from an innocent girl a calamity which no man but a ruffian would patiently contemplate. This had the desired effect; the fellow was reproved, and they all promised to stand by me during the night.

On our right-hand was a mountain, and on the left a bog. In either of these Susan might be concealed, but in which none of us could possibly tell; we therefore resolved to separate into two divisions, and search both places at once. The party under my direction repaired to the mountain, where we made strict inquiry from the inmates of every cabin that we could find, but to no purpose, for they were unable to give us any intelligence. At length, despairing of success, we slowly returned to the place appointed for meeting our comrades, whom we found there before us, their search, like our own, having proved fruitless. The night being now far advanced, we thought it better to relinquish all further proceedings until the morrow, when events might aid our endeavors. A person who kept a shibbeen on one side of the road was aroused, and, after we had expelled the mountain air from our stomachs by the admission of potheen, we proceeded homewards.'

The long red and white streaks which foretell approaching day soon appeared in the east, as if shooting up like pillars from the earth, when the approach of a horseman was heard. A momentary hope dashed upon me, and commanding silence, we all bivouacked in the side of the ditch until the stranger came up, when, springing upon him, I seized his bridle, and demanded who he was, where he was going, and what was his business. Instead of answering all or any of these interrogations, the fellow put spurs to his horse, and endeavored to force his way past me, a circumstance which considerably heightened my suspicions. A blow from Owen M'Farlane's black-thorn stick, on which there were as many nobs as there are carbuncles on my Lord Norbury's nose, brought the rider to the ground, and, as he cried out, 'Spare me, boys!' a wild exclamation of 'Molony, the proctor!' burst from my followers. 'The villain,' said one, 'strangle him!' 'Shoot him!' cried another. 'Blow his brains out!' advised a third. In short, there were as many deaths recommended for Molony as there were persons present, and it was with much difficulty I restrained their fury.

Patrick Molony was five feet six inches high, of a stout make, ruddy cheeks, and a grin of such expression that proclaimed him, in spite of his smooth tongue—knave. His dress always consisted of a beaver hat, a red shawl tied around his neck for a cravat, a loose blue surcoat, velvetten small-clothes, with half a yard of silver chain hanging down from his fob, and a pair of boots, so well and so often greased, that it was im-

possible to say if ever the tops had been a different color from the vamps. Patrick had been once tried for sheep-stealing, and twice convicted of Whiteboyism; but got off each time in consequence, and the censors of useful information. Certain it was that imprisonment wrought a total change in his character. He became sober and parsimonious; neglected his former associates, and entered the service of a neighboring squire, where promotion awaited him. He became land-steward, transacted the pecuniary business of his employer, and finally became the tenant of an extensive farm, from which he had contrived to expel the former holder. Wealth brings consequence. Patrick was now regarded as a sage, and his opinion in fair and market was decisive on all disputed points. The minister of the parish cast an eye upon him as one qualified for his service, and Patrick embraced his proposal, became tithe-proctor, and grew still richer by the opportunities which his employment afforded. From the wealthy he took bribes; from the poor he took promissory notes, but the interest charged in his own pocket, renewed the bill for a bonus, and at last processed the unfortunate holder because the law expenses fell to himself, an attorney permitting him to affix his name to the legal documents. Patrick's skilful management soon threw hundreds into distress, and brought on himself the hatred of his neighbors. Grown great, however, in his own opinion, he despised the censure of his equals, being considered a 'marvellously proper man' by his superiors. Instead of endeavoring to pacify the angry storm that was gathering about him, he increased his 'vexatious practices,' raised higher than ever on the poor cottiers, and took lands over the heads of others, whose cabins he levelled, and converted their potato-gardens into out-farms for himself and sons. His petty tyranny at length became proverbial, and my father had long marked him out as an object of discipline, particularly as he had lately extended the scene of his villainy by becoming tithe-proctor to several of those meek followers of Jesus, who fatten on the produce of the poor man's labor. On the morning in question, he was on his way to a distant parish, for the purpose of having some hundreds processed for arrear of tithes.

Such was the man whose presence excited so much indignation among my friends, and I own that from some specimens of his knavery, which came under my inspection, I regarded him as fair game; but, ever averse to the spilling of blood, except in fair quarrel, I trembled for the fate of Mr. Patrick Molony. Nothing less than the anticipation of his nose and ears, at least, seemed to satisfy his enemies; but these I saved from amputation by a lucky expedient. The daylight had just dawned, and enabled me to discover in an adjoining field an unbacked colt, which I proposed to catch, and place the proctor on his back. Anything ridiculous easily diverts Paddy from his purpose, and my suggestion was instantly acted upon. The colt was brought, and Molony, amid laughter that drowned his piteous exclamations, was stripped to his shirt, seated upon the animal's back, three or four boughs of white-thorn placed under him for a saddle, and then tied hand and foot with a hay-rope, to prevent his leaping off. All things being thus arranged, the colt was let loose, and away he flew with the rapidity of lightning. Distressed as I really felt for Susan, yet I could not help smiling at the ridiculous figure the proctor cut going through the next villages, while the people ran to their doors to gaze in amazement at the strange apparition. My stratagem to save the wretch's life had nearly accelerated his death, for the animal, becoming furious, quitted the road, dashed through the fields, and plunged into a neighboring lake, where himself and rider had been drowned were it not timely interference. As it was, the proctor's posteriors required a month's nursing. Thus ended our Irish tragedy in a farce, for—

'So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awakened ere the tear can be dried;
And, ere the soft rain-droop of pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of folly can turn it aside.

[To be Continued.]

EFFECTS OF COLD.

At a meeting of the British Association, Doctor Osborne read an interesting paper on the effect of cold, as applied to the lungs, the stomach, and the kin. He showed that there is a provision of nature, by which the air in respiration, before it arrives at the ultimate ramification of the bronchial tubes, is heated to such a degree that, even in the coldest climates, the lungs are protected against its effects. When, however, in certain diseases, in consequence of deficiency of nervous energy, the heat of the surfaces of the body is not maintained, then the air arrives in a cold state at the air vesicles of the lungs, the result of which is torpidity of circulation through their capillaries, stagnation, and death. To this he ascribes the frequent cases of sudden death occurring in chronic 'bronchitis' during the night, when the temperature of the apartment has not been secured against the vicissitudes to which our climate is so liable. The stomach appears to enjoy a peculiar insensibility with regard to temperature. Thus an individual sometimes takes tea or other hot beverages at a temperature of 140 or upwards, and ice at 2, without cold or heat being perceived in the stomach—those sensations being only felt in the passages to it. When, however, ice is taken, thirst is frequently experienced, and when large draughts of cold water are taken by a person over-heated, and under the depressing influence of fatigue, then gastritis is a common result. Those occurrences Dr. Osborne illustrated by observations on the effects of cold as seen in the exterior of the body, and by a comparison of these with the experiments relating to inflammation made by Dr. Alison, and reported by him at a former meeting of the association.

By far the most important effect of cold is, however, that which it exerts on the body when applied to the skin. Of fifty-seven patients in Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital, thirty-four could distinctly refer to cold applied in the following manner:—In twelve, wet clothes; five, damp feet; three, bathing; and fourteen, cold air when heated. The reason that meteorology has contributed so little to our knowledge of the influence of the atmosphere on health or disease, is, that no means have been adopted to estimate its cooling power with reference to ourselves. In order to accomplish this object, Dr. Osborne employed an instrument, which he proposed to call a psychometer, or measurer of refrigeration. It is simply a spirit thermometer heated to 90, (that being the average of temperature of the skin), and exposed to the air under any circumstances in which it is desired to try it. It is then inferred that the cooling power is inversely, as the time required to reduce it to 80. By Dr. Osborne's observations, it appeared that the cooling effect of a breeze at 70, is to that of the air at rest at the same temperature as 5 to 1; and, secondly, that at the temperature 62, the cooling effect produced by fanning is nearly as 3 to 1. From the application of this instrument, it is not too much to expect that much light will be thrown on the unhealthy nature of the climates of the West Indies and of the coast of Africa, with respect to which all the observations made with the instruments hitherto in use have completely failed, and which is evidently dependent on the sea and land breezes.

It appeared that the refrigerating power of water at rest at 70 was to air of the same temperature as 14 to 1, and that the refrigerating power of the water was increased by agitation in the ratio of 24 to 15. This corroborates what is well known to swimmers of the benumbing effects of moving through water.

In order to ascertain the extent of refrigeration produced by wearing damp clothes, Dr. Osborne compared the time taken in cooling in air at rest at 68, by the instrument covered in dry cotton wool, and by the same in a damp state, and found the refrigeration sustained in the latter case, to be to that in the former, nearly as 5 to 1, a proportion which would be much greater if the experiment were made in the open air.

DIogenes.—A hypocritical fellow in Athens inscribed over his door, 'Let nothing evil enter here.' Diogenes wrote under, 'By what door does the owner come in?'

[From Mrs. Hall's 'Ireland.']

AN IRISH WEDDING.

* * * * *

We had scarcely passed the tunnel, and entered the county of Kerry, when we encountered a group that interested us greatly. On inquiry, we learned that a wedding had taken place at a cottage pointed out to us, in a little glen among the mountains, and that the husband was bringing home his bride. She was mounted on a white pony, guided by as smart looking and well dressed a youth as we had seen in the country; his face was absolutely radiant with joy; the parents of the bride and bridegroom followed, and a little girl clung to the dress of the staid and sober matron, whom we at once knew to be the mother of the bride, for her aspect was pensive, almost to sorrow; her daughter was quitting for another home the cottage in which she had been reared—to become a wife.

We may take advantage of the occasion to describe the ceremonies and formalities connected with an Irish wedding, presuming, however, that a very essential part of them—the drinking to excess 'for the honor of the bride'—has been of late essentially abridged. When the match is made, it becomes necessary for the bridegroom to obtain a certificate from his parish priest that he is free to contract marriage 'cum quavis similiter soluta' (it is always written in Latin), with any woman equally free from canonical bonds or impediments.

The ceremony is in Latin, what, or nearly what, the church of England ceremony is in English, and the priest closes it by saying 'give your wife the kiss of peace.' A struggle often ensues for the bride's kiss between some young wag of the party and the bridegroom, the latter generally surrendering it good humoredly. The priests, in some instances, discontinue, and in others overlook the practice. We have seen a priest give a severe slap on the face to a young fellow who attempted to snatch the first kiss.

The time most in favor for celebrating weddings is just before Lent. The guests are always numerous, and consist of all ranks, from the lord and lady of the manor through the intermediate grades of gentlemen, squires, farmers, down to the common laborer—wives, of course, included. Perfect equality prevails on this occasion, and yet the natural courtesy of the Irish character prevents any disturbance of social order—every one keeps his place, while, at the same time, the utmost freedom reigns. The dinner is, as we have intimated, usually at the expense of the bride's family, and as nothing is spared in procuring the materials, and the neighboring gentry allow their cooks, &c., to assist, and lend dinner services, &c.; it is always 'got up' in the best style. The priest sits at the head of the table; near him the bride and bridegroom, the coadjutors of the clergyman, and the more respectable guests; the other guests occupy the remainder of the table, which extends the whole length of the house.

Immediately on the cloth being removed, the priest marries the young couple, and then the bridecake is brought in and placed before the priest, who, putting on his stole, blesses it, and cuts it up into small slices, which are handed round on a large dish among the guests, generally by one of the coadjutors. Each guest takes a slice of the cake, and lays down in place of it a donation for the priest, consisting of pounds, crowns, or shillings, according to the ability of the donor. After that, wine and punch go round, as at any ordinary dinner-party. In the course of an hour or so, part of the range of tables is removed, and the musicians



THE 'DRAWING HOME.'

consisting, usually, of a piper and a fiddler), who, during the dinner, had been playing some of the more slow and plaintive of the national airs, now strike up, and the dance immediately commences. First single parties dance reels, jigs, and doubles. Country-dances now succeed, in which, as in the single dances, and the old and the young, rich and poor, the master and his maid, the landlord and his tenant's daughter, as well as the landlord's daughter and his tenant's son—all join together without distinction. Yet it is pleasing to observe how the poor peasants return, on such occasions, the condescension of their superiors without additional respect. During the intervals of the dance, drinking is, or rather was, resumed; and though on these occasions it was often carried to excess, we never new, nor never met any one who knew, of anything like a quarrel taking place at a country wedding. Indeed, we have seen people who, as the saying goes, were 'wicked in their licker,' got intoxicated at these joyous festivals without manifesting ill-temper—on the contrary, they have been remarkably entertaining, as if the general harmony had expelled the demon of discord. Songs are also sung both in English and Irish.

The Irish words of one of them were given to us by a friend, accompanied by a literal translation; we have endeavored to return them to verse; they are sung to the well-known air 'Shule Aroon.'

Oh, have you seen my Norah Fay?
She's left me all the end and long day;
Alone to sing a weary lay;

Go dhí mo vourneen, slau;
Shule, shule, shule, aroon;
Shule go sochir, agus shule go cne,
Shule go theev dorris agus eilig lúme,
As' go dhí mo vourneen, slau.

You'll know her by her raven hair,
Her deep blue eye, her forehead fair,
Her step and laugh that banish care;
As' go dhí mo vourneen, slau.

In form you may her semblance find,
But none like her, of womankind,
If you can see her heart and mind;
As' go dhí mo vourneen, slau.

Oh, bring to me my Norah Fay,
For hours are days when she's away;
The sun looks dark, and sweet birds say,
Go dhí mo vourneen, slau,
Shule, shule, shule, aroon;
Shule go sochir, agus shule go cne,
Shule go theev dorris agus eilig lúme,
As' go dhí mo vourneen, slau.

In the course of the night a collection is made for 'the music,' and another for the poor. The

dancing generally continues till morning, when the first intimation of breaking up is the dancing of the figure called 'Sir Roger de Covery.' As soon as that dance is over, all the more timid part of the female guests slip out of the house, to avoid the finale, which is follows:—the music strikes up the quadrille air called 'Voulez-vous danser,' a gentleman goes round with a handkerchief, which he throws round the neck of any girl he chooses, falls on his knees, gently pulls her down and kisses her; then giving her the handkerchief, continues a kind of trot round the house; the lady does the same with any gentleman she likes, and giving him the handkerchief, catches the first gentleman by the skirts of the coat, and trots after him around the house. This is done alternately by all present, until all the young men and women are trotting round catching hold of each other as in the play of 'Chickens come cluck.' They then form a ring around the last person who has the handkerchief, who selects a lady or gentleman, as the case may be, and after another salutation leads his or her partner to a seat. This is done until the whole circle is broken up; and thus terminates a country wedding.

Yet, amid the want so often attendant upon the young and thoughtless marriages of the Irish peasantry, it is wonderful to note how closely heart clings to heart. Poverty, the most severe and prolonged, rarely creates disunion, and never separation. The fidelity of the poor Irish wife is proverbial, she will endure labor, hunger, and even ill-usage, to an almost incredible extent, rather than break the marriage vow; we have known cases in abundance.

CALL THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.—Tom Cooke tells a story of an occurrence at a provincial theatre in Ireland, where Macready was personating Virginus. In preparing for the scene, in which the body of Dentatus is brought on the stage, the manager called to Pat, his property-man, for the bier.

Pat being of a 'heavy' temperament, responded to the call by saying he would fetch it 'immediatly.' Pat next made his appearance with a full foaming pot of the right sort, and was received with anger for his stupidity.

'The bier, you blockhead,' thundered the manager.

'And isn't it here?' exclaimed Pat, presenting the mug.

'Not that, you donkey; I mean the barrow for Dentatus.'

'Then why don't you call things by their right names?' muttered Pat. 'Who would suppose you meant the barrow when you called for beer?'

THE FAST DAY.—That reminds me of what happened to me going up in a boat; it was a Friday, and the dinner, as you may suppose, was not very good, but there was a beautiful cut of salmon just before me, about a pound and a half—maybe two pounds; this I slipped quietly on my plate, observing to the company in this way.—'Ladies and gentlemen, this is fast day with me,' when a big fellow, with big whiskers, stooped across the table, cut my bit of fish in two halves, calling out as he carried off one.—'Bad scan to ye, d'ye think nobody has a sowl to save but yourself?'

BRASS.

I've turned my brain to various themes,
But ne'er before to Brass;
Have raked my brain with many schemes,
To claim through life a pass.
But nature made my face of clay,
Which seems misfortune dire—
A brazen front we need each day
To help us to aspire.

A man untinctured with the ore
Should not be left at large;
He may not earn enough on shore
To pay his parish charge.
Tis folly in this flaunting age
To show a modest face;
Brass is the clown, and Brass the rage;
It leads off in the chase.

The cabbage grows the dairy down—
Popples out-scent the rose;
Brass dignifies the brainless clown,
And gives him great repose.
The pumpkin far out-swells the peach—
The burdock scorns the pink;
Brass often fancies it can teach
Real flesh and blood to think.

Then why may I not bravely sing
In praise of starring brass;
It seems, in this mad age, the thing
To raise to power an—ass.
The voice of gold breaks on the air,
And says, 'I'm King of Earth';
But brass, which hoots down all despair,
Claims prior right by birth.

Brass stares unflinching in the face
Of 'en 'Old Nick' himself,
And mocks all modesty and grace
While clamoring for pelf;
He wears a self-sufficient look,
And swags with such an air!
I've hail a mind to write a book
On Brass—it would be rare.

Yes, I have sung on many themes,
But ne'er before on Brass;
Have raked my brain with many schemes,
To claim through life a pass.
But Nature made my face of clay,
Which seems misfortune dire;
A brazen front makes clear the way
For ninnies to aspire.

MY CONSULSHIP.

ROME AND POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

At the close of one of the brightest June days of 1846, as the sun was kindling his evening fires on the dome of St. Peter's, in one of the magnificent chambers of the Vatican, Gregory XVI. lay dying. He was a very old man; his thin hair was white as silver, and the veins lay large and blue on his hands and temples; and his voice was complaining like a sick child's; and he asked Gaitano, his favorite servant, to turn him in his bed, and then to draw aside the damask curtains of the western window, and let the glorious sun beam once more on his eye. It did shine kindly on his white face, and the golden doors, and the porphyry columns, and the stately hanging of his couch, and even Raphael's 'fresco' angels looked kindly down on the old man, and he asked Gaitano if he thought he was very sick.

And then that western sky became all gold and purple, and, as it paled into night, the stars came out, still and piercing, through the blue; and a thousand bells sent their Ave-Maria chimings away over the Campanian fields, and far up among those stars; and noisy bustle of Rome died slowly into its evening murmur, and the great city's pulse beat calmly, like the night heaving of the sea; and all nature was kind.

Our readers know that the Popes are elected by the College of Cardinals. They assemble immediately after the funeral ceremonies of the deceased Pontiff are over, shut themselves up, and have no communication with the world till the new Pope is elected, and he must be one of their number. There

can never be but seventy-two Cardinals at one time, and there are seldom so many. They may be appointed in any part of the world, from those prelates who have passed to the rank of bishops or archbishops; and they are chosen by the Pope himself. Generally they are Italians, and more than half of them reside permanently in Rome. The moment, however, the Pope is dead, couriers are despatched in every part of the world where cardinals reside, to inform them of the event, that they may hasten to the capital of the Catholic world, to participate in what must always be regarded as an important one—the creation of a new Pontiff.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 9th June, 1846, the Senator of Rome, whose duty it was, caused the great bell on the Campidoglio to toll. It is never struck but for the death of a Pontiff.

The first note told Rome that her sovereign was dead. A response came back from every tower and spire of the city, and thus the news was telegraphed on all sides, from belfry to belfry, till the last hamlet of the Roman States knew that the sad reign of Gregory was ended.

The Cardinal Tommaso Riario Sforza, first deacon of Santa Maria in via Lata, and chamberlain of the Pontifical palace, assembled the members of the Apostolical Chamber, and at their head proceeded to the Palace, attended by a large number of the officers of the army.

He led the way to the chamber where the body of Gregory was lying, and kneeling by its side, murmured a prayer. He then uncovered the white head of the deceased, while he repeated the 'De profundis,' with emotion, over the form of the old man he loved.

The Notary-Secretary then read the acknowledgment of the receipt of the 'pastoral ring,' from the 'Maestro di Camera,' Medici d'Ottiano. This pastoral ring has descended through a long line of Pontiffs. It is put upon the fore-finger of the right hand of the Pope, from which it is never removed till death.

The chamberlain, attended by the Swiss Guards, then returned to his residence, robed in the magnificent costume of the fifteenth century, bailed with the supreme military honors due to him, according to custom, during the vacancy of the Holy See.

That night the body of the deceased Pope was embalmed, and the following day, in compliance with the prescribed ceremonial, it was enveloped in fine linen, and laid upon a spread of crimson silk, embroidered and fringed with gold. Four of the noble guards, in their scarlet uniform, with drawn swords, were posted at the head and feet of their dead sovereign, and by their side were kneeling the 'penitencieri,' fathers of the 'Basilica' of the Vatican, repeating, in low sepulchral chorus, the prayers they began the moment they heard that the soul had departed.

The same night, the viscera and heart of the deceased were deposited in an urn, and borne, like those of all the Pontiffs, to the Church of San Vincenzo and Saint Atanasio, under the guard of Monsignore Arpi, private chaplain of Gregory, with two grooms, bearing lighted torches, walking by the side of the carriage.

On the morning of the 12th, the grand funeral obsequies began. In the centre of the Basilica, a vast and magnificent funeral pile, for the reception of the precious urn, had been constructed by the Count Virginio Vespignani, architect of the Chamberlain of the Roman Church. It was sustained by columns, ornamented with statues, and illuminated by grand candelabra, and a forest of wax torches.

The sacred college and the other dignitaries of the church, the diplomatic corps, the military authorities, and a host of illustrious personages, were crowded around the illuminated pile.

On the 13th, the funeral oration of Gregory was pronounced, in the presence of sacred college, by a friend of the Pontiff—as every man's should be—S. G. Rosani, Bishop of Eritrea.

On the morning of the 14th, the College of Cardinals assembled in St. Peter's to celebrate the mass of

the Holy Spirit, and listen to the discourse on the election of Gregory's successor.

St. Peter's presented a grand appearance. Rome was crowded together under the arches of that mighty temple, less to witness the magnificent spectacle, than to join the solemn prayers offered up to God for a blessing on the choice to be made. The sacred college is divided into three orders, and when full (which is rarely the case), consists of seventy cardinals—six cardinal-bishops, fifty cardinal-priests, and fourteen deacons; a number established by a decree of Sixtus V., to correspond with the number of ancients of the people of Israel, and of the disciples of Christ.

A few hours after this discourse was delivered in St. Peter's, the College assembled in the church of San Silvestro, and the conclave opened; they were not to separate till they had elected a new Pope. As this imposing train of princes followed the magnificent banner of the cross into the temple, black clouds came rolling up over the Campagna, and settled down over Rome—thunder-peals broke, and lightning flashed along the edges of the clouds. The crowding myriads who gazed on the sight felt that Heaven itself was preparing still darker days for Rome. Those who were more hopeful interpreted the augury as an indication only of a strife of the elements, that would have a purer air and a clearer sky; while here and there a few, who had faith that better times were approaching, saw God himself coming down in his chariot of fire to scatter the hosts of the enemies of his people, and reveal his almighty arm of deliverance. Some were stirred with one passion, and some with another; but there was not a man in that vast crowd that did not feel his heart beat quicker as the doors of the church closed on the palpitating thousands, and fifty-two men, in whose hands the destinies of Italy, and perhaps of Europe, were placed, entered the conclave.

The doors of the church closed; what was going on in that solemn conclave, Rome could not tell—no soul beyond its walls could conjecture. We shall take the reader inside that secret conclave, and tell him what was done there.

In the meantime, a hundred thousand anxious Roman citizens went to their homes, as lurid flashes of lightning were streaming, and heavy peals of thunder were breaking over the assembled conclave.

The news of the death of Gregory had gone over Europe, and from fifty nations the friends of light and liberty were turning towards Rome, to know the result of that conclave.

And high above Rome, with its cardinal college, its anxious citizens, and its thunder-storm, and high above all Europe, too, was the God of nations, who ruleth among the inhabitants of the earth, and giveth its kingdoms to whomsoever he will. He had not abandoned Italy!

When the doors of the church of St. Silvester closed behind the procession of cardinals, at two o'clock on the 14th of June, 1846, they assembled in the Paulina chapel. We shall trace, step by step, the doings of the college, for we have never seen any authentic account given of the election of Pius IX.

The first act of the assembled cardinals was to swear to observe all the regulations and usages of the sacred conclave. They then entered their cells, where they received visits from foreign ambassadors, princes, prelates, and other personages of rank. Every Catholic court of Europe was represented there in the person of a minister, and almost every government of the civilized world, except our own, in the person of some accomplished diplomatist—all working for their distant masters, hoping in some manner to influence the election of the new Pope.

At last the clock struck the hour, which was the signal for departure, and every person except those whose duty it was, by the Constitution of the Church of Rome, to assist in the solemn business before the conclave, withdrew. All the issues and passages to the chapel were walled up, with the exception of the towers and the principal door, whose key was confided to the guard of the marshal of the Holy See.

The sacred college then addressed itself to the solemn

business of choosing a new Prince for Rome, and the Roman Church. The carriages of ambassadors, princes, and prelates rolled away, and the crowd slowly began to disperse from Monte Cavallo. The cardinals occupied, according to a custom in use since Pius VII., the building of the Swiss, which extends along the street Pia, as well as the small palace fronting the Four Fountains. All communication between these buildings and the principal court of the grand palace had also been walled up, except the door of the royal saloon, by which the cardinals passed to the Pauline chapel, where the votes were examined. Large barriers covered with tapestry, and guarded by Swiss soldiers, armed with halberds, intercepted the passage from that part of the street Pia, corresponding to the conclave.

The blinds and shutters of all the windows of the place were closed, and the Grand Lodge over the entrance was walled up to the top, and could not be opened but for the new Pope to pass out, to give his first pontifical benediction. The cells of the electors were disposed on either side of the long corridor of the building of the Swiss. Those on one side looked on the street Pia; the others on the pontifical gardens. Cardinal Mastai (Pius IX.) was in one of the latter.

Nine torri (or turning boxes), opened in the different walls, served to communicate between the interior and exterior of the conclave. Three were reached from the top of the royal stairway, and through these the cardinals must receive their visits and messages. They could not, however, hold communication even by these means with any person without witnesses, for the speakers were guarded and watched by the conservators and prelate-auditors, who had taken a solemn oath never to violate their sacred trust. The other six torri were used for passing food to the cardinals, which was prepared in their own houses, and carried to them every day, about noon, by their own servants, in great state, in the carriages of their masters, escorted by gentlemen in waiting. The dinner, plate, and furniture of the table were enclosed in immense baskets, and in the following order the servants of each cardinal approached the cells of their princely masters:

Two grooms, with golden-headed canes, opened the procession. The body-servant of each cardinal followed, with the plate of his lord turned down, if he was made a cardinal by the late Pope. Next came the gentlemen of the cardinal's household; and, last of all, two servants to each basket. They all stop in the saloon which conduct to the torri, and the prelate-guards, with knife in hand, cut and carve up every dish, pie, or pastry, even to the chickens' wings, to see that no letter, or note, or signal, be thus introduced from the external world. The mace bearer then proclaims, in a loud voice, the name of his cardinal, and calls for the conclave cameriere, who comes to the torri, and passes the plate, dinner, etc., to the hand of his master. The passage is then closed for the next twenty-four hours.

All persons who, without being members of the sacred college, nevertheless attend its sessions in its service, are made to pass out, one by one, into the chapel Paulina, and swear on the Holy Evangelists that they will never speak or reveal what transpires within the holy walls. There are three cameriers (or body-servants) of each elector, the secretary of the college, and three assistants; the sacristan and undersacristan of the apostolical palace, with three priests to aid them; six masters of ceremonies; the confessor of the conclave; two physicians, a surgeon, and two aids; an architect, a carpenter, and a mason; and, finally, thirty-five general attendants. This ends the doings of the first day.

[To be Continued.]

TEMPTATION.—An aged Quakeress, the other afternoon, was seen intently gazing upon a piece of richly embroidered satin, displayed in a linen-draper's shop-window. An Irishman, passing, smiled as he saw the fascination of the dame. 'Ah,' said he, 'that's Satin tempting Eve.'

IRISH DROLLERY.

An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Bristol, is related by one of the British press. Having to appear for a plaintiff, in a case at Clonmell, he let into the defendant in nomeasured terms. The individual inveighed against not being present, only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got back into Dublin, the defendant, a Tipperary man, named Foley, lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and, covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the bridle of his smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and, opening the street-door, beheld the apparition of the rough coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers. 'Is your master up?' demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

'No,' answered the man.

'Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley—he'll know the name—will be glad to see him.'

The valet went up stairs, and told his master, who was in bed, the purport of his visit.

'Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life,' said Barrington, 'for it is not a hare nor a brace of ducks he has come to present me with.'

The man was leaving the bedroom, when a rough coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said, 'By your leave,' and at the same time Mr. Foley entered the bedroom.

'You know my business, sir,' said he to Barrington; 'I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it's not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body,' and, at the same time, he cut a figure of eight with his shillelah before the cheval glass.

'You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed,' exclaimed Daines, who had as much honor as cool courage.

'No,' replied the other, 'but get up as soon as you can.'

'Yes,' replied Daines, 'that you might fell me the moment I put myself out of the blankets.'

'No,' replied the other, 'I pledge you my word not to touch you till you are out of bed.'

'You won't?'

'No.'

'Upon your honor?'

'Upon my honor.'

'That is enough,' said Daines, turning over, and making himself comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep. 'I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the castle guard.'

The Tipperary salamander looked marvellously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

'Halloa,' said Mr. Foley, 'aren't you going to get up?'

'No,' said Daines, 'I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken. I will never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure and air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold as reading a damp journal,' and Daines affected to go to sleep.

The Tipperary had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel. 'Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of bed, I have not the pluck to hurt so droll a heart.'

The result was, that in less than an hour afterwards

Daines and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assailing a dish of smoking chops.

AN ANTIQUARY

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation are in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slight the future, but has a great value of what is past and gone, like the madman who fell in love with Cleopatra. He is an old frippery philosopher, that has so strange a natural affection to worm-eaten speculation, that it is apparent he has a worm in his skull. He honors his forefathers and foremothers, but condemns his parents as too modern, and no better than upstarts. He neglects himself, because he was born in his own time and so far off antiquity which he so much admires, and repines like a younger brother, because he came so late into the world. He spends the one-half of his time in collecting old insignificant trifles, and the other in strewing them, which he takes singular delight in, because the oftener he does it the further they are from being new to him. All his curiosities take place one of another, according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they have done. He throws away his time in inquiring after that which has past and gone so many ages since, like one that shoots away an arrow to find out another that was lost before. He fetches things out of dust and ruins, like the fable of the chymical plant raised out of its own ashes. He values one old invention that is lost, and never to be recovered, before all the new ones in the world, though ever so useful. As every man has but one father, two grandfathers, and a world of ancestors, so he has a proportional value for things that are ancient, and the further off the greater.

He is a great time-saver, but it is out of time, out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world, and since this his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old that he may truly say to dust and worms, 'you are my father, thou art my mother.' He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward on the days of old, and his brains are turned with them as if he walked backwards. He had rather interpret one obscure word in an old senseless discourse than be the author of the most ingenious new one. He devours an old manuscript with greater relish than worms and moths do; and, though there be nothing in it, values it above anything printed, which he accounts but a novelty. When he happens to cure a small botch in an old author, he is as proud of it as if he had got the philosopher's stone, and could cure all the diseases of mankind. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems too customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use.

TAKING.—Colonel Watson is a fine looking man, is n't he? said a friend to me lately. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I was taken for him the other day,' continued my friend. 'You?' said I, 'why, you are as ugly as sin!' 'I don't care for that, I was taken for him once—I endorsed his bill, and I was taken for him by the bailiff.'



THE IRISH COW DOCTOR.

THE COW DOCTOR.

To give a general idea of the cow doctor, he is invariably an old bachelor, had once upon a time been the sporten (a gay fellow) of some village, and attended all the dances and hurling matches for miles around the country. No meeting of any kind was complete without his presence. How it was that he neglected the matrimonial yoke is difficult to determine; whether it was that his admiration of the fair sex was so great that he was loth to offend all by a 'single selection of one,' or that he feared by such selection he might regret his choice, if afterwards he became acquainted with one of more superior attractions. Meantime, in giving this important question too much consideration, he neglects his small 'holding,' has become reduced in circumstances, and as he lives on through years of misfortune, a change gradually comes 'o'er the spirit of his dream,' for, as 'experience teacheth,' the experiments he had formerly practised on his own cattle have converted him from an eccentric into a scientific, and if not a sad, at least a wise man. He is now recognized by the farmers of his district as the cow doctor, from the skill he exercises in curing their distempered cattle, when all the resources they had previously adopted proved unavailing. The home of the cow doctor is not the most delectable. Unlike the generality of mankind, he much more prefers the hearths of his neighbors to his own fire-

side, which he seldom graces by his presence, unless when he cannot possibly avoid it. As he is in great demand through the country, he always contrives to make his visits visitations, and the entertainment he receives from the owner of his patient is all he expects directly to gain for his professional services.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, KING OF FRANCE.

Cards were invented by Jacquerrinn Gringoureux, a painter at Paris, in the reign of Charles the Sixth, King of France, to amuse that prince, who was occasionally insane. Piquet was the first game played. The ace was named from the Latin word 'As,' which signifies, generally, wealth. Spades and diamonds mean arms, the heavy arrows formerly shot from cross-bows, being shaped like the diamonds in cards. Hearts mean courage. Clubs represents trefoil, an herb that grows in meadows; this was to imply that a general should never encamp without good opportunities for forage. The kings, originally, were portraits of David, son of Jesse, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Charlemagne, each with his esquire, from ecuyer, called in the middle ages valet, or knave, titles in those days considered as honorable. Judith, queen of hearts, was designed as a picture of the lovely Isabeau de Barriere, wife of Charles the Sixth. Argine, the queen of clubs, is an anagram, formed of regina, and was a representation of Mary of Anjou, wife of Charles the Seventh

of France. The queen of diamonds, under the name of Lachel, was Agnes de Soreille, the mistress of that prince; and the queen of spades, under the semblance of Minerva, was designed as a picture of Joan d'Arc. The commencement of the insanity of Charles the Sixth is thus related:—That monarch was seized with a slow fever at Mans; on his march to attack the Duke of Brittany, his impatience to proceed induced him to resist the advice of his physicians, and to continue his march. As he passed through a forest between Mans and La Fleche, in the heat of the day, the bridle of his horse was suddenly seized by a man in wretched apparel, black and hideous, who exclaimed, 'My king, where are you going? you are betrayed!' and then instantly disappeared. At that moment, a page, who carried the king's lance, and who, under the pressure of fatigue, had fallen asleep, let fall the lance on a helmet which another page carried before him. This noise, with the sudden appearance and exclamation of the man, concurred to produce an immediate and fatal effect on the king's imagination. He drew his sword, and struck furiously on every side; three persons, beside the page who dropped his lance, were the victims of his frenzy; at length the king was disarmed and secured. The violence of the effort had exhausted his strength, and he was conveyed, sen eless and motionless, to Mans. This account, strange and improbable as it may appear, is yet supported by the concurrent testimonies of contemporary historians. The delirium lasted for three days; but though he recovered from it, he no longer possessed that clear comprehension and strength of judgment which had formerly distinguished him, and another extraordinary accident replunged him into his former frenzy, which unhappy state continued, though with some intervals of reason, to the last moments of his life.

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF SMOKING.

It might be supposed that as tobacco is necessarily burnt when employed in smoking, its injurious properties are destroyed. This is by means the case. The active principle of tobacco consists in an oil, called an essential or volatile oil, because it can be raised in the form of vapor, like water or spirit. This oil, when separately collected, is one of the most active poisons known. In smoking, a small quantity of it is drawn into the mouth, where it mixes with the saliva. Its poisonous effects are more conspicuous in inexperienced and young smokers, not only because their nerves are unaccustomed to it, and therefore more sensible to the effects of a small dose, but because they are more apt to swallow the spittle contaminated with the smoke; and also, by quickly drawing the air through the burning tobacco, they cause a larger quantity of oil to reach the mouth. The poisonous effect of tobacco, as exhibited on raw smokers, are giddiness, intoxication, and distressing sickness, which continue for a considerable time. Notwithstanding these effects, a silly and childish notion that smoking is a very fine thing, and makes those seem manly, who have little or nothing of manliness to recommend them, induces the young smoker to go on until his sensibility is blunted to these unpleasant effects, and he is only conscious of the seducing excitement or stupidity, which he finds so delightful that the temptation can hardly be overcome.

A CONTENTED MAN.—A druggist was aroused by the ringing of his night-bell. He arose, went down stairs, and had to serve a customer with a dose of salts. His wife grumbled, 'What profit do you get out of that penny?' 'A half penny,' replied the assiduous druggist. 'And for that ha'penny you'll be awake a long time!' rejoined the wife. 'Never mind,' added the placid druggist, 'the dose of salts will keep him awake much longer; let us thank Heaven that we have the profit and not the pain of the transaction.'

IRISH MISCELLANY

THOMAS O'NEILL . . . PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1869.

IRISH CRIME AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The love for freedom, the love for home, the adhesion to old customs, love for association, and love for a religion made sacred by persecution, seems to make up the crime for which the Irish people at home and abroad are held guilty. That they will not bow down their heads to the English yoke, nor meekly submit to a slavery of mind and body which has no parallel in the civilized world, is the crime of not only to-day but of centuries gone by. They have been decapitated and quartered, from Primate Plunkett to the Shiers's, and from Lord Maguire to Robert Emmet. The antipodes have been peopled with ardent lovers of fatherland, who, aspiring to nationality and freedom, have been made outcasts and toilers on the most inhospitable islands and shores of the remotest portions of the globe. They have been driven into exile by the million, and starved into premature graves by British ministers and British policy; yet have they retained that virtue which ever and everywhere distinguishes them—

'A love for home and altars free.'

Poets have indulged in defining human character from the possession or absence of this love—

'He that loves not home loves nothing.'

While another says:—

'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land.'

And again—

'A man's first, best country ever is at home.'

Thus have poets sung. Love for home and freedom, universally acknowledged a virtue—love, the noblest attribute of God—is the crime for which Irishmen at home and abroad are arraigned and found guilty.

England has been preaching unprecedented prosperity in Ireland of late years; but the lull in Irish hate for the government of that country was the peace of the grave; two million souls returned to the presence of the Almighty, who knew they were murdered by British wrong. The youths not yet grown to manhood are found on the side of truth, justice and Ireland, and for the safety of British power it is necessary again to resort to the dungeon and the scaffold. Twelve or fourteen young men (or boys)—are incarcerated amidst the warlike pomp of power and bayonets. Treason to the state makes ministers alert; the boys talk love for Ireland and hate for the oppressor; they remember the ruined temples and the famine pits, and some remember the parental roof-tree, the cot from which they were ejected by some dastard or profligate, who, by law, filled a pulpit four times in the year that he might, by the said law, tax and trample the rightful owners of the soil, and some, perhaps, remember a mother or a sister dying by the roadside, driven forth in fever by the exterminating brigade, and, harrowed by its memory, vowed a vengeance at some future day.

Glorious love for freedom! Ireland now, as ever, is true to her aspirations, and cowardly and degenerate must be the son who does not admire the living fire still intensely burning. With Moore, 'we never can forget her'—

'No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.'

England's Christianity and civilization are manifested to the world in India at this moment, for in thousands the natives are shot down and bayoneted in cold blood, till her own soulless and wretched butchers cry out 'shame.'

Ribbonism is the pretext for more penal laws in Ireland. The church is opposed to crime; not only so, but she is conservative; secret societies must receive her ban; the people love their clergymen, and obey them, thus, without arms or the countenance of those who alone can bring success, futile must ever be the efforts of the few who thus give the enemy another pretext, while Ireland's success is only delayed till a unity of purpose and of thought be compatible with the preaching and receive the sanction of the clergy, from whom the people have never been separated.

PATRONIZE YOUR OWN PAPERS first, in all cases, and then, if occasion requires and your means admit of it, extend your favors to other journals. To act otherwise is not to deal fairly towards those who are devoting their capital, their time, and their energies in your defence and for your pleasure and improvement. What kind of justice is that, we would respectfully ask, which selects a daily paper, crowded already with advertisements of every conceivable kind and extent, for calling attention to a lecture, a ball, a business notice, or any other branch of industry, where the chances are ten to one that they will go unread, while a family journal, which is taken home and attentively perused, is overlooked, and may be languishing for want of that very patronage which causes a plethora in the treasury of those sheets that perhaps treat your cause with contempt? In New York and elsewhere, they manage these things better, as few matters, indeed, deserving the public notice, fail to find their way into those papers that were designed originally as mediums of communication for the classes they address and edify. We would by no means be understood to favor anything like clannishness; but we are led to these remarks by a few recent cases in point, although a consciousness of the injustice of rushing to newspaper offices already in the full enjoyment of an extensive business, to the exclusion of those that need advertisements, has long been subject of wonderment to every observer. Mr. McGee's lecture, for instance, was announced in the Herald only; but the readers of that journal looked in vain for a word concerning the address before or since its delivery; and the journeyman tailors favored this same paper with an exclusive advertisement of their late ball; yet, though the Journal and the Ledger alluded in flattering terms the next morning to this pleasant gathering, the Herald, as usual, made of it no mention whatever. It has long been a topic of remark, as was stated in a society where we chanced to be quite recently, that, whereas the Boston Herald is extensively patronized by the Irish, the only other noticeable feature thereof is that its charges are invariably the most exorbitant. We have no earthly motive in thus writing but a due sense of inflexible justice. The Herald, no doubt, deserves its prosperity, and we trust envy does not prompt our feeble remarks. We repeat, however, what is there of fair dealing in the course of those who have papers of their own, and who nevertheless refuse to send to them their favors, but persist in going where the crowd goes? What advantage is it to a party having business to transact in Boston to know that his advertisement may be read in Loo-foo-choo or the Fejee Islands? Depend upon it, reader, if the right course of patronizing first your own papers was generally adopted, the result would be mutually beneficial; for what one might pass unheeded would be certain to be observed by others, who would relate it to those to whom you looked for participation in your pleasures, sympathy in your reverses, or the purchase of your wares and merchandises. Too many, we regret to add, seem to appreciate more the favorable opinion of those who, when they deign to notice them, in reality only palaver from sinister motives.

NOT TO EVERY ONE was it given to enjoy this season a merry Christmas. Passing in the 6 o'clock train from the Worcester depot on Christmas eve, our attention was arrested when near the Harvard street crossing, in Boston, by the ghastly spectacle of a mutilated corpse lying near the track, the flickering light of a dim lantern, in the hands of a sorrowing attendant, only helping to add to the gloom. A locomotive had a little while before brought in the Newton train of cars, and was backing out from the depot at a point—which should be closed against public travel—where a complete network of rails suffices to baffle the most collected mind in determining whither to go and avoid personal injury. The deceased proved to be Michael Kane, a stone-cutter, 37 years of age, residing at 107 Kneeland street, where he leaves a wife and two children in destitute circumstances, who happened, unfortunately for himself, to be on this treacherous ground, was run over by the locomotive, and of course instantly killed. The daily papers, in chronicling the catastrophe, taking their cue perhaps from some employé of the railroad corporation, declared, with one exception, that the dead man was intoxicated, while the Herald, as if determined to eclipse its contemporaries, indulged in the following strain of fine writing: 'An elucidation of the stupid conduct of the deceased may be deduced from the fact that he had been partaking freely from a bottle containing bad rum, which was found upon his person.' What thoughtlessness, not to say criminality, is here evinced! Was this penny-a-liner quite sure that the deceased 'had been partaking freely from a bottle,' and what authority had he for determining its contents 'bad rum'? These are, however, stereotyped phrases, by no means calculated to excite remark, particularly when the object happens to be an Irish laborer. Because a poor man, who cannot afford to employ a messenger, is on Christmas night carrying homeward a little liquor, and is run over in a most dangerous locality, he is forsooth, without further evidence, pronounced drunk! Did we but know the relatives of the departed, and were we satisfied that they could adduce evidence of his sobriety only a little while before the calamity, we should by all means urge them immediately to sue the railroad company for meat damages.

THE MESSRS. CHICKERING appear to be full of the same spirit of Christian benevolence that made the honored name of Jonas Chickering so long synonymous in our city with all the attributes of charity. The splendid donation of a piano to the late Orphan's Fair was merely indicative of the goodness of heart which invariably characterizes these gentlemen, as evidence is abundant of their philanthropy, some of which is in our possession, that we should be happy to lay before our readers were we not sensible how repulsive parade of this kind would be to those public-spirited gentlemen. But the presentation to the orphans was announced in the daily papers, although the fact of its having been disposed of at private sale, for the sum of \$300, has not been before published, and, in behalf of the destitute children in this community, we beg leave to express our gratitude to the Messrs. Chickering for this timely donation, and for other numerous works of charity.

THE CLOSING YEAR.—We need scarcely remind our agents and subscribers that the end of the first year of our paper is now drawing to a close. Those having unsettled accounts will please govern themselves accordingly.

THE MISCELLANY BOUND.—We will have about one hundred copies bound immediately after the issue of number 52.

J. FORD, importer and wholesale dealer in foreign and domestic liquors, 166 and 168 Federal street.

(Written for the Miscellany.)

THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF SLANE.

BY M. W. CORDETT.

Attend, each true Mission, to this my weak narration,
While in discomfition, I ponder for a while
In silent meditation, to state the elevation,
Likewise the ruination, of a religious pile;
This abbey once respected, alas! now stands neglected,
I really did inspect it, which once increase my pain,
That man's degenerated and Erin is defeated,
Which leaves depopulated the ancient church of Slane.

It was in the fifth century, in this delightful country,
After St. Patrick's entry upon our fertile shore,
He raised this grand foundation, the wonder of our nation,
That's held in veneration, and will till time's no more;
In fact it's truly stated that he has consecrated
St. Erik, it is related of Iarna's noble plain,
And history does mention he got St. Patrick's sanction
To rule the holy mansion that's on the hill of Slane.

One thousand years and better this spot advanced in letters,
Till Erin she in letters, alas! then, has been bound;
The British violators and vile assassins
Did basely ruinate and nearly dragged her down;
They left just but a sample to show how they did trample;
To follow their example perhaps they would us blame;
But he is lost in slumber, and with man cannot be number-
ed,
That won't cry out like thunder—"Revenge the church of
Slane."

Learning here it flourished, religion it was nourished,
The stranger he was cherished, and always found relief;
Men of the highest station came here for education—
From France, that brilliant nation, came Dogerbart, their
chief;

Literature it blazed, and mankind stood amazed,
And empires they have gazed on such numbers that have
come
To this spot, so delighting, their manners for to brighten,
And talents to enlighten, on the ancient hill of Slane.

This pious grand foundation is made the habitation
Of the vilest brute creation, likewise the feathered race,
And for to speak in candor, although disrobed of splendor,
Yet still majesty grandeur the hallowed temple grace;
It has outlived the storm of heretic's alarm,
In spite of every harm of either bug or dean;
This vainly institution defies all persecution
Or novel revolution, on the ancient hill of Slane.

No more the bell in motion will call to devotion
The saint of high promotion or slauer unto prayer,
No more the celebration of Mass or exultation
Will rise to elevation the heart distressed with care;
No more the grand procession will make a deep impression,
Or call unto confusion the soul distressed with pain;
Oh, no, those days are vanished, and the clergy they are
banished,
That mankind once admonished, on the ancient hill of
Slane.

To speak with real sincerity, the blustering winds of heresy,
Though backed with the impurity of Luther's art and skill,
Her doctrine could not sever, forsake it he will never,
And him to it ever, she'll reign triumphant still;
The rack, the flames, the halter could never make her falter,
Her creed she'll never alter, I boldly do maintain,
For virtue is her manner, truth is stamped upon her ban-
ner,
So farewell dear pile of honor and ancient church of Slane.

[We think our friend has been reading Shiel's
Shamrocks—Ed. IRISH MIS.]

STANZAS.

They tell of a flower that sleeps all the day,
But shines in its beauty by night;
And when it's companion are blooming and gay,
That lovely one hides from the sight.

But some through the garden pass heedless on,
And deem it a weed of the bower;
When those of the day to their slumbers are gone,
The fragrance comes forth from that flower.

Thus some who, when life is all sunny and bright,
Like the flowers that shine with the ray,
Come forth with our day-beams, but shrink from our
night,
And when sorrow appears, glide away.

But others, when sadness is over the heart,
Which struggles in vain with its power,
Their fragrance around us thus kindly impart,
And soothe, if not gladden, the hour.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE
LIFE OF A SOLDIER;

—IN THE—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

THREE MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT, OR A SOLDIER'S CRIME.

One day in the month of July, 183—, our regiment had just returned from a field day upon the famed Curragh of Kildare, and we were unsaddling and grooming our horses when a detachment of the 33d foot, with twelve or thirteen carts, conveying convicts towards Dublin, from Monasterevan, halted at the barrack gate. The officer in command represented to our commanding officer that his orders were to convey the convicts to Naas, some six miles distant, but that his men were giving out through the excessive heat of the weather and fatigue from the length of the day's march. Some were completely overcome, and were fainting from exhaustion, and he feared the result upon the rest of his men should he proceed further.

Our colonel gave orders for an escort of our men, and halted the party of infantry. It was my lot to form one of the escorting party, and, having saddled quickly, we soon relieved the tired infantry. We formed in front of the prisoners, and received orders to load with ball cartridge—a practice always adopted when conveying prisoners—I presume to deter them from attempting to escape, and to warn their friends that any effort to rescue them would be fatal to the prisoners, as, in such case, they would be the first shot.

While these preliminaries were being arranged, two of the soldiers whom I was relieving took occasion, while delivering their charge to my safe keeping, to draw my attention to a lad some 17 or 18 years of age, who they said had been convicted on a charge of incendiarism, and sentenced to transportation for life. It was, they informed me, the general belief that he was innocent of the crime. A young man standing beside him was his brother, who had accompanied him all the way, and was proceeding to Dublin with the united petition of the Protestant and Catholic clergy and people of the parish to the Earl of Mulgrave, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, urging that an alibi could possibly be proved if time was granted—an opportunity for which had been positively denied by the court—that the moral character of the young man had been unimpeachable, and that, since the trial, from circumstances which had transpired, it was believed that the policeman who prosecuted him was actuated by a malicious motive; the soldiers further stating that the officers in command had permitted these brothers to converse freely thus far during the journey.

When we started with our charge I had no idea of denying the poor fellows the consolation which this poor privilege seemed to afford them. Scarcely, however, had we proceeded one mile on the road, when the sergeant of our party, who had been riding in the rear, in company with the young officer in command, rode up, and, in an imperious tone, demanded what that young man was doing there.

I simply replied that he was talking to his brother, one of the prisoners, and had been permitted that privilege by the officer of the other escort. He replied with a volley of abuse and threats, which I answered by merely remarking—

'You are never easy without you are barking.'

He was known among us by the cognomen of the 'Big dog,' from his propensity to growling.

I was ordered to turn the brother away, which, of course, I did, but not before I had heard sufficient of their story to awaken my warmest sympathy.

They were the sons of a widowed mother, who, with one sister, lived upon a comfortable farm near Monasterevan. The boys were blacksmiths, and in good business, enjoying the esteem and respect of all who knew them.

The younger brother would say to the other, 'I would not ask you, William, to do anything for me if I had hand, act or part in the crime with which I am charged, nor would I be altogether without hope if my sentence was even for ten years. I am young and might outlive it; but the sentence of banishment for life is terrible to think of.'

'Cherish up,' the elder brother would reply, 'we'll never desert you. If I fail in obtaining the prayer of the petition, I will sell out the forge and the farm, and, with mother and Sarah, will immediately follow you to Van Dieman's Land. There is no use in trying to live any longer in Ireland; honest men are not safe in our poor down-trodden country.'

I continued to ride by the cart, absorbed in the reflections which the melancholy story of the poor brothers naturally gave rise to, when I was rudely roused to a recollection of my position by the voice of the sergeant, who, with a vile oath, swore that he would attend to my case, and immediately rode to the rear, and reported me to the officer for disobedience of orders, who, on receiving the report, rode up to me, and I gave him a full statement of the facts.

He seemed to think no more of it until we arrived at the Jail of Naas, where, having taken a receipt from the warden for the safe delivery of the prisoners, we were ordered to return swords, and I to take off my belt, was marched home, and entered the guard-room—a prisoner.

Next day, in the usual manner, I received notice to prepare for a court-martial; was duly tried, and, on account of previous good conduct, received the mitigated sentence of three months' solitary confinement in the cells of the barracks.

My accommodations here were not such as would be considered first rate by those in the habit of stopping at first class hotels. The cell was about 7 by 5 feet, almost wholly taken up with the guard room bed. This consisted of three pine boards, raised eighteen inches, and a pillow of the same material, which, with a cloak and horse-blanket, formed the couch. A brick knocked out of the corner near the ceiling answered for the window, and the only one to admit light—light barely sufficient to make darkness visible. Plenty of bread and good cold water, once a day, would have furnished the table, if there had been one—but there was not.

Thus, for three months, did I do penance for insubordination, or, more truly speaking, for having dared to exhibit feelings of sympathy with misfortune. Perhaps my punishment was just and proper; for how could 'law and order' be maintained? how could her majesty's crown and government in Ireland be secured? how could our august ally accomplish his famous 'coup d'état' if the authorities of monarchy for an instant tolerated the growth of such feelings in the breast of their soldiers? No! an Irishman who enters the British service must leave all the finer feelings and sensibilities of the human heart behind him, must forget that he is an Irishman, obliterate from the records of his memory the wrongs and sufferings of his people, and remember only that he is a hired machine, whose duty is blind and implicit obedience.

The greatest difficulty which I experienced in this hole was to obtain sufficient light to read by, for a kind hand would sometimes thrust beneath the door a book or newspaper. My endeavors to glean a ray of knowl-

edge of how things were passing in the outer world cost me many an aching eyelid, standing upon tiptoe, upon my wooden bed. I have read and rested, and then read again, until the pupils of my eyes have dilated almost to bursting. I was not, however, without recreation; for, having split a piece off my bedstead for a bat or hurley, with an old bottomless saucepan—a great discovery—I exercised myself with these until nature became fairly exhausted. I would then to my couch again and sleep it into morning.

Thus the ninety days passed, until at length I came out into the world again, the busy, noisy, beautiful world, with all its delights and exalting influences upon the senses and the health of man. I came out ruddy, fleshy, and in excellent health, with a much keener knowledge than I before possessed of what is and what is not the duty of an English soldier.

I will add, however, that I was sincerely rejoiced to learn that the young man's petition was granted, the sentence reversed, an alibi proven, and he was honorably acquitted and restored to the bosom of his family. While he was thus in the enjoyment of his freedom, he little knew that I was undergoing a cruel sentence for having allowed his brother to converse with him.

Since then, however, I have come to the conclusion that it was treatment good enough for any Irishman who enters the military service of England.

[Written for the Irish Miscellany.]

SKETCHES FROM MEMORY.

BY J. E. E.

NO. II.

MICHAEL CUDMORE.

A few years since, I noticed the death, in an Irish paper, of Michael Cudmore, Esq., of Ballyclough, county of Limerick, Ireland. The paper also stated that the deceased was well known to many of the sporting gentry throughout the country. With this simple announcement, the obituary ended, and, thinking that a few anecdotes of him would not be inappropriate in these sketches, I herewith transcribe them from memory.

When Michael was quite young he was sent to school, much against his own inclination and, for years, he learned scarcely anything but the alphabet, and, as he grew older, how to whip the scholars and sometimes the master. But what he lacked in learning he gained in size, and Mick, as he was familiarly called, soon became the terror of the school.

In those days it was customary to whip the scholars when placed on another's back, and, as Mick was stout and muscular, he was usually selected as the person on whose back the offender was 'hoisted.' Upon one of these occasions, as Mick was hoisting a scholar, the latter cried out, 'Cudmore! Cudmore!' wishing him to desist; but Mick, enjoying the sport, exclaimed 'Cut more! cut more!'

One day, however, his own turn came, and as the master came towards him to punish him, Mick took up a stool and flung it at the master's head, felling him to the ground. The scholars made after Mick, who bolted when he saw the mischief he had done, and chased him through several streets. He was almost caught by the foremost when they reached the canal, and, being considered a good jumper, Mick took a Sam Patch leap, and went within a few feet of the opposite side. His pursuers did not like to follow the example, and thus he escaped.

He next went to school to the famous McElligot; to whom also went Gerald Griffin in his younger days. Here he learned something; but a love of adventure seized him. He left school, went to London, and from thence to Paris. His 'bra-que,' off-hand manner and general good qualities made him a favorite, and he moved in the best society. When he had attained his full height he measured 6 feet 2 inches, in weight was 18 stone. Although mixing among the polished and refined, he always retained the rich Munster accent, and was generally known by the name of the 'Wild Irishman.'

Mick had a peculiar aversion to mutton, from some unexplained reason, and on no pretence whatever could he be induced to eat it. Some of his friends in Paris knew this, and determined, if possible, to make him eat some. At the cafe, where they generally dined, they made the cook prepare a dish, so seasoned, peppered and fricasseed, that it was almost impossible to tell of what it consisted, but contained a goodly quantity of mutton. Mick and his friends sat down to dinner, and he did not detect the 'sheep.' When he had done, 'the laugh came in,' and when asked the reason, the story was told. He immediately put his hands on his stomach, went to bed, and was sick three weeks afterwards.

When at home, he sometimes amused himself by jumping across a pond near his father's house. This was no easy task, for on both sides of it were huge, craggy rocks, and, if he happened to slip, there would be an end to his jumping for some time—and there was an end to it. One day he missed his footing, and, falling among the rocks, broke his leg. For a long time he was obliged to use crutches, and when, at last, he could stand on the leg at all, he deliberately broke the crutches and flung them aside. This he did when he was a mile from the nearest house, and, in endeavoring to reach home, he fell and broke his leg again. This time Michael used crutches until there was no fear of his leg breaking from a disuse of them. He jumped again, however.

At the time the 77th regiment was in Limerick there was a sergeant belonging to it who generally took the lead in jumping. The sergeant had challenged a fellow named Wallace to jump the pan of the canal, near its entrance to the city, and they had staked a bet on its result. The rivals had drawn together a crowd, and much excitement existed. Mr. Wallace jumped first, and barely touched the opposite side, falling backward into the canal. The sergeant jumped and just cleared it. Mr. Cudmore was riding by at the time, and alighted to see the sport. He wore a heavy coat, boots and spurs, and thus, unprepared, he told the crowd to move aside, took a short run, and cleared the canal full two feet beyond the sergeant. I saw this spot a year since, and certainly it was decidedly a great jump, for on both sides it is solid limestone, and the jar itself must be almost enough to shake an ordinary man to pieces.

As might be judged from his schoolboy days, he could not boast a good education, and there are numerous anecdotes told of his mistakes in spelling words and substituting one word for another. He had occasion at one time to address a man whose Christian name was Jacob, and he spelled it so ingeniously that, although there was not a right letter in it, the man could not deny but that his name was spelled. Cudmore wrote it—G-e-k-u-p. In a letter from Paris, he wrote home that he was about to marry a 'Marquis,' mistaking that title for 'Marchioness,' to which latter he was introduced, but, indeed, never married.

Mr. Cudmore had no taste for music, and could not bear to hear a pianist. There was a kind of music, however, which he loved to hear, and that was the bugle of the huntsman and the baying of the hound. When on horseback he was generally the foremost, and, on foot, he flew past them, and almost kept pace with the hounds.

When hunting amid the hills of his native country, he would stop at the farmers' houses, on the way, and tell them to have the dinner ready when he came back. If asked by a friend what his object was in ordering so many dinners, he would say, 'How the devil do we know what way we may come back,' and thus he made provision.

He ran a race with another gentleman in Limerick for a bet of £50. His opponent was much slighter than himself, and it was generally expected that Cudmore would be beaten. The race was from the oyster cellar, on Thomas street, to a point on the Cork road, and return, a distance of about a mile. They started off, and, on the way back, his

opponent gave out from exhaustion, so Mr. Cudmore kindly took him up and brought him, on his back, to the cellar, winning the bet.

Horses and cars were no impediment to him, for if they stood in his way he vaulted or jumped over them. At one time, near Limerick, he vaulted over three horses. Though so light under foot, he could never dance, and Charles Lever, in one of his novels, has a picture, 'Mr. Cudmore filling out the tea,' to show his awkwardness among the gentler sex. But, among a circle of his male friends, he was the 'bright, particular star,' and always ready, with word and joke, to pass the time pleasantly along.

Mr. Cudmore was grandson of Joseph Sexton, who, with Mr. Slarer of Dublin, established the first paper mills in Ireland. His father fought and killed his man in a duel, and was second to Mr. Furnell when he shot Mr. Veracre, brother of the late Lord Gort, and who would have succeeded to that title but for the bullet of Mr. Furnell.

The elder Mr. Cudmore, Michael's father, got into rather straightened circumstances at one time, and, like many others, got within the stone walls of Limerick jail. In those days the jailer was well provided with poultry from the friends of those incarcerated, and, consequently, had a yard well filled with all kinds of fowl. Mr. Cudmore's apartment in the jail overlooked this yard, and, Michael, when he came to visit his father, provided himself with line, hook and bait, and went fishing out the window for a good fat turkey or chicken, seldom pulling it up without a 'haul.' He used to say this was 'fowling' with a fish-hook. The fowl would be cooked for the father by the servants of the jailer, who never suspected from whence they came. I will conclude this sketch with the following charade, by an admirer of Mr. Cudmore's sister, which was sent to that lady:—

'What the cow chews, and the reverse of less,
Is the name of the lady I wish to possess.'

A LETTER in the London Times says:—'The Irish peasantry for 200 years past have been directly depending on the land for support, without possessing any rights in the land. This condition in a dense population was far worse than that of serfage; for if the serf is bound to the soil, the soil also is bound to him, and answerable for his support, while the Irish peasant had not even the guarantee of a Poor Law until our own time. Under a really free system of dealing with landed property, the position of the peasantry would have been remedied in a generation or two by a system of leases entered into, as they are in the best parts of England and Scotland, for the mutual advantage of landlord and tenant. But in Ireland the system of dealing with land, though free as against the tenant, was not so in favor of the landlord. The laws were so bad, and so badly administered, that, as we now know, it was very easy to encumber property and very difficult to sell it. The state of the peasantry dependent on the land, and yet without rights in the land, was perpetuated by this course, while the evils of this state of things were increased by the increase of population and the consequent increase of the competition for land. All this, however, would have been insufficient to produce that horrible social disease of which agrarian outrage is the symptom, were it not for the moral separation between the landlord and the tenant classes, which began in conquest and has been perpetuated by religious alienation.'

FRENCH TROOPS FOR AMERICA.—The Paris correspondent of the London News says:—'It is true that a battalion of infantry and three batteries of artillery, with horses and equipments, complete for service, will embark at Toulon immediately for Central America.'

We do not think the Emperor mad enough for that yet.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

In the absence of more interesting items, we lay before our readers several articles from the leading Irish journals, showing the state of affairs in that country of persecution and tyranny:—

THE RAZZIA IN CORK.—Once more, amidst lying boasts of the placid 'loyalty' of Ireland, the government jailers have done a swoop for prey; once more government dungeons open to receive 'criminals' whose 'crime' is hatred of English rule in Ireland.

On Wednesday last there were brought into Cork city, from their distant homes in Carbery and Bantry fifteen prisoners, charged with being members of a confederation sworn to strike for the independence of Ireland. They had been seized unawares, and with all the stage action and ostentation of brute force which is supposed by our rulers to constitute the 'great moral lesson,' more commonly called 'striking terror.'

As the dungeon door swung open to receive the cavalcade, and the gazers caught amidst the throng of Shibri—a score for every prisoner—a glimpse of the victims, no fierce outlaws or frowning conspirators, no powerful leaders or aged rebels, met the view. A small band of youths, most of them scarce past boyhood, all of them, however, with the glow of fine manly spirit and the stamp of intelligence and education on their brows, passed through the dismal portal with a smile of disdain worthy of veteran patriots. Enthusiasts mayhap they; but theirs, manifestly, was that enthusiasm which springs from virtuous and noble feelings; that enthusiasm which in countries where patriotism is no crime raises its possessor to fame, honor, and reward.

Not many weeks have passed away since the falsely speaking journals of England strove to barb their insults against an illustrious Irishman, who staked his life in protest against robber rule in this country, by boasting that the island was as loyal, tranquil, and contented as Kent or Essex. And European nations were invited to witness the proof that the illustrious patriot was a criminal, by the acquiescent indorsement of the policy he resisted, and repudiation of the doctrines he preached, by his own countrymen. Yet, lo! to-day, a whole country is convulsed by the violence of legal terrorism; bayonets flashing at every point, midnight marauding by law, illegal seizures, and armed patrols supply a strange commentary on that boast. If more were wanted it is supplied in the crowning spectacle of Wednesday last—a government boasting itself one of the 'Great Powers of Europe'—a government boasting that Ireland is as little in danger of rebellion as Kent or Essex—thrown into insane fright at the first whisper of 'sedition,' grasping wildly at the very air, and expending a force all but sufficient to win another Hohenlinden in conquering—fifteen unarmed and defenceless youths. This fact speaks volumes for the cant of English journalists. Let it be known from Naples to St. Petersburg that England is at this moment exhausting the ragged remnant of what troops the Indian sun and Sepoy sword have not wasted, and a still more miserable horde of ruffian spies, in a contest with the old foe—'Irish rebellion.' And her first great victory, after taking ample time to select the quarry, and make sure of the highest game, has been—proclaim it, O! Pursuivants!—a midnight kidnapping of a few young law students and school boys seized in their beds.

A move so gigantic will surely convince all Europe that the Titanic statesmanship of Pitt and Fox—the days of Vittoria and Waterloo—were not within many days of the culmination of Britain's greatness. Bonaparte at St. Helena might have been deemed a proof that England was arbitress of the world's destinies; but little Master Downing (aged sixteen years) the state prisoner in Cork jail, must strike the Menschikoff's of Europe pale with awe! Austria only showed

how weak was her hold on Italy by seizing a Poerio; Naples only exhibits its paltriness by fearing the Bandieras; but as for England, so omnipotent is she, so attached to her rule in Ireland, that nothing less than armament of not less than a whole dozen of youths—all at least over fifteen years—would be deemed sufficient to call forth alarm and action from her.

Well, so it is; we are in the midst of arrests and proclamation once more; so it is, there is no rest for British rule in this country; each generation has to be fought as it rises; and so it will be, until, at last, the generation of Success is born. We may fall as our sires and grandsires did; but our children will refuse to accept the result of our efforts as we did that of our ancestors. When the national spirit of a country has no wiser or more useful field afforded for its action, enthusiasm will drive generous and fearless youth into courses only more attractive because perilous. Here are a number of young men, not the turbulent or the thoughtless, but most exemplary in conduct, virtuous and honorable in principle, and respectable in position in their respective districts. There is not a country in Europe, the most weak, the most tyrannical, where such youths would be consigned to a State Prison. It must be a wretched state of things when such as they fall victims to the fears of an executive and the senseless bellowing of 'alarmists,' who, scorning the words of kindly expostulation most adapted to curb and sway honest enthusiasm, took to the furious denunciation which has wrought the government work, and put a jailer's fetters on warm-spirited youths, whom a friendly course, a kindly expostulation, would have saved to home and friends. Are these fifteen frank and fearless boys, who walked into Cork jail on Wednesday last, like speakers ascending the public rostrum, specimens of the 'vile miscreants,' the 'merciless monsters,' whom the government—the excellent government—was upon the other day in such foam and fury to arrest, hang, and transport? We said, at the time, that a deplorably mistaken course was adopted by the 'denouncers'—we saw that when alarm—such alarm, too—as raised from a quarter so peculiar, the government would only too gladly respond and renew the reign of handcuffs and menacles. We did not remain silent when we saw the danger, but tried, ere it was too late, to point out, as true friends, the errors of enthusiasm, and endeavored to baulk the terrorists of their pastime. We were howled at, on one side, by the alarmists, and yelled at, on the other, by those who seem competent only to carp and snarl at all endeavors not their own.

We, however, are not in the habit of being put out of our course by either 'alarmists' or 'snarlers,' and it will now be seen that had both seconded our efforts to guard those honest-hearted young men, the 'law' party would be less like 'victors' just now in Cork. But we can assure the Great Government Warriors that we have more than a belief that the youthful prisoners will prove victors in the end, and walk out of the dungeon more proudly than they walked in, and, perhaps, 'try a fall' with their captors on a fairer field another day.—[Nation.]

LANDLORDISM IN THE NORTH.—It is all very well to reiterate the hackneyed aphorism that 'property has its rights,' but no one seems to think the expression incomplete and wanting in its natural adjunct. Here and there, to be sure, it has been acknowledged that 'property has its duties as well as its rights'; but even this does not complete the idea, which should be expressed in some such terms as these:—'Property has its duties as well as its rights, but it does not confer the privilege, though it may give the power, of perpetrating wrong and injustice. As a general rule, ours, as far as the landlords of the country are concerned, is a most ungracious vocation, so rarely have we, when advertent to their relations with their tenantry, to record any act of which we can speak in terms of approval. This surely ought not to be the case with a class of men who have it in their power to confer so many benefits on those whom fortune has favored so little, so far, at least, as worldly subsistence is concerned. Amongst the most recent acts of landlord arrogance and injustice is one which occurred the other

day in the parish of Drumberg, county of Down. In this parish of Drumberg, Mr. George Macklin, a gentleman possessing a very handsome property in another portion of the district, also held a farm of about fifty acres, as tenant at will to Robert Batt, Esq., of Pardsburn. Mr. Macklin being, as we have said, himself a large landowner, did all he could to improve the farm by availing himself of all the means and appliances which the most modern system of agriculture afforded for that purpose. The condition of the land when he entered upon it was extremely unpromising, being cut into a number of fields, causing much unproductive waste, owing to the number of ditches required; but so utterly did Mr. Macklin change all this that he obtained the medal awarded by the Drumberg Agricultural Society, for having effected more drainage on his land than had been created by any other farmer of the district, after having taken down the hedges and made out of the twelve fields only four, all of which are in an admirable condition, and thoroughly drained.

Now, on one of the high grounds of this farm, there is a range of houses, not much the better for having been erected about a century and a half ago; and, about a month or two since, it suddenly occurred to Mr. Robert Batt, the owner of the farm, that these dwellings should be repaired; and in this, it will be said, their was nothing either very unnatural or very unjust; but Mr. Batt went considerably further, and insisted that the domiciles should be remodelled likewise. This, too, would have been tolerably unobjectionable had Mr. Batt, as proprietor of the premises, chosen to remodel them at his own cost. But he chose to do no such thing. Mr. Batt insisted that his tenant, Mr. Macklin, should lay out of his own pocket an enormous sum for turning topsy-survey and re-erecting on plans proposed by him, Mr. Batt, the whole of these premises, which, excepting as out-houses, were of no earthly use to the tenant. Nevertheless, the landlord demanded that his tenant should either surrender the farm or construct the house on the expensive and fanciful plan which he requested him closely to adopt, or quit the farm. It is scarcely necessary to add that the latter did not submit to the unjust and unreasonable demand of his arbitrary landlord, but surrendered the farm, although he had laid out several hundred pounds in improving it. Now, in this instance, the tenant being a person of independent means and abundant resources elsewhere, merely loses the fruits of his labor and some hundred pounds; but these arbitrary and unjust acts are committed day after day against tenants, who, when thus driven from their holdings, have nothing in the wide world left them wherewith to support themselves and their families—destitution or an almshouse, ruin or emigration, being the only alternative between which they are permitted to choose. Who, then, can feel surprised at the outcry against the excess to which landlords carry what they term their rights, whilst they wholly neglect not only the duties the possession of property imposes on them, but the great commandment which enjoins every Christian to love his neighbor as himself, and to do unto others as he would himself be done by. It is the criminal disregard of these duties which has thrown the country half a century back; it is the determination to resist the reasonable claims of the tenant classes for compensation of their outlays that has brought us back to the days of proclamations, informers, and state trials, with their gloomy train of concomitant evils. A month during this reign of terror may do more mischief, cause more misery, and produce more calamities and disasters than years will be able to repair. The progress and prosperity which were beginning to smile perceptibly in the distance may be scared away for Heaven only knows how long, and the fair prospects of the country be blighted at the very instant they seemed to have reached the point of realization. But what good will be effected by the means to which the government has been seemingly constrained by the political party to which it belongs to resort? Whilst the cause remains, the effect will ever be more or less the same. It is the old lesson with the old moral attached to

There must be a concession in some shape after all, and the sooner it, therefore, comes the better, and more durable will the effect be. Expediency is a term which should be struck out of the vocabulary of statesmen, since whatever is accorded by them under that name loses its value, and fails in the object for which it is granted. Justice to the people, and not fear of them, should preside both in the council chamber and senate, where a government desires to render a nation truly happy and prosperous.—[Telegraph.]

THE OUTRAGE MANUFACTORY.—Since last we wrote, the Daily Express has done another stroke of business in the outrage line, not a bad thing either, though by no means up to the Gason mark; however, now that the machinery is being perfected and permanently fixed, we are satisfied that the manufacture will go on well as to quantity and quality for the future, and, in fact, defy competition. An account appeared in the Dublin murder journal some days since, of the 'attempted assassination' of Mr. Dudley Byrne; no sooner did Mr. Byrne see the falsehood than he wrote to contradict it; the contradiction was refused insertion. More need not be said on this affair. With reference to the Gason romance, the Express publishes a letter addressed by the editor to the solicitors of the famous Mr. Gason, requiring them to commence their threatened legal proceedings on the following day, and declaring, that should they not do so, he (the editor) would at once bring Mr. Gason's conduct fully before the public. Having received no reply, the editor of the Express has published his letter to the legal gentlemen, with some introductory remarks, in which he says that—

'The details of the alleged outrage fell far short of Mr. Gason's extraordinary statements, which he confirmed by affecting to faint in the railway carriage from loss of blood, and thus he succeeded in completely deceiving two gentlemen who travelled with him to Dublin in the train.'

But however this may be, the man was not murdered or attacked, and why did not the Express say so, or allow him to say so, and thus remove the slander from the character of the people? And Mr. Byrne was not attacked; why deny him the opportunity of contradicting the report in the journal in which it first appeared? But, perhaps, there is no occasion to contradict anything which appears in that quarter, where the outrages that most frequently occur are outrages on Christian feeling, assassinations of the truth, and attacks on common honesty.—[Nation.]

ARRIVAL IN GALWAY OF THE PASSENGERS FROM THE INDIAN EMPIRE.—The arrangements for conveying the passengers from Broadhaven to Galway were most satisfactorily effected by Mr. Salt. We understand that he received a communication from Belmullet, on Saturday evening, about ten o'clock, stating that the Indian Empire was in Broadhaven, on which he immediately arranged to go by the Tubal Cain to Broadhaven, and arrived there on Sunday night. Captain Courtenay, of the Indian Empire, immediately came on board the Tubal Cain, and, after a hearty welcome, Mr. Salt, on his own responsibility, had brought the Tubal Cain to convey them to Galway, if they wished. The passengers immediately and unanimously agreed to avail themselves of this offer, with the exception of a few who had gone to Belmullet, and a part of these actually returned to the steamer when they heard of her arrival. On Monday morning the passengers and their luggage were put on board the Tubal Cain, and a seven days supply of provisions with wine and spirits, of which the Indian Empire had still a sufficiency; also seven of the cooks &c. of the Indian Empire accompanied the passengers to Galway, where they arrived safely on Tuesday morning. Previous to the sailing of the Tubal Cain from Broadhaven, Captain Thompson arrived, and was much pleased with the prompt and efficient arrangements made by Mr. Salt, who, it appears, had sent a special messenger from Westport to Galway, requesting him to come as soon as possible, and also telegraphed to Mr. Lever, in London, Manchester, and Dublin, informing him what had been done. The passengers

evidently had so much confidence in Captain Courtenay that they acted entirely under his advice, and he proved himself a clever captain in a case of emergency.—[Galway Vindicator.]

IRELAND AND INDIA.—The Queen of England has at length been proclaimed sole mistress of India. John Company is thrust behind the scenes to plod on as a species of supernumerary, whilst Victoria henceforward 'incedit regina' on the vast theatre of Hindostan. But the document which announces this change of managers, and promises a change of management, as a natural consequence, is in many points worthy of note. Though it does not, for instance, expressly state that all the misrule and injustice hitherto practised are to be attributed to the company, it tacitly insinuates as much, when it makes some concessions and promises others, against which the deposed magnates of Leadenhall street and Canon row so long set their faces. But the question is, would these boons have been granted even if the present regime existed from the beginning of British rule in India, if there had been no Sepoy mutiny, no general rising of the natives? Judging from the instincts and tendencies of governments in general, the English not excepted, we verily believe that things would have been allowed to go on in the old way. The natives would have been ground down, kicked, buffeted, taxed beyond their strength, plundered to their last maravedi, and compelled to aid England in the furtherance of the annexation policy, which she now, at the eleventh hour, when it is too late, renounces—all this, we honestly believe, would have occurred from the beginning under the government of the Queen as well as it did under the East India Company, if, as we have said before, there had been no revolt from one extremity of the Peninsula to the other. It has ever been the same in almost every country. No concessions were made to Ireland till they could no longer be withheld, save at imminent risk of consequences fatal to the empire at large. The same grudging policy is still followed, and will be adhered to till circumstances compel the powers that be to abandon it.—[Telegraph.]

Mr. Lever has paid another visit to Belfast, with important objects in view. He inspected the harbor and the dock accommodation provided by Belfast, as he is desirous that the repairs of the vessels of the trans-Atlantic Company should be entrusted to the workmen of that port and Cork. The party, accompanied by Capt. White, harbor master, examined the patent ship, with the details of which Mr. Lever seemed perfectly familiar; They next visited the works at the iron shipbuilding yard on Queen's Island. The visitors then proceeded to the premises of Mr. Victor Coates, and when shown some of the large boilers in the course of construction there, Mr. Lever expressed his surprise at the number of boilers constructed in Belfast for the ship-builders of the Clyde.

TESTIMONIAL TO CAPT. COURTENAY.—We take the following from the Morning Chronicle:—We are glad to learn that the underwriters are about to present Captain Courtenay, commander of the steamship Indian Empire, with a present of a handsome piece of plate for his meritorious conduct, skill and perseverance in bringing the steamship safely through the late fearful gales and hurricane which raged in the Atlantic Ocean during the past three weeks, the vessel having been thirty days on the passage and ten days short of fuel.

RUSSIAN AND IRISH SERFS.—The Polish landowners are copying from the Irish landlords—they are serving their serfs with notices to quit! But the Russian government in Poland—unlike the English government in Ireland—are protecting them against the exterminators. The law courts have decided that the serfs cannot be expelled from the land, and that the peasants have a right to claim certain lands the moment they are emancipated.

Lord Castlereagh has contributed the very liberal donation of one hundred pounds towards the building of the new convent of St. Bridget, at Goresbridge, county Kilkenny.

FRANCE.

The Moniteur publishes an official notification from Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, Commander-in-Chief of the French and Spanish forces in Cochinchina, that on and after the first of September, 1858, the bay and river of Tourane and the port of Cham-Callao are declared in strict blockade. All vessels attempting to force the blockade will be treated according to the usages of the internal law.

The Patrie says the proceedings in the appeal of M. Montalembert had been fixed for the 24th December.

The minister of commerce, in answer to a memorial from the chamber of commerce of Havre, complaining of the injury suffered by French commerce in consequence of the state of affairs in Mexico, has informed the chamber that their complaint has been communicated to the minister of foreign affairs, who has consulted with his colleague, the minister of marine, as to the measures which it may be necessary to take.

The commander of the French squadron on the African coast reports to the minister of marine that a fresh difficulty has arisen, a French vessel, loaded with free negroes, having been overhauled by the English cruisers, and forced to reland the immigrants, although the operation was perfectly regular.

ITALY.

The greatest activity reigns in the arsenal of Venice, the number of workmen there has been doubled, and warlike stores of all sorts are being brought in. Several arrests have taken place at Milan, and seventeen students have been arrested at Pavia.

It is affirmed that the Sardinian government has sent to its diplomatic agents abroad a circular relative to the rumors of a war with Austria, declaring that nothing whatever hitherto has arisen to confirm such assertions.

SPAIN.

Letters from Spain state that the expedition to Mexico will be on a larger scale than was supposed.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER FULTON AT HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, Dec. 31. Steamship Fulton, from Cowes, Dec. 15th, arrived here at 4 o'clock this afternoon. She put in for coal. Has experienced a succession of violent westerly gales for ten days.

Steamship Canada, from Boston via Halifax, and the City of Baltimore, from New York, had arrived at Liverpool.

It is announced that Lord Abercrombie will succeed Lord Napier as Minister to Washington.

The American and European Steamship Company are about to wind up their affairs, and dissolve.

The new steamers for the Galway line are to be ready for service by June next.

The advices from India by the Fulton were mainly anticipated by telegraph from Suez, forwarded per steamer Asia.

Fort Simree, in Oude, was taken by Brigadier Eveleigh on the 9th, with the loss of only two Europeans killed, and three or four wounded.

Tantia Topee is in the Satpoorah hills, the outlets of which are closely guarded.

Advices from Indore are of Nov. 23. The Nanab of Banga has separated from the rebels and has gone to Gen. Mitchell's camp, en route to Indore Samuenwarre. The remaining rebel leaders have given themselves up to government.

RUSSIA.—The nobles are unwilling to emancipate their serfs without full indemnification.

SPAIN.—The Emperor of Morocco has given up, without conditions, the officers and soldiers who were captured by the Riffraff Arabs.

THE SEIGNEURS AND THE SERFS.

Any one who has looked into the history of the land question on the continent—in France, in Prussia—will have no hesitation in predicting that with us as with the people of Britain, the struggle will terminate quite as triumphantly. It is one of these questions which, once agitated, must be solved. Landlords may adopt a Fabian policy or put off, by strategy, what they consider, and most absurdly, the 'evil day'; but come it will, as certain as sunlight returns after darkness, or the flow follows the ebb.

It is a law of nature and of God, man shall eat bread by the sweat of his brow. Civilization progresses towards the achievement of equal enjoyment and equal labor, else civilization would be—as is that foul system to which feudalism misapplies the name—a raid, a bauble, a deception and a curse. It is unnecessary to travel beyond the shores of Ireland to behold the cruelty with which the peasant population is jostled aside to make way for the late agencies of Mammion and Malthus; every useful improvement designed to lessen human toil and animal suffering is used, not for the comfort or happiness of a greater number of human beings, but to extend the waste and the consolidation of property, to invert the plan of God Almighty, and make man a creature to be swept off or retained for the service of the beasts of the field.

Farm is laid to farm, and desolation added to desolation; the farm of one hundred acres is added in new hands to one of two hundred acres, and this again mounts up to a thousand; the desolation of five thousand is added to the desolation of twenty thousand. And so the work progresses, until, in the Scottish Highlands, men, or rather human wolves—creatures for whom it would have puzzled Sydney Smith to find a use—boast of deer forests of one hundred thousand acres, and the periodical death of ten stags slain with a rifle. The Highland glen is desolated after a short process of law in a forenoon. The ancient people, the sons of those who battled under the Scotch Alexander, and cut short the flight of the Roman eagle, waiting go to the emigrant ship, and are hurled, unprovided, into some densely populated district of Canada, are left homeless on the streets of Quebec, or are forced into the garrets, cellars, and back lanes of manufacturing towns, to pine away and die, to add new items to the mass of misery, and new conquests to the hell of sin. The old West Indian slave owners are now raking the world for laborers. The slave owner of the cotton mill has his slaves driven to his door. He may grind and grind away at their flesh. Fresh victims are flung from the old cottage homes of England, and Scotland, and Ireland, to supply the waste more rapidly than he can consume. And this, forsooth, is progress and civilization.

The Irish landed proprietors cry out they would be ruined if the League code was enacted. Never was opinion more fallacious, never was alarm so utterly in violation of fact and experience. In France, where a far more radical reform was adopted than that sought for by the League party, small estates fetch forty years' purchase, and along the Rhine £120 and £150 an acre has been given by the peasants for land. In Flanders, Arthur Young found that similar prices were given for small estates. That the system has produced no unhappiness, no famines, no extermination, we have the testimony of later travellers. When assured that the fruits of their own toil and industry shall be their own property 'to have and to hold,' men will convert a desert into a garden, and sands into gold. The landowners of this country—yes, even men of less anti-Irish prejudices—scoffed at those who, fifteen years ago, asserted that there were millions of money in Ireland which would be offered for sale in 'small proprietor' lots. Who, in those days, would have deemed it ought but a madman's craze

to state that twenty millions sterling would, in a few years, be thus applied if opportunity was afforded?

Then, as now, the narrow-minded and selfish feudalists deemed our estimate of the results of 'opening up' the land to the people, not simply exaggerated, but fabulous. But what say they now to the tale told by the Incumbered Estates Statisticians—that our highest estimates never approached the facts realized in the first ten years after the experiment was tried. This was no profound depth of wisdom and foresight; the proceeding was not such a mere experiment at all. Men looking at what had happened in other countries, could be at no loss to predict the result of unfettering peasant industry. A 'mine of wealth' is that industry, most truly; and an accursed system is that which seals it up.

Peasant industry, emancipated from feudal bondage, and secured against feudal plunder, has won provinces from the sands of the German Ocean. Peasant industry, if freed from like fetters, secured against like confiscations, would pour wealth over Ireland—the wealth that enriches—the wealth that would raise up smiling villages and happy homes, fertile fields and waving meadows, where now the sportsman's foot alone breaks the solitude of nature. 'Open up the manufacturing resources of the country,' cry those who resist the 'opening up' of the 'resources' most valuable and most easily available to the people of this island. The cry is one of those many started betimes to draw off the attention of the people from the 'resource' of all others most requiring 'opening up'—the land. Other resources, and rich ones, our country does possess, indeed,—mineral and manufacturing,—for Heaven has given to us all the natural features of a prosperous and powerful nation. But it would take a century to place our people in as favorable a position to develop the 'manufacturing resources' of Ireland, as they are at the present moment for developing its agricultural wealth, if only permitted to do so. Lancashire did not become what it is in a year or in a century. Not only does it take a long period to 'grow' manufactures, but it takes a long time to convert a mass of people into a manufacturing population. But, in the very localities most needing agricultural development, our people already are an agricultural population; and why should they sit down to a fifty years' siege of 'manufacture'? The land 'resources' of this country, the 'mine of wealth' that lies in the peasant's strong right arm—in his patient toil and frugal industry—cry out for development—for emancipation; and no demand so rooted in a law of nature, and of man's existence, is fated to fail. It is, we repeat, a struggle that must be righted; it is, we repeat, a contest which elsewhere, after centuries of strife, at length found victory, and will find it here too. The lacerating code of the Seigneurs must vanish from Ireland also, and give emancipation to industry, and protection to life and property.—[Nation.]

At a sale of furniture, which took place in a country town, among the lookers on were some Irish laborers, and upon a trunk being put up for sale, one of them said to his neighbor:—

'Pat, I think you should buy that trunk.'

'An' what should I do with it?' replied Pat, with some degree of astonishment.

'Put your clothes in it,' was the reply.

Pat gazed on him with a look of surprise, and then with that laconic eloquence, which is peculiar to a son of the Emerald Isle, exclaimed, 'An' go naked.'

THE weathercock, after all, points to the highest moral truth, for it shows man that it is a 'vane' thing to be a 'spire.'

VARIOUS ITEMS.

A MAN in battle is not allowed to whistle to keep his courage up, and whistling of the bullets doesn't have that tendency.

'How changeable the wind is,' said Mrs. Partridge, upon her return from a walk in the city; 'it is the changeablest thing I ever did see. When I went up Cannon street, it was blowing in my face, and when I turned to go down, it went blowin' on my back!'

THE bridegroom and bride give each other their hands at the altar as prize fighters shake hands before the fight.

FEW have been taught to any purpose who have not been greatly their own teachers.

PREJUDICE, like a perspective glass, magnifies things at one end and diminishes them at the other.

'What is the meaning of a backbiter?' said a reverend gentleman during examination at a parochial school. This was a puzzle. It went down the class till it came to a simple little urchin, who said, 'Perhaps it be a flea.'

DOGS of every kind, setters, pointers, bulls, Newfoundland, mastiffs, and terriers, are all 'lap' dogs when they are drinking.

A HORSE jockey, who incautiously burned his fingers by taking up his toast from the fire, and broke the plate by letting it fall, observed that it was too bad to lose the plate after winning the heat.

CHEERFULNESS.—Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment, and I have known a man to come home in high spirits from a funeral because he had the management of it.—[Dr. Horne.]

BOUND TO STICK IT OUT.—Two unsophisticated country lasses visited the Academy during the Ravel season. When the short-skirted, gossamer-clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, the country girls became restless and fidgety.

'Oh, Annie!' exclaimed one, sotto voce.

'Well, Mary?'

'It ain't nice—I don't like it.'

'Hush, the folks will notice you.'

'I don't care, it ain't nice, and I wonder aunt brought us to such a place.'

'Hush, Mary, the folks will laugh at you.'

After one or two flings and a 'pionette,' the blushing Mary again said—

'Oh, Annie, let's go, it ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable.'

'Do hush, Mary,' replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet, though it wore an air of determination. 'It's the first time I was at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last, so I am just a going to stay it out, if they dance every rag off their backs.'

AN OBVIOUS INFERENCE.—An Iowa orator, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, said, 'I have heard some persons hold the opinion that just at the precise moment after one human being dies another is born, and the soul enters and animates the new-born babe. Now, I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent, and I find that for some hours before he drew his breath, nobody died. Fellow citizens, I leave you to draw the inference.'

PROCRASTINATION.—A mother, admonishing her son (a lad about seven years of age), told him he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little urchin replied, 'Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum-pudding to-night.'

THEATRICAL FREE ADMISSIONS.—'Who was the first man recorded in history who didn't pay?' said Power, who was just handing an order to a friend. 'Why, really, I never gave it a thought,' replied his friend. 'Why, Joseph, of course,' said Power; 'didn't his brothers put him into the pit for nothing?'

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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 40.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

REFLECTIONS IN A GRAVE-YARD.

The following article, which is accompanied by the illustration given below, is from the pen of an able and pathetic writer:—

'It was the close of a beautiful autumnal day, one of those days when—

'The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright tract of her fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.'

The evening breezes arising had cooled and refreshed languishing nature, which now appeared like a splendid picture fresh from the hands of the artist.

Engaged in the contemplation of the beautiful and romantic scenery by which I was surrounded, I unconsciously wandered towards the grave-yard, and almost before I was aware had entered the enclosure. It was with a kind of melancholy pleasure I roved from the spire monument to the lonely tomb, reading the different inscriptions, traced by the warm hand of affection, or by the cold power of wealth and pride; thus employed, my mind insensibly fell into the train of thought, which the place would naturally inspire.

Methought I saw the vast multitude, whose

bodies were covered by the small hillocks which were spread in prospective before me, arise from their narrow 'prison house,' and each assuming the occupation to which he had been accustomed prior to his transit from this world.

There I beheld the merchant exulting in the consciousness of his own importance; there the haughty belle, triumphing in the pride of her beauty, and here, the poet, the scornful smile curling his lips when coming in contact with those who were not possessed with the same enthusiasm and romantic attachment for the muses.

Again I saw the poor man struggling with every effort of industry to preserve those who were most dear to him from the evils of poverty. But suddenly methought the picture was reversed, the merchant was lying in the agonies of death, surrounded by all the luxuries, and attended by all the medical assistance which wealth could procure; still all is vain, he must die.

The belle, whose beauty had so long been her pride, where is she? The mournful pealings of yon bell answers: it tells that she, whose charms once fascinated so many, will in a short time be

seen no more, that she who shone so long the most brilliant star in the hemisphere of fashion will soon be consigned to the cold and narrow precincts of the tomb.

He whose pen had so long charmed mankind, is now alike insensible to censure or commendation, he whose refined taste, recoiled at the idea of associating with the illiterate, worms are now his only companions.

The poor man is now released from his trouble; no longer will his smile, when returning from the labors of the day, gladden the hearts of his desolate wife and children; yonder is his grave, a piece of board marks the head, on which is inscribed his name and age, the last fond remembrance of the grieving relatives he has left behind.

Here we may see, I mentally exclaimed, the instability of all human hopes and possessions; man enters upon the stage of life; at one moment we behold him all buoyant with youthful hopes, the admiring, and admired; the next, where is he? He is where all must lie, the beautiful, the youthful, the gay, the rich, the poor, the humble, and the haughty—in the grave.'



AN IRISH GRAVE-YARD

THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROCK.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER XII.

THE FATE OF SUSAN.

Next day we renewed our search after my unfortunate mistress, but without success. Many of my friends looked upon her as irrecoverable, and, accordingly, desisted from the pursuit. But I was not to be diverted from my purpose. Honor, duty, and love forbade it, and I had little doubt but that perseverance in this, as in other instances, would have been crowned with success. For five days, however, all my inquiries proved fruitless; but, on the sixth, an accident led to a discovery.

As the rake had not been heard of since the night of the abduction, we concluded that he was the cause of Susan's detention, and knowing that he had numerous friends in the O'Kellys' country, we proceeded towards that wild district. My friends, on the occasion, amounted to fifty young fellows like myself; and, as the Kellys were not prepared to encounter such a formidable host, well armed, we met very little opposition in our search. No tidings, however, could we learn of the unfortunate object of our labor, and, evening coming, we bent our steps homeward. Filled with the most melancholy apprehensions for the fate of the unhappy girl, I lingered behind my party, and, not knowing well what direction they took, I struck into a beaten path that led across a heathy hill. On my left, a parcel of singular looking rocks attracted my attention, and I thought a human figure was discernable, apparently crouched on one of them. Thither I instantly hastened; and, as I approached them, methought I heard a cry of distress. I listened; but all in a moment was silent. I mounted one of the rocks, and saw beneath me a most romantic mountain chasm—a place where bandit villains might take up their abode; and, what struck me as probable, a place where Susan might be concealed. Hope flashed upon me as I descended an almost perpendicular path; and as I reached the bottom, a rufianly-looking head was protruded from the mouth of a cavern, and in an instant was withdrawn. The fellow, however, suspecting that he was seen, once more made his appearance; and as he stood upright, presented the tugged form of an athletic giant, being full seven feet high, while every limb indicated strength and activity. His face was of the Irish mould—long and deeply marked, while a foinight's beard, and a twelve month's dirt, gave it an appearance of savage ferocity. At the moment, I was struck with something like fear; but, ashamed and unwilling to retreat, I drew a pistol from my pocket, and approached this singular apparition. 'Who have you in that cavern?' I demanded, and scarcely had the words passed my lips, when a female endeavored to force her way out, but was savagely repulsed by the ruffian, who now appeared to act as her golar. 'Let her pass!' I cried, with some impatience; but, instead of either obeying or replying, he lifted a club he held in his hand, and made a blow, which I fortunately turned off with my pistol. Again he renewed the stroke, till at length, in self-defence, I fired. His club flew out of his hand; his shattered arm fell, as if dead, by his side, and sunk upon the ground. Before I could inquire the nature of his wound, the affrighted female rushed out of the cave, and fell at my feet. Her hands were tied behind her back; and a cruel gag, made of a furze stick, was stuck in her mouth. These, however, did not prevent me from recognizing my beloved Susan in the wretched figure before me. Raising her from the ground, I quickly unbound her hands, relieved her mouth from the barbarous instrument that prevented her from speaking, and once more imprinted a kiss upon her lips. 'Oh! Decimus! Decimus!' she exclaimed,

'take me to my father! Oh, for Heaven's sake, carry me home, or I'm lost for ever!'

'Fear not, Susan,' I replied, 'we part no more; but tell me, who is this ruffian who lies there?'

'Blame not him,' she returned; 'tis not his fault.'

'No, in troth!' said he, starting up on his feet, 'I was only doing my duty, for sure we ought all to assist an O'Kelly, without being run through by a shooting iron, and had you behaved civil to me, I'd have given you up the thackeen astore without any of this work. But see, my brave garsoon, the blood of an O'Kelly never went unrevenged, and may the grass never grow on my grave if I die without having satisfaction!'

Saying this, he raised the club in his left hand, and looking unutterable things, he made towards me. Weakened, however, by loss of blood, I soon brought him once more to the ground, and while he lay there, I seized Susan around the waist, and hastened from the little valley. As few have ever been similarly situated, few are capable of estimating my feelings at this moment. To hold the girl I loved so well in my arms—to feel her little heart throbbing against my side, and considering myself her deliverer, were circumstances calculated to fill me with joy and happiness, were not the apprehension of being overtaken, and again separated, sufficient to counteract the rising emotions of my soul. Alas! I had but too much cause to fear, for we had not descended from the hill when the blast of the horn, more terrible than the death-bell, fell upon our ears. It proclaimed that pursuit was commenced, and my flight was considerably impeded by Susan fainting away on my breast. Single, though armed, what could I do against a host of foes, who I dreaded were now approaching? and I had only just time to reload my pistol, and lay Susan on the ground, when nine or ten men, with loud cries of vengeance, appeared within a few perches of me. Foremost I discovered the ruffian I had wounded, with his arm tied up in a handkerchief, and beside him Toney Kelly. I was now convinced that my suspicions respecting the rake were well founded, and overcome with jealous rage, I cocked my pistol, and was on the point of pulling the trigger, when a stone from one of the O'Kellys struck me on the temple, and laid me senseless on the ground. It was fortunate it did so, for had I killed one of them, my life must have been sacrificed to their fury. As it was, I believe they considered me dead, for no further violence was offered, which humanity on their part arose perhaps from their eagerness to secure their prize.

When I had partially recovered from the effects of the blow, I found myself alone, and being weak from loss of blood, I was not well able to walk. With that freedom quite natural in Ireland, I seized the first horse I met, converted his fetter, or side-irons, into a temporary bridle, and rode home, a distance of about five miles. Irish horses are animals of singular sagacity, for, like carrier pigeons, they will always find their way home. On this occasion, my Rosinante was no sooner relieved of his burden, than he turned round, and trotted quite contentedly to his native pasture.

It was no sooner ascertained that the O'Kellys had offered not only insult to a Rock, but detained a McMahon, than the whole country was up in arms. Sunday was the day appointed for the commencement of hostilities, and the chapel, as usual, was chosen as the scene of action. Against this last determination, however, I positively objected, for I never could think that those men respected religion, who went to the house of God with the intention of fighting. It was a custom once too prevalent, and though the Catholic clergy have banished it from places where their authority is acknowledged, I regret to state that family factions, the remnant of clanship, still exist. Irishmen, however, are beginning

to grow ashamed of such barbarous practices. No people in the world are more easily persuaded from error, or less inclined to do anything that would reflect disgrace on their country and religion.

I easily prevailed on my friends to meet the O'Kellys on more legitimate ground—on their own plains—and, accordingly, we paid them a visit; but, to our astonishment, no opposition was made, and for six days successively we searched in vain for Susan, who, as I afterwards learned, was removed from place to place, from mountain to mountain, with such care as eluded our sagacity. Thinking, at length, that stratagem might be more successful than force, I stopped an old beggerman, dressed myself in his clothes, and, with a wallet on my back, a long pole in my right hand, and a wooden can in my left, I sallied forth a disguised mendicant. On the first day nothing remarkable occurred; but, on the second, chance brought me to the cabin where Susan was confined. She was extremely ill, and the people knew not what to do for her. They asked my advice, and, as I boasted of my medical knowledge, I was instantly shown into her presence, for they apprehended no danger from an old beggerman. Susan knew me not, and, as I saw that fatigue and cold brought on a fever, I affected to feel her pulse, and then, promising to collect a few herbs that would instantly restore her to health, I left my wallet behind me, and repaired to the side of a mountain. Once out of view, I seized a horse, and was quickly at Rockglen. A few followers were soon collected, and, as fast as horses could carry us, we proceeded to O'Kelly country. In the cabin we found the rake and five others; a scuffle ensued, in which the guilty Toney lost his life. Susan was restored to her father; but, alas! his happiness was short lived; her fever grew worse and worse, and in five days time, she was a corpse!

My own feelings, on this occasion, I shall not attempt to describe; but such was the effect which Susan's fate produced on my mind, that I have been, from that day to this, an enemy of female abduction. The actors in such cases are generally fellows like Kelly; but I never could discover the reason why the peasantry are not averse to such vile practices. Perhaps, like other things, they indulge in it because declared illegal, for they have been long in the habit of considering what is right to be the reverse of what the law commands.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ARREST—AN IRISH JUSTICE FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

At the period of Susan's abduction, the country was particularly tranquil. The great had their minds suspended between fear and hope, and even the Rockites were so dazzled with the anticipated splendor of national freedom, that proctors, for once, were permitted to repose in security, and landlords to distraint for rent without any interruption. My father, 'wan and faint, but fearless still,' looked on and smiled, gave a 'Pshaw!' when Gratian was hailed as the deliverer of the nation, and now and then ridiculed the proceedings of the volunteers. Young, ardent, and patriotic (for I have ever been a patriot), I did not entirely approve of my father's opinions, and as I sometimes ventured to express my dissent, we had frequent conversations, or rather disputes, carried on in that tone of respectful cadence which is always most agreeable where one of the parties is an acknowledged superior, and the other a person from whom the utmost deference is at once expected and enacted.

One day, while listening to the aged chieftain's dissertation on the aspect of public affairs, the door, which always stood open, was darkened by a lengthened shadow, and presently an officer and his party entered. My father, as usual, was seated in his armed chair, while I occupied a form near the dresser. We were both perfectly unarmed, and, thinking that the captain was the object of their visit, I seized an old 'longobar,' and rushed between him and the soldiers. Placing myself in an attitude of defence, I demanded their business.

'We seek,' replied the officer, 'one Decimus Rock,

and from the instructions I have received, I believe you are the person we want."

"My name," said I, "is certainly Decimus Rook; but I beg to know for what offence, and by whose authority, I am required to surrender myself to armed soldiers."

"This is my authority," he returned, exhibiting a warrant; "but if you wish to know the offence with which you are charged, you must inquire of Mr. Heatley, the magistrate, for really I know nothing of it."

Seeing myself opposed by twenty armed soldiers, and thinking that I had nothing to apprehend, I threw down the weapon, and surrendered. My father, whose long familiarity with danger left him inaccessible to fear, now arose from his chair, surveyed the officer with an incredulous grin, and then, coming close to him, said, "Not know his offence, sir! Not know that it was for doing what duty, honor, love, and humanity prompted—for doing that which, if he had not done, shame and infamy would rest upon his name! It is his offence, sir, that he is brave—and honorable—that he is an Irishman!"

"Strange, indeed!" replied the officer, "if it should be so; but, were it as you say, I have a duty to perform, and, however unpleasant to your feelings and to my own, I must carry this young man to Heatley-hall, where I hope he has little to apprehend from investigation."

At these words the old chieftain's countenance relaxed, and, seizing the officer's hand, he shook it with warm-hearted kindness, insisted on his being seated, and then, fetching a 'cruiskeen' of the native, he made the whole party drink. My father, as I have said before, was 'very rich,' and an Irishman, and his caressing those now, who a few minutes before he would have sacrificed to his fury, was nothing more than the habit of always acting in accordance with the impulse of feeling. At first they appeared enemies; but he no sooner discovered that they were, in all probability, friends, than he treated them as such, and fastened on the slightest intimation as the strongest proof. Such conduct appears inconsistent only to those who are unacquainted with the workings of an Irishman's heart.

The officer, who had, notwithstanding his red coat, much of the milk of human kindness in him, inquired the history of what my father hinted at, and was no sooner informed of the whole particulars concerning Susan's abduction, than he assured me I ran no danger whatever. But he judged according to principles of equity, and not agreeable to the statute in such cases made and provided. At first, however, I was of his opinion, particularly so as more than a fortnight had elapsed since the affair occurred. But the report of illegal acts in Ireland, like the echo at Killarney, is heard only at intervals, and, generally, is loudest when reverberated from a distance. In the present instance this was the case, for the whole had been nearly forgotten in the county, when the intelligence reached Dublin, where the Rev. Peter Cousins resided. This gentleman, whose character lies ready drawn in my portfolio, having no flock to tend, because one degree less civilized, and turned 'hantsman.' His game was sometimes of the same species as that pursued by Nimrod, and instead of attracting blessings from the people, he was generally pursued with execrations. He had a living near Rockgen, where my father kept him constantly employed, until the embodying of the volunteers, when he hastened to Dublin; but, not being thought qualified to act adjutant under Charlemont, he embraced the present opportunity of returning to his old quarters, and renewed his usual sport by causing me to be arrested. Indeed, my father always said he had a higher object in view, and hoped that, by throwing the country into a state of insurrection, he might thwart the designs of those who were then advocating the rights of Ireland. But I am anticipating.

At rather an early hour in the evening the soldiers closed around me with fixed bayonets, and we marched off for Heatley-hall, the residence of the magistrate.

Mr. Heatley was one of the old school, not 'a la

Chesterfield,' but a true portrait of an Irish justice fifty years ago. His person was originally of the middle size, but, like an inflated balloon, his skin had considerably expanded, in consequence of the good things he was daily, nay hourly, in the habit of pouring into it. Like the recruit at drill, he could not possibly see whether he stood 'toes out or toes in,' for his view was intercepted by a large protuberance before him. Shakspeare's portrait of Falstaff might serve for Mr. Heatley, were it not for his clothes; and, indeed, these hung so loosely about him, that he might, without any trouble, slip into those of the witty knight. His three-cocked hat and wig were of one age and color, his coat, always green, was cut in the bunting fashion, and his silk waistcoat had as many flowers on it as my grandmother's gown, which she used to tuck up behind her going to mass. Unlike that modern part of our dress, it covered the greater portion of the man; while two laps, dangling from it, hung down the thighs to such a length as almost to dispense with the use of breeches. Mr. Heatley's ideas of decency, however, differed from those of a Highlander, and I can assure my readers that he was as seldom to be seen without his 'inexpressibles' as without his top-boots and silver spurs. His face was such as might be expected from the portrait I have given—it indicated the total absence of all care, bespoke a vacant mind and a harmless disposition. The utmost humanity looked out at every pore, while the full blaze that always lit it up declared the humor of the man.

Compare this picture with the face of a modern magistrate, and wonder at the difference! Instead of such a reviving physiognomy, we meet with nothing but long puritanical phizzes, in which the prisoner may fancy that he sees Minos, the rigid judge of the defunct ancients. Our magistracy may boast of their activity, of their knowledge of M'Nally's 'justice of peace,' and of their punctual attendance at the quarter sessions. God help them! Mr. Heatley dispised all these things, he never opened a law-book in his life, nor ever read an act of parliament; yet he contrived to satisfy government, and kept the country in a state certainly as tranquil as it has been since. He knew the limited capacity of ancient gaols, and therefore seldom sent any one to them, and thought, if people chose to quarrel, the best way was to let them fight it out. He had a natural dislike to tie-proctors, and therefore never 'protected' them; and whenever he granted a warrant, he generally sent information to the party to avoid an arrest. His decisions were regulated by no precedent—the whim of the moment was his only guide, and many of them are related at the present day, to show that he was not quite as wise as Solomon. Perhaps some may think that dissatisfaction was the consequence of Mr. Heatley's justice, but the very reverse was the fact. He was universally beloved, and though always in debt, a bailiff dare not come within a mile of his house; and whenever he went to hunt, which he did frequently, all the farmers' sons in the country attended him; nor was he above entertaining them at his table when the sports were over. Protestant and Catholic were the same in his eyes, and, indeed, many suspected that he was half a Papist himself, for he had a peculiar antipathy to parsons.

Such was Mr. Heatley, and such were most of the magistrates fifty years since. These men are now extinct, and justices of another stamp have supplied their places. Has the country profited by the change? Let the numerous committees and the few convictions answer. For my part, I consider an over-active magistracy a curse to any country, and would prefer living even in the neighborhood of an attorney, rather than in that of a justice of the peace.

CHAPTER XIV.

IRISH JUSTICE FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

An easy walk of two hours brought us within sight of Heatley-Hall, the residence of the magis-

trate. The house was one of those habitations which look grand and venerable without any display of architectural ornament, and which, in a country like Ireland, are appropriate abodes of ancient families. The child of fortune and the lord of a day may build themselves splendid mansions in the Doric, Tuscan, or Corinthian order; but the hereditary nobles of the land—those whose names are 'part and parcel' of her history—should despise these adscititious means of attracting notice, and live where their illustrious ancestors lived before them. An old fortress modernized, a venerable castle whitewashed, and its port-holes enlarged to windows, are places which I never could pass by without having a melancholy interest excited within me. For hours I have stood before such memorials of the past and present, without being able to ascertain whether pain or pleasure predominated, for in spite of the truth of history, I love to dwell upon the by-gone, to recall the romantic incidents of other days, and fancy myself an actor among the chiefs of feudal times. Fallen ruins, or antiquated dwellings, never fail to awaken feelings of this nature.

Heatley-hall was one of those places which I loved to look upon; and as we came to the opening which admits a front view of the house, the whole party, as if by instinct, stopped. The centre of the building was a square castle, flanked with two round towers, whose majestic elevation threw the modern part of the edifice into a shade, giving the whole that sombre appearance which accorded well with the silence of the hour. To the right were the ruins of a monastery, peeping through a grove of tall trees, and on the left stood the 'ivy-mantled' gable-end of an ancient church, round the base of which reposed the ashes of those who, probably, 'were famous in their day.' Every thing around indicated the antiquity of the place, and the veneration it insensibly inspired, blinded the spectator to the many proofs of decay which were visible in the appearance of the hall, as well as in every approach to it. Gates were broken, walls and ditches had fallen, and many of the out-offices stood unconscious of a roof before the face of heaven. Were it not for the 'lazy vermin' who crawled about the court-yards in their faded and tattered livery, one might have supposed that Heatley-hall was the property of some profligate absentee, who concealed himself and his poverty in a lonely garret in the neighborhood of St. James's, London.

By the time we had reached the swing-gate, at the top of the avenue, my escort had considerably increased, apparently not much to the satisfaction of the commanding officer, who viewed the hundreds who crowded around his little party with evident apprehension, lest a rescue should be attempted. Such a thing, however, was not at the moment contemplated. Curiosity was their only motive for inquiring into the cause of my arrest, and so eager were they to learn the nature of the charge against me, that several turned back from a funeral we had met, and a ball-court was deserted, notwithstanding that a game was then playing, on which depended the honor of two rival parishes. Several women and children brought up the rear; and, as we entered the lawn before the house, the rush of the crowd, eager to get convenient positions for hearing the examination, alarmed the people within. The parlor window instantly flew open, and the head of Parson Cousins was protruded. A mixture of fear and anger was painted on his countenance, as he inquired of the officer, 'Is your prisoner safe?'

'Perfectly so.'

'What do the people want?'

'I don't know.'

'To rescue the prisoner, I suppose. Bring him in, and guard him securely.'

In a moment we were in the parlor. Mr. Heatley was sitting quite comfortably at the table, with a

bottle of wine before him, and as he looked at the quaint figure of the ecclesiastic, it was quite apparent that he considered him anything but a friend. 'O'Keefe,' said he, addressing the butler, 'take these soldiers to the hall, and let them have plenty to eat and drink. Captain, will you honor me with your company? Mr. Cousins, you see, has got a new—I mean his old—congregation, and is busy instructing them in their duty.'

The parson, hitherto inattentive to what was going on in the parlor, now drew in his head, and with looks of apprehension, assured Mr. Heatley that the mob were meditating a rescue, as he saw several of them consulting together. 'Have you,' he continued, 'the riot act convenient?'

'Riot act!' repeated the magistrate; 'riot act!' ha, ha, ha! Where the devil do you think I'd get one? The government never send down any, it is now upwards of twenty years since I was in Dublin, about that cursed business of Father Shea, who was hung like a dog, though as innocent as a lamb.'

'That's not the business at present, Mr. Heatley,' said Cousins; 'and as I happen to have the riot act in my pocket—'

'Where it keeps peace, I hope,' interrupted the magistrate.

'You're facetious, Mr. Heatley; but I find it very useful to carry it about me in such reasonable times as these. I beg you will read it to the mob.'

'Not I; read it yourself; it is more familiar to you, I suppose, than the Bible.'

'Your supposition is not true,' returned Cousins, 'and you ought to know it can be read by no one but a magistrate.'

'Are you not one?' asked Heatley.

'Not at present, sir.'

'Oh, ay; ha, ha, ha! It was taken from you in consequence of your refusing to administer an oath to a girl who wanted to swear a child to yourself; ha, ha, ha!'

'Mr. Heatley, this is too much; and were it not that I am conscious your sober moments will cause you to repent of this unprovoked insult, I would not allow it to pass with impunity. You know, sir, that the report was false, and you ought to know that my commission will be restored in a day or two, it being evident that His Majesty's government want my services in this part of the kingdom. It was with reluctance I troubled you; but, as murder has been committed, I thought it necessary to bring the offender to speedy justice.'

'A fine sarnen,' 'pon my word! but who is this charged with murder?'

'One Decimus Rock.'

'Decimus Rock!' repeated the magistrate. 'What! the very best shot in all Tipperary, and the most fearless horseman, charged with murder! Impossible! there must be some mistake. If it were his father I would not be so much surprised.'

'The crime is a serious one, certainly,' said Cousins; 'and I fear the charge is too well substantiated to admit of a doubt.'

'Where are your proofs?' asked Mr. Heatley.

'The witnesses will be here to-morrow, until which time the prisoner must be kept in safe custody.'

'I don't know that,' returned the magistrate.

'I'll lay proper information before you.'

'Let us hear it.'

'It appears,' said the parson, 'that a young girl eloped with a man named Kelly, who very naturally carried her to the residence of his friends; but where she had not been long, when the prisoner, riotously and rebelliously, collected several hundred men, and invaded the place of her retreat, carried her away, 'vi et armis' killed one man, and wounded several others.'

'Is that all?' asked the magistrate.

'I think that's enough,' replied the parson, somewhat surprised at the interrogatory.

'Foo-foo-foo!' said Mr. Heatley, 'why I know all that already, except that part of it which is not true. Kelly, man, carried away the girl, and what the devil would you have Rock do but shoot him when he stole his sweetheart? May I never cross a double ditch on

Croppy's back, if I don't give him credit for what he has done; for by—I'd have done it myself! Away home with you, Rock, and mind your business.'

'Surely you can't be serious,' said the parson.

'Quite so,' returned the magistrate.

'Without examining the witnesses?'

'For what, when I know it all myself?'

'Murder has been committed.'

'I know it.'

'By the prisoner.'

'Very likely.'

'Then, even if innocent, send him to trial, for he's guilty of homicide.'

'Stand aside, and mind your prayers. I know my own business; and God forbid I should send a man to jail for shooting a rascal who stole his girl from him.'

'Good God!' ejaculated Cousins.

'Nonsense,' cried the magistrate.

'His Majesty's government,' said the parson—

'Does nothing for me,' returned Mr. Heatley.

'Will investigate the affair.'

'With all my heart,' replied the magistrate, taking me by the shoulder, and shoving me into the hall. 'Away now,' said he in a whisper, as he shut the parlor, 'run for your life, and if you fall, don't wait to get up, for by—if you are caught, you'll be hung as high as Ramsay. Run,' he continued, as he shut the hall door after me.

: To be Continued.]

PADDY CORCORAN.

'Welcome home, Paddy, and sure and a purty time you row away from us,' was shouted out as Paddy Corcoran hopped before his own cabin door, he evidently appearing as one who was after seeing hard service—his swelled face and black eye giving sure evidence that he did not go and return from his usual excursion without meeting with something beyond his everyday manner of life. Paddy, as far as could be judged from his one perfect eye, which beamed as bright as all well-watered eyes generally do, winked with great significance to a bloated, dapper little man, who whispered him—'And have you the Queen's own (smuggled whisky) along wid you, Paddy dear?'

Paddy Corcoran was a regular hager or carman between his own native town and the capital of the same county, who once a week received commissions to gratify every taste, and satisfy the different wants which the capital should supply, and although Paddy was as irregular as the different houses of call on the road could make him, yet his horse, true to its paces, whether with or without its owner, was in due course received by a crowd of expectants, who thronged around Paddy's dwellings to feast their eyes with the newest importations, and frequently the contents of the cargo were fully distributed ere Paddy made his appearance, whose arrival was often facilitated by his being picked up from off the road by some more sober neighbor, as he drove along.

At this moment the dapper little man whom we have mentioned gave a knowing wink, which was immediately recognized by Paddy, who followed him, and as he was well known to sell a good 'drop,' and as Paddy's arrival was a sure indication that there was no fear of being disappointed, and a strong chance of 'hearing all about it,' some half a dozen of the boys brought up the rear, until they stopped before a house, over the door of which was inscribed, 'Entertainment for man and beast,' into the taproom of which they entered, and rapping for a pint of the 'rale sort,' invited Paddy to sit and partake of 'what's going,' who, nothing loth, and finding himself again in his own town, and amongst the neighbors, after taking a hearty swig of the tumbler, became himself again; and the boys, itching to have the particulars of Paddy's adventures, continued priming him to the 'spaking' point, which, from his present dry condition, required some time to soak the following account of his distant travels.

'And, och, boys, it's meself that's glad to see you and Judy, and the childer, once more agin, and good

luck to ye. Never, whilst the world's a world, did Paddy Corcoran 'spect to suffer the murdering he's after getting, or his two eyes to behold what he did behold. Sure, boys, yeerselves seed me leaving this last Wednesday, full and hearty, and many's the commission myself had to town for the neighbors; but bad cess to the tay (tea) which the quality drinks, it has been sore tay to me at any rate. When I got to the big town, I called to deliver my messages. I went to the grocer's for the tay, who told me that he could not give it thin, as the river was so full iv the rain, the boats couldn't come up.

'But, Paddy,' sez he, 'maybe you would go yerself for it; and as t'other neighbors has goods lying also at the mouth of the river, I will get a load for ye to bring back with ye.'

'Wisha, sirs,' sez I, 'anything in honesty to earn a penny; and I have no business home widout the tay, I may as well, wid a blessing, go for it.'

'So off I sets, laughing wid myself what a fine story I'd have to tell ye when I came back, boys; and sure enough, I had the fine story to tell—but I'm laughing at the wrong side of my mouth. Well, as I was tellin' ye, off I sets of a beautiful morning; and sure and sartin, a delightful road I couldn't have of it. The very birds wor glad to see me, and the small crathurs, with their whistling, seemed to say, 'You're welcome out this fine morning, Paddy Corcoran!' 'Och, success to ye, my darlins, and more power to yer windpipes,' sez I, 'for illicent nightingales, and the curse of Cromwell attind the farmer that 'ud bebridge ye a morsel from his corn-fields; and the next house I come to,' sez I, 'I'll drink yer health, and a welcome.' And shure enough as luck 'ud have it, I was just beside a cozy little one, where I wint in and calls for me morning, barrin' the one I tuck before I came out.'

'But, Paddy,' sez I, 'as you are in a strange country, maybe ye doesn't know where the best is to be had.'

'Wid that, myself begins to consider; but as I didn't know how many was on this road, 'Why, thin,' sez I, 'I had better thry this one at any rate, for fear of a disappointment.' So, myself did, and a good drop it was, too.

'Well, boys, if ye were to see Paddy Corcoran, wid all the birds in the air singing above him, and all the fishes in that beautiful river dancing up and down about him, and the fine road under him, shure ye might say he was as happy as the son of an Irish king; but wait a bit, till ye hear what befel him hereafter. On and on I wint, and och, the country that was afore me, and the mountains at one side of me, and the beautiful river at the foot. 'Shure, sez I, 'this beats Banagher; and them fine boats, too—yurrah, here are they going in such a hurry.' And och, as I wint along, and still seed mountains upon mountains, till ye'd think they'd ritch the ind of the world, wid big forests upon them that looked like hanging from the sky, wid purty houses in the middle of them—thinks Paddy to himself, where are you?—and it's myself couldn't tell. And I begins to consider—'Didn't you ever hear tell of any place like it, at all at all. Wisha, thin, I have it,' says I, 'this is the charming place that the gorsoon was reading about. This is Killarney,' sez I, 'and it's myself must stop at Killarney,' and shure I was in luck agin, for what should I see but 'licensed to sell spirits; and never a fear had I now what they could, as I determined to try every house of that sort along the road, that when I came back, or ever went the road again, I would know where to get the best sup—and a storn sup I got there to my sorrow, for I couldn't keep aye for roaring and bawling, 'I'm come to Killarney! And murder in Irish, over the way in the big mountains, a hundred voices cried out, 'Paddy Corcoran's come to Killarney!' 'Well, that's mighty odd,' sez I, and just as I said it, up comes a strapping fellow, and axed me what call had I to the Larneys. 'Nothing at all, avick,' sez I; 'be all accounts the Larneys is decent people, though myself hasn't their acquaintance.' 'He's a Connaughtman,' sez one. 'He's a Kerryman,' sez another. 'Arach, be aisy,' sez I. 'Wid that the strapping calls out, 'Does ye want to kill a Larney, while

the drop of their blood is in my body! Hurrah for the Larnneys,' sez he; and he ups wid his stick and welcted me, till I was kilt entirely—Oh, bad cess to the tay,' sez I, 'I'm getting it without sugar or milk! Och, Judy and the childer, never more will my eyes behold ye; nor no wake or funeral, nor no neighbors to cry over me. Och, don't murder me entirely, sez I; and myself knows nothing more about it, till I opened my eyes in the Peelers' barracks.

'Gentlemen,' sez I to them, 'is it fair that a poor man should get this usage for nothing at all at all?'

'You'll get more of it, to your sorrow,' sez the strap-pers agin; 'let me see who will touch one of the Larnneys.'

'Oh, boys, sez one of the Peelers, who must be a great scholar, 'sure Paddy means the Lakes of Killarney.'

'And wid that the honest people seed I had no spite to them; and we shuck hands, and made it up at next public house; and agin I was on the road, wid this thumping black eye and broken face that ye sees upon me—giving the promise to myself that sorra a sup would enter my mouth, till I arrived at my journey's end; and myself hadn't long to keep it, for soon I sees the town afore me. As myself intered it, I began to look about very cutely for the house I had the letter to—but all the shutters wor up. 'And sure this isn't Sunday,' sez I; 'warn't to-day Tuesday since I left the big town. Sure it can't be a holiday, either,' sez I, for the doors would be open at any rate—It must be Sunday! And och, millia murder, I must be kilt this three days by the Larnneys! There's no help for misfortunes,' sez I, 'and myself will put up the baste, and get prayers at any rate.' So myself did put up at the stage, and glad I was to see the ostler was a Mullinahone boy.

'Arrah cushla,' sez I, 'trate the poor baste kindly, till I goes to hear mass.'

'There's no mass to-day,' sez he.

'Why, what day is this?' sez I, beginning to doubt.

'And what would it be,' says he, 'but Tuesday.'

'And what is the shops shut for, thin?' sez I.

'Och, says he, 'the great big man over the way, that sould the blankets, is dead.'

'Is there more nor one,' sez I, 'bekase all the shops is shut?'

'Is that all you know about it?' sez he; 'why, thin a Christian dies here, all the town goes to his funeral.' 'Thin ye are ov the right sort here,' sez I; 'and it's myself will go and see yer town,' sez I, 'till the funeral is over.'

'And out I walks to see the boats; and shure myself wondered to see them called after Christians—Mary and Sally, and a power of other names.—' Well, this is quare enough,' sez I.

'Welcome to town, Paddy Corcoran,' sez a voish behind me.

'I turns about, but as I did not know it, I thought it was speaking to the boatman afore me, and thinks I, there's more Paddy Corcorans nor one.

'Welcome to town, Paddy Corcoran,' sez the boatman, that was now behind me.

'Well, this bates any thing, any how,' sez I.

'Welcome to town, Paddy Corcoran,' says the crew of them.

'Well, shure enough, it's myself they mean!—but how does they know me? Perhaps the great Counsellor O'Connell toald them the plumper I gave to the little county mumber in spite of my landlord. So for fear of being axed to take anything, myself will take myself away,' says I; and wid that I walks away from them. But such a shout of 'welcome to town, Paddy Corcoran!' was raised afore me, that away I runs entirely from them.

'Welcome to town, Paddy Corcoran!' sez a dacent man, as he passed me.

'Arrah, avick,' sez I, 'does you know me?'

'To be sure I does,' sez he; 'and how is the wife and childer?'

'Bravely,' sez I; 'and, maybe,' sez I, 'as we're in a strange country, we wouldn't be after taking a dhrop together.'

'Never say it twice,' says he; and away we goes opposite.

'Welcome to town, Paddy Corcoran!' sez a power of voishes around me.

'Be the powers of pewter, here's more of my countrymen,' sez I; 'and never be it said that Paddy Corcoran will ever deny them. Come along, boys, and Paddy will thrate ye all.'

'Welcome to town, Paddy Corcoran!' sez the publican.

'Welcome to town, Paddy Corcoran!' said all the place, and, 'welcome to town, Paddy Corcoran!' was shouted in every direction, till myself didn't know what to think of it. Howsomiver, I was determined to do the ginteel, and called for lashins of whiskey.'

'Welcome to town, Paddy Corcoran!' was still the shout, until myself roaring out, 'welcome to town, Paddy Corcoran!' which every sup I took made it more difficult to say; I sees the tables, stools, pots, tumblers, and fifty candles, wid all in the room, and myself along wid them, whirl around, and sorra a bit I knows what happened after, till I found myself shuck by a ginteelman, who axed me was I Paddy Corcoran.'

'Plase yer honor, sir,' sez I, 'sure all the town knows that already, and all the neighbors you sees about me,' (raising myself on my elbow;) but, och, botheration, never a one did I see, but myself and the ginteelman.

'Paddy,' says he, 'the goods you come for yister-day is ready.'

'No, yer honor,' sez I, 'twas to-day.'

'Why, it's now but morning,' sez he.

'Och, murder, murder, sir,' sez I, 'let it be any day you plase, if, wid a blessin', I once agin sees daylight sittin' on the roof of my own cabin.'

'Wid that up I leaps, and, shure enough, if the ginteelman didn't cry wid laughing—welcome to town Paddy Corcoran!'

'None of yer blarney, sirs,' sez I; 'I'll have nothin' more to say to country acquaintances. Paddy has suffered enough already by reason of this place.'

'No wonder, Paddy,' sez he, 'whin your name is behind your back,' taking a paper from off it, wid 'welcome to town, Paddy Corcoran!' written in big letters upon it.

'Och, may great big bad luck atind that Mullinahone boy yonder, that played me such a trick,' sez I. 'And ten thousand blessins on yer honor, and dispatch me quick.'

'Very well, Paddy,' sez he.

'Wid that I calls for the reck'ning, and, wurrah! wurrah! sich a bill for quarts of whiskey and gallons of portier, that would sail a boat down to the sayintirely. Out I was obliged to pull all the change about me, and much more nor that, that Peggy Clancy gave me to buy the straw bonnet and the shoes. Well, when I had my loading ready, off I sets; and when I was going out of town, 'welcome to town, Paddy Corcoran!' was fresh as ever. 'Bardershin,' sez I, and left them, sore and sorrowful, and wid a heavy heart I fitched my load to the big town, and the very birds and fishes themselves seemed to fret for me, and with a dhry mouth and empty pockets home I come. And here I am, determined niver to visit foreign parts agin.'

A VIRGINIA TRAVELLER AND A KENTUCKY LANDLORD.—A traveller from Virginia, as his blooded horse, plethoric saddle-bags, and haughty 'insouciance' indicated, stopped at a comfortable wayside inn, in Kentucky, one night many years ago. The landlord was a jovial, wholesouled fellow, as landlords were in those days, and gave the stranger the best entertainments his table and bar would afford, as well as his own merry company to make him glad. Early in the morning the stranger was up and looking around, when he espied a rich bed of mint in the garden. He straightway found Boniface, and indignant at what he supposed his inhospitality in setting plain whiskey before him, when the means of brewing nectar was so easy of access, he dragged

him forth to the spot, and pointing his finger at the mint, he exclaimed—

'I say, landlord, will you be good enough to say what is this?'

'A bed of mint,' said the somewhat astonished landlord.

'And will you please tell me what is the use of it?'

'Well, don't exactly know, 'cept the old woman dries it sometimes with the other yarbs.'

The Virginian almost turned pale at the enormity of the assertion.

'And do you mean to tell me that you don't know what a mint julep is?'

'Not 'cept it's something like sage tea, stranger.'

'Sage tea!' Go right along to the house, get a bucket of ice, loaf sugar and your best liquor.'

The landlord obeyed, and the stranger soon made his appearance with a handful of the fragrant, dewy mint, and then they brewed and drank again. Breakfast was over, and the stranger's horse was brought out, only to be ordered back again. Through the livelong day they brewed and drank; one or two neighbors dropped in, who were partakers, and late in the night were their orgies kept up. Ere they made it bed time, the landlord and his Virginia friend, who had initiated him into the pleasant mysteries of mint julep, were sworn brothers; and when the latter departed next morning, Boniface exacted a pledge that he should stop on his return, and stay as long as he pleased, free of cost.

The stranger's business, however, detained him longer than he expected; and it was the next summer before he came back.

Riding up late in the evening, he gave his horse to an old negro who was at the gate, and at the same time inquired—

'Well, Sam, how is your master?'

'Yonder him come,' said the negro, pointing to a youth who was approaching.

'I mean your old master, fool.'

'Old massa! him done and dead distree month.'

'Dead! What was the matter with him? He was in fine health when I left him.'

'Yes; but see. Massa stranger, one of them Virginia gemmens come along here last year and showed him how to eat greens in his licker; he liked it so well he done stuck to him till it kill him,' said the old darkey, shaking his head.

The stranger passed a less jovial night than on his previous visit, and was off by daybreak the next morning. He quieted his conscience, however, in the end, with the reflection that good things are sometimes misused.

A Minikin three feet and a half colonel, being one day at the drill, was examining a strapper of six feet four.

'Come, fellow, hold up your head; higher, fellow.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Higher, fellow, higher.'

'What—so, sir?'

'Yes, fellow.'

'Must I always remain so?'

'Yes, fellow, to be sure.'

'Why, then, good bye, colonel, for I never shall see you again.'

SKIN 'EM.—'Boy, you seem to be quite smart, altogether too smart for the school. Can you tell me how many six black beans are?'

'Yes, sir, half a dozen.'

'Well, how many are half a dozen white beans?'

'Six.'

'Tremendous smart boy! Now tell me how many white beans there are in six black ones?'

'Half a dozen, if you skin 'em.'

THE IRISH WIFE.

BY THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dainties of Saxon land—
I would not give my Irish wife
For the queen of France's hand.
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lauds, or life;
In death I would be near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife!

Oh, what would be this home of mine—
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face?
What comfort in a mine of gold,
What pleasure in a royal life,
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not wed my Irish wife?

I knew the law forbade the ban—
I knew my King abhorred her race—
Who never bent before their clans,
Must bow before their ladies' grace
Take all my forfeited domain,
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife—
Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my stars by night;
And twin-like truth and fondness lie
Within her swelling bosom white:
My Irish wife has golden hair—
Apollo's harp had once such strings—
Apollo's self might pause to hear
Her bird-like carol when she sings!

MY CONSULSHIP.

ROME AND POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

[Continued.]

The next morning, at nine o'clock, the electors went to the chapel to proceed to the election. The Cardinal Micara, deacon of the sacred college, would have marched at their head, but a severe illness detained him in his cell, and the sub-deacon took his place. The seats of the chapel being removed, an open square was left in the nave, around which were elevated two thrones, surmounted with their scarlet canopies. In front of the door, the altar was already illuminated for the mass. In the centre of the square, a table, covered by a cloth of gold, and surrounded by three rich chairs, awaited the three secretaries. At the right of the altar was the funetta, a kind of a stove, in which the votes were burned after each balloting, till the election took place.

The sub-deacon ascended the steps of the altar with his two assistants; the cardinals took their places on the right and left, on their respective thrones—now all equal—now all princes—since any one of them might, in an hour—become the head of the Catholic world. The bishops put the stole around their necks, and the priests and deacons were in full dress for the altar service. The entire college was at this moment robed in those gorgeous vestments which add such grandeur to the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church. It was an imposing spectacle—those fifty-two old men, from whose number was to go forth a king and a pontiff.

It was a solemn crisis, and all present seemed to feel that a work of awful moment lay before them. One of their number said to me afterwards, 'If we had known all the mighty consequences which have since followed the day, I doubt if we should have felt more solemn. It has since been shown that we were applying the torch to a mine that was to explode Europe. Even then, every man present seemed to act as though he was holding the match in his own hand.'

Mass was said in the midst of the profoundest contemplation. Cardinal Macchi explained the prescribed order of proceedings. Each elector took his seat, and the college was left alone.

The election was now to be made in one of three ways. 1st. By acclamation; that is, when the whole college proclaims the same man without a difference of opinion, which was impossible in the present case. 2d. By compromise; when no harmony exists, and, despairing of union or an election, all agree to leave the settlement to a committee, by whose decisions they are bound, which is never resorted to in the beginning. 3d. By secret ballot, which is the common way of election.

Printed ballots are prepared by the master of ceremonies, and kept in two urns on the secretary's table, and the electors take them when they please. One committee was chosen to examine the ballots, and another to visit the cells of the sick cardinals, who could not leave their beds. These committees are drawn by lot in the following manner:—Into a purple damask bag, as many little balls are put as there are electors, and their names inscribed on them. The first three drawn designated the tellers; the first in order was to open the ballots, the second to record the votes, and the third to proclaim the result of each trial. The sub-deacon shakes up the bag and blesses it, and the youngest deacon draws. Mastai came out third; it was his duty to proclaim the votes. Then the drawing took place for the sick. Lambruschini was one of the committee. The cardinals came forward, ten at a time, took ballots, filled and sealed them. As fast as this was done, each one took his ballot between his thumb and finger, raised his arm over his head, and went and knelt before the altar, on which was a large chalice. After a short prayer, he rose, and pronouncing the following oath—*Testor Christum Dominum, qui me iudicaturus est, mi eligere, quem secundum Deum iudico elegi debere et quod idem in accessu preestabo*, deposits his ballot in the chalice, kneels again, and returns to his place.

When all present had voted, the ballots of the sick (there were five of them) were brought in and deposited in the same manner. The first teller then took down the chalice, shook it, and handed it to Mastai. The number was found to be correct, and they proceeded to open them. At this most solemn moment of the first day more than one heart beat convulsively. The first teller, with his back towards the chalice, took the ballots out one by one, opened them so as not to discover the names, and passed them to the second, who read them in a low voice, and, after registering them, gave them to the third, who proclaimed them. Mastai called the name of Lambruschini fifteen times, and thirteen times his own. The rest of the votes were scattering.

The first result produced an electric shock on the assembly. A buzzing noise followed. The college expected the election of Lambruschini on the first balloting. Who was this unknown rival, who, at the first trial, obtained nearly one-third of the votes. The people have since considered it a miracle, and it was quite as unexpected as one. A most strange incident now took place. Cardinal Mastai had hardly pronounced his own name the thirteenth time, when a dove flew into the upper window of the chapel, and descending, fluttered around his head! The whole assembly started. It seemed to be a miraculous manifestation of the approbation of heaven. It appeared as though God himself thus put his seal upon his anointed viceroy. The fate of Italy and of Europe was balancing.

Lambruschini was feared, for it was known that he controlled a most powerful influence. The great majority of the college had no leanings towards liberalism; who then should they elect? Not Gizzi, who was to be the candidate of the best men in the college, for he could not command a majority. Mastai was a devoted bishop, a man overflowing with humanity. There were thirteen members who knew his extraordinary virtue, and they voted for him, because they thought he would run into no excesses of arbitrary power; but it is certain that not one of the college dreamed he was so radical in his political opinions as he proved.

If a thunderbolt had fallen on Lambruschini's head,

he would hardly have been more stunned than when he heard the announcement that he had but fifteen votes. He had entertained no doubt of his election up to that moment.

The stove pipe conducts the smoke into the public square, and as long as the smoke is seen the people know that their chief is not elected.

Rome was transported with passion. The cafes were filled with anxious men. Various and contradictory reports were flying; all was terror and desperation. The Romans were resolved that a tyrant should reign over them no longer. At last the report was spread through the town that the people's candidate, Gizzi, was elected. It was believed; a courier set off to his native place with the news; the city of the cardinal was at once illuminated; his palace was crowded by the people; his servants who had thus, according to ancient custom, become possessed of all his personal property, drank up all his wine, and gave an entertainment of great magnificence. A few hours after, a second courier arrived with different intelligence. The mistake cost poor Gizzi six thousand dollars, and nearly cost the first messenger his life.

In the mean time, a strange drama was playing in the conclave. Three ballotings had taken place; each time the hopes of Lambruschini and Austria were growing darker; Mastai was gaining. The second trial he had gained four votes, and Lambruschini lost two. On the third trial Mastai announced the name of his rival but eleven times, and his own twenty-seven.

The fourth and last scrutiny opened at three o'clock, P. M., the 16th. Mastai was at his post, pale and sad; he had not had the shadow of hope or prospect of the Pontificate, and he was overwhelmed with the destiny that seemed to await him. He had passed the intervals of the ballotings in prayer. The ballots were now thrown into the chalice for the last time. The opening began amidst breathless silence. Mastai read his name on the first ballot, the second, third, fourth, and on to the seventeenth without interruption. His hand and voice trembled, and he stopped an instant. He went on; opened the eighteenth, and saw his name again. His eyes filled; he prayed the assembly to compassionate him, and to charge another cardinal to read in his place. Mastai forgot, in the simple honesty of his heart, that a scrutiny even thus interrupted could annul an election. The cardinals answered, 'Take time; repose a moment; we will wait for your eminence.'

A young member came forward and obliged Mastai to sit and repose himself; one of his colleagues gave him a glass of water; he drank, and sat trembling and speechless. A moment after large tears came rushing down his face.

The shock, so deep, so affecting, and so true, showed that Mastai felt how grand and fearful a responsibility was before him. To the majority of the cardinals he was almost a stranger. They had passed most of their lives at court; he had long been gone from the capital; and, in the holy engagements of his ministry, was almost as much unknown to his colleagues, as though he were not one of the conclave. But now they saw the man they had voted for, and their hearts were won by the pure ingenuousness of his character. After some minutes of great solemnity, Mastai rose and approached the table, sustained by two of his colleagues. The opening went slowly on. Again, he read his own name, again and again, till at last (he needed but thirty-six votes—two-thirds of all that were present) he had pronounced it thirty-six times. Nearly all the cardinals rose; one voice only was heard in the arches of the chapel; and the election was confirmed by acclamation. Mastai fell to his knees. The spectacle of that young Pontiff, on whose shoulders had been so suddenly thrown the weight of a temporal and spiritual empire, bowing meekly before the majesty of heaven, affected the assembly. Order was at once restored. Every eye was filled with tears.

There are certain moments in the life of the historian when he must feel solemn; for he is fixing his eye on events upon which Heaven itself has gazed as crisis, towards which all the converging streams of influence and destiny have been long flowing—events for which Providence has long been preparing mankind—events which are to decide what their future fortunes are to be.

Of such events, the calling of Abraham, the birth of Cyrus, the death of Cæsar, the coming of the Saviour, the destruction of Jerusalem, the conversion of Constantine, the irruption of the Barbarians, the great victory of Charles Martel over the Saracens, the preaching of Peter the Hermit, the discovery of the Bible by Luther, the birth of Galileo, the discoveries of Columbus and Vasco de Gama, the triumph of Cromwell, the embarkation of the Pilgrims, the preaching of Wesley, the declaration of Independence, the French Revolution of 1789, the elevation, the victories, and final death of Napoleon—may all come in for a deep and permanent interest in the feelings of all who read history, either for the purpose of seeing the great plans of Providence, or tracing the chequered fortunes of humanity.

The college had been in session forty hours, and the anxiety of the Roman people to know what their destiny would be had reached the last point of intensity. The streets and piazzas were filled with groups of excited men, and citizens seemed to wear on their faces a troubled but determined look, like men who are nerving themselves up to hear of some tremendous calamity. In speaking of this terrible crisis, a venerable and devoted prelate of Rome (who had been long hoping and waiting for a day of reformation in the Catholic Church) said to me, 'I know of nothing in history that could have been so painful, unless it may have been while the flying Hebrews were standing on the shore of the Red Sea, with their trembling women and children, watching the distant cloud of dust that rose up into heaven, as the chariots of the Egyptians came sweeping over the desert, and before the pillar of fire moved on, and the sea divided to let those weary millions pass over.'

Towards evening, on the 16th of June, the Piazza del Quirinale was filled with an anxious multitude, waiting for the smoke coming from the burning of the ballots of the conclave. A thousand bells came chiming calmly and sweetly on the ears of the palpitating thousands, and every eye was strained to catch, through the fading twilight, the blue smoke, curling up the sides of the Quirinal. But no signal appeared, and Rome knew that her prince was chosen. Every man breathed quicker, and asked his neighbor, 'Who is it?' But no one could answer the question.

At length the report started that the learned and good Cardinal Gizzi, the acknowledged head of the Italian, or reform party, was elected.

It flew over the city, and the crowd began to disperse. Enough was known of Gizzi to banish the apprehensions Rome had felt for the result, and it was no longer doubted that the Ecclesiastical State would find repose from its suffering—more, the Romans did not dare to hope.

At a late hour the capital grew quiet, and waited for the coming day. Early the following morning the population of Rome came rushing to the great Piazzas di Monte Cavallo (only another name for the Piazza del Quirinale, but so called because in the centre of the square stands the classic marble fountain, around which are still seen the celebrated Greek horses, so wonderfully sculptured by Phidias, or some other master of antiquity) to see the new prince, into whose hands God had committed their fortunes. While the vast multitude, in which all ranks, and sexes, and ages, and conditions, were tumultuously blended, was waiting with impatience the appearance of the Pontiff, the brick began to fall from the window that opens out of the Hall of

Conclave on the balcony. This passage, as we have already remarked, had been walled up, that no communication might be left open between the college and the external world.

Through the opening the Cardinal Chamberlain in a few moments appeared, to proclaim the Pope. His face was radiant with joy as he came forward, and beckoned to the dense mass (probably not less than two hundred thousand persons) below him to hold silence.

'Rommani,' he cried in a loud voice, 'annuntio vobis gaudium magnum; Papam habemus eminentissimum ac reverendissimum dominum Joannem Mariam Mastai Ferretti, S. R. C. presbyterium cardinalem, qui sibi nomen imposuit Pius IX. Romani, I announce to you joyful tidings. We have a Pontiff, the most eminent and most reverend Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, of the holy Roman Church, a presbyter cardinal, who has taken the name of Pius the Ninth.'

These words were spoken in the tongue which was heard in that same piazza two thousand years before; but they were understood by the listeners; and a shout came back, 'Viva Pio Nino!' Long live Pius IX.

The Loggia was already filled with cardinals, and at last the man whom Rome hoped most fervently had been sent by God as the deliverer of the Italians, himself appeared before them. When the immense crowd caught the first glance of the noble form of the Bishop of Imola, and before the murmurs of the first shout had died away, an involuntary burst of joy and gratitude to God went up to heaven. It was followed a moment after by a wild prolonged appeal, and those who stood on the Loggia have told me that the pillars of the Quirinal trembled to the shock.

The Pontiff extended his arms, and lifting his eyes to Heaven, blessed his people. That vast crowd was hushed while he spoke; and when the benediction was finished they sent back their loud amen.

When Pius heard the response and their acclamations, and saw their hands lifted imploringly to him, speaking a language that could not be misunderstood, for there were gathered hundreds of thousands of Romans beseeching him to be their father as well as their prince, Pio Nono's heart was melted, and tears of gratitude and consolation flowed down his face. From that hour the angel of concord united children and father, subjects and sovereign, faith and religion!

From the Hall of Conclave, late on the night of the election, Pius IX. wrote the following letter to his

'DEAREST BROTHERS, GABRIELE, GIUSEPPE, AND GAITANO. The blessed God, who humbles and exalts, has been pleased to raise my unworthiness to the most sublime dignity of the earth. I know, in some measure, the almost infinite weight of such a charge, and I equally know the poverty, and indeed the absolute nothingness of my spirit. Ask the prayers of others, and pray for me yourselves. The conclave lasted forty hours. If the Commune wish to spend anything in giving a demonstration, see that the sum expended (it is my will) be entirely devoted to something useful to the city, as the Gonfaloniere and councillors may judge best. As for you, dear brothers, I embrace you with all my heart in Jesus Christ; and so far from exulting in my elevation, compassionate your brother, who give to you all his first apostolical benediction.

P. P. IX.'

At midnight an express was sent with the foregoing letter to Singaglia, the Pontiff's native city, and, before daylight, the gates of Rome swung open to let the couriers fly to spread the joyful intelligence of the election of Pio Nono, wherever Roman exiles were waiting in sadness and hope. Five days after his election, the 21st June, the new Pope was crowned in the church of St. Peter. We shall at-

tempt no description of that imposing ceremony, nor of the mighty structure under whose sky-reaching dome it was celebrated, for, to give an idea of the ceremony, a larger space would be required than my limits can spare, and to give an adequate conception of St. Peter's, by words, seems to me to be absolutely impossible. Michael Angelo gave the best description of it before it was built, by saying, 'I will hang the Pantheon in the heavens.'

The coronation of a Pontiff is always a magnificent ceremony; it is the most imposing sight ever witnessed in Italy—a land where all that is imposing brings its sanctioned tribute on such occasions. The coronation of Pius differed from those which had preceded it, chiefly in a greater degree of solemnity—St. Peter's was crowded with anxious hearts. The first burst of joy which attended the announcement of Count Mastai's election had been rather a negative feeling. Everybody was glad that Lambruschini had failed. It was more exultation over the defeat of Austria than delight at the triumph of patriotism and liberty; little was known of Pius IX. by his people. Mastai had seldom left his diocese; he had become almost a stranger in Rome. He was shut up in the convent of Piratello, (one of the bi-annual retreats he had instituted for pure and benevolent purposes), instructing his clergy, when a courier on a foaming horse halted at the gate, bringing the dispatch which told him Gregory was dead. Indeed, the Romans could know little of their new Pope. Rome was bleeding; thousands of her children were in damp dungeons, or distant exile; despotism reigned; corruption and profligacy were everywhere triumphant; even a reformer would find every step an Herculean labor—if indeed some subtle poison or treacherous knife did not arrest him in his first onset against the Colossus of crime and tyranny that overshadowed Rome. Besides, who knew what Pius IX. would do? Who could decide what his first edict would be? Who so mad as to expect a reformer from the Vatican? It were worse than to look for a republican, born with a diadem on his head, and descended from a long line of kings.

That congregation, of I know not how many tens of thousands, gathered before the tomb of St. Peter, with its massive bronze columns and gorgeous canopy, and thousand lamps of silver and gold, and precious stones, had too much at stake to be joyous; no pagan could banish their anxiety. The first shout of joy that followed the election of Mastai had been wild, maniac-like. The public mind soon grew familiar with this negative triumph; it could not rest on so unsubstantial a feeling; it required something stronger, deeper, more inspiring. Five days had cooled the popular feeling, and a melancholy that had grown out of many years of suffering was not to be dispelled till some radical change had taken place in the political condition of the Roman people. Pio Nono knew all this. He was crowned, and the uncounted multitude poured forth from the Cathedral aisles, and lined the way their new sovereign must pass in returning to the Quirinal. The Pontifical train swept through dense masses, kneeling on either side; but the cortege moved on in silence. No shouts rent the sky; not a voice was heard even to proclaim viva Pio Nono. But, without a spoken word, a sublime voice went up from four hundred thousand kneeling supplicants for pardon for their husbands, fathers, brothers, and friends, in prison or in exile. That voice went to the heart of the Pontiff. His noble purpose was fixed, but the world knew nothing of his determination. The chilling coldness with which the Romans had assisted at the coronation, and afterwards received the first Pontifical benediction from St. Peter's, afflicted the Pope for a moment. On his return to the palace, Pius said to those about him, 'The Romans appear to treat me hard; but I understand the reason. It will not take me long to show Rome and all Italy that no prince or pontiff can be loved by his people, unless he becomes the father of his subjects and children.' And yet that night Pius did not sleep!

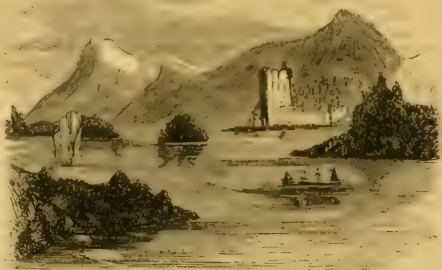
[To be Continued.]

MALAHIDE CASTLE.

The castle of Malahide, the residence of the ancient family of Talbot, is scarcely surpassed in interest, arising from various sources, by any building in the county of which it forms a distinguished ornament. This structure, as it stood in the early part of the last century, was of contracted dimensions, and, although surrounded by a moat, was not castellated. The various additions which now render it an object of considerable magnificence, and a capacious residence, suited to the exercise of a dignified hospitality, were chiefly carried into effect by the late Colonel Talbot, father of the present proprietor. The building, thus enlarged, is an extensive pile, of square proportions, flanked on the principal side by circular towers. A fine Gothic porch, or chief entrance, has been constructed under the direction of the present owner of the castle, greatly to the advantage of the building, in regard both to external ornament and the convenience of the interior.

The moat is now filled up, and its sloping surface covered with verdant sward. The domestic and gardens are disposed with much correctness of taste, and the former is enriched with some venerable timber and numerous plantations.

The interior of the mansion affords many objects of gratification. The apartment of greatest curiosity is wainscotted throughout with oak, elaborately carved in compartments representing the history of Adam and other scriptural subjects, some of which are executed with much skill; the chimney-piece is carved with peculiar beauty, having in the central division figures of the Virgin and child. This figure of the Virgin is the subject of a marvellous tradition among the rustics of Malahide; they assert that during the civil wars, whilst the castle was in possession of Cromwell and his partizans, the statue indignantly disappeared, but resumed its station after the return of the Talbot family. It is fortunate that some friend of the family removed it at that time beyond the reach of the fanatics. The entire wainscoting is highly varnished, and has acquired a sombre but striking effect from a blackness of tint which causes the apartment to appear like a vast cabinet of ebony.



ROSS CASTLE.

The suit of principal rooms comprises several lofty and handsome apartments, in which, among other embellishments, are some very costly specimens of porcelain; but the most estimable ornaments consist of a collection of portraits and other paintings, which comprises several that are worthy of an attentive examination.

Among these stands unrivalled in alteration an altarpiece by Albert Durer, divided into three compartments, representing the nativity, adoration, and circumcision. The picture was purchased by King Charles the Second for two thousand pounds, and given by him to the Duchess of Portsmouth, who presented it to the grandmother of Colonel Talbot.

The distinguished line of the house of Talbot, long settled at Malahide, is said to be descended from the eldest branch of the family; and with the Talbots of Yorkshire, derives from Sir Geoffrey, who was Governor of Hereford for the Empress Maud, in opposition to King Stephen. St. Lawrence of Howth and Talbot of Malahide are the only families in the county of Dublin who retain the possessions of their ancestors acquired at the English invasion.

Among the memorable circumstances connected with the annals of this castle, may be mentioned a lamentable instance of the ferocity with which party rivalry was conducted, in ages during which the internal polity of Ireland was injuriously neglected by the supreme head of the government.

On Whitsun-eve, in the year 1329, John de Birmingham, Earl of Louth, Richard Talbot, styled Lord Malahide, and many of their kindred, together with sixty of their English followers, were slain in a pitched battle at Balbriggan, by the Anglo-Norman faction of the de Verdons, de Gernons, and Savages; the cause of animosity being the election of the earl to the palatine dignity of Louth, the county of the latter party.

It is believed that Oliver Cromwell took up his abode a short time at Malahide, and it is known that Mylo Corbet, the regicide, resided here for several years, and from this port, when outlawed at the restoration, Corbet

took shipping for the continent. The subsequent expiation of his errors by a degrading death is well known, and, shortly after his flight from Malahide, the Talbot family regained possession of their estate.

Malahide is a lordship or manor, having courts leet and baron, and has belonged in fee to the Talbot family from a period very closely approaching to the Anglo-Norman invasion in the time of Henry the Second.

ROSS CASTLE.

In a previous number of the Miscellany we gave an illustration and some of the principle incidents connected with the history of this far-famed castle. The cut which we give above, though small, nevertheless presents a picturesque view of the castle and surrounding mountains, as seen from the Lake of Killarney, and from all parts of the lake; and from every one of the adjacent mountains, the castle is a most interesting and attractive point in the scenery, and it amply repays the honor it receives by enabling the visitor to obtain, from the summit of its tower, a commanding view of every important object by which it is surrounded.



MALAHIDE CASTLE, COUNTY DUBLIN.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

THOMAS O'NEILL . . . PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1869.

IRELAND--THE PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Seventeen more arrests have been made in Ireland, seventeen more living witnesses against England's domination in that ill-governed land, and it may be, ere long, seventeen more martyrs, who will seal with their young blood Ireland's love for freedom; and shall not that love or that blood ascend up before God's throne as incense which shall fill the vial of his wrath, who said, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay?' Are not the orphan and the widow his special care? and are not these young men the orphans England's tyranny has made? the vines which sprung from the famine pits of Skibbereen and Skull? They are, at least, the legitimate fruits of British wrong, as are the Sepoys in arms in India; and they must be as summarily disposed of. A commission is ordered—that is, properly speaking, a drum-head court martial, where the accused, instead of a trial, shall be permitted to hear the sentence pronounced, which will probably be recommended by some such Orangeman as Earl Rodan, who, when three parts drunk at a club room, invoked the spirit of William of Orange, by singing—

'Rise, sons of William rise!
Nassau haile you from the skies;
Why close your slumbering eyes
While treason stalks around?'

The last arrests took place in Belfast, the capital of the north, the head and front of Protestant Ulster. Skibbereen may have been lulled by a few transpositions; a few immolations there would not be noticed; but in Belfast, the seat of English ascendancy, where are the worshippers of English rule, and the lovers of English bayonets and government, these arrests are ominous, hopeful, truly inspiring. When Ulster wakes up, there is hope for Ireland, for we do not hesitate to say that Ulster could not only inspire all Ireland, but could make Ireland free. Shades of William Orr, of Tone, of Porter, and of Emmett, drop the mantle of your Protestant love for Ireland upon Protestant Ulster, crush the foul spirit of Orangism, and spread in its place a brotherly love, a love for fatherland and for nationality, so the day may soon come when, instead of your sons being decimated in twos or tens, all Ireland shall arise Phoenix-like from her slumbers, and declare themselves FREE MEN, free from England's rule and the damning influence of party spirit.

There is something about the arrest of these young men indicative of a lower degree of depravity, if possible, than murdering by famine. The cruelty to which these respectable young men are subjected—denied counsel, change of linen, and forced to hear every indignity, which marks it as malignity—is sufficient to make even the lying Times blush. Now, what would seem to be the proofs? Simply that the British government sent spies and blood-thirsty informers among the young men to initiate them into some secret pledge or promise that they love Ireland and still hate the old tyrant. England knows that patriotism and love for fatherland are indigenous of the race as well as to the soil.

Now that she thinks the Sepoys nearly used up in India, she remembers how the men of Ireland refused to enlist for the Crimea, and how some of the Irish journals hoped they would not, and she is resolved to reap a crop of boy patriots, fearing lest they should grow to manhood. This is the position of the great civilizer and promoter of Christianity. She slays East Indians by the thousand, then, in the same market-place, proclaims her paternal gov-

ernment and her benign intentions; that if they give up all hope of nationality, and become abject slaves, she will rob and crush them herself instead of allowing the East India Company so to do.

As regards Ireland, England now finds herself mistaken; she thought she had buried Irish rebellion; but no! it springs up from the blood of martyrs, and calls aloud for vengeance, and even the young men seem ready, although—

'The treason to love her, and death to defend.'

While we write, England trembles for the safety of her power. The growing resources and importance of Ireland are being developed despite her, as will be seen by a letter copied from the Boston Post, which we publish elsewhere. The Galway steamer Pacific made a good winter passage from St. John's to Galway in five days and sixteen hours. This is the finger of destiny, a hand writing on the wall, which makes Norman Belshazzars of Britain turn pale and tremble. The Galway link is wanting in a chain which is destined to encircle the globe. Boston moves, Belfast moves, the world's commercial interests demand it, and British power, intrigue, and deception, cannot keep it back, for—

'Westward the star of empire takes its way'

Fear not, for as sure as to-morrow's sun shall rise, Ireland will be the seat of empire yet.

Where can you go that the American does not boast of his free and glorious republic, her boundless prairies, her mighty rivers, her extended freedom, her New Orleans and her Bunker Hill? Who questions his veneration for the ever living memory of the Father of his Country? No one thinks it wrong—neither is it wrong; success alone stamps it with the greater éclat. Is it wrong, then, for the Irishman to hope for freedom, and love a land that has struggled seven hundred years for that freedom? No, by no means. But England has made it a crime.

The home of the Irishman is like his religion—the one is sacred to him by its age and universality—it is his by birth, by persecution, and by conviction. His home is associated with early love and tender ties of affection; its traditions and legends have hallowed it in his memory; its antiquated and venerated piles carry him back to days of chivalry and of fame; old customs cling round his heart, and he therefore cleaves to the hearthstone of infancy as well as the graves of an ancestry which can be counted by hundreds of generations. We have a living faith for Ireland's future; politically, locally and geographically she will be known; politically, socially and religiously she must be free!

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, one of the best tragedians of the day, is now filling an engagement at the Boston Museum, where he attracts large audiences and elicits universal praise. It is curious to note how ready the newspapers are to denominate this gentleman 'an English actor.' Thus has it long been. Wherever excellence exhibits itself, it is sure to be seized on by England and the toadaters for her elsewhere, who are certain always to brand as Irish whatever tends to lessen the reputation of the natives of that long-wronged country. Reading lately the autobiography of that great German poet, Goethe, we were amused by his frequent reference to Dr. Goldsmith as an Englishman, and nearer home, we frequently see Dr. McKenzie set down in the same category—those only whose nationality is too well known not to admit of doubt being suffered to occupy their rightful positions. Now, inasmuch as the term 'Irish' is, in our community especially, a stigma, we protest against this wholesale appropriation of all the goodness—nay, as Irishmen, we condemn, loathe, abhor, detest this pandering to a vitiated taste. Call us Americans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, anything; but, under existing circumstances, Johnny Bulls never! never!

THE WAR IN INDIA.

Just one year ago a hypocritical groan was ascending to heaven—a whole nation was prostrated, hungry and prayerful before the Lord. England was observing a day of fasting and prayer, because she thought she had not acted in India as she should have done. She had not been as anxious to disseminate the gospel among the idolaters as she should have been, and so the whole nation was duly penitent. But what a wonderful change has come over the spirit of England as regards these same idolaters that she was so anxious to bring to the Lord last year. The Queen's proclamation, in which she assumes the title of 'Defender of the Faith,' makes known that, under penalty of incurring her sovereign displeasure, none shall interfere with the religious ideas of the Mussulmans or idolatrous Indians, and that no one shall undertake their conversion. All who are aware of the abominations of the Indian worship will wonder at this portion of the proclamation; and, one thing is most certain, such a repudiation of what was considered a stringent duty, is to be attributed but to a sense of weakness and the want of power to carry out former policy. In fact, the Indian war is not now, nor is it likely soon to be, as some of the London journals say, at an end, and the rule of England in India must every day become more and more precarious. The fearful stories of mutilation and butchery are being refuted on all sides, and we are forced to see that a bad policy was pursued by the English journals in giving such publicity to these horrid details. It was to beget beforehand the sympathies of the world, so that their wholesale executions, by which they hoped to strike terror into the hearts of the natives, might seem excusable in the eyes of other nations. But how does the matter stand now? They killed hundreds on all sides, indiscriminately; shot them from the mouths of cannon, hung them, drowned them, and, in fact, betrayed the utmost barbarity in their executions, and all on account of the previous mutilations and butcheries of women and children by the Indians; and now we are assured by Englishmen themselves that these horrors did not take place, and that in the haste of the reprisals many of the innocent suffered as well as the guilty. We are asked to believe that the war is at an end; but this we cannot do, so long as we know that many thousands of the rebels are still united, armed and ready to fight, when they have wearied out their pursuers with forced marches through swamps and rice fields. Who, that loves justice, will not rejoice at this discomfiture of 'perfidious Albion'?

THE BIRTHDAY of the great Scottish poet is to be celebrated on the 25th instant by the Burns Club of Boston. The Hon. Edward Everett, Professor Longfellow, Hon. Geo. S. Hilliard, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Hon. R. C. Winthrop, Gov. Banks, Hon. Josiah Quincy, J. G. Whittier, and Prescott, the historian, with others, are to be present, and to speak on the occasion. Mr. Everett is to respond to the toast to the 'Memory of Burns.' Here will be a treat indeed, the only drawback thereto being the high price of tickets—\$6. To obviate this difficulty, however, an independent celebration will likewise occur on the same evening in some one of our hotels.

T. F. MACHESON.—We understand that this distinguished gentleman left New York on Saturday last for the purpose of fulfilling a series of lecture engagements in the Southern States. His first lecture will be in Charlestown, S. C., after which he lectures in Columbia, in Savannah, Macon, Mobile, &c. He will return in the month of March, and lecture in this city on one of the most popular and interesting subjects on which he has yet addressed an audience in this country.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

A DYING GIRL'S WISH.

BY GERALDINE.

An old woman, apparently about sixty, sat on a box on the dock before the steamer left. I stood close to her, and saw her open a piece of paper, then stooping down, fill it with dust, and carefully put it in her bosom. I was curious to know why she did it, and asked her, when she told me that her daughter, who was sick in America, requested her to bring out some Irish earth, to be placed in her coffin when she died.—[Notes from a Journal.]

Mother, dear, I fear I'm dying,
And that soon I'll be no more;
Wilt thou come and see thy Mary,
E'er on earth her life is o'er?

A mother's hand is always softest
When waiting on her ailing child;
Although there are kind friends around me,
None, like you, with words so mild.

I know it's hard to leave behind you
The relics of our happier days,
To come across the wide, wide ocean,
To a foreign land, 'mong foreign ways.

But 'tis a land of wealth and plenty,
They need not starve who wish to toil—
It's people bid a hearty welcome
To those who come from Erin's soil.

I have a wish—perhaps a strange one—
It's all I ask, my mot-er dear—
A little earth from poor old Ireland,
And bring it to your Mary here.

I may be dead before you reach me;
If so, then place it on your breast;
If alive, I'll take it with me,
For our island's dust is blest.

Then, mother dear, come see your Mary,
And bless her e'er she bids good-bye
To earth—do not forget her asking,
And she will watch you from on high.

Lowell, Mass., 1858.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

—IN THE—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

NEAR SEEING A GHOST.

In the year 183—, the regiment to which I belonged lay in Newbridge, county Kildare, and as the position of the barracks at this town will have a good deal to do with the story to which I am about to relate, it may be as well at the outset to give a brief sketch of it.

It is the largest barracks in Ireland, or perhaps in the British dominions. It was built for the reception of troops returning from the French wars, but was never wholly occupied. It stands upon thirty-seven acres of land, and forms nearly a square—one side fronting the small town and making one side of the street; another side faces the river Liffey, another towards the Curragh of Kildare, and the fourth towards Kilcullen or the country.

In the angle formed by the Curragh and Kilcullen sides, stands the hospital, from which runs a high wall till it meets the riding school, behind which, and bounded by the outer wall, is the 'Mange.' This is a piece of ground containing about two acres, and is used for training young horses. Frequently after riding school they are turned into this mange, there to perform without a wall what they are being taught in the school. The interior exhibits nothing remarkable, is full of rank weeds, ex-

cept where the horses have cut out the usual riding school form; and here and there a nameless mound raised by the hands of comrades to some broken spirited soldier, who, rather than brook the petty tyranny of some worthless scion of the aristocracy, preferred to blow out his brains. Here, in this unhallowed spot, were laid the remains of some twenty suicides—a pistol ball—a mock inquest—verdict 'felo de se'—then a white coffin borne on the shoulders of four troopers in any or every variety of dress—no funeral train, no mourning horse, no solemn march, no shot to note the obsequies of a soldier. Duty takes its usual course, and not a ripple is left upon the surface of the society in which the unfortunate moved.

The morning of the Sabbath of — broke bright and beautiful as we prepared for church parade. The trumpets sounded; the regiment turned out more ready for fighting than praying. We marched to the riding school, where, from drumhead, we heard the usual forms gone through as in church of England service, except not being in extenso. The parson closed his little book, when the well-known 'Attention' rang out from the old colonel and the words 'Regiment to troop parade.' Having marched out, each troop took the direction to their own rooms, the band formed in the cavalry square, sending forth their clarion notes far up and down the tumbling Liffey. The word 'break,' given as we got to the foot of the stairs, was the signal for the customary bustle and babel-like confusion, each soldier shouting and striving who could first divest himself of sword, slings, busby, stock, &c.

When about the time we of the upper rooms reached our bedsides, the report of a pistol was heard in one of the sergeant's rooms, and now the confusion became greater than ever. Immediately, on opening the door, it was announced that old M— had shot himself.

Now old M—, as he was familiarly called, was trumpet major. He was an old soldier, having been in the service thirty-eight years; had been a sergeant at Waterloo, and was entitled to a good pension; he might have been discharged some years before had he desired it; but he had been a soldier from boyhood, and knew nothing of the life of a civilian, nor did he wish to learn.

It had been announced to him that he was about to be discharged. He had written to his wife, who kept a milliner's shop in Nottingham, England, from whom it appears he received no warmth of welcome to encourage his return. They had been estranged for some years, and neither possessed an overstock of affection. This coldness on his wife's part was more than the old man could bear, and he resolved to end a life considered of no more service to his family or country. He got leave from church parade on that morning, chatted lightly and familiarly with the women in the rooms while the men were at riding school, shook hands with one or two, and said he was going home. He deliberately arranged his bed, folded his cloak to raise his head, then placed his horse blanket in sixteen folds between him and the bedhead, and continued walking calmly back and forth to the adjoining rooms until the band had ceased to play; then, as the soldiers were heard ascending the stairs, he laid down, arranged himself on the bed, placing the muzzle of a horse-pistol in his mouth, and blew the roof of his head completely off. The ball was found in the centre of the horse-blanket.

Next day there was an inquest, the usual verdict—four trumpeters consigned the body to the 'mange,' and, save the usual regrets, all was over with the old major.

At the time of the incident of which I write, I was but a young soldier, and it so happened that I was for guard on the Monday following. During the whole of that forenoon the old soldiers declared if they knew old M— he would come and sound

'stables' that night. I, of course, joined in the joking, but still would fain have any other post assigned me than the hospital, which by chance might fall to my lot.

Now, it will be remembered that the hospital adjoined the 'mange,' and was at the back of the stables, and away from all and every bustle. Three o'clock in the afternoon arrived; up to that time all the ghost stories that could be thought of or invented were kept going, while I, philosopher like, would relate some singular event or adventure from the 'Subaltern' or some other such work, simply to show that I was proof against their endeavors to frighten me.

The guard mounted numbering from the left, and I was second sentry, mounting from five o'clock until seven, and from eleven until one, and on the hospital post too. My first two hours passed without any particular accident occurring, with the exception of the jeers about the old man's coming to blow 'stables' at midnight. My second post was from eleven o'clock, and scarcely was I posted when the dying footsteps of the 'relief' who had left me seemed to say, 'You are now alone with the old trumpeter.'

It was a beautiful midsummer's night; the moon at her full, with not a cloud to mar her noble voyage through the high arch of heaven. Every object seemed to partake of her silvery and mellowed light; not a breath of air stirring, not a sound to be heard, save, occasionally, the kicking of a horse in the distant stables. Alone, with my thoughts, I could scarcely take away my eyes from the 'mange' wall. In spite of myself, I felt that my imagination was obtaining the ascendant. In vain did I invoke common sense to my aid. I tried to whistle and feel brave; it was a time which tried my philosophy. My walks to and from the wall were short, and many times I found myself standing in front of it. It drew near twelve o'clock (the hour when ghosts to men appear), and if the old man was going to come I must soon see him.

It was while immersed in one of these reveries, and pacing the wall at the dread hour of midnight, when everything seemed touched by the finger of death, I fancied that I heard a noise at the other side of the 'mange' wall. I listened; I was not mistaken; the noise continued; I saw a hand touch the top. Reader, it is now twenty years since the events of that night, and I have never been able to paint my feelings at that moment, and never have I told the story but something of the same sensation I felt that night creeps over me. I stood riveted to the spot; my hair became stiff, and stood on end, lifting my cap up, as I thought, some twelve inches or more, each individual hair conveying a peculiar sensation either to or from the brain; my tongue seemed to have deserted my mouth and taken refuge down my throat; I became stiff and motionless as a statue, no cold sweat, for there seemed to be no moisture left in me; I was a mere mute, a rigid fixture.

During this time the old man kept working to get his breast upon the wall, which, when he had accomplished, he looked straight at me. I do not know how long our mutual gaze continued, perhaps not so long as I have taken to relate it, but still the impression upon my mind was that it continued a long time. At length the old man spoke, and the moment the sound of the voice reached my ear, the spell was broken. That voice was magical; yes, and no human voice ever sounded so musical in my ear; the pillars on my head relaxed; my tongue became loosened, and I was even angry with myself when the words—

'Soldier, will you please give me some bundles of straw?' told the nature of the ghost.

It had been a very scarce year for straw, and the poor villagers frequently came to the back gate at night, and the soldiers would give them of their

abundance, for the British soldiers have hearts; they knew how badly the poor people's cattle needed it. Mark, soldier's horses are better fed, better bedded, and better cured for than the Irish peasant.

I made the old man come over and throw some bundles to the other side, then detained him till the 'relief' came, to show the men how near the old trumpeter I was.

I need scarcely add that my adventure of that night has benefitted me through life, while all my troopmates were satisfied that I was ghost proof.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WATERBURY, Conn., Jan. 5.

Mr. Editor—Having had occasion to visit the handsome town of Waterbury during the present week, I received a true Irish 'cead mille faltha' from your many friends here.

I was, of course, shown the new church, which has been recently erected in this place, and of which a description has been given in some of the Catholic journals; but, strange to say, none have done the subject that justice which it so richly deserves. It is decidedly one of the noblest specimens of architecture that I have ever seen, and eclipses everything of the kind heretofore existing in the United States.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the faithful priest and good people of this town. Though not clothed in 'purple and fine linen,' they are in the possession of one thing necessary—'faith.' They have raised a monument which does honor to their piety and generosity, and shows their zeal for the glory of God and good of religion. May they receive the reward of the good and faithful servant.

I return my most sincere thanks to the Rev. Father Hendriken for aid given me in getting a correct report of the church and ceremonies of dedication, and to Mr. T. Maher for facilities afforded while examining the interior of the building. I subjoin for the benefit of your readers the following truthful description of the building, with the ceremonies of dedication:—

On Sunday, 19th ult., the church was solemnly dedicated to Almighty God by the Right Rev. Bishop McFarland, of Hartford, with all the pomp and ceremony belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and is called 'the Church of the Immaculate Conception.' An immense congregation was present, rated as high as 2500.

The walls of the edifice are of brick, substantially and skillfully built, the roof of slate covering, presenting the following dimensions:—Extreme length, 162 feet; extreme breadth, 65 feet; interior height, 60 feet; height of spire, 200 feet. The architecture is purely Gothic, and, in general effect, not unlike that of the twelfth century. As an illustration of the style of that period it is good, and carried out with more fidelity to the style of a given period than usual in our American churches. Although the exterior view of the entrances carry the mind to the thirteenth century, so in the interior there is in portions of it a certain elaborateness in the ornamentation which belongs to a later period, particularly in the florid capitals of the cluster columns which divide the nave from the aisles. From a point of view near the main entrance, the general effect of the interior is grand, and may ever be said to approach the sublime. The termination of the arches which span the nave is sixty feet above the floor.

The effect of the apsis is particularly fine, as seen through the lofty columns. This portion of the edifice is adorned with three elevated windows of stained glass, representing the Saviour in the centre, with the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph on either side. The coloring of the glass is particularly good; the artist exhibits in them a leaning towards the pre-Raphaelite school of art.

The high altar is an imitation of Florentine mosaic, and in its detail, as well as general effect, much resembles some of the ancient altars of the Roman and

Florentine churches. This may be designated as Italian, rather than Gothic. It is, however, surmounted by a Gothic canopy of wood, elaborately carved in the highly decorative style of the thirteenth century. Over each of the small altars on the right and left of the high one are figures on stained glass.

The ceiling and dome of the apsis are filled with monograms representing the instruments of the Passion of Christ, and other appropriate symbols of the church. The base of the canopy is supported by Grecian pillars, and the centre bears a lamb with a flag, representing the Lamb of God triumphing over the enemies of his kingdom.

Leaving the floor, and surveying the span of the vaulted roof, the eye is greeted with a combination of grandeur. The figures of the twelve Apostles, which stand between the pillars and arches, and the angles that terminate them, are the work of Mr. Miller of Munich, a well-known artist. The ornamental plasterwork, which adds not a little to the general effect, is by Mr. Foley of New York city. The ground floor of the church has a central and two side aisles, and is divided into slips, as is the galleries on the sides, all of which will seat two thousand persons.

The organ intended for the church is now building, and will be of the largest size. A temporary instrument is at present used.

It is a grand sight to see this building lighted up, as it exhibits a perfect blaze of light, being illuminated by three hundred and fifty jets of gas light. I hope you will ere long give an illustration of this splendid edifice.

THE DEDICATION, &c.

The ceremonies commenced about nine o'clock, A. M. The clergy present were the Right Rev. Bishop McFarland of Hartford, Right Rev. Bishop Laughlin of Brooklyn, Rev. Mr. Hendriken, pastor, Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, assistant pastor, Rev. Messrs. Hughes of Hartford, Delany of Pawtucket, R. I., Lynch of Middletown, Conn., Lynch of Birmingham, Conn., Daley of New Britain, Conn., Quinn of Meriden, Conn., Regnier, S. J., of Fordham, N. Y., McCallion of Camillus, N. Y.

The altar was consecrated by Bishop McFarland, after which he proceeded to the solemn dedication of the church.

High Mass was celebrated by Bishop Laughlin, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Hughes and Delany as deacon and sub-deacons, Rev. James Lynch as master of ceremonies, Rev. Messrs. Regnier, S. J., and Lynch as deacons of honor, and Rev. Thomas Quinn as thurifer.

After the gospel, Bishop McFarland ascended the pulpit, and preached a most eloquent sermon, taking for his text the last three verses of the 28th chapter of St. Mathew. The speaker, who spoke fluently, without notes, dwelt upon the unity of the church, with all its antiquity, and showed conclusively that it never changed. He also showed that outside of the Catholic church there is no unity. Is it among the Methodists, asked the Bishop, you should look for unity, split up as they are, and divided into Methodist church North and Methodist church South, Methodist and Episcopal Methodist? Is it among the Baptists, with their Close Communion Baptists, Free Will Baptists, Ana-Baptists, Seven Day Baptists, Open Communion, &c? Is it among the Presbyterians?—you have the Old School, the New School, Associate, German Reformed, Dutch Reformed, Congregationalists, and Seceders. So it is with the Episcopalians, the most respectable of them. In England they recognize the Queen as the head of the church. In this country they reject her. Amongst them, there is the Puseyite, who believes in the real presence in confession, and other practices; they have their High Churchmen and Low Churchmen.

All who had the good fortune to hear the sermon acknowledge that it was a masterpiece of eloquence and solid reasoning.

In the evening the church was filled to its utmost capacity at an early hour for vespers. The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop Laughlin.

His text was taken from the 17th chapter of the Gospel of St. Mathew. His address, though extempore, was good, and every word was evidently weighed before its utterance. He showed conclusively from scripture and history that all the ancient heretics had in one way or the other denied the Divinity of the Son of God. His sermon was listened to with the greatest attention. There were several Protestants present. After Bishop Laughlin's sermon, Bishop McFarland addressed the congregation, congratulating them on the successful completion of their splendid church, and at the same time paid a deserved compliment to the zeal of their pastor. He thanked them for their efforts, and expressed his gratitude for the assistance received from those outside the pale of the church.

Thus ended a day which the Catholics of Waterbury will not soon forget. I must not forget to mention that the singing was excellent, and it is but just to say was artistically and effectively rendered by a select choir from New York. Mr. Melville, who presided at the organ, proved himself to be a perfect master of the instrument.

The design of the building is by Mr. P. Keels of Brooklyn.

J. S.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE HICKORY STICK.

We take the following version of 'That Yankee Shillaly' from the Galway Vindicator. It appeared originally in the Boston Pilot, and was written by our old friend and contributor, 'Darby McKeon,' who on this occasion appeared as 'Peter Crotty':—

I.

Musha, Mick, did you hear of that Yankee shillaly,
That 'Con of the Battles' sent good Father Daly?
Blug arounds, man! it's made of such illigant stuff—
A hickory cudgel, long, heavy and tough.

II.

On the wide plains of Carmel this 'crushin'* it grew,
Where Jackson the Saxon's proud hosts did subdue;
Where Packenham's cut-throats in vain did assail—
It was pulled from the root by bowld Sargeant O'Neill.

III.

When fast in the gripe of the 'Soggarth aroon,'
'I'll wallop the de'il out of any boothoon
That dares to provoke him wid impudent jibes,
Or stop his progress in the City of Tribes.

IV.

St. Patrick a staff from the heavens he got,
On his mission of bliss to that holy odd spot;
He tumbled their altars, their priests did disband,
And drove out the snakes wid a stick in his hand.

V.

Ever since there is pith in the comical twist
Of an iron-bound sprig in an Irishman's fist;
Full many a taste of its virtues we've seen
When flooring title proctors or guarding the Green.

VI.

By gorra, I swear 'tis a treas'n'ble trick
To trust over there that Republick stick
In the hands of a Priest—and the Emperor Nap
Expected some morning in on them to drop!

VII.

And the exiles all are ready to make a decsent
On the land of their love with such peaceful intent;
The Orange 'shoonens' and fist persons will swear—
If they all die wid right, Mick, the devil may care!

*An Irish term for staff.

†Druidic altars.

TREMENDOUS PILES OF GOLD.—The bullion in the Bank of France now stands at about \$120,000,000, a far higher sum than was ever held by that establishment, and more than \$9,000,000 in excess of the largest total ever collected in the Bank of England. At the commencement of the year 1858 the Bank of France had less than \$50,000,000, and the influx in nine months has therefore been \$70,000,000. At the Bank of England the total at the beginning of the year was \$53,000,000, and it is now more than \$95,000,000. The highest sum it ever possessed was \$110,000,000, in July, 1852.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

Correspondence of the Boston Post.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, DEC. 17, 1853.

Mr. John Orrell Lever, who has been sending steamers from Galway to America for six months, has just sent in a tender for a mail contract. That tender was for weekly service, alternating to Boston and New York, just as the Cunard vessels do now. If that contract is entered into you will have weekly steamers to your port. What view the admiralty, the post office and Her Majesty's ministers may take of the matter it is impossible to say, but strong hopes are entertained that the contract will be made. If a contract is not made with this government for increased trans-Atlantic service via Galway, and to Boston as well as to New York, it will not be Mr. Lever's fault. Mr. Lever says the credit of first pointing out prominently, publicly and forcibly the shortest route across the Atlantic, between Galway, the most western port of Europe, and the most eastern available port (Boston) in the United States, is due to the Boston board of trade. Of course the Boston Post and Mr. C. C. Communipaw come in for a small share, a mere homeopathic quantity of these honors; inasmuch as the board of trade publication referred to first appeared in your columns, and from the pen of your correspondent of the present writing. Mr. Lever is desirous of showing his appreciation of the public spirit shown by the Boston merchants by having a branch line of his Galway-American steamers go to that port. This is his wish and intention, and it will only be thwarted by direction of either the Imperial or Canadian government, in sending the mails to some other port. If I knew what action could be taken by the Bostonians to bring about so desirable a result, I should be most glad to do it, but really the entire matter seems to be out of your reach.

I have written a book of about 120 pages on the subject of the shortest route to America from Galway, Ireland; but the largest portion of it is devoted to the commercial bearings of the subject, the postal advantages of increased service, and the position of the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Co., who have undertaken to carry out Mr. Lever's great project. I have put in a word for cheap trans-Atlantic postage, going in for a three penny rate (six cents our money) between Great Britain and the United States. Some copies of this work will be sent to the New York and Boston editors.

Ireland is going to be regenerated by this steam line; already are its effects apparent. The railways carry goods for these steamers to and from Galway at half the usual rates, and, week before last, there were over 600 cases of goods in Belfast alone, for the 'Circassian' steamer which was to sail on the 9th. The freight on these goods would have amounted to over one thousand pounds sterling (\$5000,) but the 'Circassian' was withdrawn for repairs, and the 'Pacific' put on, which is too small to carry freight. So all of these goods went, as usual, by Liverpool. I do not think any one ever dreamed of the large amount of direct trade, both passengers and freight, that will be carried on between Ireland and America. I know this, that more freight was offered than could be carried on almost every vessel, particularly from this side; and in a majority of the trips, more passengers have offered than could be taken. Some of the ships have not been the best for the trade; but that will not long be the case. There are now building three iron 'Express Despatch Steamers,' with every appliance for speed and comfort. They are to be paddle-wheel steamers, and guaranteed to run twenty miles an hour.

The 'Prince Albert' has just arrived in five days sixteen hours from land to land—St. Johns, N. F., to Galway—a winter passage, bringing six days later news, and, while I write, a few hours after her ar-

rival, the substance of the President's message is going, literally, like lightning all over Europe. The only link wanting in the telegraphic chain from St. Petersburg and New Orleans, between Constantinople and Minnesota, is the one from Galway to Newfoundland, which it takes five days and a few hours to fill up by the steamers of the Lever line.

It is now about ten years since my first visit to Ireland, and I find considerable change in the country, the business and the people. Railroads have been greatly extended, manufactures have increased, intelligence has spread, and liberal political sentiments have advanced.

In 1848, when a railway train stopped at a station, all was dull and silent, a few beggars came about and asked alms, and now and then a cart or horse was seen. Now, at the arrival of the trains at a station, well dressed people throng around, beggars are not seen, and the portentous yell of the newsboy shows that steam and cheap papers make the whole world kin. 'Ere's the Ballyshallylímavada Highfyer, and the Newtown Skibbreen Lightningbug—only a penny.' So you must not think Yankee land is the only country that has sights and sounds like these.

The day is not far distant when there will be a large and active direct trade between Ireland and America. Already, almost one-half of the Irish linen exports go to the United States. And there are other fabrics made here, particularly the Irish poplins, that, from their elegance, variety, beauty, and durability, must become popular and largely worn in America at no distant day. I shall take an early opportunity to give you a full description of these elegant fabrics. As there is a probability that I shall be in Ireland several weeks, on a visit to most every place of interest in the island, I will not inflict you with a long letter at this time, but subscribe myself, your old correspondent,

COMMUNIPAW.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

Arrests continued to be made at the latest accounts. We take the following account of the arrests in Belfast from the Northern Whig:—

'On Sunday evening, about five o'clock, the utmost excitement was created in the neighborhood of Cormac street and the adjoining districts, by the sudden arrest of a number of persons believed by the authorities to belong to an illegal society. We have learned that on Friday last information was given to Mr. Tracy, R. M., that an illegal body met every Sunday night in the house of a Mrs. M'Kay, in Great Edward street, and the informer, who, we have every reason to believe, was himself a member of the body, went into such particulars of the nature of the business carried on as left no doubt as to the veracity of his statement. Mr. Tracy took immediate steps to sift the matter. Head constable Madders had only recently arrived in town; he was comparatively unknown in his personal appearance to the public of Belfast, and Mr. Tracy, therefore, selected that officer and a sub-constable of equal sagacity and prudence to watch the premises of Mrs. M'Kay throughout the whole of Sunday. In the garb of ordinary citizens these two officers hovered about the premises during the day. As darkness set in, they observed parties of suspicious characters enter the shop; and their suspicion was further aroused by the fact that these persons did not leave the premises after they had been supplied at the counter with what they required, but passed up stairs. Head constable Madders at once, when some dozen of this class of persons had entered in this way, and had not made their departure, found himself on a reliable track. He then despatched information to the Queen street station, where the constabulary were held in readiness for immediate action. Some sixty members of the force, with side-arms, were at once turned out, and,

under sub-inspector Binden and head-constable Delany, were marched to Great Edward street. The constabulary surrounded the premises of Mrs. M'Kay, an entrance was effected, and in an upper room of the house fifteen parties were arrested. The police, as we have said, had then only side-arms; and perhaps fearing that a rescue might take place, the majority of the constabulary were ordered back to barracks for their fire-arms. When they returned the prisoners were brought out. There was then an immense crowd of the residents of this usually quiet neighborhood assembled, every one of whom was asking his neighbour the occasion of this unusual proceeding. The fifteen prisoners, in the midst of two files of police with fixed bayonets, were taken to the police office. Some time elapsed before the arrival of Mr. Tracy. All ingress was prohibited to the court, and an immense but a very peaceable crowd had collected in the adjoining locality. In the mean time, the informer had given information against a sixteenth party, a person named John Kelly, a lawyer's clerk, and he was arrested while in his bed, and taken also to the police office.

The appearance of the prisoners, as they stood before the railing of the police office, was that of respectable artisans. Not one word escaped their lips from the time they entered into the hands of the police until they afterwards passed into the county jail. On the arrival of Mr. Tracy, the information against the prisoners was privately perfected by that individual in the presence of Mr. Williams, county inspector. This part of the proceedings was carried on in an inner apartment of the police office, and there was the utmost secrecy attached to it. The warrant for their commitment to the county jail was made out, and handed to head constable Madders. The police were then ordered to fix bayonets, and shortly before seven o'clock the prisoners were marched, handcuffed, to the county jail. At this time large numbers of persons were on their way to their respective places of worship, and the appearance of this considerable police force, with a body of prisoners in their midst, created some excitement in the neighborhood of High street, Bridge street and Donegal street.

On Saturday night the constabulary were most active in their endeavors to make further arrests, and at a late hour a person named James Hughes, of Smith street, fowl dealer, was captured, on information sworn against him. The most active members of the force are sitting every quarter of the town in the hope of discovering other members of illegal societies.

We believe that the prisoners will undergo a private examination in the jail, and some time may elapse before any important details of this extraordinary case may be publicly brought forward.

The same paper of the following day (Tuesday) gives the following additional particulars:—

'All to-day Belfast was in a state of great excitement over the arrests which had been made. In the neighborhood of Cormac street, Verner street and Legan street, and, indeed, in every circle of town to-day the subject of conversation was that of the arrests of Sunday evening, and our reporters having visited the particular localities, found that the heads of families were in great distress in consequence of this very unexpected and sudden movement on the part of the authorities. We may now mention a very affecting case in point, which came under our notice. The three brothers Kelly have heretofore borne a very high character. Two of them have held responsible situations in town; the third is a young man formerly engaged in a lawyer's office, and who has latterly been suffering under a consumptive disease. The lad, John Kelly, was taken by the police from his bed on Sunday night to the police office and county jail, and, although no one could suspect him of being engaged in a political conspiracy in his present state, his health has been endangered by the proceeding. Our reporters, in the course of their inquiries, have gleaned some very important facts with regard to the arrests of Sunday night, and we may mention some circumstances which have considerable bearing upon the case. We are told that Mrs. M'Kay's connection with the ar-

rests is simply this:—Shortly after four o'clock, on Sunday evening, four men entered the shop of Mrs. McKay, and meeting two other persons on the premises, these six passed up stairs. Shortly afterwards, they called for four bottles of porter and two bottles of ginger ale. With this Mrs. McKay supplied them. In a few minutes afterwards, three other men entered, and inquired if 'Henry Smith' was there. The person in attendance said he was, and they were shown up to the room where the parties who had previously arrived had located themselves. A few minutes having elapsed, three other persons entered the shop, and they also desired to know if 'Henry Smith' was in the house; and, although it appears that 'Henry Smith,' by that name, was altogether unknown by the landlady or by the servant, the inquirers were sent up to the room in which this individual was supposed to be. These persons enjoyed themselves with the commodities which Mrs. McKay's house afforded for about half an hour. She states that she had not previously known any of the parties; that they came into her house in the way of usual persons seeking refreshments; that she had known several of them individually, but that, as a body, they had never previously met or assembled in her premises. The only room vacant in the house was that into which they were shown: and for some half an hour after the party sat down there was not the least appearance, either by the servant who waited upon them, or by Mrs. McKay, of an illegal feeling being manifested by the assembly. This was about half-past five o'clock, and about a quarter to six o'clock a man named Cairns suddenly rushed down stairs, and inquired what was the amount to be paid for the refreshments which had been served up to the parties above stairs? Mrs. McKay stated the amount of the account, upon which Cairns—who, we understand, was formerly a sergeant in the Monaghan militia, and who was latterly employed as a clerk in town—proceeded to enact some tomfooleries, to the great amusement of Mrs. McKay and her servant. But Mr. Cairns had hardly finished his performance when a very different scene was introduced. The house of Mrs. McKay was then surrounded, the police entered, marched up stairs, and, what is singular, went direct to the very room in which the persons above-mentioned were assembled. Of course, they were all arrested. But where was Mr. Cairns? He had made his escape by some means only known to himself, and, it is stated, has not since been heard of.

Whatever took place at the county jail to-day was strictly of a private character, and more than the facts which we have now stated cannot be made known to the public. The Police Court was crowded yesterday in expectation of something definite being known as to the extent of the guilt of the parties arrested on Sunday evening, alleged to belong to a secret society. At the sitting of the court, Mr. John Rea (who appeared for the accused) said—I am retained here on behalf of Henry Smith, and fourteen other men, who are charged with belonging to an Orange or some other illegal society. May I ask, will they be brought up this morning?

Mr. Tracy—They will not.

Mr. Rea—May I ask you when they will be publicly tried, or what they are charged with?

Mr. Tracy—I cannot tell you at present when they will be tried.

Mr. Rea—I have been retained for them, and my fee paid by their relatives, and I wish to know whether my clerk can get into the jail to receive their instructions?

Mr. Tracy—No one can see them for the present.

Mr. Rea—I suspect, then, there must be evidence that warrants their being kept as prisoners, for no one should be kept in custody a day without knowing what is against him—at all events, without getting an opportunity of preparing his defence. I

would respectfully submit that they should be seen at once. Of course, if the government have made an order that that can't be done—

Mr. Tracy—Nobody knows what is against them except myself.

Mr. Rea—I think I will write to the Castle, and see if their advocate cannot be admitted to see them, or his clerk, to take their instructions. I understand that there is nothing against them but the mere evidence of an informer, which goes for nothing, if there is not corroborative evidence.

Mr. Tracy—When I say nobody knows what is against them but myself, and those who have a right to know, I don't mean to say that they don't know themselves. So far as an approvers evidence goes, you are quite right, but all that you have read or seen is mere guess work. As I said before, no one knows what is against them but those who have as yet a right to know.

Mr. Rea—I am sure I would be glad that all secret societies were put down—Orange and Ribbon alike—that the law would make an equal clearance of both; but I think a great deal of unnecessary fuss has been made about this.

Mr. Tracy—I have no desire to appear dramatic, I assure you.

Mr. Rea—Its very curious that the prisoners can't be seen.

Mr. Tracy—They cannot be seen by any one until communication be made to the government.

Mr. Rea—The government should know that the existence of the Orange society creates the other, and when they are so vigilant in looking after the one, they should look after the other with equal zeal. I don't know what is against these parties, but I suppose they are innocent.

Mr. Tracy—Perhaps they will find there is quite enough against them.

Mr. Rea—in your communication with the government, will you state that the advocate for the prisoners desired to see them, and was refused?

Mr. Tracy was understood to consent.

ARRESTS IN MACROOM.—On Friday the 10th a party of fifteen of the Macroom police, under Head Constable Graham, escorted two prisoners to the county Cork gaol, one of whom was for robbery, the other, William O'Shea, was charged with being one of the members of an illegal society. He is about twenty years of age, a cabinet maker, and is from Bantry. He was arrested on Thursday night, and brought before Mr. Davis, R. M., by whom he was fully committed for trial. It is expected that some of the other members of the gang will be arrested in a few days. None of the prisoners lately arrested at Bantry and Skibbereen, it is stated, deny their participation in the illegal society; on the contrary, they boast of it. On being brought into the gaol, where they were examined by the physician of the establishment, Dr. Beamish, in the presence of the governor, one of them became so violent that the governor had to threaten to resort to severe measures before he desisted.

The Cork Constitution says:—It is understood that other arrests will be made in the course of a few days. A branch of the society is believed to be in existence at Clonakilty, and the authorities are procuring information relative to the members, with the view of placing them under the surveillance of the police.

The arrests have been made on the information of a person named Sullivan from Kenmare, son to a person, it is stated, in W. S. French's employment, and sent specially to become a member of the society to enable him to betray his associates.

ARRESTS AT KILLARNEY.—At Killarney, on Saturday, Dec. 11, Mr. Laurence O'Sullivan, assistant to Mr. Richard Linnegan, apothecary, was arrested on a warrant, charging him with being a member of a secret society called the Phoenix Club. The arrest was made by Sub-Inspector Colomb, un-

accompanied by a single policeman, and without the least noise or excitement. Mr. Colomb's conduct on this occasion was characterized by his usual courteous and gentlemanlike demeanor. At a subsequent period of the night, the following arrests were made:—Patrick Cronin, assistant to Mr. John Martin, grocer; Daniel Murphy, assistant to Mrs. C. Coghlan, grocer; Joseph Murphy, assistant to Mr. William Lewis.

A correspondent of the Cork Examiner, writing from Killarney on Sunday, says:—

It is said several other arrests will be made this evening, in number about twelve—making sixteen in all. The above are all about twenty years old. As, no doubt, your Kenmare correspondent sent all particulars of the persons arrested there, I may add the prisoners were brought here yesterday about three o'clock, p. m., drenched to the skin, it raining all the journey from Kenmare to Killarney; after some delay they were again put on cars for Tralee, and probably reached there about eight o'clock last night. So heavy a fall of rain as we had yesterday and last night has not been witnessed for a very long time.

ARRESTS IN KENMARE.—We have, we regret to say, just learned that several arrests have been made in Kenmare, of parties sworn to be connected with the secret society system of Skibbereen and Bantry. We understand that a large party of police, under the local Sub-Inspector, accompanied by the newly appointed resident magistrate, Mr. Bannon, left Killarney for Kenmare yesterday, to assist in escorting the prisoners into Tralee jail, where they are expected to arrive either this evening or to-morrow. We have learned no particulars; nor has any official report of the matter yet reached the authorities here.—[Kerry Post.

On Friday morning nine arrests were made in Kenmare on the charge of being connected with the much talked of illegal society. All the parties are young men. They are three assistants in the employment of Mr. Garrett Riordan, draper; Dennis Shea, assistant, in the employment of Mr. Daniel O'Brien Corkery, also a draper; Thomas Downing, son to a former confidential steward in the employment of Mr. Hickson, late agent of the Marquis of Landsdowne, and four others.—[Cork Examiner.

INHUMAN TREATMENT.—The friends of the persons now in jail complain bitterly of their treatment, both in the mode of their arrest and transit to prison, and since they were given in charge to the governor. Those taken in Skibbereen were, fortunately for themselves, placed under the charge of Sub-Inspector Potter, who, while discharging his duty officially, behaved with courtesy and humanity. The three men from Bantry were not as fortunate. Though placed under an immense escort, they were hand-cuffed, sent to Bandon on an open car, under the most terrific tempest of rain and wind that has been seen this year. Their friends sought to provide them with some refreshment previous to going away, but they would not be allowed to accept of it, and some milk that was kindly offered to them at a stoppage on the road was all they were permitted to enjoy by the stern superintendent of Bantry. Daniel Shea, a Bantry man, arrived in Macroom, received the same treatment. Many of them still bear the marks of the handcuffs upon their wrists. On their arrival in jail they were all in garments dripping with wet, and though in that condition, left four days without fire. Though several of them had changes of clothes sent in by their friends, they were not permitted to use them. They complain in the bitterest manner of the consequent cold and suffering they had to endure. Sir Mathew Barrington, the Crown Solicitor, arrived here on Monday, to conduct the proceedings relative to the recent arrests.—[Cork Examiner.

[From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.]

LETTER FROM DR. CAHILL ON SECRET SOCIETIES.

On this day week past, Wednesday, the 8th inst., I directed a public letter to certain classes of the Irish people on the subject of secret societies. The readers of this paper cannot forget how I stated 'that the moment I was writing my advice to the dupes of these confederations, the names of the leaders, their parents' names, their residence, and their character, were in the hands of the Chief Secretary at Dublin Castle; and again, that their own companions would be the first (as has ever been the case in Ireland) to give information to the government, the first to receive the blood money, so well known in this country, and the first to swear away the lives of their associates.' My letter was written in this town on Wednesday, and on Thursday evening not less than eighteen persons were arrested in the County Cork, on the evidence of Sullivan, the informer, one of their own body. When this man will have prosecuted these unfortunate young men, he will have received the sum of at least nine hundred pounds in this traffic of human blood.

The French press has often rallied the English legislature on the iniquity of two of their social moral laws, viz:—firstly, the indescribable baseness of a cuckold husband being paid in cash for the seduction of his wife; and secondly, the unutterable horror of rewarding perhaps perjury, in paying a public informer for betraying, transporting, or hanging the confederated companions of his infamy. The French say, that the man who can receive money for the prostitution of his wife, is a 'man-prostitute' of the very lowest type of brutal degradation; and again, that the wretch who can swear against the laws of his country and his sovereign in illegal secret combination, and then redouble his infamy by taking a bribe to screen himself from punishment, and to betray his associates to permanent servitude or death, is a monster whose compound character may be expressed in the crimes of treason, perjury, and murder. And hence that the laws which pay a base husband in a public market for the virtue of his wife; and again, which rewards a dubious, or a perjured approver for becoming the assassin of his corporate infamous society, are a blot on the religion of England, and a criminal disgrace to their common law. The case of the McCormacks, who are now universally believed to be innocent, and the statement made by Sir Robert Peel, of the murder perpetrated near Clonmel, are two instances, which will long appear before Irish society, of the danger and the crime of rewarding an informer, for selling the blood of his neighbors. The French punish 'the seducer' with a proportioned rigid imprisonment and hard labor in the galleys; and they discover the rebel, the confederate in treason, and the murderer, as best they can, through the information of their watchful police.

I have reason to believe that at the present time the infamous offspring of Paddy M Kew are going through Ireland, frequenting the fairs, the public houses, the funerals, the places of rural amusement, trying to entrap incautious youth into a sworn 'agrarian' confederacy; and I am assured on authority, which I cannot doubt, that these blood-mongers are followed everywhere they go by government detectives, spies in the disguise of jobbers, peddlars, sailors, militia men, &c., who receive information of the meetings of the deluded victims, transmit their names to the castle, and facilitate their arrest whenever the central authority is prepared to complete the criminal evidence, and to secure their transportation. These statements, which I here make, should therefore act as a renewed warning from me against all communication with 'secret societies;' and, above all, against forming any acquaintance with suspicious strangers who lie in wait

for their prey; and only want not a proof, but a plausible appearance of guilt, on which to build material for perjury, bribery, and the hangman's rope.

Ireland has seldom presented a phase of more bitter sectarian malice, or of more rapid political persecution than at the present moment. The Orange press of England and Ireland, the illiberal organs which represent a certain section of public opinion, have never, in my remembrance, expressed such unmitigated, such unappeasable malignity against everything Catholic in Ireland as within the last year; and if appearance can be relied on, one should suppose, that the anti-Irish faction in this country only want a plausible pretext to reenact the pious ferocity of Cromwell, or to renew the heart-burnings of '95. If the reign of Louis Napoleon in France and the approaching Reform in England did not menace the persecutors and the bigots of these countries, the poor Irish Catholics might have to endure an annual visitation of expulsion, famine, sickness, and death.

The murder of Mr. Ely, and the attempted assassination of Mr. Nixon, are foul instances of deliberate crime, over which every man of moral feeling in Ireland, amongst all classes and denominations, have raised a heartfelt cry of horror. But while all the Irish population have joined in denouncing the assassins, can any one who has read the truculent articles in the malignant press referred to, avoid saying that the lies of these organs against the Catholic clergy, their accusations against the entire Catholic community as being accomplices in mind and feeling with the unknown murderer, is an instance of savage fury, reckless lying, unbridled hatred, and sanguinary intent, which, according to the true interpretation of moral guilt, brands the writers of that press as *n-à-r-a-k-in* in feeling and in vengeance to the actual assassins who fired the murderous bullets.

This is not the place nor time to speak of the crying persecution of the whole people of Gweedore. They were never found guilty of the destruction of the three thousand Scotch sheep; yet they were compelled to pay their full value of £3,000! There is no evidence of even their participation with this criminal act; and yet they are punished with a second infliction of a police tax of £1,200!

There is no evidence of their having had any guilty share or knowledge of the late attempt on the life of the Rev. Mr. Nixon; the contrary evidence would appear from the fact of the assassins having their faces undisguised, and being therefore strangers; and yet they are all charged as deliberate accomplices, their houses visited by the police; and an increased tax imposed on them as avowed confederates of the murderers!! This conduct in the public authorities will bring on them, I fear, universal suspicion; will expose them to the charge of arbitrary severity, and will seem to establish a conviction in the public mind that the bare suspicion against a Catholic district is evidence sufficient to obtain a verdict for their punishment.

When the lamented Mr. Little was foully murdered, at the terminus of the Broadstone, the murderer being still undiscovered, why did not 'the Castle' proclaim the whole railway establishment, send the police to be quartered in the terminus, and impose a galling, odious, insulting tax for murder on all the proprietors? Wherefore the difference? I could also bring forward the murder of Mrs. Kelley, the murderer being still at large. Why not proclaim that district? Why not impose a murder-tax on the surrounding inhabitants? If the people of Gweedore, without a proof, an evidence of their guilty participation, are to be taxed for an attempt at assassination in their district, what locality can be safe from a similar insulting vengeance? The Catholics of Ireland are giving their sanction to these unfounded charges against this innocent people by

their silence in the presence of this grinding infliction; and if they had the spirit of their enemies, or the honor of their fathers, they should call a public meeting, denouncing the assassins, sympathizing with the victim, but protesting in the strongest language consistent with the laws against the arbitrary infliction, the repeated punishment poured out upon a whole people, without the shadow of a proof of even a suspicion of their direct or indirect guilt.

Cashel, Wednesday, Dec. 15.

D. W. C.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

AN ORDER. When the late illustrious Chevalier Taylor was enumerating the honors he had received from different princes of Europe, and the orders with which he had been dignified by numerous sovereigns, a gentleman present remarked that he had not mentioned the King of Prussia, and added, 'I suppose, sir, he never gave you any order?' 'You are mistaken, sir,' replied the chevalier, 'he gave me a most peremptory order to quit his dominions.'

DRESS has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neckcloth, and a general negligence of dress, he will in all probability find a corresponding disposition to negligence of address.

LEGAL TICKLING.—Henry Erskine, the famous Scotch barrister, a great wag, was once pleading before a funny Scotch judge, with whom he was on the most intimate terms, and happening to have a female client by the name of Tickle, he commenced his speech in the following strain, 'Tickle, my client, my lord.' The court was almost driven into hysterics of laughter by the judge replying, 'Tickle her yourself, Henry.'

It is seldom that God sends such calamities upon men as men bring upon themselves and suffer willingly.

CHARACTERS formed in the routine of a court, like pebbles in a brook, are rounded into a smooth uniformity, in which the points and angles of virtuous singularity are lost.

The best rules for a young man to form are to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one own's opinions, and value others that deserve it.

ALLOW no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions; where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities.

A TRAVELLER'S NAME.—An Englishman had hired a smart travelling servant, and arriving at an inn one evening, knowing well the stringency of police regulations in Austria, where he was, he called for the usual register of travellers, that he might duly inscribe himself therein. His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form as an 'English gentleman of independent property.'

'But how have you put down my name? I have not told it you.'

'I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from your portmanteau.'

'But it is not there—bring me the book.'

What was his consternation at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself—'Monsieur Warrentedonsleather.'

COOL.—'Recollect, sir,' said a tavern keeper to a coach passenger, who had only taken a glass of water, and not remembered the waiter, 'recollect, sir, if you please, if you lose your purse, you didn't pull it out here.'

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VOLUME 2—NUMBER 50.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

CHURCH OF OUR HOLY REDEEMER.

In consequence of the increase of Catholics and call for more extensive church room, the late lamented Rev. Father WILEY projected, with the approbation of the Right Rev. Bishop, the erection of the present edifice on the corner of Maverick and London streets, East Boston. Encouraged by the zeal and anticipated co-operation of the congregation, he laid the foundation and completed the basement in the year 1854. This basement affords ample accommodations for the children attending catechism, of whom there are now upwards of seven hundred, with a noble band of zealous teachers. He could do no more: his labors on earth were at an end. He was prostrate on the bed of suffering and pain, from which he never rose—a truly devoted, faithful priest. For more than a quarter of a century he labored zealously for the glory of God and love of his fellow men, in the great affair of their salvation. If from his bed of suffering he had a desire to be relieved, it was but to live to carry on the great work upon which he was intent, heart and soul. The Lord, who reads the unspoken thoughts of men, and rewards even the good intentions of those who desire to live but to do his blessed will, accepted, we may fondly hope, the earnest desire of his servant. As this good priest lived to share his bread with the poor, so in death, his particular request was that no one who called should leave the door in want. He died as he lived, disinterested about the affairs of this world. He died poor. His virtues were his richest ornaments—he lived for another life. To assist Father Wiley in the care of the flock committed to his charge, the Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, sent Rev. Mr. O'Laughlin to East Boston. He was a young man not long on the mission, whose health was also feeble, and a few weeks after the death of Father Wiley, which occurred April 19, 1856, he returned to Ireland, where he subsequently died. The day of the funeral obsequies of the lamented Father Wiley, Rev. F. X. Branagan was sent to attend the spiritual wants of the congregation, while Rev. Father Fitton, who had just completed the splendid and magnificent church at New-

port, R. I., was solicited to accept the pastorship of East Boston. As soon as arrangements could be made by the Bishop of the Hartford diocese, he came to carry out the views of his departed bosom friend, Father Wiley. It is here, properly speaking, that the style of the structure was adopted.

The plan of the church is Gothic of the thirteenth century, one hundred and ten by sixty-two feet in the interior, with chancel twenty-eight by twenty-three feet, and sacristies on either side. The main walls are covered with a span roof, with ornamental slating, which has been found generally safer in

New England, where the many months of storm and snow test the strength and safety of this important part of public buildings. The interior is divided into finely proportioned nave and aisles, of sufficient height for beauty of effect, voice, ventilation, and all other convenience. At the termination of the north aisle, there is a very substantial as well as ornate tower or steeple, of nearly two hundred feet in height, which forms a conspicuous beacon for the guidance of travellers for miles around. In this is placed a sweet toned bell, weighing upwards of two thousand pounds, the generous offering of Mr. Daniel Crowley. The walls are massive and of solid masonry, supported by buttresses, all from the quarries of Rockport, and built in the very best manner by Mr. James Devine. The frame work, the roof, spire and turret, were by Mr. Thomas Murphy, in his faithful, workmanlike manner. The plastering and stuccoing of the interior, which is distinguished for its chaste simplicity and purity of design, was by Mr. Peter McCann, and the finish of wainscoting, pewing, etc., by Mr. Thomas Cassin. The cabinet work is all of seasoned chestnut, varnished, and forms a very elegant and rich finish, without additional expense of paint. The high altar and tabernacle, generously designed by P.C. Keely, Esq., with its elaborate carving, emblems, gilding and other ornaments, and the chapel altars of our Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mother, together with that of St. Joseph, and their rich statuary from Munich, were all the gift of the generous daughters of the congregation and their friends. A very conspicuous feature in this new edifice is the style of the windows, which, being lancet, so called, with emblematic designs in the heads, are filled as usual with stained glass and borders, and are so constructed as to give ventilation in summer and shut out the cold in winter.



CHURCH OF OUR HOLY REDEEMER, EAST BOSTON.

THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROCK.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER XV.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

On my arrival at Rockleg, I found my father, with about a hundred followers, preparing to set out for Healey-hall, with the intention of rescuing me, should there be any necessity. The old chieftain, on seeing me safe out of the hands of the Philistines, returned his thanks for my fortunate escape.

I embraced this opportunity for gaining a pretext to visit my uncle in Dublin. On my departure, the good old man's admonition drew tears into his eyes, and, after kissing his cheek, I took my departure. Owen was waiting for me outside the door, with a saddled horse, which I quickly mounted, and set out on my journey, my foster-brother walking beside me.

Those who understand the meaning of 'ride and tie,' will be at no loss to discover the manner in which Owen and I travelled to Maryborough, a town in the Queen's County, where I took leave of my foster-brother, with many expressions of regret on both sides, and proceeded on foot to Dublin, which city I entered next day, about eight o'clock in the evening. After turning to the right and to the left about half a dozen times, an old woman informed me that I was in the Combe, and on inquiring for the house of Peter McLoughlin, was shown up a dirty alley, where I found the domicile of my uncle. As I stood before the door, a continual whizz—z—z came from the upper apartments, which at first surprised me; but, on recollecting that he followed the trade of a clothier, I was soon reconciled to the singular noise. On entering, my aunt tenderly embraced me, inquired after my mother, her sister, and, finally, welcomed me to Dublin. Her husband and sons were called down from their work, and the evening was spent very happily over a bowl of good whiskey punch.

Next morning one of my cousins took me out to see the city. We visited, successively, every object calculated to excite wonder in a novice like me, and, as we were proceeding down Dame street, we heard the sounds of martial music at a distance. 'The volunteers,' said my cousins. 'Indeed!' said I. 'Where are they?' for I had long wished to behold those patriotic bands who redeemed the character of Ireland from the charge of disloyalty and disunion. In a few minutes the wish was gratified. The venerable Earl of Charlemont, on horseback, was preceded by an advance guard, and immediately following him were several corps of volunteers in their uniforms, colors flying, bayonets fixed, &c. There is something in military array to gratify youth, and, as the enrolled citizens marched by, I wished that I had been one of them. It being a field day, we followed the drum out to the neighborhood of Rathfarnham, and saw the corps go through their different evolutions.

As my memoir is in fact the history of Ireland, I shall here detail the origin of the Irish volunteers—an institution totally unprecedented in the annals of the world. Their appearance forms one of the few green spots—if not the only one—which the gloomy desert of Irish history presents; and it is that epoch, above all others, which my countrymen should be well acquainted with.

The American war having exhausted England both of money and men, Ireland was left, in 1778, completely defenceless, there not being more than a thousand soldiers in the whole island. In this emergency, a French invasion was threatened, and the people of Belfast, whose town had been, eighteen years before, visited by a hostile fleet, applied to government for protection. The answer was candid—for a fool was secretary of state—government could afford none.

'To the many idle suggestions (idle, as they only produced unnecessary irritation,) of the illegality of the volunteer army, this letter might, perhaps, be opposed as a substantial answer. Government was, as to national defence, abdicated, and the people left to take care of themselves. But, if thus abandoned, their spirit soon supplied the defects and ineptitude of administration. Belfast, Antrim, the adjacent counties, poured forth their armed citizens. The town of Armagh raised a body of men, at the head of whom Lord Charlemont placed himself. Every day beheld the institution expand; a noble ardour was almost everywhere diffused, and, where it was not felt, was at least imitated. Several, who had at first stood aloof, now became volunteers from necessity—from fashion. No landlord could meet his tenants, no member of parliament his constituents, who was not willing to serve and act with his armed countrymen. The spirit-stirring drum was heard through every province; not to 'fright the idle from its propriety,' but to animate its inhabitants to the most sacred of all duties—the defence of their liberties and their country.

Government stood astounded. With unavailing regret, it now beheld the effects of its own immediate work indeed; but, to look more retrospectively, the work of its predecessors, and of England. To disunite or disarray the volunteers was beyond their power, though the secret object of their wishes. Disunion, without money, was impracticable, and the volunteers well knew that the contractors and manufacturers at the other side of the channel, who had impoverished the Exchequer, and the courtiers who had robbed it here, could not rob them of their arms and privileges. The former would not give nothing, and the latter had nothing to give. But money, if to be had, could then have effected little, or rather nothing whatever. As a body, the volunteers, in that hour of generous enthusiasm, were as unassailable by gold as by fear. As to disarranging them, supposing its accomplishment, to such a state had ministers brought matters, it could not have been effected without danger. Contending terrors agitated the administration. An army, acting without any authority from the crown, was a subject of great alarm; but French invasion was a cause of alarm still more immediate; and yet, no other troops had ministers to oppose to invasion, than this formidable volunteer army, with whom, or without whom, they now did not know how to live. America had drained both kingdoms of their forces, and for the raising of a militia, government had no money, and the volunteers no inclination. Ministers looked around for succour, but in vain. One notable expedient they, or some of their emissaries, had recourse to, in order to divide the volunteers, which I had almost forgotten, but it deserves to be mentioned. It was proposed to some of their officers (this took place in the South) to get commissions from the crown, or take them out at first as for form sake merely. 'In case of an invasion,' said those forlorn logicians, 'and that you are taken prisoners, such commissions will, alone, entitle you to an exchange.' At the very moment there was an English army captive in America! So strangely forgetful are some intemperate politicians, of the most alarming events, even of yesterday, and so unable or so resolutely determined are they to draw no beneficial inference from them whatever. The volunteers were, at last, no longer teased nor tormented. Those who were most attached to administration fell into their ranks as well as its opponents. In little more than a year, their numbers amounted to forty-two thousand men. The Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Clanricarde, Lord Charlemont, not to mention other noblemen and gentlemen of the highest stations, commanded them in different districts.

Generosity, frankness, and, above all, a disposition in Irishmen to regard each other with looks of

kindness, were then most apparent. It was impossible to contemplate and enjoy the cheerful dawn of unsuspecting intercourse, which then diffused its reviving light over this island, without an abhorrence of that debasing policy, which, when the sword was sheathed, and the statute book slumbered, sullenly filled the place of both, turned aside the national character from its natural course, counteracted its best propensities, and, under the denomination of religion, fiercely opposed itself to the celestial precept of Christianity—love one another. The content, the satisfaction that sat on every face, and, I may add, the moral improvement, that formed one of the purest sources of that satisfaction, cannot be effaced from the memory. Let those who sneer at the volunteer institution point out the days, not merely in the Irish, but any history, when decorous manners kept more even pace with the best charities of life, when crime found less countenance, and law more reverence. This state of affairs lasted it is true, but a short period. It has passed away like a dream. The mutability of all institutions every one feels; but few will acknowledge their own follies, which so often produce, or accelerate, such sad vicissitudes, and from folly we were not more exempt than others.

An investigation of some of the causes which contributed to the celebrity and success of the volunteer army, till the year 1783, may not be without its utility. It was fortunate for Ireland that there should have been at that time a growth of men, capable of restraining popular excesses, to whose understanding the people wisely committed themselves, and by whose prudence they triumphed. Livy mentions that Roman virtue never shone so much as in the second Punic way. 'Never,' says he, 'were the people more disposed to revere the wisdom of their superiors, nor their superiors more disposed to favor the people.' The success which attended the period I have now touched upon should be a lesson to both; to the people, to be on their guard against vanity, and the higher orders against pride. Had the example of the French revolution taken place at that day, Ireland would, it is more than probable, have totally failed in her efforts. But there was then no rivalry of orders in the state; one thing professed, another thing concealed. The union that subsisted between men of superior endowments, and those of home-spun integrity and good sense, was for the sole purpose of mutual triumph. Lord Charlemont, and the truly good and wise men who acted with him, took care to confine the public mind to two great principles, the defence of the empire, and the restoration of our constitution. In their steps to the latter, they were peculiarly cautious to limit the national claim to such a point only as Ireland herself could not divide upon. This was a grant of a free trade. As to the constitution, Protestants and Catholics had agreed to a declaration of right, 1641; the Protestant House of Commons, when it had expelled the Catholics, would not listen to any measure which gave countenance to the authority of the English parliament, and the Catholics, in all their propositions and treaties, had insisted on the great point of parliamentary independence. In this measure, therefore, the principal men, who now came forward, again united Ireland, and by their statements and publications, divided England so far as to prevent its acting in concert against them; for, in two or three years subsequent to this period, a great part of England admitted the justice of our claims. Another cause contributed to national success. It has been already partially displayed, the good conduct of the people. If the kingdom was menaced from abroad, it was at home in a state of unexampled security. Private property, private peace, were everywhere watched over by the volunteers, with a filial and pious care. Ministers, or rather those who wish to render themselves acceptable to

any ministry, by their mean subserviency, could not have styled the volunteers associations as, most fatally, they styled the Americans, a banditti; or, had they been silly enough to have attempted to proceed against them as such, they would have transformed themselves into the most intemperate, imbecile banditti that history could contemplate. Hume observes, that the revolution of 1688 was accomplished by the first persons of the country, in rank and intellect, leading the people. Hence it ended in liberty, not confusion. The revolution of Ireland, 1782, was formed in a similar manner.'

So far the biographer of Lord Charlemont. The subsequent history of the volunteers must be deferred until we have considered the state of the materials which they had to work upon—the Irish parliament, and the Irish people. I cannot close this chapter, however, without stripping the North of the assumed honor of having been the first to raise volunteer corps. To the county of Wexford that honor belongs, for a body of volunteers existed there twelve months before they were heard of in Ulster, and though the present Viceroy of Ireland was the first to admit Catholics into Dublin corps, they were found embodied with their Protestant fellow-subjects, so early as 1777, in the town of Wexford.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE REVOLUTION OF EIGHTY-TWO.

It has been found by experience that no part of man is half so sensitive as his pocket. You may assail his head or heart for ages without effect; but once you encroach upon his purse he is all feeling—all sympathy. This was peculiarly the case in the present instance, for in consequence of the embargo laid on the commerce of Ireland, to prevent Irish produce from reaching the Americans, with whom England was then at war, the merchants became embarrassed, the price of farm produce declined in value, and rents could not be paid. Distress soon reached the gentry, and, as their misfortunes were attributable to the English government, it was astonishing how soon the advocates of Protestant ascendancy and foreign domination became liberals and patriots. Free trade and national independence were now familiar as household words, and the Irish parliament for once seemed to act for the good of the country. Government became more and more embarrassed. Conciliation was the order of the day, and lest the people should imitate the conduct of America, every measure calculated to banish anger and ensure gratitude was no sooner proposed than it was acquiesced in. This course was held peculiarly politic, to prevent emigration if not revolt, and it was considered quite as necessary to provide against one as the other, for it was then asserted in the British parliament that the ranks of the American army were filled with expatriated Irishmen, to whose valour success was mainly attributed.

The more difficult the lords of the soil found it to collect their rents, the more patriotic they became. Their expensive habits threatened them with new difficulties, and, as they knew not how to retrench, they willingly supported any and every measure which promised to replenish their exhausted purses. The consequence of this was the six months' money bill, which procured for Ireland a free trade.

Another and a more pleasing circumstance which contributed to the independence of Ireland was her volunteers. For the first time during seventy years, the Protestants and Catholics were brought together, and had no sooner discovered that 'each and all were men,' and not the wretches described by fanatics and acts of parliament, than bigotry quitted the land, while toleration and good fellowship were invited to supply her place. Politics were then almost the business of life, and liberal sentiments received a new impulse. A restoration of Catholic rights was talked of as freely as legislative independence, and when the volunteer delegates, to the number of one hundred and forty-three, assembled at Dungannon, February

15, 1782, they entered into, among others, the following resolution:—

'That we hold the right of private judgment in matters of religion to be equally sacred in others as ourselves. Resolved, therefore, that as men and as Irishmen, as Christians and as Protestants, we rejoice in the relaxation of the penal laws against our Catholic fellow-subjects, and that we consider the measure to be fraught with the happiest consequences to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland.'

Unhappily, some of the political leaders of the day were inaccessible to such sentiments as these, otherwise the Catholics had not now to ask from a British senate what they had a right to receive from an Irish parliament.

I remember well the 16th of April, 1782. I arose that morning with feelings which I cannot describe, and regarded that day as one big with the fate of Ireland. Patriotism had taken such possession of me that I forgot the claims of my family, and, in the anticipation of national independence, I flung to the winds everything bordering on a selfish feeling. The love of Rockism was merged in that of my country, as I thought I saw descending the Genius of Liberty, coupled with that of Religious Harmony. I waited with impatience for the assembling of the House of Commons, and succeeded, when the doors were opened, in gaining admittance to the gallery. By-and-bye the members began to take their places, and my heart beat a tattoo against my side when I saw Grattan enter. A thousand blessings were showered, in mental silence, on his head, and I breathed an anxious prayer for his success. He looked ill—in fact he was so; but his spirit was superior to matter. The face of Grattan, when he arose to move an amendment to the address, indicated all that fire of genius which he possessed in so eminent a degree. His speech on this occasion was one of the best he ever made—

'He (Grattan) was not very old, and yet he remembered Ireland a child. He had watched her growth; from infancy she grew to arms; from arms to liberty. She was not now afraid of the French; she was not now afraid of the English; she was not now afraid of herself. Her sons were no longer an arbitrary gentry; a ruined commonality; Protestants oppressing Catholics—Catholics groaning under oppression—but she was now a united land. Turn, said he, to the rest of Europe, you will find the ancient spirit everywhere expired. Sweden has lost her liberty—England is declining—the other nations support their consequence on the remembrance of a mighty name, but ye are the only people who have recovered it by steady virtue. Ye not only excel modern Europe, but ye excel what she can boast of old. Whenever great revolutions were made in favor of liberty, they were owing to the quick feeling of an irresistible populace, excited by some strong object presented to their senses. Such an object was the daughter of Virginus, sacrificed to virtue; and such the seven bishops, whose meagre and baggard looks expressed the rigor of their suffering; but no history can produce an instance of men like you, musing for years upon oppression, and then, upon a determination of right, rescuing the land. You will find that the supporters of liberty in the reign of Charles the First mixed their sentiments of constitution with principles of gloomy bigotry; but amongst you see delegates of the North, advocates for the Catholics of the South, the Presbytery of Bangor mixing the milk of humanity with the benignity of the Gospel—as Christians tolerant—as Irishmen united. This house, agreeing with the desires of the nation, passed the Popery bill, and by so doing got more than it gave, yet found advantages from generosity, and grew rich in the very act of charity. Ye gave not, but ye formed an alliance between the Protestant and the Catholic powers for the security of Ireland.'

As he proceeded in his speech, the feelings of the house were evidently carried away, and when he concluded, the burst of applause which followed drew tears into my eyes.

The address, as amended, was carried, the house adjourned, and when I got into College Green, the deafening cheers which hailed the patriot literally rent the air. Bonfires blazed in all directions, every house was illuminated, and it did indeed appear that some national good had been accomplished. The very mob seemed happy, and every face wore the aspect of joy and gratitude. It was a pleasing sight—pity the cause was so unsubstantial! At the moment, however, I did not ask to look into futurity, but yielded myself to the national delusion, and, like others, swelled the popular triumph with shouts of gladness.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETURN TO ROCKGLEN.

On the 17th of May, 1782, the bill for establishing the independence of the Irish parliament was passed, not, however, without having provoked a discussion which showed that the brand of discord had been already flung among the apparent friends of Ireland. Several members insisted that the repeal of the 6th of George I. was not sufficient, and at the head of the party stood Henry Flood, a man of talents, but of inconsistent conduct. Opposed to him was Grattan, and the majority of both houses. A more experienced head than mine might have foreseen the consequence of such discussions; but, at the moment, I was so filled with anticipations of national good that I did not let the subject disturb me.

A few weeks after this great event, as I was walking down Patrick street, my attention was attracted by a crowd, which kept jeering and laughing at some one in the middle of them.

'Who is he?' asked one.

'A poor innocent,' replied another.

'No, I am not,' said a voice I knew right well; 'I am Sil Murphy of the hollow, and I'm come for the chieftain's son.'

At this the people laughed; and, somewhat mortified at the exhibition, I made my way through the crowd, and poor Sil no sooner saw me than he gave a shrill cry of recognition, and, after springing some dozen times, like an opera dancer, from the ground, he slipped a letter into my hands.

'Och, monnar!' cried the poor gomulagh, 'where was you that you didn't come to poor Sil? But sure, I've found you, avourneen, at last; and, as the creature betrayed his gladness, the mob laughed anew.'

'There's a pair of them,' said a shoeblack, with all the ease of an acknowledged wit.

'Oh, dat dere is,' replied a butcher's boy in the Smithfield cant; 'and, 'pon my soukens, the wiser one is the bigger fool.'

'Oh, be easy now, Jimmy,' said another, 'sure, he's a gentleman, anyhow, for don't you see he keeps his foot?'

'Ay, and has given him a pair of patent boots,' said the shoeblack; 'but he's not long in town, for they don't take de polish, doe dey are a shining pair.'

'Yes, yes, Murtha,' replied the butcher's boy, 'dere are more dimons on his shins dan on delady lieutenant's neck, anyhow.'

'Oh, be de powers,' rejoined the shoeblack, 'you may sing dat; and warm work he had ob it, getting 'em on.'

'Sassanachs!' cried the gomulagh, as I led him away, 'had I one o' ye in the moor, I'd make you cry wild Irish, ye spalpeens;' and he flourished his stick in defiance.

The poor creature was one of those who have just brains enough to qualify them for carrying messages. Sil always went bareheaded and barefooted, and was one of the most expert pedestrians in Munster. On the present occasion he had travelled from Rockglen in twenty-four hours, without stopping, and was inquiring for the Coombe, when the blackguards of Patrick street Market collected

about him. His joy, on seeing me so unexpectedly, was unbounded, and when we reached my uncle's, it was sometime before his satisfaction would permit him to eat anything. The letter he brought me was from my mother, informing me that Cousins had returned to Dublin, and that my father was dangerously ill. She solicited my speedy return, and I lost no time in complying with her wishes. In half an hour after the receipt of her letter I was on my way to Rocklen, and left the gomulagh to follow me.

A little beyond Maryborough I met my foster-brother. From him I learned that my father was much better, and was now considered out of danger. Relieved from my apprehensions, I inquired if there was any news.

'Musha, no,' replied Owen; 'you had it all to yourself in Dublin, for we've been as dull as small beer since you left us, till ere late-night.'

'What happened then?'

'The dence a much; only the boys made young Molony, who has taken up his father's trade, take a little exercise upon your newly-invented saddle.'

'Good God!' said I, 'it cannot be possible.'

'Faith, it's true enough,' returned Owen; 'and rich he deserv'd it, or 'the devil a cottoner in Cork.' Musha, didn't he, himself, go to widow M'Cann's, and drive away her milch cow, though she hadn't another beast in the world that could give the children milk for the praties, and all for 'a bit of tithe, that she would pay, if left alone to herself? But by the 'ghor' we put a stop to his gallop. We met him as he was going to the pound with the poor creature, and just axed him wouldn't he be easy. 'No, nor the devil a bit,' says he. 'Then you must,' says we. 'But I musn't says he; and so one word borrowed another, until Paddy Purcell, of the 'boughereen,' cot him, and whipped off his coat; another his waistcoat, and another his breeches, and so prepared him to mount. He fought like a lion; but all wouldn't do. We ketched limping Brine's colt, and having fixed a soft saddle made of a scough, we made him mount, and away he went, for all the world like a 'shiderow' on a windy day. Ha, ha, ha, how the people of Ballyragget did laugh, sure enough, to see him like a ghost flying through the town! Here,' he continued, pulling out a piece of paper, 'is a picture of it, which Tim Houlaughan the painter drew, and it's mortal like, every body says.'

'Well,' I asked, 'what become of Molony?'

'Oh, musha, God knows,' he replied. 'He wasn't hurt, anyhow, for he's gone to get warrants for us all; but I'd like to see the man who would come to take us.'

Pained as I was by Owen's account of this outrage, I could not much blame him. I had myself set him the example, and he was yet ignorant of the political events which had just taken place. Resolved, however, to put a stop to such proceedings in future, I commenced reading a moral lesson to Owen on the nature of civil allegiance, and the duty all men were under to keep the peace. My labor was thrown away, for my foster-brother did not, or would not, understand me. 'Oh, by the powers,' said he, 'all that may be very true, but you see I haven't much learning, and knows nothen about it. One thing I know, however, that cows, far away, have long horns; and, beggen your pardon, Decimus, I'll believe nothen till I can see. The sassanachs hate us and all we have, and how can they do anything that would make us happy? Aren't they ministers, and judges, and great grand fellows? and do you think they would let us be grand fellows too? Oh, be easy, now, and don't be after persuading us that the kite will protect chickens, or mice bees. Troth, the moon isn't made of green cheese, nor sassanachs of Christian flesh and blood.'

I found it was useless to contend with his prejudices, and so mounting his horse, and leaving him to walk, I proceeded to Rocklen. I found my father able to sit up in his chair; but, to my great disappointment, he was as incredulous as ever respecting the anticipated benefits of national independence.

'I can't blame you, boy,' said he, 'since I see older heads similarly affected. A nation free, and five-sixths of her inhabitants in chains! A national parliament, and five-sixths of her people incapable of voting for a representative! But, never mind, Decimus, come tell us your adventures in Dublin.'

[To be continued.]

HERCULEANEUM AND POMPEII.

The following particulars of the destruction of Herculeaneum and Pompeii—the former laid under a leaden covering of lava, and the latter immersed in an ashy grave of pulverized matter, may not be uninteresting or useless to some of our readers. Those sepulchred remains of Roman splendor which give us a knowledge of a true Roman city, with its temples, palaces, and baths—theaters and amphitheatres—its splendid forum—its triumphal arches—its Doric, Corinthian and Ionic columns—its pilastered halls and peristyles—its fresco walls and friezes.

Pompeii and Herculeaneum are situated very near the burning Vesuvius—the former five miles distant from it—the latter much nearer, and it is owing to its approximation that Herculeaneum suffered so severely, and received the worst effects of this fearful visitation, the full force of its destructive wrath—being completely involved in an impenetrable mass of lava—while Pompeii was, by its greater distance and its elevated situation, buried only beneath clouds of ashes and showers of molten stones (called lapille) and cinders; but these fell in such vast volumes that they obscured the light of day—and it may be attributed to this circumstance that Pompeii is much easier of excavation than Herculeaneum, yet it takes about a year to disinter one house, for the vapouring stream which proceed from the crater of the volcanic Vesuvius, descending in torrents of rain united with the ashes suspended in the air, washed them after they had fallen into places where it could not well have penetrated in a dry state, filled up every cranny, and left perfect casts of whatever substances it enveloped.

'There it found

The myriad fantasies of hearts and brains,
Young lovers, and hopes, and pleasures, all abroad,
Spreading their painted wings, and wantoning
In life's glad summer breeze, from flow'r to flow'r,
And, with the fatal spell of one dread glance,
Blighted them all!'

The air was still at the time of the first indications of an eruption, a cloud of smoke mounted up straight from Vesuvius, and spread itself about, which Pliny the younger, who was an eye witness, compared to the trunk and branches of an enormous pine tree, but some clearer indications of the coming storm was soon given,—dreadful murky clouds saturated with 'igneous serpentine vapor,' rose about them—and parted at the same time with lightning-like trains of fire; 'the vital air was changed into a sulphurous vapor, charged with burning dust,' and the heat which accompanied the showers of volcanic scorie was 'sufficient to char wood, and volatilize the more subtle part of the ashes'—add to this, the darkness which overspread the city, 'not,' says Pliny, 'like a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights extinct.' Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die for the very fear of dying; some lifting up their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together.

Pompeii was evacuated in all the hurry of a precipitate retreat—what a scene! Every person and thing thrown into the utmost confusion, darkness surrounding them—the prisoners in the jails craving to be released. That such a frightful scene did take place, is evident from the state in which the town is found on excavation. Human skeletons and household utensils

in the greatest disorder presented themselves to the eyes of the miners. The bones of a sentinel were discovered outside the gate of the city in a niche in the wall, still on his post, and grasping even in death his spear. But the most affecting and melancholy instance of it is, the shin bones of the inmates of the prisons still in the iron shackles that bound them at the time of the evacuation of the city, after having endured an incarceration of 1676 years. Another striking instance of the shortness of the notice this ill-fated people received is exhibited 'in the forum, opposite to the temple of Jupiter, a new altar of white marble, exquisitely beautiful, and apparently just out of the hands of the sculptor, had been erected there—an enclosure was building all round; the mortar just dashed against the side of the wall, was but half spread out; you saw the long sliding stroke of the trowel about to return and obliterate its own tracks—but it never did return! the hand of the workman was suddenly arrested, and, after the lapse of 1800 years, the whole looks so fresh and new, that you would almost swear the mason was only gone to his dinner and about to come back immediately to smooth the roughness.' How feelingly does this remind us of the confusion that reigned in the city; the noise is heard, and the people shout that Vesuvius is pouring on them its red hot cinders—the sound is re-echoed from street to street, the mechanic catches the alarm, casts away his trowel, and flies. To such an extent did fell destruction operate on Pompeii, that where it stood was a mystery, its site was unknown for ages, till chance brought it again to light. The first indications of ruins were observed in 1689; but the excavations did not commence till 1755. It thus lay from the year A. D. 79 sealed up. It, however, on this account, escaped the ravages and plunder of the barbarian hordes who from time to time swept over Italy, and annihilated every work of art that their destroying hands could reach. It now appears to us, as it was 1800 years ago—the pictures still against the walls, exhibiting all their original freshness of tint; the domestic furniture, pots and pans scattered about in the hurry of use.

The area of Pompeii is about 161 acres, the excavated part is about one-fourth of the city, yet that portion has occupied 83 years. When it is entirely cleared (if we may hope that such will ever be the case,) our knowledge of Roman customs, architecture, habits and literature, &c., &c., will be much increased.

How awfully sudden was its transformation! now the 'busy hum of men' and the rattling of the different vehicles is heard through the streets, and re-echoed through its lofty temples, domes, and porticoes, all the noise and bustle of civil pride and pomp resounds—

'But louder rose the terrible voice of ruin,
Over their mirth, 'be still,' and all was hushed,
Save the short shuddering cries that rose unheard,
The upturn'd glances from a thousand homes
Thro' the red clouded surge! the awful groan
Of agitated nature—and beneath,
Ten thousand victims turn'd to die—above,
Bright sunbeams lit the plain—a nameless tomb.'

Yes, in a moment all was still and hushed forever; the oblivious voice of destruction closed above its unhappy inmates, and shut them at the same time from the light of day and life. All were involved in a common grave.

SATISFACTORY.—'Hallo, boy, did you see a rabbit cross the road there just now?'

'A rabbit?'

'Yes! be quick! a rabbit!'

'Was it kinder gray varmit?'

'Yes! yes!'

'A longish creter, with a short tail?'

'Yes, be quicker or he'll gain his burrow.'

'Had it long legs behind, and big ears.'

'Yes! yes!'

'And sorter jumps when it runs?'

'Yes, I tell you; jumps when it runs!'

'Well, no I haint seen such a creter about here.'

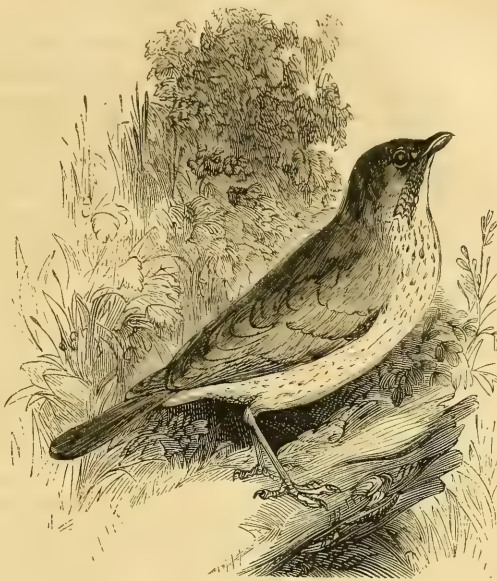
THE THRUSH.

Amongst the most beautiful of Ireland's singing birds, the thrush, the linnet and the lark may be considered the trio. The song of the thrush is unquestionably superior in power and clearness, though not in variety, to that of any warbler. The nightingale, heard in the depth of groves, and during the soft and balmy stillness of a summer's night, may have in it more of romance; but there is a bold, natural and free feeling of rustic vigor, enjoyment and endurance about the thrush which gives it a more true and hearty welcome in all parts of the country. The thrush is especially one of the birds of plenty: its blithe and varied song is seldom heard amid desolation; and if you hear a thrush you have not far to go before you come to a human dwelling. Wherever the thrush may be, he soon gives delightful indications of his presence, and with the return of the morning he mounts the topmost branch of some tall tree, and though his song is composed of but few notes, they are so clear, distinct and mellow, that it is impossible to hear them without delight, as they gradually rise in strength and then fall away in gentle cadence, becoming at length so low as to be scarcely audible. The prelude, or symphony to its song resembles, it is said, 'the double tonguing of a German flute, and sometimes the tinkling of a small bell; the whole song consists of five or six parts, the last note of each of which is in such a tone as to leave the conclusion evidently suspended; the finale is finely managed, and with such charming effect as to soothe and tranquilise the mind, and to seem sweeter and mellow at each successive repetition.'

A MONKEY AND HIS TORMENTOR.

In the jungles about Tillicherry, there is a large species of monkey, frequently tamed by the natives, and at a village a short distance from this celebrated sea-port, we had an evidence of the remarkable sagacity of this animal. A few yards from the house of the person to whom it belonged, a thick pole, at least thirty feet high, had been fixed into the earth, round which was an iron ring, and to this was a strong chain of considerable length, fastened to a band round the monkey's body. The ring being loose, it slid along the pole when he ascended or descended. He was in the habit of taking his station upon the top of the bamboo, where he perched as if to enjoy the beauties of the prospect around him. The crows, which in India are very abundant and singularly audacious, taking advantage of his elevated position, had been in the habit of robbing him of his food, which was placed every morning and evening at the foot of the pole. To this he had vainly expressed his dislike by chattering, and other indications of his displeasure equally ineffectual; but they continued their periodical depredations. Finding that he was perfectly unheeded, he adopted a plan of retribution as effectual as it was ingenious.

One morning, when his tormentors had been particularly troublesome, he appeared as if seriously indisposed; he closed his eyes, dropped his head, and exhibited various other symptoms of severe suffering. No sooner were his ordinary rations placed at the foot of the bamboo than the crows, watching their opportunity, descended in great numbers, and, according to their usual practice, began to demolish his provisions. The monkey now began to slide down the pole by slow degrees, as if the effort was painful to him, and if so overcome by



THE IRISH THRUSH.

indisposition that his remaining strength was scarcely equal to such exertion. When he reached the ground, he rolled about for some time, seeming in great agony, until he found himself close by the vessel employed to contain his food, which the crows had by this time well nigh devoured. There was still, however, some remaining, which a solitary bird, emboldened by the apparent indisposition of the monkey, advanced to seize. The wily creature was at this time lying in a state of apparent insensibility at the foot of the pole, and close by the pan. The moment the crow stretched out its head, and ere it could secure a mouthful of the interdicted food, the watchful avenger seized the depredator by the neck, with the rapidity of thought, and secured it from further mischief. He now began to chatter and grin with every expression of gratified triumph, while the crows flew around, cawing in boisterous chime, as if deprecating the chastisement about to be inflicted upon their captive companion. The monkey continued for a while to chatter and grin in triumphant mockery of their distress; he then deliberately placed the captive crow between his knees, and began to pluck it with the most humorous gravity. When he had completely stripped it, except the large feathers in the pinions and tail, he flung it into the air as high as his strength would permit, and, after flapping its wings for a few seconds, it fell on the ground with a stunning shock. The other crows, which had been fortunate enough to escape a similar castigation, now surrounded it, and immediately pecked it to death. The animal had no sooner seen this simple retribution dealt to the purloiner of his repast than he ascended the bamboo to enjoy a quiet repose. The next time his food was brought not a single crow approached it.

COL. B., of Montreal, formerly of the Essex county militia, is good looking, and a famous dancer, patronizes all the country balls, and 'adores' the rosy-cheeked, unsophisticated country girls. At a late ball, on the frontier, so one who was present says, the gallant colonel approached a blushing damsel, and asked her to waltz, when she replied, 'No, I thank you; I don't like to waltz, it makes me puke.' The colonel wilted.

WHAT'S IN A KISS.

'Mother, mother, kiss!' pleaded a little cherub boy, with blue eyes, anxiously searching his mother's unusually serious face, as she tenderly laid him upon his soft, warm bed, and lovingly folded the snowy drapery about him. 'Do kiss me, mother!' and the rosy lips began to tremble, the teardrops to gather in the pleading, upturned eyes, and the little bosom heaves with struggling emotion.

'My little son has been naughty to-day,' replies the mother sadly; 'how can I kiss those lips that have spoken such naughty words?'

Too much, too much! Dutiful mother, relent! The little heart is swelling, breaking with grief; tumultuous sobs break from the agitated bosom; the snow-white pillow is drenched with penitent tears, and the little dimpled hand is extended so imploringly. Relent!

'Tis enough! Once more the head is pillowed upon the maternal bosom—once more the little cherub form is pressed to that mother's aching heart, and the good-night kiss of forgiveness and love is given two-fold tenderer. A few moments and the sobbing ceases, the golden head droops, the weary eyelids close, and the little erring one is laid back upon his couch, penitent and humbled by one kiss from mamma. What's in a kiss—a simple kiss? Much, very much! More potent than the scepter—dearer to affection than countless wealth. Who has not felt its magic influence? 'Tis the lover's tender pledge of undying constancy; 'tis a bond of friendship and fidelity; and not only is it dear to the youthful and ardent, but also to old age, to the withered heart and blooming cheek.

THE MUSES.

The Muses are described in mythology as daughters of Jupiter and Minemosyne. They are believed to preside over poetry, music, and all the liberal arts and sciences, and were generally allowed to be nine in number.

Calliope presided over epic poetry and eloquence, and is represented as holding a loose-rolled parchment, and sometimes a trumpet.

Clio was the goddess of history, and is represented holding a half-open scroll.

Melpomene, the inventress and goddess of tragedy, represented as holding a tragic mask, or bowl and dagger.

Erato presided over love, tender and amorous poetry. She is represented as crowned with myrtle, and holding a lyre in her hand.

Terpsichore was the goddess of dancing, and is represented crowned with laurel, and holding a musical instrument.

Euterpe, the muse of lyric poetry, appears with a flute.

Urania, the muse of astronomy, is represented as holding a globe with a rod, with which she points out objects.

Thalia was the patroness of comedy. She was called 'The Blooming Oae,' with fair flowing hair, and generally holds a comic mask.

Polymnia, the ninth muse, presided over singing and rhetoric. She was represented veiled in white, holding a sceptre in her left hand, and with her right raised, as if ready to harangue.

'HERE'S to internal improvements,' as Deers said when he swallowed a dose of salts.

It has been said that pantaloons obtained on credit are breeches of trust.

MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHIN NA MBO.

The sun o'er the Slaney was shining,
And brightening its waves in their flow,
While in grief on my breast was reclining
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin na mbo.

She knew while a hope was remaining
At Oulart, New Ross, and Arklow,
I fought for my country's suathing—
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin na mbo.

So far from old Ireland to-morrow
Her tyrants compel me to go,
And leave ye behind in my sorrow,
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin na mbo.

When I find in the land of the stranger
A home for the love you bestow,
I'll come back and bear you to danger,
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin na mbo.

Then Fate shall no longer us sever
Our days will in happiness flow,
I'll cherish and love you forever,
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin na mbo.

But when there's a chance of redressing
The wrongs of my country, I know
I'll bring to her battle your blessing,
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin na mbo.

MY CONSULSHIP.

ROME AND POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

[Continued.]

The pageant of the coronation passed away, and for thirty days Rome saw little of her prince. He shut himself up in his palace, and telling his people in a proclamation to 'wait and hope,' he began to examine for himself into the state of his kingdom.

He ordered every man who held an office under the government to stand at his post, and do his duty till further notice. This kept the complicated machine of government in motion, and carried with it an imitation not likely to be disregarded by those who were interested in any department of the administration.

He ordered all judicial and police processes against political criminals to be suspended in every province of the state.

He called to his aid many of the ablest and best men in Rome, and assigned to each a definite work to do.

Some were ordered to examine the cart loads of petitions and memorials which had been accumulating for fifteen years, unread—others to trace the origin and progress of civil and criminal prosecutions—some were sent to visit the prisons where murderers, debtors, authors, and patriots, were huddled together promiscuously in foul apartments—others to examine into the advantages and obstacles, the routes and means for railways—some had commissions for visiting hospitals, asylums, and all kinds of charitable institutions—and others were intrusted with an inquiry into the causes and history of brigandage, insurrection, outbreaks, and popular discontent. In fact, the whole state was subjected to the surveillance of a regiment of keen-sighted, honest reformers, who were as deeply interested as Pius IX. himself in detecting abuses and corruption. Each one was provided with a special passport, which opened to the bearer every door, bolt, gate, and archive of the state. They had their private instructions. They knew the man they were dealing with, and they believed that nothing would serve him but the truth. Those men were not likely to be bribed or deceived. Employees of the state were anxious to keep their places, and they soon discovered the tenure by which they held them. These special messengers were ordered to start without delay on their work—to do it as fast as it could be well done, and to present their reports in writing to Pio Nono himself, for in this business he had no confidants. At almost every hour of the day and night, these heralds of the reformation were

riding out of the courtyard of the palace, on their way to the provinces. This was the first survey of the Augcan stables. Hercules was sure to find work enough to do.

The department of finance, and that of foreign relations, Pio Nono reserved for his own eye. It was a matter of prime importance to see what means he possessed, or could manufacture, to carry on his government; and of scarcely less import, to know how far his movements were likely to be embarrassed by former treaties, despatches, and protocols. All Italy was hardly more than a fief of Austria, and Lambruschini had so completely sold and bound over his country to Metternich, it was to be feared that Pio Nono might find it difficult, if not impossible, to pick his way out of the tangled labyrinth of diplomatic relations.

The archives of the state were laid open to his investigation, and those who for many years had been the most faithful and sagacious servants of his predecessors, remarked that the eye of Pio Nono seemed to pierce, with illuminated perception, every subject that came before him. His first object was to gain a correct knowledge of the condition of his states, and nothing escaped his scrutiny. He was resolute in working a total change in the policy of the Papal government, and he was equally resolved on taking his own time for doing it. He was well aware that the gaze of the world was fixed steadily upon him, and that his first step in the reformation he contemplated would arouse the suspicion, and probably excite the alarm, of several of the sovereigns of Europe. He was watched, and he knew it.

The first glance showed him that he had succeeded to a bankrupt state. There was not only no money in the treasury, and a vast public debt weighing down the government, but the resources of the state had been dried up, and its revenues squandered on the prodigal favorites of the past administration. How such vast sums had been expended the books did not show; but it required no very keen scrutiny to make the discovery. Monopolies, and differential and exorbitant duties imposed under the pretext of protection, had almost annihilated commerce. An army of spies, and a vast and expensive system of police had swallowed up the last 'baiooco' of the public treasure, and had the revenue been quadrupled, it would have all disappeared in the same way, like a stream of pure, abundant water poured upon the bosom of a sandbank. Pio Nono, however, saw a remedy for this appalling evil, and resolved to apply it at once. Lambruschini's system of police, he immediately dissolved. He introduced the most rigid economy into every branch of the government. Thoroughly imbued with the great principle, which England and other European states have adopted, to save themselves from financial ruin, he resolved to emancipate the commerce of his states. To the first commission he appointed to consider the subject of commercial reforms, he said—'I have long been of opinion that the only protection commerce requires is liberty; that the secret of a large revenue has been discovered in moderate duties.' With this grand principle, which is now believed by the most illustrious statesmen of Europe to lie at the bottom of all sound systems of finance, they began their work.

It was not long before the confidential commissioners of Pius began to crowd in with their reports, and they were at once admitted to his presence. If they were satisfactory, their authors were dismissed with presents, and the thanks of their prince, or dispatched on some other business. If they were deficient in facts, or superficial in observation, they were sent back to do their work over.

The new Pope was now determined to avail himself of all the aids he could, and he appointed a congregation of six Cardinals on the 30th of June,

to assist him in his investigations, and the administration of public affairs. About the same time, he suppressed the military commissions of Romagna. He conferred the order of the Knighthood of St. Gregory the Great on three celebrated men of science, Machetti, the professor, Salvatore Betti, and Professor Venturoli, who had won unequalled reputation in the science of Hydraulics. Pius also declared his intention to aid and protect the Roman Academy of the Lincians, and also to extend his favor to the Scientific Congresses of Italy.

In the choice of the congregation of Cardinals, he showed what was for a considerable time conspicuous in all his acts—perfect independence and consummate prudence. Macchi, sub-dean of the Sacred College; Bernetti, Chancellor of the Roman Church; Cardinals Amat di San Filippo e Sorso, and Mattei, one of Gregory's Secretaries of State, and an other personage, whose appointment astonished everybody except the few who understood how useful a captured spy may sometimes be made in an assault upon the enemy's camp—the worthy Signor Lambruschini. But the great Cardinal Gizzi was also one of the congregation, and there was no very alarming probability that Lambruschini would attempt to trifle seriously with that gentleman.

But while the overwhelming cares of his kingdom were pressing on the brain of Pio Nono, and his heart was aching for his many thousand children sighing in dungeons, or in exile, for the day of their release or return—when the multitude of strong-minded and resolute men, in his service, had gone to their beds anxious and weary, and no sound could be heard along the passages of the Quirinal, but the tread of the night-sentinel—in a distant chamber sat a man who ruled the Catholic World. He had been twenty hours by that table, in intense, distracting labor: but his head was cool and clear, his heart was warm and full of humanity. Nothing could disturb the equanimity of his spirit; nothing could interrupt the cheerfulness of his conversation; nothing could confuse his brain; and nothing could bend him from his inflexible purpose.

Such was the position which Pius IX. then held; were the many and generous purposes he then entertained; such were believed by all men to be the motives by which he was moved, and each were the high and pure resolutions with which he began to address himself to the heroic task of reconstructing a decayed civilization.

Although this seems now somewhat apocryphal, yet other causes we shall hereafter speak of, changed the character, as well as the policy of the Pope.

Soon after the return of the Abbe Mastai (now Pius IX.) from his mission in South America, in 1825, as he was passing through one of the less frequented streets of Rome, he saw a spectacle which, however unworthy of a civilized country, has been but too common in every part of Italy, and in other portions of the world which boast of a higher form of civilization.

A young man of seventeen years, accused of conspiracy against the state, and condemned to die, was walking, firmly and calmly, to the place of execution, surrounded by all those signs of ignominy which Christian governments have invented, to insult the departing souls of their murdered citizens. Struck with the heroic firmness of the young Brutus, as he went to his fate, Mastai stopped, and, calculating the time the condemned would be detained in the Death Chapel, listening to the rites of a religion just to be outraged, the Abbe rushed towards the Vatican, as though he were fleeing to save his own life, and not that of a younger stranger. He passed the doors of the palace, and flung himself at the feet of the sovereign, and prayed the good old man to have mercy on the boy, and at least commute his sentence of death into imprisonment for life. The venerable Pontiff loved Mastai, and the boon was granted. He hastily wrote an order. The Abbe seized it, and, kissing the feet of the Pope, rushed from the Vatican, and flew to the

face of execution. He came, breathless and fainting, as the beautiful boy was about being launched into the future world.

'Hold, executioner,' he cried; 'I bring a pardon from the Pope.'

The boy, who had not yet shed a tear, nor felt a muscle quiver, sprang into the arms of the Abbe, and they wept together. After long years they were to meet again, under circumstances still more affecting, as the following narrative will show. The Abbe remembered his name, and the dungeon to which he was conducted.

Perhaps, among the many thousand young men who were buried in the murder-ground prisons of the Roman States before and at the time Pius IX. came to the throne, no one had suffered longer, more steadily, or more mercilessly than a prisoner named Giovannini. For more than twenty years he had been buried alive in one of the terrible secrets of the Castle of St. Angelo—the Bastille of Rome—for no other crime than having dared, in his boyhood, to hope for the liberation of his country. He belonged to a family of rank in Rome; but neither the wealth nor influence of his father could procure his release. He could not even see his boy; nor could a letter from his affectionate mother reach him. Political offences were the only crimes for which men could not buy their pardons in Rome.

Not a ray of heaven's blessed light, not a word of intelligence from his family, had reached him for nearly a quarter of a century. How many of his friends were dead; how many Popes had ascended the throne, and gone to their account; what was going on in the world of living men—he could not tell. How many years even he had been immured in that terrible dungeon he did not know with certainty, for he had no means of marking the progress of time; and this was, perhaps, (strange as it may at first seem to one who never thought of it,) the bitterest of all his miseries. He could, indeed, tell when the day ended, for he could hear the thunder of the evening cannon from the towers of the castle, and he could calculate for some weeks the days, and for some months the weeks. He even thought he kept his reckoning for several years. But at last his memory became clouded, and all the days, and weeks, and years, blended dimly together, like one interminable expanse of dark ocean, where there is no sky, no star, nor horizon, nor landmark to measure from. Days, weeks, months, and years moved slowly, dimly, sullenly away, and he could calculate the moment only by the beatings of his heart, and the hours only by the recurrence of hunger or sleep.

Over this dark and interminable sea of time (which seemed time no longer) he had been drifting—how long he could not tell; but so long, he had become an old man, and he remembered that when he crossed the draw-bridge of that terrible castle, and cast his last long look on the calm blue sky, he was a boy. Hope had long ago left him—if indeed it ever can quite die in a human soul, and all other thoughts, and feelings, and desires, were blended in one long, eternal, fruitless wish to die—when the iron bolts of his dungeon, unused to move, sprang back with a shattering creak. The prisoner started from his torpor, and a cowed monk slowly entered with a torch in his hand. The half-blinded wretch turned his haggard, unshaven face on the visitor.

'What dost thou want here?' he could hardly utter in an unhearing voice. 'Dost thou come to take me to the gibbet? Oh! how welcome thou wouldst be! But then my enemies could no longer count the hours of that agony which cannot die. More cruel than the hangman, they have robbed me of liberty to die. And did they send thee, too, here to feast thy eyes, and gloat thy heart over the sight of my eternal despair? Answer me, monk?'

'I come to bring thee news of thy mother.'

'My mother!' exclaimed the prisoner, as he began to tremble and rub his hand hard over his forehead, as if to clear away some thick cloud that hung there—'My

mother! Tell me if I may die then at last, and I shall see her in Heaven.'

'She still lives, and it is she who sends me to bless thee, and bring thee hope.'

Oh! bless me then, Father,' the feeble prisoner cried, as he dragged himself to the feet of the monk, and bent his head.

'And I do bless thee,' answered the monk, in a trembling voice, 'in the name of the God of mercy, who pardons the guilty and avenges the innocent. I bless thee, too, in thy name of thy mother.'

'God then has pitied me at last,' sobbed out the poor man, 'for he sends me his angel of consolation,'—and the good monk raised him from the stone floor, and folded him in his arms as they wept together.

The prisoner then told the monk his dungeon history, as no one else could relate it.

'Thou shouldst have written to Gregory,' said the monk, 'and ask justice if not mercy.'

'I did, Father; but my letters he never saw, or he could not answer them. I did not ask life, nor liberty; but only a kiss from my mother.'

'Write again to the sovereign, my son.'

'Ah! my letter would be intercepted before it reached Gregory.'

'Gregory is no more! write to his successor!'

'He would never receive it. The hatred of my invisible enemies would shut his eyes, and ears, and heart, against me.'

'Perhaps, it might be so—but—'

'Oh, Father, it is surely so.'

'But be assured, my son—Pius IX. is a kind-hearted man—and he has promised justice to all his people—write to him.'

'Who will take the letter?'

'The jailer of the castle.'

'No, Father! I have no money, and such services cost dear in this place.'

'Then will I deliver it to him myself—write.'

'Impossible, Father. I have neither pen, ink, nor paper,—all these cost dear in St. Angelo.'

'Here is a pencil—write on this leaf of my book—and be quick, my son, for my hour is nearly up.'

The monk held the torch over the prisoner as he gave him the pencil and the book—and he tried to write. But in a moment he burst into tears, saying, 'Oh! God, I have forgotten how!'

'I will write for thee, then—dictate.'

Giovannini took the torch, and began:—

MOST HOLY FATHER,—

'In my despair, one of your monks came and taught me to bless your name. For what seems to me endless years, I suffer in a secret dungeon of the Castle of St. Angelo. All the time I have been awaiting the hour of execution or repatriation—but neither God nor the executioner came to my relief. If I am guilty let me die. If I am innocent, give me back my mother.'

Signed for

GIOVANNINI.

'Well,' said the monk, 'before evening, my son, the Pontiff shall have your letter. Adieu—have faith in God, and pray for Pius IX.'

At this moment the jailer entered. 'By —,' he exclaimed, looking at his watch, 'Signor chaplain, you was to stay here but an hour, and here you are twenty minutes over your time. Come, hurry off with yourself.'

'It is you, sir, that's wrong, to blaspheme in this manner the name of the Saviour of man. If your prince, the Pope, knew—'

'Oh! damn the Pope and all his crew.'

'Again you are wrong, sir. Pius IX. curses no man—he loves all—what is your name?'

'None of your business, lazy priest—out with you.'

The monk then left the dungeon, and went to the room of the governor of the castle. He had long been the confidential agent of the Cardinal Lambruschini, and his equanimity had been a little disturbed by the downfall of his master, and the introduction of a new regime.

'Another bore, he! Well, let him in—come Signor Monk, tell us what you want—and be quick about

it too—for my hours are counted I suppose, and I have no time for rigmarole.'

'I come, sir, to demand the liberty of your prisoner, Giovannini.'

'You are mad, monk! Don't you know that the Pope is the only man who can do that?'

'And it is in his name that I ask it.'

'Show me your proof.'

'You shall have it, Signor.' And taking a pen, he wrote hastily on the same leaf which contained the letter of the prisoner—

'1st. On the presentation of the present order, the governor of the Castle of St. Angelo will immediately open its gates to the prisoner Giovannini!'

'2d. The governor will provide for the surrogation of his chief jailer.'

In virtue whereof, we have this — day signed these presents, in our castle St. Angelo.

Pius IX.

The signature would have been quite useless, if the monk's head had not hitherto been enveloped in a cowl—for when he allowed it to fall back, it revealed the majestic and beaming face of Pius, the Pope and Prince of Rome. The time the governor's face took in going through divers changes is hardly worth mentioning.

Giovannini had hardly embraced his mother, who nearly died of joy, before he flew to the Quirinal to ask of the Pope the name of his benefactor.

'Your benefactor, no!' answered Pius, 'but your Father—come to his arms. It cannot be you have forgotten the young priest whom you embraced so warmly at the foot of the scaffold twenty years ago!'

'Oh, God!' exclaimed the exhausted prisoner, 'this is more than I can bear!' and he fell fainting to the floor.

[To be continued.]

MITES.

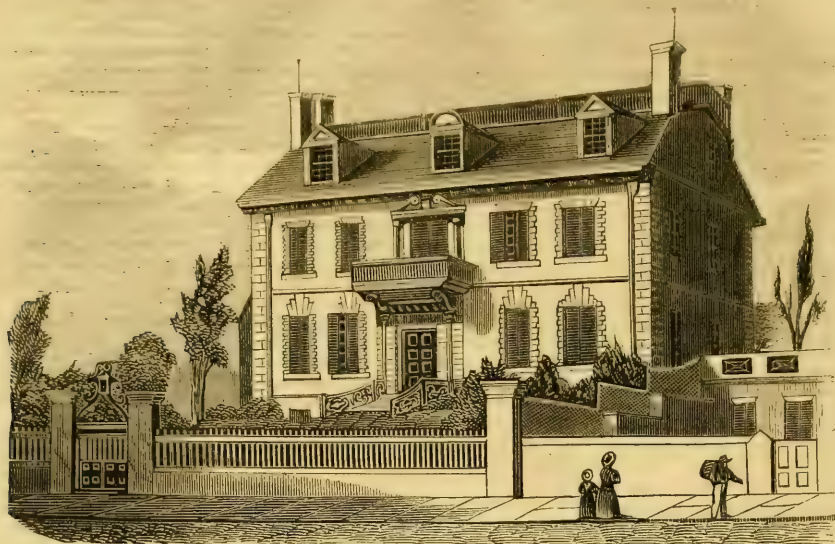
Mites are those very small creatures generally found in great abundance in decayed cheese. To the naked eye they appear like moving articles of dust; but the microscope discovers them to be animals perfect in all their members—as perfect as creatures that exceed them many million of times in bulk.

They are usually transparent. Their principal parts are head, neck, and body. The head is small in proportion to the body, with a sharp snout, and a mouth that opens like a mole's. They have two little eyes, and are extremely quick sighted. If you touch them but once with a pin or needle, you will perceive how readily they avoid a second touch. Some have six legs, and others eight, which prove that there are different sorts, though in every other respect they appear alike. Each leg has six joints, surrounded with hairs, and two little claws at the extremity thereof, which can easily take up anything. The hinder part of the body is plump and bulky, and ends in an oval form, with a few exceedingly long hairs growing therefrom. Other parts of the body and head are thinly set with hairs.

The female mite lays eggs so small that ninety-one millions and one hundred thousand of them would not be larger than a common pigeon's egg. The young ones come out of the shell with all their members perfect, and though they cast their skins several times before they are full grown, yet they do not alter in shape. Their eggs, in warm weather, hatch in twelve or fourteen days, but in winter or cold weather, not under several weeks.

Mites are voracious animals, and will devour not only cheese, but fish, flesh, fruits, grain of all sorts, and almost everything that is moist, without being over wet; nay, they may sometimes be seen preying on one another.

It must be remembered that there are several kinds of mites differing in some things, though in general nature and appearance the same. For instance, mites in malt-dust and oatmeal are nimbler than cheese-mites. The mites among figs have two feelers at the snout, and two very long horns over them, with three legs on each side, and are more sluggish than those in malt.



HANCOCK HOUSE, BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

THE HANCOCK HOUSE.

The engraving given above exhibits a view of the mansion house of John Hancock, the President of the Congress of Independence, whose bold and manly signature is so much admired on the charter of American liberty. The building is situated upon the elevated ground in Beacon street, and is built of hewn stone, finished somewhat in the ancient Gothic style. It is raised twelve or thirteen feet above the street. While occupied by Governor Hancock, the east wing formed a spacious hall, and the west wing was appropriated to domestic purposes, the whole embracing, with the stables and coach-house, an extent of 220 feet. In those days there was a delightful garden behind the mansion, ascending gradually to the high lands in the rear. This spot was handsomely embellished with glacia, and a variety of fruit trees. From the summer-house was presented a magnificent and picturesque view of the surrounding country, north, east, west and south. In front of this edifice, is the unsurpassed and far-famed 'Common,' containing about forty-five acres, and completely covered with the handsomest shade trees, where, in the governor's time, 'an hundred cows daily fed.' It was then, as now, handsomely railed in, except on the west, where it was washed by the Charles River and Back Bay.

Upon days of election and public festivity this ground teemed, as it does now on similar occasions, with multitudes of every description; and here the different military corps performed, as at the present day, 'their stated exercise.'

Governor Hancock inherited this estate from his uncle, Thomas Hancock, Esquire, who erected the building in 1737. At that period, the 'court part of the town' was at the North End, and his fellow citizens marvelled not a little that he should have selected for a residence such an unimproved spot as this then was.

In the lifetime of that venerable gentleman, the doors of hospitality were opened to the stranger, the poor and distressed, whether native or foreign; and annually, on the anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, he entertained the governor and council, and other personages at his house. The like attentions were shown to the

same military body by Governor Hancock, who inherited all the urbanity, generous spirit and virtues of his uncle.

'In a word, if purity of air, extensive prospects, elegance and convenience united, are allowed to have charms,' says one who wrote many years past, 'this seat is scarcely exceeded by any in the Union.' The premises are not entirely as they were. It is true, there is the noble exterior, which the edifice possessed at its erection—nor have any important alterations been made in the interior. The greater part of the flower-garden remains in front, nor do we know of a want of pure air, elegance or convenience, in the establishment. But the 'stables and coach-house' are not to be found, and the 'prospect,' though still very beautiful, has been materially abridged by the adjacent buildings.

The garden behind the mansion, glacia, fruit trees and summer house, have all disappeared. Even 'the high lands,' beyond, have been much reduced, to make room for public avenues and stately dwellings in that part of the metropolis.

Every governor of the commonwealth, from the time of John Hancock, to that of the present chief magistrate, has been lodged or entertained, more or less, in this hospitable mansion. Indeed, it has a celebrity in all parts of the country, and most strangers, on visiting the capital of New England, endeavor to catch a glimpse of 'the Hancock House.'

During the past year Governor Banks made communication to the then living representative of the late Governor Hancock, with the view of a future purchase by the Legislature of the Hancock House, and its transfer, upon the decease of the proprietor, to the Commonwealth. His great age, and increasing infirmities, made it impracticable to enter upon any negotiation for this purpose. His death has been recently announced to the public; and the Governor now suggests that the Legislature consider what measures may be expedient, as it regards a possible transfer, at some future time, of this estate to the Commonwealth, and recommends action on the subject by the Legislature on the birthday of Washington. The governor proposes to make this house the seat of the chief executive—the 'White House' of Massachusetts. We

think the suggestion a good one, as the increasing business of the Commonwealth renders the close proximity of the chief magistrate to the capitol necessary for the prompt despatch of public business.

NO BABIES.

A certain doctor became very much enamored of a young lady resident in his town. In due course of time they were engaged to be married. The doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady-love was a strong and decided Baptist. They were sitting together one evening talking of the approaching nuptials, when the doctor remarked, 'I am thinking, my dear, of two events which I shall number among the happiest of my life.'

'And pray, what may they be, doctor?' said the lady.

'One is the hour when I shall call you my wife for the first time.'

'And the other?'

'It is when we shall present our first-born for baptism.'

'What! sprinkled?'

'Yes, my dear, sprinkled.'

'Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled.'

'Every child of mine shall be sprinkled,' said the doctor, firmly.

'They shall be, eh?'

'Yes, my love.'

'Well, sir, I can tell you,' said she, 'that your babies won't be my babies—so then, good night, sir.'

The lady left the room, and the doctor left the house. The doctor never married, and the lady died an old maid.

I CAN respect the aristocracy of family, the consciousness of blood that has flowed through historic veins, and throbbed under blazoned shields on fields of renown. I can respect the aristocracy of talent, rising above all material conditions in its splendor and its power. I can respect the aristocracy of enterprise, that bursts all obstacles, and itself earns and holds with a modest self-assertion. But of all aristocracy, the aristocracy of mere flaring wealth, and nothing else, is the emptiest and silliest.—[Chapin.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- 'LEANDER.'—The female sex are capable of the highest improvements and the greatest glory to which men can be advanced. Sappho's verses were equal to those of Anacreon. Queen Semiramis was full as magnificent as Sesostris. Tanaquilla was as politic as Servius, and Porcia was not inferior in virtue, courage, and manliness of soul, to Brutus himself. The ancient mythologists made Minerva the Goddess, as well as Apollo the God, of Learning. Aspasia instructed the famous Pericles. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, instructed both her sons, and enabled them to occupy distinguished positions in the Forum, and Athenias rose to the high position of Queen of the Eastern empire by the force of her learning, though the daughter of an Athenian of humble birth.
- 'M. H.' West Concord.—Hardly up to the mark; try again. We have not received the other communication, nor can we publish anything without the right name of the writer.
- 'PATRICK DOYLE,' Fort Yamhill, Oregon Territory.—We have written and sent papers to your order. Answer the questions we have asked, and we will try.
- 'LIET. THOMAS GREY,' 2d Artillery, late of Fort Monroe, Va.—We wait with much anxiety to hear from your old friend and your whereabouts.
- 'MILTON PLACE.'—We believe it would be injudicious to say anything at this time; but we are entirely with you in sentiment.
- 'P. KENNY,' Woburn.—The state of the weather alone prevented us from being with you.
- 'TOM,' Fort Belknap.—Have received the money, and await the order to bind the volumes.
- 'J. S.,' Waterbury.—Our papers were sent as usual.
- 'O'ROURKE,' Troy.—Received, and attended to.
- 'J. MCREITH,' Portage.—Your order has been duly attended to.
- 'JAMES MCGINN,' San Francisco.—We will have a hundred volumes bound for you, and await your next letter.
- 'SHAMROCK LEAVES.'—Study hard and write plain.

IRISH MISCELLANY.

THOMAS O'NEILL . . . PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

OLIGARCHY OR DEMOCRACY?

Blackwoods Magazine is now-a-days hardly entitled to the consideration it enjoyed when Prof. Wilson, better known as 'Kit North,' conducted it; still, whether from its reputation as a 'well of English undefiled' or its unflinching advocacy of High Church and Toryism, 'Old Ebony' appears to be sought after to such an extent as to warrant its continued republication on this side of the Atlantic. Scott & Co.'s reprint of the December number contains a sufficiently varied amount of general literature, closing this the eighty-fourth volume with a ferocious tirade, that occupies nineteen solid pages, against the movements of the liberal party in England. This article is intitled 'Bright Absurdities,' the occasion thereof being some addresses by Mr. Bright to his constituents at Birmingham, wherein he urged, what is sadly needed, a modification of the oligarchy of Britain. The reforms he proposes are merely household suffrage, vote by ballot, and a representation based upon numbers. For suggesting these manifestly equitable measures, the Manchester innovator has incurred likewise the displeasure of the London Times, and consequently several powerful leaders against incipient justice to the working classes have recently appeared in the 'Thunderer.' John Bright wrote a letter to a Glasgow meeting of radicals, and at Edinburgh a resolution was unanimously adopted in favor of an extension of the franchise in boroughs to all persons rated to the poor, in counties to occupiers of £10 houses, declaring that the ballot should be granted, and demanding for Scotland the 40s. freehold. In these movements there is, to be sure, little hope for Ireland, as the history of the last three hundred years attests only too plainly that she has nothing but evil to expect from English and Scotch legislation.

The speeches of the cotton lord are spiced with occasional reference to America, and his laudation of our institutions moves the soul of the Edinburgh reviewer to its utmost depths, a great portion of his space being occupied in portraying to his British readers the existence here of every known evil. His contempt for common people is very noticeable throughout; for, while his virtuous indignation exceeds all bounds in depicting the condition of the African race held in slavery, he seems, inconsistently enough, to regard those beyond the pale of aristocracy as incapable of governing themselves. For instance, he speaks on every page of his critique of the reformer's constituents as the 'gun-makers of Birmingham,' sneers at their ignorance, and affects to believe that if their influence is ever felt in their domestic concerns, anarchy and ruin must immediately follow. On the quarrels of this Tory advocate and John Bright we, however, at present, little feel inclined to dwell. The latter may serve the purpose in England of 'a good enough Morgan,' but in the United States we opine he would be regarded an 'old fogey,' if not an utter impracticable. Blackwood has indulged in calumny of the American people so long that it cannot excite much comment now to find the mouthpiece of a privileged class, who seem never to learn anything, indulging in taunts against our free government. In referring to the United States, the writer says the 'election evils,' incident to the British method of electing members of Parliament, 'reappear in this country in greater magnitude and more repellent form. Corruption is undisguised, intimidation is organized. So common and recognized are electoral corruption and intimidation, that they have been the means of introducing new words into the American vocabulary.' 'Mob-manners,' this voracious critic, avers, 'reign supreme in the public life of the Union!' The bowie knife and revolver, he would persuade us, 'are a recognized means of redress for real or imaginary wrongs.' The most astounding fact connected with these vile slanders, however, is that American journals are cited as cumulative evidence! The Scottish American Journal, published in New York, affords unmistakable evidence of the falsity of Blackwood as to the absence here of toleration. This paper—which, by the way, though only in its second volume, is one of the best of our exchanges—is cited to prove the deplorable condition of the republic—in itself a sufficient refutation, we think, of the language that, for your opinions, 'over one-half of the Union you will be tarred and feathered, and in the halls of Congress you will be caned and horsewhipped' (vide page 749). The reviewer attaches great weight to the opinions of the Journal; but it is no new thing in this free country for periodicals to abuse those institutions under which they are obtaining their bread and butter. There is nothing 'remarkable' then in these libels, the Albion and other sheets of the most intense British proclivities being in flourishing circumstances. But the unfairness of the Scottish American Journal, in the long extract made by the Magazine, must be patent to at least every American reader. Only think of an editor in New York endeavoring to prove that the taxes of the United States are equal to those of Great Britain! And to substantiate this manifestly absurd proposition, he likens the cost of living in New York, not with London, nor Liverpool, nor Dublin, nor Edinburgh—O no! British pride could not brook such a comparison—but with the fourth-rate city of Glasgow; and this he excuses himself for because Mr. Bright addressed a letter to a meeting in the latter place! If, as the Journal asseverates, the local taxes of the emporium—which of course keeps pace with the augmenting population—are becoming too oppressive to be borne, how is it that Mayor Tiemann can regard the financial condition of that city as 'sound and healthful'?

According to his late annual address, the total permanent debt on the first of January, redeemable from the sinking fund, was \$18,362,129, said debt having been reduced \$809,614 within the past year.

'Every man has a voice in the government,' therefore, 'a population of political loafers has been raised up,' and the reviewer italicizes this and other passages as irrefragable arguments against universal suffrage. It would be easy to reply that it is better to be 'swindled' by those whom we place temporarily in authority than to be afflicted with hereditary kingcraft and its concomitant evils, to support which in royal style, one would think, must cost something. Why, the governor of the most insignificant British dependency receives a larger salary than our chief magistrate; and yet, with these patent facts before them, so wedded are some people to everything British, that, when they enjoy the fruits of republican freedom, they will see no benefit to community accruing therefrom—a prejudice equally ridiculous with the Scotchman's, who refused to be cured of the itch because it made him 'unco thoughtful o' his wife and bonnie Inverary.'

In the article from our New York contemporary, city, state, and federal taxes are jumbled so ludicrously, that we charitably conclude the writer had not been a sufficient length of time in America to discriminate the most obvious facts. 'The great evil to this country,' he continues, 'is the undue representations of persons, and the non-representation of property!' Here is loyalty to republicanism with a vengeance! nevertheless, the disseminators of such vile stuff will be taken to the bosoms of our modern 'Americans,' whilst the men who spend their lives in thwarting British intrigue and upholding the flag of their adopted country are denounced as aliens and the minions of a foreign prince. Consistency, thou art a jewel!

We have no hordes of 'non-producers and tax-consumers,' as the Journal unblushingly asserts, and the employment of such language is much more fitted for the meridian of the 'sea-girt isle.' When, therefore, it speaks of 'governing classes' in Democratic America, it becomes simply absurd. And as for its advocacy of property representation in this free country, it will find that up-hill work indeed. Until you can alter the fundamental laws of the land, you cannot hope to afflict us with this the legitimate stigma of primogeniture and entail. Why is this relic of feudalism recommended at this late day? Must its defenders, after having been refuted for the thousandth time, again reiterate such nonsense? Does the arguments of Dr. Franklin, to exhibit the argument of a like qualification, need now to be repeated? Some one in the Continental Congress was pressing pertinaciously the claims of property, when Franklin used this felicitous illustration of his views: If a man possesses a donkey worth \$50, he is entitled to vote; but if the animal dies the owner ceases to enjoy his privilege. 'Now,' urged the philosopher, 'who votes—the man or the donkey!' Only think of Blackwood's Magazine, fearful of the progress of liberal ideas in Great Britain, abusing the United States, whence come the dangerous examples, and then quoting a Scottish American Journal to attest the justness of its invective, and all this in support of a system where, out of 5,000,000 adults, not 1,000,000 enjoy the right of suffrage! In the beginning of his epistle to the Pisios, Horace alludes to a monster of incongruity which can only compare with this:—

'Suppose a painter to a human head,
Should join a horse's neck, and wildly spread
The various plumage of the feathered kind
O'er limbs of different beasts absurdly joined!
Or, if he gave to view a beauteous maid,
Above the waist with every charm array'd;
Should a foul fish her lower parts unfold,
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold?'

(Written for the Miscellany.)

MY HEART IS IN MY NATIVE LAND.

BY DARRY MOKEON.

My heart is in my native land,
Far o'er the stormy waters,
Mid' rose-bowers, where fragrant flowers
The queen of beauty scatters.

Where smiling vales and verdant dells,
Round towers and lofty mountains,
Blend all their charms, like magic spells,
With pure and glistening fountains.

There morning breaks o'er silver lakes,
In bright effulgent splendor,
That rest between fair hills of green,
In calm, romantic grandeur.

As mirrors to the king of light,
Reflecting back the lustre
That sparkles round his throne so bright,
And on his bosom clustre.

How grand to roam that holy isle,
And view each charming feature,
That like some heavenly seraph's smile
Adorns the face of Nature.

The balmy air wafts perfumed there
Sweet as the winds of Eden,
O'er pregnant banks and valleys fair,
With Nature's gifts o'erladen.

Oh, would I were a soldier bold,
I'd seek no grander glory
Than fighting, like her sons of old,
To free that land of story.

I'd draw the sword with vengeance keen
'Gainst tyrants that distress her;
I'd die beneath the flag of green,
Or drive out her oppressor.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER;

—IN THE—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

WOUNDED WITHOUT A FIGHT.

In the year 183-, our regiment lay in Cahir, county Tipperary, with some outposts at Limerick and Clonmel. Tipperary, at that time, was remarkable for what are called agrarian outrages, and many were the fruitless searches, hard night's ride, and long fasting we had to catch the midnight marauders. If the people would but learn to know their strength, all attempts to keep them slaves would be futile and worthless. Take the following as an instance.

On a cold, wet evening in the month of February, in the above year, a gentleman, holding the commission of the peace, rode into the barracks at Cahir, and, having obtained an interview with the colonel, orders were immediately issued for fifty men, in field exercise order, to report forthwith for duty. We started, headed by three or four gentlemen who joined the party, and who were, as we afterwards learned, magistrates. After a brisk trot of some seven or eight miles, we halted, while several houses were searched by the police, without, however, discovering what they sought. We then proceeded to another village, or small town, where the magistrates appeared to glean some information, for, after a short delay, we started off in another direction, and soon reached a police station. The magistrates appeared to be astonished on finding the house tenanted. It was ascertained from a gentleman, who lived close by, that the police had been attacked, and one of their number was shot, and the remainder had fled, hiding themselves; being pru-

dent men, they had, no doubt, read those lines in Hudibras—

'He that fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day,
But he that's in the battle slain,
Will never live to fight again.'

It was now believed that we were on the track of the 'White boys,' the patriots of the day; being recruited by a pint of porter each, given by the Earl of Glengall, who was one of the party of gentlemen accompanying us, we started with 'Woe to the rebels!' Having scoured the country till morning, we returned to our quarters, the magistrates declaring that we must have passed the rebels in the night, more than once the jingle of our swords and tramping of the horses giving them due notice of our approach. They hid themselves in the mountains until we had passed, and thus baffled our vigilance.

I have frequently wondered since why they did not kill the whole party, for they could have easily done so, the dragoons being utterly ineffective in such places as the passes of the Gaulish mountains, particularly at night. It is, however, a well ascertained fact that, great as are the sufferings of the people, they seldom desire to sacrifice the lives of soldiers, while, to kill a policeman, is considered a meritorious and patriotic act.

It would seem that they give the soldier credit for doing this kind of work reluctantly, believing that they should be employed in the nobler work of defending the country against its foreign foes. But the policeman is a man taken from among themselves, whom they regard as a traitor to his country, and deserving of no mercy at their hands.

On reaching home, I was detached with a party of our men and a body of police. We wended our way up a narrow and crooked road, or boreen. After some two or three miles, we again emerged out upon the high road, and were halted in the neighborhood of a small village, while the police were detached to reconnoitre. They soon returned, and we had orders to surround a house, which stood alone at the junction of four cross roads. We quietly closed in to the house. I was advised to veer back against the wall, which I had no sooner done than we found the police had broken into the house, and were resisted by the inmates. An order for some of our party to dismount, left me alone in the rear of the building, close into the house, that no one might escape. A sudden crash of glass, and immediately I felt a pitchfork enter my loins, inflicting a triple wound of a dangerous character. I rode home to barracks, supported by two of my comrades, and entered the hospital, where I lay for ten months, one of the wounds having very nearly proved fatal.

A cart was taken from a neighboring yard, and ten men were tied therein, along with three women. It appeared that it was a fine strapping young woman that had stabbed me with the pitchfork. On finding that her brothers could not escape by the door, she thought of the little window, and seeing that also guarded, she dealt me the almost fatal thrust. I need hardly add that she was transported; one of the police testified to having seen her give the blow which disabled me. One of the men who were taken prisoners that night was hung for the murder of a Captain McGuire, which had been committed some time previous.

During my confinement in the hospital, I read the history of Ireland for the first time without the aid of British spectacles; I became an Irish nationalist; hitherto I had belonged to that class of Irish Protestants who are not national, and would sooner see their country a miserable, starving province than allow the majority of the people to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, untaxed by a state church. Ever since then I have been ready to join any bona fide movement for Ireland's deliverance, for the more I study her history, the more intimately I become acquainted with, and understand the nature and origin of her wrongs, the more intense becomes my faith in her capacity for self-government, and the

more ardently I desire to see and aid in her redemption; I long to see union amongst my countrymen; union which will give them strength and irresistible power—a strength by which they will be enabled, finally, to overthrow the oppressor and exhibit themselves to the world in their true colors, as a valiant people, and lovers of real national liberty.

Did every man in Ireland possess the nerve and pluck of that unfortunate young woman, who came so near 'doing' for me, would they but give each other the right hand of fellowship, and learn to regard religion as purely a matter of conscience, allowing nothing to stand between them and that ardent love of fatherland, which they undoubtedly possess, Ireland would be a nation soon, indeed.

Written for the Irish Miscellany.

SKETCHES FROM MEMORY.

BY J. E. F.

NO. III.

A STORY—STRANGE BUT TRUE.

Among a ship load of 829 passengers, which reached the port of New York in the fall of 1857, from Liverpool, there could not help being a few whose lives had a touch of the romance, and whose stories seemed 'stranger than fiction.' Reader, I heard one, and now record from memory, as near as possible, the tale as unfolded to me.

William Rochford was born in a small village in the county of Clare, Ireland, in 1832. His father was of the better class of farmers, without being a middle man or agent, and contrived to give his son a good education. When William reached the age of eighteen, his father sent him to Maynooth, to prepare him for the priesthood. Here he made rapid advancement in his studies, and bade fair to become ordained at an early age. But this was not to be. During one of the college vacations, which he usually spent at his father's house, he was casually introduced to a young girl, daughter of a widow, who was a near neighbor of his father's. The introduction over, they talked on various subjects, his college life, her country life, books, the weather, of course, and William soon found himself getting interested in his new acquaintance, but supposed that it would end with the conversation.

That night his dreams were not of books and college walls, but of a pair of black eyes, whose depths he was trying to fathom, and he had just received an answer from them, when lo! he awoke, and found himself a student preparing to take holy orders. That day he informed his father of his intention to return to college immediately, giving as a reason that he could devote more time to study during the remainder of the vacation, but really to seek to dissolve the spell that had, in one short evening, been woven round his heart.

Time wore apace, and the day drew near when it was expected that William Rochford would be ordained. The young student struggled hard to free himself from the thoughts of one who seemingly could never be aught towards him than an acquaintance, and finally gave up in despair. His next step was to inform his superiors of his utter impossibility to proceed farther in his steps towards the priesthood, telling plainly his reasons for so doing, and wishing his honorable discharge from college. This was granted. But the hardest trial William had to encounter was to inform his parents that he was not to be ordained, and that they would never have, as they wished and prayed they might, the pleasure of attending the divine service of the mass when celebrated by their son.

Close on this letter to his parents, he bade adieu to college, and returned home. His father wept at seeing him, but generously forgave him, saying that Heaven willed it so, and his son could not be blamed. But how faded it with her who was the cause of this change?

After coming home on the evening of the ac-

quaintance, she 'leaned her head upon her hand,' and silently thought what an ornament the church would have when the student was ordained, and how she would like to hear the gospel expounded from the lips of one so gifted. It was midnight ere she awoke from her reverie, and when she had retired, her dreams were of the collegian, who, she thought, was kneeling by her side, and asking her hand in marriage. Upon awaking, she tried to dismiss the subject from her mind, but in vain, and it was a relief to her when she heard that he had returned to college.

His reason for leaving college was kept a secret from all but his parents, so, when he had returned, various were the causes assigned by the neighbors, none of which were right. By and by, they ceased to think about it, and then did he make known to Ellen Byrne, her who had won his heart, why it was that he did not become a priest. She did not appear pleased, nor yet displeased, but there was something in her manner which gave him hope, and he felt satisfied with the interview.

Times began to change, however, with his father, and his property was gradually dwindling away, until, finally, William saw that he could no longer remain idle, but seek in some manner to aid his father. America first suggested itself, then the goal to which many of his countrymen were going, and thither he went in a few weeks. It cost him many a pang at parting with his aged parents, to say nothing of the gentle Ellen, who now really loved him, and from whom it was hard to tear himself away.

He bore a letter of introduction from one of the professors in the college to a priest in the city in which he landed, but on inquiry he found that he had been dead some time, and, not liking to thrust himself upon others to whom his letter was equally good, he chose to bide his time, unaided and alone. One situation after another was applied for without success, until, at length, it became apparent that he must find something to do or starve, being reduced to his last dollar.

One morning, as he was returning from a useless application for a clerkship advertised in a daily paper, he met a man whom he had known at home, and who had been in America for some years. This man was a laborer at home, and worked some time for William's father, and right glad was he to see the son of his master. William did not at first make known his situation, but the man soon discovered it, and, having a few dollars spared, he offered to pay William's fare and his own to a western state, where trade was at that time brisk, until such time as William would be able to pay it back. This offer, after urgent solicitations, was accepted, and we next find him in business for which he was totally unfit, but none the less honorable, that of working as a common laborer on a railroad. Often as he returned at eve from a hard day's work, with a sun-burnt face and blistered hands, did his thoughts revert to his father's snug fireside and the cottage of the Widow Byrne, where he always met a welcome from the black-eyed Ellen. He had repeatedly written to them, but had never received a letter in answer, and it pained him to think that he should thus be forgotten; but he little knew the reason, although it was, perhaps, as well that he did not.

The toilsome work he was engaged in soon made him as hard-fisted as a backwoodsman, and when he had repaid his generous friend, who had succored him when in need, and laid by some money, he left the West for California. Here, after some time, he bought a claim near Sacramento, and in a few years William Rochford had fifteen thousand dollars deposited in a bank in San Francisco. He had now sufficient with which to return to Ireland, and make his parents comfortable in their declining days. To be sure, there was some one else who was

to share his hard-earned gains, but yet, by establishing himself in business, he had enough for all.

Leaving the mines, in company with a companion, he came to San Francisco for the purpose of withdrawing his money. It was at that time that California was passing through the severest crisis she has yet experienced, and, on the very day they arrived, the bank had suspended. This was a severe blow to the two miners, one of whom, William, was left penniless, while the other had yet a thousand dollars remaining. But widely different were their after actions. William's companion repaired to the nearest gin-palace, and sought to drown his loss in the intoxicating cup, and so effectually that, at the end of a month, he was a lunatic. William sought and obtained a situation as porter in a hotel, and, when he had sufficient laid by, returned once more to the mines. This time he made a bank of a leather wallet, which he wore around his waist, exchanging his gold for current bills of the States, and, early in 1857, we find him in the city of New York, twenty thousand dollars richer than when he arrived there from Ireland some years before. Without delay, he engaged passage in a steamer for Liverpool, and, in less than a fortnight, William Rochford trod the soil of his native island once again. But those with whom he had intended to share his hard-earned money, were not there to welcome him; they were laid beneath the sod soon after his departure, and his dark-eyed Ellen had gone to England, for she, too, had been left an orphan.

With a heavy heart, William left his native village again, after shedding some heartfelt tears over his parent's graves; but he had the assurance from the neighbors that they did not want for anything before they died, except, indeed, to see their son once more. He learned that Ellen had gone to London with the family who owned the estate on which her mother lived, and thither William directed his course in search of her. Arriving in London, he soon found out the family, but his Ellen was not then with them. She had left them, and gone to work in a millinery establishment on Pall Mall, since which time they had heard nothing of her. William stayed some time in London in hopes of finding her, and at last was obliged to give up his search. Returning to Liverpool, he was at out to take passage for New York in a steamer, when he met a young man with whom he had become acquainted while laboring in the West. This man had secured a second cabin passage in a first-class packet for New York, and he soon prevailed on William to accompany him instead of going in a steamer. The vessel left the Mersey on a Thursday, and on the following Sunday the passengers were all mustered on deck, while their names were called out by an officer of the ship. William stood talking to the captain, when he heard the name 'Ellen Byrne' read out and answered to. He thought the voice seemed familiar, and making his way through the crowd, he did not stop till he found the utterer of the name, and it was, indeed, his long lost Ellen. It was hard to tell which seemed happiest afterwards, and no one was more impatient for our arrival in port than William. When the ship landed her passengers, William Rochford and Ellen Byrne were united in marriage by Ellen's uncle, a distinguished priest of the city. Some twenty miles up the Hudson stands the neat house of William Rochford, and the evening train from New York brings him from his store to his beloved Ellen.

'Why does not that cable work?' asked a shareholder of Cyrus Field. 'Why,' replied Cyrus, 'because it does not clear the rocks near the coast, I believe.' 'Indeed! Well it has easily managed to clear a few out of your pocket and mine.'

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By the arrival of the ateamship Africa at New York, we are put in possession of our regular foreign exchanges, with Irish dates up to December 25.

IRELAND.

The excitement consequent upon the recent arrests is unabated—

THE ARRESTS IN BELFAST.—The Northern Whig of Monday says:—'Up to the hour at which we write (Sunday night), not an additional particular in connection with the arrests of seven days ago can be placed before the public, so far as the movements of the authorities are concerned. Both on the part of the crown and the legal advisers of the prisoners, there seems to be an extraordinary desire to abide the events which may turn up in the course of time. Than this, nothing can be more dangerous to the harmony and the peace of the community, and there seems to be, on both sides, a want of confidence in the merits of their respective cases. We are informed that Mr. Tracy has personally visited the authorities of Dublin Castle for the purpose of receiving instructions with respect to his future course of action in this case. Provided that this interview has taken place, and provided that a magistrate, conversant with Belfast and Belfast police life, cannot see through this supposed conspiracy, what useful advice, under any circumstances, may he expect from other parties totally unacquainted with the town, or the political and religious tone which pervades its inhabitants? If there has been a blunder made, as we fear there has been, Dublin Castle is the very last place to seek for an antidote, and we would rather desire to see our local magistracy bearing themselves the burthen of the result, whatever it may be, than appealing to higher authorities, who can know nothing whatever of the circumstances of the case.'

In our last we gave the substance of the conversation which took place in the Belfast police court, between Mr. Rea, counsel for the prisoners, and Mr. Tracy, the sitting magistrate. It will be seen by the following that Mr. Rea has again made another unsuccessful attempt to see the prisoners, and have the trial commence immediately:—

In the police court, on Monday, Mr. Rea requested the bench to inform him whether the prisoners would be brought into public court, and, if such would be the case, whether Friday next would suit the convenience of the magistrates, as he (Mr. Rea) would not be at home until that time?

Mr. Tracy said they would not be brought up on Friday.

Mr. Rea said that he had seen some things in the papers with regard to Mr. Tracy keeping back the investigation. He did not wish to make any application which would interfere with Mr. Tracy's duty, but he thought the magistrates of the place should be present at the investigation, when, perhaps, there might be a division of opinion with regard to the guilt or innocence of the accused, and he thought the investigation should be public, and that as soon as possible.

Mr. Tracy—I can say nothing further now, but that you shall be informed when the investigation takes place. One thing you may rest certain about—it shall not be in public, for I have not the slightest idea to cater to public curiosity.

Mr. Rea—I have no complaint whatever to make of your worship's conduct in the matter. I am sure you would have given me every facility in your power had it been allowable. But I have a right to ask whether informations have been returned or not. If not, I think I should be admitted to see my clients for the purpose of getting their instructions. It would be altogether unusual, and, I might say, unlawful for prisoners to be committed without hearing the defence, if they have a defence to offer. I am also informed that one of the accused is ill of an acute consumptive disease.

Mr. Tracy—The accused shall have plenty of time, I assure you, to get their defence ready. I will not go further in the case now; but, with regard to one of the prisoners being ill of consumption, if such really were the case, the surgeon of the jail would have informed me before now.

Mr. Rea—The crown have surely had sufficient time to investigate the matter, and I have a strong suspicion they have failed in their case.

Mr. Tracy—I cannot tell you whether the crown is prepared or not prepared. But one thing is sure, they will not be pushed into an investigation. It may be in a week, and it may be in three weeks. The power is in my hand to remand any one from one period to another.

Mr. Rea—As the relatives of the prisoners are anxious I should defend them, will you give me one clear day's notice?

Mr. Tracy—I will not bring it on without giving you fair notice.

Mr. Rea—You may depend upon it that I will make it more complicated than you imagine, for I do say the prisoners should be protected so long as the Orangemen cease to exist.

Mr. Tracy—The Orange system has nothing to do with it.

Mr. Rea—I am afraid the British Constitution has gone on a visit to John Bright, for it has not been in Belfast for the last fortnight.

Mr. Tracy—If certain people in Belfast had their own way, the British Constitution would not be here at all.

Mr. Rea—Well, we might, perhaps, have as good a one. I don't want to trouble you again on the subject, because I don't wish any unnecessary discussion.

Mr. Tracy—I don't like to appear in the slightest degree uncivil, Mr. Rea; but I cannot give any further answers to your questions.

Mr. Rea—Oh, I know that, sir; but I have a very difficult duty to perform. I always think it my duty, in my professional capacity, to act against the crown in Ireland, for I don't think they are doing their duty to the public at all.

Mr. Tracy—That shows a very graceful propensity on your part.

Mr. Rea then left the court, saying he didn't believe there was such a thing as a Phoenix Society in Belfast.

The Northern Whig says of the consequences of the arrests in Belfast—

'We have already said, and we cannot too earnestly and emphatically repeat it, that if these arrests have been an ill-advised movement, no man in Belfast can prophesy the consequences. They have created an amount of political and sectarian excitement which was hardly equalled amidst the great riots of '47, and during the present year. As one of the consequences arising from this excitement, we have reason to believe that, since these discoveries were made in connection with the arrests in Mrs. M'Kay's premises, a large increase of members have been entered in local Orange lodges; and that not only have these arrests saddled disgrace upon the community with which the persons arrested were connected, but they have increased the numbers of a body whose whole system and style is opposed to the peace and harmony of the country.'

THE INVESTIGATION AT CORK.—The investigation into the charge against the prisoners confined in the county jail, Cork, commenced on Tuesday, the 21st ult. It was held within the precincts of the jail, which was guarded by a strong force of police, armed with carbines and bayonets. The investigation was secret, the only persons allowed to see the prisoners being their counsel, Messrs. T. M'Carthy Downing and H. B. Julian. The magistrates before whom the investigation was held were Messrs. Davys and Fitzmaurice, both stipendiary magistrates, Sir Matthew Barrington Crown Solicitor, and Mr. Fagan, his assistant, con-

ducting the case on behalf of the crown. Mr. Fagan opened the proceedings by a short statement on behalf of the crown. Mr. Downing applied that a professional reporter be allowed to take the evidence of witnesses, with the understanding that it should not be published in the public journals. The application was opposed by the crown. After a lengthened discussion, the magistrates refused the presence of a reporter.

The first witness examined was Daniel Sullivan, the approver, whose direct examination was not over when the enquiry was adjourned in the evening at the hour of half past six, and which did not terminate up to an advanced hour next day. He deposed to having been present at several meetings of the Phoenix Society, and also to the administration to himself of two oaths by a party after whom an active search is being carried on by the authorities. The terms of the oath (which he swore to from memory) were as follows:—

'I have something to tell you, which will be a benefit to you and the country.

'I can tell it to you if you promise to keep it secret. I have promised to keep it secret.

An oath of secrecy was then administered, after which the following:—

'I, A. B., do solemnly swear that I will, to the utmost of my power, endeavor to subvert and overthrow the British government; that I will join with and assist any foreign army who may arrive in this country with that object; and that I will obey and carry out the orders of my superiors in this society to the best of my ability.'

The approver swore that he attended a meeting at 'Priest's Leap,' on the borders of Cork and Kerry, and drilled there, where members from Bantry and Kenmare met, the object of which was to take up arms, as the Americans were expected at Christmas, who would be joined by the French, and Ireland was then to be an independent republic. He also stated that one of the patriots, who went by the name of Shooks, was making the necessary arrangements when the Americans should land.

On Wednesday the inquiry was resumed, and the direct examination having terminated, the approver was cross-examined by Mr. Downing. The progress made was very slow, in consequence of the evidence having to be taken down in writing. The cross-examination had not concluded at the adjournment of the court.

On Thursday morning, Sullivan was again called, when the cross-examination was resumed. Accompanied by another man, M. Downing, on the road leading to Drimoleague, he saw a great number of men drilling with pikes. He took the two oaths at Bantry. He could not say if he intended to keep them; he may have intended to do so. He went to confession; the priest refused to give him absolution till he would break through them. It was at the suggestion of a police officer that he first went to Skibbereen. The examination of the approver then ended, and the trial was adjourned to next morning.

On the opening of the court next day, seven or eight witnesses were produced, who were not examined fully; their examinations were merely read over to them and they were cross-examined. One of the constables contradicted the evidence of the informer as to the privacy of the room called 'Phoenix Room,' in Morty Downing's house; he stated it was always open to the public, and even the constabulary had taken refreshments there.

Three of the prisoners, McCarthy, Stack and Driscoll were discharged on their own recognizances of £100 each to come up to trial when called on. Collinan, Duffin, Denis Dowling, Patrick Dowling, Timothy McCarthy, O'Shea, and O'Brien, were admitted to bail, themselves in £100 each, to appear at the assizes. Daniel McCarthy, E. Sullivan, J. Donaghan, M. Monaghan, W. O'Shea, and Morty Downing, were committed for trial without bail.—[Cork Examiner.]

On December 16, the prisoners who were charged with being members of the Phoenix Society were taken to the county jail in Tralee. The father of Florence

Sullivan, who was arrested in Mr. Lenigan's shop' was bailed, there being no charge against him. He had been arrested only on suspicion.—[Munster News.]

Another arrest was effected on Thursday. The name of the party is John Jeremiah Shinkwin. He was taken into custody at Lisheene, and has been remanded to the county jail for further examination.

On Dec. 17, John O'Sullivan, publican, and Denis Hallisey baker, were brought in from Kenmare, Tralee, escorted by a strong body of police.

A young man, named John Connor, and about nineteen, from Kenmare, and assistant in Mr. David O'Connor's drapery establishment in Tralee, has been arrested by Constable Waller, and lodged in the county jail. Armed police were patrolling the streets, and more arrests were expected.—[Tralee Chronicle.]

ARREST OF A LADY ON A CHARGE OF WRITING SEDITIOUS LETTERS.—On Tuesday evening, Dec 21, the Fethard police escorted into Clonmel a young lady-like and extremely delicate girl, named Ann Walton, and had her committed to jail on charge of having written several seditious letters—one in particular—which we understand constitutes the head and front of her offending—written on the 20th inst., and calling on Her Majesty's forces to rebel and mutiny, as the language of the committal expresses it. Inquiries made at the jail had failed to elicit any information respecting the position and connexions of the prisoner. We could learn nothing more than that she is a native of Fethard, and that the warrant for committal was signed by a county magistrate, we believe the Hon. Mr. French, and that the documents which it is alleged she has written are in the hands of Mr. Monaghan, Sub-Inspector of police. To all appearances, the accused is highly respectable and intelligent. We mention, 'en passant,' that rumors touching her sanity freely obtained circulation. Her conduct during the preliminary investigation previous to her committal, and her demeanor in the jail since, are not, we understand, calculated to sustain the imputation.—[Tipperary Examiner.]

We must strictly caution our home, as well as foreign correspondents, that the communications addressed to this office, as well as the letters passing between private citizens, are liable to be opened, read, plundered of enclosures, and, possibly, never delivered at all by the police agents of the civilized, moral, and virtuous British government. The private letters of even the advocates of the young men now in the gripe of the jailer in the south of Ireland, have been opened in the post office by the government agents, read, copied, we believe, and, in some instances, altogether detained. This is certainly one way of pimping for evidence, one way of proving to the world the glorious advantages of the British constitution and trial by jury, in which a man is 'innocent until proved guilty.' Communications passing even between parties never known to mix in politics are not exempt. In most cases, just now, the time occupied in the transit of a letter usually delivered in twenty-four hours, is a week; and perhaps it is being 'over particular' to complain that even post-office orders are fingered and pocketed by the virtuous creatures of a highly moral government. We are not about to discuss the moral effect of such practices, or attempt to discover the line—if any such line there be—dividing the moral culpability of Jones, the postmaster, who imitates 'his betters' and 'Grahamises' on his own account, and that of the 'superiors' who, having already, in a frightened blunder, outraged beyond all law or right, the 'liberty of the subject,' endeavor by letter-stealing to obtain that evidence which was necessary to their first step—the arrests. The British government having avowed and defend-

ed the practice, we are merely desirous of cautioning all correspondents to recollect that we live under a spyism more mean than that of Fouché—a despotism clad in constitutional garb, more shameless, more unscrupulous than any to be found from Algeria to St. Petersburg.—[Nation.]

THE ENGLISH DESPOTISM IN IRELAND. A mighty outcry was made in England lately in favor of Messrs. Park and Watts, the English engineers, who were taken on board a vessel, which, freighted with armed revolutionists and materials of war, they were working to the coast of Naples. Great was the uproar raised against King 'Bomba,' as the ribald prints of England would call a King who had as good a right to his proper name and title as Queen Victoria has to that which is usually given her. Furious were the threats launched against him for having dared to imprison those English worthies and detain them for some months without bringing them to trial, and though ultimately he gave them free pardons, the cowardly howl which asked for the destruction of his power, and the rush of filthy Billingsgate with which it was accompanied, have scarcely yet subsided. But how would England have acted in like circumstances? We venture to say that the Park and Watts who would fall into the hands of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria (who had not been nicknamed by the Neapolitans) on such an occasion would have a worse time of it than those who were imprisoned, but well cared for and ultimately pardoned by King 'Bomba.' We all have heard much of the espionage in France, and of the suddenness and secrecy of the arrests which have been made by the government of the Emperor—the insinuation being that nothing like it could take place under the glorious British constitution; but lest we may have to go back to Irish history, so far as ten years—for illustrations of how British rule is managed in Ireland, the government of the present day is very busy exhibiting to the world the falsehood and meanness of its own pretences and the depth of its hypocrisy. The Lord lieutenant's proclamation, offering a large reward to spies and traitors—an enormous temptation to every villain who may find himself able to swallow false oaths without hesitation, and swear away innocent lives without compunction—that proclamation which renders insecure the life of every man in Ireland who is known to entertain principles disagreeable to the English government—is now before Europe and the Emperor of France and the King of Naples may take a lesson from it. They snatch up men quickly, it is true, take them out of their beds, perhaps, just as it has been done by our worthy rulers in Skibbereen; but then they do not prate of the stability of their thrones or the freedom of their institutions, and, beside, they have to deal with men who are conspirators, and who know how to conspire, not with such harmless youths as those who have been so violently seized and so brutally treated in the south of Ireland within the last few weeks. We do not doubt, however, that his Imperial Majesty is taking his lesson, and studying attentively the workings of the glorious British constitution in Ireland.—[Nation.]

INDIA.

The English in India now seem to have more to do than ever, notwithstanding the proclamation of her most 'gracious' majesty. Tantia Toope, one of the leaders of the rebels, is proving himself an able general, and success must eventually crown the efforts of the brave. The British forces under Lord Kerr were defeated before Judgespore, and chased for a distance of four or five miles by the rebels, and, as the Dublin Nation sarcastically observes, 'the British made off in most masterly manner—nothing could possibly exceed the determination with which they turned their backs to the enemy, and made themselves scarce before Judgespore.' Another reverse befel the British

near Bustee, from which place they had also to make the best of their way, with a rapidity which was by no means agreeable.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the steamship Niagara at this port we have Irish dates to Jan 1.

The examination of the 'state prisoners' in Belfast had commenced, and was carried on secretly in the county jail. Mr. Rea, the counsel for the prisoners, protested in the strongest manner against trying the prisoners in a common jail, instead of in a proper court of justice, and announced it as his determination to throw up his brief rather than lower his profession by attending; and, consequently, the prisoners are undefended. The reasons for delaying the examination may be inferred from the following extract from the Northern Whig:—

'At the expiration of seventeen days from the arrest of certain parties alleged to be connected with an illegal society in Belfast, Mr. Tracy intimated yesterday that the examination of the prisoners would take place in the county jail, on Friday. On behalf of the prisoners, Mr. Rea applied that the examination should be public. This was refused, and therefore the order of proceeding in the case of the Cork prisoners will be followed out in Belfast. All this mystery is calculated to perpetuate excitement and distrust. The authorities need not hope to succeed in keeping from the public every detail of a transaction in which the public is so deeply interested. Mr. Tracy's visit to Dublin Castle was a dead secret, a profound mystery; but it got out. In like manner, it has got out that the stipendiary magistrate has been more than once to the county jail, where the prisoners are enduring the advantages of the silent system. We are in possession of these facts:—That the police have the informer in their hands; that upon this person's information the arrests were made; and that, for the last seventeen days, the police have been using extraordinary exertions for the purpose of using corroborative evidence. The 'select and separate' system of prison discipline in the county jail is admirably calculated to produce the all-important evidence from the parties now confined; and we have reason to believe that more than one individual interrogation of the prisoners has been resorted to, for the purpose of eliciting corroboration of the approver's statement. The general impression now is, that one or two of the prisoners have 'split' upon their comrades, or professed to do so, and have made some statement, whatever its value may hereafter turn out to be. The important Mr. Kearns has, so far, defeated the exertions of the police, who have directed their utmost powers towards his capture. Informations have been sworn against him as one of the ringleaders of the body.'

In Cork, the inquiry closed at five o'clock, on the fourth day, and after a short deliberation on the part of the magistrates, the following decision was announced:—Eugene McCarty, James Stack, and Jeremiah Driscoll, to be discharged on their own recognizances of £100 each, to come up for trial when called on; Jeremiah Cullinane, Timothy Duggan, Denis Dowling, Patrick Dowling, Timothy McCarty, Thomas O'Shea, and William O'Brien, to be admitted to bail, themselves in £100 each and two securities each of £50, to appear at the assizes; and Daniel McCarthy, Denis Sullivan, Jeremiah Donovan (Rossa), Morty Monyhian, William O'Shea, and Morty Downing to be committed for trial without bail.

The testimony of the perjurer Sullivan exhibits in itself the true character of this scoundrel. In commenting on his evidence, the Dublin Nation says:—

'A faithful copyist of the infamous Armstrong was this heartless perjurer. "I took the little child

in my lap," says this worthy servant of Queen Victoria; "I kissed it, and gave it money, and called it "my little Kerry pet;" while I admit I intended to swear away the father's life!" The father, who stood listening to the ruffian as with a smile he uttered this evidence, burst into tears and sobbed bitterly, the hand of the magistrate recording the evidence trembled so as to prevent his proceeding for some time, and a shudder of loathing, as if a rattle-snake crawled and hissed about the cell, crept over every one present. One question was asked him to which we deemed particular attention, for behind it lies the outline of as horrible a conspiracy as has been attempted in Ireland for half a century. Be it observed that the man who entered Morty Downing's house and kissed the child, as he has avowed, for the murderous object of betraying the father, confessed to an endeavor to plant an accomplice in Mr. McCarthy Downing's office. Does any reader need to have the plot indicated more plainly? With Goula the Second co-operating with Goula the First, documents of the 'right sort' would soon be deposited in Mr. Downing's house, and duly 'discovered' to the stage horror of the Castle prints, and, as the prompter of Goula hoped, to the ruin of Mr. Downing! Truly it is a blessed thing to live under the wonderful British Constitution, as Mr. Downing must feel, conscious that an almost direct interposition of Providence has saved him from Mr. Sullivan Goula, friend and protege of Queen Victoria. 'Well may Mr. Downing fly for 'a life bath' to Paris or Naples, and relate how in Ireland spies are trained to ruin innocent men; how treason is perceived in the march of schoolboys—five of them, two by two, the fifth, as we are told, 'bringing up the rear!' how it may be a source of calamity if one's footfall happens to chime with that of a companion in the streets! how youths may fire at a bird or a bullock, but not at a 'bull's eye!' how the common everyday boyish sport of 'sparring' with canes is made evidence of intent 'to subvert the crown and government of the realm, and levy war upon our most sovereign lady the Queen!'

The Cork Examiner publishes the following extract of a letter on the recent arrests from Mr. Wm. S. O'Brien:—

'Although I disapprove more than I can express of secret societies, and up to this moment am unacquainted with the objects of the Phoenix Club, I cannot but feel much sympathy for the young men who are now under arrest. The mode in which they have been dealt with hitherto reminds me of the stories which have been heard of Austrian tyranny in the writings of Silvio Pellico and others. Whatever their offences may be, they ought to be confronted with their accuser—they ought to be assisted and protected by their legal advisers. They ought to be treated as innocent until they are proved guilty, and not punished by severe treatment in anticipation of a conviction which it is possible they may not have merited. These are fundamental requisites of justice common to all countries; but it appears, alas, that they are still violated in Ireland. I remain yours most truly,

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

The Rev. Father Daly has this winter given 220 suits of new warm clothes to the most destitute and best deserving of the boys of the Lombard street (Galway) national schools, which, with the ninety suits given by the same gentleman last March, make 310 for the year.

So far from reductions going on in the French army as was reported, the Paris correspondent of the Daily News says every man the government can lay hands upon is called under arms. The entire contingent for the year is ordered to join, and this is a thing unprecedented in time of peace. It is already said that the camps of instruction will be unusually large next year. An army of nearly 30,000 men near the Italian frontier is spoken of.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

'Jerr, why am you like the cedar?' 'I guv's it up, Sam; I can't tell you.' 'Case you stays green both summer and winter.'

A CHIMNEY SWEEP at Buffalo advertises that he takes sweeping by the job, and engages to soot his employees.

Julius—Sam, I feel as if I'd like to hab my name handed down to posterity.

Sam—De hangman will hand you down from de gallows to de hands ob de dissectionists, if you don't alter your ways, nigger.

Julius—Oh no, Sam, I feel I shall die a noble death.

Sam—What! on de battle-field?

Julius—No; dat's all played out, now. Sam, I want to lay down on de hearth, and mix my ashes wid de 'grate.'

DEAN SWIFT, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

THE MISERIES OF PRINTERS.—An old and respectable printer, in Glasgow, was sadly bothered with an apprentice, who could or would not be initiated into that portion of grammar which treats of the proper dispositions in letters and words. One day he presented such a shockingly inaccurate proof as made his master, after staring with amazement, take the spectacles from his nose, and give the following recipe:—My man! just gang hame this night, and tell yer mither to boil Fulton and Knight's dictionary in milk, and take it for your supper, as that seems the only way you'll ever get spelling put into ye.'

DOUBLE AND QUITS.—Dick Lazybones was the owner of a large dog, which it costs much to keep as it would two pigs; and the dog was worse than useless, and greatly annoyed Dick's wife.

'Plague take the dog!' said she; 'Mr. Lazybones, I wish you would sell him, or do something or other with him. I wonder you keep such a useless animal.'

'Well, well, my dear,' said Dick. 'say no more about it; I will get rid of him one of these days.'

This was intended as a mere get-off on the part of Dick; but, as his wife kept daily dinging in his ears about the dog, he was compelled to take some order on the subject.

'Well, wife,' said he one day, 'I have sold Jowler.'

'Have you, indeed?' said she; 'I'm dreadful glad of it. How much did you sell him for?'

'Fifty dollars.'

'Fifty dollars! What, fifty dollars for one dog? How glad I am! But where's the money, my love?'

'Money,' said Dick, shifting a long nine lazily from his mouth, 'I didn't get any money; I took two puppies at twenty-five dollars a piece.'

A LOVESICK swain, in describing a kiss, says it is a draught which passes through the system like a bucket of water through a basket of eggs.

A YOUNG lady, who lately gave an order to a milliner for a bonnet, said, 'You are to make it plain, but at the same time, smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church.'

ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY next we shall take our annual account of stock. We have now on hand a large assortment of men's and boys' clothing, furnishing goods, &c., &c., in variety of fabric and style to suit the taste and means of all. We wish to reduce our stock, and shall accordingly, during the present month, offer such inducements as will insure a favorable response from our patrons, who will find this a rare opportunity to secure bargains, by visiting OAK HALL, 32 and 34 North street. 2w

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Each ship will be furnished with proper Medical attendance. For persons sending for their friends in the Old Country can depend on having been ordered up PROMPTLY for the first ships, and at such times as will prevent their being detained in Liverpool, as is often practiced by the other lines.

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Price of passage, including free tickets by the usual railroad routes from Galway to any of the principal cities of Great Britain, at the following reduced rates:—First class \$90, second class \$50, third class \$30.

Those wishing to bring their friends to this country can purchase tickets for their passage in third class from Galway at \$30, or from other cities in Great Britain, accessible by rail-road, \$35. A liberal cabin table will be provided, and cooked provisions for third class passengers to and from Galway.

For freight and passage and further particulars apply to the American Express Company, 61 Hudson street, New York, or to

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In connection with the above house, they also keep on hand a large supply of the very best

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS AND VEGETABLES, which they warrant to sell as cheap as can be bought in Charlestown, Boston or elsewhere. 1y—Jan 22

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Single daguerreotype	\$1 00
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The hall has been beautifully painted and refitted. No pains or expense has been spared to make the Æolians equal to any company in the world.

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GOVERNOR BANKS'S MESSAGE.

Governor Banks has the name, and deservedly so, of a man who can look ahead. This, in connection with other smart traits of character, we cheerfully accord him; and in looking ahead, and anticipating public opinion, he is very accurate, we are convinced, and to this watching the way in which the 'straws drift,' we believe he owes his success; thus, floating on the surface, and moving before the coming current, he has been, and may still continue to be, a leading man where the people are far from being evenly divided. Generally, he is the first to inaugurate a new party, and, now, believing the excitement about slavery nearly extinct, the good governor has not said one word about it; not a word about the famous Dred Scott case, not one syllable against the general government! Quick of perception, he wisely believes the people, even the most ultra, are not yet prepared for a dissolution of the Union, so there is not even a wish to 'let it slide.'

Among the more important subjects upon which the governor has touched, are the purchase of the Hancock House, increasing the public school fund, reform in courts of law, division of paupers in our public institutions, and knowing there were many poor men prevented from voting at the last election, the poll tax operating as a property qualification, recommends an alteration. The Governor understands this law perfectly well, it having operated against himself when a young man. After his day's work, in company with a brother mechanic, he started for the polls, to deposit his first vote—a Democratic one, we presume—but, on account of having paid no poll tax, his vote was rejected; his friend, being furnished with the evidence of a receipt, was of course qualified, and accepted as a proper voter.

The governor, fearing he may not have secured the whole of the 'isms,' or lost them by not being expressive enough, now takes a 'fling' at the foreigners, and endeavors to close up the ranks of the bigots, for on no other subject are they so easily united as upon their hate towards the adopted citizen. Thus, then, he recommends the passage of the amendment to the Constitution which will prevent them from voting till two years after they have complied with all the demands of the law, and have been citizens to all intents and purposes, save exercising the right of suffrage.

Here are the Governor's remarks on the subject: 'The legislature of 1862 gave its approval, according to the requisitions of the constitution, to an amendment of that instrument, declaring that 'no person of foreign birth shall be entitled to vote, or shall be eligible to office, unless he shall have resided within the jurisdiction of the United States for two years subsequent to his naturalization, and shall be otherwise qualified, according to the constitution and laws of this Commonwealth; provided, that this amendment shall not affect the rights which any person of foreign birth possessed at the time of the adoption thereof; and, provided, further, that it shall not effect the rights of any child of an American citizen born during the temporary absence of the parents abroad.' I respectfully but earnestly recommend a concurrence in this amendment, in order that it may be submitted to the people for their approval or rejection.'

This suggestion of the governor will undoubtedly be acted upon, and he will then have satisfied the most ultra that he is right upon the 'goose question.'

Our warm-hearted countryman, Henry Giles, lectures in Salem this week, where we hope he will have a rush of intelligent hearers and happy faces. He is one of the ablest lecturers in the Union, as he is one of the most worthy of men, and deserves all that generous hearts can perform.

BARRY SULLIVAN.

We must acknowledge that the advent of this gentleman in Boston came upon us almost unawares, more especially as we are alive at all times to the interests of a countryman of genius. The different natives which the newspapers had given him made us more anxious to know what countryman he really called himself. We had remembered that Mrs. Mowett, when asked what countrywoman she was, replied, 'An American, born in France'; and we knew not but that this gifted son of Erin, like many, very many, of her sons, preferred a foreign and stranger's recognition to that of an alliance with poor down-trodden Ireland, and although Ireland and genius, more especially the genius of eloquence, are synonymous, yet we knew that—

Unprised are her sons till they learn to betray,
Undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires,
For the torch that would light them to dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

We have seen Mr. Sullivan, or, as Punch called him, 'the Irishman with two names,' and we candidly say we have never been more pleased with the rendition of Shakespeare's Jew, in the Merchant of Venice, or Macbeth, in the tragedy of that name, than we were with that of Mr. Sullivan. He is accorded by the united press a first rate position as an actor and gentleman. As we understand that he will visit us again, we advise those who admire talent, and love to see the human passions portrayed as Shakespeare understood them, to go and see Mr. Sullivan; he truly enters into the spirit of the character he represents, and never for a moment loses it till the curtain falls. Mr. Sullivan is a student of hard study, who has overcome every obstacle that jealousy could throw in his way; he has risen above the slanders of the hireling press of England, and, despite all the difficulties thrown in his way, has reached a histrionic fame as an actor of first rate ability. We rejoice that the intelligent portion of the people of England could not be trammelled by sneers at birth or nationality of an actor, and we feel pleased to be able to add that the American people will not endorse the spleen of the English press, but admire and support true genius, as his benefit on last Friday night fully testified. The night was one of the most inclement of the season, yet the house was crowded, and there was not even a standing place unoccupied. We trust when he visits Boston again he will receive a reception worthy of our citizens.

In a future number we will give a biographical sketch of this worthy representative of Irish talent, who now ranks with such actors as Brooks, Brougham, Collins, and Leonard, men who have won their way to the American heart, and carved their names high on the tablet of Fame.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

'The Bible against Protestantism, and for Catholicity—evinced in a conference between a Catholic, a Protestant Episcopalian, and a Presbyterian. By the Rt. Rev. Dr. Sheil, Roman Catholic Bishop. To which is annexed an Appendix, proving that the 'reformed' churches are destitute of any lawful ministry.' Mr. Thomas Sweeney, of this city, has just issued the 5th edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged, of a neat duodecimo of 296 pages, the title of which, given above, in extenso, will afford an idea of the nature of its contents. The volume is divided into 29 sections, and under these heads the leading doctrinal points in dispute between Christians are discussed with great ability. Copious citations are made from Scripture and the writings of the fathers of the church, to enforce the cherished dogmas. The book is pleasant and instructive reading, and should be possessed by every Catholic, and indeed, every Protestant likewise.

The Catholic Library Magazine, published monthly by the Newburg, New York, Catholic Library Association, commenced the new year with an address by the talented young editor, Mr. John Ashurst, from which we regret to learn that this neat little Magazine is not exempt from the afflic-

tions incident to journalism. Strange that a publication like this, which is well adapted to juvenile readers and is afforded for the insignificant sum of fifty cents a year, should be languishing for want of hearty support!

The Atlantic Monthly for January, 1869, contains the continuation of Mrs. Stowe's new novel, and a variety of other articles, all well written. The 'Professor' takes the place of the Autocrat at the breakfast table.

ORPHAN'S FAIR, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

We have received a long communication on the above subject, from which we learn that the people, despite the dull times, recognized the fair as one of true importance and Christian benevolence. It realised the sum of \$4,407.46. Expenses \$877.99, leaving \$3,529 as the nett proceeds, a sum, all things considered, which speaks well for the zeal of the Catholics of Providence in the cause of the poor orphan.

An incident occurred in connection with the fair which is in no way calculated to inspire people with a good opinion of the 'Young Men's Christian Union.' The time specified for holding the fair was found insufficient, and application was made to the association, who returned an answer that they would rather the hall should remain unoccupied than the fair be prolonged one hour beyond its time; however, they concluded to let the committee have it for one night more for \$60, which is equal to two night's rent. If this is the Christianity of the 'Young Men's Christian Union,' of Providence, we have only to say it is a new version of the religion of Him whose especial care is the poor, and whose love is ever exhibited for the orphan. We are at a loss to know how they reconcile this conduct with their name and professions?

The Brownson Literary Institute held their first annual meeting on Wednesday evening, 5th inst., when the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—President, Michael H. Sullivan; Vice President, John O'Regan; Secretary, John Chorlton; Treasurer, Arthur McGuire; Librarian, Mathew Garity.

P. R. GUINNEY, Esq., of Boston, will deliver a lecture in Portland, Me., on the evening the 25th inst. Subject—'The Policy of England, and its influence upon the Irish people.' He will also lecture in other places during the present season, if desired. We have never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Guinney, but understand he is a very promising young man, especially as a lecturer. We wish Mr. Guinney every success.

We have received an invitation to be present at a grand ball to be given to Mr. Leonard, at Stoneham this week. If possible we will be present, but if not, our excuse will be accepted—business. We know there will be a good gathering, and wish them a happy time.

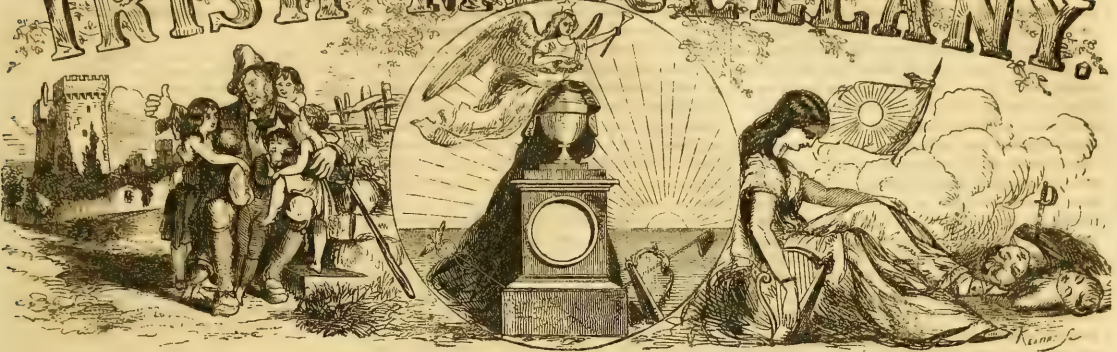
THE annoyances to which our friends in Chelsea have been subjected have caused us much pain. Our subscribers will find their papers in the Post Office on Thursday of each week.

NATURALIZATION OFFICE.—It will be remembered that, in connection with our paper, we have an office for Naturalization, where men from the country can have their business attended to without delay, a young man being always in attendance for that purpose, who understands everything in relation thereto. Office 16 Franklin street.

WE see by the Daily National Intelligencer of Washington, that our friend John Savage is about to separate himself from the States.

J. FORD, importer and wholesale dealer in foreign and domestic liquors, 166 and 168 Federal street.

IRISH MISCELLANY.



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[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

SCENERY AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.

The city of Limerick, standing on the banks of that noble river, the Shannon, has been the scene of many eventful passages in Irish history. The Anglo-Normans and Saxons, the Ironsides, disciplined and inured to war by Cromwell, and last of all, the troops of William III., have all tried the courage and endurance of the 'bravest of the brave' of the Irish. Like almost every Irish sea-port, it was during the periods when the Danes were all-powerful in the British seas, one of the settlements of that warlike race. It was afterwards the capital of the province of Munster, and the seat of the kings of Thomond or North Munster. Those were the palmy days of Irish minstrelsy, and, as may be said of every ancient place in the country, the harper

'Nightly in the bannered hall
Tuned his harp to tales of chivalry,'

and those love themes that in all climes warm the heart and cheer the soul. But all has passed away; and with Strongbow and his admixture of Normans, Saxons, and Welshmen, came a new order of things. Raymond Le Gros was the first English adventurer who laid siege to the city. It was then,

saith an old chronicler, 'environed with a fould and deepe ditch, with running water, not to be passed over without boats but by one foord only.' The resistance was protracted, and the siege would have been raised but for the spirit of a Welsh knight, who, having discovered the 'foord, wyth a loud voice cried, St. David, companions, let us courageously pass this foord!' The place was thereupon assaulted with great fury and taken. After many vicissitudes, it was ultimately subdued by the ancestor of the famous Anglo-Irish family, the De Burghs, and thenceforward became an appendage of the English crown. In the reign of Richard I., the city of Limerick enjoyed great importance, and was considered second only to Dublin.

In the reign of his successor, King John, the castle was built. The chronicler says that king was 'so pleased with the agreeableness of the city that he caused a very fine castle and bridge to be built there.' These superstructures, the frowning relics of a period now upwards of six centuries ago, form the subject of the pictorial embellishment which we this week present to our readers. In a previous number we gave an illustration of Thomond Bridge.

Had stones tongues, what sad tales could these rugged masses tell! They could speak of conqueror after conqueror—

'Each, with a gigantic stride,
Trampling on all the flourishing works of peace
To make his greatness greater, and inscribe
His name in blood—some, men of steel, steel-clad;
Others—nor long, alas, the interval—
Wielding Jove's thunder, scattering sulphurous fire
Mingled with darkness.'

Until the conclusion of the war provoked by the great revolution of 1688, Limerick can scarcely be said to have enjoyed any lengthened repose. In that troubled period, the gallantry of the citizens was so conspicuously displayed as to give rise to the proud boast that 'Derry and Limerick will ever grace the historic page as rival companions and monuments of Irish bravery, generosity, and integrity.' Engaged in different causes, the gallant defenders of both places have earned from the historian that praise which even faction, the most accused of all political evils, has failed to weaken.

'This celebrated siege commenced early in August, 1790, when William, flushed with the laurels he had acquired at the battle of the Boyne, summoned



KING JOHN'S CASTLE, LIMERICK

the city to surrender. The French General Boileau commanded the garrison, and his answer was unequivocal. He said 'he was surprised at the summons, and thought the best way to gain the good opinion of the Prince of Orange was to defend the place for his master King James.' After such a reply, hostilities were at once commenced. The flower of the Irish army were within the walls, and the city was abundantly supplied with provisions. A French fleet rode triumphantly in the Shannon, and afforded the defenders both countenance and support. This was, however, in some measure neutralized by the jealous feeling which prevailed between the commanders of the French and Irish, which, spreading to their troops, tended to weaken their efforts. But this source of weakness was counterbalanced by William's army being greatly reduced in number, and crippled by being obliged to carry on its operations in any enemy's country. On the 27th of August, a breach was effected and an assault ordered. The British grenadiers, who led, rushed to the breach, and forced their way into the town; but, being unsupported, were obliged to fall back, and in their retreat were cut to pieces. Both sides fought with the utmost bravery. The native courage of the Irish was stimulated by their wives and daughters, who took part in the bloody contest, using against the enemy the weapons they had seized from the slain; and, after a murderous struggle of four hours, the besiegers were forced to retire to their trenches, with a loss in killed and wounded of more than 2000 men. The courage of the Irish forces elicited even the admiration of William. Within two minutes after the commencement of the attack, 'the noise was so terrible,' writes an eye witness, 'that one would have thought the very skies to be rent asunder.' 'This was seconded by dust, smoke, and all the terrors the art of man could invent to ruin and undo one another; and to make it the more uneasy, the day itself was excessively hot to the bystanders, and much more so in all respects to those in action.' In a few days after, the siege was raised, and William, with his army, retreated. The king himself embarked for England, leaving the conduct of the war to his generals Solmes and Ginckle.

After obtaining the signal victory at Aughrim, General Ginckle concentrated his forces in the neighborhood of the city, which had now become the only place in all Ireland to which the defeated adherents of James could retreat.

The second siege occurred in the autumn of 1791, and lasted about six weeks; but a contest in which nothing but glory was to be gained was soon terminated. On the 23d of September a cessation of hostilities took place; an amicable intercourse was opened between the two armies, and, after a few brief delays, articles of capitulation were agreed upon. So ended the second and last siege of Limerick; and the only remarkable incident that occurred during its progress was the slaughter that took place at Thomond's Bridge, in consequence of the treachery or pusillanimity of a French major. On the 22d of September the works which defended the Clare side were ordered to be attacked; the Irish fought bravely, but were ultimately defeated, and made a rush to the bridge. The Frenchman, fearing, it is said, that the English grenadiers would enter with the retreating soldiery, ordered the drawbridge to be raised, and left the fugitives to the mercy of their pursuers. The consequence was, that nearly all the Irish were destroyed, 600 having been put to the sword, and 150 drowned in the vain attempt to reach the walls by swimming.

On the 6th of October possession was delivered, and on the same day a scene occurred perhaps unparalleled in history. The whole of the Irish troops, to the number of fourteen thousand, were drawn up at Thomond Gate; the lords, justices, and all the generals from the British camp met them, and rode slowly along the line, their late enemies receiving them with music and arms presented. The British general wished the Irish to disband and return to their homes, or enter the army of William. On the other hand, the Irish general's object was to induce them to enter

the service of France. It had been agreed between the rival commanders that, after the addresses to the men from both sides had been concluded, they should be marched past a flag raised at a given station, where those who were to be enlisted for England should file off, while those for France were to proceed onward. Sarsfield gave the word 'march.' Not a sound was heard except the steady tramp of the Irish soldiers until the guards (fourteen hundred strong) reached the flag. All but seven passed it, and then a deafening shout arose from the multitude who had assembled to witness the spectacle.

Those who reached the French soil laid the foundation of those 'Irish brigades' who figured so conspicuously in the wars of Europe. Their daring courage few will deny; but their enemies tried to make a good deal of trouble for them. One anecdote is highly characteristic.

Some complaints having reached the French king, he took occasion to tell the marshal, the Earl of Thomond—'Some of your countrymen, marshal, give me a good deal of trouble.' 'Sire,' he replied, 'your Majesty's enemies make the same complaint in every part of the world.'

Of the situation of the city it behooves us to say a few words. As we have before stated, it is situated on the Shannon, about sixty Irish miles from the sea, and, like the majority of towns in Ireland, is divided into English Town and Irish Town; but a third division, called Newtown Pery, was added to it in the last century.

After the castle, the most remarkable of the ancient structures is the cathedral, built on the site of the palace of O'Brien, King of Limerick. It is a sombre building in appearance; but its remarkably high tower in some measure relieves it of its dullness. There is a curious and affecting tradition associated with the bells in this cathedral. They were, it is said, brought originally from Italy, where they were manufactured by a young native, who grew justly proud of the successful result of years of anxious toil expended in their production. They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent; and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many—he lost his all; and after the passing of the storm, found himself alone preserved amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which his darling bells were hung was razed to the earth, and the 'chefs-d'œuvre' of his skill borne away. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew grey, and his heart withered, before he again found a home and a friend. In this desolation of spirit he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which his treasures had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, proceeded up the Shannon, the vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing.

The city was now before him, and he beheld St. Mary's steeple lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year—the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it.

On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral, the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The aged Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral; but his eyes were closed, and when they landed they found him dead.

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

ATH—'Cul awling deas, &c.'

I.

By William led, the Englis sped,
With musket, sword and cannon,
To sweep us all from Limerick's wall,
Or drown us in the Shannon;
But we bethought how well they fought,
Our father's there before us—
We raised on high our clanging cry,
And hung our green flag o'er us!

II.

For days on days their cannon's blaze
Flashed by the blood-stained water;
The breach is done, and up they run,
Five hundred, to the slaughter;
They crossed the breach beyond our reach,
New foes fresh work supplied us;
Our women brave their homes to save
Soon slew them all inside us!

III.

Though thro' the smoke their army broke,
With cannons booming solemn,
We would not flinch, but inch for inch,
Opposed each bristling column;
Three times we dashed them back and smashed
Their lines with shot and sabre,
And nought had they at close of day
But thinned ranks for their labor!

IV.

With angry word then said their lord—
'Our foes are better, braver!'
Then fled he straight from Limerick's gate,
For he would not enslave her;
Then raised we high our triumph cry
Where battle's chances found us,
With corse and gun and rent flags strewn,
And blood and ruin round us!

THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROOK.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARREST AND RESCUE OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

My father had been too experienced a sufferer to let himself be imposed upon by the false hopes which the business of eighty-two held out. All my arguments in favor of national tranquility were thrown away upon him, and unfortunately an event occurred, the morning after my return, which completely frustrated all my endeavors to alter his inflexible adherence to the principles of Rockism.

We had just sat down to a dish of sturabout, studied, like Killarney, with golden lakes, formed by the melting of lumps of butter, which had been deposited in the oaten compound opposite each operator, when Jim Connor entered in breathless haste.

'What is the matter, Jim?' inquired my father.

'Matter! troth enough is the matter. Captain, jewel,' replied Connor, all the time catching his breath with difficulty.

'Any one killed?' asked my mother.

'Killed! ay, worse,' returned Jim. 'An't Father Roach, God presave him, marched off to jail as if he were a thief and rogue?'

'Father Roach!' ejaculated my father, dropping his spoon.

'Nobody else, Captain, agra,' said Jim, 'and sure as a gun the villains will hang and murder him, like poor Father Sheehy, Lord be merciful to his sowl, without judge or jury.'

'Decimus,' cried my father, 'up and arm! This must not be; and, old and infirm as I am, I cannot remain inactive, and see injustice done the poor man's only friend—our beloved clergyman.'

In vain I attempted to persuade the venerable chieftain to remain at home, and intrust the business to me. His feelings had been too deeply interested, and the indignation he felt seemed to have added a new stimulus to his courage and activity. In a moment we were on the road, and as the arrest of Father Roach was by this time pretty well known to his par-

ishioners, numbers, burning with revenge, had collected on an eminence above Rockglan. When the aged captain appeared, the people hailed him with a deafening cheer, and on learning the road taken by the constables, the whole party, men, women, and children, set forward in pursuit.

I will confess that, notwithstanding the recent alteration in my sentiments, I viewed this outrage (for the cause had just been whispered into my ear) on a Catholic priest with unmixed indignation, and, participating in the general feeling, I was the first who came within view of the prisoner and his guard. The moment we were observed the constables divined our intentions, and wisely took to their heels for security. To my great surprise, the priest seemed exhorting them to stay, and, when his advice proved unavailing, he ran after them. Being an aged man he was soon exhausted, and, seeing that flight was impossible, he boldly turned round, and faced his parishioners.

'Good people,' said he, in a mild persuasive tone, 'what is this for? Have I taught you so ill that you think it no crime to oppose the laws of the country? If I have offended, I have done so unintentionally; but, if it is the will of God that I should be punished for doing what I considered my duty, let me have the consolation to think that I have not lived for five-and-twenty years among you for nothing—that your conduct will show to our enemies that I have constantly inculcated obedience to the laws, and loyalty to our rulers.'

The Irish peasantry will obey their clergy almost in every thing but one—namely, obedience to the laws. These they look upon as unjust, partial, and oppressive, and consider the recommendation of the priest in such cases as foreign to his duty, or at least an advice not to be followed, for whatever Protestants may think on the subject, Catholics follow their own opinions in all temporal affairs, and if they consult the priest it is only as a friend, and not as a spiritual guide. Acute as the Irish peasantry undoubtedly are; it was not to be expected that they could discriminate between doubtful and partial laws. They saw, and still see, Catholics laboring under penal statutes; and how could they reverence a government which hanged a priest for celebrating matrimony between a Catholic and a Protestant, though he did so under the impression that both belonged to his own flock? Many of the laws are now certainly just and impartial; but the people act like Sir Walter Raleigh's gardener, and, having found the fruit bitter, they erroneously condemn both root and branch, for it is vain to attempt convincing them that there is law for a Catholic until the penal code is abrogated.

So at least thought old Captain Rock, for he turned a deaf ear to Father Roach's exhortations. In vain the venerable man of God exhorted him to forbearance. In vain he told him that by carrying him off he would, in fact, be condemning him in the eyes of his enemies, as they would not fail, from the circumstances of the rescue, to identify him with all the lawless proceedings of the Whiteboys, and that if he was his greatest enemy he could not go in a better way to ruin him than that of snatching him from the grasp of his accusers. 'I am innocent,' continued the venerable man, 'and have nothing to fear.'

'Innocent!' repeated my father; 'to be sure you are. Who dare say you are guilty? But tell us, what is the charge against you?'

This question may seem strange to those who are unacquainted with the popular feeling in Ireland. Nothing is more common than for the peasantry to rescue either men or cattle, and then inquire the cause of their detention. This conduct proceeds from their want of confidence in the laws. They imagine every one who falls under suspicion is innocent; and frequently, though convinced of their guilt, they will still afford assistance, believing that punishment in Ireland is never proportioned to the offence. On the present occasion nine-tenths of the people were totally ignorant of the charge against their beloved clergyman; but, knowing that one so pure, so good, and so pious, could not be guilty of any possible crime, they would have lost their lives sooner than see him go to prison.

When the clamor somewhat subsided, we all learned that the charge against Father Roach was of a very serious nature—that he had married two of his parishioners, one of whom had been a convert from Protestantism for a length of time. Her parents had long since discarded her; and, on her marriage, availed themselves of a penal law to punish the priest, to whose exertions they attributed what they considered the apostasy of their daughter.

'I run no risk,' said the priest; 'she has been my patient for more than twelve months.'

'Ay,' says my father; 'but she has not openly professed Catholicity so long.'

'True,' returned Father Roach, 'but it is now nearly twelve months since.'

'Nearly, sir,' returned the old chieftain, 'won't do; were it eleven months, twenty-nine days, twenty-three hours, and fifty-nine minutes, they would hang you as high as Ramsay. Remember Father Sheehy!'

These last words operated like an electric shock upon the people, and without waiting for another sentence they seized the priest, and forcibly carried him along. Most fortunately they did so, for had he been brought to trial, he must, according to law, have been condemned. Of this he was himself subsequently persuaded; and as his enemy, Major White, displayed great zeal in endeavoring to bring him to what he called justice, the poor old man, by the advice of his friends, quitted the country and went to Spain.

'Such is your boasted independence, Decimus,' said my father, as we returned home, after seeing Father Roach safely lodged in a friend's house. 'Your Charlemonts and Grattans tell us we are free, and yet our priests can be hanged if a Protestant judge presume that they are guilty.'

CHAPTER XIX.

A RESIDENT LANDLORD.

The memory of Susan was not easily effaced from my mind, and soon after the affair of Father Roach, I paid a visit to her disconsolate father. I found the poor man still in the greatest distress. The slightest incident awakened his sorrow, the memorials of the unfortunate Susan, which lay scattered about the house, were continually reminding the old man that he had lost a daughter—that he was now childless—and almost without a living being to console or comfort him. The sufferings of others, particularly where age is concerned, impress the mind with a fascinating pain. We love to look upon it, though it cost us many a pang, and, if our hearts are not depraved, and our feelings blunted, we are likely to become wiser and better men the more we contemplate humanity in tears. If they are the effect of cruelty or power, we learn to detest vice and tyranny, and if they are produced by crime or imprudence, we are taught to avoid both.

In the present instance I participated in the grief of Susan's father. He had lost a daughter, and I a mistress, and as we both had cause for sorrow, we mingled our tears. At rather an early hour in the evening I took my leave; and, as June had now scattered from her lap all the luscious sweets of summer, took my way through the fields by rather an obscure path, for the purpose of inhaling the fragrant odour of evening. Perhaps the melancholy and thoughtful frame of mind in which I was at the moment had also its influence in determining me to choose this rather indirect way to Rockglan, for when in a meditating mood, the fields have ever been my favorite resort. The face of Nature is always sufficient to restore my spirits, for I could never think that the Great Architect of the universe intended his mighty temple to be the habitation of unhappy mortals. The conscious criminal can only remain sorrowful when all around him is loveliness and gaiety. Whatever my subsequent life has been guilty of—and I don't mean to palliate my faults—as yet I had done nothing to reproach myself with. My conscience had not then rebelled against me, and I must say that few young men of my age indulged in thoughts of a more honorable and virtuous tendency. To the cause of Ireland I was devoted, and though I had only just left a house where every thing was asso-

ciated with individual feelings, yet I had no sooner cast my eyes around on the sublime scenes of my native country, than I felt a kind of conscious pride in having the honor and happiness to claim, as the land of my birth, a country which suffers nothing by comparison with any one on the globe. I am no poet, or God knows, I should dwell with rapture on the feelings I then experienced. A cool and gentle breeze, 'mild as when Zephyr on Flora breathes,' had succeeded the parching heat of a declining sun, whose last faint rays were just indicated by the streaks of light on the mountain top, which served to depict the eastern side of the hill as if clothed in a mantle of purple. Under the influence of such an hour, and such a scene, my spirits, ever elastic, soon resumed their wonted tone, and I walked forwards with a quick step and light heart.

Descending from rather an abrupt eminence, I came quickly into a secluded valley, at the extremity of which was a remarkably fine spring well, whose superfluous water formed the small stream that ran through the little dale; several large trees grew on the bank, and the acclivities on each were covered with furze—a much handsomer, and far more useful evergreen than ever I have seen in England. My path continued for some distance by the side of a brook, and when I came to the place where it wound up the hill, I heard a sudden exclamation of terror or affright. A second cry quickly succeeded the first, and judging that it proceeded from some person at the well, I hastened thither.

The little spring, like a bird's nest, was buried in the branches of trees, above it stood a perpendicular rock, and a recess on one side was shown as the once-hallowed abode of a holy anchorite. Few places were better calculated for inspiring devotion, and, in accordance with this feeling, the peasantry, in despite of better counsel, had frequently chosen it as a place of prayer. Latterly, however, it has been almost totally neglected, and was now only frequented by the family of Tim O'Leary, who wanted its water for domestic purposes.

When I first heard the cry of distress I was at a considerable distance, and the intervening trees completely hid the spot from my sight. A few minutes, however, brought me to the path which led to the bushes, directly to the well, and, just as I entered it, I could hear distinctly the thick breathing of persons engaged in a violent struggle. In an instant a female rushed by me, followed by a ruffian, in the form of a man. The woman fell, apparently from exhaustion, and, from the impulse of the moment, I knocked down her pursuer. One look informed me what the party were. In the female I recognized Lucy O'Leary, an interesting girl—or rather a rustic beauty—and in the other Major White—the prosecutor of Father Roach.

This gentleman was a resident landlord, lived always on his estate, and spent his fortune—an ample one—in his native country; yet a greater blessing could not be conferred on the neighborhood than his perpetual absence. 'He had been a soldier in his youth,' and fought hard—at least in the war in Venus. Satiated with the debauchery of a town life, he returned to the country; but, wanting those intellectual attainments which render solitude agreeable, he amused himself in laying snares for all the pretty women and girls who lived within reach of his pestilential influence. The wives and daughters of his own tenantry were the peculiar objects of persecution; and none can know the misery of their situation but such as have witnessed the blessed effects of a virtuous and resident aristocracy.

The well-known chastity of my country-women needs no eulogium; but it would be claiming for them an exemption from the frailties of human nature to say that none of them has ever fallen. Alas! virtue in Ireland, as well as elsewhere, is purest in the absence of temptation, and our neighborhood knew nothing of ruined daughters and faithless wives until Major White took up his residence among us. Partial as his base trimmings were, they still filled the aged with apprehension, and the virtuous with pain; Father Roach,

in particular, exerted himself to counteract the villain's arts, and happily succeeded. Popular indignation and abhorrence forced the major's victims to quit society, while the universal dread he inspired put every one on their guard. Defeated at length in most of his vile schemes, he attributed the opposition he encountered to the exhortations of Father Roach, and, when that worthy clergyman had unconsciously offended against the penal laws, the prosecution was carried on at White's expense.

Though at this period a miscreant of fifty, he had long persecuted Lucy O'Leary, the daughter of his tenant, Tim O'Leary. The poor girl dreaded him with that instinctive horror with which innocence is always armed, and was on this evening about fetching water from the well, when she was attacked by the 'hoary sinner,' who had lain in wait for her. Though emaciated by a life of depravity, Lucy would have had little chance in escaping from him, had not I providentially come to her assistance. The wretch, on arising, stood before me as if petrified with fear, his limbs trembled, and an ashy hue overspread his face. Recollecting his many crimes, my arm was raised to give him another blow; but, looking at his defenceless attitude, I forbore, and commanded him to be gone. The 'ruling passion' is strong, even in death. Accustomed to be obeyed, the major, in spite of his fears, could not brook such an insult. Calling up all his dignity, he asked, 'How dare you, plebeian, address me in that manner?'

'Bridle your choler,' I replied, 'and forbear to assume the major here. You are a wretch; and, by the name of my father, if you don't instantly quit this place, I'll serve you as you deserve.'

'Insolent!' he returned, and scarcely had the word been well out of his mouth, when I seized him in my arms, and threw him into a furze bush; then, raising Lucy from the ground, I carried her to the well, and, on her recovering from her fright, I conducted her towards her father's house. The anguish of her worthy parents knew no bounds when they learned from me the nature of the recurrence which had taken place. 'Thank Heaven!' ejaculated Tim after some time, with a pious composure, 'my daughter is safe, and White may do his worst.'

CHAPTER XX. OUTLAWED.

The progress of these memoirs has now brought me to that period when the scenes of my eventful life may be said to have commenced. Ere I enter upon the singular details which compose it, let me pause upon the threshold; and, like a dying prophet, survey at one glance the past and future. Alas! what was then to me the future has now become the past, and, as I look upon the long perspective of years 'gone by,' and think of my country's wrongs—of my family's downfall—of the sufferings of my friends and the insults of my enemies—I almost blush for my late resolves. Am I not apostate to the genuine cause of Rocklen? Are not my peaceful counsels treason against the majesty of the name I bear? These questions I dare not answer at this moment, for I have just been reading the 'History of Ireland.' 'Alas! poor country—almost ashamed to know thyself!'—I cannot weep for thy wrongs. My feelings are too intense for tears, and all the blood which age has left me now madly boils through every vein. England, guilty as thou hast been, I cannot scarcely curse thee, for, Irishmen, the fault was your own. You have always been divided; and, consequently, a prey to every speculating villain who visited your shores. Once, twice, three, aye, a thousand times, independence was in your grasp; but, like the bones of Ovid, you no sooner acquired strength than you began to slay each other. Let moralists say what they may, our own follies are a palliation of the cruelties inflicted on us, for the man who had it in his power to free himself from a venomous reptile, and would not, deserved to be stung. Yet, if Raynal is right, there is a national as well as an individual retribution, and those who rule the destinies of

these countries should look to it in season. It is a trite remark that great events often take their rise from trivial occurrences. With me this was peculiarly the case, for the encounter with White precipitated me on authority even before my father died. But, not to anticipate, let me continue my narrative.

Tim O'Leary, as I have already stated, was tenant to Major White; but, having seven or eight years of his lease unexpired, he considered himself in some measure independent. Still the character of his landlord, and the well-known baseness of Irish landlords in general, inspired the poor man at first with terror; but, seeing his child safe, and being accustomed, like all Catholics, to confide in the protection of Heaven, he quickly resumed his wonted composure, and insisted on my stopping to partake of part of a jar of potheen. 'Sit down, old woman,' said he to his wife; 'God is stronger than the devil any how, and, since Lucy is safe, what have we to fear? The ould stocken has got a few 'yellow boys' in it, and the bit o' land is ours for seven years at any rate, and agen then God knows what king reigns. Sit down, Lucy alannah, by the young captain, who, I hope, will make a better man than his father, though he is not a bad one neither.'

Lucy blushed, and complied. I had often heard of her beauty, but until this evening she never appeared to me particularly handsome. She was about the middle size, elegantly formed, and possessed a most bewitching pair of angles. Her eyes were blue, and her auburn hair fell down in ringlets of Nature's coloring upon her neck and cheeks, which, though lovely, wanted that delicate whiteness which interested me so much in Susan. Lucy's rosy cheeks indicated health; and, as the painters say, every thing was in perfect keeping with the tacit promise of her countenance. Her manners were of that gentle kind which gradually wins esteem, and before I had been an hour in her company, I found myself under the influence of vague affection, quite undefined, but yet strong enough to persuade me that it was an incipient passion of an honorable species. My vanity whispered that she would not prove unkind, and I was beginning to feel myself very agreeably situated by her side, when Owen, my foster-brother, entered.

'Run, run!' cried he.

'Where?' said I.

'Any place,' he returned. 'Major White, and all his men, are after looking for you at home, and are coming this way as sure as you live, for I heard them whispering all about it.'

The thing was too probable to admit of a doubt, and too serious to be trifled with. I therefore instantly arose, and was on the point of departure, when Lucy requested to be my companion.

'Here,' said she, 'I dare not stay. Who will protect me? who will save me from the villain?'

'I will,' said I, placing my left arm around her waist, while Tim grasped my right. 'Decimus' was all he uttered; but in the squeeze he gave my hand there was all the force of mute eloquence. Words could not have said as much, and, as I returned his pressure, I resolved not to betray his confidence. There was no time for lamentation, for O'Leary's only son, Patt—a boy of fourteen—spied the enemy at the bottom of the 'boughereen.' At this alarming intelligence Lucy's mother gave her a parting kiss, and, with all the rapidity of persons in danger, we slipped through the garden gate, and quickly descended into the dale, the scene of my late encounter with the major. To my surprise Owen did not accompany us; he had come as far as the garden, but whether he stopped there or not I could not tell. For him, however, I could have no apprehension, for I knew his usual adroitness was sufficient to extricate him out of any conceivable difficulty; yet, situated as I was with regard to Lucy, I wished he had been with us. In the hope that he might join us in a few minutes we paused, and while my ear was stretched to catch every distant sound, we heard the report of a pistol evidently discharged in the neighborhood of O'Leary's house. Lucy started, and then involuntarily threw herself into my arms. In an in-

stant the first shot was answered by a dozen others in succession; and, ere the last one was fired, my fair charge had exclaimed, 'Oh, my father!' and sunk upon the ground. My situation was now by no means an enviable one; scarcely two thousand yards from our pursuers—Lucy helpless—and myself unarmed. It was probable that White's party would scour the valley; and, though it was possible that in case of such an event I might make my escape, Lucy must have inevitably fallen into their power. The bare apprehension of such a thing gave me inconceivable alarm; and, though I had resolved to protect her with my life, still I could not think, but with horror, of Lucy falling into the hands of her persecutor. Flight was now my only resource, and, by gently agitating my fair burden, I succeeded in restoring her to herself. A rustling among the bushes behind us proved a new cause of alarm; but the presence of Owen quickly dissipated our fears.

'I have done for him, the ould rascal!' said he.

'Done for whom?' I inquired.

'For the blaggard major,' he replied.

'Good God!' I cried, 'sure it wasn't you, Owen, who fired the first shot?'

'Arrah, who else would it be?' replied my foster-brother, with an imperturbable countenance.

'Wretch!' I exclaimed, 'how dare you take upon yourself to interfere in my quarrel?'

'Och, musha,' said Owen, 'will you not be after hearing all about it? Faith sure it wasn't your quarrel at all at all, but all my own, astore; and sure ent I flesh and blud like another Christian? Didn't I owe the major on ould grudge for what he done, the big ould blaggard, to my poor sister, Kate—the very first of her family that ever disgraced a M'Pharland? I had it in for him, and so doing a little for your sake, and a great deal for my own sweet self, I gave him a supper of lead, which, like carrots, as they say, will never come through him; though it done that already, for I'm sure it went a mile beant him, for I pult the bit of trigger with all the veins in my heart.'

'And so, Owen,' said I, with determined coolness, 'you have become an assassin.'

'Why, master Decimus,' he replied, 'myself don't exactly know what you mean by an assassin; but, if you mean what I mean, that is, that a body ought always to stand up for a sister's honor, that body am I, and had luck to the boy that would not.'

'You have done, sir,' I rejoined, 'what was very wrong, and must answer for it either in this world or in the next.'

'Oh, very well,' said he, 'but there is no use in talked about it when it's done; but if you'd be after taking a fool's advice, you'd not stop here, for I be bail the blood-hounds will soon be after me, for sure their bullets flew like hail about my ears, enough to kill twenty men.'

The indiscretion of my foster-brother had increased our danger; and, as the night had now become quite dark, we knew not well what to do. At about two miles distant, on the side of the mountain, stood the cabin of a trusty friend; and, as we 'did not deem it prudent to venture to Rocklen, we proceeded to the solitary house of Bryan Maguire. Lucy rested on my arm, and Owen walked before us. The night was as silent as death. Not a breath of wind rustled among the trees, and even the cabin curs had desisted from their usual clamor. We were therefore left to our own meditations, and mine, at least, were none of the most pleasant, for in addition to the assassination of White, the sobs and sighs of Lucy pierced my heart. In less than an hour we reached Mr. Maguire's mountain-home, and Bryan, being aroused from his slumbers admitted us, and with some difficulty provided the means of taking our repose for the night. In the morning our host went out to ascertain the disposition of our enemies, and in a few hours returned with the fearful intelligence that Rocklen was beset with soldiers, and that the magistrates of the country had been summoned to a meeting in the county court house, for the purpose of devising means to discover the persons who attempted the life of Major White, that gentleman

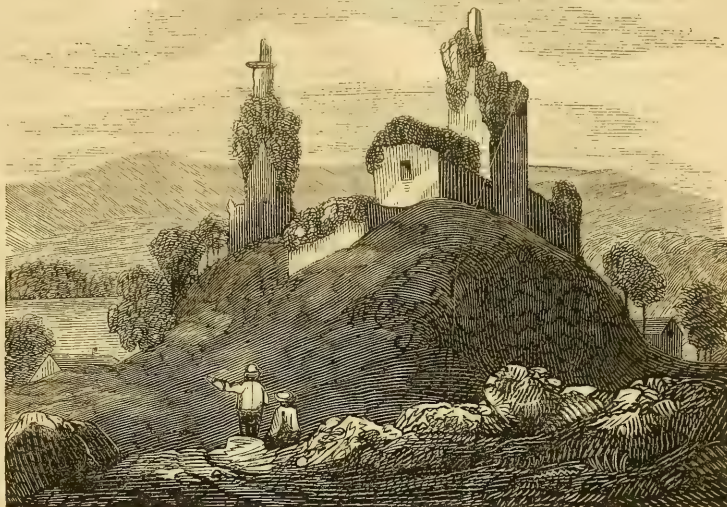
having escaped the arm of Owen. I was particularly marked out as an object of vengeance, for the major had converted my interference in favor of Lucy into an attempt at assassination. An outlaw, therefore, I had become—a wonderer from my father's roof.

[To be Continued.]

PROFUNDITY.

The temptation to be profound is very great, and it requires a strong mind, or an honest heart, to resist it. Nobody likes to be thought shallow, so they who cannot make manifest how deep they are, take especial good care to conceal their shallowness. Now there is nothing so well calculated to disguise shallowness as mud; but the mud must be stirred up, and kept in a fermentation for the purpose. For aught that the eye can discern to the contrary, a puddle by the road side, formed by an hour's rain, may be as deep as the Atlantic Ocean. The temptation to an assumption of profundity, is altogether very natural and easy to be accounted for, seeing that it is an easy and compendious mode of acquiring a reputation; and that a reputation once so acquired is perfectly safe, inasmuch as no one can by any possibility detect or expose the cheat.

There are profound talkers as well as profound writers, and your profound talkers have the best of it, for it is impossible to find them out. What is written and printed, may be read over again, canvassed, sifted, and examined; but that which is said, vanishes, evaporates, is gone, leaving not a single idea in the mind of the hearer. A profound talker will tell you that he can think, and he can talk, but that he cannot write. Very true, because he has nothing to write about; and the nothing is not so readily detected in talking, and in thinking, as it is in writing. Writing is a substance that you may take by the nose and bring to a confession; but talking is a mere ghost, a flitting shadow—which is here, there, everywhere, and nowhere. You try to catch it, but you get only a handful of air. Profound talking has the advantage over profound writing, because in talking you may select your audience, and take care that no profane anti-mysticalist shall question your oracles. When you write profundities, and give them to the world, you don't know how many get hold of them and condense your ocean of froth into a thimbleful of slop. The shallower a man is, the more intensely he admires profundity; he who understands nothing, understands all things equally well; and when a man fears lest his ignorance should be detected on subjects which everybody understands, his best resource is to plunge into profundities, and then, when he is completely out of sight, he is quite safe. Thus have I known ambitious simpletons who, not having capacity for Greek or Latin, or other detectable studies, have betaken themselves to the intractabilities of Orientalism, and have looked marvellously wise in Arabic, Sanscrit, Bengalee, and all that sort of thing. So again those whose understandings have not been strong enough to bare them safely over the 'Pons asinorum' in Euclid's Elements, have cut a very pretty figure in gabbling and prating about transcendentalism. I know a very ingenious gentleman, who has never read a line of Newton's Principia, and knows about as much mathematics, as Mr. Bellenden Ker of Dutch, who is perpetually propounding new theories of universe, new doctrines of the motion, quality, and use of the planets, and new notions of the comets. In proposing these theories, and in starting these profundities, he, for the most part, keeps clear of mathematics, seeing that in his mystic and twilight flights his demonstrations have sometimes knocked him down, as boys knock down bats by throwing their hats at them. Surely the flights of profundity may be not napsly compared to the flitting movements of these ambiguous animals; they are a kind of something—nothing; seen—but not seen; quick—but not progressive; a sort of black lightning; a shadow that has no substance; you never see where they come from, nor where they go to, nor what they come for. They are animal comets—in the system, but not of it. But the safest profundity of all is profound thinking; write



CARRIGALINE CASTLE.

profoundly, and everybody may find you out; talk profoundly, and somebody may find you out; but think profoundly, and nobody can find you out. It may be asked, how is it to be known that you think profoundly, unless you make known your thoughts by talking or writing. Easily enough; shake your head as Lord Burleigh does in *The Critic*. You will be astonished after a few of these 'ambiguous givings out,' with what ease you have obtained the reputation of being a profound thinker.

CARRIGALINE CASTLE.

Six miles from Cork, on the Onbouy river (so called from the peculiar yellowish color which its waters assume during the winter), is situated the village of Carrigaline. Though now a place of no great importance, it was once apparently destined to rank higher. The first Earl of Cork, out of pique to the corporation of that city, (who felt so suspicious of him as to enter in their council books a law that no citizen should sell any lands or estate to that nobleman) proposed to build at Carrigaline a town to rival Cork, over which it should have the advantage of being much nearer to the sea, and had so far proceeded as to have marked out the ground plan of a very extensive city. The rebellion of 1641 put a stop to the undertaking, and it was finally abandoned on the death of the earl.

Carrigaline was one of the many parishes with which the College of Youghal was endowed at its foundation, but in these, our times, has no connexion whatever with it. The parish church, though of small dimensions, is a very chaste specimen of Gothic architecture, and was built by G. R. Pain, Esq.

Near the west end of the church is a tomb of the Newenham family; it was ornamented with a number of figures, designed in good taste, but owing to the frail material in which they were executed, (lead) and the neglect of those who were most interested in its preservation, it has been so battered and bruised, that little more than the inscription now remains to be admired.

Close by the church is the ruined castle, more interesting from its picturesque appearance than from any architectural remains which it possesses. However, though it is now a desolate and time-

worn pile, it was once the pride of its owners, and in Queen Elizabeth's time could boast of being impregnable—a circumstance not altogether unlikely, judging from its natural situation, and from the extent and character of the works. It is built on the summit of an immense rock of limestone, which rises abruptly at the river side, but gradually slopes towards the land, as shown in the sketch. The castle is said, by Doctor Smith, (in his *History of Cork*) to have been built by the family of the Cogans, and afterwards to have been possessed by the Demonds, but he does not add at what period either of those circumstances occurred.

In the year 1589, the squadron under the command of Sir Francis Drake, having been chased by a large Spanish fleet, entered Cork harbor, and sailing up the narrow creek, at the upper end of which the castle is built, took shelter not far from its walls. The Spaniards quickly followed, but not knowing the harbor, sailed round and round its shores in search of them, but in vain. Sir Francis lay at anchor in perfect safety in the calm waters of a sweep of the river, which has been since called Drakespool.

The destruction of the castle is, by popular tradition, ascribed to a family feud. The wife of Desmond, the lord of the castle, complained to her father, who was one of the M'Dermott's, of ill treatment, who immediately, aided by his vassals, stormed the castle, rescued his daughter, and finally reduced the fortress to its present condition.

DOING WITHOUT.—A ministerial acquaintance of ours, who had lost his wife, and become wearied of his second edition of the single state, was once instructing a congregation from the passage, 'Use this world as not abusing it,' &c. In the course of his remarks he took occasion to mention some things which a Christian could dispense with in this world. In this category he placed a wife. He had, however, scarcely said, 'A man may do without a wife,' when his own experience stoutly protested, and he finished this branch of the subject by saying, in the simplicity of his heart, 'but its mighty hard.'

Bowie knives are now made with the following inscription on them,—'The common law of Kansas.'

STICK TOGETHER.

When midst the wrecks of fire and smoke,
 When cannons rend the skies asunder,
 And fierce dragons with quickening stroke,
 Upon the reeling regiment thunder,
 The ranks close up to sharp command,
 Till helmet's feather touches feather;
 Compact, the furious shock they stand,
 And conquer, for they stick together.

When now, 'mid clouds of woe and want,
 Our comrade's walls rise faster and faster,
 And charging wildly on our front
 Come the black legions of disaster;
 Shall we present a wavering band,
 And fly like leaves before wild weather?
 No! side by side, and hand in hand,
 We'll stand our ground and stick together.

God gave us hands—one left, one right—
 The first to help ourselves, the other
 To stretch abroad in kindly might,
 And help along our faithful brother;
 Then if you see a brother fall,
 And bow his head before the weather,
 If you be not daunted all,
 You'll help him up, and stick together.

MY CONSULSHIP.

ROME AND POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Toward evening, on the 17th of July, 1846, as the thousand bells of Rome were chiming the Ave Marie, when Pius IX. had reigned thirty days, without previous intimation from any quarter, an edict was affixed simultaneously on the walls and squares, and most frequented parts of the city, proclaiming a general amnesty for all political offences.

This was the first note of mercy or peace which had been struck from the broken lyre of Italy for a whole generation, and if the edict had been sent from heaven, and affixed by unseen hands, it could not have been received with greater astonishment.

The population rushed to the corners of the streets, where torches were held, and those nearest read to the crowd the touching words of pardon, which gave back to their bereaved country so many of its proscribed and unhappy sons. Throughout that populous city, there was not a soul, foreigners excepted, that was not immediately concerned in the edict—hardly one who did not instantly recall the image of some lost one, who would receive those words of pardon in the gloom of his prison or the bitterness of exile.

A chorus of joy rang at the same instant through every part of the capitol. There seemed to be but one heart in Rome, and it beat only pulsations of joy—there seemed to be but one desire in Rome, and that was to see the face of their great benefactor; and, as if by common instinct, from the most distant extremities of the city a movement began, and from the four quarters of the capitol the thickening stream went rushing up to the palace.

The multitude, wild with ecstasy and gratitude, cried out for their 'father.' Their voice was heard by the good man of the house, and he went upon the 'loggia' to thank and bless his people.

As it grew dark, torches were seen flaming at the corners of all the streets where the edict had been affixed, and dense crowds were gathered around each notice. Those in the front ranks knelt, so that those behind might look over their heads, forming little amphitheatres of overjoyed weeping people, smiling through their tears, and looking up at the edict, again and again, half incredulous, as though after all it was too good to be true. Wherever there was a copy of the edict, there was clustered one of these groups; and there were shining there bright torches, as large and as handsome as the Romans keep burning before the shrines of their saints.

At dusk, Pius went into the gardens of the Quiri-

nal, back of the palace, and walked for two hours. He heard the murmur that rose over the city; it came on his ear stronger and stronger, like the in-rolling tide of the sea. At last the shouts broke up into heaven. It was the grateful sound he had hoped for; during the thirty days of his reign he had consoled himself with its anticipation. At last it came. He had sounded the bugle-blast of freedom, that was to wake the nations of Europe, and the response of the people had come back; henceforth he knew that he was not alone.

In less than an hour, the entire population of Rome had either read or heard the proclamation of pardon, and the popular enthusiasm broke forth again, wilder than ever; once more the cry rose 'to Monte Cavallo.' Bands of young men led the throngs which swept in, stronger and denser, till the great Quirinal palace was packed, and again the exulting myriads uttered the name of Pio Nono. The Pope appeared once more on the 'loggia' of the palace, attended by torches.

It was no longer jubilee nor acclamation. That mighty ocean of men and women and children seemed to be lashed into a frenzy of delirium. Rome itself, as one of her own poets said, had gone mad for love. Shouts and 'vivas' rent the sky, so wild, that the tumultuous mass of two hundred thousand seemed to be swayed by the tempest of a revolution.

But on the balcony stood the new champion of liberty—the father of his people—the regenerator of Italy—the pardoner, which glorious titles gave him, even by concession of Protestants themselves, claim to that higher title—vicegerent of the Saviour! There stood Pio Nono, the Pope of the people—the first they had had since Hildebrand. He lifted his arms and eyes to heaven, and tried to bless his people, but his heart was too full, his voice failed him, and they could only see his lips move and the tears stream from his beaming face.

Rome seemed that night to be swayed by a single will; and, as if the wand of an enchantress had passed over her towers, a brilliant illumination rose like a clear daybreak over the city. There had been no expectation of the amnesty on that day; there had been no concert among the people; and yet from the entire city a light broke forth, and flashed far up into heaven. The stately mansions of the rich gleamed with large wax torches, and the humble dwellings of the poor twinkled with tiny wax tapers. The illumination brightened as the hours passed on, and at midnight the city seemed bathed in an ocean of flame.

The crowd once more called for the Pontiff, and again he appeared with his blessing. They answered him with a shout, which was heard in the distant extremities of the city. It penetrated many a sick chamber, and the dying asked what it meant? It was the music of pardon—that rich word, which, in the solemn hour, sounds dearer than all others.

It was the last word which fell upon the ear of many a dying sufferer in Rome that evening, and the first word that greeted him in heaven. When the sovereign laid himself down to sleep that night the last sounds he heard were airs of liberty and triumph, from a thousand instruments, mingling with the wild shouts of a finally emancipated people.

While Rome was sleeping late that night, fleet horses were bearing couriers with the joyful news to the four quarters of the globe through which the sons of Italy had been driven, waiting in sadness and hope, like the scattered children of Abraham, for the coming of the deliverer. As the couriers spurred their steeds across the last hill tops that overlooked the distant capitol, Rome seemed to the flying messengers like an enchanted vision. Cæsar's city, too, was to have her Three Glorious Days. Thus ended the first.

On the following morning, the population of all

classes gathered around the massive walls of the castle of St. Angelo. The gates of the castle opened, and the liberated captives came forth. I cannot describe the scene which followed, and I shall not attempt it. It is not strange—when fathers and sons, husbands and wives, and mothers and loved ones, pressed to their hearts, under the free open sky, those whom they had expected to meet no more in this world—that even those who had no personal interest in the spectacle, could not refrain from their tears.

These scenes of tenderness were renewed at every corner of the streets. From every door the prisoners passed, came flying some friend supposed to be dead. Some of the prisoners rushed wildly to their homes, in distant parts of the city; and others, who had no homes to fly to, when they first found themselves under the kind, free heavens, stopped and gazed about them a moment, like beasts let out of cages where they had been long confined, uttered piercing shrieks of joy, and burst into tears, or dashed away through the multitude of gazing strangers, to some solitary place, and sat themselves down and wept. It was a day of great sadness and of immeasurable joy; more tears flowed in Rome on that day of universal liberation than any tyrant could have wrung from the same people by the horrors of the rack. So much stronger is clemency than despotism.

Many of the emancipated prisoners, for the moment, forgot all other feelings in the desire to see their Prince, and they hurried to the Quirinal to cast themselves at his feet. There were two whose heroism and sufferings had excited a peculiar sympathy, and for whose liberation the most unwearied applications had been made to Gregory's government, but all without success, for men who had laid one obstacle in the way of Lambruschini's ambition there was no mercy.

These two were Renzi and Galletti—names dear to all Italy. One afterward became a minister of state under Pius IX. They were at once admitted to the Pontiff's presence. They fell at the feet of their deliverer in tears; but they could not speak. Pius raised them kindly and embraced them with the love of a father who had just found his lost children.

As he held these bold conspirators to his breast, he said—

'I am happier to-day than I ever was; my sons have come back. You will never leave me; you will love me; your reason, matured by experience and suffering is strong enough now to overcome the impetuosity of youth; you will be good subjects?'

'I swear it,' said Galletti, kissing the pontifical cross, 'by the sign of our redemption.'

The sun had hardly gone to his setting on the day of the 'Liberation,' when the city, as if impatient to give vent to its joy, shone forth with another illumination. With the exception of the reign that had just closed, there was not a dwelling in Rome that was not illuminated. From the corridors, the open galleries and high windows of the palaces of the noble, to the humble dwellings of the poor, tall wax candles and little tapers were gleaming. Those who looked with coldness and suspicion on the new government shut themselves up in their houses and darkened their windows, while the rest of the population poured into the streets to mingle with the crowd of prisoners who had that day emerged from the dungeons of St. Angelo.

Before nine o'clock the entire piazza of the Quirinal was crowded. Bands of young men in tens, twenties and hundreds, came up from every quarter of the town, with torches and banners, and songs and airs in praise of the Pontiff. Uniting in the centre of the square, they formed an immense crown of torches, with colors waving on every side. One of the banners showed the family stem of

Mastai (the name of the Pope), on a white and yellow field, ornamented with sprigs of olive, in token of peace. There were many of the tri-color, which had not been seen in Italy for thirty years except as a sign of rebellion—bearing inscriptions—'viva la clemenza'—'viva Pio IX.'—'viva l'amnistia'—while elsewhere the edict of pardon, printed in gold, and enriched with emblems of peace, liberty and hope. A few moments after, high and clear above the shouts of the multitude, a stirring chorus burst forth from one of the large streets opening on the Piazza and a thousand flaming torches lit up the scene like a conflagration. The chorus came from two hundred of the Filarmenici of Rome, with several of the best martial bands of the city blending into one. They had that day met at the theatre Argentina, to practice a new hymn, written by Verdi in honor of the Pontiff.

Peded by torches and a magnificent standard, the procession entered the Piazza, and as the crowd opened they advanced under the windows of the Quirinal. A great deal has been said about the moral genius of the Italians, but it probably surpasses all ideas foreigners have formed of it. This occasion illustrated it; the crowd learned the chorus after hearing it twice, and more than a hundred thousand voices joined harmoniously in the triumphal psalm. When the chorus ceased the name of the Pontiff was on every tongue.

Soon after the great Loggia of the palace was opened, and a train of attendants appeared to signify that the sovereign was coming. He appeared, and was received with deafening shouts and vivas.

The enthusiasm of the preceding night, which had seemed so wild, was now surpassed, for there was a new class of men there—the liberated prisoners, who had that morning emerged from the gloom of St. Angelo's dungeons. The beloved pastor of Rome lifted his hands and poured down from his full heart the blessings of the God of peace and liberty upon the silent host, bowing lowly to the dust. And there was kneeling a band of grateful men breathing the free air of Heaven for the first time in many years. In the torchlight their faces wore that sepulchral hue, which should never cloud the human image of God, for it can never be acquired but in a dungeon, and God's glorious sun was made to shine on all his children. Erring and sinful though they may be, He never hides his blessed beams from any of his creatures till the fitful dream of life is over.

It thinks that were a sight that might well make any man weep! 'Father, father!' exclaimed the weeping captives under the loggia, and they could say no more.

'Yes,' answered Pio Nono through his tears, 'I am your father, and I always will be; you, too, shall always be my dearly beloved children.'

The good man stood for a few moments with his hands clasped on his bosom, and his eyes lifted to heaven, as if praying for his people. And the throng, with their torches held steady, and banners drooping, kneeling before him in silence, gazing on the noble form of the Pontiff, seemed, like Moses talking with God on the Sinai, to embrace at a glance all the tribes of Israel. The spirit of a better world had descended those worshipping myriads, and they knelt once till the man of God had retired into his palace.

The charm which had hung over the assembly was broken by some stirring 'viva,' the crowd into marching order with that readiness and which the Italians are remarkable, and a vast procession through the Corso, stoppeth their grateful acclamations under the arches of those palaces where the most brilliant nobles appeared. The entire 'facades' of the edifices of Rome were covered with

burning tapers, inscriptions, portraits of the Pope, and the arms of the Mastai family, wrought in silver and gold. The illumination shone on and ended Rome's second Glorious Day!

The enthusiastic joy which had now reigned for two days in the metropolis had hardly subsided on the day of the 'Liberation,' before Rome was in motion again, for it was known that Pio was to proceed at nine o'clock the following morning to assist in some religious service in the Mission church, in the central part of the city. The way the pontifical cortege was to pass was crowded soon after daylight. At nine o'clock the bells announced the departure from the palace.

When the Pontiff's carriage came in sight, acclamations rose from the piazza and rang down the street, which was lined by crowds on either side. The most beautiful bouquets were thrown from the balconies, and every step of the way was strewn with flowers. From the windows the most gorgeous draperies of different colored satins, velvets and cloths of gold, with ornamented banners, were streaming.

On the return to the palace, the crowd had thickened, and the popular enthusiasm broke out into the wildest joy. A company of young men presented themselves before the Pope, as he came forth from the church, to drag his carriage. This was at once refused. But when the cortege reached the Piazza Colonna they renewed their request more earnestly. Again the Pontiff kindly but resolutely protested.

'You are men—you are Romans, and I beg you to desist,' were his words. But the fierce joy of the populace could not be restrained. The same band of young men presented a solid phalanx before the carriage—the horses were detached—a rope, two hundred yards in length, was fastened to the coach, and straightened through the crowd, and under a continued shower of flowers they dragged their new sovereign with triumphant shouts back to the Quirinal. From the Loggia he dispensed his blessings upon the palpitating multitude.

Late that night a considerable company of pale, emaciated men, who had just come out of prison, went up under the windows of the palace and waited till morning in tears and silence. They were poor men, whom the Pope had, from his private purse, that day redeemed from the debtor's prison. The Romans heard of this with delight, emulated the noble example. A subscription was started, and in three days not a debtor in Rome was left in one of its prisons.

[To be continued.]

HELEN WALLACE, THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TRUE TALE OF TEXAS.

A number of years ago, a man by the name of Wallace, of Scotch descent, emigrated to Texas, and settled at a small inland village. His family consisted of himself, wife, daughter, and servant. This daughter, an only child, was then about eighteen years of age, and very beautiful—of a graceful figure, regular features, dark hair, and bright, merry, sparkling black eyes. She had received a good education, was well accomplished, and soon became the belle of the place. She had one fault, however—a fault common to most pretty women—she was a coquette.

Among her numerous admirers was a man some thirty years of age—tall, dark, and sinister of aspect—of whom report did not speak altogether favorably. He had come to the place a short time subsequently to the settlement of Mr. Wallace, and located himself at the village inn, where he gave out that he was a man of wealth. Nothing was known of his history, and there were none who could say he was not what he represented himself; but there were many who believed, for various

reasons, that he was a professional gambler. He seemed to have plenty of money, and, so far as he could be seen, conducted himself in an upright and honorable manner. But still he was not liked; there was something too stern and forbidding in the man to make him popular with the people around; and hence he was regarded with suspicion and distrust, and many stories were set afloat derogatory to his moral character. James Vaughan—for so he gave his name—seemed not in the least disturbed by these evil reports, but continued to conduct himself as if he believed that all were satisfied with the report which he gave of himself.

How it was that he first became acquainted with Helen Wallace was not known to the gossiping portion of the village; but they were suddenly surprised to find him received at the dwelling of her father as a welcome guest; and it was soon rumored that he was treated by Helen herself with marked favor. Time passed on—six months glided away—and still Vaughan remained at his old quarters, and still his visits to the house of Mr. Wallace continued, gradually increasing in frequency, until it was known that scarcely a day passed without a meeting between him and Helen. Meantime, there were many other gentlemen who called to see her, and whom she received with polite courtesy; but Vaughan, it at length became whispered about, was the favored suitor.

But the persons who had made such wonderful predictions concerning the future of Helen Wallace were soon destined to meet another surprise, which did much to shake their own faith in their foreknowledge of events; for one morning it was suddenly discovered, and rapidly spread abroad to all concerned, that James Vaughan, the still unknown and unpopular stranger, had disappeared as mysteriously as he came. Eager and earnest were the inquiries set on foot to know what had become of him. None could tell. The landlord of the inn, on being questioned, declared that he had settled his account in good currency, and had stated that business required his absence, beyond which he knew nothing, except that he had departed on foot, in the night, ostensibly for a neighboring town, to take a public conveyance for parts unknown. The Wallaces could give no additional information; and Helen herself laughingly declared that she was not his keeper, and knew not for a certainty that he would ever return. Some few of the more wonder-seeking gossips undertook to raise an excitement by stating that he had probably been secretly dealt with and that his body might some time or the other mysteriously come to light; but even this supposition, greatly to their chagrin, was speedily destroyed by sending parties to the town in question, where it was found that James Vaughan was mortal, and not James Vaughan's ghost, had stipulated for a conveyance, and had taken bodily passage to Nacogdoches. This was all that could be gleaned, and all that could be known concerning the man who had been so much talked about; and the rest, being simply conjecture, soon died out a natural death.

Three months more passed away, and Helen Wallace was found to be just as gay and lively as ever,—the only difference to note being that she had no more suitors than before. Among these latter there was soon numbered one, supposed, like Vaughan, to be more of a favorite than the others, and who, at the time of his departure, was not known in the village. This was a young man some five-and-twenty years of age, of a light complexion, prepossessing appearance, and agreeable manners, who had recently come into the place and opened a shop for trade. In a little village he was dignified by the title of a merchant, and was supposed to be well-to-do in the world, if not absolutely wealthy.

Henry Cleveland was a very different personage from his supposed rival, and made himself popular with all classes. He, like all the rest, appeared to be smitten with the charms of the gay Helen; and

this time the interested gossips declared that he ought to be the favorite suitor, and did all in their power to bring about 'the consummation so devoutly to be wished,' and apparently with success, for in a few months the report went abroad that he and Helen were engaged. He had now become as attentive as his absent rival had ever been; and at length Helen herself announced that he was the chosen one, and that a certain day, sometime yet in the future, was fixed upon for the wedding. This was confirmed by her own preparations for the great event, and it was generally believed that the wedding would be a brilliant affair.

Not to dwell upon the matter, we may briefly state that the anxiously looked-for day at length arrived, and was as suspicious of a happy ending as the believers in omens could have wished. It was near the close of summer, and the morning beamed as fair and beautiful as the fair and beautiful bride herself. The residence of Mr. Wallace was decorated for the occasion with evergreens and flowers, and his doors were thrown open to receive the visitors of the bride elect. Many servants were called into requisition, and long tables were spread under arching trees around the dwelling, and laden with substantial and fanciful viands for the enjoyment of the guests. But one of these, more beautifully and elegantly set out than the others, stood a little apart from the rest, and was the table of honor, or the table of the bride and her immediate friends. A little before noon the clergyman appeared; the bride and grooms, with their immediate attendants, took their places; and then, surrounded by a large number of interested spectators, the solemn ceremony was performed which united the happy couple for life. After this, as soon as the many and cordial congratulations were over, the bridal train led the way to the festive board, and all were soon engaged in doing honor to the hospitalities of the provident feast.

In the midst of these festivities, when the wines were beginning to circulate, and toasts were being drunk with smiling faces, and joyousness was pervading the whole assemblage,—at this time, we say, like a dark cloud crossing the bright sunlight, and casting a shade of gloom over all, there suddenly appeared upon the scene the unwelcome person of James Vaughan. Each looked at him in surprise, and then at each other, with a sort of mysterious wonder; and then all who could catch a view of the face of the happy bride perceived that she had suddenly become deadly pale and slightly tremulous, as if through secret fear.

There was no perceptible change, however, in the appearance of the new-comer; his features wore the same stern, cold, forbidding, sinister aspect. With a slight nod of recognition, he passed one after another of the different groups, and advanced directly to the table occupied by the bride, her relatives, and attendants. Mr. Wallace rose, and received him with a sort of constrained politeness,



HELEN WALLACE.

and introduced him to such other of the company as he now beheld for the first time. He bowed to each with the same cold formality which was characteristic of the man; and then advancing to the bride, he extended his hand, and said, 'Permit me to congratulate you! You know it was always my desire to be present at your wedding!'

Her face flushed crimson, and it was observed that she trembled more than ever as she took his hand, and in turn presented him to him who had acquired the title of legal protector. A few civilities were exchanged between the different parties, and Mr. Vaughan was invited to become a guest at the board of honor. Room was made for him on the side of the table opposite the bride, and matters once more resumed their natural course; but not with the same freedom and hilarity as before—all parties seeming to act under deep restraint. If Vaughan noticed this, he appeared not to do so, but now and then exchanged a few civil words with those around him, and altogether conducted himself as one who believed himself a welcome guest.

At length, taking up a bottle of wine, he said, looking directly at the newly-wedded pair, 'Will you permit me to drink a toast with you?'

Receiving a quiet assent, he reached over, filled their glasses, and then his own.

'My sentiment,' he continued, 'is one which I know you will not refuse. Here is happiness through life, and only separation by death!'

The toast was a little singular, and the word death seemed ill-timed. Why should it have been uttered then and there? It was the last word of the sentence—was pronounced distinctly, though without emphasis—but it unpleasantly fixed the mind upon what nobody cared to think about during a wedding feast. Attention was then drawn to all the different parties, and ~~the wine was drunk~~ in a kind of ominous silence, the bride turning a

shade paler than the ruby liquid passed her lips. Her glass, however, and that of her husband, was drained; but it was noticed that the giver of the toast only slightly wet his lips, and, making some atonement for his abstemious habits, set his glass down nearly full.

For a few moments after this, nothing unusual was perceived. Conversation in all quarters was resumed, and it was evident that, in spite of new evidence, the old feeling of animosity was gradually being restored, when suddenly Mr. Wallace started up and called out, in a tone that sent a chill every heart, 'Good Heaven! what is the matter with Helen?' The words brought the attention of all directly upon her, and more than one cry of alarm arose as the different guests sprang up in confusion. The bride was, indeed, deathly pale—her eyes were closed—her beautiful features were working almost convulsively—and she was gradually sinking back in her seat and falling therefrom. Her husband, turning to her in alarm, was in the act of reaching out his arm to

save her, when he himself was suddenly seized in the same terrible manner, and both would have fallen together, had not some of the excited and now terrified spectators rushed forward and caught them.

For a few minutes a scene of the wildest confusion ensued. Young and old came hurrying up from the different tables, and crowding around in horror; and then, in a tremulous, fearful, shuddering whisper, dark words began to float through the collected crowd, and gradually swelled out in one long, loud, wild, chilling, heart-piercing wail:—
'They are poisoned! poisoned! poisoned!'

Then suddenly arose another, a louder and a wilder yell—the out-bursting shriek for vengeance, quick and terrible, upon the inhuman author of the dark deed. But he was gone—James Vaughan was gone; amid the awful excitement and confusion he had suddenly disappeared. Yet he must not escape!—the very earth would groan to hold upon her fair bosom such a monster!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro, indeed! with sounds of joy all changed to shrieks of woe! and sounds of merriment to yells of vengeance! Some ran away in horror—some wrung their hands with irrepressible grief—some hurried to seek medical aid—and others flew to arm themselves, and then follow the author of all this misery.

We need not prolong the tale of woe. Three days later, a solemn funeral procession wound slowly through that mourning village, following that lovely bride and her husband to their last dark and narrow home. But long ere the clods of the valley fell upon their coffins—united in life, and in death not divided—the breeze of the forest swayed to and fro the dangling body of their inhuman murderer, whom summary vengeance had overtaken, and sent to his awful reckoning in the eternal world!

IRISH MISCELLANY

THOMAS O'NEILL . . . PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1869.

STEAM COMMUNICATION BETWEEN IRELAND AND GALWAY.

We have received from Nazro Brothers and Sweeney a pamphlet entitled 'Steam Communication,' showing the social, political, and commercial advantages of direct communication between Europe and America via Galway, Ireland, written by Pliny Miles, Esq. There are 122 pages in this work, divided into 13 chapters, upon the interesting topics involved in this subject, which now engrosses the attention of the whole commercial world. Information, statistics and proofs are given sufficient to show that this long delayed enterprise is fraught with the greatest importance and advantages to the two hemispheres; that the old and new worlds are destined to become closer neighbors, and that an increased demand for the productions of these countries is sure to follow. The passage between the two continents, now ten, eleven, and twelve days, will, ere the close of another year, be reduced to five days, and the commercial interests of England and the United States more than doubly enhanced. The British provinces will be made a link in the undertaking, while Ireland will become known to the world as the gateway of Europe. Her resources will be developed, her water power brought into requisition, and her abundance of labor employed at a higher remuneration. Mr. Miles has, indeed, proven to the interest of both countries the benefit of Galway as the entrepôt of Europe from America. The United States as well as the British Provinces demand it. France acknowledges and accepts it, and the world of progress insists upon it. The author has proven that 'Ireland only lacks steam communication with some foreign nations and colonial possessions to put the business of that country in a far more prosperous condition, and more on an equality with England and Scotland.' But, after the statistical proofs he has adduced of the wrongs done to Ireland, with her acknowledged position and resources, we cannot agree that she only lacks this for her permanent and social prosperity. Nothing save an independent government will make Ireland what she ought to be—what she was destined to be. A domestic government can alone effect that, one like that of 1782, which would unshackle the pinions which bind her wrongs. Nor do we believe with the author, in his dedication, to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, that Her Majesty the Queen has taken any interest in aught that pertains or concerns the happiness of the Irish people. No! it is directly the opposite, and proofs are not wanting to show that Her Majesty's ministers have thrown every obstacle in the way to prevent Ireland's succeeding in making herself known as the great 'half way house' of the nations of Europe and America. The position of Ireland as the all-fitting place for a packet station has been well known to the British government, and what, we would ask, has that government done, save to throw every obstacle in the way of success?

The revolution of 1782 has proven that Ireland's position and her adaptation for commerce, in comparison with England, was well known to English statesmen, as was her ability and surpassing skill in manufactures, for the people of England petitioned to have laws enacted to thwart her woolen trade, and the King complied with the request. Nor are mechanics of Ireland inferior to those of any other country. The foundries of England and Scotland, of course, produce more engineers, because Ireland's workshops and foundries have been suppressed, and those of England and Scotland favored. There has been no avenue left open for Irish

skill or capital, except it was expended in England, and for her credit.

There is no want of coal in Ireland, as the pamphlet would seem to admit. There is an abundance of it, and, when needed for a trans-Atlantic steam company, the government will not be able to suppress the mining of it, as she has hitherto done.

We had intended to have given copious extracts from this excellent work, but the pressure of other interesting matters compel us to be necessarily brief. Nothing but the pamphlet itself can give any idea of the number of reasons adduced in behalf of Galway. Every merchant and trading house, every manufacturing and banking establishment, every house interested in the shipment of cotton or breadstuffs, as well as those importing houses which receive their supplies from Europe, should get the pamphlet, and peruse it, and from it learn the advantages to be deprived by the adoption of the Galway route. The author has given an amount of information that few could bring to the subject, and we trust that the different boards of trade will give the matter the consideration its importance demands. We close by giving the following extract:—

'Government has lately, in one thing, remembered Ireland. In seeking some means of raising an additional revenue, the government has increased the excise duty on distilled spirits in Ireland, equalizing it with England and Scotland. Will not the same government equalize some other matters—ocean mail steamers, for instance? Galway is the happiest chosen of all localities in Europe for a steam packet station for trade and mail service with North America. If it were once established on any scale proportionate to that of other packet stations and steam lines, in Liverpool, Southampton, and some other ports, there would be a large traffic; money would flow into Ireland, people there would have more comforts; they would consume more taxable articles; larger quantities of tea, sugar, coffee, wines, tobacco, American breadcorn, timber, &c., and while the people would rejoice and be made glad, Her Majesty's treasury would be filled. In short, with the comfort, the prosperity, the commerce—steam commerce, of course, included; that is, a packet station, a breakwater, and a fair annual mail subsidy—with all these things, as they are possessed and enjoyed in England, Ireland would be as prosperous as any portion of the United Kingdom.'

A SPEC OF WAR IN EUROPE.

The latest news from Europe, if not exaggerated, and which will be found in another part of this paper, cannot but be regarded as of the greatest importance. The war cloud which has so ominously hung over Ireland of late, has spread itself over the greater portion of Europe, and is liable to break at any moment with a rage and fury known only to Him who ruleth the destinies of nations.

The war spirit of France, ever alive, seems about to be let loose upon Austria. Louis Napoleon is evidently ill at ease. The elements of disaffection within his dominions are, no doubt, numerous, and, in such case, his first and main object is to divert the attention of the French people from internal affairs to the glory attendant upon a foreign war. The sentiments of hostility which have existed of late between the governments of France and Austria are evidently on the increase, if they have not ere this reached a crisis. The significant remarks of the Emperor made at the Tuilleries on New Year's day to the Austrian Ambassador, M. Hubner, were evidently not impromptu, but were well weighed and considered, and conveyed a meaning to the Austrian, by whom they were doubtless well understood. The language used on this occasion created much feeling throughout the capital, and had a most sensible effect upon the Bourse, creating considerable of a fall in the French funds. The cause of difficulty between France and Austria seems to have grown principally out of the Italian question. Napoleon, probably fearing those terrible hand-grenades, or from some other mysterious

cause, wishes to introduce some important reforms in the Papal States, but Francis Joseph opposes this measure with all his might and influence. That the most radical reforms are needed in Italy, there cannot but be one opinion on the subject. Italy, as well as Ireland, is in part governed by treacherous and malignant tyrants.

Though Napoleon is generally regarded as a usurper and tyrant of the first water, still we cannot help thinking that he sympathises in a measure—particularly when it best suits his purposes—with the downtrodden nations of Europe—Italy, Ireland, Hungary and Poland; but if we are mistaken in this surmise, we feel confident in making the assertion that the great French nation, without which five hundred Napoleons would be but as mere ciphers, not only sympathises with, but is now, as ever, ready to aid them in shaking off the shackles of their despotic rulers, and taking their proper rank as free and independent nations.

To aggravate the difficulty between the French and Austrian governments, it appears that Austria is intent upon a military occupation of Servia, to which the Emperor of the French is resolutely opposed, unless it is a joint occupation, with the authority of the Powers to the Treaty of Paris.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The small space which we devote to advertisements, make it incumbent upon us to select those most permanent and pay best, and we can accept none at a rate less than our conditions specify. Advertisers should bear in mind that advertisements inserted in the Miscellany will be read long after they themselves shall have passed away. We have more orders for bound copies now than we can supply.

NEW TEA STORE. It will be seen by an advertisement in another part of this paper that I. Samson has opened a new tea store at number 40 Portland street, corner of Sudbury. Mr. S. also keeps constantly on hand a choice assortment of coffees, sugars, chocolate, &c. We would recommend all lovers of good tea and coffee, and our friends at the north part of the city in particular, to give Mr. Samson a call, where they may rely upon getting good bargains and gentlemanly treatment.

As another number closes our second volume, and we mean to inaugurate a new system, viz., a cash business, it will be necessary for agents and subscribers who owe us to forward the amount of their indebtedness. Yearly subscribers will be governed by this notice especially; white wrappers will indicate our wishes.

It will be seen by an advertisement in another part of this paper that they take their annual account of stock, at Oak Hall on the first of February next, and offer great inducements of men and boys' clothing. We would say to all our friends, who wish to secure bargains, visit Oak Hall.

SIGEBSON & Co., of Milwaukee, are our agents for Wisconsin. All orders from any part of that State, directed to them, will be strictly attended to.

JAMES MCGINN, our enterprising agent for California, is about taking a tour through and canvassing the golden State.

HENRY GILES delivers a lecture on O'Connell before the Young Catholic's Friends Society at the Tremont Temple, Thursday evening, Jan. 27.

JOHN WARREN, our travelling agent, will visit Quincy about the last of this month.

Those in want of books and periodicals would do well by calling on our old and esteemed friend, William Keating, 176 Harrison Avenue.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by
Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

— IN THE —

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

KILLING UNDER SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

In our regiment there was a Captain —, whose name, as an accomplished gentleman, stood deservedly high. Strict moral integrity and sobriety were leading traits in his character. Still he was not one of those so pharisaically rigid but that he would, on an occasion, bend to the wishes of his friends, and make one at a social gathering. Nay, he seemed to consider it a duty to make himself agreeable in any case that did not involve to him a principle. He was ever ready to do all within his power to make the life of the soldiers under his command happy and comfortable. One singular habit, however, he rigidly adhered to, retiring regularly at ten o'clock, no matter what company he might be in; and his messmates being aware of his custom, seldom asked him to deviate from it.

On one occasion that I remember, the officers had a grand party, which was chiefly provided at the expense of some one or more who had forfeited a wager. The mess room was crowded with guests. Many officers from other regiments in the garrison at Dublin were present. Mirth and hilarity were supreme. The joke, the jest, the song, the cup, went merrily round, and all was happiness and gaiety. Ten o'clock, however, arrived, and, as usual, Captain — rose to withdraw, and appealed to their knowledge of his regular habit as an apology for so doing. As we stated before, his manners were most agreeable, and he had a great fund of anecdotes, which made his company desirable; consequently, on this occasion, he was pressed to depart for once from his custom, and remain for at least an hour longer. Among those who most earnestly pressed him to remain was a young lieutenant for whom he entertained a strong feeling of regard. Among other arguments urged to detain him, they reminded him that it was 'Holly Eve,' a night which was generally devoted to fun and frolic.

All the world knows, or ought to know by this time, that the mode of observing this night in the rural districts of England, Ireland and Scotland, is for the young folks to assemble, and, by the burning of lead, peeling of turnips, throwing the worsted ball into the well, and many other foolish tricks, which must all be done in the name of Satan, find out their foolish partners. A farewell is given on this night to growing fruits, apples particularly, which enter largely into the entertainments of the evening.

Our friend, the captain, who never felt right if kept out of bed after ten o'clock, pleaded indisposition as an additional reason, and withdrew, saying that it was better to go to bed than be resorting to the silly and wicked practices of the night.

In about two hours after the captain had retired, his servant, who occupied an adjoining room, was awakened by a hideous shriek. Astonished and alarmed, he hastened to his master's room, when he was appalled by hearing a repetition of the same unearthly shrieks. The servant sent to the mess room, and gave the alarm. All his brother officers, accompanied by the doctor, hastened to the bedside of the captain. He lay without any indications of breathing, apparently quite dead. The doctor was unable to form any opinion upon the case, and there being no signs of returning life, other medical aid was called in, who, deeming the patient to be in a trance, ordered a close watch to be set for the first sign of returning life or any change in his condition.

A watch was accordingly kept up, with a physician

in constant attendance night and day, without any intermission until the evening of the 3d of November. All this time, though the body continued moist and warm, there was no appearance of life. On this evening, the doctors believing that some change must now soon occur, summoned his immediate friends and messmates, who were soon at his bedside. About the hour of midnight they were affrighted at hearing a most awful moan, as of one in deep suffering and distress. This was repeated a second and third time. At length the patient opened his eyes and looked fearfully around him, seemingly to ascertain his whereabouts. His lips having been moistened, he faintly articulated—

'Heaven, earth, or hell, where am I?

'On earth, brother,' answered the doctor, when a faint ejaculation of 'Thank God!' escaped his lips.

The doctor ordered the room to be cleared of all but two attendants, who were to remain in constant watch, and forbade all conversation with the patient.

The captain recovered very slowly, and when he at length returned to duty, he looked like a man who had suffered a long and severe illness. He seemed greatly depressed in spirits, and avoided all allusion or reference to the night he became so singularly entranced.

About a year afterwards, however, the matter was made the topic of conversation among a small circle of his friends, and he being present was, after much persuasion, induced to relate all he knew of the singular affair. Before doing so he enjoined them to secrecy, except in case they should ever be called upon to give evidence in a court of justice in relation to it, that they should then, and only then, relate the whole circumstances which he desired them to bear well in mind.

He then went on to relate that, on quitting the mess room on the night in question, shortly after retiring to his room, an unusual and indescribable feeling crept over him, which agitated his nerves, and, on getting into bed, his spirits became terribly depressed, and this uncomfortable feeling seemed to increase until he unconsciously fell off to sleep. He then dreamed that he was visited by the devil in 'propria persona,' who introduced him into a brilliant party, who were assembled in an elegantly furnished ball room. Among others there was a very handsome, elegant looking lady, to whom the devil particularly wished to introduce him.

The captain declined the invitation, but could not restrain the admiration he felt for her beauty and elegance of deportment, so much so that her features remained indelibly impressed upon his mind. After this he thought that he beheld her arrayed as a bride in gorgeous apparel, looking still more beautiful; but he was astonished on being made to understand that he was to be made the bridegroom. This he declared could not be, as he had no thought or desire of entering into the marriage state.

Upon his refusing he thought that his conductor assumed his own shape and character, and became most abusive and revolting. He then returned to consciousness, and knew that he was in his own bed asleep, when Satan came and demanded his spirit, and in a most awfully painful manner he was taken out of himself, being fully conscious that he was leaving his body behind him in the bed. He took flight into the air, accompanied by his tormentor. He was hurried through the clouds, passing over oceans and continents with the rapidity of lightning. So fleet was the speed with which he travelled through the air that it caused him great agony. At length, in a far off land, he introduced him into a bed-room, and showed him the same woman he had seen in the ball room, now in the act of pledging herself to Satan for the fulfilment of her heart's desire. He then thought that some short time had elapsed, and he was again in his own room, and, on turning to go into bed, there lay the identical woman, as his wife, to whom he thought he had been married some years. He then passed through the same painful process on returning through the air; that, finally, he came to where his body lay, and received permission to re-enter it. This was the most painful operation of all he had undergone. It was the

pain and agony he suffered on quitting and re-entering his body, that caused the terrible shrieks and moans that had so afflicted the listeners.

He concluded his strange narrative by saying that he was not at all credulous, and had never given way to a belief in the marvellous, but that, in this case, he could not help believing that his sufferings were caused by the machinations of some wicked, designing woman co-operating with Satan. He impressed upon his hearers an earnest desire that they should remember well all that he had told them, assuring them that, should ever such a woman cross his path, he would coolly and deliberately take her life.

The character of the captain was so well known to the gentlemen to whom he related his story, that none of them entertained the least doubt but that he had been made the victim of some sorcery or devilry performed by some wicked woman to carry out her lustful desires.

The captain exchanged into another regiment. Eleven years had rolled by since the night on which he had confided the story to his friends, when the English papers announced that Colonel — had arrived from — to take his trial for the murder of his wife under very singular circumstances. Some days prior to the committal of the murder he had been suffering from a strange malady, which singularly affected him both physically and mentally. It appears that during the night he deliberately arose from his bed, and, taking down his sword, plunged it through the body of his sleeping wife, to whom, heretofore, he had exhibited the fondest attachment.

Upon being brought to trial, his counsel pleaded the necessity of delay, in order to procure the evidence of several officers now belonging to different regiments scattered over the face of the globe. Affidavits having been filed to this effect, backed by the prisoner's interest and high moral character, the court readily granted a postponement of the trial.

Every facility in procuring the desired evidence was afforded by the 'Horse Guards'; but one half of the parties sought for were dead. Enough, however, were forthcoming whose evidence was so corroborative of the tale already told that he was acquitted. He retired from the army, and secluded himself in a small village near London, where he lived but a few years, greatly depressed in spirits, and died regretted by all who knew him.

Whatever might have been the opinion of the jury, no person who was well acquainted with the captain ever thought of doubting his sanity. He was sober, regular in his habits, and strictly moral in all his conduct. It was eleven years after the first part of our story happened before the tragical end was enacted, and on the anniversary of 'Holly Eve' too.

He was living in India when the second attack came upon him, attended, as before, with terrific shrieks and moans, remaining a length of time unconscious. He stated that in the second attack he was taken from India to Europe, and all the first night's scenes re-enacted, and, on returning to India, was shown by the tormentor the woman laying along side him in the bed, when he deliberately deprived her of life, as he had vowed to do, considering and believing that she was the primary cause of all the suffering and agony he had endured.

Reader, you have a true narrative of facts. What think you? Was it not killing under singular circumstances?

ROTSCHILD was guilty of the best 'bon mot' on the Lesseps subscription he ever uttered. 'I wait,' said he to a friend, 'to see what the Swiss bankers will do in this affair. If ever you see a Swiss banker jump out of a window, never stop to pull him back, but jump out after him, and you may be sure there is fifty per cent. to be made by the measure.'

[Written for the Miscellany.]

PRESENT, PAST AND FUTURE.

BY WILLIAM H. DONOHO.

'Tis the last hour of the year,
And in solemn commune here,
In the balance what may Justice strict accord?
Have I triumphed nobly gained?
Have I yet one road attained
On the ladder of the angels to the Lord?

The talent He hath lent,
Have I foolishly mispent?
Is it buried, or at usury, or flown?
Am I wiser, better now?
Am I reaping for my brow
Tears or thorns—or what have I sown?

Has the Past no ghost, Regret,
Unproportioned yet?
No wrong, or sin, complacent I regard?
Is there Gilead for its harm?
Are there charities to warm?
And vipers from my bosom to discard?

The Future—here or hence—
Will bring its recompense:
Have mercy, Lord, as tremblingly we sue;
When the vain fight is fought,
And Death's pale captive brought—
FATHER, forgive! we know not what we do!

Washington city, Dec. 31.

[Correspondence of the Miscellany.]

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 17.

Mr. Editor—On Sunday, 2d inst., a mission was opened in St. Mary's church, in this city, by the following gentlemen: Rev. Messrs. Hecker, Hewit, Baker and Deshon, missionaries of St. Paul the Apostle, all of whom are converts to the Catholic church. Members of other congregations were not allowed to participate in the mission in this church; yet at the morning and evening services the church was filled to its utmost extent, and the piety, zeal and eloquence of these holy fathers brought many negligent Catholics to the discharge of their duties, and many converts were made to our holy religion.

My heart has been filled with gladness at beholding the great good accomplished by these good fathers. The success of their labors has astonished every Catholic and Protestant in New Haven. Large numbers, especially of young people, who had, I might say, entirely neglected the sacraments for years—many all their lives—received the sacraments of penance and holy communion with great fervor; many, also, who had been alienated by mixed marriages and other causes, had their hearts warmed to the church, and acknowledged it to be theirs, under the inspiring words of these 'men of God.' The spirit of the Lord hath sent them to preach the gospel to the poor, and heal the contrite of heart. All the sweet and captivating influences of Catholicity were used to attract the people, to excite their devotion, to elevate and purify their souls. Day after day, for fourteen days, have we witnessed the indefatigable exertions of these pious missionaries and the good pastor, Rev. E. J. O'Brien, who joined in the holy work.

Never have the deep religious feelings of the Catholics of New Haven been more extensively excited; never has their love for the Immaculate Virgin, and their childlike simplicity and faith been more fully displayed than during this mission. The following were the order of exercises:—Mass at five o'clock, A. M., followed by instruction on the commandments by one of the fathers; evening service at half-past seven, comprising instruction on one of the fifteen mysteries connected with the life of our Blessed Lord; the Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, followed by a sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; instruction at ten o'clock, A. M., and at three o'clock for the children belonging to St. Mary's church. The proceedings closed on Friday evening, the 14th inst., by the interesting and soul-stirring ceremony of the renewal of baptismal vows. Oh! that is a scene which those persons who had the good fortune to be present will never forget. The sight of these holy men, with our good pastor, their hands raised aloft, ready with

the congregation to renew, in presence of the sacred font of baptism, those vows made by our sponsors many years ago. It was to me one of the most solemn scenes I have ever witnessed. The Pontifical Benediction was given by the Rev. Father Hewit. The Manifold was sung by the choir, the congregation standing. Who is there that does not feel affected on hearing this beautiful canticle, words spoken 1900 years ago by an humble maid of Galilee, of the royal house of David, in the mountains of Judea, and are still used by our holy mother, the church, on all great occasions, to show the love she has for Almighty God and his blessed mother, to glorify God in his saints.

Then came the final farewell of the missionaries, which left every one bathed in tears. I have never witnessed such an affecting scene.

I cannot close this epistle—I am afraid already too long—without saying something about the good pastor of St. Mary's. That he has labored with indefatigable zeal no one can deny. He has left no stone unturned, as it were, to secure to himself and his congregation the blessings of Heaven. We can never feel too grateful to him for the interest he takes in our temporal and spiritual welfare. He means that we must be, 'if anywhere,' on the right hand of God.

No doubt but you, Mr. Editor, and your readers, will be glad to hear how Almighty God has vouchsafed to bless this the first mission in New Haven. May God in his mercy preserve their lives for many years to come, is the prayer of your humble servant,

J. S.

LOWELL, Jan. 15, 1858.

Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

Wednesday evening, Jan. 5, was a pleasant occasion for some forty young men of this city. The association known as the Mathew Institute had ceased to exist, and the members immediately formed a new society, under the name of the Davis Institute, in honor of the poet-patriot of Ireland, Thomas Davis. The old society was cramped on account of its temperance clause, and the new one is intended to be more extensive in its literary labors. But believing temperance a virtue, they will in the main adhere to its principles. The property of the old society reverts to the new one. The officers elected are as follows:—President, T. A. Crowley; Vice-President, Thomas Claffey; Clerk, K. F. Anderson; Collector, Thomas Costello, Jr.; Treasurer, James Merren; Librarian, James Duffy; Corresponding Secretary, J. E. Fitzgerald; Trustees, Frank McAnulty, Martin Bowers, James Barry, P. H. Fallon, Francis Haviland.

After the election of officers, the Institute and friends proceeded to Richardson's saloon, where they sat down to an excellent supper. When the 'good things' were disposed of, the President made a few remarks, and was followed by others of the society. There was also some good singing. The company dispersed at twelve, with good hopes and bright prospects for the Davis Institute.

GERALDINE.

[From the Morning Star.]

IRELAND AND AMERICA.

If anybody will take a map of the world, and will draw a straight line between Galway on this side of the Atlantic and St. John's in Newfoundland on the other, or New York in the United States on the other, he will understand what is meant by the Lever line of communication between Great Britain and America. Then, as this Lever line sets itself up as better than the Liverpool line, the inquirer need only do the same between Liverpool and St. John's or New York, and his eye will be able to detect that the one route is certainly shorter than the other; and, being shorter, as far as travelling over the sea is concerned, it must be the speediest and the safest. In fact, one of the steamers that left St. John's got to Galway within five days and sixteen and a half hours, and we are informed that better steamers would do it even more quickly. Well, to those who do not like sea sickness, if there were no other consideration, it must be consolatory to know

that, in sailing between this country and America, the sickness cannot last so many as six days. Even the conscientious upholder of the fourth commandment who refuses to travel on a Sunday must regard it as a blessing if he can start from Galway on Monday morning, and be assured that he will be on shore in Newfoundland by Saturday night. But there are certainly other considerations of greater importance than these, such as getting our news quicker, having our letters earlier delivered, and seeing our friends sooner, if they came by Galway rather than Liverpool. The distance between Liverpool and New York is 2,731 miles; between Galway and New York, 3,100 miles—difference, 369 miles. From Galway to Boston is 2,520 miles; from Liverpool to Boston, 2,889—difference also 369 miles. St. John's from Galway is 1,661 miles; from Liverpool, 2,030—difference, the same. Mr. Lever, in addition, proposes a new route to Quebec, by Belle Isle, which would be 2,392 miles, whereas the Belle Isle route between Liverpool and Quebec is 2,786 miles—the one being shorter than the other by 394 miles. The only drawback would be, that Galway is not so conveniently situated for other parts of the country as Liverpool is, but for the whole of Ireland itself there cannot be two opinions that the Lever line is by far the best—not only the best because the most convenient for every Irish family that holds communication with America but decidedly the best because it would give an immense stimulus to the trade, the industry, and the commerce of that impoverished part of the United Kingdom. Galway would become the rival of Liverpool. The Irish people would have their goods and passenger traffic greatly increased. And the Irish people would have, undoubtedly, much more to do; for if the packet and postal communication is fairly established between Galway and North America, it cannot be doubted that some of our own towns would take advantage of it, as well as those continental countries that have commercial relations with the United States. So much needed, has this been foreseen, that for many years a Galway line has been suggested, and Mr. Ennis, M. P., told the meeting held in Dublin last week that he and his colleagues of the Midland Great Western Railway, looking at the mighty advantages which the port of Galway opened to Ireland, determined, in 1851, to try the experiment of opening a line. But that experiment was unsuccessful. However, Mr. John Orrell Lever, an enterprising English merchant, turned his attention to the subject at a later period, and commenced running a line of steamers from Galway to New York. The more routes between this and America the better. We want the goods and passengers, letters and parcels, conveyed between the old and new worlds at the cheapest possible cost, at a cost which can only be the consequence of a healthy and vigorous competition between Galway and Liverpool, or between any other towns that lie on the western coasts of the United Kingdom.

WE forgot to state the price of the book entitled 'The Bible against Protestantism and for Catholicity,' noticed in our last, is fifty cents. Mr. Sweeney, the publisher, will send two copies of the book, postage paid, to any part of the United States on receipt of one dollar, which may be directed thus:—Thomas Sweeney, 539 Washington street, Boston, Mass.' Our contemporary, the Pilot, thus notices the work:—

'This book of the venerated Bishop Shiels is too well known to need any new commendation at our hands. It is a remarkably able demonstration of the scriptural arguments for the Catholic church, its faith and practice. Those of our readers who may be brought much in contact with Protestants will find in it a good answer to the objections and misrepresentations with which they are wont to be assailed. Its clear and straightforward style is by no means its only recommendation. A valuable appendix is added to the original work, 'proving that the reformed churches are destitute of any lawful ministry.' The work appears to be edited with considerable learning and care.'

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We have not received our regular Irish exchanges this week, but in their absence lay before our readers the following highly important news:—

FRANCE.

The usual levee was held at the Tuilleries on New Year's day. The diplomatic corps and all the great functionaries were in attendance, and during the presentation an event occurred which occasioned quite a panic on the Paris Bourse, and a heavy fall in the funds at London and elsewhere. The Paris correspondent of the London Times, writing on the evening of the 1st inst., says: 'I have just heard that during the levee to-day, the Emperor told the Austrian Minister, Hubner, that he regretted their relations were so bad, but that his personal sentiments for the Emperor of Austria were the same as ever. I may add that a rumor circulates—but for the truth of which I do not vouch—that Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War, went up subsequently to Hubner, and said to him, 'I suppose I must not give you my hand after that.''

The same correspondent, writing on the following day, says: 'The few words addressed by the Emperor to M. Hubner, the Austrian Minister, during the reception of yesterday, and which I communicated in a postscript, are, I find, truly correct. They were spoken with a more emphatic tone of voice and animated gesture than the Emperor generally employs, and reminded some of the listeners of a scene between the First Consul and the British Ambassador of that day, previous to the rupture of the treaty of Amiens. They are commented upon in various ways in all circles where politics are the topic, and I learn that in the higher financial regions where they are known, they have produced an effect which it is difficult to exaggerate. I will not indulge in speculation as to what they portend. It is well known that the Emperor keeps the greatest guard over himself, and never allows an unguarded expression to reveal his real thoughts, but it is certain that on this occasion he betrayed an excitement which could not pass unnoticed by a diplomatic corps. If the Bourse were open to-day I have no doubt that the effect would be severely felt. I think it right to add a few words of explanation of so unusual an occurrence. For the last two or three months negotiations have been going on between Austria and France on the subject of Italy. The Emperor expresses himself very anxious that reforms should be introduced there, and particularly in the Roman states. The Austrian government has been urged to use its influence with the Pope and the King of Naples for that purpose, and the Emperor Napoleon has, I am assured, agreed to the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome on condition that the Austrians should also evacuate the places they hold. On both these points the greatest opposition is met from Austria, though it is a fact beyond dispute that the Italians are more discontented than ever with their rulers; more inflamed than ever with their hatred against Austria, who no merits of her representatives or generals will ever mitigate, and as ready as ever to rise against those they look upon as their tyrants. Whatever be the real motives of the Emperor Napoleon, whether he finds that the continued occupation of Rome exposes him to odium on the part of the Italians, or from whatever other views, he is fully aware of this exasperated feeling, and of the consequences which may follow, and which, perhaps, he would wish to prevent. In the midst of all this comes the Serbian complication, and the probabilities of an Austrian occupation there also. This, it appears, the Emperor Napoleon most decidedly sets his face against. He will listen to no occupation except a joint one of Servia, and under the authority of the powers who signed the treaty of Paris. We have every day new accounts of the effervescence that prevails in Italy, and the sympathy which Sardinia shows to the discontent, as well as what is passing in Servia. All this has produced its effect on the Emperor's mind, and thus, notwithstanding his habitual reserve, he could not but show it yesterday when the representative of Austria stood before him. This, I think, you will find pretty nearly the

true state of the case. The feeling against Austria is very bitter, and I cannot say it is undeserved. Whether it will go to the length which all seem to apprehend I cannot say.'

The French government have allowed the Italians to invoke its assistance. Austria does not recognize France as an Italian power, and sees with dislike the French occupation of Rome. Hence the present bad feeling between them.

Mr. Hubner, it appears, was not the only member of the diplomatic body who was snubbed at the imperial levee at the Tuilleries. It is said the Papal Nuncio left the levee disconcerted at the coldness of the reception he met with from the Emperor, a fact which harmonizes with the reports that His Imperial Majesty has been baffled and opposed in his Italian policy by Austria and the Pope, and that the latter has become the obedient friend of Francis Joseph. Napoleon is evidently angry, and either cannot or does not choose to conceal his mortification.

The Paris Patrie, alluding to the report on the Bourse, to the effect that dissensions exist between France and Austria, says: 'We are authorized to state that no new circumstance justifies the rumor in question.'

The Paris Constitutionnel of the 4th contains textually the words the Emperor addressed to Mr. Hubner on the 1st. The Emperor said: 'I regret that our relations with your government are not so good as they were, but I request you to tell the Emperor that my personal feelings for him have not changed.'

It is stated that dispatches had been received from Algeria, positively announcing that the tribes in the mountains were still in full insurrection. Though no fears were expressed for the safety of the colony, reinforcements were demanded in order to resume the offensive.

Prince Napoleon had appointed a commission to report on the expediency of establishing a service of French steamboats between Suz, the island of reunion, Chica, Cochinchina and Japan.

The Moniteur publishes a series of decrees, making numerous promotions and nominations in the army and magistracy.

The Paris flour market had been heavy and lower, and the tendency at the close was downward. Wheat was easy, but without material change in rates. The market had a declining tendency. A large business had been done in brandies at firm prices, but without any advance in the Paris markets. There had been a rise in the price of both wines and spirits at Marseilles.

A further decline took place on the Paris Bourse on the 4th, the Three Per Cents closing at 74.10 for money, and 71.80 for account.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The annual return of the British navy, at the 1st of January, shows that it consists of 623 vessels of every description, exclusive of 167 gun boats. The number of vessels in commission and doing duty in all parts of the globe is 176. There are also eleven line-of-battle screw steamers, of from 80 to 131 guns each in course of construction, together with 15 other screw steamers in various stages of progress. The navy is pronounced in a most efficient state, both as regards the number of vessels and the manner in which they are equipped.

The number of emigrants who left Liverpool during 1858 was 70,466, a decrease of 71,456 as compared with the year preceding. Of these emigrants nearly 41,000 were bound for the United States.

The London Times, in an editorial upon the recent correspondence which has been published in regard to the affairs of Central America, the steamer Washington, &c., thinks that the American government and its officers are pushing matters very far indeed, and by no means responding to the frank and friendly manner in which the practice of visitation and search was entirely surrendered by the British government, and says that 'it really

seems to come to this—that no English naval officer can go on board an American ship, however conciliatory his conduct, however unassuming his demeanor, however unwilling or unable he may be to apply compulsion, without giving to the United States a 'casus belli' against this country.'

A staircase in the Polytechnic Institution, London, gave way, when a large number of persons were upon it. About fifty people were more or less injured, one child was killed. Had the accident occurred a minute or two earlier, the consequences must have been far more serious.

In the city article of the Times, attention is directed to American policy in regard to Mexico, as also to the effects of France and Spain to obtain redress for injuries sustained, while the British government is censured for its total apathy in the matter.

All the members of the cabinet had been summoned to London, for the purpose of attending a council, at which the time for the meeting of parliament will be fixed, and various matters of moment discussed.

The Morning Post announces the death of the Earl of Aylesford.

The Herald says that two or three suspensions for small amounts were announced yesterday, but none of them were of sufficient magnitude to create anxiety. Those in the shipping interest were extremely insignificant.

The Times in a leading article alludes to the continental excitement respecting the Italian question, which it says, has reached a crisis. Unless efficacious means of prevention be adopted, a collision will some day take place between Sardinia and Austria.

The Court Journal says it has good reason to believe that the Emperor Alexander will visit Queen Victoria during the month of May.

SPAIN.

The semi-official Correspondencia Autografa states that the Spanish government has been informed officially that complete satisfaction will be granted to Spain for the exactions of which the Spaniards had been the victims at Tampico, in conformity with the demands of the authorities of Cuba.

A Madrid dispatch of the 1st inst., to the Times says:—The Ministry declare that Spain will never sell Cuba, and protest against the insulting hypothesis to the contrary implied in the American President's Message. Olozoga has brought forward a motion supporting the Ministerial declaration, which is unanimously approved.'

The Spanish government is said to have addressed the Cabinets of England and France on the subject of Mr. Buchanan's remarks in regard to Cuba.

The Madrid Gazette announces especially that full satisfaction has been given to Spain for exactions at Tampico.

ITALY.

The state of public feeling in Austrian Italy continued very unsatisfactory, and the army in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom had been reinforced by four regiments, and all the men who were on leave of absence had returned to their posts.

Telegraphic communication by the submarine wire between Cagliari and Malta continued suspended. The cable was being under run.

The King of Naples had, in the most decided manner, refused to grant the application of Russia for a coaling station in his dominions.

The Globe's correspondent says that the news from every part of Italy is pregnant with alarm.

AUSTRIA.

MORE CONSPIRACIES.—Rumors were current in Vienna of the discovery of a formidable conspiracy in Cracow. Numerous arrests had been made, and some of the prisoners are said to be Russians. One

of the reports states that the fortress of Cracow was to have been surrendered to the Russians. There is believed to have been considerable exaggeration in the reports.

A Vienna telegraphic dispatch of the 3d says:— 'The report that Austria is likely to send troops to the fortress of Belgrade has caused a panic here; but you may be sure she will not do so, unless with the consent of the other parties to the treaty of Paris.'

SERVIA.

The latest news from Servia is that the Skouptchina was about to send a deputation to Constantinople to request the Sultan to confirm the election of Prince Milosch. Russian influences and Russian gold are said to have brought about the deposition of Prince Alexander and the election of Milosch.

Order had been restored in Belgrade.

The guns of the Turkish fortress at Belgrade were double shotted, and on the opposite bank of the river Austrian artillery and 8,000 French troops were in readiness to act if a chance offered.

According to official dispatches there are 100,000 armed men determined to oppose Turkish rule in Servia. Somewhat urgent requests had reached Constantinople for reinforcements. The Porte has augmented the Ottoman forces in Candia by 5000 men. The agitation amongst the Christian population is increasing throughout the Turkish empire.

According to a letter from Constantinople in the French Journal of Frankfort, the situation of Omar Pasha at Bagdad has become somewhat critical, a general rising of Arabs having taken place, and he being surrounded by them in his camp at a day's march from the town. He had, it is added, been obliged to send one of his officers to Constantinople to demand reinforcements.

INDIA.

The Bombay mail of December 9 arrived at Suez on the 21st, and the news is thus telegraphed:—

On the 24th November, a force commanded by Lord Clyde in person, having marched 61 miles in 60 hours, completely defeated Banie Madhoo, Sing, and a large army of rebels at Dundeca Kara, nearly opposite Tuttehpore. The enemy was driven out of the dense jungle, and afterwards chased four miles by guns and cavalry. Their loss was enormous. Many were drowned in the Ganges. Banie Madhoo escaped down the river Pomroa, and Sing fled toward the Cawnpore road. The rabble threw away their arms and fled to the steep ravines. Banie Madhoo is said to have reached Doolamow Ghat on the Ganges.

On the 28th of November, the commander-in-chief arrived at Lucknow. The health of the British troops was said to be excellent.

On the 21st of November, General Grant re-crossed the Goomtee. The rebels in considerable numbers disputed the passage, but were forced to fly with great loss. Six of their guns were taken.

Tantia Toppee continued to avoid the ingenuity of his pursuers, and is said to have entered Gzerat.

Gen. John Jacob, who played an important part during the war, died from a severe attack of brain fever.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—The steamship Europa, from Liverpool Jan. 8th, arrived at her dock at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

The Europa left Liverpool on the 8th at 11 1-2. No steamer from this side arrived out since departure from Liverpool of Niagara. Ship Resolute from New York arrived at Liverpool on the 8th.

The disquietude caused by Napoleon's menace to the Austrian Minister, continued.

The panic continued on the Paris Bourse, the decline at one time being 2 1-2 per cent, since New Year's.

On the 7th, the *Moniteur* published the following paragraph:—

'For several days public opinion has been agitated by alarming reports, which it is the duty of government to put a stop to, by declaring that nothing in diplomatic relations authorises the fears which those reports tend to provoke.'

This caused a slight improvement in the funds in Paris and London, but it was only temporary, and all improvement was subsequently lost.

It is reported that France has sent a very threatening note to Austria, warning her of the consequence of Austrian troops crossing the Servian frontier.

Accounts from Italy continue very alarming. Austria is sending strong reinforcements to Lombardy, where her garrisons are on a war footing. An outbreak was anticipated at Milan. It was rumored, but not confirmed, that the city was in a state of siege. Great agitations likewise existed at Cremona, Modena and elsewhere.

A strife is reported to have taken place between Austria and Hungarian soldiers at Cremona.

Further details of the debate in the Spanish Chambers on Buchanan's Message, show that O'Donnell expressed great surprise at the proposition in regard to Cuba, and declared the government disposed to demand due satisfaction for such an insult. He declared, emphatically, that Spain would never cede any of her territory.

Austria has abandoned the project of concentrating an imposing force on the Servian frontier. Great depression prevailed in Vienna.

The object of the conspiracy at Cracow was to recover the independence of the republic.

It is rumored, but not credited, that Russia had succeeded in negotiating a loan of several millions sterling with Rothschild's, London.

LATEST.

LONDON, Saturday.—The Times intimates the Emperor's speech to the Austrian Minister was made with the view of learning how the great powers will receive the project of French interference in Italy, and says the result has happily been a decisive and great failure, owing to the increasing suspicion with which his policy is regarded. The attempt of the *Moniteur* to soothe the excitement has but partially succeeded.

English funds opened yesterday at a recovery of 1-2 per cent., but closed with a falling tendency. Paris Bourse fell yesterday 3-8.

AUSTRIA.—The official correspondence of Vienna announces that reinforcement will go from that city to the army in the Lombard Venetian Kingdom. It is expressly said that the troops are sent for the protection of the peaceful inhabitants of the kingdom against the revolutionary party. The Vienna Gazette states that the project of concentrating an imposing force on the frontier of Servia, and the execution of which had been commenced, has been countermanded. Great depression prevailed at Vienna. The object of the conspiracy lately discovered at Cracow was to recover the independence of the republic. The Emperor Napoleon's observations to the Austrian minister were known at Vienna on the 3d, and had created a sensation on the Bourse. The Journal de Frankfort, an Austrian semi-official journal, says that Austria is at present strong enough in Italy to meet any eventuality, and boasts that all Germany and Prussia at its head is backing her.

VIENNA, FRIDAY 7TH.—The third corps d'armee of the Imperial army, amounting to 30,000 men, has left for Italy. It is estimated that the Austrians can now muster 100,000 men within two or three days in the limits of the Italian dominions.

ITALY.—The continental journals and correspondents continue to give alarming details of the state of affairs in Italy. A rumor had been current in Paris that Milan was in a state of siege, but it lacked confirmation. The Paris Patrie publishes a letter from Milan, dated the 1st inst., which, it observes, contains a statement so serious and strange

that it publishes it with reserve. It is to the effect that some bodies of the people passing by the barracks, crying 'Viva l'Italia,' were responded to by the soldiers in the barracks, with a similar cry. The civil and military authorities at Milan were treated with contumely, and the latter were of opinion that there would be an outbreak. The garrison of Pavia having been augmented by 700 men and 4 guns, it was stated that the university would soon be reopened. It was expected that, on the return of the students, collisions would very likely take place. Every precaution was being taken, and Pavia was almost in a state of siege. The Nord publishes a telegram from Genoa, stating that the agitation was increasing there, and that a report continued to be circulated that Garibaldi was about to organize a corps of volunteers, or was preparing to play some very active part. The Austrian garrisons in Lombardy were already on a war footing. Warlike preparations brisk at Cremona. Modena was in a fearful state of alarm.

LATEST.—A Paris telegram, dated the evening of the 7th, says it was asserted that a scuffle had taken place between the Hungarian regiments forming the garrison of Cremona, the Hungarians shouting 'Vive Italia.' The Turin correspondent of the London Times says it is quite evident that the Sardinian government desires war, and is confident that war is at hand. The Sardinian Chambers were to open Jan. 10th, and the speech of the King was anxiously looked for.

A REVOLUTION IN HAYTI.

Captain Higgins, of the schooner North Wind, which arrived at this port last week, reports that when he left Gonaives, St. Domingo, Jan. 1st, a revolution had been successfully consummated by the Republicans under Gen. Geffard, (one of Souloque's General's) against the Haytien government. On the 22d of Dec. last, Geffard entered the city of Gonaives with only four men, and the citizens joined him, and proclaimed him President of Hayti. Aux Cayes, Jacmel, and all the Southern part of Hayti, have declared in favor of Geffard and the new republic.

On the night of the 1st of January, the schooner, on passing St. Marks, saw the place in flames in about fifty places. In St. Marks the citizens were somewhat divided, but in others there was no opposition to the Jeffards party. It is supposed that the republicans had entered St. Marks and burned the place. It was strongly forfeited and was the Gibraltar of the Island.

Business had been entirely suspended in all the ports in the Southern portion of the island.

The present leader of the republican forces, General Fabre Geffard, was formerly Governor of Jacmel, a town of Hayti. Eluding the watchful jealousy of Souloque, he escaped in an open boat with three or four followers from Port au Prince, the Sable Emperor's capital, and proceeded to Gonaives, where he was received with open arms. The governor of the place was forced by the inhabitants to abdicate, and a committee of citizens was at once formed, who issued decrees re-establishing the republic, and convening the National Legislature, before whom General Souloque (the Emperor) is cited to appear.

The Traveller publishes the following extract from a letter received in this city from Gonaives, Dec. 31: 'Business is perfectly stopped on account of the revolution which took place on our island on the 22d inst. On that day, Gen. F. Geffard entered our town with only three or four followers, and the town immediately surrendered to him. From here he marched to St. Marks, and now he is busily preparing for his march on Port au Prince. All the cities of the north have surrendered. We have no doubt that he will succeed, as he has been proclaimed resident of Hayti all over the northern portion of the island, and the inhabitants seemed quite pleased with him. All communication with Port au Prince, by sea or land, is stopped.'

ANNE J. WALTON IRWIN.

The arrest of this young girl, resident in Fethard, upon the felonious charge of concealing and writing certain treasonable letters, caused no small share of excitement not only in the neighborhood where she lived, but also in this locality. The stranger rumors were afloat as to the nature of the evidence which was tendered in the sworn informations taken at the lengthened private investigations before the Hon. Martin J. French, R. M., Messrs. J. Millet, Thomas B. Barton, and Richard Pennefather, and suspicion was aroused that there might be some party behind the scenes who endeavored to effect a secret object through the medium of the youthful prisoner. The magistrates took every pains in attempting to unravel the mystery which surrounded the case, and obscured the latent object of those treasonable productions, and all the evidence which they could glean as to the authorship of the letters, and other circumstances connected with the affair, was submitted to the government. The justices awaited further instructions. In the immediate neighborhood where the girl was known, she was always regarded as a person most unlikely, from family associations, to pen the seditious language which the letters contained, and her remand to the jail of Clonmel for re-examination, on Monday last, in Fethard, created much surprise. It appears that she was the party who, after receiving the first of the treasonable letters, addressed to herself, gave the information which soon found its way to head constable McMahon, and which was immediately followed by the arrest of the girl on suspicion of posting the second illegal letter, also addressed to herself, and with being the writer of both. On Monday the prisoner was sent from the county jail to Fethard, under the charge of constable Prendergast and a sub-constable, and at the police barracks the magistrates already mentioned attended with sub-inspector Monahan, Mullinabone. The investigation being a private one, our reporter was not admitted, nor was the solicitor for the prisoner, Matthew Langley, Esq., until, after the lapse of two hours, it was announced that the justices had decided upon allowing her to stand out upon her own recognizances in £10 to appear when called upon. We believe that the magistrates adopted this course in consequence of not receiving instructions from the government to prosecute. A few antecedent facts which we have gleaned may serve to throw some light upon this extraordinary case. The young woman Irwin, alias Walton, lived on the Green at Fethard, with her aunt and her grandfather, an old grey-headed man, a pensioner from the constabulary, and who seemed distracted with grief at the removal in custody, on so serious a charge, of his favorite grandchild. She was brought up a Protestant, as were also all the members of her family, and was a constant attendant at the Sunday school, where she was always greatly liked. Of late the child had contracted the idea of tracing the family history, and seemed bent upon following up this genealogical research. This seemed to render her somewhat peculiar in her habits, and while laboring under this—what perhaps might be termed monomania—she became attached to a sergeant—now serving with his regiment in India—whose release from military life she endeavored to effect by some means or other. Some months since she told a respectable party in Fethard that by the possession of a million of cancelled postage stamps she would attain the object she had in view, and accordingly she commenced to collect them, in the idle hope of thus effecting his return to Fethard. At another time she waited upon a boy named Larkin, assistant to the postmaster in that town, Mr. Frederick Sayers, and requested him to address some envelopes to Her Majesty the Queen, which he thought well to decline doing, and in a few days afterwards he was surprised at receiving a letter, in

which he recognized the hand writing of the girl, Walton Irwin, addressed on the outside to 'Sir Jeremiah Larkin,' but at the foot to 'Sir Henry Cole.' This letter was received by the clerk at the post office about two months ago, and was written in the following very incoherent and mysterious manner, and in terms nearly as follows:—'Why don't you send me the warrant signed by Her Majesty. If you should delay it I shall lose 'cees' for it as well as Annandale, and oh, then, what shall become of me? It is enough to set me mad. Others are enjoying my lawful rights. Will Lord Henry be in London on ——— date? Send me Her Majesty's address without delay. I will exalt the Crescent and the Cross. My executors will arrive in London soon.—ANNE JANE WALTON IRWIN. To Sir Henry Cole.' Upon reading this letter, he enclosed it back to the girl, who, it is stated, acknowledged it had been sent to him through mistake, and that it was written by herself. Upon being closely questioned by her solicitor, Mr. Langley, on Monday, at the police office, Irwin positively and repeatedly denied any knowledge of the party who either wrote or posted the treasonable documents which had been sent forward to the government; and as the informations have been kept by the authorities strictly private, there is no means of our accurately ascertaining how far the evidence submitted at the investigation goes towards connecting the accused with the serious offence with which she has been charged. If the seditious productions have emanated from her, as alleged, what could have been her object, and why did she at once, on receiving the first of them, proceed to publicly disclose the fact of such a letter being addressed to her? Again, if her statement be true, the authorities have yet to discover from whom they have proceeded. Of this there is no doubt, that her conduct since her arrest has been such as to lead to the belief that she was unmindful of the position in which she stood charged with so serious a felony. Altogether, this case is indeed a very strange one.—[Clonmel Chronicle.]

An old soldier vouches for the truth of the following:—

At Cambridge, Gen. Washington had heard that the colored soldiers were not to be depended upon for sentries. So one night, when the password was 'Cambridge,' he went outside the camp, put on an overcoat, and then approached a colored sentinel.

'Who goes there?' cried the sentinel.

'A friend,' replied Washington.

'Friend, advance unarmed and give the counter-sign,' said the colored man.

'Washington came up and said, 'Roxbury.'

'No, sar,' was the response.

'Medford,' said Washington.

'No, sar,' returned the colored soldier.

'Charlestown,' said Washington.

The colored man immediately exclaimed, 'I tell you, Massa Washington, no man go by here 'out he say Cambridge.'

Washington said 'Cambridge,' and went by; and the next day the colored gentleman was relieved of all further necessity for attending to that particular branch of military duty.

ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY NEXT we shall take our annual account of stock. We have now on hand a large assortment of men's and boys' clothing, furnishing goods, &c., &c., in variety of fabric and style to suit the taste and means of all. We wish to reduce our stock, and shall accordingly, during the present month, offer such inducements as will insure a favorable response from our patrons, who will find this a rare opportunity to secure bargains.

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32 and 34 North street.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

HANS IN THE ASCENDANT.—A few evenings ago a party of 'Young Americans' were standing in front of an ancient-looking saddler's shop, kept by one Hans, a Dutchman. Mischief reigned supreme among their number, and thinking to have some sport with our German friend, one of them opened the door, and thus addressed him:—

'I say, Germany, hev yer got any saddles for dogs?'

Now, Young America, no doubt, expected Hans to land a stick of wood in the immediate vicinity of the door, but no! Looking up from his work quite composedly, he replied:—

'Yaw, come in, unt try von on!'

Young America sloped.

'Who made you?' inquired a lady teacher of a lubberly boy who had lately joined the class.

'I don't know,' said he.

'Don't know? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a boy of fourteen years old. There is little Dickey Filton, he is only three, he can tell, I dare say; come here, Dickey—who made you?'

'God,' lisped the infant prodigy.

'There,' said the teacher, triumphantly, 'I knew he would remember.'

'Well, he oughter,' said the stupid boy, 'taint but a little while ago since he was made.'

WE are postage stamps like lazy school boys? Because you have to lick their backs to make them stick to their letters.

'How we printers lie!' as our devil said the other morning when he got up too late for his breakfast.

'Business before pleasure,' as the man said when he kissed his wife before going out to kiss his neighbor's.

'Scatter the gems of the beautiful,' as the poet said when he kicked his wife and children out of doors.

A wag says he doesn't care a 'fig' whether they get any 'currents' through the Atlantic cable or not, but he would like a few fresh 'dates.'

'HERE,' said a dandy to an Irish laborer, 'come and tell me the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to a whiskey punch.' 'An' by me sowl,' replied the Hibernian, quickly, 'yer honor is a gentleman.'

With four metallic qualifications, a man may be pretty sure of worldly success—they are, gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart.

A man the other day declared he had eaten so much veal in his time that he was ashamed to look a calf in the face! We suppose he never made use of a looking-glass!

A Western paper contains the following advertisement:—

'Wants a situation, a practical printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a professorship in any of the academies. He has no objection to teach ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry and many other sciences. Is particularly suited to a small evangelical church, or as a local preacher. He would have no objection to form a small but select class of interesting young ladies, to instruct in the higher branches. To a dentist or chiropodist he would be invaluable, as he can do almost anything. Would board with a family, if decidedly pious. For further particulars inquire of Colonel Buffalo, at Brown's Saloon.'

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Continue to sell Certificates of Passage to those sending for their friends in Great Britain at reduced prices.
Sight Bills of Exchange for £1 and upwards, bought and sold. Apply to

THAYER & WARREN,

99 STATE ST., OR 413 COMMERCIAL ST.

No connection with any other line.
All letters must enclose a stamp for reply.
N. B.—Packets sail from Boston to Liverpool every month. 1y Jan 29

STEAM TO ALL PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN

—VIA THE—

ATLANTIC ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP CO'S
NEW YORK AND GALWAY LINE.

THIS is the shortest route between Europe and America. The line is composed of powerful and fast sailing steamships, ably officered, and furnished with every thing requisite to render the voyage safe and agreeable. The departures from New York for Galway will be as follows, until further notice, viz:—

CIRCASSIAN - - - Thursday, January 27.

Persons visiting Ireland reach their destination in three-fourths the time taken by any other route, and all have an opportunity of visiting places and scenery of unrivalled interest in Ireland.

Price of passage, including free tickets by the usual rail-road routes from Galway to any of the principal cities of Great Britain, at the following reduced rates:—First class \$60, second class \$50, third class \$30.

Those wishing to bring their friends to this country can purchase tickets for their passage in third class from Galway at \$30, or from other cities in Great Britain, accessible by rail-road, \$35. A liberal cabin table will be provided, and cooked provisions for third class passengers to and from Galway.

For freight and passage and further particulars apply to the American Express Company, 61 Hudson street, New York, or to

NAZRO BROTHERS & SWEENEY,

61 Chatham Row, Boston.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

OLD COLONY HOUSE.

PATRICK HOLLY begs leave to announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has constantly on hand at his old and well-known stand,

THE OLD COLONY HOUSE,

CORNER OF ENEELAND AND SOUTH STREETS,
A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

BRANDIES, WINES, SCOTCH & IRISH

WHISKEY, CIGARS, &c. &c.,

all of the very first quality, which can be obtained too at

LOWER RATES

than elsewhere in the market; in proof of which he invites purchasers to give him a call. aug 28

NORTHERN HOUSE,

NORTH SQUARE—BOSTON.

JOHN GLANCY,..... PROPRIETOR.

This House has rooms equal to any first class Hotel, and permanent or transient Boarders can be accommodated nearly one half cheaper than at any other House in the City.

In the Reading Room can be found all the morning and evening papers, and periodicals of the day, together with an extensive LIBRARY, for the free and exclusive use of the BOARDERS.

N. B. Strangers visiting Boston, can always find this House a HOME.

OLD HICKORY HOUSE,

36 MAIN STREET, CHARLESTOWN.

MCNULTY & RYAN

BEG leave to inform the public that they have opened the above house, and keep constantly on hand the very best assortment of all kinds of WINES and LIQUORS, including the celebrated WISE'S OLD CORK WHISKY.

In connection with the above house, they also keep on hand a large supply of the very best

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS AND VEGETABLES,

which they warrant to sell as cheap as can be bought in Charlestown, Boston or elsewhere. 1y—Jan 22

THE BEST PIANOS

ARE MANUFACTURED BY

CHICKERING & SONS,

WHO HAVE RECEIVED

38 MEDALS,

THE FIRST PREMIUMS,

OVER ALL COMPETITORS IN THE UNITED STATES.

272 Washington street, Boston. j29

I. SAMSON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, COCOA, CHOCOLATE,

—AND—

SUGARS OF ALL KINDS.

No. 40 PORTLAND STREET (Corner of Sudbury), BOSTON.

Goods sent to all parts of the city free of charge.

Jan 29

1m

JAMES COLLINS,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN

TEAS, WINES, LIQUORS, TOBACCO, IRISH HOAST

SNUFF, SEGARS, &c. &c.

AGENT FOR JOHN MCKNIGHT'S

ALBANY PALE AND AMBER ALE, XX AND PORTER.

84 SOUTH ST. (near BEACH), BOSTON.

Goods delivered in any part of the city. Jan 29

BOYS' CLOTHING,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

CHEAP

—AT—

OAK HALL,

32 AND 34 NORTH STREET, BOSTON.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS!

J. FORD . . . 156 & 158 FEDERAL STREET,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he continues to offer for sale a large and select assortment of

GROCERIES,

Consisting of TEAS, SUGARS, COFFEES, SPICES, &c.

—ALSO—

CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Wholesale and Retail.

THE BEST FAMILY FLOUR CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

The subscriber's long experience enables him to sell to the purchaser's advantage, and it is his undeviating aim to produce a better article than can be found elsewhere for the same price. He is, therefore, confident that those favoring him with their patronage will receive every satisfaction, and find his goods are sold extremely low for cash. 1ydl

TURKEY SALVE

HEALS ULCERATED SORES, FELONS,

Burns, Whitlow, Palm Abscess, skin or water Scrofula, Ulcerated Sore Legs, Bruises, Chapped Hands, Ulcers in the Neck, Scald Head in Children, Frosted Feet, Sore Nose, Boils, Bleeding Piles, Ulcerated Sore Breast, Sore Nipples. Inflamed Breasts made to suppurate in twelve hours, without a resort to the 'knife.' There is no Salve before the public so powerful as this, being entirely made from the strongest herbs, roots and barks. It can be reduced so as to be applied to a child one week old, or be made strong enough to dress an ulcer every half hour, even after mortification sets in, so that this salve will do more good in one day than all others in one week.

N. B.—I give my entire attention to healing Ulcerated Sores, and warrant a perfect cure, failing in which I make no charge. My motto is, 'No cure no pay.' Charges moderate.

d41m

FRANCIS F. SPRING.

18 High street, Boston.

L. LORENZ'S

EUROPEAN EXPRESS

FORWARDS PACKAGES TO EUROPE

TWICE A WEEK BY STEAMER,

And guarantees prompt delivery to any place in ENGLAND, IRELAND and SCOTLAND free of charges.

Single dagger-royle	- - -	\$1 00
Packages 1-4 cubic foot	- - -	2 00
do 1-2 do do	- - -	3 00
do 1 do do	- - -	5 00

Packages done up gratis at EDWARD RYAN'S ticket office, No. 2 Albany street, Boston, Mass.

Jan-1y JULIUS SPAETH, AGENT.

ORDWAY HALL—WASHINGTON STREET.

TENTH SEASON OF ORDWAY'S ÆOLIANS.

MANAGER, J. P. ORDWAY; Stage Manager, E. KELLY; Business Manager, James MCGEE. The performances given nightly at this establishment consist in part of ETHIOPIAN MELODY, BURLESQUE and COMIQUE.

The hall has been beautifully painted and refitted. No pains or expense has been spared to make the Æolians equal to any company in the world.

Tickets 25 cents—Children under ten, 15 cents.

Doors open 14 before 7. Performances commence at 7 14 o'clock. See small bills. 1y—Jan 15

CONSTABLE NOTICE.

THE undersigned, having been duly appointed a Constable for the City of Boston, is prepared to attend to all business entrusted to his charge in a prompt and faithful manner. Houses rented and leased, and rents collected in all parts of the city. Office No. 13 Court square; residence No. 1 Tyler place. W. F. A. KELLY, Constable.

THE IRISH MISCELLANY

Is published weekly, and devoted to the interests and vindication of the Irish people throughout the world.

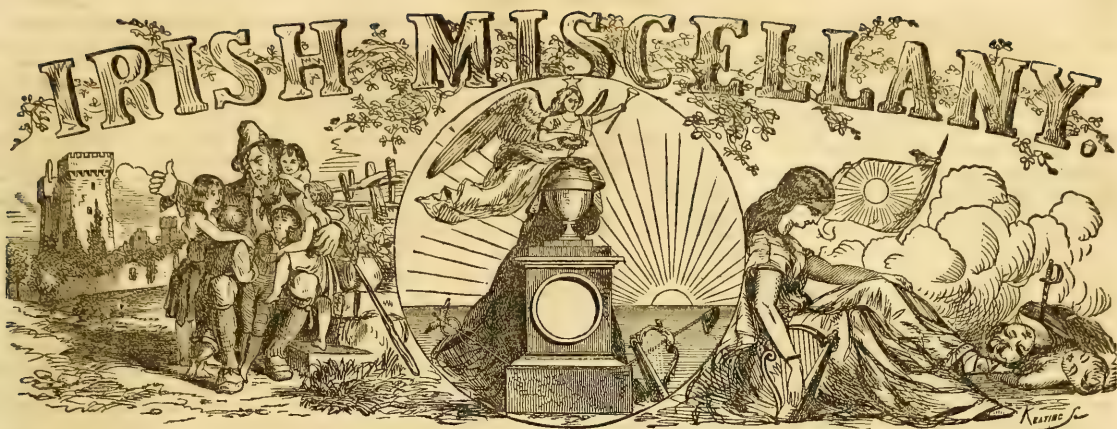
The *Miscellany* republishes each week one whole number of the old 'DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL,' with original and selected essays, reviews, poetry, &c., by Irishmen of first-rate ability. It also contains beautiful Pictorial Illustrations of Irish scenery and other objects of interest, among which may be enumerated engravings of the ancient castles and round towers, the ruins of the old churches, the plundered monasteries, convents and abbeys of Ireland.

It will also contain correct Pictorial representations of works of art executed by Irishmen of the present day, as well as in former times, in this country and throughout Europe.

TERMS—\$2.00 per year, invariably in advance.

THOMAS O'NEILL, PROPRIETOR,

No. 16 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



VOLUME 2—NUMBER 52.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

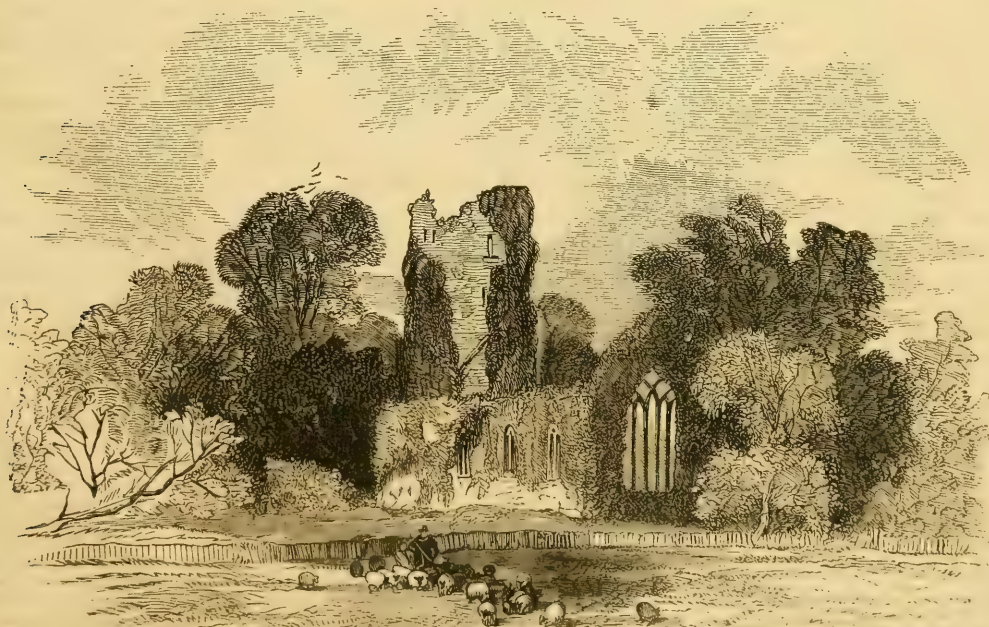
[PRICE FOUR CENTS.]

MUCROSS ABBEY.

This abbey adjoins the pretty village of Clogheen, Killarney. The site was chosen with the usual judgment and taste of the 'monks of old,' who invariably selected the pleasantest of all places. The original name was Irelaugh; and it appears that, long prior to the erection of this now ruined structure, a church existed in the same spot, which was consumed by fire in 1192. The abbey was built for Franciscan Monks, according to Archdall, in 1440; but the 'Annals of the Four Masters' give its date a century earlier; both, however, ascribes its foundation to one of the MacCarthys, Princes of Desmond. The building consists of two principal parts—the Convent and the Church. The church is about 100 feet in length, and 24 in breadth. The steeple, between the nave and the chancel, rests on four high and slender pointed arches. The principal entrance is by a handsome pointed doorway, luxuriantly overgrown with ivy, through which is seen the great eastern window,

a cut of which, with a general view of the interior, is presented on the 5th page. The intermediate space, as indeed every part of the ruined edifice, is filled with tombs, the greater number distinguished only by a slight elevation from the mould around them, but some bearing inscriptions to direct the stranger where especial honor should be paid. A large modern tomb in the centre of the choir covers the vault wherein, in ancient times, were interred the MacCarthy Mores, and, more recently, the O'Donoghues More of the Glens, whose descendants were buried here as late as the year 1833. Close to this tomb, but on a level with the earth, is a slab which formerly covered the vault. It is without inscription, but bears the arms of the Earl of Clan-care. The dormitories, the kitchen, the refectory, the cellars, the infirmary, and other chambers, are still in a state of comparative preservation. The upper rooms are unroofed, and the coarse grass grows abundantly among them. The great fire-place of the refectory is curious and interesting, affording

evidence that the good monks were not forgetful of the duty they owed themselves, or of the bond they entered into to act upon the advice of St. Paul, and be given to hospitality. This recess is pointed out as the bed of John Drake, a pilgrim, who, about a century ago, took up his abode in the abbey for several years. As will be supposed, his singular choice of residence has given rise to abundant stories, and the mention of his name to any of the guides or boatmen will at once produce a volume of the marvelous. The cloisters, which consist of twenty-two arches, ten of them semicircular, and twelve pointed, is the best preserved portion of the abbey. In the centre grows a magnificent yew-tree, which covers as a roof the whole area; its circumference is thirteen feet, and its height in proportion. It is more than probable that this tree is coeval with the abbey, and was planted by the hands of the monks who built the sacred edifice centuries ago. The yew, it is known, lives to a prodigious age.



MUCROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY.

THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROCK.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

{Continued.}

CHAPTER XXI.

CONTINUES TO BE OUTLAWED.

We now held a council of war in Bryan's wigwag; but, before we had come to any decision, Pat O'Leary entered. The poor boy was bathed in tears, and could scarcely speak for the agony of grief under which he labored. From Maguire he had learned the place of our retreat, and his business was to inform his sister that their father was put under arrest, and that his mother begged of her to hasten to her aunt, who lived at some distance, and remain there until the storm had blown over. When I had succeeded in reducing the minds of the afflicted brother and sister to comparative composure, I inquired somewhat more minutely into the cause of O'Leary's arrest. The poor child could only inform me that his father was taken into custody by some ugly-looking men, and carried before a magistrate, on a charge of having fired at Major White. 'But sure,' continued the lad, with the utmost simplicity, 'my poor father is innocent, and don't you think that they will not hurt him?'

I replied in a manner calculated to allay his fears, and, without considering of ultimate steps, I set about conveying Lucy to the house of her aunt, under whose protection it was now very proper that she should be placed.

Bryan, after half an hour's search on the mountain, returned with his 'garron,' as he called an old cropped mare, and having placed a kind of antiquated saddle and pillion on her back, himself and Lucy mounted. The latter was disguised in the best suit Mrs. Maguire's wardrobe could supply, and Owen and I having armed ourselves with a pistol, a sword, and a blunderbuss, the party set forward. Bryan, who affected superior prudence, undertook to conduct us to our place of destination by a series of by-roads, and, the better to prevent suspicion, he ordered Owen to form an advance guard, and directed me to bring up the rear. In this manner we proceeded on our journey without any interruption, and, after a walk of two hours, we arrived at the comfortable farm-house of Murtha Nowlan, whose 'moshough-looking' wife received her niece with all that artless kindness which is so congenial to the habits and manners of the Irish peasantry. The whole family, big and little, quickly gathered around us to know the cause of our visit, for the detected looks of poor Lucy proclaimed that our journey was not for the purpose of pleasure. They were no sooner informed of the events which had occurred to their kinsman's family, than a simultaneous prayer went up for his safety. This, however, was almost immediately followed by a very natural and unequivocal expression of execration upon the vile major; and Murtha, after looking grave for about ten minutes, raised his eyes, clenched his fist, stamped on the ground, and swore by the eternal 'gor,' that let what would come, he'd stand by Tim O'Leary. 'What's a man,' he continued, 'if he's not a man? and, throth, Murtha Nowlan is not the slykeen who would skulk off hid himself when a frind is in distress. Catty, avourreen, put down a bigger piece of bacon, and a few more heads of cabbage, and after dinner I'll be he jogging my ways wid these boys to see after poor Tim, for may be the blaggard magistrates might send him to jail.'

Mrs. Nowlan complied with the request of her husband, and after dinner, we were treated with a bottle of our host's own making. Bryan seemed to like it exceedingly well, and, contrived, whenever Murtha spoke of departing, to protract the time until after another jug, and, at length, when he could not decently refuse to quit the table, he scratched his head, and addressed Murtha—

'Mr. Nowlan,' said he, 'you are a real good neighbor and frind as any in the seven parishes, and a sensible man, too; but, some how or other, I am after thinkin that you might as well stay where you are

for a day or two, bekase, if you come now with us, hot foot, it is ten chances to one but the ould rascally major will smell out that Lucy is with your mistress, and that would bring you and the poor dear girl into harm's way. So, in the name o' God, remain at home and mind your business, and seem to know nothin for a little while longer, and leave Tim O'Leary to us, and we'll manage him, for, troth, we are the boys that knows how to do such things.'

After some hesitation, Murtha yielded to this advice, and we prepared to depart. Our host and hostess, with Lucy, accompanied us as far as the entrance to the farm, and while Bryan kept the old couple in conversation, I contrived to steal a kiss from Lucy. It was one more of pity than love, and I am sure she received it only as such. She begged of me to let her know from time to time the state of affairs in her family, and, having promised to do so, we took our leave of her and the jolly farmer and his wife.

On arriving at Mr. Maguire's aerial residence, we had the mortification to learn that O'Leary had been sent off some hours before to Clonmel jail, and, while we were looking at each other in mute astonishment, the hut was surrounded by armed men. Success in such cases depends on decision, and for this I was through life particularly remarkable. The blunderbuss lay on the table—I seized it, and discharged it at the men, who now filled the door—then grasped a pistol—called to my companions to fire—and, having discharged our arms at once, the astonished party fell back, and we rushed through the door-way. The panic which our sudden firing had created, lasted for some minutes, and when our assailants had recovered from it, we were beyond the reach of their shot. We were, however, closely pursued; but having added wings, as it were, to our feet, we soon outstripped our enemies. Fortunately, no one was killed, and but one wounded, and he not dangerously.

Desperate as our fortune now was, and dangerous as had been our late situation, I could not refrain from laughing at the lamentations which Bryan sent forth when we found ourselves in a place of safety. His expressions of regret were not very complimentary to his companions, for he did not conceal his opinion that to Owen and I he was indebted for his misfortune. He was now, however, indebted with us, and, of course, compelled to share our fortune.

Our pursuers kept up their search for several days, and, consequently, we were obliged to be continually on the alert. We removed from place to place, and, as the weather was unusually fine, we generally took up our abode for the night under the canopy of heaven. A vagabond life of this description is not without its pleasures, and in such a country as Italy, I am not at all surprised to find banditti abound there. There is something romantic in wandering, completely armed, through scenes of wildness under a summer sky, and lying down among the perfumes of Nature's productions, with your pistols under your head, your sword by your side, and your rifle thrown carelessly across your knees beneath the suspicious pressure of the right hand. You fell, under such circumstances, that you inspire either dread or compassion, and that you are a man emboldened by the persecution of power. You consider yourself as one distinguished above the vulgar herd, and your situation naturally inspires you with heroic sentiments, though acquired habits of vice frequently counteract the influence of circumstances. We, however, had no occasion to put our probity to the test, for every where we were relieved freely, and treated with the utmost kindness. The enemy of the laws is too often, in Ireland, considered as one entitled to protection.

CHAPTER XXII.

TIM O'LEARY'S MISFORTUNES.

While my companions and myself continued our unsettled mode of life, poor Tim O'Leary continued an inmate of Clonmel jail. The subsequent misfortunes of this industrious man will show the peculiar advantage of a resident aristocracy.

When Tim was so cruelly dragged from his home

and family, on suspicion of having fired at Major White, he possessed a 'cool hundred,' which, for security, was enveloped in an old stocking, and deposited in the thatch of his house. This was a secret to which his wife only was privy, and when Tim's character was so unexpectedly endangered, the good woman had no hesitation in drawing on this 'savings' for the purpose of establishing his defence. Long before the assizes, it was currently reported that White was prepared with such a chain of circumstantial evidence as would transport poor Tim, for Lord Ellenborough's act, which makes malicious firing criminal, was not then in force. My father, who was generally consulted by the neighbors, when under any difficulty, recommended Mrs. O'Leary to fee lawyers. He knew that an 'alibi' could be readily established; but then this line of defence is always dangerous, and seldom successful. An able councillor is much better than an unenlightened witness, for that conspiracy must be well hatched indeed, which an artful cross-examination will not develop.

Tim's friends re-echoed the counsel of old Captain Rock, for nothing can exceed the confidence of the Irish peasantry in the skill of a lawyer. An attorney was, therefore, applied to, and, as usual, he promised success at a trifling expense. Subpoenas were to be served—and these cost something. Briefs were to be drawn up, and this could not be done without money. Five pounds thus followed five pounds, until Mrs. O'Leary had parted with fifty of her yellow guineas. She thought now that her husband was safe—but she was mistaken. Counsel was still to be feed.

'We must have Curran,' says attorney Corcoran, 'and one or two more. The crown lawyers will all be against us; and, in order to be able to cope with them, I think we should have three councillors at least for the defence.'

'Certainly,' replied Mrs. O'Leary, delighted with the interest Mr. Corcoran took in the affair.

'Well then,' said the attorney, 'I must have thirty guineas more.'

Mrs. O'Leary was staggered—but what was she to do? To refuse Mr. Corcoran was at once to offend him, and endanger her husband; she several times pleaded poverty and the hardship of her case. The attorney affected to feel for her, and lamented that feeing counsel was so expensive. Once more he assured her that his own charges would be trifling, and thus contrived to extract the thirty guineas from Tim's old stocking. In addition to the attorney, Mrs. O'Leary had other cormorants to satisfy; her hand, as she used to say herself, was never out of her pocket; and, whenever she visited her husband, she had numberless goalers and turnkeys to fee ere she could obtain admission. At length the assizes drew near, and the old stocking was no longer a Fortunatus's purse—for it held nothing. Clonmel is not a place where people can live on the air; and, as Mrs. Leary had to remain in town for some days, she was obliged to sell a now milch cow to meet the necessary expenses.

On the day of trial, I contrived to be present in court. The clothes of an old man were sufficient disguise; for, even Tim himself, as he looked around, could not recognize me. I leaned up against the dock, and was never less disposed to reverence the laws, than when I heard the clerk of the crown read the long indictment which attributed so much crime and baseness to a man whom I knew to be innocent. My feelings were particularly painful; O'Leary might be found guilty; and, if transported, to me, in some measure, his misfortunes were attributable. The first witness identified Tim as the man who fired the shot, and I had nearly lost all hopes of justice, when Curran stood up to cross-examine the fellow who swore so positively. It was the first time I had an opportunity of seeing an advocate whose defence, a few years before, of a Catholic priest, had procured him so much well merited popularity. His appearance had nothing dignified in it; his dress was what might be called shabby, y and his countenance, with the exception of his eyes, was most repulsive. These defects, however, were overlooked and forgotten when you listened to him for a few minutes, and,

on this occasion, it was impossible not to admire the man. The witness soon fell beneath his wit and ridicule, and while the court was convulsed with laughter, the innocence of O'Leary and the baseness of his accusers were established.

Before Tim was discharged, however, additional fees were to be paid, and, on his arrival at home that day, he was minus an hundred guineas, and a new milch cow. Considerable as this sum was to a man who held only thirty acres of land, it weighed not an instant against the happiness he felt on being restored to his family. Lucy was at home to receive her father, and when I thought the first transports at meeting were over, I made my appearance. I always thought that mankind were predisposed to be happy; on this evening we mutually agreed to forget the past, and think of nothing but the present. Several neighbors called in to welcome O'Leary home, and we all spent a night, which I still remember, for its heartfelt enjoyments.

Tim was one of those men who are industrious from habit. Scarcely had he spent a day at home when he renewed his agricultural employments, and few men in the country ploughed and sowed to better purpose. His harvest this year was a most promising one, and, while it waved in all the luxuriance of ripening yellow, Molony, the tithe-proctor, and his son, made their appearance. As usual, they walked round each field for the purpose of appraising the crop, previous to settling the amount which fell to parson Cousins, who had now settled in the country. Tim had one guinea left, and that one he slipped into Molony's hand, a wink of promise was his only receipt, and he indulged in the hope that this tithe season would not exceed that of former years—he was mistaken. On attending at a vestry in a few weeks after, he was surprised to find that his tithe was doubled! He remonstrated, and was told to pay it in kind. To this he consented; but omitted to serve the proper notice, consequently, every tenth sheaf and tenth potatoe which he laid by for the parson, perished on the ground. A citation to the Bishop's Court followed. The amount of the tithe was awarded, of course, and instead of the disputed ten pounds, poor Tim had to pay just fifty. Ruin now stared him in the face; his cattle were driven to pound—sold by auction after being half-starved—and bought by Cousins himself, for one-fourth of their value. Unsubdued by misfortune, O'Leary was beginning to recover from these calamities, when attorney Corcoran sent in his bill—for fifty pounds! This was quite unexpected, for Mrs. O'Leary thought that she had satisfied the lawyer long since. Here, however, were items in abundance for her money, and who could dispute a lawyer's bill of costs? There was nothing to be done but promise of payment. Tim gave his bond, and, in two months, he was lodged in jail in default of payment. Our humane laws at this time let the unfortunate debtor rot in prison, and poor O'Leary—now deprived of the means of making money—had little hopes of ever being liberated. A year's rent was now coming due, and but little prospect of his being able to pay it. The mayor, however, had not been pressing for the money, and Tim was not a little surprised to receive a visit from his agent. The purport of it, however, was not of a nature to console a troubled spirit. His landlord required the prostitution of his child as the price of forbearance, and, poor and heart-broken as Tim was, he spurned the proposal with a virtuous indignation. The agitation and anxiety which followed brought on illness, and, in a few days, symptoms of the dreaded jail fever made its appearance.

The sufferings of a human being, instead of exciting pity or regret in the breast of White, seemed only to stimulate his hellish endeavors of triumphing over the virtue of a pious and innocent girl. He wrote Lucy a letter filled with all the fulsome nonsense which such contemptible creatures think eloquence. He dwelt on the situation of her father—hinted at his probable death if he was not removed from his prison—and called upon her, if she valued his life and the good of her family, to fly into the arms of an ardent lover, who would enrich her parents, and make a lady of herself.

Lucy handed me the letter, and desired that I would answer it. I did so—but in a way of my own. I collected a few friends, and one evening, while the major was entertaining some 'bon vivants,' I entered the parlor—read aloud his amorous epistle—and then made him eat the paper on which it was written. Having done this, I and my companions departed.

The ridicule which this transaction brought on the major forced him to quit the country for a short time, and, before his return, poor Tim O'Leary had breathed his last at Clonmel jail.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEATH OF OLD CAPTAIN ROCK.

'—Yes, I have lost a father!'
The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on mortals,
And seldom found amidst these wilds of time,
A good, a worthy chieftain! Hear me!
And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
How he deserved that best, that glorious title.'

THOMSON.

The death of a great man is an event always to be deplored; but particularly so when the deceased was renowned for deeds of virtue and heroism. No one can deny that old Captain Rock was distinguished in his day for an extraordinary love of popular rights, and a fearless attachment to the cause of his ancestors. He might, perhaps, on abstract principles, have acted erroneously in some of his proceedings; but no one, who reflects on the sacrifices he made in support of Rockism, will doubt his sincerity. For upwards of twenty years he battled against tithes and tithe-proctors, and, as these are two evils prominent in the list of Irish grievances, his country stands eminently indebted to him. His true his exertions did not immediately lead to an amelioration of the condition of the people, but that was not his fault; and here let me acknowledge that his dying injunction to me was—never to spare a tithe-proctor or a land-pirate. I obeyed, with filial reverence, this dying command; and, without waving any of my own claims to gratitude, I must candidly acknowledge that, were it not for the counsel of old Captain Rock, it is very possible that I had not persevered so long in the cause of riot and fighting. All Irishmen, therefore, are ever bound to honor the memory of the venerable chieftain; and, as his son, I hope I have always shown myself a worthy descendant and a true son of Rock. Time has blunted my affliction for his loss, and as, in the course of events, I must soon follow him to the 'narrow house,' it would be useless to shed now for him those tears which ought to fall for the past errors of my life.

The state of Ireland at this period was miserable in the extreme, and exhibited a picture humiliating to the vanity of legislators. A free trade and national independence had been declared; yet the condition of the people, so far from being improved, was manifestly much worse, and, in place of tranquility, discontent was never more conspicuous.

Public credit received a severe shock, and our manufacturers, being unemployed, experienced the greatest wretchedness. Thousands crowded the streets of Dublin in an almost famished condition—and it became necessary to afford them some temporary relief by public subscriptions, which on this occasion were liberally entered into.

The populace, however, frequently assembled, and committed unjustifiable outrage; they attacked the houses and persons of several shopkeepers, who were suspected of not adhering to the spirit of the non-importation agreement, and they proceeded, after the American fashion, to the desperate measure of 'tarring and feathering.' Some few fell within the reach of their resentment, and received this punishment accordingly, and, in an instance, the mob proceeded to such extremities, that one of the high sheriffs, in endeavoring to suppress them, received a severe wound in the head. Matters would have proved of still more serious consequence had not a part of the military, headed by another magistrate, fortunately come to the sheriff's assistance.

About the same time, Mr. Gardiner, afterwards Lord

Mountjoy, moved the following resolutions in parliament:—First, that many of the trading people of this kingdom were in the greatest calamity and distress. Secondly, that the importation of foreign articles into this kingdom had considerably increased for a series of years, and still continued to do so. Thirdly, that it was necessary for parliament to interfere and alleviate the present distresses of the public.

'This measure,' said he, 'has not been brought forward irregularly—it is grounded on the report of a committee, and the petitions of the people. I confess, sir, I am strongly biased in its favor. The despondency and distress of this country, together with the justice and expediency of the measure itself, must make every gentleman its friend. Who can behold so many thousands of his fellow-creatures struggling with calamities, almost insupportable by humanity, and not incline to give relief? The misfortune is not particular—it is universal—not confined to Dublin, it extends to Cork, Limerick, Waterford, the Queen's County, and every part of the kingdom where the woollen manufacture is carried on—not limited to even the woollen, but affecting every infant manufacture in this country.'

With respect to the poverty and wretchedness of this miserable description of our fellow-creatures, I think it unnecessary to use a single word. Gentlemen cannot but know the reality of this fact already; it is impossible to go through the streets without meeting testimonies that this assertion is but too well founded. If, however, gentlemen choose to dispute a thing so self-evident, I am ready to produce witnesses of character at your bar, to put it beyond dispute.

Something must be done to relieve the thousands who now are famishing in your streets. The city of Dublin, with a degree of humanity that will ever do it honor, has hitherto succoured them by voluntary donations. But the donations of the city of Dublin will be found inadequate to the miseries of those poor men. The non-importation agreement, entered into in 1779, afforded them some small relief for that time, but served only to augment their distress since, as magazines of English cloth were then formed in this country.

Another expedient was the establishing manufactories here; but, sir, these have ended generally in the ruin of those who have attempted it.

At such a time, and under such circumstances, it was natural to expect the genius of Rockism to raise his head and summon his satellites about him. His fire, like that of Will-o'-the-Wisp's, is ignited only when surrounding circumstances are rotten and unhealthy, and when the country wears a gloomy aspect, it is sure to lead several people astray. The neighborhood of Rockglen was always favorable to the designs of our family; but, on this occasion, the county of Kilkenny wore a most inviting aspect. Houses every night, like meteors, flamed amid the surrounding darkness—and tithe-proctors were everywhere objects of delight to those who could catch them. Early in the spring a body of delegates arrived at my father's, and after a few hours negotiation, I consented to become the Captain of the Kilkenny Rockies. For the first time I mounted the chieftain's cap and feather; and accompanied by Owen and Maguire, set out for the purpose of reducing discontent to system, and teaching the Kilkenny boys how to 'hough' and burn by rule. We found everything in the most delightful state of preparation. The people were unable to pay either rents or tithes; but still were, of course, resolved to live. To do this they considered it was absolutely necessary to combine for mutual support, and opposed a law of their own to the law of the land.

Scarcely had I entered on the exercise of my new authority, when a messenger from Rockglen summoned me home to close the eyes of my dying father. The aged captain, during my absence, had taken the field once more in person, for the purpose of preserving the little household property of the poor from the grasp of legal minions. In the discharge of his duty he met his death.

Mrs. O'Leary, on the death of her husband, was obliged to let her farm to a man who advanced money to pay off all incumbrances. By doing this she reserved three acres of land and an outhouse for herself and helpless family. She made every possible exertion to keep them from beggary; but, even here, the system pursued her. The grand jury cess—a tax even more enormous than tithes—was demanded of her, and, as she was not prepared to discharge it, her only cow was driven towards the pound. My father met the constable and his assistants, and desired them to desist—said the poor widow wanted the cow's milk for her little family—and insisted on their driving the beast back. This they refused to do; from words they came to blows; and, in the event, my father was wounded—a pistol ball having lodged in his body. A younger man might have recovered, but the captain's constitution had been long impaired. When he saw no hopes of life, he sent to command my attendance, and, on my arrival, he put into my hands a sealed packet.

'There, Decimus,' said he, 'is the will and testament of your father, with some other things necessary for you to know when I am gone. Do not open that packet until I am in my cold grave, and then I request it may be done in private. I have only to add to what is contained in it, that you will never give peace to tithe-proctors and land-pirates!'

So anxious was he on this subject, that he repeated these words twice the same evening, and the next morning, when the shadow of death was on him, he took my hand and said, 'Decimus! remember! no peace for tithe-proctors and land-pirates!' In a few minutes after he breathed his last.

[To be Continued.]

THE BOCCAUGH'S CURSE.

Among all the sweet scenes of my native home, that fancy paints for my mind's eye in the calm soft twilight, there is not one over the memory of which it delights me more to linger, than the snug little embowered farm-house of Dunglass, and its comfortable, good-humored occupants, Dermot Moran and his pretty Norah. Charity and hospitality are, I am proud to say, no scarce virtues among my countrymen; but here they flourished in their glory. Not a poor neighbor within the circuit of a mile—not a beggar went the road—but could boast of having received the ready and welcome aid which the worthy couple seemed almost proud to be able to offer; and never did the blessings of the grateful distressed bestow a richer reward, for Dermot's crops and cattle would have been the envy of the whole country round, if they could have had the heart to envy such a man any thing. However, when old cronies would gather at a wake or other meeting, and begin, like their betters, to grow tired of praising their neighbors, and qualify their former good words with a little scandal, I must acknowledge, that Dermot and his Norah used come to in occasionally for a sly remark from the old ladies, who could declare that, 'there was a time when they had full and plenty, and yet the poor were no better for it; but any how, they suffered hard for it, an' sure now that they're well off agin, and show how they know better, we oughtn't to be thinkin' of what's past and gone.' All this was perfectly true; and, moreover, as the story is worth telling, I do not see why I should put myself under the same restraint with those respectable old ladies, particularly as I am sure I am among friends who will let it go no further.

Dermot Moran was little more than a green gossoon, when a rich uncle, the former proprietor of Dunglass, left him his interest in the farm, and a stocking full of guineas, whereby our hero, by a

most usual transmutation, from being considered the handsome ne'er-do-well of the parish, became, all of a sudden, the admired of all beholders, the general mark of every bustling buddogh that had a daughter to dispose of, and every little girl that had a hand to do the like with. In fact, everyone of his hidden virtues burst forth with such a blaze, that his vices, if he had any, were quite lost in the splendor. To tell the truth, Dermot had virtues, and it was none of the least of them that his head was not turned as well as his character, or that the volley of kind looks showered on him from all quarters, scarcely for a moment caused him to swerve from the vows of his other days. A few months passed over the head of this new Fortunatus, and not without imparting to him an ordinary share of wisdom and steadiness, evinced perhaps by his donning his best habiliments one fine summer's morning, and making his way over the fields to the cottage of the widow Mooney and her daughter Norah, who in his darker days took little time to consider before she blushed an affirmative to the suit which the wild but generous boy so ardently pressed at a time when either had little thought of his future good fortune. The widow and her child were sitting in front of their little cottage at their spinning wheels when the rather unexpected, though long-hoped for, recreant stood before them with as much love and happiness beaming in his eyes as ever set a maiden's heart at rest on all-important subject.

'Norah,' said he, before the poor girl had half-recovered from her delightful surprise, 'twas nothing kept me, but just waitin' till all was ready, and that 'ud be no delays; an', maybe, to have a bit of fun with them things beyant, that never looked the same side of the road with me afore; so, acushla, don't blame me for keepin' them in the dark; but come wid me, an' let me show them the choice I made.'

While he was uttering these few words, the cheeks of the little maiden underwent as many changes as ever such words could excite, and at length, with some difficulty, she was enabled to answer.

'Och, Dermot avick, it's sure enough that I was fretted by your not comin'; but, any how, I knew it wasn't to be, and it oughtn't to be, for you're rich now, and I've nothin' but the ould white-faced cow. So, now, don't mind my crying, for I can't help it; but go and look for some fortune, and forget me, and heaven bless you.'

My readers may be sure that the tears which burst from her eyes during this little harangue, completely invalidated her advice, for Dermot warmly pressing her hand with all the fervency of a fond heart, declared that, rich or poor, she was his, and should be his; and he kept his promise, for before that day three weeks Norah Mooney and her old white-faced cow were ensconced in Dunglass, to the no small surprise of the would-be wise and prudent people of the neighborhood. Time passed on—but, unfortunately, the taunts and thwartings which poor Norah daily met from her less fortunate rivals, hindered time from accustoming her to her change of condition, or awaking a proper feeling in her bosom on account of it. In a word, Norah became proud and selfish—her temper, naturally bland and gentle, soured beneath unkindness, and, in spite of all the blessings she enjoyed, she became so ungrateful as to drive from her door the very objects of charity who before shared with welcome her very meal. Things were going on in this unpleasant manner, when a poor old beggarman, lame and half blind, crawled one day to her door, and prayed for a little help, but prayed in vain. Some busy neighbor had a few moments before carried her, with a little exaggeration, an unkind remark made on her while at mass on the Sunday, by one of her husband's former admirers;

and venting her whole store of wrath on the poor boccaugh, she angrily bade him begone for an idle vagabond.

'Misthress dear,' whined the old man, 'for the love of your honest father, don't send me away without something, for I'm poor and tired.'

'Sorra a ha'porth!' ejaculated the angry woman—'go along and work, there's many a waker man than you breaking stones on the road below.'

'Och, acushla, a taste of the buttermilk, itself.'

'No, thin, if it was to make a young boy of you.'

'Well, then,' said the boccaugh, 'may the curse of a poor old man lie at your niggardly door, as long as you have the worth of a white tinnypenny inside of it to lose—Amin an' amin!' and he turned round and went his way.

The solemnity with which he had spoken the imprecation, in some degree calmed the fury into which the tell-tale had thrown her; and in a minute or two she opened the door and looked out, to call back the beggarman, but he was already beyond hearing, and her pride prevented her following him to induce him to deprecate his malison. That evening was the commencement of her misfortunes, and scarcely a week passed over that did not bring some misfortune in its train—their cattle died, their crops missed, and, in the midst of all their troubles, her eldest child was born; and this, which at any other time would have been a blessing, ranked now among her worst misfortunes, for on leaving her sick bed she found a far different face on her little place, than when she lay down, bad as it was then. However, she had yet to bear worse privations. The 'ould white-faced cow' was all that remained from their once abundant stock when the little one was weaned, and the small quantum of milk which she afforded had become in itself a great blessing—but necessity at length compelled them to part with her.

'All our bad luck go with her, Dermot achra,' said the heart-broken woman, when this step was at length determined; but the levity with which she spoke was evidently assumed to stifle the sob that would else have choked her. Poor Dermot saw the agony she suffered, and knew well how much comparative comfort they were about to relinquish; but what could he do—he had lived three months on provisions obtained on time, and the moment was come when he should pay double their value for them, or go to jail. For his child and his own Norah he could bear the latter alternative with cheerfulness, and in his heart he determined to run the risk.

'Norah, acushla!' exclaimed he, suddenly, 'sure we needn't sell her. Red Rody can wait a month or two for the price of the meal, an' the docthor, maybe, won't press us—an'—an'—who knows what might turn up afore the sessions, anyhow.'

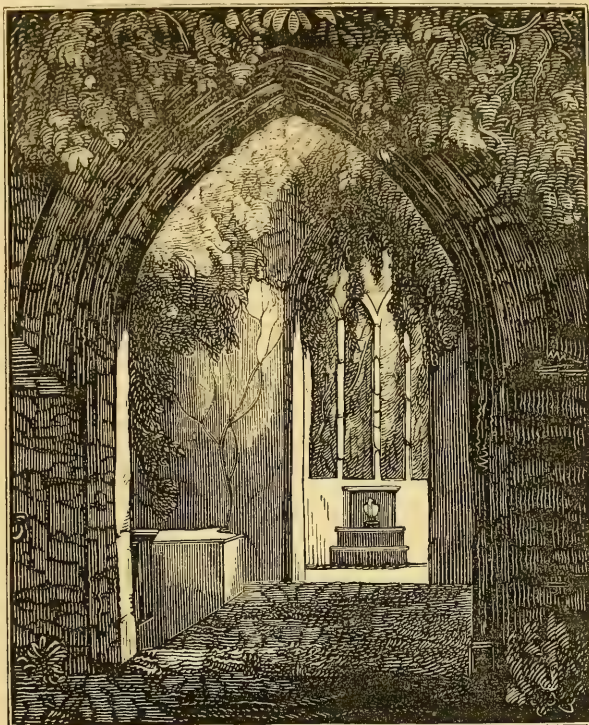
'Oh, no, Dermot!' said the wife, overcome utterly, and sinking on her chair in a flood of tears—'Heaven knows how bad we can do without her—but we can do without her; but, Dermot, asthore machree, what 'ud I do without you, at all at all. Oh, no, Dermot—to-morrow she must go to the fair, and I'll go wid you, acushla, to keep your heart up.'

Early next day the cow was driven out of her little pasture, where she was no more to feed, and the beggard couple proceeded on their way to the fair of Bally—, which was to be held that day. The silence was broken by neither party, except by the occasional sob which burst from poor Norah in spite of herself, when she thought how often she sat under the old cow with the light merry heart which she was never, never more to possess; and the occasional effort made by Dermot to whistle a tune, and show how well he bore his misfortune. At length the tedious journey was at an end, and they arrived at the fair-green. The invitations of the gingerbread women, the inflated harangue of the

showmen, the jabber of the gentlemen of the thimblery, the lowing of cattle, the squalling of the pigs, the quarrels of the drivers, and the idle laugh of the gaping rustics, altogether formed a hubbub which can never be appreciated but by those who have at some time lucubrated in that terrestrial paradise—an Irish country fair. This enlivening scene, though little in accordance with the feelings of either, roused them from the lethargy of silent but powerful grief into which they had sunk; and Dermot, pointing to a tent at the verge of the green, bade Norah sit there until he came to her, at the same time handing her a penny, with a smile, and bidding her buy gingerbread with it, though it and the needful luck-penny completed his wordly wealth, so far as His Majesty's coinage went.—Making some light, but almost ineffectual attempt to answer in the same spirit she turned to the direction he pointed out, and they separated. Poor Norah had sat there for a long

time, waiting the return of her husband, with the painful, but unavoidable news, that their last comfort was parted with, and their last possible sacrifice made; but he did not return. She would have risen, and sought him, but for the positive directions given to her to make that tent their rendezvous; and the deep hungry anxiety that gradually stole across her, together with her previous sufferings, and her lonely, sorrowful condition, amid so many bustling and apparently happy individuals, quite overcame her, and resting her head on her bosom, she wept long and bitterly, until her convulsive spasms, and the noise of a riotous mob approaching where she sat, awakened the baby, which until now had happily slumbered at her breast. Engaged as she was in quieting its cries, and endeavoring to restore it to sleep, she scarcely minded that a dense crowd was approaching her, huzzaing, quarrelling, exhorting, shouting, and, in fact, making every species of noise usual on such occasions; while far in their front was a woman apparently pursued by them. For a minute or two the tents, by their intricacies, intervened between Norah and the disturbance, and the woman, taking advantage of this momentary escape, made a slight deviation from her route, unobserved by any one, and stood panting in front of Norah, who was first aroused from her engrossing occupation by the stranger's hurried exclamation—'Confusion to ye Biddy, is that you sitting so quiet there, while I might have been coted and thransported, for all the help you or any ov thim gev me. Here, take this, an' I'll draw them off, an' let them catch me,' at the same time flinging into her lap a small bundle; and rushing past her, she flew like an arrow on her former path, and the fugitive and her pursuers were out of hearing before she roused from her surprise.

When first addressed so rudely, she had raised her head to look at the intruder; but the hood of her cloak being thrown over it, so as to cast her



INTERIOR OF MUCROSS ABBEY.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

features completely in the shade, it was evident that she had been mistaken for some other, to whom she bore, perhaps, a resemblance in size or dress. As soon as she had settled this probability to her satisfaction, her attention was directed to the bundle which had been thrown to her. It consisted of an old pocket, rudely tied round with a garter, and containing several parcels, of different sizes and shapes. To open it was her first act after examining it; and on doing so a quantity of notes and coins of all descriptions, watches, snuff-boxes, and a large pocket-book fell out into her lap. Astounded at the discovery, she hastily gathered them, and crammed them back into the pocket, lest any one should behold her good fortune. But in replacing them so hastily, she burst the fastenings of the pocket-book, and displayed to her astonished and half-doubting eyes a roll of notes within which seemed enough to purchase a barony. Crazed with delight, she almost screamed for joy, and thrust the whole parcel into her bosom. Just then Dermot came to her, and if a painter wished a model of the most insane joy, and its contrast, he might have obtained it in the countenances of the two. Norah was the first to speak—not that she noticed the leap, maniac deflection of his manner, but because he wished to break to him the tale of their good fortune.

'You sowed the cow, Dermot avick,' said she.

'Wirra! wirra! I did, and a sore selling I made of it,' was the answer.

'Don't fret, avick; we'll see the day when we'll have another jewel. And now how much have you to give me, for good luck.'

'Norah, Norah, acushla machree, we're beggared out and out,' was the wild answer he made the affrighted woman, who now for the first time saw something was wrong, 'a thievyn' pick-pocket stole the money from me afore I had it in a minnit in my pocket, and we must take to the side of the road at

last—ochone, ochone!' and he cast himself down with frightful force on a bank beside her, and covering his face with his hands, wept like a child. A ray of light burst in on her, and quick as thought she laid the baby on the grass, and emptying the contents of the pocket into her apron, pread them before him. 'Dermot,' said she, 'if it's not there among them, there's what's as good as it any day.'

He looked at the store of wealth she presented to his view, and at her delighted face, alternately, for a few moments. At length, fixing his eye on a piece of an old apron tied up with many cunning knots and folds, he grasped it with a trembling hand, and having made a vain effort to undo the fastenings, at length held it to Norah, exclaiming—'Chona machree, try it you; the sight's out of my eyes, and the strength from my fingers. Five pound four ought to be in it, if it's mine.' 'There you have it now—five pounds four shillings.—Och, acushla, I'm wake

wid joy.' And now we may explain the circumstances which brought about this happy surprise. Soon after Dermot had been paid for his cow, a dreadful confusion began to spread through the whole fair—a rich Englishman, who had been purchasing stock to a large amount, on searching for his pocket-book, containing all his money in bank-notes, discovered that it was not to be had. The people whose cattle he had purchased, and who were waiting to be paid, on hearing of his loss, gathered from all sides, demanding their cattle or the money. Wives were seen hurrying for their husbands, and young girls for their fathers or brothers, to acquaint them of the misfortune, and send them in time to prevent the removal of the stock. Amid the general confusion Dermot put his hand into his pocket to secure his little all from a like fatality—it was gone. Several other had also lost sums of money, and other property. However, some information had been received respecting a suspicious woman, and on the magistrates acquainting the sufferers with her description, a general search was made for her. The woman, on finding herself discovered, fled and was pursued, but when caught, not a farthing was found on her person. This deprived Dermot of a few hopes that still encouraged him, and he returned to his wife with the ill-tidings, a wretched and broken man. To his credit be it spoken, he handed to the magistrates the whole prize, for the purpose of having all restored to the respective owners. On the circumstances of the case being represented to all, a collection in the nature of a reward was cheerfully made for Dermot, and that evening he found himself as rich a man as ever he was, and with a character, not only untarnished, but really very highly spoken of. Gratitude to the Being who had so unexpectedly rescued them from beggary, led him and his wife to pursue a far different line of conduct from that which was nigh ending so disastrously; yet, strange to say, they had previously consumed in every particular the boocough's curse.

MY CONSULSHIP.

ROME AND POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

It is impossible to say where the mad joy of the Roman people would have found its limits had not a proclamation appeared, expressing, in the most benignant manner, the thanks of the Pontiff for the affection his subjects had shown him, accompanied by an order (in the form of fraternal counsel), that the public feeling should be restrained, 'a since moderation in all things should be the motto of a state that tended to progress.' The import of these kind but firm words was universally understood, and the public joy was content to manifest itself in a more quiet way. But the nightly illuminations were continued, and the Pontiff never appeared without being hailed with vivas and acclamations. All felt that a new day was breaking upon Italy. Thus ended Rome's Three Glorious Days!

The first convulsion of joy for the pardon had not subsided before Rome was astonished and delighted by the promise of railways, while at the same period the most lively encouragement was given by the Pope to associations and meetings for agriculture, commerce, manufactures and mining.

A commission of enlightened practical men was appointed to examine the plans of the railways projected for the pontifical states. The commissioners went vigorously to work, and, on the 7th of November the same year, lines were chartered from Rome to the frontier of Naples—to the port of Anzio on the Adriatic, to Civita Vecchia on the Tyrranean Sea, and to Ancona and Bologna along the traces of the Flaminian Way. These routes extend in five directions from the capital, like the ancient post roads over which the couriers of the Roman empire flew to carry laws to the sovereigns of the world.

The edict which showed that Pius IX. was disposed to use his power as a civil prince, for better purposes than many Kings or some Presidents had been inclined to do, was received with almost as much enthusiasm as the amnesty had been, and gave rise to another succession of festivals and celebrations.

The citizens of Rome began to feel that they were then received back into the circle of human brotherhood, that they could again, without blushing, hear their own State reckoned among the family of nations. Capitalists began to cluster thick on 'Change, and the dull, half-spirited look of the unemployed classes gave way to the hopeful expression of active men, with strong muscles, who have something to look forward to. There was every where manifest the spirit of business; the consciousness that money was no longer to be hoarded up to rust, and that good strong arms were no longer to be folded idle over the deep breasts of hungry men. Laborers now had their festas and banquets, and princely bankers could now drink toasts to the pick and the spade—those cunningly shaped tools that are spreading civilization faster than the spears and eagles of the Romans. Some thousands of the modern Romans, who have fallen so far below the hardy race, from whom they have derived their origin, only because they have been crushed by tyranny and besotted by ignorance, flung aside their crazy hand-organs, from which successive generations had ground most dolorous music, and took up the more useful inventions of Tubal Cain, the brother of their former patron Jubal. The fireworks of Prince Torlonia, the great banker of Italy, inaugurated the new reign of the pick and the spade.

About this time the Spanish marriages had been secretly decided on in the cabinet of Louis Philippe. The whole world now knows that this silly step on the part of the French King was one of the principal causes of his overthrow. M. Rossi, the French

Ambassador to Rome, had hitherto been an enthusiast for Pius IX. A native of Italy—an exile from his country—having gained a high position in the scientific world of France, where he had been promoted to honor and dignity, and achieved a well-deserved eminence, was, withal, a settled intriguer. He was not an honest man; and although the war rang with the guilt of his murder, he courted the dagger of the assassin by selling himself to that royal Jew, Louis Philippe, who bought up most of the men and pictures in Europe for sale, always giving the preference, however, to pictures in flesh over those in oil.

We know absolutely that M. Rossi, during his ambassadorship at Rome, was continually intriguing with the confidential agents of Louis Philippe, under the generalship of M. Quizot, the Protestant minister ci-devant schoolmaster, but always the cool, imperturbable, smooth, noiseless, heartless politician, and just shallow enough to fall a victim to his little five-foot body against the tramp of two hundred millions of men with, George Washington's republic in the western hemisphere, holding out the banner of liberty to all nations, full on their view. Well, M. Rossi had been called to Paris, after he had lain all his mains in Rome, to receive new instructions to regulate his conduct on his return, in reference to the affairs of the ecclesiastical states, and the other governments of the continent, particularly of Austria. He returned soon after, and his course very quickly demonstrated that it was the policy of Louis Philippe to conciliate Austria at any expense.

The Pope found this out very quickly, and to one of his confidential friends he said—

'I have lost Rossi, and now there is not a diplomatist in Rome who would not be glad to see my throat cut.'

That same day Padre Ventura went to the Quirinal, where, at that period, he was always welcome. 'Well, father,' said the Pope, 'France abandons us. What I feared a short time ago has become a fact. There is no longer a power in Europe with us, except the Turk.'

'Well, father,' replied Ventura, 'God, and the people, and justice, are with you—with such allies you can very easily dispense with diplomatists and kings.'

But the hammer was leveling steady, merciless, unrelenting strokes, hour by hour, and second by second, upon this mountain crystal, which was at last to be broken to pieces.

Ceaselessly, by the adamant foundation of this noble castle, the all-wasting stream was flowing. The structure seemed, in the one case, to divide the flow of ages; in the other, no blow seemed to be heavy enough to break that light-giving eternal diamond. Nor was it a single blow—no blast could have torn up the roots of this mighty tree. It went branch by branch; it bent day by day; it died a slow and lingering death; and yet the crystal was broken, the castle was undermined, and the oak at last dried up at the roots. It stands there still; and he has been the master-workman of the society of Jesus. Poor old Pio Nono! But we will go on with thy glorious days.

In the meantime, the 6th. of November, the day when the Pontiff was to take solemn possession of San Giovanni di Laterano, was approaching, and preparations were making for the magnificent ceremonies, in honor of the occasion. The public mind was prepared for this celebration by the publication of new reforms. The attention of the Jurisconsults of Europe was arrested by the announcement that he had appointed a commission for the reform of the civil and criminal code of the Roman State, and that Silvana, and Giuliani, and Pagano, the most learned professors of jurisprudence in Italy, had been entrusted with the immense labor. Perhaps no nation in the civilized world had a code less

worthy of an enlightened people, and certainly no country had produced so many illustrious jurisconsults. Under the Cæsars, Rome had given laws to the world; and when the vast fabric of the empire had fallen to the earth, and tumbled its ruins over two hundred millions of men, the world dragged from them the Pandects of Justinian, which laid the foundations of every state and society in the modern world. From the era of the republic of Amalfi, down through the Middle Ages, Italy had been almost the only fountain of legislative, judicial and civic light. The nations of the centre and the north of Europe borrowed the institutions of Italy, as the moderns had copied their sculptures from the marbles of Greece. Napoleon laid contributions on the genius of all Europe for the compilation of his code, and yet, when it was brought to him, he said, 'Is it true, then, that there is no other basis for jurisprudence but that of Rome.'

'I know of no other,' was the honest reply of the jurist to whom he spoke.

'The Romans were right, then,' replied the Emperor, 'in calling the city eternal, for Rome will rule the world by her laws, when the last stone in the Coliseum has become dust.'

And yet the mysterious city, which had been the university of mankind, whither young Europe had gone for its laws and its civilization, had, like the devoted bird, torn out her own vitals to feed her young.

It was, therefore, a grateful spectacle to enlightened jurisconsults of Europe, to see a commission appointed by a Pontiff of Rome, to reform the code of that solitary remaining fragment of the ancient empire. Oh, what days those were in Italy. The Phoenix seemed to be rising from its ashes.

A commission was also appointed to inquire into the wants of the poor in all the provinces of the State, and to project plans for their relief. We have already, in depicting the condition of the pontifical states, spoken of the decadence of the Roman states, and the consequent prevalence of squalid suffering and crime. We have glanced at the causes of this alarming condition of things.

With an eye which seemed to be gifted with the ubiquity of vision, the successor of Gregory XVI. had detected most of the evils of society, and the corruption of government, and began to apply remedies as rapidly as possible. The most appalling evils had been ended by a few strokes; but society could not be regenerated in this way—it had to wait for the slow action of time. That no possible agency might be wanting, the Pontiff called into his service the best—in fact, it was even said the only man in his dominions to investigate and act for him. He did his own thinking, and displayed extraordinary sagacity in the choice of his men, for without regard to party, rank, or opinion, he secured the ablest men in his State, and not unfrequently intrusted commissions to foreigners. He said in his justification for this course—'Am I not the head of the Catholic church, and is not the Catholic church the universal church? Are not its children found among all nations? True, I have a nationality as an Italian, but I have a paternity which is universal. Let me, as the head of the Church, impersonate St. Peter's, the models of temples, with an altar where, in every tongue under heaven a man can confess his sins, and find the intervention of a priest who will talk to him in his own language. Therefore, have I sought for wisdom, whether God sends it in the brain of a Frenchman, a Russian, an Austrian, or a man from the western world, I greet him as a guest messenger, and I accept the augury.'

The zeal, fidelity, thoroughness—(I want a strong word)—and inveterate resolution, with which the Pope's commissioners mastered their business—the readiness and fearfulness with which Pius introduced his reforms—their marvellous appropriate-

ness and practicability—the quietness with which they went into operation—and, perhaps, above all, the cheerfulness and cool clearheadedness, the equanimity, and even the liesure with which the Pontiff went on his way, under the mountain load he had to carry; here we have a fearful glance at what he was then.

His commissions were quite different things from bodies known by that name in England and America, where it is generally understood that where a measure is referred to a commission, it is sent with all becoming pomp and convenience to oblivion, or, if a long and learned report is made, no action is taken on it, except to waste money in printing it in pamphlet form, some months after it has been published in a thousand newspapers.

Pio Nono's commissioners were working men; and when they proposed useful reforms they were adopted, and went into execution at once. There was no windy, vapid discussion—no interminable report to be printed and lie over till doomsday; in a word, there was no humbug; let it be done, and it was done. One such a man, if he could last in a State, is worth more than all the Presidents and Kings.

The Pope had already encouraged the formation of mining and iron associations, as indispensable aids to the completion of Roman railways, and the introduction of a better state of things in economic regards. Two establishments of this kind were at once set up, and went into vigorous operation—one with a capital of \$600,000. They stand on the banks of the rivers Anò and Velini, at Tivoli and Terni. These foundries were entirely supplied by the mineral wealth of Italy, which has been known to be inexhaustible for three thousand years, if not more, dating from the florid period of the Etruscans. They were supplied with the best premises, magazines, and habitations for laborers, and with the most improved machinery for manufacturing railway iron, and other fabrics and productions called for in plying the levers of this century to pry up a rotten old empire and infuse into it electric life.

No foreigner accustomed to survey the institutions of society, has probably visited Rome for the last fifteen hundred years, without hearing of the Ghetto; where, since the times of Constantine, those members of the Jewish nation who have resided in that city, have been compelled to fix their habitations. And there are hardly two other moral facts in the history of the world which have excited the surprise of philosophers in every age to such an extent, as that a people who had for two thousand years been the chosen depositories of heaven, to whom the archives of the true religion had been confided—a people whose weary millions were led out of a land of slavery under the guidance of a 'pillar of fire by night' into the chosen land where God himself was to dwell among them by the visible manifestations of his presence, and for whose redemption the Son of God came to suffer and to die—should be finally abandoned of heaven, and driven to the four corners of the earth, to become the by-word of all nations. And that this same people should be ground into the dust, and covered with the most unmeasured obliquity by those, who, calling themselves Christians, aspired to rival the severities of a God, whose great attribute of vengeance they supposed they saw legally written in the appalling destiny of that overwhelmed people.

But whatever may have been their interpretation, these facts stand out bold on the surface of history—that no nation has ever stood on so great an eminence, or fallen into so deep an abyss. It is equally certain that, with very few exceptions, the great mass of those who have professed the Saviour's name, have, through successive ages, considered themselves doing God's service, by outraging every law of humanity in the treatment of the despised

race of Jacob. Until recent times, this ferocious sentiment has been proof against even the progress of civilization; and Rome itself has shown an example to all her followers of unmeasured cruelty toward the Jews. Few of the Pontiffs have ever extended toward them any of the rights of man, far less any of the charities of religion.

We have spoken of the Ghetto. This is the district where the Jews of Rome have always been compelled to live. It was originally raised 'amidst the swamps of the Tiber, at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, surrounded either by lofty walls or houses, which were not permitted to have even a loop-hole to the exterior. Originally, five massive gates, guarded by halberdiers of the Roman magistracy, were opened at sunrise and closed at sunset, to receive back the descendants of Abraham—bees laden with a spoil sweeter to them than honey—that of the persecuting, but outwitted—the insolent but cheated Christian.' And there this solitary, despised people were shut up with all their wrongs—with no passion but the unsleeping thirst for gold, and no hope but for the coming of their deliverer.

Although the decencies of modern society had tempered the ferocities of the Popes, yet they still continued to treat the inhabitants of the Ghetto like dogs. Few of the Pontiffs have regarded them with even humane feelings, or traced in the sharp lineaments and keen gray eye of the bearded Jew anything but the crucifier of the Savior. Hitherto they had seen little in the religion of Christians worthy of one, whom the ancient prophets had clothed with those glorious attributes, that were to adorn the son of David.

This deep blot rested on the Catholic church until Pius IX. became Pontiff. Not many days after his coronation, while he was riding, to the surprise of everybody, towards the Ghetto, his carriage was stopped by a crowd of people gathered round a man who had fallen in a fit.

'What is it?' asked the Pope.

'Only a Jew,' was the answer of some Christian standing by.

'And is not a Jew a man and a brother?' exclaimed the Pope. 'Make way for us!' and he stepped from his carriage.

The crowd opened with reverence for their Prince, and he approached the sufferer. The man was gasping in convulsions on the ground, from which no one would raise him, for he was a Jew. Pius took him in his arms, and, bearing him to his carriage, ordered the coachman to drive to the Jew's house. He stood over him, rendering every assistance till he was completely restored, and left him with his blessing and a present of money.

This act of humanity, which would hardly be worth mentioning if the world had not grown very bad, introduced a new era in Rome. Both Jews and Christians heard of it with astonishment. For several days nothing else was spoken of in Rome, but the strange fact that Pius IX. had condescended to touch a Jew.

Not long after this, a deputation of old men, with long grey beards, plain garments, and sad faces, presented themselves at the Quirinal, and requested to be admitted to the presence of the Pope. They were a deputation of Israelites, who had come from the Ghetto to present to Pius the most magnificent offering he had ever received—an antique golden chalice of great intrinsic value, and of exquisite workmanship. It was believed to have been brought from Judea, and for eighteen hundred years preserved by the Jews from the wreck of the holy things of the Temple of Solomon. It had, at all events, for ages been used in the solemn ceremonies of their religious worship, and was consequently the most venerable object the Jew could present.

The deputation was announced, and immediately introduced into the presence of the Pope. Bowing themselves low before him, as neither they nor their

fathers had ever voluntarily bowed before a Pontiff, they uncovered their sacred offering, and begged him to accept it as a token of their gratitude to him 'who had showed kindness to one of their affectionate brethren.'

Pius was greatly moved by so unexpected and touching a recognition of a deed for which he claimed no sort of merit.

'I accept your magnificent gift, my children,' he said, 'with pleasure and gratitude; will you tell me how much it is worth? I do not speak of its value, of course, as a work of art; for that is inestimable—nor as having been consecrated to the worship of the true God.'

'It weighs five hundred Roman scudi,' answered the chief of the deputation, who was very likely to know.

The Pope stepped to the table, and wrote rapidly on the first strip of paper that fell into his hands, 'Good for one thousand scudi—Pius IX.' Handing it to the deputation he said—

'Accept in your turn a small pledge of my love for my poor Hebrew children. Divide it among the poor families of the Ghetto in the name of Pio Nono.'

The deputies wished to decline the gift, magnanimously offered to quadruple the sum, and distribute it among their poor brethren. But the Pope refused to accept the chalice on any other terms than he had proposed.

The interview was protracted. The most generous and humane sentiments were uttered by the Pontiff, and he indulged in many expressions of kindness and love for the Jewish nation, which had so long been shut out from the light of God's face. When the old men heard these words of tenderness and tears, which had not perhaps for half a century filled their eyes, fell fast on their white beards, and they could not speak their gratitude. They bowed at his feet, and as they left the apartment, their quiet step and solemn bearing had an air of that oriental veneration men were wont to feel when the angels and prophets of God walked among mankind.

It is impossible to describe the scene that was witnessed on their return to Ghetto. The young men and the maidens, and the mothers in Israel, crowded silently around the Rabis; and the white bearded patriarchs leaned tremblingly upon their staffs to hear the wondrous words. A feeling of surprise and delight, that had much in it that was solemn and thoughtful, and distrustful, was manifested by the whole assembly. They began to break up in groups, and some, more bold and hopeful, and others, who were tired of looking out of the windows, always, always, always waiting for that mysterious deliverer who never came, began to whisper, softly and fearfully, 'Who knows but it's Pius IX. that we have waited for so long?' And the half-uttered reply was 'It may be.'

And from day to day that voice of inquiry grew more and more distinct; and the little children laid their dimpled cheeks reverently on the old men's knees, and looking up hopefully in their sad faces, asked if, when their deliverer came, he would not do just as Pius IX. did.

And when the dark-eyed maiden said her evening prayer, and came to those sublime words that have for so many ages sustained the lingering hope of Israel, reminding Jehovah of his time-allowed promise to send the deliverer those solemn thoughts that had never before invested a human form, called forth the image of the new prince, who had been the first to speak words of consolation to her afflicted people! And everywhere his name was uttered with veneration and love by the most neglected and despised son and daughter of the Ghetto. What might not those who profess the Saviour's name (be they Catholics or Protestants) have done for our unhappy world long ago!

[To be continued.]

BEHIND TIME.—'Why is a man who carries a watch invariably too late in his appointments?' 'Because he is always 'behind' his time.'



THE CASTLE OF SYLVIRIA, IN THE SEA OF MARMORA.

THE CASTLE OF SYLVIRIA.

The landscape above represents accurately a very noted and picturesque Turkish castle situated on the borders of the Sea of Marmora, whose waters are seen spreading away on the right. Nature herself has here piled up the rocks in such a manner that a handful of men could defend the eminence against a strong attacking force, and as the height is not commanded by any in this vicinity, artillery could not be brought to bear against it. But the skill of man has strengthened the position by erecting very strong walls and towers, and mounting at every point the heaviest artillery. Contrasting with the square turrets and towers are some pinnacles of those fantastic forms in which oriental tastes delight. This is particularly the case with the flag staff tower, which is of a most curious pattern. A group of mounted Turks crossing the bridge, and of peasants following the curving line of the road at the base of the cliff, gives animation to this wild landscape. The Sea of Marmora, on which the castle stands, was anciently called Propontis, and is situated between Europe and Asia, communicating with the Grecian Archipelago by the strait of the Dardanelles, and with the Black Sea by the Bosphorus. Its extreme length is over 160 miles, and its greatest breadth nearly fifty miles. The sea receives its appellation from Marmora, anciently Proconnesus, a small island towards its western extremity, long celebrated for its marble quarries, whence its name, Marmor, in the plural Marmora, being the Latin name for marble.

ABSYNTHE.

A French paper thus discusses on this fashionable poison, which is so favorite an appetite provoker among the Europeans:—

China has her opium, the East her hashisch, England her gin. In France we have a poison that is imbued with these poisons, and a powerful stimulant that galvanizes the nerves and also feverishly surcharges the brain; we have absynthe.

Under pretense of creating an appetite, the present generation has commenced drinking this detestable 'liqueur,' which is now as common with us as the pipe and cigar.

We despise, without sympathising with them, those ignoble brutes who seek, in beastly intoxication, the most abusing pleasures—beings with haggard eyes and trembling steps—grog-shop devotees, who drink for the sake of drinking, without caring what they drink.

We should not so bitterly attack absynthe if its ravages had been confined to that class of drinkers. Unhappily, the fanatics of the 'green lexueur' are to be found in another class of society more noble and intelligent. Artists, and especially literary men have, in but few years past, become addicted to its use and abuse in a lamentable degree. Almost all seek from it a fictitious fever, and the inspiration that is leaving them, without thinking that the next day and the next, to obtain the same effect, they must indulge in a still stronger dose, and that in accustoming themselves to this facile excitement, which comes when called for, they dull their intellect and destroy their health.

The effects of this poison are terribly crushing. A feverish ecstasy, full of delicious dreams of inspiration, is followed by an overwhelming debility, a continual state of somnolency. The eyes become dull and the hands tremble. No work can be done unless preceded by a dram of absynthe. Beneath these ceaseless attacks reason reels, and a fatal day comes when the drinker finds drunkenness, and never again finds 'inspiration.' Then he is lost beyond hope of recovery. What was a necessary prelude to his labors, becomes a degrading passion, a daily indulgence which he has not the courage to abandon. The poet is dead within him, and the drunkard alone remains.

Like opium, absynthe has its fanatics and its victims—unhappy victims, whom we cannot refrain from pitying—noble minds drowned in this dark and sickening liquid.

We have seen them pass by with despairing glance and trembling steps, the shadows of their former selves, still unconscious of their misfortune. Gerard de Nerval, the charming writer, the delightful novelist, sought in absynthe brighter faces, and more glowing imaginings. Alfred de Musset, a great poet, wounded to the heart, sought in this terrible poison forgetfulness of his mysterious sorrow. Gerard de Nerval hung himself in the window of a miserable den. Alfred de Musset, after ten years forgetfulness of his genius, died without being able to utter, at his last hour, a song as sublime as those he sung in his bright youth.

SERVIA.

Servia is one of several states that nestle in the mountains between the Danube and the Dardanelles. It adjoins Hungary, and is separated from Wallachia by the Danube only. Its annals are full of incident; and, although it is not associated in history with Macedonia, one of its neighbors, it has in modern times attracted considerable notice, owing to its desire for independence, and its many revolutions. It was one of the last places that submitted to Turkey, and it was one of the earliest that revolted against the Moslem rule. The sympathy of Hungary, and Austria, and Russia, has hitherto, however, not been sufficient to give it entire independence of the Porte, for, although practically independent, it owes homage to the Sultan. The Servians are a restless, but brave and industrious people. They have high aspirations of political liberty, and a fine appreciation of greatness in other countries. Mr. Paget, when travelling through the country, stopped at a hostelry, and, in conversation, related to the inmates that Wellington, Napoleon, and O'Connell, were all born on the same day. The observation of the Servian was at once domestic and poetical, for he said, 'On that day Nature had her sleeves tucked up.'

IRISH MISCELLANY.

THOMAS O'NEILL . . . PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

A NEW PAPER.

This, the 62d number, closes the first year, the second volume, and the existence of the *IRISH MISCELLANY*. In making this somewhat sudden and unexpected announcement, we do not deem the cause as of sufficient importance to make mention here. That the *Miscellany* was ushered before the public under circumstances such as perhaps no illustrated paper ever was before, nor do we think will ever be again,—at a time when all was depression and distrust,—and without either means or ability, it is, perhaps, unnecessary for us now to state, as all the circumstances are pretty well known. And we trust our readers will not accuse us of an unnecessary display of either egotism or braggadocio when we state that the *Irish Miscellany* must have necessarily ceased to exist after the publication of the third number had it not been for the pecuniary support so timely extended to it by—its friends; and, had it unfortunately been thus,—and we want to be distinctly understood as not imputing ill-motives to any one,—those subscribers who had so generously paid their subscriptions must, of necessity, have been the losers. There are very few, indeed, who have the remotest idea of the necessary expenses of publishing an illustrated paper. But we had then, as well as now, confidence in the success of a paper conducted in the manner originally designed that the *Miscellany* should be. We knew that if, in connection with its literary and pictorial departments, it expounded the great and glorious principles of *IRISH NATIONALITY*, knowing neither North nor South, it must inevitably receive the hearty support of every true *IRISHMAN*. And should any paper succeed that dare do otherwise in this enlightened 19th century? No! the time is gone by when a sectarian press could wield a sufficient influence over the minds of the Irish people to callous and make them indifferent to their truest and dearest interests—those times, and the divisions consequently produced by the promulgation of such benighted doctrines, are fast sinking into the deepest and remotest recesses of oblivion, never again to infect a pure atmosphere with their hideous and sacrilegious howlings. But we are unconsciously digressing from our subject.

Had the *Miscellany*, even when it was found fully able to maintain itself, been conducted with more business tact and promptness, and had less unnecessary promises been made, we think it is neither predicting or assuming too much to say that this paper would now occupy a position unsurpassed by that of any other Irish paper published on the continent of America. The field cut out for it was new and unoccupied, and although other papers have at various times tried unsuccessfully to enter that field, they have not injured, but merely served it.

When we became proprietor of the paper, and fully understood the true state of affairs, the only thing which then prevented us from starting a new paper was a due regard for those subscribers who had paid their yearly subscriptions.

The *Miscellany's* successor will be launched before the public on the regular publication day of the *Miscellany*—for their approval or disapproval. The support given to that paper warrant us in anticipating for the new one unprecedented success, as we will publish a pictorial which cannot but be welcomed and esteemed by the Irish people.

The new paper will travel much in the same path originally designed for the *Miscellany*; and we confidently rely on the merits of the paper itself for that

support which none but the meritorious should ever receive.

We have engaged some of the ablest and most respected of the Irish writers to furnish contributions, all of which will be duly announced. We have also engaged some of the best artists in the country, as will be perceived by the pictorial embellishments which will adorn the new paper.

Those subscribers who have lately entered their names on the subscription books of the *Miscellany* will be served with its successor for the periods specified.

With the debts incurred for the *Miscellany* since our connection with it, if any remain, like Andrew Jackson, 'we will take the responsibility,' and it necessary follows that we should have a sincere desire that those indebted to us should, in common parlance, 'fork over.'

HENRY GILES ON DANIEL O'CONNELL.

A noble theme, nobly treated by one of nature's noblemen, was the lecture of Henry Giles, Esq., before the Young Catholic's Friends' Society on Thursday evening, January 27th. We have never heard a better discourse; and of Mr. Giles's many gifted efforts, this surpassed them all. He treated it evidently *CON AMORE*, occupying nearly two hours in the delivery. Newspaper reference to splendid performances is not calculated to enhance their worth, and in our limited space we can only just allude to the multitudinous topics discussed. The life, labors, and character of his illustrious subject were portrayed under three heads:—

Daniel O'Connell was born at Derrynane, near Cahirciveen, County Kerry, August 6, 1775. At Reddington, County Cork, he was fitted for college, at the school of the Rev. Mr. Harrington—the first public seminary after the repeal of the penal laws against Catholic education. He was at the age of 15 sent to St. Omer's, France, thence to the Douai College, but returned to the former, and remained there until the college was dispersed by the French Revolution.

The learned professions being now accessible to Catholics, young 'Dan' began to study law, and in 1798 was admitted to the bar. Almost immediately afterward he entered the political arena, and soon became the champion of Irish nationality—his maiden speech having been made in 1800 against the accursed Union. In 1802, he married his cousin, Mary O'Connell, and enjoyed for 34 years almost perfect domestic bliss. For one who had neither wealth nor title to recommend him, this great commoner rose very rapidly in his profession. His first year's earnings were only £58; the second, £150; the third, £300; and the last, though he missed one term thereof, £900! Besides his regular duties, he labored persistently and vigorously for 25 years in the cause of emancipation. He evaded the ban of the imperial parliament by changing, when the exigency required, the name of the organization. In 1804, it was the Catholic Board; in 1808, the Catholic Committee; in 1823, the Catholic Association. A just tribute was here paid to the invaluable services Richard Lalor Shiel rendered the cause of his oppressed countrymen. Catholic emancipation having been in effect secured, O'Connell was, in 1828, elected a member of Parliament from the County Clare, and continued until his death a member of the House of Commons. In 1842, the prosecution of the repeal agitator resulted in his imprisonment for three months, the iniquity of which Lord Denham, as Lord High Chancellor, pronounced 'a mockery, a delusion, and a snare;' but the Liberator's prestige had thenceforth departed. In 1847, he went to the Continent, and died at Genoa on the 16th of May, in that year, his heart, according to his own request, being deposited in Rome, and his body in beloved fatherland.

Mr. Giles here noticed the coincidence of Sir Robert Peel, who, as the only foe man worthy of O'Connell's steel, had long been that great man's adversary, dying in the same year; and this leads us to revert to an earlier period in the Liberator's career. Speaking once disrespectfully of the Corporation of Dublin, he had to meet one of its members, D'Esteiro, who fell in a duel at the hands of O'Connell. This was a subject of regret to that great religious man up to the period of his death. At the same time he accepted an other challenge from the then plain Mr. Peel, and they had arranged to meet in Belgium; but the future minister contrived to get arrested when he had got as far as London, and he never kept his engagement. The fact of these two eminent men departing this life in the same year, has suggested this digression from Mr. Giles's remarks: but it serves to demonstrate that there was nothing of the 'white feather' in the composition of Daniel O'Connell. He feared

no man, and in the language of the venerable Archbishop Hughes, 'after a brief period from the time of his duel with D'Esteiro, he recorded a vow in heaven that he would never accept a challenge from any one. Many a potroon, in his future life, both in the British Parliament and elsewhere, took advantage of his vow to insult him, knowing very well that they were exempt from the retribution which he would otherwise have inflicted.'

Had O'Connell lived a generation earlier, it is probable his would have been a monotonous sphere—

'Born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

The declaration of American Independence compelled a relaxation of the fetters of Ireland. The penal code had, at the period of his birth, continued for nearly ninety years, and had exercised its baneful and degrading influence on those successive generations. It combined, in its malignant foldings over every portion of the mind and body of the Catholics, the strong coil of the anaconda with the subtle sting of the scorpion. It denied them rights of property, of domestic order, of education, of religion. It aimed at making them paupers as regarded property, barbarians in reference to science and general education, and either apostates from the Catholic faith or adherents thereto under the disadvantages both of pauperism and of ignorance. Burke thus sums up its operation: 'It had,' he observes, 'a vicious perfection. It was a complete system—full of coherence and consistency; well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man.' Mr. Giles says this was done by Irishmen, but we should bear in mind they were merely the English garrison there. Queen Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell's treatment of Ireland was mildness itself in comparison with the state of things existing at the time of the treaty of Limerick. The malignity of the Hugenots after the revocation of the edict of Nantes spurred on the bellhounds, so that Julien's tyranny in Rome unequalled the honors of the penal code in Ireland.

Reference was here made to Swift's ideas of justice to his Catholic countrymen, and to the uprising of Grattan and his followers in 1781. Due attention was paid to Curran as a lawyer, and to Grattan as a senator; but O'Connell was the greatest Catholic genius the country had seen since the siege of Limerick. He found his native land in possession of an impregnable oligarchy, yet he swept away its ramparts, and secured partial freedom. He was next considered by the eloquent lecturer, at great length, as an advocate, a legislator, and a popular tribune, and was accorded the greatest praise, particularly in the latter capacity, in which he stood peerless.

Mr. Giles is of opinion that O'Connell outlived his sphere of usefulness, like Charles XII. of Sweden and Napoleon. We esteem our beloved countryman too highly to enter into an elaborate discussion with him on this point; but, whether because we have come on the stage of action since the passage of the Emancipation act, or whether our admiration for the 'man of the people' blinds us to the truth, we are at all events decidedly of opinion that O'Connell did not survive his time. On the contrary, we think, as in the case of Napoleon marshalling his forces with a power unequalled on the eve of Waterloo, he appears to us as grand and awful then and there as on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz; so also does the life of O'Connell loom up to our mind now when he called together on Tara's Hill and elsewhere his countless hosts of sternly resolved men to do or die for Erin's right: as sublimely as when knocking at the door of parliament for admission. Singly and alone, he did more morally than any other man. 'Green may his memory be!'

Mr. Giles lectured at South Boston on Friday night. On Thursday, the 17th inst., he will again address our citizen on the subject of 'Irish Mental and Moral Character.' We hope measures will immediately be taken to insure him an audience commensurate with his transcendent qualities as the foremost lecturer of the day.

CONTENTS OF THE NEW PAPER.

The first page will be embellished with a beautiful and life-like portrait of the celebrated Father Thomas Maguire, executed in the most artistic style. The likeness is pronounced by all the truest yet produced. The cut will be accompanied by a biographical sketch. On the fifth page will be given a laughable picture representing Father O'Leary and the Bear; it is accompanied by a story. On page eight will be found an illustration of the reception of Columbus by the Queen and court on his return to Spain after discovering the continent of America. The reading matter will be selected with the greatest care, and will consist in part of Irish stories, songs, poetry, the very latest intelligence, and a good variety of new and original material, the whole going to make up one of the best papers ever had before the Irish people.

We shall publish music once in the month, at least, in future.

SONG FOR THE EXILES.

BY DABRY MCKEON.

Air—'Irish Molly O.'

I.

Oh, list ye to the joyful news that's wafted o'er the sea,
There's life in Holy Ireland still, and love of Liberty;
Her pure and glorious old rebel blood fast rushes thro' her
veins;
The famine graves left more than slaves upon her fertile
plains.

II.

The bloodstained English pirates, who ban'd her altars
pure
And robbed her shrines and temples, she never can en-
dure;
Our peerless queen, that island green, whose rights they've
trodden o'er,
Renews the strife for land, for life, and liberty once more.

III.

All you who by that ruthless power were torn from her
breast,
Expelled to pine in lone exile, as wanderers in the West,
Still doomed to toil on foreign soil out from her bosom
cast,
Awake! prepare to do your share of vengeance for the past.

IV.

For centuries her children's blood unceasingly did flow;
With more than Spartan zeal they stood against that bitter
foe;
Her martyrs pure, in Freedom's cause, met death without a
groan;
The gallant Orr, Fitzgerald brave, Sheers, Emmett and
Wolfe Tone.

V.

Can we forget their memory, and thousands more beside,
That have bequeathed to us the cause for which they calmly
died;
Transmitted from sire to son, we've sworn to wait the
hour,
To sink proud Albion's perjured throne, and overthrow her
power.

VI.

The gallant Hindoo in the East has broken from her thrall;
Behold! she cringes to the nod of that Imperial Gaul,*
Whose warlike hosts, in armor clad, are longing for the
day,
To land with fury on her coasts, and sweep her crown
away.

VII.

Then, brothers up, the morning sun is rising o'er that
place,
That nursed despite the Saxon throne the fiery Celtic race;
The holy rays of freedom's light will beam on her ere
long,
When millions hail the welcome sight, prepare to join the
throng.

*The Emperor of France.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by
Thomas O'Neill, in the District Court of Massachusetts.

REMINISCENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

—IN THE—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SERVICES.

BY THOMAS O'NEILL.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

THE USE OF SOLDIERS—HERE AND THERE.

In England, and most of the monarchical countries of Europe, the soldier is a mere machine, employed and maintained for purposes not altogether for the benefit of the people. By the skillful and studied use of this man-machine, the governments crown rulers are enabled to keep their feet upon the necks of their masses, and grind them to the earth. By the use of this machine, which they have, with consummate art, moulded and fashioned for their purposes, the governing class are enabled to maintain themselves in power—to support the distinction of classes—uphold the blasphemy called the 'divine right of Kings,' and enforce the necessity of mea-

suring creeds by bullet measure—tax the food to the starving point, least the people, being too well fed, should forget themselves—grind labor to the slavery level, and deny education as unsuited to the laborer, mechanic, or artisan, being dangerous to their ideas of 'law and order'—that is, to the security of 'crowned pates.'

The tendency of monarchical institutions, acting upon the soldier, has the virtual effect of depriving him of the high and noble attributes of a thinking and reflecting being. The culture of those noble faculties of the mind, with which a wise and beneficent Creator has endowed man, to elevate him above the brutes who perish, are utterly and completely neglected, or, at best, perverted, while the cunning of his hands is trained to the skillful and expert use of deadly weapons which are turned to an account in overawing and keeping down the spirit of the people, who are heavily taxed to support and arm the very power that keeps them in misery and subjection, under the specious pretext of upholding the national honor and dignity of the crown, of which they, the aforesaid taxpayers, are the honored and benefited subjects, and their nation the greatest, freest, best-governed, and most magnanimous upon the face of the globe!

The government takes excellent good care that the men selected for the army shall be, in a physical sense, the ablest in the country—preferring those of little mental culture; and, as to morality, they have a code peculiar in such cases which, if acted up to, is all sufficient. The soldier must be of moral deportment when required for duty. But if vicious and depraved at other times, he becomes the reader tool, and may wallow in drunkenness and depravity when off duty.

To these accursed dynasties the soldier may fitly be styled the executive of their will. If, after a season of peace and profligate expenditure, the royal exchequer has become exhausted, and the clamors of an ill-fed people for bread warn the wary minister that the limit to popular forbearance has been reached, and that an additional tax dare not be imposed with impunity. It is speedily discovered that the 'national honor' requires that the peaceful Chinese, for instance, shall be punished for their audacious contumacy in daring to refuse the poison which the interests of British commerce require them to take. Speedily the human machines aforesaid are put in motion; the bayonet is brought into requisition, and thousands of offending people sacrificed, and their property appropriated; thus is the royal exchequer replenished. The people are elated by the descriptions which their 'national instructors' give them of the manner in which their 'national honor' has been vindicated, the 'national glory' maintained; and thus is murder and robbery made the soldier's calling.

Is it for a moment to be imagined that, if the soldier was allowed to exercise the faculty of free thought, and reflect upon the justice of the quarrel in which he is ordered to risk limb and life; that the mountain passes of the Khyber, or the plains of Afghanistan, or the fastnesses of the Punjab would at this day be whitened with the bones of so many thousands of the white slaves of royalty? No, the English soldier, trained to do the behests of his superiors, never reflects upon the justice of the cause for which he fights. He is the blind and unreasoning tool of the power to which he has sold himself. The efforts made to give a colorable pretext to the murdering and marauding expeditions upon which he is sent are not to blindfold him, they are to hoodwink the people who maintain him and his masters; they are to bamboozle and mislead the public opinion of mankind. Sometimes these expeditions are to advance the interests of civilization; sometimes the bloody business is carried on in the holy name of religion, the cause of God and humanity, the spread of the gospel, &c.,

while gain is mostly the cause of all the wars that have cursed mankind since wars began. The soldier's share of the profits is a bloody grave, or, at best, a beggarly pension, embellished with a paltry medal, and, oftentimes, a wooden leg and shattered frame.

At the conclusion of each fit of slaughter and robbery, general thankgivings are appointed, and the beneficent prince of peace outraged and insulted in temples dedicated to his worship by those alledged to be his ministers. The people are dazzled by the pomp and glare of the magnates and big ones of the earth proceeding solemnly to church, or parading the streets in dazzling processions, marching to the tunes of 'Rule Britannia,' 'Britons strike home,' 'Old England is the land we love,' 'Britons never shall be slaves.' Everybody feels so happy there is no thought of poverty; taxes, dear bread, low wages, all for the moment are forgotten in the intoxication of national vanity.

But shortly the taxes are increased to defray the expenses incurred in the war. The unnatural stimulant being withdrawn, trade is stagnated, work becomes scarce, wages fall, and the price for bread rises, and the people who shouted the loudest but a while ago are now clamoring for a reduction in taxes, and demanding work and bread for themselves and their little ones, who are all but naked and starving. The government is deaf to their cries; they become bold, desperate and daring; the wolf is at the door; the gnawing vulture is at their vitals. They have the energy of despair, and the ferocity of the hungered brute; but they lack the strength which unity of purpose and disciplined action gives. The government laughs at their impotency, and permits them to go a certain length. It sometimes sends a hireling in the guise of a demagogue amongst them, to inflame their passions, and then, quoting his harangues, exalts the liberty of speech which the free Briton enjoys. They feel secure, for ready to hand they have their men-machines. The soldiers, having nothing to do abroad, are at length turned out, and, in the name of their gracious sovereign, ordered to shoot down the rebel mob, and slaughter the hungry multitudes. That this is no exaggerated picture, let the records of Peterloo, and the bread riots at Paisley, at Lancashire, and other manufacturing districts, attest.

At length the machine becomes worn out. The poor tool is no longer fit for service, either at home or abroad, and he is accordingly laid aside, with a pension of from twelve to twenty cents per day, until he at length drops into the grave. Another is found who quickly follows suit, and so on to the end of the chapter.

In the United States, service it is otherwise. The soldier is employed to defend honestly purchased territory on our borders from the incursions of the red man, and others, who will not quietly settle down, and share the benefits of peace and extending civilization. He may sometimes be called upon to defend the people's charter, and, in executing the law, keep in bounds the fanatics who would, if they could, abrogate the constitution, and set all law and order at defiance.

We should be inclined to doubt the necessity of soldiers at all, under a republic, were it not that there are always, even in the best disposed community, some men who set up their own views and opinions as the arbitrary and only rule of right. With these misguided people there are many who ought and do know better, but who are mischievously disposed anarchists, factionists, and, in their hearts, monarchists. While society is thus sprinkled over with evil doers and disturbers, the necessity for some controlling check must be apparent to every well-minded citizen.

Besides, we have neighbors on our borders, who are ever ready to quarrel on the smallest pretext, and who can never be successfully reasoned with

For the Irish Miscellany.

A SHORT ESSAY ON POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY.

BY P. K. G.

Popular Sovereignty is a principle based upon the constitution of man. He who denies it is a monarchist.

As the Creator did not place a king over Adam, it may be reasonably deduced that man was intended to govern himself. Nay, as political government is a necessary element in our social existence, this conclusion is irresistible. This idea that the people are the only source of political power upon earth is the best friend of republics, and the most inveterate enemy of kings everywhere.

The principle of popular sovereignty destroys one thing and establishes another. It destroys the absolute right of any man to rule his fellow men without their consent, and establishes, in theory at least, the unqualified political equality of all men. If acted upon in the United States, slavery would melt before it like a snow flake in a furnace. But, then, there is the Constitution.

If Popular Sovereignty was scouted in a country where royal cobwebs dimmed the visual organs of the people, there would be nothing marvelous about it. Indeed, under such unhappy circumstances, it would be quite natural that the people should do so. But why intelligent men, professing to be republicans, should deny the validity of this principle of political action, I cannot comprehend. Yet Sumner, Wilson, Seward, and others, even in our Senate, do so without hesitation, and are decked with laurel for so doing. How long will the people suffer this? I do not like the cruelty of the leaders of the French Revolution, but it seems to me that every republican must admire the vigor of their adherence to and love for this political canon. It makes sporting toys of thrones and other trappings.

The Hindoos are struggling for this principle at the present time, and they have the sympathy of the Irish people. Ye who think it strange that the Irish in America sympathize with the Sepoys, and not with the English, will be considerate enough to bear the reason why they do so in your minds. It may give you much ease.

The Irish people believe firmly in the political equality of mankind, and are, by virtue of their own convictions, forever committed to the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty. For this Ireland has struggled and fought, and now rebels! For this Tone and Emmet have made willing sacrifices of themselves; and to this the Irish in America are devoted.

The Irish people have a deep interest in spreading this political theory in America. Ideas are very contagious. When the skies of Columbia become fully charged with this political electricity, that Atlantic cable may serve to convey a current which will shock England. Let us spread it!

THE HAYTIAN BASTILLE.—The Revolutionary Committee of Hayti have issued orders for the destruction of terrible dungeons at Fort Labouc. The fort is situated upon an island, and its dungeons, which are mostly used for the incarceration of political prisoners, are below the level of tide at high water. They were closed up a number of years ago, but have within a year or two been reopened by the Emperor. When prisoners were received at this fort they were conducted to the dungeons, and were there chained by the head to the floor, with their feet at an angle of forty degrees, and in this situation, exposed to visits of legions of ferocious rats, scorpions, &c., they were left, to death from the approaching waves. Of late, it is said that the guards at the fort, with a glimmering of humanity, finished their prisoners with a blow from the butt end of the musket before placing them in the dungeon.

It is also related that two persons confined in these dungeons succeeded in working off their irons, and making their escape. The decree for the destruction of this Haytian Bastille alludes to the many eminent citizens who have there disappeared, and whose bones the remorseless waves have washed upon the opposite shore.

except through the mouth of the cannon, and who can never be induced to acknowledge our rights except through fear of a sound drubbing.

Our Anglo Saxon cousins, the Spaniards, and lately the French—through their pious Emperor—seemed disposed to wish us ill. And thus, all these put together, if, indeed, any one be not a sufficient cause for America to keep up the nucleus of a national army, which our standing army is no more.

Almost all the governments of Europe hate and envy while they dread the influence of this republic. Since its successful establishment, their subjects seem to have become, on more than one occasion, restless and uneasy. The orthodoxy of the 'divine right of Kings' has been openly and very generally questioned; so much so, that we hear, sometimes, in the very heart of Europe, of such things as 'citizen Kings,' and Emperors have not disdained to acknowledge their elevation to 'universal suffrage,' such as it was. And, indeed, we have of late read of a King by divine right, running away at the sound of the popular voice, and, in his haste, leaving his crown behind him. All these things have been attributed, and rightly so, to the influence which the existence and success of this republic exerts upon the popular mind in Europe—particularly those who are compelled to keep up immense establishments of army and navy, to overawe and check the growth of the principles of our government amongst their subjects; in a word, to crush the rights of man.

The American soldier can, after a few years' service, return to his home, and resume his former occupation, or choose a new mode of life, as best suits his purse or purpose. He can engage in trade, manufacture, agriculture, law, physic, divinity, or politics; but, above all, he can exercise the rights of a freeman—he is a citizen!

On retiring from the service, if he has been frugal, he can command quite a respectable amount of cash to start in business; or should he desire, at the term of his service, to remain in the army, his pay is increased. At the time I am now writing (1859), he can save more money than the mechanic or artisan of 'happy old England.' Add to this the privilege conferred upon the American soldier by a recent act of Congress, which enacts that non-commissioned officers shall be entitled to rise in command according as their conduct and qualifications fit them for promotion.

This is as it should be. The soldier should have the same opportunities in his profession as men in other positions in life have; and it is the only true way of making the service desirable, and the army efficient and reliable.

This wise action of Congress must not be clogged by the old foggy resolutions thrown around it, ordaining silly and useless examinations upon scientific qualifications, which, if strictly adhered to, will make this noble act of Congress a nullity. It would be as sensible to insist that the man recommended for bravery and good conduct should be learned in theology, and a practical surgeon, because he might be required to exercise his surgical skill upon the battle field, or preach the gospel to a dying comrade.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Editor of the Irish Miscellany:—

Sir—The message recently presented to the General Court by the Governor of this State contains much that is worthy of commendation, and for those particular portions due praise has been awarded; but I have yet to see the first word in allusion to that portion of his message wherein he recommends the present Legislature to complete the good work so well begun by the Legislature of 1858—that is, the proposed amendment to the Constitution requiring a residence of two years subsequent to naturalization, before

the newly made citizen shall be allowed to exercise the elective franchise. It seems to me that this part of his Excellency's message is entitled to some notice, for certainly no part of it can be of more importance, and while, indeed, recommendations of reform and retrenchment are well enough, and proper enough to be discussed and approved, yet, when a bold stroke like that proposed by the Governor is to be made, some opposing voice should be found, some arm be upraised, if happily the blow may be averted. There was a time when such an idea would not have found lodgment in the brain of N. P. Banks, or if it had, he would not have dared to give it utterance, for, if I mistake not, the race and the men whom he now seeks to deprive of a privilege dear to every freeman, were the first to extend to him the hand of friendship, to encourage and support him in his efforts to rise from a humble sphere, and to their suffrages he owes whatever of political fame he now enjoys; as a Democrat he was first elected to our State Legislature, then to the National Congress, and the Convention to form a Constitution for the State, and in seeking these various positions he had the firm support of Irishmen; yet we now find him in the foremost ranks of the fanatics who seek to stigmatize as unreliable and untrustworthy the people who have been found in the hour of our country's peril 'faithful amid the faithless.' On one account, I am glad that N. P. Banks has made this memorable suggestion—for it certainly will be remembered. We now fully know the character of that object warmed to life in our bosoms, and he has succeeded in damning himself politically outside the confines of this State, for the man who seeks to degrade a people can never secure for himself their confidence and esteem, and as Governor Banks is supposed to have Presidential aspirations, and the real backbone of the Republican party in the middle and Western States is found in the support it receives from Continental Europeans, the gentleman in question may as well hang up his fiddle—I do not mean the one he carried in his days of innocence, when the apprentice boy was the sole musician for the neighboring dancing schools.

The ungracious and ungrateful slanderer of his benefactors has dug the pit into which he himself shall fall.

Now, it appears plain that some step should be taken to counteract the evil about to be committed, for it cannot be denied that this movement originated with the enemies of Democracy and the Irish race, and this is only too apparent when we consider the source from whence it sprang. That the deed will be consummated, who can doubt? That the people will ratify it is beyond question. Then it is part of the State Constitution, and must remain in full force and vigor, until better times shall dawn upon the Commonwealth, and wiser counsels prevail. Let it, then, be the duty of every man to see to it that he has this right secured for himself ere it is too late. Let every man who knows of a person entitled to citizenship, but who has neglected to secure this right, urge him to obtain it. The necessity is urgent, and it is pressing, and the experience of past years tells us only too forcibly the danger of procrastination. Let clubs be formed, naturalization societies organized, and every effort used to prevent, as far as possible, the end sought to be obtained by the fanatical bigots who seek to elevate the black race by depressing the white. There are now in our State thousands of men who, had they been wise, would have been in full possession of all the citizen's privileges; but they delayed from time to time, until it was too late, and the 1st of May found them disfranchised. And if those who now can secure this privilege of voting do not make the effort immediately, they may find themselves cut off from it likewise. The people owe it to themselves to oppose this movement by all proper means, and a sense of manhood should lead them to seek to baffle the various schemes brought to bear against them. Therefore, let every man who can, secure his final papers at once.

W. W. D.

South Boston, Jan. 31.

SPEECH OF GEN. SHIELDS ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR HARRIS.

The death of the lamented Major Harris, M. C. from Ill., seems to have been felt in both Houses more than that of any member, save that of Gen. Quitman, for some years. Among the speeches of interest made on the occasion, in that of our old friend, Gen. James Shields, will be found the honest tribute of one brave man to another.

Mr. Shields said:—

Mr. President.—In rising to second these resolutions, I beg leave to add a few words to the remarks of the honorable Senator from Illinois. After the eloquent and appropriate observations of that senator, to which we have just listened, it only remains for me to touch briefly upon some in the life of the late Thomas L. Harris, which occurred, as it were, under my personal observation. I was a citizen of Illinois when the deceased became a resident of that State in 1842. He was a member of the legal profession, and, as such, soon succeeded in establishing in his new home an enviable reputation at the bar for diligence, probity and ability. He was a man of clear intellect, cool courage, and a high sense of honor. In the practice of his profession, in the legislation of his State, on the battle fields of Mexico, or in the hall of representatives of the United States, whenever or wherever duty summoned him to act, he obeyed the summons in the spirit of an honest and gallant and high-souled man—a man true to his duty, his conscience, and his country.

In the spring of 1846, the State of Illinois raised and equipped four gallant regiments of volunteers to serve in the war with Mexico. Thomas L. Harris received the appointment of major in one of those regiments—a regiment which formed a part of the first brigade, which I had the honor to command. In the summer of that year, we sailed for Mexico, and landed at Brazos de Santiago. Upon our arrival in that country, to our great regret, we found it necessary to encamp for the time on the lower Rio Grande to await our supplies. Placed in a low, unhealthy region of country, this temporary camp proved extremely disastrous to our unacclimated troops. Disease and death invaded our ranks and made sad havoc among our raw levies. The sound of the muffled drum, the requiem of some lost companion was the doleful music that day by day assailed our ears and smote upon our hearts. It was during this trying period that Thomas L. Harris exhibited those qualities of gentleness and humanity that always accompany true courage in a refined and noble nature. He forgot himself in his devotion to others. Day and night he traversed the camp from tent to tent, cheering, encouraging, and consoling his suffering companions.

It was in the discharge of these humane duties, at that time and place, that he contracted the seeds of that disease which undermined his health and strength, and pursued him down to an untimely grave. Upon the arrival of our supplies, we were able to ascend the river, and select a more healthy position; and here I was appointed to another command, which separated me for a time from that brigade. Early in the spring of 1837, we came together again at the siege of Vera Cruz. During the pendency of that siege, the deceased acquitted himself with conspicuous courage and gallantry. He commanded a select detachment from the brigade, in a general attack upon the enemy's outposts, and performed the service with resolution, sagacity and intrepidity.

Late in the evening of the 17th of April, of the same year, our brigade of New York and Illinois volunteers halted at the foot of Cerro Gordo, to be ready to take an early part in the expected engagement of the next day. On the ground near where we happened to halt lay three pieces of artillery—a twenty-four pounder and two twenty-four pound howitzers, which the engineers had brought there, in the hope of having them placed in battery on the summit of an adjoining hill, to be ready to open upon one of the enemy's batteries next morning.

Night had fallen before the attempt could be made; and the darkness of the night, and the precipitous na-

ture of the ascent made them begin to think of abandoning the undertaking as hopeless and impossible, that had been positively ordered to be done. They manifested the utmost anxiety to try on the twenty-four pounder; and as it could do no harm to gratify their wishes, I detailed five hundred men, under the command of Major Harris, to make the experiment. The experiment was made, and to the astonishment of us all, proved completely successful. In the darkness of night that huge cannon was hauled up a rugged acclivity, the very sight of which might have deterred them from even making the attempt, had they been only able to see it in the full light of day. This little battery of three pieces of artillery did effective service in the battle next morning. Our historians make mention of this as a remarkable feat, and tell us it was performed the night before the battle; but, in justice to the memory of the dead, I take this occasion to tell the Senate and the country by whom it was performed.

Early on the morning of the 18th our brigade received orders to advance across rugged, broken, pedregal, attack the reserve of the Mexican army under the immediate command of Santa Anna, and seize the Jalapa road, in order to cut off his retreat to the capital. This movement was executed with rapidity and success. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that Santa Anna had barely time to effect his escape by flying into the adjoining woods, leaving his carriage, baggage, money and plate in the hands of the volunteers. The surprise was so complete that the whole medical staff of the Mexican army were surrounded and captured in their hospitals before they had the slightest suspicion that our troops were in that vicinity. Throughout this sharp and spirited engagement there was no officer or soldier of that brigade who exhibited more dauntless courage and brilliant intrepidity than the gallant man whose untimely loss we this day deplore.

Mr. President, I consider it due to our past relations to refer to these incidents of his life, because they happen to be within my own knowledge. It was like a debt due to the memory of a deceased friend, which the occasion called upon me to discharge. It was a sacred offering which I deemed it my duty to deposit upon the tomb of a deceased companion; and having performed this sad, but sincere and earnest duty, I cannot think it necessary to refer to his public services as a statesman. These are part of the history of the country. They have been handsomely alluded to by his distinguished colleague, the Senator from Illinois. It is sufficient to say that the deceased brought to the conduct of public affairs, on all occasions, the same resolute and noble spirit which he was accustomed to exhibit in the suffering camp or on the field of battle. May his spirit rest in peace!

THE CALWAY LINE.

The difficulties of locomotion are gradually being placed among the things that were, and travelling, whether by land or sea, has become a pleasant recreation. Seldom now do we hear travellers speak of the dangers through which they have passed, their tales being generally of the comforts they have had while crossing this or that ocean, or marching over this or that continent.

The Atlantic has been fairly conquered by steam, and although the iron monsters of the deep have brought the Old and New World comparatively close together, we are on both sides continually desiring to be nearer still. The spirit is one which finds new lines of steamships, and calls attention to fresh points of arrival and departure, by which the time of ocean travel may be reduced. In pursuance of this anxiety, an English capitalist, Mr. Lever, cast his eye on the lovely city of Galway, in Ireland, on one side, and St. Johns, Newfoundland, on the other. Almost before any one was aware, ships were bought, and, after a few complimentary receptions on both sides, the Galway line, as it is familiarly called, took its place as a commercial enterprise of some importance.

The passages made have been average ones, and

passengers have availed themselves of what was to be a shorter sea voyage, but which, at present, has not been much curtailed. The company, now finding that there is a great chance for making money, are doing a wise thing, by ordering three new steamers, whose guaranteed minimum speed is to be twenty miles per hour. They are to be side-wheels, 330 feet long and 38 feet beam; the engines are to be 2,200 indicated horse power, having three oscillating cylinders, each 75 inches in diameter. If they accomplish all that is expected of them, we shall have to thank the Galway line for bringing London within five days of this continent. The mails are carried from London to Kingston—over three hundred miles—in eleven hours; thence to Galway in three hours more, and to St. Johns in four or five days at the outside. We are pleased to see that some shipbuilders and owners are thinking and acting in a common sense manner.—[Scientific American.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IRELAND.

On page 14 will be found the latest intelligence concerning the recent arrests.

LIFE BOATS ON THE IRISH COAST.—The National Lifeboat Institution has, during the past week, sent two of its single banked thirty feet life boats to Carnore near Wexford, and to Tramore near Waterford. Each boat rows six oars single banked. Both are admirably adapted for their respective localities. They are on Peake's design, and were built by Forrest of Limehouse, London. They possess the usual quality of the society's boats—the power of self-righting if upset, and of self-ejecting any water they may ship. The cost of the Carnore life boat was generously presented to the Institution by a lady whose life was providentially saved last summer from drowning by Mr. H. A. Hamilton of Balbriggan, who has since distinguished himself by his extraordinary gallantry and perseverance in rescuing, with the society's life boat stationed at Skerries, a vessel's crew. A carriage, after the design of the Inspector of life boats to the Institution, is attached to each life boat, from which they can be easily launched with their crews on board, by the aid of ropes handled by the bystanders on shore, the crews being then enabled to give the boats way through the sea before it has time to beat them back on the beach. The Life Boat Institution is also now building life boats and carriages for Dundalk (the house for which Lord Clermont is liberally causing to be built at his own expense), Kilmore and Dungarvan. The Institution has now life boats and carriages thoroughly equipped and ready for instantaneous service on the Irish coast at the following places:—Greensport, Newcastle (Dundrum Bay), Skerries, Drogheda, Wicklow, Arklow, Cahore, Rosslare, Carnore, Ardmore, Youghal, Tramore and Westport. This humane and important work has involved an expenditure of upwards of £4,000, nearly the whole of which has been defrayed from the funds of the Institution; indeed it is a fact that the society has been compelled to sell out a considerable portion of its small funded capital, which is so essential to its permanency, to meet this heavy expenditure. The National Life Boat Institution has now upwards of eighty establishments on various parts of the coast of the British Isles, under its management, to maintain which in a state of thorough efficiency requires a large permanent annual income. We are informed, on credible authority, that, notwithstanding the publicity which the operations of this truly national and philanthropic institution obtain, it has only been able to pursue its useful course by intrenching, to a very considerable extent, on its funded capital, which, as we have before observed, is so indispensable to its permanent efficiency.

The Rev. William Drought, vicar of Gallen, King's County, received a letter through the Cloghan post-

office, bearing the Mullingar postmark, of which the following is a copy, viz. :—' Mr. Drought—We write this letter to you for your good. We understand that some of your tenants, in honor of you, gave up possession to you, not for non-payment of rent, but to help you to break other titles. Now, sir, give the same back to them again, for we assure you we will allow nothing else. We gave Boyle and Claffey one caution not to have any call to their land, and let them remember that if we ever go to them again it will be the last. So we warn you to give possession to these men; if you do not recollect the death of Mr. Cage.' It will be recollected that the Mr. Cage referred to was the land agent of Sir St. George Gore, who, when riding from Endrinn to Ferbane, some few years ago, was fired at and shot dead. The deed was witnessed by a large number of persons who suffered the assassins to run away unmolested, not the slightest effort having been made to capture them, and they still, as in all such cases in King's County, remain undetected. Doyle and Claffey, the persons to whom reference is also made in the letter, were a short time ago attacked in their houses at night by a large party, who beat Doyle severely, and both of them were promised another visit unless they gave up the land which they had taken from the Rev. Mr. Drought. The land referred to is only a few acres, which were sub-let out of a very large farm, and was held in small portions by the tenantry on another property, whose interest ceased on the death of Capt. Armstrong, of Ballycumber, and after his demise the Rev. William Draught gave the few acres referred to amongst his own tenantry, to whose farms it lay contingent.—[Meath People.]

AFFECTING TERMINATION OF A CHRISTMAS PARTY. On Monday evening Mr. Reed, the corner for South Northumberland, held an inquest at Tynewmouth, upon the body of the infant child of M. Robson, draper, of New-castle-on-Tyne, who was accidentally suffocated on the evening of Christmas Day, under very distressing circumstances. It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Robson had brought their family down to Tynewmouth on Christmas Day to visit Mrs. Gibson, the children's grandmother. In the evening it was intended to give a juvenile party, and have an exhibition of the magic lantern. The two youngest children of the Robson family were twins, about nine months old. One of them that was being nursed during the afternoon by a domestic had fallen asleep, and a turn-up bed was down in the parlor in which she placed it. The other baby was nursed at the same time by its father. The child that had been laid in the bed by the nurse awoke a short time after, and she took it out again, and the baby that was being nursed by the father having fallen asleep, he placed it in the bed. Mrs. Gibson having seen one child taken out of the bed, and supposing the father had taken the other twin out with him, put the bed up. Some short time after Mrs. Robson asked about the children, and Mrs. Gibson replied that Mr. Robson had one, and the girl was nursing the other; but Mr. Robson coming in shortly without it, and stating that he had laid it down in the bed before he went out, it flashed across the mind of the grandmother that she must have accidentally put it up with the bed, and upon taking the bed down, the child was found, but dead. The poor grandmother, a kind and affectionate old lady, is nearly distracted about this untoward occurrence. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

THE VACANT PROFESSORSHIP IN GALWAY COLLEGE.—Mr. Morris has declined accepting the professorship of Law of Galway College, offered to him in so kind a manner by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The duties of the office would seriously interfere with the learned gentleman's professional avocations, and the course he has pursued in at once placing the appointment in the hands of the executive is, in our opinion, a wise and proper one.—[Mail.]

Believing as we do that Tenant Right is the great question for Ireland, upon the settlement of which depends her peace and prosperity, we shall never be tired of bringing it before the public, till success crowns our efforts. Beginning the new year we shall labor still more zealously in this cause, believing it to be right and just in itself and indispensable to the prosperity of the country. The Times is growing on this subject every week at present—an unmistakable proof of its progress. Sharman Crawford's recent letter raised the howl, and Colonel Greville's temperate statement on the subject has provoked a second; but let no one mistake it. The more the Times strives to crush this cry for justice, the more potent is it becoming. We may always estimate the progress of the people's cause in this country by the abuse it receives from its enemies.—[Kilkenny Journal.]

Sometime during the night of Christmas Day a notice, of which the following is a copy, was posted on one of the most conspicuous corners of the town of Killarney. It was written in rude, but bold characters, in imitation of print:—' Notice—Countrymen, beware of English bribery, for it was that that conquered Napoleon. We hereby offer one hundred pounds reward for an informer's head.' The document, which was firmly pasted on the wall, was read by a large crowd, and could only be removed in pieces by the constabulary. A strong feeling of jealousy exists among the local magistracy at not being consulted or conferred with on the subject of the late arrests. A private meeting of their body was held at the workhouse. The result of their deliberations had not transpired, but it has gone abroad that some of them were so displeased as to threaten the resignation of their commissions of the peace. The statement was found to be perfectly correct.

DIMINUTION OF CRIME.—In contrast with the exaggerated ideas of the state of Ireland, which prevail in the sister country, we may mention one fact. The Killarney Sessions were yesterday opened by Mr. Coppinger, the new assistant Barrister for the county of Kerry, when the whole business of the grand jury was found to consist of two bills of indictment arising out of one occurrence. Of these two, one, for riot, was ignored, and the other, for common assault, found. Considering that the sessions for the district take place but once a year, we should think this was not a very terrible criminal calendar, nor can the people of the district be the lawless, truculent savages they are graphically described in English writings.—[Cork Examiner.]

CORK AND YOUGHAL RAILWAY.—We have learned with much satisfaction that the works for completing the line of railway between this city and Youghal are about to be immediately commenced, and they will be proceeded with till the undertaking is finished. This must confer very great advantages on the extensive and important district to the east of the city through which the railway will pass, and the branch to Queenstown must give further impetus to the trade and progress of this locality.—[Cork Reporter.]

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.

HALIAX, Jan. 28.—The Cunard steamship *Arabia*, from Liverpool 3.30 P.M., of 15th inst., arrived at this port this morning.

Steamer *Propellor*, of the Galway line, had run ashore in Galway harbor, and the tide flowed in and out of her. It is feared she cannot be got off. She has on board part of the cargo intended for the *Circassian*.

The *Circassian* left Galway for St. Johns, N. F., on the morning of the 11th. She was detained, owing to her running aground when leaving Queenstown for Galway.

Matters were aggravated by the speech of the King

of Sardinia at the opening of the Chambers, which was constructed into a warlike sense. The king says the political horizon is not clear, but the future must be awaited with firmness. The future cannot fail to be fortunate, because the policy of Piedmont is based on justice and love of its country's liberty. Piedmont is small, but great in the councils of Europe, on account of the principles it represents and the sympathies it inspires. It respects treaties, and is not insensible to Italy's cry of anguish. The king concludes with these words:—' Let us resolutely await the decrees of Providence.' Prolonged acclamations followed the conclusion of the speech.

The King of Naples has granted an amnesty to sixty-one political prisoners, including Poerio, Zerbini, and company. Other concessions were expected.

The French Legislature is convoked for February 7. It is rumored that the British government intended to augment the Channel squadron by twelve sail of the line.

IRELAND.

The Crown prosecution at Dublin, against John Francis Nugent, for publishing a seditious and scandalous almanac, resulted in Nugent being bound in £500, with two securities of £50 each, to keep the peace—that is, to suspend the publication of the prophetic almanac for seven years.

The Dublin correspondent of the London Times says:—' The Crown case against some members of the Phoenix Club is more complete than the public have been led to believe, and is sufficient to satisfy the most hostile jury. The farming classes have stood aloof. The members of the clubs are chiefly shop men, and Mechanics' Clubs were rapidly increasing. It therefore was necessary some steps should be taken to put an end to the movement.'

A man named Delaney, the alleged murderer of Mr. Ely, was arrested on board the steamer *Circassian*, at Galway, just as she was about to sail for America.

FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says that Marshals charged with commands in great military districts, and Generals commanding military divisions, who were on leave of absence, have received orders to return to their posts. He also says that Walewski protested energetically against the ominous impression that appears to rule supreme, and it is said was determined on retiring from a scene where moderation is no longer listened to.

Among other unauthenticated rumors from Paris are the following:—That orders have been given to prepare over 100 transports—that Gen. McMahon is to command the army of Italy—and that 30,000 of the African contingent are to cross over to Italy from the African coast.

Prince Napoleon left Paris on the 13th for Turin, to espouse the Princess Clotilde, daughter of the King of Sardinia. The impression prevailed that this marriage would secure the support of France to assist Victor Emanuel in becoming King of Italy.

The Paris Presse, the organ of Prince Napoleon, continued to indulge in warlike articles.

The Constitutionnel contains an article on the state of affairs; it admits serious difficulties have arisen between France and Austria concerning the Danube and Servia, and says, the marriage of Prince Napoleon with the Princess of Sardinia will cement the alliance between the two nations. Italy is agitated, but war is only possible in the event of violation of treaties taking place, or being threatened.

ITALY.

Rumors of dissatisfaction in Lombardy continue unabated. Every morning the police had to efface from the walls of houses such inscriptions as, 'Death to Germans.' The advance guard of the Austrian reinforcements entered Milan on the 10th.

The news of the alliance of Prince Napoleon with the Sardinian Princess had produced great excitement among the Italians, who regarded it as a pledge of the united action of France and Sardinia in the affairs of Italy. It was expected that Prince Napoleon's presence at Genoa and Turin would lead to demonstrations of an unmistakable character.

THE 'REBELLION' IN IRELAND

'THE SECRET INVESTIGATION AT BELFAST' has ended by the commitment of all the prisoners, save two, who have turned approvers. The investigation was conducted secretly in the county jail. Mr. Ren, counsel for the prisoners, protested against the inquiry being carried on privately within the walls of the jail, and proceeded at some length to denounce all secret inquiries as being unconstitutional and in indirect opposition to the spirit of the laws of the kingdom. He would have expected to hear of such a course being pursued in Spain, Naples, or other continental nations, but it was more than he expected in this country. After commenting for some time on this point, he stated that he would not remain at any secret inquiry in the jail, nor take any part in it, and handed in a written protest against the whole proceedings. He then addressed the prisoners, giving them advice as to how they should act, and then left the jail.

The inquiry was then commenced. The first witnesses examined were two of the prisoners—Hugh Carleton and John Kelly. The latter person has two brothers among the prisoners. The two prisoners were under examination for about two hours. It is stated that their statements were inculpatory of their fellow prisoners. At the expiration of the examination of Carleton and Kelly,

Mr. McKay was called and examined at some length. She stated she knew some of the prisoners in the course of their visits to her house. She denied that they had ever met, to her knowledge, on the premises for an illegal purpose; and she detailed the fact of the meeting of the prisoners on the 12th of December. They had frequently, one or two together, called in the way of business, at her house; but, till the present proceeding, and till the police assembled on the 12th December, she believed they were only casual customers.

Head Constable Madders was next examined. His evidence altogether referred to the means which had been adopted for the purpose of making the arrests, under a warrant issued by Mr. Tracy. It transpired, in the course of his evidence, that no documents of importance had been captured.

Sub Constable Thompson, of the Crescent Constabulary station, was then called, and corroborated the statement made by Mr. Madders. His evidence altogether referred to the nature of the arrest. In the course of the evidence both of this and the previous witness, no allusion was made to the escape of Kearns.

Mrs. McKay's servant girl was then called for examination, but her evidence was unimportant. She merely repeated the facts which her mistress had previously stated, and asserted that the prisoners, to her knowledge, had not previously met together in a body on the premises.

With the examination of this witness, the inquiry terminated about six o'clock. The informer—if there be an informer at all—has not yet been produced. We believe we are now in a position to state that the case brought forward by the Crown will rest, in its leading points, on the evidence which has been given by some of the prisoners themselves.

A number of friends and relatives of the prisoners remained in the vicinity of the jail during the day, evidently anxious to know the result.

On the following day (Saturday), the examination of the prisoners was resumed and concluded. After the entire evidence of all the witnesses to be examined had been taken, and the inquiry brought to a close, Mr. Tracy announced to the prisoners his decision—namely, that fourteen of them should be committed to take their trial at the next assizes, and that bail would not be accepted in their case.

ANOTHER ARREST IN BELFAST.—The Northern Whig says:—

On Monday night, the public excitement which has been so intensely felt in town, in consequence of the arrests of the 12th of December, was still further increased by another capture, made by the constabulary. It appears that the authorities have received pretty extensive information—whether based upon sufficient

data or not remains to be seen—of the existence of several secret societies in Belfast; and among the premises pointed out as one of the places of meeting of a body of this character was the public house of a person named Bernard Boyle, situated in Barrack street, and almost immediately adjoining the Belfast Distillery.

The arrest was effected under precisely similar circumstances to those which had previously taken place. Head Constable Madders and Constable Canning were armed with the necessary authority, and were directed to watch the premises during the course of the evening. They were attired as civilians, and, in that usually crowded thoroughfare—especially after six o'clock—their presence did not excite the least suspicion. About seven o'clock, they entered the shop; Boyle was present, and he was almost immediately arrested. In the meantime, a body of police, ready for any exigency which might arise, was stationed in Barrack street, while another party was placed in the lane running in front of the Mill-dam. The importance of this latter arrangement will be seen, when it is stated that the rear of Boyle's premises fronts the dam, and that no party could possibly make their escape while the premises were in this way guarded. The house having been searched by Head Constable Madders, we believe that no documents of any importance were discovered. The police, who were fully armed, and numbered altogether about forty men, were then assembled in Barrack street, Boyle was brought out, and in the midst of the force, and attended by an immense crowd, he was taken to the police office. Great astonishment appears to be felt over this further capture.

ARRESTS IN THE COUNTY KILKENNY.—The Kilkenny Journal has the following:—

Last week we announced that no city in Europe could bear comparison with Kilkenny, and what we said of the city was equally true of the county. The assistant barrister congratulated both grand juries on the total absence of crime, and even remarked humorously, in a private way that, if things progress in this manner in Kilkenny, there will soon be no necessity for a barrister at all. Before the break of day, on Monday morning, Mr. Coyne, a respectable shopkeeper, was arrested in bed, and removed to the Callan Barracks. Some time afterwards, on the same morning, two men named Kavanagh and Manning, nailors, were also arrested, and we have good authority for stating that three better conducted men could hardly be found in the town of Callan.

The little valley of Lismolin, on the road from Mullinahone to Kilkennale, was also disturbed by the tramp of the constabulary, and a young man named Sullivan, the teacher of the National School of the village, was arrested on a similar charge. A great hullaboo will, of course, be made about this business, and we have no doubt that our local Tory contemporary will spin out three or four dreary columns upon the subject, but the plain facts are these young men were arrested by the police of Callan on Monday morning; that there was a private gathering of county magistrates, Lord Desart, Mr. Hort, Mr. Poe, and some others in Callan; that Mr. Lowe, solicitor, applied for admission on behalf of the prisoners—and was refused; that there was what is called an 'investigation'; and that the prisoners were lodged the same evening in the county jail. These are the simple facts of the case. A young man, named Hawe, belonging to Callan, but engaged in the leather trade in Kilkenny, was also arrested on Monday morning, and this is the fifth of the 'state prisoners' in our county jail. The whole affair is such a farce that people here only laugh at it, and wonder how our county magistrates have made so much ado about nothing. It is to be regretted that such a rignarole has been enacted. People were getting on very quietly, and this proceeding, instead of perpetuating the peace which characterized Kilkenny, will, we fear, only lead to a state of alarm, insecurity and disaffection. Even the 'Royal Elthornes' paraded the streets at

an early hour yesterday morning, headed by their band, for the purpose of 'striking terror,' the 'men' tramping with redoubled ardor, and the big drum sounding its most uproarious note! But people understand all these things now-a-days. We are so accustomed to them in Ireland that both their novelty and effect have passed away. We have been informed on good authority that there is no evidence whatever against the prisoners, and the 'informer,' who is, we believe, undergoing the process of 'pumping,' is already retracting all his statements. The defence of the prisoners has been entrusted to Mr. Quin, and it could not be in better hands.

THE ARRESTS IN KILLARNEY.—The Cork Examiner publishes the following, in reference to the additional arrests in Killarney:—

Joseph and Daniel Murphy and Patrick Cronin, who were arrested on the 11th of December, charged with being members of the Phoenix Club, and released from Tralee jail on Christmas eve, were again arrested last evening—the Murphys at Aghadoo, and Cronin at Barleymount, in the same neighborhood. The prisoners were lodged at the police barracks, and left this morning under an escort, it is said, for Dublin Castle. Their removal adds strength to the rumors afloat here—that they had told all the knew—in fact, have preached. Be this as it may, I believe I am safe in saying, Goula's testimony must be supported, otherwise it is harmless. Mr. Florence O'Sullivan, apothecary's assistant, remains still in Tralee jail, bail been refused.

DENNY WYNN.

Wynn, says Bell's Life, is no longer on the turf, but under it; instead of the violet jacket, with yellow sleeves, the color of his glory, he assumes the churchyard livery. Those little hands, upon the working of which so many hundreds have depended, handling and dandling the bit—a dazzling sight to see, whether going out easy or coming in hard, as the case might require—are now stretched by the all-powerful hand of death, instead of being graced with shining leather and armed with lancing steel, all brilliant for the battle. Alas! that tight little saddle is changed for a coffin, and the gay horse-cloth for a shroud. For the elegance of seat, the perfection of hand, the judgment of pace, with power in his saddle, Wynn was equal to any Irishman that ever yet sat on steed. In his riding of Mathew for the Grand National he exhibited the finest specimen of his style, contending against Oliver on St. Leger, and winning, with great rejoicing among the sons of the Emerald Isle. His winning with Carrig at Warwick afforded evidence of his talent. He arrived just as the horses were saddling, and never was over the course before the race. He rode Oscar at Wolverhampton, and won the fastest race on record—four miles in eight minutes and fifty seconds—beating Sir Peter Laurie, Lord George, Miss Mowbray, and a large field of others. When on the Daffney, against Gulliver, Wynn displayed one of the greatest perfections of a jockey—a coolness which the most distressing circumstances could not disturb. Before the lot had gone half a mile the Duffney bolted, and Gulliver got full two fields a-head of him, but he never varied his pace to within half a mile of home, when he sat down to work, and won in the last stride by a head. His jockeying Napoleon against Eglinton, at the Down Royal Corporation, in October, for the plate, was one of the grandest treats ever witnessed on the Maze; he was passed in that contest three times between the gravel-hill and home, but he got his animal three times up again in front, and won, to the surprise of all who saw him, with one of the worst horses that ever yet won a plate, the betting being five to one on Eglinton. The death of Wynn will be a sad loss to the real sporting men in Ireland.

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